

# Baking the cookies ( MC, MF, FF, MD, FD )

## By Farleven

### Part 1 - Surprise Ingredients

Where was everyone?

Samantha dropped her purse onto her desk and looked around the office. Sure, she wasn't supposed to be here, she was supposed to be on her second week of quiet debauchery on a nice little tropical island. It had been bliss, but her tour company screwed up the reservations, so now she was back a week early. She hadn't expected for everyone else to be gone.

Maybe it was a meeting or something. This wouldn't be the first time they did some big group meeting. Management always liked that kind of time wasting, getting everyone huddled for some new initiative or other. She figured she'd missed the call up since she'd gotten in late. That at least put a smile on her face. She settled into her chair and logged into the system. With any luck, she'd get to check her mail quietly before anyone noticed she was here. Even with just a week away, work always built up.

She got comfortable and took a long drink from her coffee. She'd have been on time if not for that stop. Some crazy woman decided it was a great way to start her day by ranting about how many sprinkles had been added on top of her whipped cream. That had backed up the line good, but Samantha figured it was plenty worth it if got her out of one of those idiotic meetings.

She started in on her emails. She shook her head. Something had been tickling at her since she'd been back in the office. It was some kind of sound, just not quite clear enough to make out, but at the same time just loud enough to make it hard to ignore. Maybe one of the computers had some issue, it happened sometimes, and usually there was enough other office noise to keep it from being a bother. Except for today.

She started in on the newest emails first, just to catch up with what was happening today. The very first title caught her attention. Apparently, they were doing a theme day for beach parties. That was unusual, they never did anything fun like that in the last four years she'd worked here. She opened it up and started reading.

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"Oh... oh yeah... just like that..." Cal moaned as he patted the head of the cute little brunette intern bobbing her head eagerly between his legs. She was really into it, licking and sucking like a pro, no one would ever suspect she'd never gone down on someone before last week.

"What?" Cal heard from across the room. "Who the fuck is that?"

Cal managed to turn his head towards his partner. Max had been sitting back checking the security feeds while another intern was busy giving him the same kind of attention that Cal was enjoying. His was a blonde and a bit more curvy, but no less enthusiastic.

"What are you talking about?" Cal sat up a little, careful not to disturb the little lady still giving him her full attention.

"Second floor, main office. That red head sitting there at the desk on the north corner. I don't recognize her." Max tapped the shoulder of the girl kneeling between his legs. She looked up and then slowly pulled her mouth off his cock, her chin dripping with saliva.

"Yes, sir, don't you want me to finish?" She asked sweetly, her hands gently stroking his balls.

"In a minute, do you know that woman?" Max pointed towards the monitor.

"Yeah, that's Samantha Beal, she's a developer." The girl nodded and managed to take a lick of his cock as he processed her answer.

"Why is she here now? Where has she been?" Max asked. He thought they'd accounted for everyone that worked here. He pulled up the company files and started looking up her information.

"She's been out for vacation since last week, I don't think she was supposed to be back until after next week." The girl answered and resumed licking.

"Is that right?" Cal asked as he started checking as well. "God damn it, that means she's starting clean."

"Oh... fuck..." Max moaned as his girl started going down on him again. He tapped her shoulder. "Sorry honey, I've got to focus on this, why don't you go pull your little friend from Mr. Tanner and go play with her on the couch."

"Really, sir? Ok." The girls got up, giggled, and then proceeded to the couch and started making out. Even that was pretty distracting as they were dressed in string bikinis and quickly writhing against each other. All their curves were on display and neither of them was shy about slipping a hand under or over what little clothes the other was wearing.

"Play quietly, girls!" Cal shouted over and the girls laughed sheepishly.

"Sorry, sir!" They chirped back in unison before going back to their make out session.

"Fuck, she carded her way into the building forty minutes ago. That means forty minutes of the kink training program." Cal grumbled as he reached up and grabbed at his hair. This wasn't supposed to be happening.

"So, no catch and release, damn it. At least she's an employee. Who does she work for..." Max wondered out loud as he checked her files. "Minnie Holland. Where is she right now?"

"Probably the orgy in the third floor conference room." Cal already had his hand on the phone and started dialing.

"Hello... yes.. this is Mr. Tanner, can you put Minnie on the phone?" Cal asked into the phone.

"Yes, Minnie, this is Mr. Tanner. I need you to stop what you're doing and get cleaned up right away and head down to the second floor..." Cal paused then reached up to pinch the bridge of his nose. "No, Minnie, you can't wait until after Phill cums in you. I need you to get down to the second floor right away. Get off his cock, get cleaned up and then take Samantha Beal back to your office. Ask her how her vacation went, and just keep her busy till I call you again. Just don't talk about the last week at the office, focus on her vacation. Ok? And no sex! Just talk with her. Got it? Great."

"Okay, that bottles her up for a bit. Just keep an eye on her until Minnie gets to her." Cal told his partner.

"I told everyone else to meet back here as soon as they can. What are we going to do?" Max asked as he finished reviewing her file. "Samantha looks like a prime candidate, just like the rest of the staff, we'd have put her through the program if she'd been working last week."

"But we've got three days to wrap this up. Everyone here is almost fully baked." Cal motioned over to the two girls who were now doing a very eager sixty-nine after shucking off their bikinis. They had managed to stay quiet, mostly because they were moaning into each other's muffs.

"All right, well, we've got a few minutes to think about this. We can figure this out." Max took a deep breath. Hell, they'd been in tighter spots before, but it had been a while since the last time they'd had a screwup this bad.

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Sam sat back and took another sip of her coffee. She'd barely gotten through a fraction of her emails, but they were taking an increasingly strange turn. The last week looked normal enough, just copies on the usual meets and project progress. None of it was something she would have thought unusual.

Then the meeting requests started turning up. She knew that her office was being handed over to their new corporate operation. The hand over was supposed to start last week and with it came a flurry of meetings. That's when things started getting a little weird. It was hard to put a direct pin in it. The regular work emails dropped off, and new corporate bull shit stuff started popping up.

Sam had to close her eyes a bit. Every one of those new mails had some strange kind of background image that just seemed to flutter. It was making her eyes water, but she did her best to work through them. It was the worst kind of reading, all full of buzz words and meaningless attempts at morale building.

It seemed like there was just a never-ending stream of that crap. Then came the really weird emails. The odd selfies using web cams where everyone was doing like weird dances and making faces. She knew some of her coworkers were a bit off at times, they were software geeks after all, but even the buttoned-down ones were going a little crazy. She didn't quite know what to think of it.

"Wah!" Sam jumped up in her chair when she felt a sudden tap on her shoulder.

"Oh, sorry, Sam, I didn't mean to startle you." Minnie smiled back a bit sheepishly as Sam turned around. Her already surprised eyes only grew wider as Sam took in the sight of her boss.

There was just nothing that prepared Sam for what she was seeing. Minnie was one of the worst of the strait-laced set around the office. She was always conservatively dressed, always poised, quick to point out any flaw and never apologized for anything. Her hair was always done up in some fancy, but conservative bun and she wore those black rimmed glasses that looked like they were straight from the 50's.

Those glasses were the only thing that Sam could recognize about her boss. Her bun was gone, and not only that, but her hair had also been dyed blond and was flowing almost all the way down to her chest. Which was another, even more surprising thing, as Minnie was wearing a bikini top and had a towel wrapped around her waist over top of her bikini bottoms. On top of all that, her face looked like she might actually be sorry for having surprised Sam. It was just such a human reaction that Sam didn't quite know how to process it.

"Uh... no, I'm okay." Sam tried not to stare at Minnie's chest. She wasn't into girls, it was just that she couldn't believe that Minnie would ever wear a little blue triangle string bikini that did little more than cover from the bottom of her surprisingly ample breasts to the top of her nipples.

"Great! Then how about we go back to my office quick and catch up?" Minnie smiled and glanced over to the end of the row of desks to her office.

