

#1

Oppressive Compulsive Disorder

by Choker Guy

Chapter One – Illusion

Day 1

Dan: So, how did your important 'mission' go?

Carl: Would you stop trying to ridicule me? Stop making such a big deal about it, and most importantly, don't do it here.

D: Ooh right, forgot the Agency spies are hunting you for your porn collection. I don't know, setting up a switch to wipe your computer seems like a big deal to me.

C: What did I just say? I see no reason why we couldn't chat about this later, it doesn't affect you at all.

D: Alright, calm down. See you later then, usual spot.

Typical behaviour, you shouldn't really be surprised anymore. Dan's antics have been a constant companion, but it's hard to get used to when somebody makes a laughing matter of any serious subject you care about. Fortunately, it only takes switching off your phone to get some peace and quiet. He's benign enough, but the endless teasing really grinds your gears at times, which he knows too well. Anyway, you made it home, why let him get at you to this extent?

Stepping inside, you throw your bag into some corner of the room and head to the fridge for something to drink. Your apartment really is quite lousy, but it's not like there are great offers you missed out on. It may not look like much, but you know you're lucky to have it, considering the alternatives. After finishing your drink and feeling a bit more settled, you slump down in your chair and admire your handiwork below the desk. Fuck Dan's contrarian pokes at your safety and privacy worries. It's not paranoia if you're really being watched. These days, you never really know when you're being watched, and where. Except... right, you wanted to meet up with Dan. You check on a couple of things before eventually picking up and putting on your VR helmet. Won't hurt to let your friend wait a while.

What would you do without VR? It's probably the only development of the last ten years you really appreciate, one of the few you don't find morally reprehensible either. You've certainly tried to make good use of it, seeing it for more than just a toy. All thanks to the people who created The Construct. To think it's all so simple, a mere mirror of the world, except it's instanced. Unless you invite somebody over, you're completely private. Data transfers are decentralised and you definitely made sure what comes out of your router is encrypted safely enough. Controls aren't an issue anymore, with VR being around as long as it has been, and with cerebral steering as precise and safe as it is today. It is a true marvel of modern technology, one you can't imagine living without.

"Took you long enough," you're greeted before you even see anything.

"What, I came here as soon as I could," you counter, not quite able to stifle a small grin.

"Goddamn Carl, are you going to start with that petty shit again? Okay, listen, I'm sorry I insulted your admirable skills as a prospective secret agent. Surely, your ingenious construction is a marvel to behold, and will go in mass production soon enough as the nation rises up as one behind you as their glorious leader." Right, and you're the one being petty. You want to know why he always puts so much effort into making you look like a paranoid weirdo. "Because you are! Shit, I'm your friend Carl, but you constantly want to pull me down, like I should feel bad for not buying into your theories or that I'm not smart enough to keep up with you. Compare that to my light teasing for once, that's really all there is to it. If you feel something that harmless is disrespectful and unacceptable, then maybe you're actually pretty similar to your imaginary thought police."

Maybe... maybe he kind of has a point there. Not about you sharing any similarities with this aspiring police state, but you do tend to get a bit arrogant and disparaging at times. Compared to that, you suppose his comments really are quite harmless, you just can't help it. Still, he deserves an apology.

"You're right, man, I'm sorry. But you do know I don't mean it, right? I don't think you're stupid, not at all. I guess we just see things differently, it can get frustrating."

"We agree on that." Dan manages a little smile. If you really think about it, you're lucky to have him. Your circle of friends isn't exactly of monumental proportions, and he's always been quite forgiving and accepting of your flaws. That alone is quite a testament to his character and intelligence, he can always keep up with you, that's never been the issue. Obviously you don't agree completely with what he said, but you're well-aware that you can be a little difficult to deal with at times. You swear you don't do it on purpose.

"So, what's going on with you these days?" Dan takes you out of your thoughts.

"We've just been over that," you chuckle. "Really, I was just taking a precaution, just like I am now, why else would we meet in The Construct? Well, aside from it just being more fun."

"You and your VR addiction. That shit's not healthy, man, I'm telling you." Both of you share a little laugh at the absurdity of that statement. VR has no effect on your physical health. However, there were some odd cases you heard of. Of people breaking mentally, having their mind turned upside down. Supposedly, they saw realities much more convenient and luxurious than their own and just lost it, trying to make it *their* reality, convincing themselves that reality and virtual world are actually inverted for them. Lucky for you that you've always been a realist, if nothing else, so you've never worried about that happening to you. Again, these thoughts of yours are interrupted as the interface lights up with a message that a new user is arriving.

"Guy will notice he's at the wrong address when his password doesn't work," Dan reads your mind. You nod in agreement. With that settled, the two of you just carry on your conversation, but this guy doesn't seem to leave. Every three seconds, your eyes wander to

the user count, every time expecting it to pop back down. While your eyes divert from the conversation like that, you see movement in the corner of your view. You shoot out of the chair the two of you meandered towards and sat down in over the course of your chat and try to get a look at the body that's moving in the distance. Dan seems confused and unaware of what you've sighted, slightly taken aback by your jumpy attitude. When he notices you staring off into the distance, he looks in the same direction and notices the reason for your confusion. At least you're not imagining this shit.

Whatever's moving back there, it's getting bigger; it's approaching you. As it continues to close the gap between you, it becomes more obvious that it's definitely human in shape. Female, quite feminine even. Normally, you'd be excited, but curiosity and concern overtake you. How did this woman get in here? And why did she, what's the point in joining the password-protected server of two random guys if you obviously had the capability of breaking into *any* room you chose? When Dan opens his mouth to interrogate the intruder, you find that he shares your anxiety.

"What are you doing here? And how did you enter in the first place?" he wants to know, just like you. The woman doesn't pay him any mind whatsoever. Instead, it looks like she actually has her eyes fixed on you, now that she's so close. Before either of you can react, she stands in reaching distance, looking into your eyes, smiling. She grabs the back of your head with surprising speed and strength, planting a deep kiss and her bubble gum flavour on your lips. You're left quite stunned when she breaks it, her smile now turning into more of an arrogant smirk, when she suddenly disappears before your eyes in a quickly dissipating cloud of smoke. What the hell just happened?

"What the hell just happened?" a similarly stunned Dan asks, staring at you. "Something you want to tell me?" he asks, grinning, evidently suspecting you to have set this up. Right as you open your mouth to reply though, you notice he's not looking at your face, but rather at your right shoulder. Looking down, you see two pink straps biting into your skin, continuing downwards and stopping at your waist, leading into a small, equally pink compartment. A purse. You're wearing a pink purse. Dan breaks out in raucous laughter at your puzzled expression.

"Goddamn, did she put that on me?" you demand to know, but your friend's having none of it. At least not for the time being, he catches his breath after only fifteen minutes or so. Dick.

"She sure did, buddy," he's still barely able to contain it. Curious, you ask him what he makes of it. "I wouldn't put too much thought into it, maybe they're running an update while we're in here and that was just a glitch," he hypothesises.

"More like a bitch," you comment under your breath, your obvious discomfort fuelling his amusement. "Who cares, I wanted to take a hike anyway, not much happening so might as well call it a day." The bitch, as you so fittingly named her, really did disappear without a trace. Logs don't show a user name, a date of arrival or departure, no hint that she was ever here. One more reason to assume this is probably just some kind of bug.

Regardless, it was embarrassing, and annoying, however minor a disturbance it may have been. You'll surely keep it in mind next time you find a good reason to complain, not that you usually need one. Both you and Dan say your goodbyes and you take your leave, removing the helmet from your head to log off The Construct room, the real world materialising around you again.

You still can't leave it be though. Even on your return, you're furious how something like that just happens, and to you of the millions of people who use The Construct every day. Yet this rage is no match for your reaction when you see that you're clearly standing in your usual apartment, except for the nightstand next to your bed, or rather, what's placed on it. That bright pink purse.

Day 2

A good night's sleep can cure anything. Right? Well, more or less. There's no denying you're a lot calmer than when you went to bed last night. Examining the purse, you discovered that there was actually a hairbrush inside, for some reason. "What, the developers of The Construct got a problem with my hairstyle now?" you joked to yourself. As bizarre as the situation seemed to you, it's free shit, so you didn't mind and took the brush for a spin. Your hair was noticeably unkempt, you'll give them that, but it's barely long enough to justify that sort of passive aggressive criticism. The purse still remains a mystery to you however.

Back to the present though, where you just woke up and head into the bathroom to take care of your morning business. You wash your hands and your face, and get a good look at yourself in the mirror. The brush found its way to the shelf below already, and even after the duress of sleeping and getting it all tousled up, your hair looks pretty voluminous and healthy today. That's definitely a side effect you don't mind. Perhaps it'd be a good idea to make it a habit, so you pick up the brush again, and run it through your hair. Yeah, not so bad, you could get used to this. It never hurts to make a good impression.

Vibrating noises draw your attention away from the bathroom mirror. Dan probably sent you a text. Picking up the phone confirms your suspicions. He started off with one of his usual quips and is asking whether you're going to meet up again. Actually, you're really anxious to discuss some things with him, most of all the events of yesterday, of course, and how this crap found its way into your apartment. It's hard to imagine him knowing anything specific, but perhaps he can come up with an idea, you're certainly baffled for now. Who knows, maybe you even get to see *her* again.

Speculation won't get you anywhere though, so you tell Dan to meet up with you at the usual spot in half an hour, giving you enough time to get dressed and eat a little breakfast. Then it's off to your desk and back into The Construct.

This time around, you're met with an empty space. It's the same place as always, but apparently you've been faster than Dan today. Actually, that suits you quite nicely, gives you some time to look around. Sadly, there's nothing to see, as you quickly realise. You stare off into the direction that the girl was spawned last time, only streets, buildings and air in sight. Neither does the interface provide you with any information; there's only one user here, and

that's you, who else? Still, you should be on your guard. Then again, Dan's been having fun with his paranoia jokes about you. Maybe you're just proving his point.

You're not alone for long though, but that's not surprise. Dan is right on your heel, you barely had to wait five minutes for him to arrive. "Took you long enough," you poke at him, just like he did yesterday. Instead of the scowl that you expected, a wide grin is plastered on his face. "What's going on with you, it wasn't that funny, was it?" You're confused.

"It sure wasn't, but this is," he points to your side. You turn around but can't see anything, until you realise... he's pointing to your shoulder, where a girly pink purse is resting, just like it did yesterday. You can't believe you didn't notice that damn thing hanging on your arm, and you thought last time was embarrassing. Naturally, you try to throw the purse off but find that you can't.

"Come on Dan, I know this is funny as hell to you, but I'm legitimately creeped out at this point. Look, I can't get that damn thing off my shoulder, no matter how hard I try." He shoots you an incredulous look. To be fair, you'd do the same, were the roles reversed, the bag is really only hanging there loosely, it looks like a mild gust of wind could knock it down. But as you discovered, it can't, and neither can you. Dan approaches you and tries to grip the straps, first both, then just one of them, but finds that he's absolutely unable to find space there. Next, he attempts just pushing the bag away from your shoulder, with a good amount of force. As expected, it doesn't come off, like it's glued to your shoulder joint. If it wasn't so frustrating, it'd actually be hilarious how physically impossible this whole thing looks. Trying to lift the mood, you're about to make another snarky comment. As you look up, just starting your sentence, you see Dan staring off behind you, seemingly shocked.

You turn around yourself and come face-to-face... with her. That *bitch*. Before you can open your mouth again to give her a piece of your mind, she steps between your legs with one foot and starts rubbing her thighs against yours. It feels nice, for sure, but your confusion far outweighs your arousal. If she wanted to get you off, why is she doing it like *this*? Clearly, she isn't done yet, her hands now getting in on it. First, she brushes over your cheeks, but her hands trace further downwards. They snake across your chest and your stomach, marking every spot with their touch, before eventually resting on your most intimate parts. Apparently, that's just about what she needed, since she starts backing off. Not before slipping something into your— you mean *the* purse, it's not yours, goddamn it. Just like that, she disappears in a familiar smoke cloud, as if she had never been here.

"How does this keep happening?" Dan asks, more as a rhetorical question than anything else, you'd assume. Not that you would've replied anyway, you're still frozen. It isn't merely the sheer absurdity of the situation, how come you're always completely powerless when that bitch appears? You can't move, you can't talk, you can't even run, not that you would. "What did she hit you with this time?" your friend of little help wants to know, and this time clearly isn't being rhetorical. Expecting you to remain silent for a bit longer, he reaches into your— **THE** purse to examine the treat bestowed upon you this time. "Whoa dude, you'll be the envy of all the girls from now on." You get the feeling he's joking again. At least you hope so.

Finally, your paralysis ends and you feel mobile again. Immediately, you want to know what's awaiting you next, and snatch those things right out of Dan's hands. It's two things, just like last time. First, you've got a razor. Not like any kind you'd use, it's clearly marketed towards women. It comes with a little sample-sized tube of shaving cream as well. The second item is something you'd never even consider touching. Wax strips. So that's what Dan meant. Admittedly, the brush was a welcome addition, and razors aren't cheap and all work the same no matter what colour they come in, but *this*? This is unacceptable.

Today, you're really mad. What is this nonsense? You didn't piss off anybody who would be able to do this and it being a minor irregularity with the server seems implausible now that it's happened twice in two days. It occurs to you that the best course of action might be to just walk into a customer support centre and just give the staff there a piece of your mind. You're paying their bills, so they've got no business to treat you like this. Torn up by your frustration that somebody seems to have it in for you, you have to say that you really don't feel like it though, which is rather unusual. Normally, you take any opportunity to complain, but right now, you just feel extremely anxious to get home, which is exactly what you tell Dan. For once, he shows understanding and empathy, telling you to get some rest, which you appreciate greatly.

