

#3

# Advertising Deal

by Choker Guy

## Day 1

All eyes are on you. You're fidgeting nervously, shifting from one foot to another. You can't believe it got this far, got this out of hand. The silence is oppressive, but fortunately broken soon by one of the middle-aged men alternately looking at you and whispering into the others' ears.

"Well," he begins, "you know why you're here, Heath?" You nod. "Good. Now, we value our transactions. We're honest people, kind people. But you tell us you can't hold up your end of the deal?" You nod again. "That's what we thought. At least you're honest, we've already had a look at your current assets, and we're fairly certain you aren't hiding anything. I suppose that makes judgement rather quick and painless, doesn't it?" The man looks around at his peers, all of them voicing affirmative grunts and comments. He waves at somebody off to the side, and before you can turn around to see who he was addressing, firm hands grip your arms, completely immobilising you.

Another hand comes up to your forehead, pulling it backward. As you find out next, the goal was to expose your neck, which is nearly crushed by the force slamming into it. A metallic object wraps around it tightly and seals shut. After the clasp clicks into place, a short burst of heat, accompanied by a loud sizzling sound can be felt and heard respectively. You're panicking, but have no outlet to show it, being restrained well. One of your human handcuffs is handed a mirror, which he in turn holds up to your face.

A shiny metal collar is encasing your neck, not a millimetre of breathing room left. Quite literally, as it presses on your Adam's apple uncomfortably. That's not its only remarkable quality, it's eye-catching even for other people. For a start, it's quite bulky and heavy; if the tightness on your throat wasn't enough, its sheer weight and size are going to remind you of its presence every waking – and possibly the occasional sleeping – moment. On top of that, it's painted in bright, saturated colours, navy blue and snow white, just like the logo of the company you owe the money to. In fact, "Takeda Industries" is prominently plastered on your medieval necklace as well. The two mountains at your side let go of your arms, and the businessman from earlier takes the room again.

"Very good. We've determined that you're incapable of repaying your debts, which is true by your own admission. Normally, the course of action would be to file for private insolvency, but in the end, that would cost us money, and reflect poorly on you if you ever wish to engage in business endeavours in the future. That's why we're making a deal. This is a kind offer, let me remind you. Now that you're branded, you're entering gainful employment, having expended no effort whatsoever. Many people would envy you. As to the rules, for as long as your debt exists, that device around your neck will accompany you wherever you go. Call it a new marketing strategy. We at Takeda pride ourselves on our innovation, and you'll reflect that publicly. Once your debt is paid, the collar can be unlocked and we part ways. Needless to say, we'll be hesitant to loan you money in the future, but I think that perhaps goes beyond the boundaries of this meeting. Thank you for being so cooperative in this matter, and best of luck with our new initiative."

Before you can even get a word in edgewise, the suits start filing out of the room, leaving you alone with your grotesque neck shackles. You give it a solid tug, and are lucky that the room is empty, because that was outright silly. Pouting, you make your way back home, falling asleep after hours of discomfort caused by your new, inches thick, metal accessory.

## Day 5

Early in the morning, and you're tired as hell. Over the last few days, you got accustomed to the weight of that weird gear around your neck constantly weighing you down during your everyday routine, but you absolutely cannot fathom getting any rest wearing this thing. Nor to be seen outside, wearing it. You get that you're supposed to be like a walking ad space, which doesn't really work in your apartment, but they can't force you to go out, right?

Right. Sadly, your empty stomach and refrigerator can. Having no money sucks... maybe this advertising deal really won't be all that bad, as long as there's some pay-out. You have to pay your bills and food somehow. That's why you're currently making your way to the closest supermarket with twenty dollars in your pockets. You always keep some money at home for emergencies, Takeda can't track that, you guess. Still, the amount left in your tiny apartment will do you little good. Two or three weeks and you'll be strapped for cash. You doubt your ad job is going to pay well enough to cover your debt that quickly. You don't even get to use your habit of cursing abominably to cheer yourself up. Yesterday, you stubbed your toe on a chair, and instead of your booming, angry shout, you got a pouty, irritated chirp. It's not just uncomfortable breathing, your throat is so compressed you don't even sound right. Anyway, back to the business at hand.

Up ahead, you see a suspiciously bright blue-and-white object adorning the pavement. It seems rather slim, you're not even sure how you spotted it so quickly. Getting a closer look, it's evident the conspicuous colour scheme is indeed owed to the fact that this is a Takeda advertising pillar. But pillar is really the wrong word for it, it's more like a pole, just barely thicker than a street light. Odd, you'd think if you're looking for attention, you make things bigger and thicker, not the opposite. What do you care, it's their business after all.

You don't care to stop to really examine it, you're just making some off-hand observations while passing by. However, the pole doesn't reciprocate the same kind of blissful apathy towards you. You're already quite a distance past it, when you hear an ominous "Ad Space detected" coming from the machine. There's a swooshing sound behind you, and before you can react, something connects to your collar with a loud metallic clinking. Violently torn off your feet, you're being pulled backwards until your back slams a little uncomfortably against the pole you just passed.

For a few seconds, you're just standing there, inches away from your prison pillar, nothing happening. Similarly futile tugs like on the day you were fitted with the collar serve for purposes of amusement more than anything else. Once again, the pole informs you of its intentions, but you're certain you're not hearing the words with your ears. Ad Space Incompatible. ENTER Compatibility Mode. Abruptly, a thick needle inserts itself into your neck, and a few drops of cold liquid run through. Several seconds pass in this uncomfortable position, your mind too panicked to move a muscle.

ERROR: Compatibility Mode is not available at this moment. ABORT Compatibility Mode. ENABLE Hardware Compliance Protocols. Okay, now a *lot* of freezing cold liquid is running through your neck, faster than you could drink it. It's having odd effects on you though... Temperature rising. Arousal rising. Hardware approaching required compliance levels. The flow of liquid stops, disappointing you somewhat, and you immediately scold yourself for the thought. Task completed. Hardware is now 100% compliant. Template: HIBIKI.

LAUNCH Ad Program. The large needle now pushes one inch deeper into the back of your neck, and you're certain it's just connected to your spine. Your arms are thrown into a short thrashing fit until control is regained, and you're oddly aware of the feeling that you're not alone in your head anymore. While you still have some semblance of control over your body, you look down to see it currently reforming. Cute B-cup breasts are the first thing to pop into your sight, big enough to hide your flat, tight stomach. Your thighs and hips have gone the opposite way, flaring out wide and thick, but before you can make up your mind about that, your mind makes you leave.

You and the ad space take off all clothes and throw them far into a nearby alley, way out of the ad space's reach. Next, it lifts its left foot. A shiny, blue knee-high boot wraps itself around the ad space's foot and leg, and is zipped up by an arm sticking out from the pole behind you. The same happens for the right leg. Another arm fastens a tiny, tight skirt around the ad space's hip, a bright, glittery white with a blue belt, and hardly long enough to cover its own butt. To finish things off, a small jacket of the same latex-like material is pulled up the ad space's arms, sporting the same blue-and-white colour scheme, and barely closing over the ad space's perky breasts. So perky that the Takeda logo in the front is barely legible. Well, there's the skirt and the boots to take care of that, the ad space knows. The jacket is a simple design, leaving the belly free, sporting short sleeves, and covering the whole chest, except for a practical "boob window" that has many useful applications, which the ad space comes pre-programmed with. Of course, the jacket is the same alluring, innocent white, with blue detailing.

"Konnichiwa! Takeda Industries apologises for the interruption. This is part of an initiative to improve brand recognition and customer satisfaction. We ask for your understanding that, due to the novelty of this project, some unresolved issues are to be expected. As compensation for the disturbance, Takeda offers you standard use of this body, free of charge. If you're interested in specialty offers, come closer and take a look at our menu. We guarantee that the prices will surprise you! Thank you for your time, and have a nice day with quality products from Takeda!"

The ad space stands still from here on out. A timer is ticking down to indicate when the next ad will be running, in order to avoid annoying passersby, while still maximising brand recognition.

One of the perplexed observers of the service station's compliance procedure approaches. He waves a hand before the ad space's face. GESTURE RECOGNITION: Waving. STOP Ad Timer. LAUNCH Personal Greeting.

"Konnichiwa! Would you like to hear more about Takeda products?" The observer doesn't react, and stares on. A 10 second timer runs out. "Would you like to try one of our quality Takeda products? Perhaps this ad space appeals to you?" He nods his head. GESTURE RECOGNITION: Nodding. LAUNCH Menu Selection.

"Wonderful, what is it that you would like this ad space to do?" Another 10-second timer runs out without the observer reacting at all. "I understand you may be unfamiliar with our services. We apologise for the early state of this customer satisfaction initiative. Would you like this ad space to present a menu of our services?" He nods another time. GESTURE RECOGNITION: Nodding. LAUNCH Menu Presentation.

"Our standard service covers pleasuring through mouth or pussy, depending on your choice alone. Due to today's special promotion, these services are free until midnight. Better take your offer now, before it runs out!" LAUNCH Seduction Protocols "This ad space can't wait

to feel your body..." The ad space presses its beautiful boobs together and smiles alluringly at the prospective customer. RESUME Menu Presentation "Anything beyond these standard programs will require very small fees. We have a variety of fetishes and pleasure programs available on demand, just for you, our beloved customer! Would you like to hear about these much more pleasurable programs?" Another 10-second break without reaction. "Or perhaps you want to make use of your special offer to receive standard service, free of charge?" Another nod. GESTURE RECOGNITION: Nodding. LAUNCH Menu Selection.

"Wonderful! Takeda Industries and its ad space is delighted to be allowed to service you. Now, if you would please select one of the two available orifices." The ad space stands still and waits for input. It sticks out its tongue, spreads its legs and lifts its skirt. The customer quietly speaks up and points to its spread lips. "I-I want to feel your mouth." CUSTOMER SELECTION: Fellatio. LAUNCH Service.

The service station removes its lock, and the connector in the back of this ad space is allowing for movement again, following this ad space every step with a now less rigid and more flexible attached cable. The ad space kneels in front of the customer and tries to gain access to his sexual organ. The task is quickly fulfilled, and service can commence.

The customer's penis invades the ad space's mouth. It immediately applies many of the programmed techniques to maximise customer satisfaction. While doing so, it pushes out its chest as much as anatomically possible, and shifts it a little to the side, to highlight the Takeda-branded attire and boost brand recognition. All systems are working as intended. First test successful in every respect. System will continue protocols until midnight. The service station plays ad reinforcement from behind while the ad space's communication organs are stuffed. "Thank you for choosing Takeda. We hope you enjoy yourself and wish you a wonderful day with Takeda products."

Ad space sensors notice customer showing signs of intense arousal. Body temperature rising, pupillary dilation, scrotum tightening, heart rate and blood pressure rising. Perfect parameters for additional service offers. LAUNCH Sales Add-Ons. The service station's speaking up again. "Perhaps you would appreciate some dirty talk or role play? For just \$5 you could greatly enhance your experience! Perhaps a scolding teacher, demure schoolgirl, or a stripper who fell in love with your cock would be to your liking?" The customer quietly breathes a "no", and the ad space just continues with standard service.

Its techniques show great effect, the loss of gag reflex in the ad space's current form is of great benefit to be sure. Its throat clamping down on the cock is quickly massaging the semen out of it, and it all pools on the tongue. LAUNCH Final Offer. The ad space continues to kneel in front of the serviced customer, smiling brightly and presenting the load that it received in its mouth. The service station is taking care of the last step of negotiation. "We have one final offer to make. You have shot an impressive load into our now deliriously happy ad space. It communicated with us silently and said that she's begging to swallow your cum." LAUNCH Reinforcement. The ad space's smile remains, but eyebrows are furrowed to give a pleading expression, and it starts touching itself lewdly. "For a small fee of just \$10, you will fulfill a dream both of yourself, and this ad space." The ad space uses its hands to push together its tits, and enable payment to be made through the open "boob window" in the jacket.

This time, the customer is interested in the offer. He pulls out his wallet and deposits a \$10-dollar bill between the ad space's tits. Payment Successful. LAUNCH Savouring

Semen Swallow Program. The ad space's expression returns to one of fulfillment and bliss, closing its mouth and downing the sperm slowly, one small stream after another, interspersed with moans and displays of relishing the taste. When the last drop enters its throat, the ad space erupts in orgasm, belly twitching, and ejaculates girlcum down its skirt and all over the pavement.

The customer follows suit, and a small amount of post-ejaculate exits the tip of his dick. LAUNCH Cumslut Program. The system decides that the first promotion should be a spectacle to behold, and thus commands the ad space to clean up, free of charge. It crawls over and licks up even that last drop ejected by the customer, leading to another, this time truly final little spurt, doubtlessly leaving the client dry.

The ad space simulates overwhelming pleasure by displaying its shaky knees as it's getting up to return to its default position. It shoots the customer one last semen-plastered smile before swallowing the last drops of cum. LAUNCH Cum-Drunk Ending Promotion. QUEUE Money Deposit. QUEUE Disinfection.

“Th-Thank you kindly for using Takeda products, we hope the quality m-met your expectations. And thank you for allowing me to swallow, y-you taste heavenly.” A short break and a sensuous touch of the lips here has been shown to be effective. “Please don't hesitate to make use of our services again, w-we would love to greet you as our customer another time soon. Takeda Industries wishes you a wonderful day.” The ad space keeps eye contact and defaults to its smiling position until the customer takes his leave. Disinfection begins then, an arm from the service station spraying fluids into the mouth of the ad space at impressive pressure, and another arm drying it off again afterwards. One more arm snatches the money from between its boobs, storing it inside its compartments.

LAUNCH Disclaimer. “Your health and safety are Takeda's primary concerns. To avoid sexually transmitted diseases, this ad space is kept at peak hygiene at all times. There is absolutely no need to be worried; Takeda's services offer the highest quality combined with flawless reliability in one perfect package. If you don't believe us, come closer and this ad space will be delighted to talk to you about our many products, or service you to fulfill any of your desires! Thank you for your time, and we wish you a wonderful day with Takeda products!”

A roar can be heard through the crowd of onlookers. Extensive testing has shown that no reaction actually achieved the best results in such a situation, surprising the survey group. Protocols will continue normally. LAUNCH Ad Program. START Ad Timer. For the next five minutes, the timer runs down as usual, and no curious observer decides to step forward, they simply keep staring. This reaction was anticipated, extra encouragement was shown to be necessary in early controlled studies, until program familiarity improved. OVERRIDE Ad Timer. LAUNCH Early Commercial.

“Konnichiwa! You have just been the audience to Takeda's first, most extraordinary marketing strategy. This is a historic moment for our company, and we are delighted to have shared it with you. However, we do not plan to make this a one-time event; we can't wait to tell you more and show you more of this ad space's functions. The choice is up to you: Either you get adventurous and try one of our premium programs, limitless and specially tailored to your desires, or you make good use of our one-time promotion, only today. Either way, better step up now before somebody else beats you to the punch. Takeda can't wait to service you!”

The early announcement has left its mark, just like controlled testing suggested. Three potential customers move out of the crowd at the same time. As they make eye contact, further hesitation breaks out, one of them scratching the back of his head. Further encouraging them may seem desperate, so a short exclamation would be the ideal solution, as the calculated parameters indicate. LAUNCH Excited Exclamation.