"Sure." Sam nodded, still not sure how to respond to this suddenly friendly and personable woman that had been her school-marmish boss. It was like she'd become a pod person or something. Regardless, Sam couldn't say no, and maybe she'd find out what was going on around here.

"So, how was your trip? I didn't expect you back so soon!" Minnie asked as she walked past the empty desks and strutted into her office. Sam was almost too busy watching her boss strut before her to catch the question. A bikini and high heels were not the kind of thing she'd ever imagined Minnie wearing, much

less wearing to the office. Then there was the way she was exaggerating the swing of her hips with every step! It was like she was a cat in heat!

"Yeah, um... my tour company totally screwed up my bookings. The first week was great, but they botched the reservations for the next hotel, and I got diverted on my connecting flight to some place I couldn't even pronounce. I just called it quits and came home. They gave me some great credit for my next trip though." Sam replied. It had been fun, enjoying the beach, and just not having any demands on her time. At least until everything went south.

"That's terrible, please, take a seat." Minnie motioned towards one of the chairs across from her desk. She sat down in hers, and leaned back, jutting out her chest for a moment as she stretched a bit. Sam couldn't help but stare again as her boss struck such a sexy pose, even if just for a moment.

"Thanks." Sam replied taking her seat. She noticed Minnie's office was more than a little messy as well. Another oddity. Minnie didn't leave messes, and Sam took stock of it. The biggest mess looked like someone had just swept most of what was usually on Minnie's desk onto the floor. Now her desk was bare aside from her keyboard and mouse and a couple of knocked over picture frames.

"It seems like a lot's going on around here though, I almost wondered if the new owners didn't fire everybody. I don't think I've ever seen this floor so empty." Sam laughed. She tried to look like she was joking, but the weird vibes just kept coming.

"Oh, well, yeah. We've been busy adjusting around here. It's been kind of exciting actually." Minnie seemed to drift off as she said that, like she was remembering something and then squirmed in her chair a bit and smiled dreamily.

"Really? How?" Sam asked. Minnie snapped out of her daydreaming and looked at Sam with a sudden look of surprise, even fear, in her eyes.

"Oh, I'm not supposed to talk about that." Minnie shook her head with a worried expression.

"You not supposed to..." Sam leaned forward. Minnie did know something.

"I just mean, we should be talking about your trip, you know fabulous island vacation and all, not silly office stuff." Minnie giggled and put up a big smile. Sam's nerves about shorted out. This was nearly the weirdest conversation she'd ever had with this woman, after working with her for the last two years. She rarely smiled, never giggled, and barely tolerated any conversation not concerning their current projects.

"Yeah, okay." Sam nodded carefully and scanned the room again. She didn't even know what she was looking for, but it only took her a moment to spot one more impossible thing in her boss's office.

It was a dildo.

A big, thick, dark brown dildo on the middle shelf next to Minnie's desk. Sam blushed a bit just looking at it. She'd never admit to having one of her own, but the little friend hiding in the back of her underwear drawer was fully put to shame by this monster.

That wasn't all, just looking at it was having a strange effect on Sam. She was just imagining all the ways she could use it, how much lube it would take to stuff it up her ass, or how full it would make her pussy feel. Her eyes started to glaze over, and she felt herself getting hot. Every second had her wicked thoughts growing ever more twisted. Beyond just using the toy, but putting herself on display, letting someone else watch her impale herself with it, or using it on someone else, maybe some poor helpless tied up girl or guy...

Minnie gave Sam a curious look before she realized what Sam had spotted. All at once, she smiled, giggled, and blushed. Then she quickly grabbed the offending sex toy into her desk drawer. As she did, Sam snapped out of her trance and blushed, not knowing what had come over her. She fantasized about

sex sometimes, but nothing what had just passed through her head.

"Sorry, I totally didn't realize I left that out." Minnie grinned sheepishly. "Now, really, how was the island? You find any hot guys?"

Sam's head was whirling now. This was just not a conversation she was having. Talking hot guys with her church lady of a boss. Who now apparently left dildos on a shelf in her office, which meant that she was using a dildo... in her office. What the hell was going on? Even her own thoughts were just spiraling out of control. Something wasn't right...

Just as Sam was about to bolt out of her chair, Minnie phone rang.

"Oh, sorry, I think I should take this, just give me a minute." Minnie motioned to Sam and then picked up the phone.

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"Okay, so what are we going to do?" Cal asked as he watched Minnie leading Sam away from her desk on the security feed.

"She's been here like what an hour now?" Trent looked thoughtful as he worked to ignore the two interns still canoodling on the couch. Not an easy feat, but he'd had practice.

"Yeah, she got a full earful of the kink training. We're still piping that through the system, we don't want to derail everyone else." Max answered. Trent was their programming tech. Cal and Max were support, there to keep an eye on things and keep the program rolling.

"Great, so she's going to start having some crazy daydreams. Which will probably start to freak her out." Trent stated, as much to himself as anyone else.

"But you can fix it right? You've got that crash course thing." Cal stammered out. Seeing Trent concerned made him worried. Trent was the man, he knew how it all worked, how to turn normal people into submissive, eager sex toys.

"Maybe, I haven't been able to test it yet, and if she flips then all bets are off." Trent huffed. The normal baking process took a bit over a week, slowly building up a new reality for the subject, making them accept it at the right level. Push too hard or too fast and people could throw up resistance, the normal path gave them plenty of time to acclimate. Most of the program was reinforced subliminals with strategic doses of mind-altering chemicals designed to break down inhibitions.

It was all based around standard hypnotic theory. With subliminals alone, you couldn't make a subject do anything they wouldn't normally want to do. The trick was to slowly get them to push their own boundaries, while using the drugs to make that a bit easier and keeping them relaxed as you reinforced each new part of the program. The drugs helped ease past points of resistance, while keeping them feeling like they were the ones making the choice to do everything on the program. All the while the subliminals would help reinforce these new 'choices' until the subject was fully baked and ready for collection.

"Well, if we let her walk around the office for long, she'll definitely lose it. So, do you think you've got something you can try, or do we need to call in the calvary?" Max asked. It hurt to even say that. Calling in the calvary was not something to be done lightly, their whole organization worked by not being noticed, working out soft landings. The calvary was a last resort option, for extraction and suppression. The normal baking process left the subjects more than happy to wrap up their normal lives quietly and just fade away. An extraction usually meant a hard bake, which left the subject far less marketable, and generally looking like a missing person case, which was something they did not want. Which meant calling in the calvary was a fast track for operatives getting baked as well, if they couldn't do their job as operatives, the organization would put them to use in other ways.

"Yeah, I think so. Can you get me a small room with a screen? I can play my test program and see if she takes to it. If we're lucky, she'll be receptive for stage three reinforcement by quitting time and I can have a subliminal program that she can take home for tonight." Trent nodded and started pulling up his data.

"Sure, there's a closed meeting room right next to Minnie's office. We can drop her there, and she won't even notice what's going on upstairs." Cal answered as he double checked the floor plan. There were super lucky the main conference rooms were up one floor.

"Cool, I've got the plan then. Give Minnie a call to let her know and I'll go help our little bird get situated." Trent pulled out a USB drive with his video on it. "In the meanwhile, you guys should double check on the rest of our cookies and make sure no one's over done."

Cal and Max nodded and went back to reviewing the feeds. The orgies upstairs were still going on with abandon. All the action did make it hard to get a proper head count, but they went about checking.

Trent gave the interns one quick lascivious glance of appreciation. He'd have to make more time for those girls later, they looked simply too good not to sample at least once. Then he opened the door and headed off to Minnie's office.

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"Who was that?" Sam asked after Minnie put down the phone. The conversation hadn't gone on long, and Minnie hadn't said much during it.

"Oh, one of the head office team is going to pop in and help get you up to speed. They're really nice guys, you'll like them." Minnie smiled and sighed happily. Sam wasn't sure how to take that, beyond it not being very much like her boss, it wasn't the kind of reaction she'd have expected from anyone since she left high school.