Off with your helmet and back in your apartment, your head immediately turns towards the bed. Unsurprisingly, the purse is still occupying your nightstand. Just like you did inside The Construct, you try to grab it and fling it outside, merely out of the room, so you don't have to look at the eye-catching neon colour all the time. You find yourself unable to even lift the purse an inch. Giving it a couple more tries, you confirm that the purse feels like it's glued to the table. Having an idea, you try just putting it on your shoulder. You're absolutely speechless when that actually works. Carrying the purse around your apartment is just fine too, but trying to set it down somewhere other than the nightstand once again sees it glued to your shoulder. If that wasn't worrying enough, you noticed during your little experiment that the purse is not empty.

Sticking a hand inside, you find just what you feared you would see. Wax strips and a razor. You curse the bastards who are responsible for this and throw the items back in the purse; unsuccessfully. You'd expect something like this not to have a high rate of failure, but once more, the objects forced upon you *stay* forced upon you. Refusing to give into it like you did with the hairbrush, you simply lay down in bed and close your eyes, beauty products still in tow. Quickly, it becomes obvious that you're not going to get any sleep, not even doze off. It's rather early, but clearly that's not the issue here. Not only do you remain awake, an itchy feeling starts to spread throughout your body. Beginning in your crotch, it slowly makes advances towards the edge of your body, until everything from cheeks to ankles, from one wrist to the other is driving you mad, and scratching only seems to make it worse.

Taking this sort of itch is easy for maybe five minutes, then it becomes a severe discomfort, and now, after nearly an hour of squirming in your bed like this, you're just about unable to take any more. Angrily, you push open the door to your bathroom and set the items down on the sink. Hey, that worked! You could walk away now... if only the itching had subsided too. So you do the only thing you think you can, you unpack the razor and hold it in

your hand, hesitating. Your face really could use a shave, you'll look cleaner, and maybe it'll be enough, you secretly hope. This isn't a major challenge, even though it was probably designed to shave legs and armpits, you find the girly razor works just as fine on your face. Actually, it's as close a shave as you remember ever having, you can't even make out any stubble whatsoever. Unfortunately, it's done little to relieve your itching, beside your face feeling comfortable now.

That would likely mean it takes more to get rid of this condition, whatever it is. You contemplate what to do next. The whole thing started in your crotch. Perhaps shaving that would help. It's also a region you're pretty comfortable shaving. You never were the type to shave your pubic hair, but you aren't averse to it either, apparently there's plenty of people that do it nowadays. So you get started on managing your rather impressive bush for now and take a good while to cut it down to size. Next comes the razor, to give it a real, more even shave. People in movies always go on about how that makes *it* look bigger for a cheap laugh. You can't really say it does, but that doesn't mean you dislike the look. Credit where credit's due, this might be another change you could get used to, which doesn't mean it's somebody's right to just decide that.

Sadly, you still itch all over the majority of your body and none of your efforts so far have calmed the assault on your senses. You know what you have to do, and you know you're never going to get any sleep like this, it's driving you insane after little more than sixty minutes, how would you survive the whole night? Reading the instructions makes it all sound very easy, the wax is pre-applied to the strips, so you'd just need to stick them on your legs, wait a few minutes, and then rip them off. Understanding the process and actually going through with it are two very different things though. Trying to think of something, you set the box down again, but reflection is nigh impossible with all these distractions. There's no way out. And nobody's going to know anyway, you were long-sleeved shirts and long jeans pretty much every day.

It's time to test the waters. Apprehensively, you remove one of the strips from the box and warm it up a bit between your hands, as per the instructions. You peel off the layer covering the adhesive and apply it to your right calf. Following the package's recommendations, you rub the strip some more after it stuck to your leg, to make sure it really catches every hair. Now, the moment of truth. Not lingering for long, you just rip it off in one pull, the pain following right away. Goddamn, that hurts. You can't believe some women do this every couple of weeks throughout their whole lives. And you've only done one little patch! Fortunately, on that small spot, the itching is finally gone, confirming your theory that this is the only thing that can save you right now. You would go to a doctor, but once you get an appointment you've probably long gone crazy.

So it's back to waxing, for the sake of your sanity, oddly enough. It's a true ordeal to go through, but after a good while, your legs and butt are smooth and done, which isn't exactly what you would normally like, but it sure beats that cursed itching. Speaking of which, your upper body is still begging for attention. Apparently, you won't get out of this before every single hair below your ears has been taken care off. Your suffering continues, but eventually, you make it through that too. Nobody would be able to find a hair left on your body, not even with a magnifying glass. It's got rather late by now, your initial hesitance

having cost you quite some time, so you might as well comb through your chin-length hair a little, make it look neat. After that, it's about time to hit the sack. Direct contact with the sheets only makes you realise how sensitive and vulnerable your skin now feels. It must be soreness from the waxing, yet it doesn't exactly feel unpleasant. You have to say the feeling is somewhat akin to being caressed by a woman, soft, tender... and exciting. Sleep creeps in on you quickly.

Day 3

Today, resting had adverse effects. After finishing the wax torture you felt somewhat embarrassed, but the sensation of the sheets rubbing over your body certainly was marvellous. Those feelings persist, but don't hold up long against your anger at these compulsions that were forced on you. Trudging into the bathroom, you take care of your morning business and comb your sparkly hair. Over breakfast you decide that, today, you're not going to remain patient. Somebody's trying to fuck with you, and you plan to fuck them right back.

Without even consulting Dan, you finish breakfast quickly and head into The Construct after getting ready. Greeted by the same sight as always, you head towards the developer's headquarters, The Tower. They've got customer service right in the same place, and if they refuse to help you, you'll consider making a little scene, or maybe try a more subtle, and much more illegal approach. Well, at least going against any rules that pass for the law in a virtual program. Turning around, to the opposite direction that seems to spawn that bitch every time, you face the large overpass. Just to the left around the corner, in the shade right next to the highway you'll find the building you're looking for. With heavy steps and barely contained fury in your mind you turn left sharply, you close in on the skyscraper. Too distracted by venting your rage, you don't notice that the entrance bears a significant difference to its usual appearance. Somebody guarding it. And another somebody. *Bitches*. Two of them at once. As soon as you spot them, dreading what they might do to you, you turn on your heel, thinking you could still outrun them and quickly disconnect, when you bump into something. A third somebody. A third bitch, grinning victoriously.

It relieves you that, this time around, you're not frozen in place, but that's practically useless when you're tackled to the floor by some superhuman slut. Once she has you prone on your back, she sits on your chest, roughly on your centre of gravity. No matter how hard you try to buck, she's not falling off. Her right hand reaches up into her massive cleavage, contained by nothing else but a short, skimpy, pink dress and pulls out a tube of glossy lipstick. What colour could it be, if not pink? Forcefully grabbing your chin to keep you from evading her beauty treatment, she presses on your cheeks to push your lips forward into a pout for her to generously apply the lipstick on. *Generously*. At the end of it, you can hardly believe such a small tube could contain so much of the substance, and having so much of it left over, but it seems you'll learn a lot more about that, with the bitch dropping the remainder of it into the purse lying next to you. This is the third instance of you not even noticing you're carrying it with you, but at least you didn't call it "your" purse this time around. To finish things off, that blonde bimbo drops another big, wet kiss on you, then stands up and leaves

with that permanent confident grin plastered on her face. At this point, you just want to flee and hide, so that's exactly what you do. Lying right where the bitch left you, you fiddle with the image of the helmet to log off.

Well, that plan didn't work. Apparently, something must have happened to the developers of The Construct, you've been in the customer centre before and never had any problems, nor did you face guards. Of course you barely have any resources to work with, but you know that you definitely can't give up. Reinforcing that sentiment is an unbearable tingling, not unlike the one you felt all over your body last night, manifesting itself on your lips. In reaction, you try to massage them, which seems to calm the sensation, it starts to feel nice... really nice even. The moment you let go, they start firing right back up again. Are you supposed to touch your lips for all eternity now? Not even the bathroom mirror can help you discern any information, except that you look quite ridiculous. Deep brown hair that ends at your chin, hazy blue eyes, and then that glossy, hot pink lipstick on your plump lips. Were they always that... puffy? A lot of shit has happened to you, but that would be a bit absurd, so you shrug off that part of it at least. Must be the attention-grabbing colour, these things are designed to enhance lips. It sounds like your phone is going off, probably a message from Dan.

Dan: Hey Carl, haven't heard from you at all this morning. Got a little worried. Thought you'd be more eager to do this.

Carl: Man, things are fucked up. Went into The Construct earlier and... long story short, it didn't turn out well.

D: Let's meet up then, now you really got me worried. I'll stop by your place later. Cool?

C: Fine. See you then.

You aren't sure at first, but maybe it's a good thing to have him coming over. Dan's not the only one worrying; by now, you're more than concerned about what game these people are playing, and for what purpose. You should have some time on your hands. Since Dan lives across town, it'll take him a while to get here. For now, to do something worthwhile, you try to figure out what to do with your lips, sadly coming up empty in the end. No matter what object you used, none could relieve the pinpricks tormenting your mouth. The only cure you can find is your finger, which makes you look like a complete ditz. Soon enough, you're frustrated enough to give up on your search, and Dan appears not much later.

"Hey. Uhh, you thinking about something?" Dan asks as you open the door.

"No, I'm good, why?" He points to your finger, and of course eyes your lipstick. You forgot taking it away, but who cares, he saw it and he knows what's happened the last few days, so what's the point? Dan steps inside after you prompt him to come in. He heads right for your room and sits down on the bed, looking at you expectantly.

"So tell me the whole story, what did you do in The Construct this morning? And what did you *plan* to do?" You clue him in on everything, how you wanted to go rip customer service a new one, that you saw the bitches guarding the entrance, looking like clones of each other,

and that your retreat was cut short by one of them – probably the one tormenting you – as you turned around. That’s how you got the lipstick on you, and now it’s impossible to let go of your lips, lest you want to feel that incessant tingling all day long. On top of that, you pull up one of the legs of your jeans slightly, revealing your completely hairless, waxed calf to him.

“Whoa, you did that last night?” You nod. “That can’t have been fun. How does it feel?” You explain to him that it actually feels nicer than you thought, against soft fabric at least. Wearing your rough denim pants is less than comfortable. “Sounds like you’re coping okay. Didn’t take you for somebody that optimistic. Anyway, about your lips... you have to touch them at all times. Did you try what happens if somebody else touches it? Like me?” You shake your head. Dan stands up, moves over to you and reaches out a finger to touch your lips. “How’s that?” It works, which is odd, but not really helpful. Then again, what in the last three days has been normal? When you look back towards your visitor, you notice, rather late, that he’s actually pushed his pants down to around his legs, to your confusion.

“What’s this all ab-bbgeungk,” your question is cut short by Dan grabbing the back of your neck, tripping you up, and pushing his half-erect dick right into your open mouth. You look up at your friend in disgust, only to find him returning it with a sly grin. Any attempts to push off his thighs prove futile; his hands keep your head tightly in place, and his hip movement does the rest. Against your will, you find yourself stuck in this position, sucking off your – former – friend. The silver lining here is that the tingling in your lips has ceased, but that’s neither surprising, nor comforting. Regardless of how furious you are right now, this is happening with or without your consent. If you think about it, resisting is only going to make this ordeal last longer. That doesn’t mean you need to enjoy it, you’re not crazy, but at least you try to form a tighter seal around Dan’s cock. Like that, it shouldn’t last too long for him to blow his load, and for you to be released from this humiliation.

Turns out, you’re right. Your amplified ministrations are rewarded with an immediate reaction, Dan’s groans ringing in your ears as his dick twitches inside your mouth, your eyes going wide in anticipation of what’s about to happen. Dan’s arms flex simultaneously, preventing you from escaping his grasp. Then, the torrent is unleashed, some of it flowing right down your throat, the rest pooling in your mouth. You’re released from the hold and immediately sputter the load of sperm that didn’t make it into your stomach all over the ground, coughing a few times. Once you’re done, you glare at Dan. “What. The. *Fuck.*” You spit those words at him through grit teeth.

“Calm down, man, calm down. I was just trying to test something” What is *wrong* with this guy? This is the last thing you had expected from him. “Okay, I’ll admit, I was out of line. It was the heat of the moment, I got overexcited. I’ll try to make it up to you, listen, I found a possible lead. That was the main reason I wanted to come here in the first place.” Well, you’ll hear him out on that. You still don’t have words to express the hatred you feel towards Dan at this moment, and you get the impression he knows it. Despite all that he starts up again, “There’s this website, dedicated to some sort of feminisation hypnosis. I can’t really make sense of it, but isn’t that kind of what’s happening to you? I mean, waxing your legs, wearing lipstick... that sounds exactly like what these bitches are trying to do to you.” And perhaps more people than just them. “Alright, I get it, you hate my guts right now. Still, I hope you can

find something on that website, I wrote the URL down for you. Look it up later if you want, and tell me what you found. Or don't, whatever. Hold on, what's with your lips?" Fuck, what's happening now? Immediately, you start feeling them, staring wide-eyed at Dan in confusion and horror. He speaks up, waving off your panic. "No, sorry, sorry, didn't mean to worry you. What I meant is you aren't touching them at all." Upon that sentence, you take your hands off your face. It looks like he's right, nothing's touching your lips, yet they're not tingling either. But that can only mean... "Seems like those bitches are sending a clear message of where they need you most." Dan tries to lighten the mood, failing horribly. You've had enough of this bullshit and enough of his excuses, so you tell him to kindly fuck off and leave you alone. You'd be surprised if he does you that favour, you expect a text tomorrow morning at the latest.

Fuck, fuck, **fuck**. They expect you to start sucking people off now? No fucking way. They want to mess with you, you'll show them. If anything, today's revelation has made you more adamant in your conviction to bring those assholes down, and perhaps Dan along the way. He seemed supportive at first, his jokes and quips aside. You can't believe the shit he pulled today. You're not quite sure how to handle it, and how to treat him from now on. This clue he's got you better be good, your opinion of him may ride on that alone. At the very least, he owes you one now, perhaps even two or three for this sort of shit, and that may come in handy yet.