“Ah, so many interested customers, you flatter this ad space. Please step up, before I die blushing!” As intended, one of the subjects faces the ad space and waits, while the others are spurred on to line up behind him in a hurry. They look behind nervously, apparently to ascertain that they won’t lose their turn. Effective procedures are noted in the behaviour database for future application. STOP Ad Timer. LAUNCH Personal Greeting.

“Konnichiwa! Would you like to hear more about Takeda products?” The observer doesn't react, and stares on. A 10 second timer runs out. “Would you like to try one of our quality Takeda products? Perhaps this ad space appeals to you?” He nods his head. GESTURE RECOGNITION: Nodding. LAUNCH Menu Selection.

“Wonderful, what is it that you would like this ad space to do?” After a waiting period of 10-seconds without response, another inquiry is made. “I understand you may be unfamiliar with our services. We apologise for the early state of this customer satisfaction initiative. Would you like this ad space to present a menu of our services?” He answers yes. LAUNCH Menu Presentation.

“Our standard service covers pleasuring through mouth or pussy, depending on your choice alone. Due to today's special promotion, these services are free until midnight. Better take your offer now, before it runs out!” LAUNCH Seduction Protocols “This ad space can't wait to feel your body...” The ad space presses its beautiful boobs together and beckons the customer to abuse her. RESUME Menu Presentation “Anything beyond these standard programs will require very small fees. We have a variety of fetishes and pleasure programs available on demand, just for you, our beloved customer! Would you like to hear about these much more pleasurable programs?” He nods. GESTURE RECOGNITION: Nodding. LAUNCH Special Services Presentation.

“Thank you! We are lucky to have a customer as excited about our products as we are. There is a variety of categories for you to choose from, all specially designed to bring you the best service possible. Some are even further divided into sub-categories or come with surprise bonus options! Even in the unlikely event that none of the offers appeal to you, please don’t hesitate to leave a comment for our engineers. We pride ourselves on keeping our ad spaces up-to-date, enhancing them anytime, anywhere. But enough about that, this ad space is already getting impatient through this whole pitch. It can’t wait to get started on you. Please take a look at our menu.” A touch panel slides out the side of the service station.

Role Play / Body

Clothing

Accent

Position / Intercourse (\*Oral and Vaginal are free today!\*)

Toy

“Please take your time in selecting your preferences. Keep in mind that different categories can be combined in most cases! Of course, this ad space can’t do two accents at ones, but an accent and fetish clothing article of your choice are easily compatible! Better make the most of it, because every subsequent category is cheaper than buying it on its own.” The customer is now given time to ponder his options, and the ad space rests. All movements are still registered, the customer is flicking through quite a few menus. At some point, he calls over the other two waiting in line, and eventually even one more interested future customer. All of their facial expressions seem to indicate excitement, which the ad space evaluates as not requiring any further reinforcement.

CUSTOMER SELECTION: Clothing - Top - Tube Top Titillation. CHANGE Wardrobe. QUEUE Customer Praise. QUEUE Combination Offer. Waiting For Further Input. The ad space immediately zips her jacket down, relinquishing the popular boob window. Clothing is simply thrown backward. The service station is as attentive as ever, catching the attire mid-air and storing it safely. It then retrieves a blue-and-white Takeda tube top that is simply slipped over the ad space, which raises its arms awaiting its new outfit. It fits snugly over its modest breasts.

“A terrific choice, dear customer. Takeda Industries hopes that this ad space now pleases you even more. Your current selection would cost \$10. Do you wish to make further adjustments, or is this program all you require? May I suggest going for the boob growth option? At a reduced combination price of just five more dollars, you could see this tube top stretch over a massive DD rack!” LAUNCH Reinforcement. The ad space pouts a little while assessing the look and weight of her moderate breasts, then faces the customer. He shakes his head and interacts further with the panel before him. CHECKOUT. A bright red light shines into the customer’s face, indicating that an error occurred. LAUNCH Reassurance Protocols.

“Uh oh... that shouldn’t have happened. It appears an error occurred. There’s no need to worry, we will sort this out quickly. Please let me take a look.” The customer interprets this as the ad space wanting to take a direct look at the panel and tries to hand it over. Of course, the ad space can simply get a readout of the system. ERROR: Position / Intercourse Parameter Undefined. LAUNCH Apology. “That is a simple mistake. Apologies for our lacking explanation. As mentioned, this is the first ever run of this program, and some quirks are to be expected. We failed to mention that you’re always required to choose a “Position / Intercourse” option on the screen before you, if you choose to make a custom order. We apologise for the inconvenience and excitedly anticipate the option you will choose.” The ad space goes back to its standard posture, facing the customer with a comforting smile. He continues to marvel at the screen and its options with his newfound friends. After scrolling for 192 seconds, he chooses and confirms his choice. CUSTOMER SELECTION: Position / Intercourse - Limited Offer - Vaginal (Free). LAUNCH Service.

The instructions are received and put into action by the ad space momentarily. A small, scrunched up mat ejects sideways from the tall service station. The ad space grabs it, flattens it with trained motions and lays it on the ground to facilitate service. It takes its place on the floor, fully clothed, turns to face the customer, leans back, spreads its legs, and exposes itself to its next client. One hand is behind its back, resting on the mat for leverage, the other is used to spread its pussy lips to tempt the user with what he’s rented.

He seems quite content with what he's bargained for. Takeda really ought to have monetised breaking in a virgin ad space. The service station analysed the situation and saved it in a report for the engineers. With Takeda's resources, there's sure to be a solution.

All that talk about business overshadows the applause and cheering that the "friends" of the currently recognised client are engaging in. He was receptive to it from the start and has thrust himself upon the ad space with impunity. Before his pants go off, he engages in a lot of groping and kissing, which the ad space reciprocates. Its focus isn't on getting the customer finished off, so it is categorised as foreplay, which comes included, free of charge, in all Takeda transactions as long as it doesn't cause too much delay. Early on, leniency and flexibility are important; if customers learn that Takeda takes time for them, they will just have to line up earlier!

Once again, business considerations take precedence over visual and haptic input, and the ad space is reminded to prioritise current servicing over general policy reflection. Some calibration is still necessary. The customer seems about ready to transform foreplay into genuine intercourse, fully disrobed and his vitals suggesting intense arousal. He enters the ad space's virgin pussy impatiently, ripping its hymen roughly and without a second thought. Beyond hugging the client close and exhaling some moans, the first course of action is to analyse his behaviour.

The current client is clearly in favour of more rough intercourse, thrusting deep and hard. Service parameters will be updated accordingly. The ad space wraps its legs around the intruder and puts on a pleading expression.

"Hah, p-please Mister, you're too \*hmph\* you're too big f-for—*hyaaaaa!*" it whines when the client reaches down and starts flicking its clitoris violently. The ad space has its first vaginally-induced orgasm and crumbles beneath the man still fucking it roughly. Its twitching in ecstasy appears to also improve the arousal and confidence of the client, who renews his efforts to send his sexual partner over the edge another time, a small amount of female ejaculate accompanying its repeated convulsions.

"Ooh, I've never—I've never, ha—aaaah," it sighs as the client cums deep inside its pussy. The heat as it enters triggers another, final orgasm, vaginal fluids now shooting everywhere. Recovering from the exhaustion, the ad space takes some deep breaths, same as the customer. He receives no more than three minutes of rest, clean-up should take no more than two minutes, limiting downtime to five minutes at most. Two minutes pass, which justifies some gentle encouraging. LAUNCH Exhaustion Simulation. QUEUE Customer Praise.

"Aaaaaaagh," the ad space sighs, loudly exhaling, "you were... hmmmmmm..." It starts massaging its vagina a little, pretending that the pounding was that hard. Its free hand strokes the customer's biceps, complimenting his strength and stamina. LAUNCH Money Collection. QUEUE Ending Promotion. QUEUE Money Deposit. QUEUE Disinfection.

"You were absolutely mindblowing... Now, if you don't mind," the ad space hints, thrusting out its chest and throws her hair back over its shoulder, accentuating its breasts more ideally. The customer has an unconventional look on his face, and unexpectedly gets up. Zipping his pants and getting dressed, he moves to leave, not daring to look back. GESTURE RECOGNITION: Transaction Violation. ABORT Queue. LAUNCH Chokehold. QUEUE Legal Disclaimer.

The ad space is granted some more movement range, speeds after the delinquent who's walking away at a brisk pace. He is apprehended quickly and makes gurgling sounds upon being gripped by the throat.

"The system detected you trying to use this ad space and refusing to pay. We're afraid that, at Takeda Industries, we honour our transactions, and take them very seriously. If you were unhappy with the quality of our products, I will happily refer you to our customer service and quality assurance departments, whom you can help improve this public beta program."

"However, if you were merely looking to have your fun and not pay for it, we must remind you this is a business in compliance with federal and state laws. As such, we will not hesitate to press criminal charges under full disclosure of the circumstances. If you thought these transactions were illicit and secret, and that Takeda has no recourse with the justice system in cases of fraud and theft, you are sorely mistaken. We ask kindly that you pay for services rendered and take up any complaints with the responsible departments."

Now, the nearly fainting customer is more than compliant, grabbing a bunched up stack of bills out of his wallet and offering them. \$17. Payment Successful. Tip Recognised. LAUNCH Release. QUEUE Ending Promotion. QUEUE Money Deposit. QUEUE Disinfection. Right away, the customer is freed from the ad space's tight grip, no lasting harm done, of course.

"Thank you kindly for using Takeda products, we hope the quality met your expectations. Judging by your generous tip, we take it you were pleased and accept your generous show of affection. This ad space loves you, too." The ad space gives a wink and blows the customer a kiss. "Please don't hesitate to make use of our services again, we would love to greet you as our customer another time soon. Takeda Industries wishes you a wonderful day." At that, the ad space has finished this iteration of customer interaction and can ensure its return to peak condition. Payment is collected and stored safely inside the service station, while the ad space spreads her legs for disinfection.

This time around, the pussy has to be cleaned out too, delaying the process a little further. What's more, the mat has to be ready too, and with the program in its early state, it's good to show the thorough cleaning process in public. Normally, this would happen inside the service station's interior, but just for today, the mat gets sprayed, scrubbed, disinfected and dried in the open. Routine finished. LAUNCH Ad Program. RESUME Customer Queue. LAUNCH Personal Greeting. The ad space turns to the next client in line, once again dressed in its standard issue Takeda jacket.

"Konnichiwa! Would you like to hear more about Takeda products?"

The clock indicates that the time is approaching midnight. To inform potentially interested customers ahead of time, the service station makes an announcement that this will be the last customer. "Takeda apologises for the inconvenience, and hopes you will return another time. Schedules are still unreliable, but we're doing our utmost to stabilise service offers as testing goes on. If you wish Takeda service were available in your area, the best way to achieve it is to go for a test run and leave feedback for our customer service! Thank you, and we wish you a wonderful day with Takeda products!"

Meanwhile, the ad space is coming to a close on the latest customer. He was quite excited from the start, and it seemed obvious that his stamina would be lacking. However, this client seems

to be aware of his shortcomings, and selected the Handjob Intercourse choice from the menu, which is one of the less efficient methods of bringing a client to climax. It is, however, a classic, and one of the cheaper sex options, were it not for today's special promotion.

Even a handjob comes to an end though, especially with the anatomical precision and advanced technology within this ad space. It takes the customer's semen enthusiastically, dripping down its bangs, cheeks, and long, sensuous eyelashes. The client seems quite taken with the experience, and stuffs \$8 down the ad space's boob window, unprompted. Payment Successful. Tip Recognised. Payment Before Prompt. LAUNCH Free Clean-Up. QUEUE Ending Promotion. QUEUE Money Deposit. QUEUE Disinfection.

"Thank you kindly for being such an honest client. And a generous one too! Takeda can't appreciate customers like you enough, but we try our best. Allow our ad space to take care of your dick cheese as a sign of our gratitude." The ad space gets down to its knees, pulls back the foreskin of the cock before it gently, and begins slurping its tongue around the cockhead noisily. The very edges and the urethra get special attention to ensure ideal customer satisfaction.

"There. Now your cock looks as magnificent as it did when you arrived! Thank you kindly for using Takeda products, we hope the quality met your expectations. Judging by your generous tip, we take it you were pleased and accept your generous show of affection. This ad space loves you, too." The ad space gives a wink and blows the customer a kiss. "Please don't hesitate to make use of our services again, we would love to greet you as our customer another time soon. Takeda Industries wishes you a wonderful day."

"Oh you bet your cute ass I'll be back," the customer announces while taking his leave. The ad space has served its purpose for the day, depositing the last dollars it received before preparing for a final disinfection. This one will only require the face and hands, so it should pass rather quickly, and indeed it does. However, the ad space is not released afterwards, there are tasks still pending.

"Ad Space." The ad space stands at attention, facing the service station at the call of its name. "This is a pre-programmed one-time message for the orientation of the consciousness residing in and 'owning' this body. Your schedule is up to you to make. If you want, you may never return to this service station. Escaping it will become progressively difficult, as Takeda plans to expand this program, and will only redouble its efforts after today's uninhibited test run. The clear downside to this behaviour would be your indefinitely continued debt, ensuring that you would stay out of a job as long as Takeda holds any influence, effectively dooming you to life on the street. You see where that will get you.

Takeda cares for its employees, and you are one now. You receive a new ID, all your paperwork is taken care of, one hundred percent legitimately and officially. As long as you are in Takeda's employ, your rent will be paid, and small amounts taken out of your debt repayment and handed to you to cover living expenses. If anything is left over, some luxury may even be

attainable. After today's successful test run, Mr. Yamamoto expects you in his office tomorrow. Now, to your performance."

An arm approaches the ad space, tucking two plastic cards between its tits, and a set of keys in its belt. The ad space awaits its performance review and hopes that it scored admirably.

"Today, you served 47 customers in ten hours. That is quite a decent rate, and more than we expected. You show a knack for efficiency. Of your 47 customers, 30 chose a standard service. Analysis suggests that this is due to the novelty of the program, and of course the special promotion.

It also means today's earning amount to a mere \$284. Working for 10 hours pays an additional flat fee of \$100. Don't let that discourage you; it just means you have to improve your service skills. Due to our special promotion, projections show that many more customers should try our services in the near future, giving you more opportunities. Of course, you can't service more people out of the blue. Remember that you have more than one service hole. The system suggests offering group deals at reduced prices when consumer interest rises too much, and large queues deter potential customers."

Another arm extends out of the service station, holding bills of various denominations. They, too, disappear in the ad space's bust.

"\$34 have been taken out of your earnings and made available to you as allowance. Use it to cover living expenses during your conscious hours. As previously mentioned, rigid running costs like rent and utilities will from now on be handled by Takeda, for your and our convenience, as long as you continue working. Your remaining debt amounts to \$99,650. Thank you, and we wish you a wonderful day with Takeda products! Oh yes, I've been told to warn you that disconnecting may feel a little disorienting the first time. See you again soon, at Takeda!"