Before she had a chance to think it through, a knock came to the door. Minnie shouted out for them to enter, and Trent walked in.

"Hi! You must be Samantha, I'm Trent, we weren't expecting you or I'd have come by sooner." Trent smiled. He was a bit taller than Sam, with short dark hair and deep brown eyes. He was also relatively fit, though it barely showed through the t-shirt under button-up shirt combo he was wearing. He wasn't quite Sam's type, but she had to admit there was something to appreciate just the same. It was more style that was turning her off, there was just a weird vibe to him. But work was work, and she was very used to working with strange guys.

"Yeah, nice to meet you. Minnie said you were going to help me get up to speed, whatever that means." Sam replied and stood up to shake his hand.

"Oh, just a little video program we like to show to teams that we bring into our company. Helps get you familiar with the way we like to run an office." Trent smiled. Sam noticed his eyes giving her a good looking over. She was used to it, men often did that, though he was doing it a bit more casually than most. It certainly didn't improve her opinion of him in the least.

"Well, I guess we should get started then." Sam let out a resigned sigh. Right next to meetings, inhouse corporate videos were probably the worst. She just hoped Trent wouldn't stick around while she had to watch it.

"Great, I made space in the room next door." Trent motioned for her to come.

"Cool." Sam nodded and turned back to Minnie. "See you later, Minnie."

Minnie waved back and smiled. Just seeing that vacant giddy smile sent shivers up Sam's spine. All her weirdness senses were going off, but she didn't know what to do about it.

"Can I just hit the bathroom quick?" Sam asked and before Trent could respond, she had slipped away. She was too quick to notice him swear to himself or how quick he pulled out his phone.

Sam popped into the bathroom. She wasn't lying about needing to go. She finished up quick and just as she started to walk out, she noticed one of the girl devs from upstairs pulling a guy into the men's bathroom by the drawstrings of his swim trunks. She spotted them just as she turned the corner towards the bathroom exit and was sure they didn't notice her as they laughed their way into the other bathroom. She only had to wait a moment to hear sounds of a very energetic make out session drifting out.

Had everyone just gone nuts? Sam shook her head. She'd been around enough office parties to know it happened, but this was supposed to be a regular workday, even if it was 'beach day'. She tried to put the thought out of her head and grabbed her coffee as she made her way back to the meeting room where Trent was waiting.

"Ready to go?" He asked with a slightly forced smile on his lips. Sam felt the air of fake enthusiasm that company cheerleaders often oozed. Oddly enough, that authentic kind of fakery actually made her feel better. It was annoying, but yet sadly normal.

"Sure, let's get it over with." Sam plopped down in her chair and put her drink down on the floor. It was her standard tactic for keeping Minnie from noticing she had a drink during meetings. Even as she realized that Trent probably wouldn't care, she decided not to risk it and just left her coffee on the ground.

"Hey, don't worry, I assure you, this little video is going to help give you a whole new perspective on life. Or well, hopefully not put you to sleep." Trent laughed as his own joke. Sam could appreciate that. He still was giving off weird vibes, but at least he kind of owned them.

She watched him plug in a USB drive and pull up a video. "Now, just get comfortable and enjoy. I've left some water for you, and I'll be back for you when it wraps up."

Sam just nodded and let him turn down the lights as he left. The video started and she pulled up her coffee. Maybe it wasn't the right thing to down some caffeine, but as the cheesy corporate soundtrack started and started in with the overly happy fake acting, she knew she'd probably need every drop not to fall asleep.

Not that it mattered, all the caffeine in the world was no match for the soul sucking boredom that came from a corporate training video. She was drifting in and out of sleep within a few minutes, though her dozing dreams were taking a decidedly more erotic turn than normal, and she whimpered and squirmed in her chair as the video droned on.

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Back in the head office, Cal and Max were relaxed again, and the interns were back to their sucking duties as they both watched Sam drifting off in the conference room.

"At least that's taken care of." Cal sighed as his girl gave him a very satisfying massage with her tongue.

"Don't get too comfortable, we've got to keep an eye on her, this is all experimental you know. If she's not well enough baked by quitting time, we'll have to stay late." Max replied as he patted his intern's head.

"Come on, you know Trent. He's always worried about his stuff, but it never fails. He's just one of those worry wort types. She'll be all through the base level programming and willing to accept everything around her as normal by the time she gets out of there. Then she'll go home with the submissive and obedience programs that Trent will whip up and she'll be close enough to on track for tomorrow." Cal smiled and sat back.

"So, we just skip the full kink training and straight to the slave mentality program? I still think that's a bit risky." Max replied as his intern switched up her sucking and made him gasp a bit from the sudden

pleasure.

"Yeah, well, we don't have much choice, if we can't get her cooked up with the rest of them you know what will happen. We can backfill the kink training tomorrow night." Cal replied.

"I hope it works. I always thought the kink training was a good way of breaking down resistance before the slave mentality programs. A lot of people used to resist slave think before we adjusted the order. Once you've got people into S&M and bondage the whole 'I'm a slave' thing is usually much easier for them to accept." Max huffed. It was getting just too hard to focus on anything serious as the little cutie between his legs kept up her expert teasing.

"Well, we won't find out till later. So how about we see which of these girls we can make squeal the loudest?" Cal smiled and pushed his intern off his cock.

"Okay, sounds like a good little break, then back to work. Ladies, why don't you go get on that couch and get ready for a good mounting?" Max pushed his girl off and waved towards the couch.

They both enjoyed watching as the girls crawled across the room and climbed onto the couch. The knelt on the cushions with their asses in the air and their legs spreads, presenting their hot and newly shaved pussies without an ounce of reservation.

"So, you want to stick with the blonde?" Cal asked as they got up.

"Yeah, she's been good to me, I think it's only fair to return the favor. Unless, you want first dibs, I mean we've got plenty of time to switch off." Max replied as he moved up behind his girl and started stroking her ass.

"No just checking. I've been waiting to hit this fine little lady since she brought me coffee that first day." Cal replied and started rubbing his cock over the brunette's wet slit. She let out a raspy moan of pleasure and started squirting.

"Well, then let's get this party started." Max grabbed onto his intern's hips and without any warning thrust his hard cock deep into her quivering cunt. She let out a surprised cry of joy and pushed back against him.

They quickly started pumping into their respective interns and with all the thrusting moaning and general fun, neither of them noticed that Sam didn't take any of the water that Trent had prepared for her as she sipped her coffee while she watched the video.

## Part 2 - Changing the recipie

Sam blinked.

She started to realize that she wasn't sure how long that was all she'd been doing, sitting, and blinking. The video was over, and she was just in her seat, staring at the screen. She felt a biz woozy. Kind of like she was waking up from a nap, but she didn't feel like she'd fallen asleep either.

Then the door popped open, and she turned her wobbly head around to see Trent stepping in with the light of the office framing him. It was like he was some kind of angel or maybe a demon. She giggled a bit at that. She knew he wasn't either, but the way the light glowed around him...

"So how did you like the video?" He asked as he walked up and grabbed his USB drive.

"Uh... it was... good, I guess." Sam squeezed her eyes for a moment trying to get her mind back on track.

"Yeah, a little boring, in parts. It does drone on for a while." Trent laughed. "But now you know what we're about, right?"

"Sure, I guess. So, what's next, lunch?" Sam asked as she started to crack through the haze and stood up. She stretched a bit.

"Well, the video did run a little late, maybe just a quick snack in the cafeteria?" Trent asked. "If you don't mind if I join you. I like to get to know as many of our teammates as I can."

"Yeah, how late is it?" Sam asked as they walked out.

"Just past two." Trent replied. The office was still mostly empty, but Sam spotted a few people milling about, still in their beach wear.

"So, what do you think of our little theme day?"

"Everyone seems to like it, why beach day?" Sam replied.

"Oh, we held a vote, it think it just beat out Halloween. We like our offices to be a place where people can relax, let their hair down." Trent replied.

Sam nodded. She couldn't help thinking back to Minnie, with her newly died hair and lack of a bun.