In all this chaos you completely forgot to rinse out your mouth though. Disgusting. That's something you most certainly won't allow again. You take great care to get every last speck out of your mouth and have some sugary soft drink to wash down the despicable flavour. That's better. Now you're capable of focussing on this alleged lead that Dan procured for you. Typing in the URL he jotted down, you're unsurprisingly greeted by a page with no content, except an age verification. Makes sense, given what you've been told to expect. Even though you're in your early twenties, you sure as hell won't type in your real birthday. None of their business. That does it, and you're greeted with a blog-style starting page.

Browsing through it, you find the site is run by a woman calling herself Cinder, and that she delved into hypnosis and BDSM for years. Despite her interests varying quite wildly from your own, she strikes you as a rather likeable person. You find out that actually, most files on the website are downloadable for free, which makes things easier. Yet it proves to be an obstacle as well, where would you even start? All the comments and reviews appear to be written in-character, so there's not much to go on, most people just profess their excitement and love. That leads you to a board you frequent now and then, and you know for a fact that some of the visitors there are fucked up enough to be into this kind of thing. Luckily, there's a relevant thread up at the moment, so you just ask there, and people seem to know what you're talking about right away. They give you a couple of suggestions to keep in mind, and some files to start off with. According to them, most of this is fantasy; obviously hypnosis can't change your brain or anything like that.

As the download bar progresses, you set up your headphones, since people mentioned that would be beneficial, and prepare your bed, another suggestion from the folks on the forum. Finally, the download is done, you hit Play immediately and take in the impressions of your first hypnosis file, lying on your bed. The beginning is quite calm and relaxing. There's

nothing in here about gender or sex, no domination or any other kind of fetishist theme. Apparently, it's just supposed to take your guard down and enable you to shut down for a bit, just listening to something you would find hot if you were the regular clientele for this sort of thing. Cinder, the hypnotist, has a very pleasant, soothing voice and uses several techniques to get you to unwind, many of which involve counting down and taking deep, slow breaths. You have to admit, it's remarkably effective; you can tell that your muscles are losing a fair amount of tension that you built up these last days. This process, the guys on the forum called it "induction", takes a good while, she must have been talking about exotic and peaceful scenery for at least half an hour. That thought however, is slurred greatly as you drift out of trance, and right into sleep.

"...I will speak to your subconscious mind..."

"...even if your conscious mind doesn't register, your subconscious always listens..."

"...my words will be your thoughts, your truths..."

"...you've never really been a man..."

"...you've never really wanted to be a man..."

"...it all starts with an identity, a name..."

"...start to use girly names..."

"...start to use *real* names... real for you..."

"...embrace your inherent femininity my little girly slave..."

It's early in the morning and the first rays of sun are shining through your half-open blinds, waking you. Amazing, you can't remember the last time you felt this well-rested and relaxed. So much of your tension is gone, you can hardly remember what you did all day yesterday. Oh right, all those encounters in The Construct, the bitches, and finally Dan, apparently completely losing his mind yesterday. And then you wanted to investigate that clue Dan gave you, but you don't really remember much about that. Looks like you've gotten yourself in a real predicament, haven't you Carley?

Chapter Two – Intrusion

Day 4

What a morning. All this positive energy has been a huge boon to your productivity, you feel like you took care of so many things around the house. It's like you vaguely remember being upset, but with this state of mind, you can't really tell why. Things are looking great, you're carefree, and you get things done, so what's not to like? Well, admittedly, that tingling in your lips is really messing with you, although it looks kind of cute. While certainly impractical, you don't find it too much of a bother right now, but you wouldn't mind it go away.

Halfway through vacuuming, you feel your phone go off. Taking it out of your pocket, you look at the clock, surprised that it's late in the afternoon already. Time flew by, just like that! Your apartment undoubtedly needed it. Dan sent you a message, it seems.

Dan: Hey Carl, haven't heard anything all day and you know I won't let you off so easily. How are you doing?

Carl? Whatever, this is the least of your concerns, hearing from Dan has somewhat woken you from your bubbly, happy trance. That douchebag really has the audacity to hit you up so casually, just like you suspected he would.

Carley: Seriously? You know very well I'm in no mood to talk to you.

D: Sure, I guess... But you also know I didn't mean it.

C: DIDN'T MEAN IT? Fuck off.

D: Alright, alright, I get that it's going to take more than that. Any way I can help you out? Say anything and I'll do it.

C: I already did. Fuck off.

That's it, he actually, surprisingly did stop messaging you at that point. Perhaps the first time he did that, it makes you think a little. You can't say you regret saying what you said, he got off easy, considering what he did. No friendship in the world can just wash that memory away after a restful sleep. Surely, he's going to be back tomorrow, hounding you again and again, until you eventually give in. Which you will, if you're being honest, you wouldn't want to push him away forever, you just don't want to forgive him right away as if it's just some minor prank he pulled on you. In your condition, you're going to need any help you can get.

Your condition... This stray thought is what gets you back on track, you realise. Unbelievable, you wasted half a day cleaning your apartment without a worry in the world. Only now does it occur to you that the morning was littered with actions that passed you by, and became routine. Brushing your shoulder-length chestnut brown hair, regularly shaving between your legs, even touching up the lipstick who's sure to spark the most precarious situations you could find yourself in. It's true, the memories

come flooding back only now that you think about them. These little habits are already establishing themselves pretty firmly, and you've been distracted from your goal for hours, probably would've been for the rest of the day if Dan hadn't come along. Now you need to make up for wasted time. Well, finally cleaning up the sticky mess Dan left behind yesterday was more than necessary, but that's beside the point.

Determined, you move over to your computer and get your helmet ready. In a matter of seconds, the systems boot up and you feel your vision, as well as the rest of your senses, shift. You see... asphalt. Cement pillars. Some specks of blue sky. A bitch, sitting on your stomach, grinning at you victoriously. You can't believe yourself. In your rush to action, you completely forgot to start a new session, and instead chose the standard option to continue your last one. Dan and you always met and logged out in the same spot, so you never gave the feature much thought. Since you now find yourself in the clutches of three hostile programs due to a simple mistake, you're pretty sure you'll pay it more mind in the future. At the moment, you've got other problems though.

Mostly, those relate to your modesty, because to your displeasure, the bitch holding you down has reinforcements on her side, like last time, and they feel that you're weighed down by your clothes way too much. Your pants, shoes, socks, everything's flying off to the sides, torn and destroyed. Same as your shirt, which is ripped off without the bitch on top of you even moving away, that's how strong she is, just pulling the shirt off you like it's nothing. And the way you've gotten to know them, they're not done.

Confirming your suspicions, they move right along, producing garments that apparently are intended for you to wear, even though they look utterly grotesque and ill-fitting for you. Evenly divided among all three, each gets to hold one piece of clothing. One displays sexy, pink panties for you, the other holds up slutty fishnet stockings in the same colour, and the last one presents a short, shiny, equally pink skirt. By this point, you've already resigned yourself to your fate, how do you overpower a God? Or Goddesses rather, feminine and plural. They are programs within programs, their power rivalled only by the programs above them, and you're their target, their purpose, for whatever reason.

Here we go, one by one. First, the panties, sliding up your still smooth legs, and resting on your barely-existent, masculine hips. In an act of kindness, the bitch even tucks your decently-sized dick between your legs as well as the slim undergarment allows. That way it only looks half as mind-numbingly ridiculous. Second, the fishnet stockings, possibly the most humiliating punishment yet, at least in terms of looks. You can hardly bear to watch as they're fastened to your waist with a garter belt. When you do feel the need to take in your new style, you are surprised to find no clamps anywhere you look. Good luck getting out of this... And third, finally, the skirt is snaking up your legs. Even with your thin legs and hips, this thing is *tight*. Clearly, this will restrict your movement, which may turn out to be a hindrance in the future. If there's a pattern here, it's objects forcing themselves on you, and being reluctant to

removal afterwards. So, here you find yourself, with the lower half of your body completely indistinguishable from that of an actual female, clean shaven and waxed, as well as dressed in an extremely provocative manner. At least you made it through the next onslaught of these bitches and can finally sweep those concerns away, getting back on track to finding solutions.

Or so you thought. When the “alpha bitch”, the one previously sitting on your stomach, stood up, you were expecting them to leave you alone, having done their duty for the day. Instead, as you’re halfway to getting back on your feet, you’re seized by the hips and pulled back. For a moment, there’s some fiddling along your butt, or rather your skirt on top of it, before you feel a slightly cold fluid being spread across your rear entrance. How did they even reach there, you can clearly tell you’re still wearing the skirt! To investigate the matter, you turn around and notice something you hadn’t seen before. Your new legwear is lined by an inconspicuous fold, reaching vertically from the top to the bottom, and passing right over your pucker. Right on that spot, this bitch has lifted that fold, and can therefore gain access to your nether regions; the fold is covering a hole in the latex fabric.

As if that wasn’t surprising enough, there is more that you wouldn’t have expected to see back there. A penis. Jutting out from the crotch of the alpha bitch that’s currently restraining you. Clearly wet, you connect the dots that both your rectum and her fifth limb are well-lubricated and the plan’s for you to be deflowered. In contrast to your humiliation a minute ago, you’re far from taking this one in stride, your panic manifesting itself in shooting your assailant a wide-eyed glance of shock, which only serves to spur her on. And so it happens that you find yourself reduced to a pitiful receptacle of her massive boner that is forced into you with one determined thrust, making you cry out in pain. She quickly gets into a rhythm, so quickly that you don’t even have time to contemplate the agony, the walls of your anus screaming almost as loudly as you are, forced to give way to the rigid intruder.

Unable to bear the pain, you soon collapse to the ground, which naturally does not reduce the bitch’s enthusiasm one bit. She merrily carries on pounding you from behind. Makes you think who the real bitch is in this scenario, doesn’t it? Usually, you’d be all for snarky comments, but this isn’t the time. By now, you’re literally reduced to a crying mess, you don’t want to imagine what you must look like right now. The ordeal seems unending, save for a brief tug on your shoulder, which didn’t concern you too deeply. It seems the other two bitches have closed in and want to enjoy your torment from up close. Soon afterwards, they seem to wonder why they shouldn’t get in on the action to receive a little something for themselves.

That’s precisely what they do. One of them grabs your right hand, to have it disappear in her snatch a moment later. The other grabs hold of your head and urges you forward, into her own nether regions. Once there, you clench your lips over her snatch, both because her intentions and demands are more than crystal clear, and for leverage. With your right arm preoccupied, you only have your left to keep yourself from having your face pressed into the asphalt, and you decide that your rectum is

already burning and there's no need to add more. Your first observation catches you off-guard; you notice that the first drops of her love juices entering your mouth are absolutely delicious. While your sex life was never anything to write home about, you've had some experiences, and you're certain it didn't taste like this, not once. The act also seems to stimulate lips, although it doesn't feel quite as lovely as it did when Dan... it stimulates your lips, that's all. At the very least the pain in your rear is offset by the relief your mouth is provided with.

It seems the bitches have proven their point though, as both of them at the front are willing to let you finish them off, donating a particularly large dose of their juices. The grand finale however is reserved for the alpha of the group. She withdraws from your sphincter, which clenches upon exit in reaction to the sustained damage, followed by her walking around to your front, taking the place of the recipient of your cunnilingus. Apparently, she just wants to control where she ejaculates; it doesn't take much longer until she does, of course right into your well-used mouth. The torrent overwhelms you, easily half the load being deposited right into your stomach by the sheer amount, and what remains in your mouth won't stay there long. Before you're able to discard the disgusting fluid, the alpha grabs you by the chin, pressing her fingers into your cheeks and lifting your head, angling it toward hers. Next, she uses her free hand to pinch your nose, denying you fresh air. Left with no other option, you need to swallow the massive pool of semen in your mouth, which takes you multiple large gulps. Eventually, you manage to get it all done and are able take in a breath of much-needed air, coughing a while after the ordeal, but reassuringly notice that the bitches are backing off and seem content to leave you alone now.

Less reassuring is the fact that it got a lot darker; they went at you for quite a while, and considering you only remembered to enter The Construct after doing plenty of chores you didn't actually have time for, it makes sense that it would be late in the evening by now. To your advantage, you notice that the bitches seem to let up for good; they are back at their posts by the entrance, but let you pass indifferently. Inside, it's more of the same. You see mostly bitches, which is definitely not how you remember The Tower looking inside, but they pay you no mind at least. Trying not to draw attention would probably be a ludicrous and pointless endeavour, but you don't want to push your luck anyway and move about silent, but swift.

In order to reach your goal, to talk to somebody in charge, you'll have to go up, and that's pretty much everything you know, sadly. You make a valiant effort to move on up as far as you can to make up for lost time, but with everything that's happened today, that's not too impressive a number. You make it to the tenth floor before your lungs are crying out for a break, which isn't something you can afford in your situation. Weirdly, The Tower closes at 10pm. You never understood why, there's only programs in here, did the union lawyer stir shit during contract negotiations? Having no time for silly thoughts you consider your options. Today, logging in at the last position has fucked you over massively. But inside here, that can be to your advantage. It's unknown what happens to people that overstay their welcome in The Tower, but even

if there was a fixed rule, you're not sure the same would apply to you, and you don't want to find out to make sure. That means your choice is quite limited here. You could just stay where you are, but in the middle of the stairway is probably a bad place to be when logging in. Who knows who could already be there when you arrive? There must be a hiding spot then, and so you open the door to the tenth floor cautiously, determining that it seems to be empty as far as you can see.

Fortunately, that doesn't have to be very far, since luck is trying to cut you a break. Right in front of you, a janitor's closet. Just like that. It's ideal, nobody but one person goes in there usually, and that person is spending most of the time running around the floors to clean up. Hold on, why would things even get dirty, this is a computer program? *Fuck it*, your scepticism won't get you anywhere now, you're pressed for time and solutions. If they designed this place to be this silly, you'll take it. You open the door, enter quickly before the floor turns out not to be as empty as you assessed. The closet is empty, save for cleaning equipment, and you, just as expected. Once inside and with the door closed, you log off The Construct and are back sitting on the office chair in your apartment.