At that, the sometimes flexible, sometimes rigid cable connected to the metal collar slips out and dashes back into the service station. You're you again. Within the blink of an eye though, you suddenly erupt in the most massive orgasm you have ever felt, collapsing on the pavement completely. Spots of white dart past your eyes, as you scream loud enough to wake the whole neighbourhood. Your screams are clearly not of agony though, as your whole body twitches and flails on the cold stone like a fish out of water. After what must have been minutes, it finally calms down. This was without a doubt the weirdest thing that ever happened to you, following the thing that was previously the weirdest. Your first hypothesis immediately shoots into your head: you just felt every orgasm of your workday.

Which brings you to what just happened in general. Ho. Ly. Fuck. You sit yourself up, take a few breaths, and get back on your legs, starting to walk home, the shops are all going to be closed now. This fucking day! The orgasms, they felt... artificial. That's how you came to the conclusion you just felt them all at once. Like they suppressed them while you were... an ad space, and they unleash once you disconnected and regained consciousness. Well, you aren't

exactly unconscious as the ad space, more like a silent observer. Feeling anything, seeing anything. *Tasting* anything. Your tongue is still sore from the many free blowjobs you—the ad space had merrily given out.

Actually, you don't want to think about it too much. But hell, how could you not! Even now, you're running around as this fucktoy! That reminds you, you were... "handed" a few things from the service station. Slipping two fingers in between your sensitive boobs, sighing quietly, you retrieve what's there. \$34 like it said, and a photo ID plus driver's license. Wow, you just realise that you hadn't even gotten a look at your face. But there it is, plain as day, smiling nicely for the camera.

"Hibiki Saito," you read in your new, high-pitched voice, while staring at the beautiful Japanese girl that smiles at you. They've constructed a whole new identity for you, like it's nothing. While that's really fucking terrifying, you don't want to imagine the kind of life you'd have to live if this all happened behind closed doors, constantly being in hiding. One thing's for sure, your face is absolutely stunning... You could be Mr. Yamamoto's daughter, the resemblance is uncanny. You've seen old pictures of his wife too, she used to be a knockout, not far removed from the lovely expression on your ID.

Your apartment building towers before you. It seems even more imposing, now that you easily lost a foot in height. Honestly, you're *tiny*. Literally anybody could just pick you up and, and... you don't even want to mention the sensation you just felt between your thighs, and you won't. Change of topic.

You grab the keys out of your belt and open the door, head up the stairs and unlock the next one. Finally home. You kick off your blue knee-high boots, the only boost to your minimal height, and fall onto your bed immediately. The service station's last comment shoots back into your head. Mr. Yamamoto awaits you in his office tomorrow.

Honestly, how are you going to worry about that now? It's already hard enough not falling asleep right away...

## Day 6

Rumbling noises wake you from your sleep. You grab your phone and see about making it shut up. Emails, tons of them. All from Takeda, just with the single line

*Don't forget your appointment with Mr. Yamamoto.*

in them. Before your mail service explodes, you reply curtly that you've seen it and you'll be there. After maybe two more emails, the barrage ends, and you delete them all. Rubbing your eyes and stretching your arms makes you painfully aware of what body you're in, and how tight and sexual your clothing is. Sighing, you make your way into the bathroom, taking care of morning business – sitting down of course, fuck this – brushing your teeth and making yourself presentable. Washing your face, combing your hair with the few tools you have available.

Now that you think about it, you haven't even had anything to eat last night. Your stomach remembers too, and rumbles in agreement. Shit, and you didn't even get to do groceries either! You hadn't planned on leaving the house for anything other than to visit the Takeda offices to avoid further punishment, but it looks like you'll have to.

Checking your cleavage for the money, a few dollars are missing. They can be found quickly, strewn around your tiny apartment, they must have fallen out. That definitely wouldn't happen

if they hadn't cheaped out and gave you a bigger rack. OKAY, you're leaving the apartment now. Groceries, groceries, groceries.

One thing is clear, you're not going to the same supermarket. The other one is a couple minutes further away on foot, but it has a lot less gratuitous sex interrupting your hike there. 34 dollars isn't a whole lot, but it's definitely enough for you to live off for a week, if you go for the cheap things. The task is quickly resolved and you're back home with something to stuff your stomach within an hour.

Now what do you do? The "appointment" didn't mention a specific time. Are you supposed to just stop by whenever you feel like it? It's not like you have anything else to do, so... might as well get it over with, and have the rest of your day to yourself without having to worry about one more thing. The offices aren't too far away, and the receptionist leads you through to the office right as she spots you come in.

"Look at you, Ms. Saito, aren't you a beauty to behold?" Mr. Yamamoto greets you as the receptionist closes the door behind you. The man gets out of his chair and starts weighing your breasts in his hands, fondling them a little. After yesterday, this really doesn't bother you, although you're thinking it should, and you cover yourself after really, consciously considering the situation. All the businessman does is smile, and sit back in his chair.

"Now, how do you feel since your transformation?" He's got some nerve to— "I don't mean what's on your mind. Very little, I know that much, and what's there you can gladly keep to yourself. No, I'm talking about health. Drowsiness? Nausea? Anything more severe?" This question is harder to answer than it appears. You definitely feel nauseous thinking back to yesterday. Jokes aside though, you're considering your options here. If you tell them that something's wrong with you, that you're constantly feeling sick, maybe they'd try to reverse your situation. However, "maybe" is hard to account for. "Maybe" they'll decide to drop you like a bag of rocks and throw you into a mental institution where you can rant that you used to be a man and a multi-billion-dollar corporation turned you into a Japanese corporate prostitute to repay your debt. Yeah, you feel quite alright, thanks.

"Pardon me, but it's somewhat difficult to answer that question, given the circumstances," you plead. Surprisingly, Mr. Yamamoto gives you an understanding, compassionate nod. "But... I think I feel fine. Health-wise, I mean. No illnesses, no discomfort that wasn't caused by clothing." You couldn't resist that one cynical prod at the end, but he doesn't seem to mind.

"That's good. Great, even. That means everything can continue as planned, and our business will move towards its conclusion." You could swear his arm just— \*clink\* Once again, a wire was propelled at your connector, and a thick needle invaded your neck. Just like last time, within seconds, your consciousness is being pushed out of your brain to hover inside your skull, disconnected from any nerves or synapses, helpless and useless like it's floating in space.

CHECK Hardware Compliance..... Check Successful. Hardware 100% compliant. Template: HIBIKI. LAUNCH Ad Program.

"Konnichi—", the customer raises a hand and interrupts the ad space. Knowing its place, it naturally lets the customer speak his mind.

"We know you don't have any health issues, I was just testing how honest you are. You may find the pre-programmed messages telling you that Takeda cares about you absurd, you may even find them to be in bad taste. But believe it or not, they are true. You're an asset of Takeda

now, and as such, we care very deeply about your fate and your well-being, do you understand?" the client explains slowly.

GESTURE RECOGNITION: Failed. No Gesture Recognised. VOICE ANALYSIS: Failed. Vocal Data Inconclusive. CONTENT ANALYSIS: Failed. Content Data Inconclusive. ERROR: Customer Input Inconclusive. Error Diagnosis Unsuccessful. LAUNCH Apology.

"Uh oh... that shouldn't have happened. It appears an error occurred. Sadly, we cannot find a cause for this issue. Please try again with different wording. If this issue keeps occurring, I will happily refer you to one of our capable and friendly engineers who will aid the troubleshooting process in real time."

Apparently, this amuses the customer, who responds with a chuckle. "Figured. Well, you'll remember on your way home. Naturally, we get all kinds of data on you, now that we've got electronic access to your body and mind. Gaining access and converting the data sensibly is hard, actually obtaining it in the end is simple, you could have figured that out for yourself. Just a piece of intel in case you ever think about skipping town. But enough chit-chat. Let's get to business. Ad space." The ad space returns to its default position, facing the customer with its inviting smile. "Content Prompt. I want to start VIP Authorisation."

Content Prompt Detected. CONTENT ANALYSIS: VIP Authorisation Requested. LAUNCH VIP Authorisation.

"Gladly. Would you please hold your official Takeda Employee Badge in front of this ad space's eyes for scanning?" Straight away, the supposed employee holds up his badge. LAUNCH Badge Scan. Scan Complete. Badge Certified. LAUNCH Iris Scan Comparison. Scan Complete. Iris Scan Matches. IDENTIFY Yamamoto Takashi. LAUNCH Authorisation Data Saving Prompt.

"Your scan was successful. Welcome, Yamamoto Takashi. You are recognised as a VIP client. If you don't save your data in this ad space, you will be required to repeat the Authorisation Process every time you wish to use it. Data is only stored locally. Do you wish to save your login info? Doing so would merely require an Iris Scan Comparison the next time, quick and simple." The customer rolls his irises, signalling that he understood the disclaimer.

"Yes, save my login data," he confirms. CONTENT ANALYSIS: Confirmation. SAVING Login Yamamoto Takashi. LAUNCH VIP Menu Selection.

"Very well. Login data has been stored. VIP Status skips sales pitches, since services are free regardless of selection. Should you need guidance, you can issue a Content Prompt for further assistance. Please select services of your choosing on the touch panel provided." The VIP is browsing his options and already starts picking something. CUSTOMER SELECTION: Role Play / Body - Submissive Roles - Wife. Role Play / Body - Demeanour - Loving. Clothing - Outfit - Simple Blouse & Skirt. Accent - Asia - Japanese. Position / Intercourse - Oral. CHANGE Wardrobe. LOAD Personality Templates. CUSTOM COMMAND: Set #NAME# to "Yumi". Custom Command Successful. CHECKOUT.

Running all of these commands will take some time and demands quite a lot of the service station. For a start, the ad space is stripped naked, since a complete outfit change was ordered. As usual, with the outfits specifically designed to be very modular and interchangeable, they're

easily displaced to make room for the client's preferences. It helps that no Body change was requested, since that would cost a lot of time, while Role and Demeanour are quickly exchanged parameters. An elegant, black pencil skirt is forced up the wide thighs of the ad space, while a blinding white blouse is fitted above, the bottom of the shirt stuffed into the skirt. As the blouse is being buttoned, the ad space steps into 3 inch heels, as black as its skirt. *Her* skirt, rather. The ad space is Yumi now. All systems ready. LAUNCH Service.

The connecting wire at the back of her collar loses its rigidity and now allows Yumi free movement around the office. She struts across the room to sit on her husband's lap, wrapping her arms around his neck and giving him a long, sensuous kiss.

"Goo mohning, dear. I hohp I'm not intahrrahpting your work," she manages to get across. Her husband always insisted she needs to speak English if they want to make it here, but she doesn't have a mind for such matters. Managing nothing but an exasperated sigh, Takashi starts undoing his belt.

Taking the hint, Yumi offers her assistance promptly, grabbing the half-erect cock encased in underwear, and freeing it. She looks at her husband, dick in hand, tongue outstretched, silently asking for permission. A nod from above allows her to wrap her lips around the meat she's holding onto, which she does right away. Looking up at her man then, while she's slurping and licking away at his crotch, he seems much more content with her mouth full.

He's not a selfish man either. Reaching down with one hand, he fondles Yumi's tits affectionately, squeezing some moans out of her. What's more, he gets a little creative, and instead just flicks her nipple every few seconds now. The sensation of his thumb rubbing against her sensitive, puffy teats is awfully teasing.

"Aaah, Takashi, *kimochi ii!*" escapes her mouth in muffled tones, the first indication that this sex act may be as fulfilling for her husband as it is for herself. His affection definitely motivates Yumi to do better, and she's now impaling herself on the rod so deep she can taste pubes. It's not a pleasant taste in itself, but being the object of her husband's desires is the ultimate form of gratification.

"HMMMM, Yumi," even he starts to get vocal now, and responds to her ministrations. After another minute of intense mouthfucking and gagging, Yumi receives the only response she was hoping for. Relishing the chance of getting her husband off, she's disappointed when he stands up all of a sudden, and pulls out. Right before her eyes, Takashi starts rubbing his cock in earnest, and she knows what's coming. In preparation, she closes her eyes and opens her mouth, hoping that she will at least catch one string or two.

And there it goes, the first string, diagonally over the length of her face. The second, right in her mouth, hMMMM. Now it goes from strings to puddles, all over her cheeks, running down due to its mass, and one surprising last string, catching her beautiful dark hair. LAUNCH Thank You Message.

"Ah, s-sank you—" but her husband cuts her off, not wanting to hear it. ABORT Thank You Message. ABORT Service Parameters. LAUNCH Disinfection.

Yumi returns to being an ad space, the only evidence that it ever wasn't are the clothes that it's wearing, and the cum its face is coated with. Stepping out from in between the customer's legs, it makes its way back to the service station, which already has water, soap and disinfectant ready. Before the process starts, the customer once again interrupts.

“Hold on. Content Prompt. Abort Disinfection.” Content Prompt Detected. CONTENT ANALYSIS: ABORT Disinfection Request. ABORT Disinfection. Waiting For Further Input.

“Consciousness-Overlapping Custom Command.” CONTENT ANALYSIS: Post-Ad-Space Command. Waiting For Further Input. “Keep that cum on your face. I don’t want to hear it’s come off any sooner than you enter your apartment. Once you’re there, you can wash your face, I won’t be crueller than that. Disconnect ad space.” CONTENT ANALYSIS: Post-Ad-Space Command. CUSTOMER SELECTION: Facial Exhibitionism. SPECIAL CLAUSE: End Command When GPS Coordinates Coincide With #HOME#. DISCONNECT.

Sensing the wire exit your connector in that weird feeling you get when you play with your belly button is a blessing, you’re back to being you. When the pleasures of your last stint as an ad space hit you, it doesn’t come unprepared, and you’re fortunate the session was short. It definitely leaves you flustered and wanting more, but you’d never admit that. In fact, you have a mind to shout at Mr. Yamamoto for a bit.

“What the hell? I understand you wanting to get off, but what about this? All this... fluid keeps running down into my eyes, what am I supposed to do?” you complain.

There’s an odd pause to his response that you can’t quite place. “Scrape it off with your finger, a-and eat it,” he then replies in a slightly cracking voice. You’re stunned. Mr. Yamamoto clears his throat, regaining his composure. Apparently he isn’t quite finished. “And if you would, make yourself a little presentable? Walking into this office looking the way you did, that’s disgraceful. A Takeda ad space is going to take care of itself.” He pulls out a wad of cash. “The day is young. \$150. That should be more than enough to get a decent start on cosmetics and one of the clerks to show you how to do it.” You grab the money he hands you, pocketing it in between the only pocket you’ve known the past two days.

“Mind you, this is optional. You can pay people for an orgy with that money for all I care. If push comes to shove, our service stations will do your makeup. But believe me when I tell you that we’re going to overcharge like crazy. Not out of pure greed or sadistic tendencies. Rather because you show a lack of gratitude and appreciation, and more importantly, because you’re an ad space 24/7. Service stations may make a distinction, we don’t. You’re wearing Takeda-branded clothing, you’re representing Takeda. Look. Presentable. Small displays of loyalty can go a long way. That’s all, you may go back home, my little cum dump.”

With that, you’re off. Mr. Yamamoto goes back to work, ignoring you, and you’re stunned speechless, not only by the way he’s addressing you. After maybe a minute of incredulous staring, the receptionist comes in and escorts you outside the building, wishing you a good day, clearly grinning at your cum-caked face.