"Yeah, it seems like it works. I don't know how you did it."

"I'll let you in on a little secret then, it's all hypnosis, you subliminals piped in over the speak phones and embedded in our emails." Trent gave her a playful smile.

"Oh, come on, you're joking. That stuff doesn't work. My dad did the whole hypno thing to stop smoking, I swear he smoked more after he finished the program." Sam scoffed. Trent laughed.

"Well, they do say hypnotics can only get people to do what they want to do." Trent laughed. "But seriously, we just encourage people to relax. Productivity suffers when it's just ass in chair time, especially for you developer types."

"Well, that'll be a nice change of pace." Sam smiled as they got to the cafeteria. It was a fair bit busier here. People were relaxing on break, chatting and the like. She didn't notice anyone from her team but waved at a few acquaintances.

"Trouble with your old management?" Trent asked.

"Nothing unusual, just deadlines and extra projects. Minnie liked to drive us hard." Sam grabbed a sandwich and a drink.

"Yeah, I can certainly see that Minnie likes to be driven, but even she's taking to the new system well." Trent looked wistful for a moment as he grabbed a few things.

They paid and sat down at a table next to the window. The building was in one of those non-descript office parks. The only good thing about that was the amount of greenery that had been planted around and the few landscaping touches.

"Yeah, I'd never have expected her to go parading around in a string bikini." Sam smiled, it was such an outrageous notion, and yet she'd seen it with her own eyes. She was somewhat eager to catch up with the rest of her team to find out how something like that could happen.

"We have whole programs on how to help people let go of inhibitions that hold them back." Trent explained.

Sam was about to reply when she caught something out of the corner of her eyes. She turned to watch as two girls suddenly started kissing a few tables over. She didn't know the one, but the other was Julia, one of the devs on the data team. She was a bit on the mousey side, though in a bikini, it was clear she had a

nice little body. She was also surprisingly eager to let the other girl feel her up right in the cafeteria.

Trent noticed Sam's attention wander and caught what she'd spotted. He grinned. This was the perfect chance to test how she'd taken to the initial crash course.

"See, just like that, two women letting off a little steam on their break. They'll be able to go back and focus better on their work when they're finished." Trent pointed out as if it was the most normal thing in the world for two girls to have a make out session in the cafeteria.

"But... oh... my..." Sam gasped as she watched Julia pull the other girls top off and started to squeeze the ripe breasts that popped free. Sam sat, not knowing how quite to react, this wasn't something that should happen, not here, and yet Trent's tone sounded so normal, like it wasn't anything to be concerned about.

"Want to join in?" Trent asked, testing her boundaries. Since Sam hadn't supposed to be part of this crop, he didn't have a full profile for her. He'd set his system to scan over her net presence, but it was still working. Even so, he always enjoyed the more hands-on approach.

"What?" Sam turned back to look at him blushing. Somehow, part of her did, but she'd never tell him that. "No... just not something you see around here."

"I see, but does it bother you?" Trent noticed how red she'd turned. It gave him another evening for advancing her program.

"Uh... I..." Sam turned her head in thought for a moment. Did it bother her? She felt like it should, it wasn't the kind of behavior you were supposed to do in the cafeteria, but somehow that felt like an excuse and academic argument. The tingling between her legs was telling her a different thing. Then there was Trent and everyone else in the cafeteria, who didn't seem the least bit upset about it. "No, it's fine, I mean if they're not bothering anyone else."

Trent smiled and nodded. "Nice, I like your attitude. Let freedom ring, right?"

"Yeah, exactly." Sam felt a bit embarrassed to admit it, but it felt good to say so, to agree with him. "So, why I am getting all your attention today, what is it you do here exactly?"

"Oh, I'm a transition specialist, helping newly acquired companies integrate with the head office. We've got a whole team here. We're starting to wind things down, and since you're a little late to the party, you get a bit more undivided attention." Trent explained.

"Is that so? So, what's up next?" Sam asked as she enjoyed her sandwich.

"Well, it's getting a bit late in the day, so I think just a little personality survey and you can head home for the day." Trent replied and then pulled out a little USB drive. "Oh, and here's a little light listening we like our new associates to try out. It helps you relax, just play it when you get home. Come in tomorrow and you can let us know how it worked for you."

"Oh, well, thanks I guess." Sam grabbed the drive and tossed it into her purse. "What is it, some kind of whale song thing or something?"

"Yeah, kind of like that. We've been working on it for a while, some natural sounds with some special enhancements." Trent nodded. "A lot of people really seem to enjoy it, helps them develop a whole new outlook on life."

"Really, that seems a bit oversold, but I'll give it a try." Sam replied. Somehow it felt kind of good to go along with what he said. She didn't quite get that, but she couldn't argue with the feeling either. Still, it had been a strange day, and she finished up her lunch. If all she had to do was some little survey and head home, she was ready for it.

"So, how do I take this survey?" Sam asked as she got up to bus her tray.

"I already sent you the link. Just open it up and finish it off." Trent explained.

"Cool, I'll see you tomorrow then." Sam got up and walked out of the cafeteria as Trent gave her a friendly wave. He sat back, enjoying the wiggle of her hips as she headed out. So far, so good, she hadn't shown any major points of resistance, with any luck, that would hold through the night, and she'd get a full dose of submission and obedience programming from his little gift. She already showed that she was accepting the normalization program.

It was always one of the first things they hit new cookies with, after the first round of subliminals opened their suggestibility, they were induced to accept everything happening around them as normal, or at least not something they should object to. Some subjects still recognized the weirdness, but it was a subdued thing, not the normal strong reaction that would usually occur.

Now he just had a few more arrangements to make. He pulled out his phone and started checking.

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Sam made it home at last. In fact, it was earlier than normal. The whole day was going like that. She still wasn't quite sure what to make of it all. The whole office seemed like it had been turned upside down, and she hadn't seen more than a couple of coworkers all day. None of her team ever made it back from whatever meeting they were in either.

She plopped down on her couch and spread her legs. Ever since the morning, she kept finding herself mildly aroused and her thoughts kept turning to all kinds of strange kinky things. Sam had a few guilty pleasures, but it was like her fantasies had notched up to eleven. She didn't know quite what to think about it, but it was a quiet night at home, and she was getting the notion to pull her little friend out of her underwear drawer.

She'd felt kind of pent up all day, but the survey seemed to really set something off. The question had felt pretty innocuous at first, but as she kept going, she started to feel hazy, and the questions got really personal. Like what was her favorite lingerie, how many partners she had, what she like to fantasize about when masturbating and just exactly how she liked to masturbate. It just went on and on, kinkier and kinkier, while the options for responses just seemed to give her ideas.

She didn't even know why she'd finished it, other than Trent asking her too. Somehow it hadn't felt right not to do what he said. Now, though, she was more than a little turned on and getting ready to do something about it.

Then came the knock on the door. Sam groaned and got up. She checked the security camera to see it was her friend Debbie from work, and she was holding a very tempting bottle of wine.

"Hey, there Sammi! I just heard you got back! The office has so missed you!" Debbie smiled as she sauntered into the room. It took Sam a second to notice she wasn't wearing a skirt but a towel around her waist, and it was easy to see that Debbie was still wearing a string bikini from how the top showed through her thin white t-shirt.

Sam motioned her over to the couch, and let Debbie get settled in. She grabbed a couple of glasses and stood in the doorway to the kitchen looking over at her friend. The strangest feeling came over Sam as she watched her friend stretching out on the couch. Debbie looked comfortable, and oddly alluring. That alone was strange enough, Sam wasn't attracted to women, at least she didn't used to be. She shook her head, maybe it was just that damn survey and the whole day. Her head was just off.

"Oh, did you get one of those music things from Trent? We should totally turn it on." Debbie popped up as Sam returned and set the glasses down on her coffee table next to the wine.

"Yeah, it's right in my purse." Sam grabbed her purse and then plugged the drive into her stereo and started playing the songs. It was light music, with no vocals and mixed in a lot of natural sounds, not the kind of thing Sam usually listened to, but it was fine for background music. "You up for some delivery?"