What a fucking day. With all that's happening, you have totally forgotten how hungry you are, you haven't eaten anything since breakfast. So you move along to your small kitchen area, immediately being reminded of the humiliating clothes wrapped around your legs and hips. Not only that, but the restrictively tight fabric is altering the way you walk substantively. Every step is now accompanied by a noticeable swinging of your hips, which looks decidedly feminine, as you realise when you observe yourself walking in a mirror to make sure your mind is not just playing tricks on you. It seems impossible trying to walk any differently, the skirt just will not allow you to.

That's probably your cue to say "fuck it" and get on with making something to eat, lest you starve. Same as always, you just make some simple dinner whose primary goal it is to fill your stomach. Even though it's not exactly empty, as you remember... Perhaps, just for today, you should cut down on remembering a little, or you won't get anything done. After finishing your modest meal, you sit down to eat and put the plate in the sink to keep the others company. By the time you finish, it's gotten pretty late, and you're pretty tired. It's fair to call it a night at this point, you've had a long day and are more than happy to finally get some rest again after a tumultuous day. Despite the uncomfortable, tight skirt and undergarments, sleep grasps you reasonably quickly.

Day 5

Rays of sun are invading your bedroom through the blinds. You're asleep, but you notice as much, more in a state of dozing than real, tight sleep. You expect your alarm to go off at any moment, but for as long as it doesn't, you simply wait for your body to wake up on its own, gradually. As it does, and you steadily grow a little more aware of your surroundings, you also grow aware of a burning beneath your skin,

centred on your face, very subtle at first, but easily noticeable by now, and yet amplifying in pain even further, to the point of waking you up entirely and having you shoot out of bed.

In abject fear of what may have happened to your face overnight, you rush into the bathroom, bumping against the doorframe on your way there and gaze into the mirror. Your vision is still blurry from having just woken up, but you can soon assert that your face looks completely normal, which is highly unusual considering the circumstances you've been put in recently. Still the searing pain inside you does not relent. The frustration quickly shifts your attention to your purse, a suspicion growing within you. Rummaging through the numerous articles you received, or rather were forced to receive, there's a pretty large item nestled inside that you hadn't seen before. It seems to be an extensive, quite complete makeup set.

You're immediately aware of the consequences of this discovery, and what's expected of you. While you were pondering your current condition, the intensity of the sensations in your facial muscles has only progress further, nearly driving you mad and in need of action. Make no mistake, you're not at your limits here, you could likely continue to fight this for another ten minutes, maybe a half or even full hour. The question is, what for? You've shown restraint before, and to no effect. You tried to hold off on shaving and waxing your body, but never did the prickling onslaught of invisible needles on your legs, arms and torso let up until you eventually took that razor and those wax strips into your hands and applied them all over your body.

In the face of inevitability, you similarly pick up the makeup kit and approach your bathroom mirror, putting the set down and examining your... options, for lack of a better term. You find that the exterior is quite telling of what's inside; you didn't know this much make-up existed, much less fit inside a single box. Rouge, mascara, eyeliner, eyeshadow, tweezers, all at your disposal, in different shades for different moods. In the background, your phone goes off. Probably just Dan, fuck him. You've got more important issues to deal with anyway. Time to dive in.

You pick up the tweezers first, suspecting that you're expected to pluck your eyebrows. It'll be the most painful, but also the easiest; you don't know what half this shit is for, so you figure it's best to start in somewhat familiar territory. So you bring the instrument to your eyebrows and start tearing them out one by one, until you've only got a thin line of hair left, looking rather decent, you must admit. Not for a man, but you hadn't expected it to look like anything less than a train wreck.

Sadly, that means you have to move on to unequivocally girly material. Similar to your first choice, you try to pick by difficulty and take the brush to apply some rouge. Just have to powder your cheeks a little, don't you? You go on to do exactly that and are rewarded for it; the burning sensation is withdrawing to a degree, so at least you know you're on the right path. You brush over your cheeks a little more until you feel no further change and decide to move on to the eyeshadow.

Seems pretty similar to the rouge actually, just need to apply it to your eyes instead of your now rosy cheeks. After a few hesitant attempts, you discover it really is rather simple. It may not look too professional, but you've got the basics down without any training and that's enough for now.

Up next is mascara then. This one actually gets a little closer to your eyeballs than you would be comfortable with, but you've seen this kind of thing in cosmetic ads a lot. You cautiously apply it to your lashes, first very mildly, then getting progressive bolder and close to the roots of your lashes, thereby also nearing your eye itself. Fortunately, you can report that you did not stab yourself anywhere, and your eyesight remains perfect, although marginally more obstructed by your thicker, longer lashes now.

That leaves you with just the eyeliner. You've seen one of your few romantic interests apply it once, and were utterly terrified to see her paint the underside of her lids, below her lashes. The pencil was a millimetre away from sticking into her eye! You've dealt with most of your face and have sufficiently calmed down, so you take the time to research this shortly and find some guides on the internet. They confirm your suspicions that this is actually a technique, but also provide relief by mentioning that it's just one of many variations, one which you immediately decide is not for you. With that concern out of the way, you walk back to your bathroom mirror, pick up a pencil and draw a simple line along the edge of your upper lid, and a short wing at the end of it, like the tutorials showed. Very lightly, you apply some to your lower lid as well, just to give it some contour, but not a saturated thick outline.

Having gone through the entire repertoire of cosmetics, you end up with a heavily made-up face that you can hardly recognise. You haven't lost your masculine features, but the make-up goes a long way to conceal them. If you weren't outright cringing at your sight, you might even consider the face in front of you attractive at a passing glance. Shivering at the thought, you simply take solace in the fact that you've beaten that painful curse, or whatever else you may call it.

Now you've wasted enough time though. You should ignore your razor-thin eyebrows, your accentuated, seemingly magnified eyes, plump lips and majestic cheekbones and get on with the morning. Right. That means taking care of actual morning business in the bathroom, getting ready for the day, grabbing something to eat.

When it comes to the matter of getting dressed, you see that you hadn't noticed you were still wearing those humiliating clothes, even to bed. Those pink stockings, panties and the skirt are still straining against your legs and hips, making a mockery of every step you take. It also means you only have to pull on a shirt though and you'll have taken care of all you needed to do. Once you reach your wardrobe however, you pull it open and are faced with a shocking picture. Somebody cleaned it out. Going through every shelf, every closet, every set of drawers in your apartment confirms your suspicions; every last item of clothing has been removed, and

apparently not just hidden, but actually taken out of your apartment. To cover your legs, you only have a skirt and fishnet stockings, and you have absolutely nothing to cover your torso. Hardly the worst thing that happened to you, as it only means you'll have to go into The Construct topless. You don't really plan on anybody seeing you anyway.

Sit down in your chair. Put on the helmet. Pop in, and 'continue from last position'. Yesterday, it fucked you over, today, you make it the centrepiece of your plan. Opening your eyes after the log-in procedure has finished, you're confronted with the closet you left behind last night. For once, it appears you have the chance to really make some progress here, which is exactly what you'll get working on now. Opening the door silently, you cautiously peek through the crack to make sure nobody's walking along the far side of the hallway. More dangerously, you need to check the near side by sticking your head out. Once more, you're in luck, the hallway is as abandoned as it was last night. Not intending to wait for that to change, you leave the closet behind, not caring to close the door and simply make a break for the stairway, which fortunately is very close by.

Once there, you do your best to close in on your goal. Step by step, your thighs are burning, your lungs pumping, your motivation dwindling. The lack of alternatives is really what keeps you going. It seems unlikely that there's no elevator in this huge building, but you've gone over it in your head; there's no way to know who you're going to encounter on your way up. In an elevator, there's only one way out. On the stairs, at least you have one more path to escape. Not that you'd need one, the floor is levelling out before you! There's no more stairs to go, just a hallway, you're at the top. At least at the top of this stairway, as you painfully realise this is just a connection to another staircase, leading to the upper half of the tower. You've been walking all day, and only made it half of the way you need to go! If you didn't know better, you'd think this building was designed to annoy you and artificially lengthen your struggle.

It's a long hallway, you still can't see anything, and can only tell the location of the stairs by signs on the walls. As you near the next staircase, you can hear voices from far along the hallway, around a corner. Immediately you panic; the hallway is long and straight for hundreds of metres back. If you go that way, you'll surely be seen, and there's nowhere to go anyway. Either you'd have to go back down the stairs, losing progress and possibly running into somebody who's been alerted to your presence, or run into the office, blindly hoping to find another convenient janitor's closet. You're losing it, your head racing left and right, up and down, frantically trying to find a path to escape. Seconds later, your saviour appears. An air duct, just one step before you, and pretty high up, enters your sight. Right away, you try to reach it, but can't. You're not missing a lot, just an inch or two would do it. The strain of the day is showing, your thighs are absolutely reduced to pudding, you're hardly able to get on your toes, much less jump to grab the duct.

Time is running out, you can't imagine the voices being far away from turning the corner. Once more, you look around in a frenzy, finding a little nook you didn't see

before either. Walking around to inspect it, the sight almost blinds you. A pair of shiny, bright pink pumps greet you. What... a coincidence. You're feeling a lot worse about your plan now, but with memories of yesterday and the day before, you're willing to choose sticking to it if the alternative is getting gang-raped by blonde, slutty computer programs. Reluctantly, you slip into the 4 inch high heels and your confidence grows immediately. Hobbling back to the duct, you stretch your arms up and manage to grab the edge easily. Luckily, your arms have been spared much work these last days, and so it is with little effort that you swing yourself up and enter the tight tunnel.

Now that you've made it, your heartbeat slows considerably, and you give it some time to adjust. Even though your plans have been thwarted for now, you made considerable progress today. Cowering in the air duct, it appears a decent hiding spot. You would have needed one soon, and now you found it prematurely. But honestly, you wouldn't have made it more than maybe a handful more floors before breaking down entirely. Perhaps it's good that you've been forced into here, before you would've got yourself caught, too exhausted to run. You decide to stick with that insight and take off your helmet to return to the real world, and with it, your apartment.

Back home, in your comfortable chair, you're squeezed in less comfortable pink heels. Seems like your wardrobe is approaching completion, which means your task is likewise becoming more pressing. Still, you need some positivity for once, and you've climbed half The Tower, made it halfway up a massive skyscraper. That's more than just good, compared to your earlier accomplishments, it seems impossible, monumental.

You're in good enough spirits to dare going further. It's pretty late in the evening, but you think you should be able to research your only other lead; the hypnosis website. With your plan to head up The Tower apparently revealed, you should have a backup plan ready, and you don't currently have anything else up your sleeves. You open up the website and click past the oh-so-effective age verification page again, pick another file for yourself and prepare all your equipment just like you did last time. It's funny how little you remember of your first listen, but if you forgot, it can't have been that bad. Reminding yourself of the instructions and hints from the community, you read up on what they had posted and lie down in your bed once again. You wonder what this file will be about.

As the female voice goes on in your headphones, some memories start popping back into your mind, the passages sounding rather familiar. There are recurring themes of counting down numbers and controlling your breathing, things you know have been told to you before. Similarly, they're having quite a positive effect on you. Just like the lovely voice says, you can feel your muscles relax, and a lot of tension leaving your body. With every step you take down the stairs, your mind drops deeper as well. Deeper into sleep. Into a relaxed state of trance. Your mind washes away and can do nothing but listen to her voice.

"...I will speak to your subconscious mind..."

"...you've come back here, because you know something is wrong..."

"...something is wrong with your self-perception, your identity..."

"...you started to work on your name..."

"...but it's not right yet, sweetie..."

"...don't worry, Mistress Cinder is here to help you..."

"...to fix you..."

"...when you wake up, everything will be exactly as it was before..."

"...but what you lay eyes on first..."

"...will from now on dictate your name, your new, real identity..."

"...something girly..."

"...something pretty..."

*"...something **sexy**..."*

"...now, my doll, you can choose to stay asleep or wake up..."

"...whether now or later, your fate is sealed..."

Day 6

Ugh, another morning. Can't the sun just leave you alone? You feel like you're stitched to your mattress, you can't imagine getting up within the next year. At some point, your alarm joins the sun in its mission to throw you out of bed and after five minutes of awful, blaring music from your clock, you finally muster the strength to heave yourself into an upright position. Half asleep, you slip into your heels, move over to your wardrobe, groggily throw a shirt over your head and head into the bathroom, taking care of your morning business. Getting up, you wash your hands and proceed to brush your teeth – it's funny how such a mundane activity can change so drastically in nature; with your new lips it's almost like self-pleasuring – your vision slowly clearing up.

Text can really catch the eye if there's nothing else to focus on. However, it's mirrored, so your attention actually shifts not to the letters you see printed on top of the garment you're wearing on your chest, but rather the shape of the clothing itself. The "shirt" you pulled over your head just a minute ago is not a shirt at all; those were all raided yesterday for no discernible reason, it comes to you. No, what's wrapping around your chest is... just that. A wrap. It's nothing more than a flimsy strip of fabric covering your upper chest, staying up due to its great elasticity, gripping your body securely. If you had breasts, this thing would probably be considered a tube top.

Okay, let's discard that thought right away. Thinking about having breasts in your condition can only serve to summon the dark forces that currently torment you, even if it was just a passing comment in your head. Still, you can't get rid of the tube top, and eventually turn your attention to the text on the front, the one you ignored at first. In your barely-conscious state it's rather hard to decipher the mirrored letters. Concentrating, you make them out, one by one, slowly.