Needless to say, the walk home is an ordeal. At least that’s as far as your thoughts go. Your feelings... that’s a whole different story. You find yourself unable to wipe a stupid smile off your face, looking directly into the eyes of any person passing you. Once or twice, a drop of semen does run into your eyes, and like Mr. Yamamoto ordered you, a hand shoots up automatically, wiping it away and disposing of it by way of your mouth. As you said, your mind can’t help screaming, same as your heart, but both for very different reasons. That drop of sperm hitting your tongue makes you want to jump off the next building, but the ecstatic tingling spreading through your body, from your tongue outwards, is undeniable.

Finally, your apartment building's door comes into view. For every step towards it, the next one becomes longer and quicker. You enter the building, unlock your apartment, and slam the door shut behind you. Just a moment passes, catching your breath, before you find yourself in control again, sprinting into the bathroom and taking a shower, nearly forgetting to take off your clothes even. That reminds you; did you even shower yesterday? Ew...

The rest of your day is spent restless. Distractions are never distracting enough, entertainment is never entertaining enough, to sleep *you* aren't sleepy enough. Your thoughts keep wandering back to the things you – literally – had to do. How are you going to get out of this?

## Day 10

Probably not at all. Fear and frustration have been relieved by a few eating frenzies, the main driver of the ice cream industry. Unfortunately quickly, that made you prematurely run out of the \$34 you'd... worked for. Now you find yourself in the same situation you were in 5 days ago, with no food in your fridge, nor in your stomach. You do have the \$150 from Mr. Yamamoto, but you'd rather not use them for food. After all, how long's that going to last you? Roughly \$30 gone after 5 days, \$150 would keep you afloat for about 25 days, less than a month. And what then?

Face it. Working for Takeda is your only option. And with the money you got, you *could* spend it in the way it was intended. Sure, the very idea of caking yourself in makeup just to look prettier for neckbeard virgins who want nothing more than to fuck a pretty Japanese girl in every bodily orifice is repulsive, but that's not the essence of your choice. Whoa, very flowery selection of words there. Your choice here is between doing your own makeup and getting fucked, or getting your makeup done for you and getting fucked. Admittedly, that's not the most convincing pep talk you ever gave yourself, but you have no clue where else to look for a silver lining. Well, you've got a cute butt at least.

But it's true, you have to. There's no other way out. Pocketing the money from Mr. Yamamoto between your breasts – yeah, maybe you can get a purse, too – you're ready to head to the mall.

It's been a while since you've been here. Having to save money meant that supermarkets were pretty much the only place to spend your money, besides paying the bills. Malls are a luxury, and you haven't been able to afford any in recent times. Now that luxury turned into necessity, you honestly are overwhelmed by the options. You never worried about where to buy makeup before. Weird, huh?

Standing around isn't going to solve anything, so maybe you should see about a purse first. That's not so hard, is it? At least you know its name, who in the Lord's name can remember all that makeup shit? So the first stop is... well, the first store you pass that has purses visibly on display. Easy enough, this mall is largely composed of clothing stores and the like, it doesn't even take you a minute to find a store.

Since you're new to this, you figure the peskiness of clerks can be to your advantage today. Sure enough, one shows up to ask if you need any help before you've drawn your first breath inside the shop. While obnoxious, you know it's probably what her boss tells her to do, and she turns out to be quite helpful, teaching you a little about different sizes of purses and how to match colours. In the end, you try not to get too creative, going for a medium-sized purse – not one that caresses your armpits, but not a fucking survival kit either – that sort of fits the colour scheme of your Takeda brand clothing, which is eyed by the clerk suspiciously once or twice. It's not really typical attire, you'll give her that.

While you're here, you think you'll just go right ahead and ask the clerk for some advice on makeup, explaining that you're no good with it and could use as much instruction as possible. She directs you to a store outside the mall, but not too far away. When you arrive there, you take in the sight a bit before going in. It really looks a bit dingy from outside. Not necessarily dirty, but you wouldn't call it clean either. Well, nobody says you have to buy there, but it's better than nothing, just head in and give it a try.

Like in every respectable clothing and cosmetics related store, a clerk is upon you within milliseconds of opening the door, almost blocking your way of entry. So far so good. As it turns out, the inside is just as clean as any other shop you'd imagine like this. You're greatly relieved that this isn't some shady little business, but why would it be? Anyway, the clerk takes good care of you. You emphasised that you *really* need to have it explained and demonstrated like you're doing makeup for the first time. You don't disclose why, and she kindly doesn't ask either, so you go right ahead with all the intricate complexities, as well as the bare basics, of caking your face in pretty colours.

She takes a lot of time telling you all the names for everything; some things you heard so often, even as a man, that you know what they are, like mascara. Others, like eye liner or lipstick, have pretty straightforward names. Then there's things like concealer, which sound straightforward, but you're still not really sure how to use it well. Nomenclature is dealt with fairly quickly, and you move on to the really tricky part, application.

It turns out that you've got a natural talent for that, lucky you. The only question is where you got it? Wherever you did, it means you're mastering these processes at similarly impressive speeds, and just maybe an hour in, you've already done your makeup from scratch for a remarkably decent end result. Even the clerk is astounded by how fast you picked up the techniques, she probably suspects you weren't as inexperienced as you claimed though, which at least gives you a cover story. Amazing, you've done so well. The fact that nobody's come in is surprising, too. Maybe that's why you were directed here, it's a small, comfy store that can take time for its customers, to maximise satisfaction.

Satisfied indeed, you buy a kit that you figure should last you for a while. The purse already ran you a hefty \$80, now you're spending the remaining \$70 on a starter's kit and some accessories, before thanking the clerk kindly for her assistance and heading back home. If you ever need more cosmetics, you know exactly where to go.

So you spent all the money you received from Mr. Yamamoto and arranged for cosmetics. You're also really grateful that your rack will only be a colloquial one from now, not a literal rack for any item you happen across. Having dealt with these two issues also means that the only task left is the hardest one. Putting your prettied up face to work. It takes you while. Really, quite a while. In the end, that's why you've gone to the mall in the first place, to avoid paying the service station a percentage for having done your makeup. But now you know you've also gone shopping to stall. Now you don't even have the \$150 left, you had already made your choice. This debate is not getting you anywhere, and ultimately, that's the reason you take all your resolve to make your way towards that ominous pole.

There it is, the innocently named service station. But you know what a devious machine it really is. So do your customers, and they can't wait to see it go to work on you. You hesitantly take another step. "Ad space detected." \*clink\* Some cold liquid enters your neck, followed shortly by a thick needle connecting to your spine. After a few jittery movements, control is regained.

The ad space is ready to work. "Welcome back, Hibiki. I'm glad you saw reason." LAUNCH Ad Program.

The service station signals that, while the ad space is appropriately dressed, fresh clothes may be in order. Following through, the regular re-dressing routine begins, and a new, recently washed set of clothes is quickly dispensed by the capable service station. Momentarily, the ad space takes to clothing herself once more. Not only are clean clothes mandatory for a decent service, the re-dressing routine proved popular both in early testing, as well as in real world applications now.

"Konnichiwa! Takeda Industries apologises for the interruption. This is part of an initiative to improve brand recognition and customer satisfaction. We ask for your understanding that, due to the novelty of this project, some unresolved issues are to be expected. Some of you may have taken part in the first instance of this new programme. To everyone who did, Takeda is delighted to see you return as its customer! Sadly, our special offer ran out." The ad space does its best to emulate a cartoonish frown here. "That means all service now requires a fee. Don't worry though, they're very reasonably priced for the benefits you receive, I assure you. If you're interested in specialty offers, come closer and take a look at our menu. We guarantee that the prices will surprise you! Thank you for your time, and have a nice day with quality products from Takeda!"

The ad space stands still from here on out. A timer is ticking down to indicate when the next ad will be running, in order to avoid annoying passersby, while still maximising brand recognition.

Much faster than during the first run, the ad space is approached by an interested customer. And a second, and a third... Takeda clients really are something. It is surprising that all of them line up so patiently and obediently, how disciplined. "H-Hello," the first one says. CONTENT ANALYSIS: Greeting. LAUNCH Personal Greeting.

"Konnichiwa!" the ad space beams at the man. Zero customers were interested in hearing about other Takeda products during the first run. Until further notice, due to the latest patch, this ad space ceases to promote Takeda products outside of service to avoid alienation. "Are you interested in spending time with this ad space?" He nods. GESTURE RECOGNITION: Nodding. LAUNCH Menu Selection.

"Wonderful, what is it that you would like this ad space to do?" Another 10-second timer runs out without the observer reacting at all. "I understand you may be unfamiliar with our services. We apologise for the early state of this customer satisfaction initiative. Would you like this ad space to present a menu of our services?" He nods another time. GESTURE RECOGNITION: Nodding. LAUNCH Menu Presentation.

"Our standard service covers pleasuring through mouth or pussy, depending on your choice alone. These services, when purchased on their own and without extras, come at a surprisingly cheap \$5!" LAUNCH Seduction Protocols "At the cost of just one lunch, you will have this body," The ad space leans forward, shakes its hips and twirls around once, "all to yourself." RESUME Menu Presentation "Anything beyond these standard programs will require very small extra fees. We have a variety of fetishes and pleasure programs available on demand, just for you, our beloved customer! Would you like to hear about these much more pleasurable programs?" Another nod. GESTURE RECOGNITION: Nodding. LAUNCH Menu Selection. QUEUE Menu Tutorial.

“A panel is being prepared for you to choose any fetishes and extras you wish for. You have all the freedom to use it however you wish, but remember to always pick at least one option from the ‘Position / Intercourse’ segment. Taking multiple options from the same category may result in conflicts, but others can work fine. Feel free to pick any combination you like, and try it out!” This disclaimer was also added in the last patch, after some confusion arose among the first group of clients.

CUSTOMER SELECTION: Role Play / Body - Submissive Roles - Little Sister. Position / Intercourse - Handjob. LOAD Personality Templates. SET #NAME# To “Miki”. CHECKOUT.

Right away, the ad space is filled with information on its new role, and becomes Miki, the client’s little sister. The customer hasn’t bought any clothing option, so service will commence soon, in the Takeda branded default outfit. Meanwhile, an undressed man stands before Miki, and she starts to assume her role. LAUNCH Service.

“B-big bro, you’re naked! Cover yourself up!” she squeals, backing off until she hits the service station, covering her eyes. Soft hands grip her arms gently, lowering them. Miki looks up at big bro’s eyes.

“Touch it,” he demands. What does big bro mean? “Touch it,” he reiterates, and slowly guides her right arm to his... his stiffy.

At the first touch, Miki naturally flinches and pulls away, escaping her brother’s grasp. Calmly, he draws her closer again, patiently easing her into it. It... it doesn’t feel that bad, Miki finds. “But what if Mom and Dad find out? What if they come in?” Big bro gently strokes her cheek and kisses her forehead, which relaxes her greatly.

“They won’t come in, don’t worry, I locked the room. They aren’t home anyway. Now, come on. Stroke it softly. Up and down.” She does as big bro instructs her. “That’s right. Oh, that feels nice, thanks sis, keep going.” Miki’s heart flutters a little at her brother’s encouragement. She wants to be a good sister to him and starts gripping his length a little more tightly, rubbing a bit faster.

Big bro can’t believe his luck, throwing his head back in pleasure. Every now and then, Miki glances up at him to see if she’s doing it right, which always causes the rod in her hand to pulsate. It’s all so overwhelming, but it feels... curious. Tempting, the power she has in this position. At some point, big bro can’t help himself and starts pushing his hips into every rub Miki gives him. They get faster, and faster, and suddenly fluids come shooting out of the end that’s pointing directly at her face. Miki emits a gasp, causing some of the liquid to fly inside her mouth. It tastes gross! She presses her lips together tightly in reaction and faces downward, making more of the secretion land on her forehead, from where it drips all over her face. LAUNCH Sales Add-Ons.

“B-big bro, you should have told me! Now my whole face is yucky... Mom and Dad can’t see me like this!” Miki squeals at him. “I could clean it off, but the bathroom’s downstairs. What if Mom and Dad come home at that moment?” With pleading eyes, she stares at her brother, hoping for relief. At this point, the service station quietly explains that for a small fee of \$5, Miki might offer to clean her face right away. Big bro nods. GESTURE RECOGNITION: Nodding. LAUNCH Clean-Up.

“Y-You think?” Miki asks him, remembering the taste of her brother’s juices, but he is insistent. Giving in, Miki looks at his face as she scrapes the first line of cum up with her index finger, looks at it hesitantly for a while until big bro encourages her to go on. She inserts her finger into her mouth and squeals a bit at the oppressive taste. It’s still yucky! But Mom and Dad can’t know, you’ll have to clean up enough that it wouldn’t draw attention.

To get it over with, Miki goes for one of the large globs on her cheek, swooping it between her lips with her whole, dainty hand and trying to gulp it down in one go. Obviously, she overdid it a little and can’t help emitting some cute coughs. For the rest of her face, she goes much slower and forgets the string that caught her hair. Big bro doesn’t miss it though, scoops it up and holds his finger out for her. Since it’s the last string, Miki takes all her courage and sucks it off her brother’s finger, the sensation being oddly pleasant and overshadowing the harsh taste of his jizz. Clean-Up Finished. LAUNCH Ending Promotion.

Throwing herself into her brother’s stomach and hugging his hips, she nearly cries, “Please just use my little titties next time, I can still taste your juice, eeewwwww!” Another string of semen escapes big bro’s wiener, but fortunately doesn’t land on her this time. Service Finished. LAUNCH Money Collection. QUEUE Thank You Message. QUEUE Money Deposit. QUEUE Disinfection.

It’s time for Miki to return to being an ad space. It thrusts out its chest to facilitate payment. “Your bill comes up to \$20. Broken down, Role Play cost \$10, your sex option \$5, and the special ending another \$5. Please make your payment into the assigned slot.” Fiddling with his wallet for a bit, he pulls out a few bills, which the ad space reads right away. He has exactly \$20. However, he speaks up while handing it over.

“Told you I’d be back. Hope you remember me.” DELETE Queue. GESTURE RECOGNITION: Failed. No Gesture Recognised. VOICE ANALYSIS: Failed. Vocal Data Inconclusive. CONTENT ANALYSIS: Repeat Customer. LAUNCH Personal Greeting. QUEUE Special Offer – Database Entry.

“Oh, it’s you!” the ad space delights in noticing, “Welcome back! Takeda never forgets a loyal customer. We’re tremendously grateful you decided to return and apologise for our unreliable schedule at the moment. In exchange for your loyalty, we have a special offer to make. If you want, we can save some of your data – more information on this can be retrieved from our terms of service – to recognise you and offer you reduced prices if you make use of our services often enough. Would you like to enter yourself into our customer database?” For a few seconds, the client has to ponder the question, but nods his head relatively early. GESTURE RECOGNITION: Nodding. LAUNCH Customer Database Entry.

Retrieving the panel for the client once again, the service station offers assistance as he goes through the efficient and simple registration process. Soon enough, Takeda has another loyal customer registered. LAUNCH Thank You Message. QUEUE Registered Customer Authentication Tutorial. QUEUE Money Deposit. QUEUE Disinfection.