Debbie nodded, and it wasn't long before they were enjoying some nice Thai food along with a couple glasses of wine. The conversation covered Sam's vacation and all the latest TV she'd missed. It didn't take long for Sam to notice that Debbie was deflecting every time she tried to find out what she'd missed back at the office. The first couple times she'd barely noticed it, but it became more and more obvious every time Debbie avoided the topic. For a while she played it as a game, gently turning the conversation back to the office just to see how Debbie would twist away and change the subject.

"So, when did Minnie start leaving a dildo out in her office?" Sam decided to cut through the game, as fun as it had been. She gave Debbie a deliberate smile. Let her try to get around that.

"Well, I think that was after they had us do a whole day of morale building exercises." Debbie smiled and then slid her way over to Sam until her nose was only inches from Sam's. The sudden move caught Sam off guard that she barely even heard Debbie's answer. The look in Debbie's eyes made Sam's heart skip a beat. Somehow, suddenly, her own train of thought derailed.

"What?" Sam asked as she felt her chest rise and fall with her sudden rush of arousal. She didn't know why she was so turned on, but she felt that feeling reflected in Debbie's eyes.

"Does it matter?" Debbie turned her head and then pressed her lips firmly against Sam's. Sam melted, the softness of Debbie's lips, the taste of them, was just too much for Sam. She kissed her friend back, their tongues meeting as their lips parted. Debbie leaned in closer, just enough that the top of her breasts teased against Sam's bosom.

The kiss seemed to linger forever, and then Debbie finally pulled back, meeting Sam's eyes as she withdrew just a bit.

"Since when did you like girls?" Sam asked between ragged breaths. She was carefully ignoring that she didn't remember liking girls before tonight.

"Does it matter?" Debbie asked as she slid her hands under Sam's shirt, right up to her heaving breasts. Sam moaned as Debbie gave each breast a firm sensual squeeze. It was just the right pressure, teasing at her nipples just the right way to send a rush of pleasure all through her.

Sam couldn't even put words together to reply, but that barely mattered. She leaned in again and kissed her. Somehow, this just felt right. Debbie kissed her back, more forcefully this time and pushed Sam back into the couch. Debbie's hands kept playing at her chest, demanding and yet sensual. Sam's hands slowly slid up and started stroking at Debbie's arms and sides, ever so slowly drifting towards more enticing destinations.

Debbie continued just long enough for Sam to be almost lost and then sat up again, looking down at Sam and smiling.

"Strip." Debbie ordered, lust slipping into that one word, twisting the word with desire and demand.

Sam didn't need to be told twice, that demand somehow making her shiver with pleasure as she complied. She pulled her shirt off first, then tossed away her bra, all under the eager leering eyes of her friend. Somehow that made it even kinkier, and she didn't hesitate to pull down her pants and then her panties and socks, until she was there, on her couch wearing nothing but a smile as Debbie's eyes slid over her bare flesh.

"Oh, that's so hot, now, do me." Debbie commanded Sam. She held her hands up, as an invitation.

Sam sat up, grabbing at Debbie's shirt without another word. She pulled it off with ease, and then wasted

no time untying Debbie's top. Her perky breasts popped free, and Sam considered reaching up to squeeze them, or lick them but that was a distraction. She had to finish undressing Debbie, that's what she'd been told to do.

It wasn't until she was tossing Debbie's thong over her shoulder that Sam's thoughts fully caught up with her actions. She'd just stripped herself and then her friend! It wasn't just that, she'd done it because Debbie had told her to, commanded her to, and every time she followed an order, it made her pussy tingle in the hottest way. She usually hated to be ordered like that, especially in bed, but now, somehow, it was hot, insanely hot.

Debbie sat back on the couch, spreading her legs. Sam blushed, seeing her friend's shaved pussy for the first time, and feeling another rush of heat. Those kinky thoughts she'd been having all day were bubbling up in her thoughts again. She was straight! Or was she? If she looked at another girl's naked pussy and wanted to lick it and tease it and taste it, could she really be straight? Did it matter?

"Lick it, Sammi." Debbie ordered as she glanced down between her widely spread legs.

Sam shuddered, another order, another wicked urge to obey. Her desires and Debbie's flowed together. She couldn't deny it, she crawled up, looking at the impossible beauty of her friend's nether lips. Debbie's slit was sparkling with her feminine dew, and the scent was intoxicating. Her mind was racing, enough clarity remained for her to realize how wrong all of this was. Her needs, her desires, the way every order Debbie made was only making her pussy quiver more.

That was all true, and yet, she just had to taste Debbie's cunt. Sam leaned down, breathing in Debbie's musk and then reaching out with her tongue and slid it over Debbie's tender, wet lips. The taste was sweet and tangy, her nether lips soft and yielding. Sam slid her tongue along Debbie's fold slowly, but as she completed that one lick, she felt another shudder of pleasure from her obedience and the satisfaction from completing her task.

"Whyâ€¦ why am I doing this?" Sam finally broke through the present haze to complete the thought that had been nagging at her. It was a hollow question, she wanted to know and yet, it felt almost wrong to ask it, like it was a challenge to an authority that was right and proper over her. She was supposed to submit, but why?

"Because it's so hot, because you want to obeyâ€¦ I know Sammi. I get so hot when they ordered me too. And when Trent told me to come here tonight and do all this, I've been just so hot doing what he told me to, and we're not done yet." Debbie smiled as she looked down at Sam's questioning eyes.

"Notâ€¦ doneâ€¦" Sam whimpered, her pussy quivering at the thought of more orders. The rest of Debbie's words were slowly working their way through her lust addled mind. That feeling of wrongness tickling in the back of her head was latching onto those words, slowly putting them together, but just not fast enough.

"Yeah, you get to be my toy tonight, it's so good, I know, I love being the toyâ€¦" Debbie reached up and squeezed her breast as she closed her eyes and moaned. "It's so hot, and now it's your turn, Sammi. Now, eat me out, Sammi, make me cum with that perfect little tongue."

Sam let out a shuddering gasp as she heard the order, and just like that all other thoughts were pushed out of her mind. She dove in again this time with even greater focus. She started licking at Debbie's hot little cunt, savoring the flavor, but enjoying the gasps and moans her friend made even more. It was a special kind of music to her ears, but just as much it was a sign of how close she was getting to her goal.

"Oh... yes, Sammi, just like that..." Debbie moaned as Sam circled her friend's clit with her tongue. Her friend writhed under Sam's assault, gasping and grinding her hips. Debbie's began to stroke Sam's hair with one hand as the other grabbed at the cushions beneath her.

Sam was doing her best. She'd never gone down on a woman before, yet somehow, her mind was filled

with suggestions. Some of them she remembered from when a boyfriend had gone down on her, but others... She wasn't sure where those ideas were coming from. That didn't stop her from using them just the same, and she continued pleasuring her friend.

Somehow, through the haze of lust and her aching need to obey, Sam managed to collect some of her thought again. She'd never been as turned on as she was now, simply by doing what she was told. That was a wrongness, that managed to nag its way through her other muddled thoughts. Why was she doing this? Why was she enjoying the taste of pussy and pushing Debbie towards orgasm? Sex was fun, and Sam loved to please, but this was something more... something deeper.

The questions kept bubbling up, but Sam just couldn't keep focused on them. Every gasp of pleasure from Debbie's lips gave Sam a tingling reward of pleasure, every shift of her hips a new challenge to chase. Sam had more important worries than the nagging wrongness in the back of her head.

Sam had actually taken the long road around to pleasing Debbie, slowly teasing her, pushing her higher and then letting her edge melt a bit with pleasant diversions of her tongue and lips. All of it building up, driving Debbie to a wicked peak. Sam didn't want to just make her friend cum, she wanted Debbie to have the biggest orgasm she could give her.