B-A-R-B-I-E

This revelation stirs something inside your brain, but you can't really tell what that's all about. It's unsettling, but you can't really say anything feels wrong or uncomfortable, so your initial apprehension wears off quickly. Another humiliatingly girly piece of clothing, so original. The question of how it got into your apartment in the first place doesn't occur to you somehow. Usually, the items are placed in your purse, but you didn't see anybody in The Tower last time, and the top wasn't inside your purse anyway.

You spit out the toothpaste and upon exiting your bathroom, hear your front door slam shut. Moving over to investigate, you find... nobody. Nothing and nobody. Supposedly then, somebody was inside your apartment and just left; you rush to the window to look outside, but the stranger's had enough time to leave the building, and the streets are crowded. There's no way you could determine who just came out the door. Now you know how somebody could have messed with your wardrobe; apparently they have access.

Distracting you is your cell phone, which goes off again. It's hardly surprising when you approach to look who it is. Dan's not letting up.

Dan: Hey Carl, didn't hear from you yesterday. Starting to worry.

Barbie: Can't you even call me by my name now? Besides, I told you to fuck off.

D: Umm, why is your name in the chat 'Barbie'?

B: Because somebody changed it, and I changed it back. Was that you? Somebody just came into my apartment and then left, I assume that was you as well?

D: What the fuck, somebody broke into your apartment? Are you okay?

B: Oh quit it, you're the reason I'm not okay.

D: I think that's a bit harsh, but alright, keep pouting. Glad to hear you're still breathing, 'Barbie'.

Douchebag. You throw your phone onto the bed, not caring to listen to more of Dan's pokes and general bullshit. The nerve of that guy...

Today, you feel like staying home and doing nothing at all, in part thanks to Dan's callous attitude. The way he plays off that he forced you on his cock, mouth first, and came on your tongue and in your throat is unbelievable. That reminds you to press your finger on your lips a bit harder. It's been three days since Dan force-fed you his

semen and you don't know whether it's just your imagination or not, but every day you've had to press your lips a bit harder, like your finger's just delaying the inevitable. You shiver at the thought and decide to discard it out of sheer repulsion.

With your attention turned toward the bed, you notice something lying next to your purse that you hadn't seen before. It's not inside, just lying next to it on the nightstand, which strikes you as odd. A decently-sized dildo and a generously large bottle of lube, strewn about as if dropped in a hurry, come into view upon closer inspection. Perhaps that guy who ran away thought he had more time, just left them there and ran when he noticed you coming out of the bathroom? Possible, but more importantly, the sight of the phallic object is doing something to your sphincter, which involuntarily clenches and relaxes repeatedly, as if it was hungry for cock.

That's more or less the sentiment that wells up inside you as well. You can't control it; you feel instantly drawn towards the toy. A craving that you can't contain manifests itself inside your soul. While you're standing there, staring at the rubber dick before you and pulling together all your strength, your rectum undulated so much that it's slick with sweat by now. Just seconds later, your lips chime in, rendering your finger useless in restraining their buzzing. Your organs are assisting each other in your plunge into the life of a slut.

For now, plunging onto a dildo will have to do though. You knew your resistance was crumbling, so instead you decide to embrace it. First, you take the flesh-coloured rubber stick into your hand and lick it cautiously, as if something would happen upon contact with your tongue. Progressively, you get more daring until you take it into your mouth, nearly touching your throat now. While you're working on getting the dildo lubed up, you decide to do the same thing with your ass. Your left hand is still free after all, so you pick up the bottle, fiddle with the cap until you get it unscrewed and spread the lubricant generously around your anal entrance. Prodding in one finger first, and later adding another, you spread some inside as well. When you're close to deepthroating the dildo, you decide it's time to break it in; both the toy, and your ass.

Apprehensively, you place the rubber phallus through your skirt and against your entrance. Increasing the pressure, your sphincter gives way after a few seconds of pushing, and closes tightly around the invading cock. It's difficult to get in at first, but with your slight, steady movements, your rear canal starts loosening up bit by bit, and gives way more easily, allowing you to push in further and further. Kneeling on your bed, with your face in the sheets, you find better positions to give you leverage, getting you much closer to the hilt of the rubber toy.

After a while though, you start to get bored. Playing with your rear has calmed your senses, but the act itself isn't very pleasurable yet, although the deprivation of the act has a certain allure that worked your own dick to a sizeable erection. Seeking something new, you first get the dildo out. Slowly and steadily, you pull on it until your sphincter releases it with a *pop*. Regardless, it doesn't seem to close entirely, and

not right away. It's been stretched a good deal apparently. You're not sure why, but it doesn't seem exactly useless to you...

Switching your attention back to the magnificent tool in your hand, you notice a particularity you hadn't taken in before. At its lowest point, the base flares out. Before, you had assumed this to be a safety measure so it doesn't get 'lost' inside you. But now you realise that it doubles as a suction cup! Intrigued, you decide to change location to a place with smooth tiles; your bathroom. You drop your utensils there and close the door behind you. Cautious on your high heels, you lower yourself slowly until you're squatting in the middle of your bathroom, facing the door, which has a mirror hanging on it. To the left, you've got your bathtub, which you use to keep your balance while preparing thing. The flesh-like dildo sticks to the smooth tiles on the floor perfectly and points right up at your legs. While you position yourself, you let go of the bathtub as your asshole and the toy are perfectly aligned, and look forward into the mirror. Sitting on your heels, legs spread wide, your panties are clearly visible, and just as clearly straining against an erection that by now can be described as massive. Your make-up and fashion look perfect.

The girl in front of you lowers herself abruptly, the dick swiftly penetrates the hole in her skirt and disappears inside *her* hole. A soft, girly moan escapes her bright pink lips, begging for more. If she wants it, she'll take it. Her legs set into a rhythm quickly, and accelerate soon after, her moans intensifying simultaneously. When she reaches the highest speed she can muster, her sighs of pleasure are closer to screams, and surely penetrate the walls at every touch of her g-spot. Her face contorts into parodies of ecstasy, her tongue lolling about and her eyes taking on a glassy, distant, half-sleeping stare, her focus shifting sluggishly, if at all.

It only takes a few minutes for a voice to start low and set into a half-minute long crescendo, wet panties marking the grand finale. She twitches wildly on the rubber cock, legs trembling as much as the contents of her thong, which overflows with her juices. At the height of her orgasm, she collapses forward onto a little carpet, her stare fixed forward and unmoving. The sight of her... the sight of her is indescribable. Yet at the same time, there's only one word that would come to mind. She starts moving again after a few minutes, but only to lay on her side, baring to any observer her entire front, which erases all doubts.

"B-Barbie is such a whore," she sighs, pleased, before blacking out.

Chapter Three – Like... Confusion

Day 7

Your head is buzzing, every muscle in your body feels like it's burning up. Moving your arms surprises you with a shock of cold; you're lying on the bathroom tiles, sun shining through the windows of your living room, beyond the lavatory door. There's a weird pressure in your rear... you turn your head cautiously and see skin-coloured rubber pointing to your ass. You're still impaled on the dildo, bent at an extreme angle and last night's memories come crashing down on you. A bead of pre-cum exits your penis at the mere thought and adds more semen to your already crusty panties.

The next half hour is spent on an attempt to get yourself cleaned up, which is quite a monumental task in your current condition. Fortunately, your panties caught the brunt of the mess, and your hair is untangled quickly enough. A little mopping the floor here and there and you're good to start another, undoubtedly creepy and terrifying day. You've made it so far into the facility, you feel like you've nearly reached your destination, you'll only have to push so much further. Reinvigorated after that dreadful morning wake-up, you get yourself ready to enter The Construct again.

Fuck, it's tight in here. You forgot you logged out hiding in that shitty air duct last time. At least you won't be spotted while logging in here, you have to stay positive. Giving it a few minutes, you decide that the coast is clear, and having used the time to reorient yourself a little, you exit the narrow tunnel. Here you are, back at the long hallway. Plenty of stairs to go. You've made nearly an entire half of the way in just one day. That's the hope you cling to as your thighs cry out for mercy with every step you take. They can take it though, you declare, and would much rather keep an eye out for possible employees who could spot you.

Luckily, you're spared that particular fate. Every time you pass a door on your way up the stairs, you get nervous it may swing open, often hearing voices through the wooden material, unsure whether they're headed your way at the moment. But none of them are. That means that you can make respectable progress today, until you're met with a gorgeous sight; the stairs end. You can hardly believe your luck, you're half-expecting to turn around and find another staircase placed somewhere else, just to mess with your head, but you're cleared 360 degrees. There's nothing but steps downstairs. And looking ahead, after a – thankfully short – hallway, you can make out a door, denoting the room beyond as the office for the "Secretary to the President". Your destination, within walking distance. You'd thought about giving up, had lost hope that you'd ever make it. You stretch out your arm and twist the doorknob.

A plain, but pleasant-looking office greets you upon entry, definitely spacious for a secretary. Although there's nobody here but you and the secretary herself, there is an arrangement of chairs in one corner of the room, like a waiting area, which makes it look like the lady here's doubling as the front desk. Naturally, she notices you upon entry, looks up from her papers, and inquires about the reason for your visit.

“Welcome in The Tower, customer centre for The Construct. I don’t believe we’ve met, may I ask why and how you got here?”

“There’s been some... strange occurrences,” you try to remain polite and euphemistic, “and I’d like to speak to the president about it, since personnel on the ground floor hasn’t been able to help me.” How you’d love to cause a scene and scream at them. But this matter is too precious for you to waste it on emotional responses. Try to kiss their asses if you want results, that’s sadly how the world works.

“Okay, I see. While that’s very vague, I’m sure I’m not qualified to help you find a solution to your issues, so asking you to elaborate would likely be a waste of time. Why don’t you take a seat and I’ll see if The President has time for a personal conversation?” she suggests and comes over, taking you by the arm and leading you to the chairs you’d seen earlier. She then shuffles off into the adjoining room, presumably the president’s office and leaves you alone. All the magazines they supplied for waiting customers are years old, of course. You’d think virtual magazines would be easier to come by. It doesn’t take her that long to return though. She addresses you apologetically.

“I’m very sorry, Miss, but The President has pressing appointments today. I’m afraid you got here rather late, and hadn’t actually made an appointment yourself, so I hope you understand. All I can ask is that you log out here and return tomorrow, at an earlier time if you can. Again, my apologies.”

Nothing you can do about it then. For a moment, you feel like barging into that president’s office and giving him a piece of your mind, but that wouldn’t mix too well with your earlier strategy of ass-kissing. You thank her – although you’re not quite sure what for – and take your leave, as she suggested.

There you are, back at home, with your heavy purse pulling down on your shoulder. Heavy? Indeed, the moment you’re standing back in your living room, you can tell it’s weighing significantly more. You didn’t notice outright because you were sitting down in the office, and the purse was resting on the adjacent chair. Sighing in premature resignation, you reach in to see what “gift” was bestowed upon you today by that sneaky secretary. The first thing is a rather large bottle of peroxide, the second a very small one full of nail polish. If you even have to think consciously about what colour it is, you feel you may finally go crazy.

With heavy steps, you plod into the bathroom to get this – hopefully final – ordeal over with. First reading the instructions, you’re surprised that bleaching your hair will actually be somewhat complicated, and that some tools and other products have been stashed in your cabinet, which means somebody was in your apartment again, while you were off in The Construct. You find it hard to get upset at something like that anymore, so you don’t spend another thought on it. The nail polish is pretty straightforward; put on some base to get a uniform and resistant colour, which you put on afterwards. To minimise the time you’ll have to waste on this bullshit, you figure you can do both at once, the bleach apparently taking a couple of minutes – the package was a little ambiguous on that point – to brighten your hair, while the nail polish should dry more quickly.

Without going into much detail, you take the necessary precautions, put on some gloves and prepare all the necessary materials to be handy at a moment's notice. All the clutter in your bathroom makes a mockery of how it used to look. If this goes on – and you pray to any deity you know of that it won't – you'll have to move someplace with a bigger bathroom, some of the cosmetics only find a place on the cold radiator. Good thing it's summer, or these things would probably be turned useless.

Anyway, you're getting distracted, this is already tough enough with the many annoyances your body throws at you these days. Before you start, you check your wristwatch to ascertain when you have to remove the chemicals again, the package said about 15 minutes, more or less. You grab the brush and apply some peroxide to the first strand of hair. The first strokes are extremely hesitant, cautious, and smear nothing more than a few drops of chemical into your mane. After a few more tries though, you get more confident and apply more product, more generously, and get closer to the roots too, in order to get an even colour. Repeating this process for a few minutes and turning around, straining your neck to see if you got the back of your head looking right as well, until you're finally all fixed up with bleach, your head being half-covered in white-bluish goo. Before you can move on, you realise that with your hands being occupied in a minute, you won't be able to calm your lips down, which have been acting up again. In a flash of genius, and out of necessity, you pick up the dildo you'd been given and pop it in your mouth, your lips satisfied. Moving back to the bathroom mirror, you're a truly ridiculous sight, but there's always the option of not looking into it at all.

That means you can get to work on your nails, before those drive you crazy. You can feel the tingling in your fingertips already, and you would prefer it stay away. Grabbing a bottle of base coat and apply it to your fingers first, toes second. It's fairly simple really, and it's a translucent liquid, so you don't waste too much time trying to paint it accurately. As long as it gets everywhere on the nail, you should be fine, you think. It dries rather quickly, just like the bottle said, which means you can move on to the actual colour. Having refused a closer look before, you now notice that it's not just bright neon pink, like every one of your "gifts", there's some glitter in there as well. How trashy. Anyway, it has to go on, and so you take the tiny brush and begin carefully applying the sparkly colour to your left thumb. You thought starting with the biggest nail, and holding the brush in the right hand would be the easiest to start with. That later turns out to be right, although the resulting left thumbnail is still nothing to marvel at, and you have to peel some of the colour off your skin before it hardens. The process becomes a little easier as you move past your fingernails and get to your toes, but not considerably. Any gains you made in skill were counteracted by having to reach your feet in a somewhat awkward position, but you eventually overcome that obstacle as well.