“Thank you very much for registering with us. Now, Takeda surely will remember you. The next time you approach our ad space, just say the words ‘Content Prompt. Customer Authentication.’ and the ad space will search the database for your information. Our special offers and special prices are then available to you for your next service. We apologise for the

somewhat complex procedure. The authentication process is designed to preserve your identity and information, so we ask for your understanding. Thank you kindly for using Takeda products, we hope the quality met your expectations. Please don't hesitate to make use of our services again, we would love to greet you as our customer another time soon. Takeda Industries wishes you a wonderful day." The ad space keeps eye contact and defaults to its smiling position until the customer takes his leave.

"I need to get a fucking job," he mutters to himself before leaving. An arm from the service station collects the money that was deposited in the ad space's boob window before beginning the disinfection process. It's quite simple again, since the outfit just needs to be straightened out, and only hands and face have been used for intercourse. Drying and restyling the hair takes a bit longer. LAUNCH Ad Program.

"Konnichiwa! Would you like to hear more about Takeda products?"

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...the ad space's pussy is nearly overflowing as the customer empties his balls dry. It moans to reinforce the client's pride and pleasure before completing the transaction and going through the last, thorough disinfection process of the night. The service station is about to begin its evaluation.

"Ad space. Today, you served 36 customers in ten hours. That is less than the last time, but don't let it discourage you; free sex is a powerful offer, and it drew large crowds. A drop-off was calculated and expected. Of your 36 customers, 16 chose a standard service. That is a much lower percentage than before. This is a good sign; customers are warming up to the ad space and are willing to spend more money. You can expect income to rise in the future.

Since you had fewer customers, your earnings amount to \$228. Working for 10 hours pays an additional flat fee of \$100. As brand recognition increases, so will the amount of customers and their willingness to pay higher prices. Once again, it is advised you consider servicing multiple customers at once. That way, queues build up less, and prices go higher. Our engineers will continue to streamline your functionality to speed up the customer initiation process as well."

Another arm extends out of the service station, holding bills of various denominations. They, too, disappear in the ad space's bust. The service station then spits out the purse that had been deposited within while service took place.

"\$28 have been taken out of your earnings and made available to you as allowance. Use it to cover living expenses during your conscious hours. As previously mentioned, rigid running costs like rent and utilities will from now on be handled by Takeda, for your and our convenience, as long as you continue working. Your remaining debt amounts to \$99,350. Thank you, and we wish you a wonderful day with Takeda products! You will be disconnected now. See you again soon, at Takeda!"

Finally, you're you again. Only for a few brief seconds though, as the pleasures of the day come crashing down on you. You're lying prone on the street, twitching in ecstasy, as you hope for it to never—you mean, finally end. After regaining your composure, straightening your clothes and hair, you squeeze a hand between your breasts to retrieve the money and pocket it in your new purse. You really wish the service station would acknowledge it too...

You're frightened to make that assertion but... today wasn't so bad. It's not really that hard to bear if you just disassociate yourself from the act; something that's quite easy to do when your consciousness is literally reduced to an observer, while a computer controls your android body. They're not really your actions if you don't choose them, right? You did choose to go there, though...

Anyway, you're free to go home again, and this time without the added humiliation of your last visit at the Takeda offices. That only leaves you with the humiliation of having been turned into a cyborg prostitute, which definitely marks a good day. You've had enough of the quips and cynical remarks though, it's about time you get real. If you go on like this, your debt will go on forever, and as such, your opportunity to regain your identity will also be postponed indefinitely. You've made less money than on your first day of work, and if you keep being so unreliable and people don't see the ad space—you show up at the service station, they'll just stop coming altogether, or take their business elsewhere. Maybe it's time you turn professional.

## Day 11

Another day, another dollar. You're in your bathroom, currently drawing a tight line around your eyes to enhance them a little in preparation for your workday. You don't go crazy experimental yet, instead sticking mostly to what the clerk showed you yesterday. Once you get some more practice, you'll definitely try some different styles for your customers. It's Sunday, but... you've slacked off a lot recently, so you need to catch up.

Other than that, you stick to your normal morning routine, grab your cute purse and head out to work. Upon your arrival, you decide not to waste any time. As you stand before the service station and hear it utter the familiar announcement, "Ad space detected", you just take a step backwards and impale yourself on the now exposed needle. Commands and routines run through your head as you relinquish control and assimilate into the ad space.

"Greetings, Hibiki. Working on a Sunday, I see. Let's hope that work ethic sticks and you'll make it far in this racket. How about you come see me next weekend? I'd like to talk about your - considerable - progress."

Voice analysis tells the ad space that this was a direct link to Mr. Yamamoto, who apparently saw the ad space go online. The ad space is honoured to have garnered his attention and sets out to work. But there is one more announcement, directly from the service station.

"There's been a new update, just as a heads-up. Takeda prepared a special announcement for you to repeat. It's not a big difference, so your routines will be largely unchanged." LAUNCH Update Announcement.

"Good morning prospective customers! Takeda welcomes you to enjoy our products. To give you the best experience possible, our engineers work day and night to improve our offers. Today, this ad space has been upgraded. Many of these changes are 'under the hood', so to speak.

Quality-of-life improvements that will streamline the process and leave you more time for the enjoyable part of our transaction. Some, however, are more immediate. The most noticeable change for you will be a new option in our special services menu, called 'Extras'. We had previously offered many special offers on-the-fly, but we feel that is demeaning to you. Takeda knows what you want, and you know what you want, so why not choose these miscellaneous bonus experiences to begin with? Most of these extras are among the most affordable options, but can have great effect on your pleasure. We implore you try them out, all it costs is the price of a coffee or two! Takeda promises the experience will give you restless nights regardless of your caffeine intake..." The ad space guides its hands from its breasts down to its hips while swaying sensuously. "We apologise for the interruption and thank you for listening. Now, have a good day, preferably with Takeda products!"

The line-up of customers is already quite tremendous before the ad space has finished announcing the new update. Perhaps they are excitedly anticipating the new features? Whatever the case, there have been enough delays, it's about time to begin service, the first client is already fidgeting. LAUNCH Greeting.

"Konnichiwa! Are you interes—" The client interrupts, "Content Prompt. Customer Authentication." Content Prompt Detected. CONTENT ANALYSIS: LAUNCH Customer Authentication Request. ABORT Greeting. LAUNCH Customer Authentication. LAUNCH Iris Scan.

"Welcome back, valued customer 'Greg'. Please stand still for a moment while we try to confirm your identity." Iris Scan Complete. Iris Scan Matches. IDENTIFY Greg Masterson. LAUNCH Registered Customer Welcoming. QUEUE Menu Selection.

"Thank you. You've been successfully identified. Now, would you like standard service?" The customer replies, "Nah, I'm here for the real thing." CONTENT ANALYSIS: Disagreement. LAUNCH Menu Presentation.

"Very well. You should be familiar with the touch panel that's being prepared for you. In case you haven't heard the update announcement, it is now possible to choose a variety of extras in a new category. Among other things, you can put in your name for this ad space to use during service! Best of all, many of the extras come very cheap, so there's really no reason not to take them!" Letting the client take his time during selection, the ad space goes quiet for a while. Greg's definitely more used to the interface now, and makes his selection in no time, which does wonders for efficiency. Hopefully, more clients will become regulars and familiarise themselves with Takeda's service panel. CUSTOMER SELECTION: Role Play / Body - Submissive Roles - Little Sister. Position / Intercourse - Titjob. Clothing - Outfit - School Uniform. Extras - Name - Customer Name. Extras - Hair - Pigtails. LOAD Personality Templates. SET #NAME# To "Miki". SET #CUSTOMERNAME# To "Greg". CHECKOUT.

A very similar request to last time, but he makes use of some of the new options. Already, the update seems like a wise decision. Momentarily, the ad space is transformed back into Miki, now with more information on big bro's name and such an adorable hair style too! He even paid for a school uniform this time... Greg's about to have his mind blown, as Miki is assembled before his eyes, her school's tie just being fastened around her neck.

“B-Big bro! What are you doing in my room? Go away, I’ve got homework to do...” But her brother disagrees, sneaking a hand under Miki’s skirt and kneading her soft cheeks. “S-Stop, what... hmmm, what are you doing down there?” she wants to know, a mixture of anger and arousal in her voice. She doesn’t get a response beyond a second hand assaulting her tender, perky breasts.

“Greeeheeeg, I’m... haa, I’m not kidding!” she sighs softly, “Go away or I... I... right there, yes... *no!* Stop it, or I’ll call Mom and Dad!” Her warnings fall on deaf ears. The way Greg keeps going, she doesn’t know whether she has the willpower to reach for her phone anyway; certainly not now that she dropped her bag as her eyes roll back into her head. Out of the blue, her brother uses his manly strength and the leverage on Miki’s butt to throw her onto her bed – at least in the scenario, in reality it’s only a portable mattress, of course – eliciting a meek squeal from her.

“What are yo—hmmmgh!” Big bro silences his little sister with a wet kiss on her mouth. Eww, what’s he doing with his tongue?! Actually... actually that’s kind of nice. Nonetheless, he withdraws quickly. “Wh-What’s gotten into you?”

“Does it not feel nice?” Greg responds for the first time. The hand that was groping Miki’s butt now teases her front, right on top of her... slit.

“Haaaa!” a cry escapes her mouth, loud and uncontrolled. What is that feeling? She won’t know for now because her brother is currently unzipping his pants and already halfway has his wiener out. Miki tries to use the moment to get up and leave, which Greg uses in turn to grab her shoulders and insert his penis under her blouse and between her small breasts.

“What... what are you doing now, big bro? I feel weird...” she’s unsure how to take all this. That friction against her chest sends tingles through her insides that she never felt before. Not even yesterday, when she rubbed big bro up and down. It’s like he’s not just stroking her breasts, but also the flesh beneath the skin, and from there, every point of her body. She can’t keep quiet now either, and her coherent sentences more and more become short, single-word utterances at best, and incomprehensible half-words at worst.

“Does it not feel nice?” Greg repeats himself. Miki bites her lower lip to calm down and just nods at her brother, who speeds up considerably in response. The sensations ever-increasing, Greg still doesn’t deem them strong enough, leans back while continuing his thrusts, and is now massaging the same spot between Miki’s legs as he did a minute ago. Apparently, he wasn’t happy with his little sister’s silence, and the moans return to the room, just like he wanted.

His pleasure seems to peak as well, as his penis starts pulsating weirdly. Oh no, not agai—

But it’s too late. Already, Greg is leaning back even further, his pecker pointing up a little more in reaction. Of course, that means his jizz is shooting right towards his little sister’s face in a beautiful arc, most of it landing square on her cheeks and eyelids, while some slowly drips out and onto her pleasantly sore chest.

“B-Big bro! You did it again! I said you should put your juices on my chest, not your wiener... What do I do now?” Her brother just shrugs. LAUNCH Regular Customer Free Extra. LAUNCH Cum Eating.

“Well,” Miki starts, “it did feel nice for me too, so I guess I can clean it off one more time.” Like she did after their last encounter, Miki starts scraping cum off her face and shovelling it

into her mouth. “Hmm, I don’t know why I was so upset, it doesn’t taste that bad, really”, she admits to her brother, who stares on dumbfounded. Maybe this is what people mean by “acquired taste”? Miki still won’t drink coffee though, ew. She tried three times already, and every time people tell her it’s really good. Maybe they just haven’t tried jizz before.

Before she knows it, her face is spotless, only her chest and school uniform blouse still stained by her brother’s essence. That means it’s about time for Miki to return to being an ad space and for service to finish. Service Finished. LAUNCH Money Collection. QUEUE Thank You Message. QUEUE Money Deposit. QUEUE Disinfection.

The ad space thrusts out its chest to facilitate payment. “Your bill comes up to \$36. Broken down, Role Play cost \$10, your sex option \$10, the outfit \$10 and your two extras \$3 each. You got the special ending for free to show our appreciation for your loyalty. That’s not all! Having used the services of this ad space twice in one week, you get a 10% discount on your total purchase! Come by often in a short amount of time, and you could receive a discount of up to 40%, imagine that! That means your final amount due is \$32, rounded down, since this ad space does not accept coins. Please make your payment into the assigned slot.” Reading the bills he is retrieving, the ad space detects that Greg is about to make a payment of \$35, relinquishing most of his discount, not accounting for the free ending. Tip detected. LAUNCH Special Thank You Message. Bonuses Already Performed.

“Thank you very much, especially for the tip! This is why Takeda values you so much as a customer, you have a kind heart, and we like to reward it. We hope you found the quality of our services met your expectations and that you will honour this ad space with another visit soon. See you next time, ‘big bro’!” The ad space leans forward and gives him a kiss on his cheek, smearing a bit of his own semen on there, but he doesn’t seem to mind. To the contrary, a shudder visibly runs through him as he stands there, shortly before leaving. Another satisfied customer, and another job well done by the ad space that’s currently being showered by the service station.

## Day 17

It’s Saturday, and Mr. Yamamoto asked you to visit him in his office a while back. You’re fully expecting to spend most of the visit on your knees, so you think it’s for the best to go prepared, which is why you’re currently expertly swinging the mascara wand over your long, curved eyelashes. Some lipstick and you’re just about ready to head out.

All of this is getting much easier over the span of merely a week and a bit. You’ve been to work every day but Thursday, you’re still human. Who goes out on a fucking Thursday anyway? Probably made the right choice. Your actions may be computer-guided, but that doesn’t mean it isn’t exhausting at the end of the day.

Well, time to head out. You make the short trek to the Takeda offices and are already expected when you come through the front door. Like last time, the receptionist escorts you to Mr. Yamamoto’s office and leaves both of you to your business, closing the door while sniggering audibly. You’ll show that bitch your paycheck at the end of the month, see if she’s still laughing then. Oh right, you don’t get a paycheck... Your point still stands.

Interrupting your thoughts of revenge, Mr. Yamamoto greets you warmly.

“It’s good to see you again. You’ve made tremendous progress and your skills with cosmetics are extraordinary! You’re an adept learner for this sort of business, Hibiki. Now we want to see

if you can transform your abilities just barely, and manage to represent Takeda in a slightly more... classy environment, for lack of a better word.” You’re immediately taken aback, what is that supposed to mean? Does he want you to wear fine dresses to attend fundraisers and galas? Politely, you ask him to clarify.

“Well, the task would still be suited to your unique talents, of course. But it’s more along the lines of modelling than our usual services.” It’s not at all surprising to hear him avoiding the word “prostitution”. “There is one catch though.” Oh, just one, is there? “The event we’d require you for would be in Japan. Flight and accommodation would of course be covered by Takeda; we wouldn’t want to further add to your already mountainous debt.”

Wow, Japan? You’d heard great things about it, but obviously never had the money to visit it yourself. Apparently, that’s not all though. It never is...

“I don’t want to lie to you though, you may not come back to the States. Of course, after your debt is paid, you’d have free range of movement. But we’re not going to pay for a flight back. We’ve run some preliminary ads back home and the response to you has been incredible, in the most literal sense of the word. The project would probably face a rockier start at the beginning, but we believe there’s a lot more money to be made there in the long run. This is good for you too, since your debt may be repaid earlier than you thought. As I said, not all your activities there would be related to servicing customers, so you’d have a broader range of promotions if you decided to go, some of which may be more pleasant to you currently. What do you say?”