She could tell it was working too. Little by little, Debbie's gasps and moans drew more frantic, more demanding. Her body was getting closer to her ultimate peak, and Sam focused on keeping her right on that edge. She could feel Debbie's quivering flesh aching to release right before she pulled back each time, almost savoring that desperate quaking before she let Debbie cool off again. Just a little, before diving in and giving her another lick or suck or nibble.

The gaps between each peak grew shorter. Debbie was almost desperate now, the teasing wickedness of Sam's assault leaving her nearly breathless. Both of her hands were cupping Sam's head, stroking her hair, begging for her release. Sam was licking and sucking at her vigorously now, pushing Debbie to the peak.

"Oh yes... don't stop... oh god... that's it..." Debbie pushed her hips towards Sam's mouth. Sam kept her focus and kept suckling at Debbie's tender lips. Sam bathed in the eroticism of Debbie's gasping demands, and finally let it Debbie over the edge. The muscles of her legs tensed a moment before she let out a cry of long held lust. Sam could feel Debbie's pussy shuddering as she kept licking, quivering from all the pent-up energy that was now coursing through Debbie's body.

"Yes... of yes!! I'm cumming... oh god... I'm cumming, I'm cumming, I'm cumming!" Debbie gasped as her hands dug into Sam's scalp. There was no power left for control, she was lost to the raw pleasures that Sam had just unleashed. She fell back, panting, her entire body quivering from pleasure.

Sam felt her own erotic thrill as she brought Debbie to release. It wasn't the same as an orgasm, but it was a special kind of satisfaction that came from obeying. Debbie had commanded her to lick her to orgasm, and Sam had succeeded. Her pussy quivered at that success, and she felt ready, even eager for more.

For the moment, though, she was free, it felt so good to obey, but now there were no orders. At least no specific orders. Sam could feel a new urge bubbling up, almost like a baseline feeling. Even if she had no orders, she should seek to please her partner. That feeling drove her off her knees, and she climbed onto the couch, snuggling up to Debbie, pressing her naked flesh against her friend's and began a gentle, intimate stroking of her friend's bare flesh.

Her mind was growing clear again. Debbie was making the most erotic noises as Sam's hands slid from breast to belly to hips and thighs. She was basking in the afterglow, as Sam tended to the embers of that pleasure. The nagging wrongness started to drift back. She'd never touched another woman like this, and despite the simmering lust that baked inside her, Sam knew something was pushing her to do it.

"Why are we doing this?" Sam managed to formulate the question again, almost as a whisper when Debbie finally turned her head towards her and opened her eyes.

"Because it feels so good to obey..." Debbie smiled back, her hand stroking at Sam's cheek before she leaned in for a quick kiss that somehow lingered. Debbie slowly pulled away, her breaths coming in rasping pants. "Now, be a good little toy and stop asking me questions. We have a lot more fun for us tonight."

Then she leaned in and gave Sam another kiss, deeper and more passionate than the earlier tease. Her order filtering through Sam's mind. There would be no more questions, not now, not before Debbie was through with using her. Sam quivered in lust from such an easy to obey command, but also from the realization of how much power Debbie had over her, and how hot that was.

Debbie finally broke away, just enough to sit up and reach for her bag. Sam slid around and snuggled against her as Debbie opened her purse. This wasn't the normal small purse Debbie carried, but a larger one, and as soon as Debbie opened it, Sam's eyes went wide. It was almost overflowing with toys, dildos, vibrators, strap-ons and handcuffs. There were things that Sam didn't even know what they were.

Debbie let Sam get a good look before she turned her head to her friend and smiled. "Ready to have some real fun, Sammi toy?"

Sam couldn't even form the words now, her mind racing at all the possibilities, all she could do was stare into Debbie's lust filled eyes and nod, emphatically.

"Then let's get started..." Debbie reached into the bag and Sam watched in anticipation for what was to come next. There were no more questions now. Trent's music played in the background as Sam prepared to become Debbie's perfect, eager toy, and for all the pleasure that would come with it. There was only one question left, one that Debbie would answer through the night, 'how can I please you?'

### Part 3 - Finished Nice and Crisp

The next morning Sam awoke. Her body ached a bit, tender from all the exertion and attention Debbie had given her. Sam rolled in her bed to realize it was empty. All the toys were gone, save her, and somehow that spell was broken. She didn't feel like a toy any longer, though the pleasure that had come from that state still lingered pleasantly.

Sam lingered in bed, her mind feeling clear again. There was no order to follow, no one to please, and that let her mind roam free again. Only Trent's soft music teased at her ears. She must have left it playing all night. The pieces were slowly coming together again. That nagging wrongness drifting up in her consciousness above the pleasant memories of being taunted and teased by Debbie or being handcuffed to her bed as Debbie fucked her with the strap-on and then the pleasure of reversing the rolls and giving Debbie that same rough handling. They'd used almost everything in Debbie's bag in one way or another, and the evening was just a blur of teasing eroticism and cascading orgasms.

Still, the nagging pushed all that aside. Sam sat up and saw a note left on the nightstand next to her. She opened it. Debbie apologized for having left so early, but she couldn't be late for work and despite her preparations for the evening, she hadn't brought a change of clothes. Sam smiled a bit at that. Debbie was sweet, but often forgetful of things like that.

Sam looked at the clock, and realized she had little time to waste either, if she was going to get to the office on time. She quickly hopped out of bed and into the shower. As the water flowed over her, she began to think again. She was used to having flashes of brilliance in the shower, that free moment where she was bare to the universe. Many times, she'd worked through a problem as she rinsed the soap from her hair. Today was no different, except today's problem wasn't one she had ever expected. She pieced it together, bit by bit. The clues were obvious, almost carelessly laid out for her. The biggest piece was realizing that Trent wasn't joking when he had talking about hypnotics, subliminals, and programming.

She realized how many little nudges had been going on yesterday, all the way up through Debbie's visit. Testing her responses, but also reinforcing behavior, encouraging her to expand her boundaries. Hypnotics

might only allow you to get push people to do things they don't object to, it was a dangerous notion to push those personal boundaries as part of the process. Still, there had to be limits to that alone, there was only so far you could nudge someone.

Then she remembered the wine, and the water that Trent had left her yesterday. Could it have been drugged? Some combination with the subliminals to reinforce each other and make it even easier to push past those personal boundaries. Sam considered it, at this point she had to assume the worst. Somehow, for some reason Trent and whoever worked with him had turned her whole office into a bunch of obedient kinky toys. Even though she knew it was wrong, the very notion was making her hot, and she couldn't resist masturbating herself to a wicked orgasm.

As she came back down from the pleasure, Sam knew she had to do something. Whatever Trent was doing, she had to figure out how to stop him, how to undo it. Her stomach twisted a bit at that, a new foreign wrongness as she thought about reversing what had been done. She considered the feeling, realizing it was a counter program, a way to keep control. The stick to keep her from turning away from the carrot. She was supposed to want to be controlled, she could feel her desire churn just thinking about it, and getting fully free, the simple idea was enough to make her queasy.

She took a deep breath and stepped out of the shower. That was another danger, but what else could she do. If she couldn't figure out what was done to her, she didn't know how long she could take the new twists and pulls of her desires. If she didn't break free of it, she'd just end up finding someone else to control her, some else to give her commands. The idea turned her on, and that disturbed her.

Sam got dressed and headed for the office. She knew it was a trap, more than a trap even. She knew this was where Trent was doing most of his work. He must have panicked at her arrival, unexpected in the middle of his process. That explained so much of what she'd seen. Going in ran the risk that he'd be able to finish the job if she got caught.

She considered her plans. She grabbed a pair of noise canceling earbuds, hopefully it would be enough to block out the subliminals. She considered going in a back door, but then remembered they'd be able to see her key in, just the same. Was it better if she just walked in the front door like normal? They might not suspect how much she had come to understand if she acted like nothing was unusual.