With your nails all prepared, you're visibly relieved that you've made it, and all in just ten minutes, as the clock tells you! The nail polish has also dried by now, and you remember two things you read: one telling you that applying a second coat of polish will further improve longevity, the other from the bleach package that dark hair will take a few minutes longer to reach the desired colour. Not wanting to botch both procedures so that you have to redo them tomorrow, and still feeling a light buzz coming off your fingers, you decide to combine

both, slapping another coat of paint on your nails and thereby giving the peroxide some more time to work. It's much easier the second time around and you're already done with the right hand, moving on to the left thumb.

That's when you're surprised by a burning sensation on your scalp. Somewhat similar to the feeling you get when you're resisting the gifts for too long, the top of your head is starting to heat up, more and more painfully every second. But you don't get it, you've done what the package instructed you to do, how can they fault you for the peroxide taking so long? No, that can't be it, your nails aren't done yet either, but they feel better now, not worse. It must be the peroxide itself. Checking the wristwatch, you see that you've already left it on for 20 minutes, but how is that possible? No way it took you so long just to paint five and a half fingernails, especially with the bit of practice you had the first time around. Nervous, you want to check the time again, and the bathroom clock tells you that it's only been 15 minutes since you started. The clock in your bathroom runs 5 minutes late! That means the peroxide is already more than done with your hair, and it's now moved on to seeping into your scalp. With both hands being occupied by drying nail polish, you have no choice but to keep going on the left hand until at least the right one has dried, so you can wash out the chemicals burning the top of your head. Otherwise, you risk ruining the procedure and being stuck with this feeling for days if you can't fix it.

Painting your nails in record speed – or at least trying to – means making a lot of mistakes in the process. Your fingers definitely don't like that, but that can easily be fixed; what feels more permanent is the product on your head, which has now enveloped your head in a pleasant buzz, much less frightening than the burning sensation before. However, this buzz does not rest on its laurels, and slowly creeps from scalp to skull, and from there onwards even further. It seeps mercilessly all the way into the very centre of your brain, before you finally manage to get the paint on your fingers to dry completely and wash out the peroxide frantically. Getting it off is easy, getting it *out* is naturally impossible; that distracting buzz is here to stay.

Nonetheless, you get your hair somewhat dry, enough that it stops dripping all over the floor at least, and examine your work. The delay in taking it off sure shows. While you've seen plenty of dyed hair in your time, the natural hair colour would shine through, sometimes intentionally, other times less so. There's no such thing with your hair, now a shiny, deep and bright blonde colour, reaching all the way to the skin on your head. If you didn't know better, you could be fooled into thinking even your roots produce blonde hair at this stage. Of course that's impossible, but you have to admit that it seems desirable. Honestly, you're quite taken with your new hair colour. With everything that has been happening, you're really starting to get more easy on the eyes day after day. You're taking on a distinct look – the implications of which would be scary, if they weren't completely lost on you at the moment – that has undeniable erotic qualities to it.

Thoughts like that aren't exactly natural quite yet though, you remember, and feel off-put by the fact that it's taken you so long to notice. You blame the buzz in your head, constantly grinding into your thoughts to disrupt them. It's super hard to concentrate, so perhaps it's best to drop that altogether. After all, you still have a second coating of nail polish

to distribute, as your toes kindly remind you, now that all the excitement is over. You'd nearly forgotten. So you try to settle down again, take a seat and spend a lot of time painting your toenails. Now that you know you have it, you're going to try to take some of the edge off. The act actually feels quite therapeutic and relaxing, after you got the hang of it and are neither in a rush, nor in panic. Sure enough, you barely have to clean up your nailbeds. Slow and calm seem to do the trick, and have netted you very elegantly made up toes, their coating thick, bright and uniform.

That means it's probably as good a time as any to call it a day, right? You certainly had enough excitement for one, but that's hardly unusual lately, and you can't think of anything else you need to take care of immediately. Tomorrow, you'll have a full plate, some rest couldn't hurt. Indeed, you feel tomorrow is going to be very, very interesting...

Day 8

Another day that your face doesn't want to get separated from your pillow has just begun, as the sun kindly lets you know. Today's especially difficult though. You've worked a whole week to get where you are. Well, not where you are right now, but inside The Construct, anyway. While you *want* to know what's happening to you, the prospect of what you might hear is frightening. Nonetheless, even harsh truths must be confronted, or else you'll stay like this until the end of time. Then again, would that be so bad? Some of the sensations, that night in the bathroom... Perhaps it would be easier to contemplate such matters with a constant distraction in your head, that buzz from the peroxide is still nagging you without relenting for a second. It's a silly thought, that the peroxide is responsible for this, but you can't explain it any other way.

There's that morning routine to take care off though, and if you can't stop the brain itch, you may as well get on with it. Lying in bed obviously doesn't solve anything. So you do get up and run through bathroom and kitchen, getting your stomach filled and your eyebrows extended with a fresh coat of mascara. You sure hope it's the last day you have to sort through these annoying cosmetics and balance on these capricious heels. But they highlight your butt so nicely... Hold on, what? Where did that thought come from? Don't even try, just move on. Not worth dwelling on, you just woke up, your head is killing you, things are fucked up. Time to unfuck them. You sit down and put on the VR helmet cautiously, adjusting it so that your hair doesn't get all messy. It's not something you ever really thought about, but your chest-length hair is really a point of pride for you, isn't it Barbie? The sight of your apartment washes away, and The Tower's head secretary is appearing before you for the last time.

"There you are again. And quite on time. There was no need to come in that early, although it's appreciated. After The President heard that you stopped by, she cleared her schedule to make sure she'd be able to see you today." She? "You can go right on through," she tells you, gesturing towards the door that repelled you yesterday. It's time. You knock, and are beckoned in. Right away, you're met with a high-pitched squeal.

"How cuuuuuuuuuuuuuute!" your eardrums nearly burst.

Behind a large, elegant-looking wood desk, a blonde, excited woman is sat. She looks... a bit inconsistent. Peering at her outfit, it's quite a professional style, a fine lady's suit and pants, but as she jumps out of her chair and moves around her desk to approach you, you can see she's wearing garish, bright neon pink heels, not entirely different from yours. Further up, she looks just as confusing. Her hair is tied into a simple ponytail, looking as professional as her suit does, with her face evoking the same sluttiness as her heels do, plastered in garish make-up and thick, eye-catching pink lipstick, again reminiscent of yours. Those very lips are now blinding you with the brightest smile you could imagine.

"Look at you! Just like a pretty princess!" she pauses for a second, seemingly to compose herself. She still gives you an enthusiastic hug that, under normal circumstances, siblings might share, but looks rather calm and collected afterwards. "Sorry, sometimes I just can't help myself. Still, I meant everything I said, you look so adorable, I can't believe how well you turned out. How are you doing, and to what do I owe the pleasure of your visit?"

You would think your intent is quite obvious. But for now, you try to follow your plan of ass-kissing your way out of this. Your heart is inexplicably fluttering at her compliments, and your head is pumping, which isn't exactly helpful.

"Uh, thanks, I'm doing alright. Could we start with a name, perhaps?"

She looks rather disappointed. "I suppose you can call me 'Rabbit' if you absolutely need a name. Don't dodge my question though, what are you hoping to achieve by coming here?" she wants to know.

It's time to lay your cards on the table. "'Rabbit' huh? I don't remember The Construct's creator ever going by that name, but obviously that's not why I'm here. You can tell my appearance is rather unusual, and going by your reaction to me, you know quite a lot about that. How about we start with that?"

"What's there to say? You think I'm the villain, and that I'm going to lay my plan out in front of you in some grand finale? Well, I have a knack for drama, but there are aspects to this story that are so painfully obvious that I feel bad having to explain them to you. Do you really not have a single clue?" Embarrassed, you shake your head. You've got an idea, sure, but you have nothing to gain from bragging to her.

Rabbit sighs. "Alright. We know who you are. Or rather, they do, I'm really more of a contractor. You may think you've been evading security, never appearing on the grid, but everybody does. Server farms the size of small countries, and you think your little VPNs and Construct shenanigans are going to save you? The Construct started independently, aimed at being a paradise for people like you, but do you really think that would just pass without garnering attention? The project was under observation from very early on. Sure, they couldn't look exactly into what was going on, but they had the relevant data; user numbers and user identities. They didn't know what you were saying, but they knew you wanted to make sure it stays hidden."

"As I said, I'm not really part of their clique," she goes on, "so I can't give you many details, but that's as far as I'm clued in. A move was made and the original Construct creator

is now likely in an undisclosed location. Or perhaps *she's* in this very building, looking uncannily similar to you, and quite happy with *her* new status. Who knows. They're in charge now, and I'm one of their enforcers. Not for free of course, working for them does have its perks. You'll know soon enough." Her tone of voice has swung from cheerfully bubbly to frighteningly sinister.

"You said your people had me under surveillance. How?" you're dying to know. "And you say that you're getting something out of this, but I don't quite understand. Power? Freedom?"

"Aren't you just the most curious little cutie cat!" she perks up suddenly. Clearing her throat, she composes herself again. "Answering all of your questions in one day is a little boring wouldn't you agree? I'm sure tomorrow will hold more answers to your questions. About my own motivation... well, if you're going to serve me, I suppose a more intimate relationship would be beneficial. To keep it simple, I have a condition, not exactly a subtle one. It dates back to a very different time, long ago. They offered to help me keep it under control, and their methods showed promise. Plus, I got control over my own Ivory Tower here, what more can a girl want?"

The blonde lady seems about ready to end the conversation, when she looks like she remembered something, walks back to her desk, retrieves an object from a drawer, and returns to you. She gives you another hug, and whispers into your ear. "Consider it a signing bonus," she breathes softly, and while pushing the wobbly whatever-that-was into your hands, presses the 'exit' button on your invisible helmet, banishing you out of her office and back into your apartment. You didn't end the day with as many answers as you'd hoped for, and in fact, managed to be left with more questions than when you started.

Your attention is drawn to the item that 'Rabbit' shoved into your hands before she forced you to leave. It is... peculiar, and unusual. You've never seen something like it before, but you can figure out what it is. A little plastic pillow, too large for one hand, filled with a pliable gel. Silicone.

Sure enough, your chest knows as well, tingling excitedly in anticipation of what's certain to come next. This is massive news, and the first time you're presented with a task you can't complete by yourself. You need to calm down, so you step into your bathroom and touch up your make-up a little to rest your nerves. Flawless. As you step back out, an opened book catches your eye, placed on your bed. It's thick, a telephone book, and one of the biggest entries stands out immediately; a plastic surgeon's private clinic. That solves that part of the mystery.

Unwilling to draw things out any longer, you gather your things, including your soon-to-be titflesh, and prepare to head out. It's odd being out on the street; you didn't do much of it before your predicament started, but now it's especially unsettling. You don't really look like a man, but you visibly sport some male features that are readily apparent to anybody you cross. They earn you more than one alienated, confused glance, and you can't really blame them, considering how awfully your head is still pounding and confusing you yourself. The clinic isn't too far away from your apartment, so you get there relatively quickly and with

limited embarrassment. It's an unremarkable building, really. You're pretty sure you passed by more than once, you know the street, but you never noticed something as noticeable as a plastic surgeon here. Well, why would you care about one, right? So just head in and get this over with.

Doing exactly that, you're met with an equally ordinary. Small reception area, waiting room, and some examination rooms in the back. Everything looks clean, and the receptionist is a friendly lady, although her make-up is a little heavy for the occasion. Unsure how to respond when she asks you what you came in for, you just show her the silicone implant you had stuffed in your purse. It's clear she immediately knows what you came in for and has to try her hardest not to laugh out loud, the corners of her mouth stretched to their limit. She instructs you to head through the hallway and directly into the operating room, the doctor's going to be with you in a minute.

Indeed, the doctor joins you shortly after you got in and sat down on the operating table. You'd taken the brief moment to scan the room, but while you don't have any medical expertise, you couldn't detect anything out of the ordinary. Of course, that doesn't mean all that much these days, so you're prepared for the worst. After reading some papers and making some notes – with Rabbit revealing that surveillance was still possible despite all your precautions, you can imagine where he got those from – he seems content with the data he's presented, smiles, and addresses you.

"There's probably no reason to draw this out, is there? You know why you're here, I know why you're here. We both know you have no choice, and that even if you try to resist, the sensations are going to drive you mad within hours. So how about you just sign these papers, and we get on with it?" He's right, and just mentioning the uncomfortable tingling is making it so much more noticeable. You take the pen he offers you and sign your name. Gee, this has gotten considerably harder with these long nails. Writing is hard!

"Phenomenal," the surgeon quips sarcastically, "if you would take off your clothes and lie down then." Great, just strip nude for the douchebag doctor. To your delight, it works though, and you're freed from many of the clothes you've been stuck with for a week now. The moment they come off, you feel you miss them a little, if you're honest. You could do with a bit of dishonesty though, so you discard that thought and lie down on the table apprehensively.

"This procedure will take quite a while," the doctor explains, "but I don't think you have any commitments left to care about. After we're done, your schedule is going to be packed though, I imagine. Yes, that I can promise you." His obscure, creepy comments are freaking you out, but a nurse comes in and they start putting you under, washing those fears away. "When you wake up, you're going to feel like a whole new woman," the doctor assures you...

Clarity comes slowly, but you steadily feel yourself rise from unconsciousness. Your body feels sore all over, not quite like the tingle you get from your special gifts, but not entirely different either. Everything feels unused, new, and sensitive. Your senses are still inhibited, your eyes nearly useless, and besides the soreness, you can't say that your haptic

sense is doing you much good. The room is quiet, too, and you don't feel taste or smell would be very useful here under any circumstances. There aren't even any footsteps, so you suspect you're actually alone in here, although outside the door, you can hear what sounds like the regular day-to-day business of the surgeon's practice going on. That means they reserved this room just for you, wow. Fortunately, your eyesight is returning to you, although moving is still an impossible task. You spot a clock on one of the walls, informing you that it's seven in the evening! Waking up early, only staying in The Construct for an hour at most, it couldn't have been later than 11 AM when you left the apartment to come here. Stretching the "consultation" and arriving here generously to an hour's length, you would have been lying here for seven hours! That thought brings your attention to your parched throat, you could really do with a few drops of water.