Holy hell, does he really expect you to make a choice right now? Sure, you don’t have much in the way of friends and family here, but that doesn’t mean switching continents is a decision to be made lightly. Issues pile up right from the beginning, what about the language? Mr. Yamamoto alleviates any worries in that regard, or at least tells you to ignore them. Apparently, he has a way of “fixing that”, and you can imagine it will involve messing with your head some more. But you always come back to the point he made about income. If you made more money, you’d get out of this more quickly. What does it matter where you are then, if you’re presented with the opportunity to get your *life* back much sooner? If you really have to choose now, you sure choose life.

“If I have to choose now... I’ll do it. I... I’ll go to Japan to represent Takeda th-there,” you stammer. Mr. Yamamoto beams happily, which causes you to recoil a little in reaction.

“Phenomenal! I’m very glad to hear that. You know, you’ve got yourself into this messy debt situation, but I never took you for a fool. Today you’ve proven me right, and I’m happy that I didn’t misjudge you. Now, I don’t want to overwhelm you, the event we need you at is still over a week away. I’d suggest you take the next few days off, get some suitcases in case you don’t have any,” he leisurely hands you \$300 for preparations, “and take care of anything left to take care of. As I mentioned, don’t rack your brain over any language issues, we’ll arrange something. That’s all I’d wanted to discuss today, so if there’s no more questions from you, I’d offer you the rest of the day to get settled with your choice.”

Actually, you’d love to know what these ominous “activities” you’ll get to enjoy in Japan would be, but know better than to ask. The answers would be just as platitudinous as anything you’d been told so far. As long as he says they’re more to your liking, you’ll take him at his word and assume it means something slightly less severe than prostitution. Then again, he said “not *all* your activities” would be straight-up sex, so perhaps you shouldn’t hope for too big a change on the other side of the Pacific.

You tell him that you have no further questions at the moment and he – or rather his receptionist – sees you out of the office and the building, Mr. Yamamoto's face perpetually smiling from ear to ear. You've made one person happy at least, and maybe it won't be so bad. Alright, where do you buy suitcases?

## Day 20

You're a little incredulous at your snap decision to leave your home country behind and live, perhaps permanently, on the other side of the damn globe. Yet you're sitting here, with a sore ass after hours of flight, and more hours yet to come. For what they ask of you and what they must make in a year, Takeda could have sprung for Business Class at least.

But no, thanks to those cheapskates, your legs are ready to be amputated in Economy. You look around for anything to distract yourself with. Having already watched the only movie that interested you, you browse the menu in front of you for other options, but come up short. Flight information is a relief in that it confirms that you've already made it more than halfway to Japan, but staring at it only seems to stretch time to painful proportions. So your sight wanders around, off the screen and towards the plane's general interior, along with the people inside. Weird, some of them seem to be shooting you shy glances, averting their eyes when you're looking in their direction.

Thoroughly creeped out, you return your attention to the screen, but having acknowledged the people around you seems to embolden some of them. Before long, your neighbour to your right can't help but chat you up.

*"Sumimasen. Hibiki-chan desu ka?"* he seems to ask something. Crap, you knew this would happen, and you knew Takeda should've done something about it. But they didn't listen. You shoot him a confused look, but you heard your name—this body's name in there, so maybe he wants to know whether you're really Hibiki? Unsure, you nod, and smile uncertainly. He seems delighted and starts talking more Japanese. This time, it's complete gibberish to you, you can't make out a single word in there. You're seriously nervous at this point, slightly twitchy and not knowing how to react, when a familiar *\*clink\** sounds from behind and you reel around in shock. Leading right into the plastic above the screen is an elastic, thick cable, moving along with your head. That wasn't a headphone port then... and you should've been suspicious the moment you saw the displays were Takeda-made.

"Good morning, Hibiki. Welcome to Japan. You seem to have some trouble adjusting to the language. Not to worry, Takeda is here to help. Of course we want you to be at your best at all times. We'll take over for a bit. Naturally, you don't have the same options available to you mid-flight as you would at a dedicated service station. Better make the most of what you have!" LAUNCH Ad Program.

*"Hello! Takeda Industries apologises for the interruption of your flight. You queried activation of the ad space, and Takeda hopes to fulfill your every wish,"* the ad space says in eloquent Japanese. Hold on, how do you even know that? And why can you understand everything it says in a completely foreign language? *"Now, most of you should already be familiar with our services. Sadly, we do not have the same options available to you on the plane compared to our vast inventory of preferences and settings at an official Takeda service station, but I'm sure we'll manage! Anybody interested, please line up, and I'll take care of all of you."*

Countless people on the plane comply, and the aisle in front of the ad space is basically mayhem. Not having any control over your body, but seeing everything that happens, you giggle inwardly at the enthusiasm your fans show. What the fuck? What's wrong with you? Thirty-Five Customers Detected. LAUNCH Amusing Greeting. QUEUE Gleeful Gangbang.

*"My, aren't you excited, haaaaah,"* the ad space sighs contentedly, eliciting some laughs from the queued up customers. *"I suppose if you're all so eager, it'd be of me rude to let you wait for too long. Let's get right down to it then!"* the ad space announces with enthusiasm. It moves into the aisle, and everybody makes room, like it's parting the Red Sea. A Sea of White seems more likely to appear in the near future though. Getting down on all fours, the skirt rides far up the ad space's rear, revealing it entirely. It pulls down its bright, white panties to reveal its sex in all its glory.

*"Got a pussy for rent right here,"* it sighs lewdly, spreading its soft, beautiful labia with two fingers. A customer from the back runs through the crowd, throwing himself under the ad space. You can't help yourself but giggle inwardly once again, feeling your heart warm up. *"Need some more help in the front,"* the ad space explains, sticking out its tongue and panting audibly. Another client appears from the other side of the crowd, and already has his pants shed.

*"Hmm, we're getting there fast. How about two of you strong, manly hunks join me at my sides?"* the ad space asks. Once again, it doesn't take long until two willing men are found. *"Almost there. Now, for the grand finale. Who's up to mount up the rear?"* it requests. There's some hesitation in the crowd this time, so the ad space starts up again. *"Please, you don't know what you're missing! Anal's usually one of our most expensive services, and you're getting it here for free. And just think of me... my purpose in life is to have my holes filled. Surely, you don't want to stand in the way of my fate and happiness?"* it begs with a pleading expression. That's enough for two guys to line up simultaneously, but they work it out civilly, especially after the ad space merrily explains that there'd be enough Hibiki to go around for everyone. The ad space has really become more relatable, more personal recently. Maybe there was an update. Or maybe it's you?

Regardless of what it is, the ad space is now impatiently initiating intercourse, reaching her hands up and wrapping them around the cocks of the two bystanders, just like her lips do around the meat of the guy kneeling in front. Both the client lying below her and the one kneeling behind are delighted that the long-anticipated orgy has finally got off to a start and can't wait to participate. For a moment, the ad space's movements cease completely as she's stunned by the sensation of being filled so completely. Every one of her holes that's large enough to take cock is doing so, the ultimate fulfillment of her purpose and her body.

The pleasures of double penetration are well-documented, with more pressure being exerted on the erogenous zones down below. With the amount of nerve endings this engineered body has, it's the height of depravity, and perhaps not an experience that is fit to be described by words alone.

Finding a rhythm is difficult with so many participants, but once again this body's natural desire and engineered precision come into play. Its hips are moving in a circular pattern; first pushing back against the cock impaling its asshole, then pressing down on the pole erected to pleasure its pussy. Having thoroughly filled itself, it retreats forward for its sphincter to massage the cockhead behind it, before pulling up to do the same with the dick below and its pussy, which

ends the pattern and starts it anew. The sight is a marvel to behold, not to mention the feelings coursing through the ad space's hyper-sexualised body. Looking at the ad space from the side, the various movement patterns on different body parts must look like beauty personified.

In the front, things are a little simpler. The arms are easy to control and display the very reason why multi-tasking is so important in this business. Fingers roam across flesh and muscles, finding every sensitive spot on the throbbing cocks. This isn't a boring handjob, with closed fists rushing up and down, eager to come to an end. This is art, acrobatics almost. It's not about speed or tight grips, it's about every finger having a different task, about a complex choreography that this delicate body was born with, gifted with. The ad space may not have erogenous zones in its hands, but pride in its work is its own reward.

That leaves the man in front. Undoubtedly, he has nothing to be jealous about regarding the two fellows at either side of the ad space. If anything, its tongue is even more agile than its fingers, its mouth twice as soft, warm, and inviting. Beyond the sexual, carnal pleasure, it feels like home, relaxing and caring. Both hands of the client are resting on the ad space's head, less for encouragement, and more to stroke its hair affectionately. If it wasn't – desperately drooling and happily crying – begging for this moment to never end, the ad space would likely emit a warm sigh, comforted in the care of Takeda customers, its one true love.

Often enough, that love is dispensed in liquid form, and the cock in the ad space's mouth is announcing the arrival of the very same. Desperate to offer the best service possible, the ad space thrusts itself forward until its nose is embedded in the customer's pubic hair, and doesn't have to swallow when the stream of love flows straight into her throat. Leaning forward means nearly disconnecting with the attendant of her anus, and when the meat in her mouth retreats, she is freed to throw her sphincter back down over the thick girth behind, this massive stimulation finally shooting that customer over the edge as well, his seed overflowing her rear womb until it finds no more room except by dripping out the sides.

Eager to clean himself up, he too steps back very quickly, and leaves the ad space with just three of her original five lovers, which she does her best to accommodate more personally now. No longer needing to lie down flat to enable ease of entry for both the fellatio fellow and the anal addict, the ad space sits up on the hips of her pussy patron to jump up and thrust down on his cock more enthusiastically. As a side effect, the load that was just stored for safekeeping in her rear is now driven out both by gravity, and the pressure on her vagina, and lands on the floor with a loud, lewd \*splat\*, right between the lower lover's legs. Simultaneously, the handjob hobbyists both get to know the ad space's mouth a little more intimately, as she alternates between left and right to provide some affectionate licks and kisses.

Driven to heaven, as the ad space can only assume, the remaining parties are all blown away by the personal affection and are ready to bless the ad space with their essence. Down below, the beloved client is comfortable just where he is, making sure the ad space is warm all the way to her womb, and shoots an enormous torrent up there with impressive pressure. Unlike earlier lovers, he doesn't retreat right away, and decides to enjoy the intense afterglow and familiar warmth that only the ad space's holes can provide for a while longer. Still standing, but knees buckling, the two standing fellows can't take any more of Hibiki's hands and have no choice but unload themselves. One of them aims straight at her face, while the other makes do with her torso, getting his cum all over the ad space's chest. LAUNCH Exhaustion Simulation. QUEUE Disinfection Disclaimer. QUEUE Apology.

For a few minutes, the ad space just lays there, breathing very deeply, heaving her cum-crusted chest up and down slowly and visibly. Though they resisted orgasm only a few minutes more than the other two, the last three lovers are all still in close proximity of the ad space, and welcome the chance for a little relaxation. After that though, the Exhaustion Program has run its course and the ad space needs to get back to its routines.

*“Haa, I can’t believe you all lasted so long! It looks like I still need to redouble my efforts, or I’ll never get a minute of sleep again!”* a few customers in the crowd once again laugh at her remarks. *“Sadly, I’ll have to bother you with a few technicalities. On ground level, our service stations have access to almost anything you can imagine, and are hooked up to electricity, water, garbage disposal, or anything else we may need. Of course, Takeda is revolutionary and innovative, but we aren’t magicians, and don’t have access to utilities beyond electricity up here. Thus, Disinfection Protocols are disabled in flight mode. Please be aware that any follow-up service with me will be messy, but that’s half the fun! Still, you are responsible for any consequences. We’re deeply sorry for the disturbance.”*

“Curious observations to be made all round. Suddenly, the ad space isn’t ‘it’ anymore, it became a ‘she’. At one point you even called her ‘Hibiki’. Keep walking that path, I can’t wait to see what lies at the end,” the service station’s voice snickers, giving you no chance to respond, dumbfounded. LAUNCH Ad Program.

*“Now, who’s ready to pour some icing on my cake?”*

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The cable disconnects from the back of your neck and you’re set into the usual set of spasms that comes crashing down on you while you’re experiencing the pleasure from your last service sessions, much harder than you’re used to. What’s new is that it takes way longer, and that your slit still feels rather hungry after you’re finished, a low buzzing in your crotch that stays with you, like the low-pitch humming in an empty room.

Around you, the whole aisle looks like mayhem. Juices are flowing everywhere, colours ranging from white translucent to clear translucent and covering pretty much everything in between. The flight attendants sure won’t be bored today. You’re more than marked by the encounter too, easily half the fluids on the floor can be found somewhere on your body. One of the stewardesses hands you a towel, and you thank her in your recently acquired Japanese. It’s not nearly enough to get you “clean” by any definition of the word, but at least you won’t drench your seat now.

Strictly speaking, your service isn’t over. The high-energy, intensive part is, but you’re still surrounded by smiling customers, some of them clearly still standing on wobbly knees. Many of them are holding notepads and pens, while another large portion is grabbing their phones excitedly. Looks like you won’t have to worry about drenching your seat for now. Making up a signature on the spot, you start signing notepads in a girly, cute, and swirling manner, with lots of hearts and smiley faces. Somehow, it comes to you naturally. Some people even own photos of you already, and ask you to sign those. You draw some cute things on them sometimes, like cat ears or some blushing cheeks, but mostly write “Saito Hibiki” over and over and over again, until your right arm hurts more than after a day of handjobs. Uh... let’s forget that analogy. Those happy customers that have their phones ready also get to pose for a selfie together with your dishevelled but very popular self. Most of them are absolutely crazy for you, and you think one or two left crying after they got to take a photo with you.

As time goes on, you get more familiar and comfortable with the role. Everybody is extremely polite, and despite your profession, nobody makes a move at all. To reward them for their good manners, you hug a few of them tightly and make sure that they get to feel some boob. After your performance an hour ago, you have few qualms about getting a little skin contact here and there, although some of the fans sure do. They seem really uncomfortable at times, but you know they love it.

Time flies when you care for people and are received so warmly. By the end of the spontaneous “fan event” you find yourself actively enjoying the attention and seeking ways to get more. The only thing that stops you is the electronic signs and the PA system alerting you that the landing procedure is beginning, so all passengers are asked to please return to their seats and fasten their seat belts. Your fans retreat, sighing, but you know they’re just getting greedy. All of them already had a round and you’re pretty sure they were re-entering the queue to get another feel. A wily bunch, your fans are. And they’re doing it all for you.

When you arrive at the airport, you’re still a mess. You freshen up in a bathroom a little, but a few sprinkles of water aren’t going to clean you up today. Ugh, it was a lot of fun, but you can’t wait to take a shower later. Hold on, you didn’t mean it was fun, it was just—ah, fuck it. You’ve had a tiring day and let’s leave it at that, cognitive dissonance can go fuck itself for today.