Today there was a line to go in. That was strange enough, people usually slipped past the door and headed to their desks quick enough, but today was different. Whatever it was, it wasn't obvious. One by one, everyone entered, but Sam couldn't see what was happening beyond the door. She pocketed the ear buds when it came to be her turn. She keyed in, opened the door, and walked through. Trent was standing there, in the entryway. He looked up to see Sam and smiled.

"Good morning, Sam! Glad to see you again." Trent looked her over. She was wearing her normal clothes, just t-shirt and slacks. Thankfully, there wasn't any strange events today. No need to dress up.

"Good morning." Sam smiled back.

"Kneel." Trent smiled, his tone firm and commanding.

Sam didn't even hesitate to fall to her knees. She didn't even think about it until she was looking up at him and her pussy quivered from obeying orders. She took a ragged breath. There hadn't been an opportunity to resist, only to obey.

"It seems you had a good night last night then," Trent said. Then he looked at her again his grin turned predatory. "Show me your tits."

Sam felt warm tingles run up her spine. Another order, another need to obey. Her hands reached for the hem of her shirt. For a moment she considered resisting. Her stomach twisted just at the mere passing notion. She was supposed to obey. Resistance would tip her hand, if she had any chance, she couldn't

reveal her understanding before it was time.

It was so easy to obey, she just reached for her shirt and pulled it up. She shuddered again from the rush that came from doing as she was commanded. Then she noticed she hadn't worn a bra today, her breasts jiggled a bit as they popped from her shirt, her nipples growing hard in the cool air. The exposure was embarrassing, but obeying was right, she flushed a bit at showing him her chest.

"Very good, thank you, Sam. Nice rack! Now, go get to work." Trent smiled, pulling out his phone and tapping on it.

Sam nodded, getting to her feet, and heading to the stairs. Another order, another tingling rush of heat. She didn't even realize her shirt was still up until she rounded the corner and felt her breasts bouncing as she climbed the stairs. She realized the limit of his command, as soon as she'd gotten out of sight, she could no longer show him her tits, and the command expired. She pulled her shirt down. Her mind raced as she walked. They had clearly burrowed commands deeper into her than she'd thought.

She followed through with his command, heading to her desk and starting her work. She felt another rush of pleasure as she did so, feeling his command fulfilled. He'd only told her to start work, not continue it. Sam shuddered at the unique pleasure that came from obedience. Then she pulled out her earbuds. She knew she shouldn't let the subliminals have any more time working on her.

Those very subliminals were her first target. There was only one place they could have piped them into the system. That meant she should be able to get the files. If she could check them, then maybe she could figure out how to reverse them, maybe come up with a counter program. Her stomach twisted a bit at that, a counter program would free her, and her programming didn't want to encourage that.

Sam fought down the queasiness and headed over to the water cooler. That was close to the server room. The server room was also where the phones were controlled. Sam checked the area as she walked over, trying to look casual. The office was starting to fill up, her coworkers were sitting down and getting to work. It was almost too quiet, but she realized they were probably just following orders, without a hint that they should do otherwise.

No one seemed to be paying any attention to her, all she had to do was walk over. The server room wasn't empty though, there was usually an IT guy on duty keeping everything running smoothly.

"Oh hi, Sam! I didn't know you were back." George smiled as Sam walked in. His desk was strewn with computer parts from whatever task he was doing. The hum of servers filled the room.

"Yeah, just got back yesterday. I wanted to ask you about something." Sam smiled back.

"Sure, what can I do for you?" George nodded.

"I think I've been hearing a strange noise from the intercoms, can you check if anything is being played through them?" Sam asked.

"Well, I could, but I'm not supposed to do anything unusual today." George replied, his eyes glazing over for a moment.

Sam nodded. Another programmed response. It made sense, getting everyone to play through the motions, for everything to be normal as they were programmed. Only change things bit by bit, like the old story of boiling a frog by slowly turning up the heat. Introduce the weirdness slowly and it became normal. Then she remembered last night with Debbie.

"Check for something playing over the speakers. Give me a copy if you find it." Sam ordered. She watched George's eyes glaze over again and his body shuddered a bit. They had made everyone eager to obey, it didn't matter where the orders came from. Sam breathed a sigh of relief. Then she had to wait.

"Okay, let me check." George's voice sounded a bit distant, no doubt he was aroused by her order. Sam felt more than a little strange about that, and oddly a bit aroused. It was a terrible power, in just this little moment she could understand how tempting it could be, how corrupting it could be.

She watched George work. She'd never seen that kind of focus from anyone. Another part of the conditioning. That need to obey overrode any other distractions. He would keep going till he completed his mission, or someone ordered him to stop. It was trippy knowing that could be done to anyone, frightening that it had been at least partially done to her, and more arousing than just about anything she'd ever thought of before.

"I got it. Yeah. Someone just hooked up these audio files to play over the intercom." He let out a few ragged gasps of pleasure form having succeeded. Then without stopping a beat he grabbed a USB drive and copied the file. He handed the drive over to Sam.

"Thanks. That's a big help." Sam nodded. She could tell him to stop, maybe even tell him what was happening. She considered it, she knew he'd do whatever she told him to, but that would give her away. If Trent discovered her tampering with his plans he might cut her off before she could really derail whatever he was doing.

She took the drive and headed off, back to her desk. Hopefully, they hadn't noticed her absence. Now, she just had to figure out what to do about what she'd found. She sat down and got to work.

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"See, told you she was still thinking for herself." Trent smiled as he watched Sam sit down at her desk.

"So, why aren't you stopping her?" Cal asked.

"Because I know I've got hooks into her too. You saw the video Debbie sent us." Trent's grin widened. He'd had more than a little satisfaction watching the two enjoy quite the variety of perversions.

"But her earbuds..." Cal replied.

"Easy enough, I had Debbie download a little program onto Sam's phone last night. She can't hear the main program right now, but she's getting a nice full dose of my special program just for her." Trent said.

"She's your bounty?" Max nodded.

"Exactly, I could never bake her up right with everyone else, too many steps out of order, but I made up a special recipe just for her and she is my type." Trent grinned. He wasn't kidding there. He did love red heads, and Sam had a smoking body, as Debbie had helped demonstrate.

"So how is that going to work? I mean, she looks like she's on track. Just need to settle in the slave mentality and she'd be good." Cal scratched his head. He was a good support tech, but he had to admit he never really understood the details of the process.

"Well, she's too aware, you saw it. That's why we usually take a week for the initial bake, slowly breaking down their inhibitions and building up their eagerness to obey. By the time things get weird for them, they're too driven to submit and obey to even question that strangeness. Sam saw too much too early, she'd be asking all the wrong questions, pushing against her programming instead of her inhibitions. So, I'm going to set her up a little game, one she will want to play through and put her right where I want her." Trent explained. "Now, let's give her a little baking time and take care of everyone else."

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Sam brought up the audio file and started looking it over. She found a few programs to help her pull it apart and started to see the subliminal layer. It wasn't as careful as she would have expected. She pulled

out the track with the commands. It was so simple. She ran it through an AI filter to translate the track to words. She didn't want to listen, even if she brought it out so that she could understand it directly. There was no telling if a recorded command could affect her as much as a spoken one.

Her eyes bulged as she read the script. It was so twisted, pushing the victims to think of themselves as slaves and toys to their owners. Obedience was pleasure, service was pleasure. It was so sick, but she couldn't deny it turned her on as well. There was subtlety in the details, tricks and programming that she'd never expect. It was all so twisted, so evil.

She fell back in her seat for a moment, taking a moment to enjoy the music she was listening to. It was one of her favorite songs, and just the right thing to make her feel better. Then she thought about what she was going to do. She could put the audio back together and get George to pump out a new program. She didn't know how long it would take to fix everyone. Maybe it was even dangerous, but if she could just disrupt things enough to catch Trent and his team, she could get help for everyone else.

She got started on the work, coming up with a new script. It was a nice distraction from worry. She knew she didn't have long, any moment Trent could come up with some new distraction, some push to complete her conversion.