But without a way to draw attention to you, it takes another half hour for a nurse to check up on you and notice that you woke up. The doctor is promptly called and you have two companions in the room to get some information out of. First, you need something to drink.

"Can I habb some ater?" you barely squeeze past your teeth. Although you're not sure whether your lips may be the biggest obstacle here. Regardless, you get some, and immediately feel better. Well, at least your throat does, the rest of your body feels pretty much the same as before. The doctor makes some notes, and examines you way longer than you find appropriate. A few minutes later, he asks you how you feel.

"Sore." You concentrate to articulate yourself a bit more clearly. "When will bis subbsibe?"

"When will this subside? Well, you should get used to your new lips—" New lips? You thought you were just drowsy! "—quite quickly and put them to good use. As for body soreness... your body's not really sore, it's just sensitive." To illustrate, he prods your thigh, to which you react by jumping up out of your lying position. Normally, you'd scream, but the sensation left you out of breath and speechless.

"Nice, huh?" the doctor laughs. "Don't worry, as you can tell, the operating table didn't do anything to you, even though you just smashed your arms into it. Your nerves will only react this sensuously to hot environments. Somebody else touching you naturally feels warm and is going to elicit reactions such as this, but just lying in bed won't drive you crazy." He ponders this for a second. "Maybe don't hug your blanket too tightly." Thanks a lot.

"I'm just messing with you. You'll get used to it. Cuddled up to your Master, you'll feel this all the time, you should be able to fall asleep if you just stay close to him and let the feelings take their course consistently. Of course, summer days are going to be peculiar. I expect once you made peace with your situation – which probably isn't too far into the future – you'll relish the feeling and spend a lot of time at nude beaches, eager for more. I'm sure your Master will enjoy a healthy, even tan. Anybody at the beach even more so..." he chuckles.

Master? Nude beaches? It can't take too long for you to start enjoying this situation? Not fucking likely, although that one night... NO! You're going to give this upstart charlatan a

piece of your mind, whether he likes it or not. Having found out that you have control over your body, you confidently swing your legs over to the side of the bed, indeed feeling relatively normal. Reflexively, the doctor grabs your shoulders to stop you from moving too erratically, and from here it all goes down.

Loudly, you moan at his touch, even though he's really just holding your arms. Frozen in squealing pleasure, you stare frightened into the doctor's eyes, where an idea clearly forms in his mind, and you just know that it can't be good for you.

"You know, even though your body may not feel sore, it still needs some rest after such invasive treatment. Just to be on the safe side, maybe I should examine how... functional you really are, before I deliver a sub-par item to my client." Oh no, please no. "Nurse? I just remembered that we still have the mirror covered up. Perhaps now would be a good time? And leave us alone afterwards, thank you."

The woman in question nods, walks to the end of the room, flips a switch and leaves the room, then locks it from outside. In response, some tiles on the ceiling start to retract, which you can't help but stare at while the doctor returns you to a prone position, directly facing the moving tiles. Every touch of his feels so electric that you are unable to move on your own, he positions and handles you like a doll. He's grabbing you below the knee, pulling you towards him and resting your legs on his shoulders. You're lying on the edge of the table now, half your body in contact with his, and you're going crazy. The tiles above have covered roughly two third of the way, revealing a sizeable mirror, as expected. Already, you can see "your own" face in it, and it's been mercilessly remodelled, there's no doubt in your mind.

You can barely recognise yourself, and thus your reflection looks back at you with a mixture of shock and ecstasy from the ministrations of the undressing surgeon. That expression mostly manifests itself in your wide open mouth, contoured by what could be the rubber railing of an inflatable dinghy. Those are the lips the doctor had mentioned, though you're having a hard time thinking of them as "your lips". But undeniably, they are.

They're certainly the most obvious new feature of yours, even though many others are evident as they complement each other. Picking out a single one is a little difficult, but your raised, more prominent cheekbones and your sharp, yet dainty jaw come together to form a wonderful, whorish whole.

Moving further down, you're greeted by massive breasts, obviously larger than that little implant you were handed could produce. Like most of the "new you", they look incredibly fake, less resting, and more standing on your chest, like perky mountains instead of malleable jelly. Just the thought of your fake pornstar appeal makes you squirt a little, which again shifts your attention.

This time, your genitals are next to shock you. You'd expected this the moment you heard the doctor didn't just give you tits but actually went further, but you didn't want to believe that you're... all woman now. Alas, you are, a prominent mons pubis peaking above your legs, and an inviting cleft resting in between. Looking your whole body up and down, it's easy to determine that you've gotten shapelier. You remember clearly that your shoulders

were much wider, same as your tiny waist, and in reverse, your hips used to be a lot slimmer. Your thoughts drift... You were never a very sexual man, but if a baby cradle like yours were to be presented to you, you don't think you could help grabbing it with both hands and marvel at its round perfection.

Which is quite similar to what the doctor is doing to you right now. He's cupping your juiced-up ass in his hands, smiling and kneading. Before long, that isn't enough for him, however. He's finished undressing a while ago, and not just to scare you. You can feel his length resting on your mound and already a scream exits your mouth at a volume you'd have deemed impossible.

"Damn, definitely don't need that," the doctor mutters before looking around, spotting your panties, and stuffing them into your mouth. You don't do anything to resist, because you don't care to. Just feeling his penis *touch* you gives you as much pleasure as your best orgasm as a man, and now he's starting to slowly push in. Reduced to grunting, you nonetheless get increasingly louder for ever millimetre that invades your sex and neither of you fits the definition of "quiet". Yes, the employees in the hallway are undoubtedly receiving a show right now.

And you're the star. At least you're being pampered like one. Feelings that you never felt before shoot through your brain every second, while the doctor keeps going below, unrelenting. As if that wasn't all, you're getting the whole show, live and with visuals, observing your descent into nymphomania from above through the mirror. Your legs have long ago become autonomous, constantly pressing down on your loving doctor to encourage him to go faster, although you're not sure what would happen if he did. Every thrust of his is accompanied by a loud slap when his hips smash violently into your butt cheeks. Seriously, this *is* a show, you could have sold tickets to this event. Seeing you at the height of depravity is so deeply erotic that this very sight is what eventually shoots you over the edge.

You drop your legs onto the edge of the table and arch your back further than you could have imagined, pressing every drop of fluid in your body into your love canal, before unleashing a torrent upon the doctor's magnificent cock. A couple of twitches follow as the final beads of girlcum are squirted out of you, before your body crashes back down onto the table, and your mind back into unconsciousness, where it decides to stay for now.

Day 9

Yet another morning you wake up during. Couldn't you just skip one? Or maybe all of them? Waking up spells disaster these days, may as well keep lying where you are. So you keep dozing, just this once, you deserve some rest, don't you? Of course you do, and you find it surprisingly easy to get some, staying in this sort of half-sleep for a while. You barely even realise that somebody starts gently stroking your hair. The first five strokes feel just like part of a dream, and after that, they feel just as nice, but much more real. That constant grind and buzz is still in your head, but every stroke seems to calm it a little more.

"Well, wouldn't you believe it. Somebody turned out quite gorgeous, didn't she?" a familiar voice asks, as gentle as the fingers going through your hair.

You're not even the least bit curious, not interested in waking up for good. You could probably spend the entire day like this, if you're being honest. As you roll onto your back, the foreign hands retreat, but relaxation is its own reward, with or without help. Mere seconds later though, there's a slight pressure on your throat, something wrapping around your neck, and clicking shut behind it.

Momentarily, a spark erupts in your brain. Piece by piece, the brutal buzzing in your head is being transformed into lovely, colourful bubbles, slowly but surely taking over your brain. Confused by this development, you decide it's finally time to wake up, and see what's going on. Standing before you is Danny! And he seems really happy about something. The doctor isn't here yet.

"Good morning gorgeous. Look at you," he says, before moving around you, inspecting your body. You blush. "Listen, why don't you get dressed, your clothes and purse are over there," he tells you and points to the other end of the room, where a pile of clothes is resting on a chair. Agreeing that it'd be a good idea, and afraid of the mean tingling if you don't wear your clothes and make-up, you skip over there and recover your modesty a little. First your panties go on – hmmm, they fit so snugly between your legs – then the little skirt on top and you're ready to step into your cute heels. Then you only need to pull on your boob tube and pick up your purse, and you're all nice and ready! As if that information had travelled outside, the doctor comes in at that very moment.

"I see you two have already gotten acquainted," he quips. When he sees you, his smile suddenly turns impossibly wide. Whatever. You pick your make-up kit out of your purse to get fixed up properly. Before you can get a first look in the pocket mirror though, Danny speaks up.

"Only superficially. I think I may need a test run to make sure." Danny comes over to you with sure, heavy steps, and forces you to your knees, almost making you drop your cosmetics.

"Heeyyy, you're being a meanie!" you complain in an oddly squeaky, girly voice. You don't have a lot of time to ponder the implications though because a second later, the sensations of his touch are driving you wild. Danny doesn't stop there either, grabbing your chin and pulling it down lightly. In the blink of an eye, his pants come off and his cock enters the gap between your massive lips. You had completely forgotten how badly you needed that, your left arm had gotten tired of touching your cock milkers all the time.

A great idea crosses your mind: While you're pleasuring him with your lips, and he's pleasuring them, you can reapply your make-up! How iffy— how efish— how smart! Still holding your pocket mirror, you bring it up closer, holding it next to Danny's hips that are pumping away at your mouth. Gee, a cock in between those fuckpillows of yours looks so natural, don't they? Besides that, you spot something you hadn't seen before. Around your neck is a deep pink collar, with a ring below the front, just like you would see on a dog's. Above that, it spells "**B I M B O**" in sparkly rhinestones.

“ONG, haw cghuuuuuuude!” it escapes your mouth, struggling around the cock inside it. That’s what Danny must have woken you up with, what a pretty gift! But back to focus on what’s important; your make-up.

While Danny’s dick is pistoning in and out of your mouth, you try your best to keep a steady hand with your mascara. You do an expert job at it, despite the bumpy ride, not a smudge to be seen. Some eye shadow on top and some eye liner to finish it up. It looks just like before the operation yesterday, you’re getting so good at this! Sadly, you can’t do your lips right now, seeing as they’re occupied.

You sigh, disappointed that your face will have to wait. On the plus side it still feels *soooooo* good to have your mouth fucked like this. Realist that you are, you pocket your make-up kit to be able to really concentrate on fellating—um, Master? Yes, giving Master a blowjob is very fulfilling, or rather it will be, soon enough. Was there a clicking sound just now? Not ceasing your gentle bobbing up and down Master’s dick, you take the time to look up at him, and are met with his smiling face. A shiver runs through you, it is so pleasurable to see Master happy! He waves something at you... a leash. A leash that’s connected to your collar. You’re not sure what got Master so excited, but if he’s happy, you’re happy.

Not minding your nonchalance, you can feel Him tense up a short while later. You don’t think much of it, few thoughts drifting through the bubbles in your brain, but then it clicks. Your make-up! You just had it done fresh, if Master gifts you with His juices all over your face, you’ll have to start over from the beginning. While it’s His choice where you take it, a little convincing should be allowed! So instead of waiting for a signal, you just really force yourself down with every thrust, and waiting there a second to see if Master’s ready to shoot. Ready He is, unloading inside you at a moment just like that one, when your nose is dug into His pelvis, and His cock deep into your throat. He hasn’t had an orgasm in a while, you can tell. He didn’t jizz nearly as much last time. That means he must’ve saved it all up for you... Aww, Master is so sweet!

You swallow it all down – well, at least what little didn’t directly enter your throat anyway – and present your clean mouth to Master. He seems quite happy with the result, which, combined with the sensation of your lips and His touch, allows you to orgasm as well. Master is so kind. But the doctor butts in quickly, ruining the mood.

“I’m sure you have a lot to explore together. She’s great, huh? Took her for a spin myself to make sure she turned out right.” Yep, totally ruining the mood. You can tell, because it got real quiet in the room right afterwards. Master’s just staring at him, now he doesn’t look happy at all! That dumb doctor guy. Still kneeling, you move into a crouch next to Master, hugging His leg and joining Him in scowling at the stupid man. Master notices and pats you on the head for behaving, making you squeal quietly. Immediately, you’re back glaring at the doctor though, that meanie!

“You did what?” Somebody’s in biiiiig trouble!

The doctor is just stammering now, clearly nervous. “I— no, I mean, I had to make sure, right? It wasn’t, uh, selfish or a-anything, I was just checking to see if I did everything right...

r-right? I mean, these are complicated procedures and—" Oh boy, will this guy ever shut up? He's sweating real bad, and Master still doesn't look happy.

"Enough," He says, and immediately the room goes quiet again. "Lie down on the table." The dumb doctor doesn't move an inch. It's like he doesn't even get that this is Master at all! "Don't make me repeat myself." Yeah, that's right, You show him! This time, he gets it, and lies down on the table. Once again, he tries to explain himself, but is waved off immediately, and his protests die down.

Master turns to you. "Here," He says, and hands you a pair of handcuffs, adorned with some pink fluff. Ooh, how dirty, you wish Master would use these one you... "Don't worry, one day we'll get to play with those too." It's like Master can read your mind! Master is so smart. Your panties stain a little in the front at those thoughts, but you're ripped out of your fantasy when He commands you, "For now, I want you to cuff *him* though." Well, you suppose that can be fun, too! While you're approaching the doctor guy, Master explains that he'll be off for a few minutes to fetch something, and that you don't need to worry, He'll be right back. If He says so!