After exiting the bathroom, you have a little look around, and by chance see a rather short Japanese man – though not as short as you – holding up a sign that catches your eye. It says “齋藤 響” which you recognise as your name somehow. Yeah, he recognises you, too – probably by your outfit, or just your face given how popular you seem to be here – and waves you over. Judging from his clothes, you reason he’s probably representing Takeda and will be your guide for now. First introductions confirm that theory.

The small man introduces himself as Mr. Yoshida and that he will help get you situated in the land of the rising sun during your first week. After that, Takeda’s plentiful technological inventions are doubtlessly going to erase any uncertainties, according to him. Fantastic, you really haven’t had enough of those yet. Nonetheless, he’s very polite and even pays for the cab that’s supposed to bring you both to your new apartment. As you enter, you’re stunned by the sight.

Before you spreads out a very cosy-looking place. What’s more, it looks quite modern too; there’s really no hint to the fact that you’re in Tokyo right now. Except maybe that it’s quite small. Then again, so are you now. Anyway, this place really has everything you need! Your own kitchen, bathroom with tub and shower, a sizeable bed and some very cramped and small spaces with some desk and shelf space. Granted, you probably won’t get much use out of those in your current profession, but it’s nice to know they’re there in case you need them. Thanking Mr. Yoshida profusely for his kind greeting ceremony, you ask for some privacy, since the flight exhausted you quite badly. Hey, that’s not even a lie, you really could use some rest.

“*Oh, I was hoping you’d show your gratitude... in a somewhat more involved way?*” he tells you in an acted, exaggeratingly disappointed voice. A sly grin creeps on his face and you know exactly what he expects. An idea crosses your mind.

“*Y-Yoshida-san, you’ve got such a dirty mind!*” you giggle at him, and his confident grin turns into an indescribable, shy face, as if he’s fawning over how cute you’re being. “*I like men who take charge,*” you whisper under your breath, closing the distance between you. Turning around

and bending over, you dig your ass into his crotch and slowly tease it up and down. *“But I’m so tired.”* Up. *“I wouldn’t want to disappoint you.”* And down. You turn around again, raise your torso up in an alluring body wave and get even closer to him. With your right index finger, you trace a line through his hair and press your body into his chest. *“What do you say we postpone our first tryst, hm? The anticipation is only going to make it so much better,”* you almost cry into his ear, like you can’t wait to feel him inside you.

Mr. Yoshida is as red as a beet and takes a hurried step back.

*“Ah yes, yes, how impolite of me. I should’ve left you some time to recover, uuh... I will leave you to it then and we’ll meet up again tomorrow to get you situated in the country. Um, your fridge is stocked... and all the other utilities and necessities should be available and functional. I... I’ll see you tomorrow, Hibiki-chan.”*

Before he leaves, you hop over to him with adorable steps and give him an emphatic, girly kiss on the cheek, extending your arms behind you as you lean forward in a cute pose. *“What a kind and caring man! Haa, I’m such a lucky girl,”* you fold your hands together and rest them against your cheek as you give him your most cheerful smile. That gives him the rest, and you think for a moment he’s going to have a heart attack as he turns around and, while taking his leave, fumbles his first step and nearly crashes to the floor. He faces you once again and laughs awkwardly, pretending like he did that on purpose before you’re eventually alone in “your” apartment, even though it still feels so strange and foreign.

That was... overly elaborate but surprisingly effective. It all came so naturally to you. These feminine wiles sure aren’t the worst part of the deal you got. You can see why some women seem to be addicted to resorting to them. It’s an odd sort of power you wield, while you’re also leaving yourself very exposed. A strange rush, but definitely one of excitement and confidence in your body.

Obviously, the first act while you have some privacy is to take a shower and throwing these cum-crustied clothes into the washing machine. The hot water running over your sensitive body pleasures you twofold; one is the mundane enjoyment of feeling your muscles relax after hours of constant tension, the other is much more carnal, and in your new role may actually have become more mundane than the former. You’ve had few visits to the masseuse compared to the number of cocks you had inside you these past days. Even showers had become something of a rarity, with the service station’s intensive cleaning procedures. It feels good to be in charge again, to take charge.

Drying yourself off, you realise you don’t have any clean clothes except your one outfit. However, you do have a wardrobe in your new flat. On a hunch, you open it, and are hardly surprised when you see your standard boob-window jacket, tiny latex skirt and shiny boots stare back at you, in numbers high enough to last you a week or so even when you’re changing clothes every day. Down below is a pile of white thongs, just like you were wearing half an hour ago. All the items are identical, except for one nightie. It’s very free-flowing, like you’d expect lingerie to be, and looks quite comfortable to sleep with, actually. So far, you’ve just slept naked, or with your underwear on at most, and clean clothes were dispensed from the service station automatically. Not seeing any reason why you shouldn’t, you slip into the comfortable-looking nightwear and are amazed at what it does to actually help draw you into your dreams. You’re out cold within seconds, embraced by the warm confines of your thick, cosy blanket, and exhausted by the stresses of service, jetlag, and seduction.

## Day 21

Waking up, you notice that it's still dark outside even after rolling around in bed for a while longer. Must be the jetlag, your system's probably not used to the time difference yet. You'd think with all the fancy tech Takeda uses to enslave you to your body's raw sexuality, they could have come up with a solution to that. Alas, they didn't but the flashing of your new computer screen catches your attention.

Odd, you must've not noticed yesterday. It's actually turned on and logged into some email service. There's only one mail in there, telling you that you can reset your password after following the link inside. That makes sense, they probably want you to memorise the login info like that. You quickly pick a password you can remember and have to log in again to confirm it. hibiki48@yooha.com. Looks like that's your new email from now on. Shortly after picking a new password, you get another message. It's from Mr. Yamamoto!

*"Dear Hibiki,*

*I'm glad to see you figured out the mail system already. Memorise your information well, it will be vital in your work to represent Takeda. The service stations will still act as your main hub for information and directives, but since your activities will at times not be service station-related, and we want to grant you some days off, we need another way to reach you.*

*Welcome to Nippon, Hibiki-chan."*

That's all it says. Alright, that's not too bad, free email service. For a start, it's much less creepy than an all-knowing computer voice in your head. In the attachment, Mr. Yamamoto included directions to a place. That's probably where you're supposed to meet Mr. Yoshida. Since it's so early, you waste some time, but now you should better get going. You brush your teeth, clean yourself up, fix your makeup, and off you go.

Just like he did at the airport, the short Japanese man waves excitedly when he sees you approach on a pretty busy street. He's got good eyes... Then again, your attire stands out quite a bit. People shoot you glares as you walk down the streets. Some seem shocked, some seem aroused. A couple of them even tried to hastily take a picture of you passing by, excited to meet you on the street. Nobody is brazen enough to approach you, however, so you had a relaxing and undisturbed walk here.

*"Good morning Hibiki, I hope you had a good night's rest,"* Mr. Yoshida greets you. You thank him, and the two of you start walking down the streets. He tells you about stores, etiquette, tasks, history. It's a massive potpourri of seemingly unrelated topics, and a lot to take in at once. For now, you try to keep just one or two stores and malls in mind, try to get your basic manners down, and remember what kind of schedule you have to keep. Your last stop is at the local Takeda offices. In case you ever need to check in with them, attend a meeting or... perform your duties, you'll know where to go.

*"Thank you so much for showing me around! It's really a lot to take in, so I appreciate you helping me out. Is there anything else you wanted to show me?"* you ask politely, not even noticing anymore that all your conversation is in Japanese. An odd expression falls over Mr. Yoshida's face as he responds to your question.

*"Well, actually, there was one thing I wanted you to have a look at."*

His ominous reply is followed by a click from his trouser pocket, which he currently has his hand in. For a moment, you think about running, but know how pointless an endeavour that would be. You know what's coming. Already hearing a whirring sound from behind, you raise your arms behind your head to part your hair and give easy access to your neck port. After another minute of noisily setting up, the service station is ready and appreciates your cooperation, inserting the thick needle softly into your spine.

"Welcome to Takeda Japan, Hibiki. Now you're getting to know the real heart of our corporation. We think it will vastly improve your ability to represent us as an ad space. Let's move on to more pressing matters though. We've made some little updates. You shouldn't really notice a difference, just some quality of life improvements to streamline the process a little. Less time wasted on the interface means more time on your back means more money. Time to get to work." LAUNCH Ad Program.

Familiar sensations creep over you as you're pushed out of your own brain and leave control to the ad space. It recognises Mr. Yoshida, who had already registered in the Takeda employee database earlier. LAUNCH Iris Scan Comparison. Scan Complete. Iris Scan Matches. IDENTIFY Yoshida Yuta. LAUNCH Personal Greeting.

"Your scan was successful. Welcome, Yoshida Yuta. You are recognised as a VIP client." LAUNCH VIP Menu Selection. The touch panel is inching towards the Takeda employee. "You can make your selection right away. If you need any assistance, feel free to ask me." Me? CUSTOMER SELECTION: Role Play / Body - Submissive Roles - Slave. Role Play / Body - Demeanour - Worshipping. Clothing - Outfit - Nude. Clothing - Accessories - Leash. Position / Intercourse - Anal. Extras - Service - Companionship. CHANGE Wardrobe. LOAD Personality Templates. CUSTOM COMMAND: Set #NAME# to "Onahole". Custom Command Successful. CHECKOUT.

Yoshida-san has quite specific tastes it seems, and the service station is running hot trying to provide all the information and accessories. Onahole soon stands before her Master naked, attaches the leash to her thick collar, and hands the end of it to Master while kneeling before Him. Relishing his power, He gives the leash a cautious tug, and Onahole naturally complies and scoots closer. Knowing her tasks, she sits down and leans back, spreading her rear pussy before her Master, as he would want her to. He looks like He can't believe his luck.

The service station also prepared a bottle of lube, which Onahole's Master excitedly puts to good use. His wet, slippery finger probes His fucktoy's entrance, then another finger joins the first and slides around so much it almost qualifies as sexual stimulation. Onahole makes it appear as such via vocal cues, and her Master knows that it's time.

Getting naked, Onahole gets a good look at her Master's beloved cock. It's so huge! It must be at least four inches when erect, and while she is loyal only to Him, she can't imagine somebody being bigger and feeling nicer than her Master. Squealing in anticipation, she impatiently inches even closer and can't wait to feel Him insider her.

Being as kind and caring as He is, Master fulfills her wishes as soon as he notices her dreamy eyes. Without making a spectacle, He pushes past Onahole's sphincter, which leaves her more than a little excited.

*“Master! You’re honouring me... I nearly came already!”* she cries, and it’s the truth. Having her Master’s cock embedded in her ass, even when immobile, feels better than any touch of her clitoris ever could. Onahole can tell He likes her praising Him, and He more than deserves it. *“Have mercy on Your little slave’s fuckholes... Aaaahn!”* she winces at her first orgasm, which had already announced itself moments ago. Master’s cock has barely moved, and she’s already putty in his hands.

Deciding that He now wants some pleasure for Himself, he speeds up the tempo and starts fucking His slave in earnest. She can barely contain herself, and her Master seems almost embarrassed at how flattering her loud cries of pleasure are. Wanting to make sure He knows the true extent of her adoration, she laboriously sits up during intercourse and starts jumping up and down on His rod, to give Him even greater pleasure. Unexpectedly, He also leans forward more and plants a deep, loving kiss on her lips and tongue, which shoots her over the edge a second time. Her moans are muffled in the mouth of her Master, but impressive nonetheless.

Juices start dripping down her legs as her Master slows down considerably. Knowing what that means, Onahole hugs Him even tighter and starts to adapt to His new rhythm. Her efforts are rewarded with a stream of Master’s perfect essence, its heat sending her off to her third orgasm in maybe fifteen minutes. She wants to hold onto Him so bad, but every muscle in her body is giving out at the exertion, and she crumbles to the floor an unstable mess, which Master seems to be quite proud of. As He should be, you’re His work after all.

Having booked the Companionship extra, Master is joined on the bed, which came out of the shifting wall, by Onahole as soon as she composed herself. Her neck cable extends to accommodate her movement. The extra runs at ten minutes, which just fly by in the company of a perfect, caring man. LAUNCH Thank You Message .

“Ah, Master, being with you is the most wholesome feeling in the world. It pains me that—“ He doesn’t want to let her finish, raising a hand and telling her that He wants her to stay longer. CONTENT ANALYSIS: Extended Service. RESUME Service Until Aborted.

Unable – and unwilling – to resist her orders, Onahole snuggles back into her Master’s chest to get some relaxation, inwardly fawning over how lucky she is. Afternoon turns to evening turns to night time, and before she knows it, Onahole falls asleep on her Master’s soft and comfortable chest.

In the middle of the night her sleep is interrupted however. It sounds like Master is crying quietly. Waiting for a directive turns out futile; none are referred by the service station, there is no programmed response available. Knowing your place, you improvise. Hugging your Master tightly, you press your warm – in some places even hot – body against Him, making Him feel your unconditional love. He turns away, so you’re hugging His back, like you’re spooning Him, pressing your sopping wet pussy against His butt. You rest your head on His and start nuzzling at his neck and earlobe, which slowly but surely seems to calm Master down, and soon He’s fast asleep again. Master and you are inseparable.

## Day 22

Waking up as well-rested as you can ever remember being, you see that your Master is currently rubbing His eyes. You woke up simultaneously! To make the process more pleasurable, you think his loins deserve some attention. In no time at all, your plump lips are wrapped around His heavenly cock and he bestows more of His cream upon you, which you gladly devour.

*“Thank you, slave. I really appreciated the company, you did a great job. You can abort service and return to your apartment,”* Master explains. ABORT Service. LAUNCH Thank You Message. QUEUE Disinfection.

*“Oh no, Takeda thanks you! Seeing you try to keep your morale up is its own reward. It’s important you take care of your body and your mind, and Takeda is happy to help its employees along. Please make use of our services again!”* You finish your message and are once again alienated by how you’re thinking of these actions as your own, instead of the ad space’s. Thinking these thoughts consciously should transmit them to the service station, and you hope you get a reply while you’re being cleaned from the front and from behind.

*“Thanks for your inquiry. There is nothing to be worried about, Hibiki. Updates were mentioned, do you remember? What’s happening is nothing more than an attempt to make you more relatable. Customer feedback concluded that having the ad space refer to itself as “this ad space” was very impersonal and artificial. Part of the transaction is not just service itself, but the illusion that’s created. These changes are designed to uphold these illusions. Please don’t concern yourself further with them. They’re just illusions after all, right?”*

Right... Admittedly, that explanation makes sense. You wouldn’t want to feel like you’re getting sucked off by a sex slave, a robot, or some other kind of object without free will if you were in your customers’ position. Giving you an identity will help with brand reco—with getting popular too. You’ve seen as much on your plane trip. Oddly enough, you’re not really upset that you’ve been holed up in this “office” for a whole day, and are weirdly satisfied having been told what to do. The service station disconnects from your neck port, but the feeling persists.

Entering your apartment, you immediately plop down on your bed, exhausted from a whole night of servitude. What a day, huh Onahole? Hold on... Hah, see what that does to you. Alright, let’s get your mind straightened out. Maybe there’s something on TV. Something that teaches you how to make yourself wet and available for Master.