Her thoughts raced. The focus of writing the script allowed other parts of her mind to wander, and consider other possibilities, other issues. This couldn't be the first time Trent had done this. There had to be others who had been programmed like this. Could she help them too? If she disrupted him here, that could break the trail, there might not be a way to track them all down. Trent was too smart, he'd have figure out how to cover his trail. Certainly, enough to protect himself if something went wrong.

Sam stopped working on the first script and started working on a new one. Maybe she could do the same to Trent as done to her. All she needed was an opportunity. Find his office and give him a dose of his own medicine. Just convince him to keep her close. There had to be a way for him to do that. Then she could watch him, wait for her moment and then, when the time was right, she'd be able to save everyone.

She took her breaks, asking carefully to find out that he was holed up in the security room. He seemed to have two other main assistants there. They liked to get help from some of the interns. Sam kept her eyes open, watching for them, and finally, she caught the moment when everyone was out of that office. She grabbed her phone and snuck into the room.

It was a simple thing to set her phone to play her new subliminal, one that would play just for Trent and his team in this room. She targeted him specifically. The others should ignore the messages. That would do the trick. She left her phone in a hidden spot and then carefully snuck out.

The rest of the day was just pins and needles for her. She didn't know how long it would take to work. If it would work. Sam hoped that he was attracted to her, as that would make the subliminals even harder for him to resist the suggestions. She watched as the others were taken out one by one and returned with an even more happy dazed look. Sam worried. If they took her, would she be able to hold on after whatever they did? All she could do was sit at her desk and pretend to work and hope her plan succeeded.

"Hi, Sam," She heard Trent behind her.

"Trent." She turned, forcing a smile as she looked up at him. She felt an odd quiver run through her. He really was attractive, maybe more than she'd noticed before. She took a long breath. She didn't want to give herself away here. The trick was to get him to keep her close.

"Stand and strip." Trent ordered.

Sam gasped, feeling a stranger, deeper need to obey than she'd felt before. The rush of heat that flowed through her pushed out the rest of her thoughts. It was electric.. powerful... and there was just no way to say no. That wasn't all, there was more a new urge, a new admission, something she had to say.

"Yes, master..." She let the words slip from her tongue, dripping with lust, with need unlike any she'd felt before. Her mind reeled. This was so perfect, she realized as she pulled off her shirt. If he saw her as his slave, his toy, he'd keep her close. She pushed down her slacks, not surprised to find her panties missing. A slave didn't need such things. She'd be at his side, and when he didn't need her to serve him, she could access his computers, steal his records, help everyone.

Sam slipped off her socks and shoes, and stood in the middle of her office naked, fully exposed, and eager for his next command. She could feel her coworkers watching as she followed him, seeing her bare flesh. She would save them all, she knew that. She was slipping inside Trent's plan, he didn't know, her obedience was so real, but not complete. She'd get him for this, for all the delicious things he was about to do to her, and all the things he'd done to the others.

He walked her into an empty office, just a desk and some chairs. Then he turned around.

"I do love red heads, Sam. You're going to love being my new toy." He leaned in and kissed her. His lips strong and demanding. His hands slid over her, leaving shudders of pleasure in their wake. Sam leaned into them, savoring his touch. She didn't quite want to admit it, but he was right, if everything that followed felt as good as this, she was going to love it.

She moaned in joyous pleasure as he squeezed her chest, stroked her pussy. It all felt so good! Sam shuddered, happy to lose control. He couldn't suspect that she was still free. She couldn't resist those urges he'd programmed into her. She was so relieved it felt this good, it made it so easy to just play along.

"Oh... master..." Sam moaned as he rubbed over her hot pussy, teasing her clit and stoking the flames within her. The wild heat she'd felt with Debbie was nothing compared to this, nothing compared to submitting to her owner. A part of her objected to that, he wasn't her owner! Still, she pushed back at that objection. It was so much easier if she let it be true, let him be her owner, at least for now, until she could make her move.

Trent lifted her up and swung her around, putting her ass onto the desk. "I wanted to wait and enjoy you later, but I just couldn't, Sam. I hope you forgive me."

"I do... oh I forgive you, Master..." Sam moaned as he dropped his pants. How could she do anything but forgive him. She was so hot, so desperate, how could she be angry at him for satisfying her needs? She'd make him pay for this later, but for now, she was eager to enjoy this pleasure, enjoy the wicked ecstasy of submission.

She felt his cock slid over her nether lips and she threw her head back in pleasure. It was a delicious tease, sliding along her tender folds, rubbing over her clit. It was too much to hold back, too much to resist. She needed him, ached for him. "Oh please, take me, Master... fuck me..."

He pulled her legs open and stood between them, staring down at her as she squirmed under his assault. She knew it was all an illusion, but he still looked like a god to her. He kept teasing her with his cock for a few more strokes and then let the head slide down, rubbing against the sensitive flesh between her pussy lips until he was poised at her entrance.

"I give the orders, Sam, now, enjoy." He smiled and thrust into her. She cried out as he filled her, her arousal and his command sending her to the brink of release. It was almost too much.

He took his time with her. Thrusting and driving into her as his hands stroked and teased her. There wasn't a part of her that escaped his inspection. All the while she moaned and gasped, desperate for more, eager to enjoy the twisted pleasure of being ravished.

He teased her through one orgasm after another, all the while, driving closer to his own. Thrust by thrust, she ached to meet his hips, grinding, and moaning against him. It was all so intense, knowing that she was being used like a toy, knowing she was programmed to enjoy it, and even knowing how wrong it was, she

couldn't deny any of the pleasure coursing through her.

When he finally reached his peak, grunting and thrusting deep into her, it was almost too much for her.

"Oh... yes... Master... cum in me! Fill me up..." She pleaded, aching from the need for it. There was a hint of humiliation twisting through her, seeing what she'd been reduced to, seeing how far she'd fallen. That only made the pleasure burn brighter, that he'd tamed her, controlled her like this. Her body submitting to him perfectly.

She came as she felt his seed flow into her. The orgasm coursing through her, as she shuddered against him. It was amazing, so hot. She'd never imagined being used like this could be so amazing. She collapsed onto the desk, gasping in pleasure.

"That was perfect, Sam, I knew you'd make a great addition." Trent panted as he slid out of her. "Now, rest here, I need to finish up for the day and then I can take you home and show you even more fun."

"Thank you, Master..." Sam whimpered as he left her, splayed naked and dripping cum on the desk. She smiled, as she reached up and squeezed her breasts. He didn't suspect anything. She knew that now. All she had to do was keep playing along. Then she'd get him, break open this whole thing, free everyone. Until then, though, oh... she just couldn't wait for him to play with him again. Until she could bring him down. She squeezed herself again and moaned. Oh, it was going to feel so good getting played with.

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Trent cleaned himself up quick and walked back into the office with Cal and Max.

"You sure she's good?" Max asked. They'd watched on the monitor. She certainly performed like a toy, but they all knew there was more to the process than that.

"Oh yes, she's baked in. She thinks she's got me, she'll just play along with being my toy. That's the program, she'll try and collect data on our operations and tell herself that she'll get it to the police or something. Later, when the moments right. Until then, she'll keep being my toy, so that I don't suspect anything." Trent explained.

"But..." Cal smiled.

"The moment will never be right." Max nodded.

"Yep, it's the perfect way to reinforce her program, give her a reason not to resist, one she really wants to succeed. She'll be my hottest little toy for as long as I like, and she'll love every minute of it because it's all for a higher goal." Trent smiled. The organization didn't like their operatives to take many samples, but sometimes everyone knew it was necessary, and it helped morale. Trent had earned the reward, both by keeping her from being trouble and getting everyone else baked properly.

"And now, it's time to finish the shipment. One more box of cookies." Cal sighed. He wasn't looking forward to sending off those interns, but there would be more in the future. Besides, he had his own little harem back home, all eager and perky coeds he'd picked up recently.

Trent nodded and called up the trucks. Another load of toys for sale. Just another standard set of baked cookies following the regular recipe and one special treat. That was a job well done.

The End

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