That means the stupid man and you are alone in the room and you immediately cuff him below the table on a thingy. He tries to rip his arms free right away, but of course can't manage. You're way too good at bondage to have him getting out that easily! Naturally, he starts chatting again, this guy just can't keep his mouth shut.

"Hey, listen, get me free." You aren't even listening. Meanies don't get listened to. "I can turn you back. Help me escape and I'll turn you back." Ugh, he just won't stop.

"Turn me back? I can turn around just fine," you explain while doing a pirouette on your heels to prove it. His kind of hopeful expression turns a little grim. Maybe he's jealous because he can't turn around right now.

"No, not literally. I mean your body. Undo the operation and turn you back into a man."

This guy is talking weird. "Turn me into a man? I don't think Master likes men..." you ponder, just as the very same walks back through the door. "Oh Master, it's good that You're back! You don't like men, do You?" He gives you a confused look. Gosh, you wish you were as smart as Master sometimes, but you're doing just fine as His silly slut, right? "We were just talking about You! The doctor guy said that, if I remove his cuffs, he's gonna turn me into a man. What's that about?" Master gives the surgeon a smile, but he doesn't seem to like what's happening. That's probably good, because the doctor seems like a real dick. The gross, icky kind, not like Master's at all.

"I suppose it'll pay off having brought along two little gifts then, just in case," He announces. Oh, this will be fun, you bet. The doctor's eyes go wide in shock, which confirms that you'll like this next part very much. Without further ado, Master produces an elaborate corset, with plenty of laces. It looks really girly in its mostly purple-black colour and all those cute shapes and details on it. But you don't think this one's for you.

"Barbie." You stand at attention. "Help our friend into his new attire."

“Of course, Master!” you sing excitedly, take the corset from him, and hop over to the prone doctor, who’s lying at your mercy. You lift his fatty body up enough to get the corset shoved under him. Would you look at that, you’re pretty strong! After you’ve got the corset all around him, you realise to your dismay that it’s laced at the back, and you can barely reach. Having discovered your impressive strength, you undo the surgeon’s cuffs, flip him over, and cuff him again right away. You straddle his butt to get a good position over the corset. Rubbing against him doesn’t do anything for you, weird. Well, you just had such a great orgasm, and the doctor is kinda cold with sweat, so maybe that’s it.

“You’re doing great, sweetie,” it sounds from behind you, and you turn around to grin sheepishly at Master, blushing at His compliment. Anyway, you have to get this corset done. You grab two of the laces and start tugging a little, and try to get it positioned right. Again, Master chimes in from behind, “Don’t forget to pull it real tight, and the knots too. A corset’s difficult to get into on your own, we wouldn’t want the doc to need to re-lace it every day. Do it nice and tight and he’ll be able to just keep it on to sleep with.” That’s a great idea! Master is so creative.

Instead of sitting on his butt, you instead stand over it. You hold the laces tight, plant your right foot directly on the small of his back, and pull with all your might. Under that pressure, the doctor cracks and starts begging for you to stop. He brought this onto himself, you reason. Still, you figure the laces are tight enough, his waist is already coming together quite nicely. So, according to Master’s instructions, you start tying the knots and take care to tie them very neatly and tough, so they don’t undo themselves by normal movement. That should definitely hold. Keen as your mind is, you remember Master mentioning two gifts, however.

Indeed, when you’re looking back to him he presents you with a warm smile, hinting that you’ve done your job well. You notice he’s leaning on a peculiar metal pole, kind of like a walking cane, but maybe not long enough. Both ends lead into cuffs. This is an easier one, especially with the doctor tied down and crying like a baby. Grabbing the pole, you stand at the bottom edge of the table and fasten one clasp around the right leg, then move to the other one and shut that as well. That takes care of the doc. Master motions for you to remove his cuffs so that he can examine himself. He has no words, just staring blankly at the mirror. You think he looks kinda cute like that. Master still has something to tell him though, and He gets really up close.

“The look suits you. You best take care to avoid any blunders from now on, or it’ll suit you better than you could ever imagine. You, of all people, know the exact result.” Master gives you a long look, and the doc stares in your direction too, looking quite afraid. “Even like this, I would avoid proximity to dark alleys if I were you. Should you fuck things up for us again, we’ll let you traipse on cute, tall ‘fuck me’ pumps to make sure no frustrated man would pass up your sissy ass. That means no more ‘checking’ our drones, much less private toys. You’ve been given two willing, obedient fuckbunnies for your loyalty, and I’m sure they’ll still take you even when you’re looking like this. If not, you can always get a pair of strap-ons somewhere. In any regard, perhaps you would do well to learn a lesson in modesty.” Gee, Master got really upset! You better take extra good care of Him today.

“Alright. Barbie, it’s time to go. We spent more time here than we should have already, I’d expected things to go smoothly and professionally. You got all your things?” You nod enthusiastically and hop over to Him, presenting your leash with bowed head. He takes it and leads you outside with a pleased expression. The two girls working the reception wish you a nice day as you leave the clinic and get into Master’s car. It looks really impressive, sleek and sexy, just like you. Master is so tasteful.

On the ride to—hey, you don’t even know where you’re going. It’s not important, Master knows best. But anyway, on the ride to wherever, you notice during all the excitement, you still haven’t done your lips properly! Now that the dumb doctor has at least done something right and given you such handy tools, you’d better keep them in good shape. You take hold of the inside mirror to get a good look at them and grab your tube of lipstick. Applying it carefully and trying to get used to your new shapely cock nuzzlers, you’ve got them shiny, sexy pink in no time.

“Hey, we could crash here, don’t just grab the mirror like that,” Master chastises you, but with a smile on His face.

“Don’t I need to make myself pretty for you at all times?” you give Him your best doe eyes.

“That you do,” He replies curtly, and wraps His right arm around you. You scoot over a little to rest your head on his shoulder for the remainder of the journey, which isn’t too long. After maybe twenty minutes you arrive at a large, impressive industrial looking building, or a hangar maybe. Both of you step out of the car and go in, where Rabbit greets you.

“Aaaah, I still can’t get over the fact that you’re so adorable!” she squeals when you enter. Even if it’s not Master complimenting you, you still can’t avoid blushing at her remark. Like last time, she greets you with a big hug. “Your sight really takes me back...Tell me though, what took you so long? It’s the afternoon already, I thought you were just going to pick her up and leave.”

Master seems unhappy to be reminded of the doctor. “Yeah well, your employee at the clinic got a bit liberal with boundaries. Used my property without consulting me, and before I even got a first look at it. Then, he even tried to subvert Barbie and have her help him escape when I was out for a minute. Fortunately, our little Barbie here is as dense as a dishwasher, aren’t you sweetie?” Being a dishwasher sounds gross... but if Master says so, it’s probably right, and He’s patting your head again, so honestly, you’ve forgotten the question already.

“Anyway,” He continues, “is everything ready to get her started?” Rabbit nods and beckons you to follow her.

“We hear you’re out of a job, and have been for some time. Lucky for you, we’re seeking to expand. That means there are plenty of jobs and we’ve got just the right one.” A job? But that means being away from Master... You shoot Him a wistful look. “Don’t worry your pretty little head, your Master wants you to take this job. He knows it’s perfect for you,

and you'll learn a lot that he'll profit from too. Now, do you want to hear me out?" Well, if Master says it's okay...

So she goes on for a long time about what you'll have to do, and what you aren't allowed to do. It's really boring and you're only half-listening anyway. She says that you could start as early as this evening. It wouldn't be a long workday, but you'd get siti— sichu— used to the job and stuff. When she finally finishes that huuuuuuge speech, you just agree to the terms and accept the job.

"Fantastic! One little thing before we get you inside, identification. Sorry, this'll hurt a little, but only for a second, I promise. Just lift up your hair and face that wall, please." Rabbit gestures towards an inconspicuous wall next to you, so you just follow her instructions. Shortly thereafter, you hear electronic whirring and a painful burning in the back of your neck, which ceases after a split second, just like Rabbit said.

"Owie," you protest meekly, and pull out your pocket mirror in conjunction with one hanging on another wall to check what happened to the back of your neck. Actually, it's a little lower, almost between your shoulder blades. But no matter where it's placed, they printed a barcode on you! How rude!

"Sorry about that. But look, just let your hair down and nobody sees. Nobody's going to notice and we'll have an easier time telling you apart from the others. We're a big company and we wouldn't want your work to go uncredited," Rabbit explains. You suppose that makes sense. She then takes you by your leash and leads you beyond the little room that you were standing in.

Before you spreads a gigantic hall, like one that would have all kinds of industrial machines, but now it's just filled with seemingly endless rows of girls, strapped into chairs, with VR helmets on. Most of them are wearing clothes similar to yours. Actually, they all look a lot like you in general. They're so sexy... while you're passing one, you can't resist prodding her huge titties. They barely push in, these are even faker than yours! "What a slut," you think to yourself and break out into a set of giggles.

Not far into the hall and you stop in front of one empty chair. "You've been given all your instructions, so hop in and enjoy the ride, Barbie." She's your boss now, so you better do what she asked. You sit down on the chair and the helmet is lowered onto your head, transporting you into the virtual world of The Construct.

Indeed, you find yourself in familiar territory; under the overpass, right at the entrance of The Tower, two girls already waiting for you. "Look, the new girl's finally here," one of them greets you. They're both very pleasant as it turns out, and look awfully familiar. They give you a much shorter introduction, for which you're grateful, and the one that's greeted you hands you a pair of panties. Hey, these are the same you're wearing! That's not all, she throws you a skirt too, again, just like yours, with exactly the same hole over the butt.

"You've come just at the right time. Target should be here any minute now. You know where you'll be, I'll keep him down and my darling assistant will take care of the stockings." She looks over to the other girl, who waves a pair of fishnet stockings at you. "Here he comes,

get ready.” And so you do. It takes little effort for the talking girl to take him down. The guy looks pitiful, he’s prone before he could even open his mouth to say just one word. His shirt has already been torn off, jeez, that girl is strong! Now she’s just sitting on his chest, holding him down as she said she would, and waiting for you two.

You jump out of your thoughts and get in on the action, together with the quiet girl taking off his pants and throwing them away, same as any other clothing you can find down there. Once he’s naked, you’re met with a pair of completely hairless, smooth legs, which make it easier to roll the panties up. The skirt is a little tougher. Oof, this thing is tight! He’ll have trouble walking in this one, you can tell that much. But eventually that is taken care of too, and your friend only has to pull on the stockings and fasten them for your job to be done.

Well, almost done. The strong girl stands up, but clearly isn’t letting the guy leave just yet. Instead, she moves to where the two of you are sitting and asks you to make room. You both do, and she reveals her penis, both to the guy and you two staring. The other girl clearly knows what’s happening and moves up to the poor man’s mouth to have some fun herself. Further down, the strong girl has already started on her fun, having lubed up her cock and his ass while you were staring in disbelief. The man’s pretty loud, but you don’t think he’s having fun.

Since it seems to be the rule, you suppose you should also have fun with him. Your pussy hasn’t seen much use yet, so you sit down next to his right hand and use his fingers like your personal dildo. It feels quite nice, but it doesn’t even compare to when Master does it. The strong girl is finished pretty quickly, and force feeds the guy a huge torrent of her jizz. His fingering ceases at that moment, to which you react bored and frustrated, not even having climaxed.

The rest of your workday isn’t very different; a flood of young men coming in, most of them not exactly knock-outs, getting some treatment or another. Sometimes you’re required, sometimes you can just watch and enjoy the show. Their reactions are really funny, especially the ones that are in this for the first time. They always look so surprised, and are just stunned for minutes before eventually leaving VR altogether. As time goes on, you work yourself into a real routine, all your movements becoming perfectly timed and practiced. Clients are being served much faster at the end of your shift, which comes sooner than you expected. Then again, you were told that you came rather late, so tomorrow’s probably going to take twice as long at least, if you show up on time. Anyway, you don’t want to waste any time. Getting off work means getting back to Master!

You exit The Construct and take off your helmet to get back home. To your surprise, you’re getting a cab and everything! Working here is gonna be great, you can tell. In a flash, you’re back home and greet your Master demurely, only subtly hinting at how much you missed Him. Clearly, He’s glad to see you too, giving you a warm peck on the forehead. Apparently, the day has taken quite a lot out of Him, he already looks about ready for bed.

Your life is aligned by your Master’s, so you quickly get yourself ready as well. It doesn’t take you all that long, you just pop out of your heels, tip-toe into the bathroom to remove your make-up and off to bed you are; the tube top and skirt feel so good, they don’t disturb

your sleep, they probably even help! You traipse over to a tired Master, giving Him a little show on your way there, and come to rest on his chest.

He's really exhausted, you can tell. You would be too, after all he had to take care of today. Keeping Master happy is your job, so, while He's still awake, you play with His cock affectionately, and give him a slow, relaxing blowjob. It takes a long time to get him off, and when He does, you're both already pretty much asleep.

Having your mouth filled with His cum and His dick still stuck in your mouth doesn't help your sleep however. The warmth is waking you up some time in the middle of the night. Feeling His seed is making you a little hungry too. You swallow what little is still in your mouth and not pooling around Master's hips, and take a look at His face. No doubt, He's sleeping tight. His cock's still stuck in your mouth, and quite erect, so you figure if you do it right, you can get what you crave without waking Him up.

So you do your best. Like the last one, you work slowly and cautiously, but pull out every stop at the same time. Your tongue's swirling around His meat, your fingers gently prodding His balls, your lips just rubbing along the shaft with their natural pressure. It's hard, intense work, but eventually, the scrotum you're massaging is tightening up in your hand, and you're rewarded with a load of freshly squeezed semen. He didn't wake up! You swallow and giggle silently, your plan totally worked! Your stomach warms, heavenly sensations spreading into the very tip of your fingers. Even now His cock is stuck in your mouth, and yet you fall asleep with the help of His warmth. You love your Master.

THE END