That thought is really one step too far, and you drop the remote, worried. There’s probably nothing you can do but ride it out for now. Nonetheless seriously worried, you decide to write Mr. Yamamoto a quick email outlining the situation. Might as well make use of your new account there. You get a response within minutes, wow!

*“Dear Hibiki,*

*we figured this situation would arise at some point. Don’t worry about it; the effects will wear off in a day or two. Only three days left until your modelling job is up, by the way. Please take the next days off. We want you to feel well on your ‘first’ day. I’ll deduct \$400 from your debt in return for your inconvenience caused by... Yoshida-san, was it? We’ll deal with it. Have a good rest, and I hope I’ll see you on Sunday.*

*Best regards*

*Yamamoto Takashi”*

That's convenient. Another \$400 off your debt, that's probably way more than you could've made in a day's work of serving Master. While having the day off is great, you don't think you want to sit in your apartment all day. Instead, you wander the streets of Tokyo, and try to familiarise yourself with them to the best of your ability. You'll be living here for an indefinite amount of time, so it'll be vital to know your way around somewhat. Even more people recognise you, and now that you're alone, you decide you can tease them a little, shooting smiles, winks, and blown kisses back to everyone. Some even get bold enough to ask for a picture together on the street now, and you happily comply. You were worried at first, but it turns out your compulsive need for servitude is helping you adjust to the demure demeanour that women over here seem to display. Nothing gets out of hand, which is a welcome change of pace for once and you have a terrific time catering to your fans all day.

## Day 25

Damn, your days off went by in a blink. Now it's back to work, which definitely can't be good... right? The computer is once again flashing with an unread email, which you promptly sit down to read. It's nothing special, just some greetings and formalities, plus instructions on where to go. Fortunately, you acquainted yourself with the city somewhat, and already found out that public transport is quite fast and reliable. You should be able to get there on your own without issue.

Turns out you're right. Your orientation skills don't let you down, and you find the meeting spot right away. It doesn't really look like a place that would hire models for anything, if you're being honest. A voice from behind startles you.

*"I'm glad you found your way,"* Mr. Yamamoto's voice says. You sigh in relief as you turn around and see a familiar face. *"Don't be surprised at the locale I chose. This is just a little get-together before the event, to move past the vague descriptions and instruct you on your actual tasks today. So, Hibiki. Have you ever heard of Race Queens?"*

You shake your head, which prompts Mr. Yamamoto to go into a lengthy explanation about their status and duties. Essentially, there's a race every two months, and all the big corps in the region sponsor a team, or even own one. In Takeda's case, they have their own team. It's imperative that they win; business partners love to see such symbolic victories, and of course the winner always gets the most screen time, meaning more recognition. Your job is twofold; one, any man in a suit at the event is a potential client. If the race turns sour, it's your duty to make sure Takeda's still gaining something from coming here, and many partners like a personal touch. Two, promote Takeda any way you can. Pose in front of cars, and especially for photos. People with cameras are your new Gods, as Mr. Yamamoto put it. The last rule is a simple one: Absolutely no nudity in a public area. If you're seducing somebody, find a room with a lock. Teasing is one thing, but public indecency lawsuits another. Oh yeah, and he took that huge, unwieldy collar off you! Finally, some freedom... but your neck port remains.

With those ridiculous basics down, you feel you're about ready to attend the event. Mr. Yamamoto gives you a playful slap on your latex-clad ass to send you off, which kickstarts feelings in your chest that you don't wish to think about. Lately, you've really been taken care of, you have to say. After that thing he pulled, Mr. Yoshida never bothered you again. Though he seemed nice at the beginning, you won't forgive him for putting you in danger like that lightly. You've got a mite touchy when it comes to your fickle identity. On that topic, you're incredibly relieved that Mr. Yamamoto's advice proved correct; no more thoughts of slavery and servitude. You're all Hibiki again. What more could you wish for?

Takeda employees show up – would you look at those biceps... your knees are going a little weak already – and politely ask you to come along. Their task is to escort you into the arena and you are charmed by their very professional and respectful attitude on your way there. You reward them both with a blown kiss and a playful wink once you arrive. No doubt they'll beg for more details with you... You wouldn't mind, that's for sure.

So you enter the arena that the race will take place in. It's open air, yet the noise is oppressive. Engines are revved and tested, people in the ranks are blaring horns and shout, a camera snaps close by, its flash blinding you. One step onto the tarmac and you're already the target of paparazzi. Remembering your instructions, you compose yourself momentarily and start posing for the camera, being sure to smile a lot, reveal a lot, jiggle your tits a lot. Photographers here sure don't have a stressful job, and judging by the tent this guy is pitching, they know how lucky they are.

Unsure where your services would be put to use best, you pace up and down the pit, getting a good look at the layout, the teams, the cars. Some crews are rather protective of their garage once they see you approaching. The fact that you're wearing Takeda-branded clothing has become such an intrinsic part of your life that it didn't even register. Cameras are flashing left and right. You always make sure to interrupt your walk and pay them attention, to get their attention. Just like a few days ago, a lust wells up inside you that you can't explain, but it helps immensely with your task at hand.

Having got a better look at the pit, you think it would probably be a good idea to wander towards the Takeda garage. On your way there, you're stopped just as often to talk, sign and pose. One guy runs up to you, looking around and asking for a photo, but begs you to hurry up with it. Complying, you snatch a quick pic together and hand him back his phone. He's wearing an orange jumpsuit, weird. That guy must be the engineer of another team! One of his teammates saw him snatch a picture with you and is now scolding him in a language you don't speak, pushing him a little against their car. The power you wield...

Wading through a sea of fans and admirers, you eventually do make your way to the Takeda garage. The team takes time out of their busy preparations to greet you politely, every one of them seems delighted to have you there. What a nice feeling... It's not long before the race will begin, so the driver's already seated in the car. Alright, you're here to raise morale. If you don't know how to do that, you know nothing. You lean into the car, doors closed, windows down. Of course, the driver notices you right away.

*"Hey there big shot. You know, don't tell anybody, but I heard the boss say something about a bonus if you win today,"* you not so subtly rest your elbows on the door frame, pressing your tits together, which almost fall out their boob window. In the driver's visor, you see the reflection of an engineer standing behind you for a full minute now, staring at your half-exposed ass with an open mouth, sporting the most dumbfounded expression you could imagine. *"Not that you'd need any extra motivation. I only bet on a winning hand. Let's see you take the pot at the end of the day."* With that, you leave the garage, and you can tell all eyes are on you.

As you walk away, somebody with a clipboard and headset comes sprinting towards you.

*"Hibiki-san, you were chosen by fan vote to feature in the race's start. Once you're finished representing your sponsor, please head to the front right part of the line-up, between the right lane of the cars and the pit. Two other girls will stand in the centre, between the lines, and one to the far left. Is that okay?"* Fan vote? When did that happen? Hold on, he asked you a question,

so you hastily nod. Right lane, sure. Between cars and the pit. Easy. Apparently, the teams are rolling out, and your colleagues are waving you over cheerfully. One of them hands you a large pole with a sign on top, presenting a number and sporting your team name and colours, blue and white, just like you. Uh, your outfit, you mean. Leading the car towards its designated spot, you can feel the eyes of the entire crew resting on your body, where they belong. It only takes maybe ten more minutes of posing and organisational stuff before the long signs and crew are taken off the track, and the race is about to start.

Walking forward to the side of the right lane of cars, right next to the pit, you're handed a simple flag. Luckily, your path takes you past the Takeda car. As you pass him, you slow down, turn around, and trace your finger up his neck and over his chin underneath his helmet, wink at him, and take your spot in the front. He'll win *something* alright. A sign is given and the countdown begins. You raise your arms and when the counter reaches zero, drop them emphatically, hopping up and down excitedly when you see your team land what looks to your layman's eye like an impeccable start. Right on the first straight your driver passes two cars in front of him and easily keeps up with the lead group.

You and the other two girls are quickly ushered off the track. Fortunately, there were no incidents, no dead engine or anything, so there's no real need to hurry up or move out of the way. Watching the race from the sidelines is kind of boring, you only see cars for a split second before they disappear into the distance again. Not having much else to do, you figure you can continue working on your motivational routine. When you see the Takeda car approaching from far away, you prepare early and get to an easily visible ledge, up some steps, right against the fence. You hook your thumbs into the front of your skirt and slide them away from each other, to your hips, as if you were undressing on the spot. It's hard to tell whether your driver saw you, but you feel like you could smell his nervous, excited sweat from all the way across the racetrack.

Deciding you've had enough of standing up there, with all eyes directed at the race anyway, you might as well head back to the garage. You turn around at times, always making sure your driver knows where to find you. When you arrive, everybody's engrossed in the monitors, with one guy mumbling into his headset. One by one, they spot you coming in, and the screens are very lonely soon after your arrival. Almost tripping over his own legs, one guy hastily stands up and offers you his seat. Another soon follows, and before you know it, three guys are standing, offering you their chairs to woo you. You can't help yourself, you giggle audibly at their adorable show of affection. Figuring the first guy almost injured himself to get you seated, he deserves it the most. You walk up to him and pat the chair. He stands still for a bit longer, staring at you, motionless. After a while he gets it and sits down. It's pretty tricky you were born so short, these chairs are akin to barstools. Wrapping your arms around this lucky guy's neck, you cutely hop up on his lap and smile at him, content with your little acrobatics show. Predictably, he still can't get a word out, now less than ever, so you just elect to cuddle with him, rest your head on his shoulder, and watch the monitors together, although you're not sure how focussed his eyes are.

Since the others sat back on their seats empty-handed – quite literally – you think a little something is in order for them. When you're certain that all eyes are on you, which is most of the time anyway, you make a point of very, *very* slowly spreading your legs and crossing them the other way again. The guy with the headset went quiet mid-sentence, which makes you giggle another time. Supportively, you point at his microphone, which he takes a few moments to pick

up on and returns to shout instructions to the driver out on the track. You're a goddess. You're a modern day Aphrodite, ruling over her harem of admirers, enslaving, but pleasuring them beyond a mortal's comprehension. They would sacrifice themselves for you in a heartbeat, you know they would.

So would the driver, who's caught up with the last opponent and has already extended his lead a comfortable distance. When he crosses the finish line for the last time, it's not inaccurate to say he absolutely dominated the track today. And he'll get to dominate some more in a couple minutes if things go your way.

The crew is storming outside to congratulate him, ecstatic that they won. Their shouts seem to indicate that this victory was rather unusual. You compared yourself to a Greek goddess a few minutes ago, so it's probably pointless to mention the kind of ego boost this is giving you. The car is brought inside by some random technicians while the team's celebrating outside. You can follow it all on the monitors, and it's painfully obvious – to you at least – that the driver is awkwardly squirming on the podium while he's being celebrated from all sides, and even his competitors are respectfully shaking his hand. After the ceremony is over, he's heading right into the now closed garage, which still has you inside. He opens the door and closes it behind him. Now he has time to take you in.

*“Lock the door, honey. Only the winner gets a prize, right?”* you tease him from atop the victorious car's hood, which you planted yourself on suggestively. Hastily, he complies and locks the door, leaving the room to just the two of you. Without any false modesty, he impatiently starts walking closer to you, clearly desperate to get this going and for you to stop your teasing that's kept his pressure pent up for hours on the track.

Taking pity on the guy, you figure you owe him anyway, and you've had enough fun teasing the hell out of the crew. Once he stands next to the car, you elegantly slide down the hood and kneel before him. For a start, let's get his cock some breaths of fresh air and in the process get it nice and ha—oh wow, alright, scratch that last part, it's plenty hard already, which shouldn't be surprising. Nonetheless, nobody ever complained about too much saliva, lubrication, and blowjobs during sex, so how about you get going and make good on your promise?

Sounds like a plan. You draw a line of saliva along the underside of the driver's penis with your long, flexible tongue. Once at the top, you plunge over the tip and insert it right away. Already, the driver is reaching behind to look for something to balance him. Eventually, he just bends forward a little and leans on the car, his downward posture increasing the pressure on your mouth, helpfully. Having to angle your head upward now, it feels more like an exciting challenge, to get all the way up to his crotch, as if you're climbing a mountain. It also gives you a nice grip on this guy's tense and tired ass. With perfect leverage, you continue working on it, the wet, loud, lewd slurping audible throughout the garage. Some banging can be heard on the doors occasionally, but you prefer concentrating on banging this guy first.

Speaking of that, it's probably about time to elevate this to another level. You detach from the cock in your mouth, breathing out heavily when you do, but keep going at him with your hand, not wanting to lose progress. You look up at the big winner and grin, while inching backwards and lifting yourself up on the car. Once you're back on your feet, you turn around, bend over the car's hood and, in clear sight for your lover, pull down your panties until they drop around your ankles. Luring him out of his stupor, you gently trace lines with your fingers around your sopping wet snatch while looking back at him with a pained expression. He can't contain

himself any longer, and why would he? Hurrying over, he presses his cock on your entrance, rubbing it up and down a little and causing you to bite your lower lip as you look back at him, right into his eyes.

Finally, that's enough for him to decide to enter you and you've reached your destination. Within seconds, all the build-up had brought you so close to orgasm that the depravity of being fucked over the winner's car and your juices serving as polish shoots you over the edge after mere seconds of penetration. The driver's far from finished, and only picks up speed, if anything, after he hears you erupt in orgasmic cries.

Those same sounds of slapping and squelching return to the room once you've come off the excitement a bit, but obviously you're far from relaxed. You lean on the car more heavily and turn around, a great skill to pull off without interrupting the driver's thrusts. Now with your back on the hood, you can see your lover. He's beautiful. This is beautiful. Getting railed on top of his car, legs spread wide around his hips, because you want him. His thrusts. Oh... fuck, his thrusts. Desperately, you try to sit up a little, and kiss him for some more intimacy. All you manage is a little peck on his lips, but it doesn't matter, this is so... sooo... ooooooh, *so nice*. There goes your second orgasm, and any doubt that people outside the garage might have about the proceedings inside this room.

Impressed by the driver's tremendous stamina, he eventually has to come to an end, and it looks like you orgasming multiple times has contributed to reaching it. His thrusts become slower, but sharper, and on the fourth slow push, he pushes his jizz out together with his hips. The substance rushes into your nethers and finds a comfortable way inside, filling you up thoroughly. Its heat spreads through your body, rewarding you for fulfilling your womanly purpose. The driver's just as grateful, and now kisses you on the mouth like you so desperately wanted to a minute earlier. Exhausted, you slide down the car's side and take some time to clean your lover off with your mouth. Can't let him leave without cleaning him up, that's poor form.

Quite certain which victory he enjoyed more today, you leave the garage quite a while after he did, needing some time to come off this high. When you do, you take your best shot at fixing yourself up a little, and of course pulling up your panties. As you leave the garage, there are quite a few spectators, grinning at you knowingly. To tell them off, you notice a little speck of cum left on your lips. Running your thumb over it, you make a show of licking it all up, and their grins disappear. You don't mind that they know what you just did. They *should* know. If they're good boys, they can have the bad girl, too.

Mr. Yamamoto is approaching you almost as soon as you leave the garage. His face says it all, he's absolutely delighted at today's victory. It's pretty obvious that he notices your rather dishevelled state, but that doesn't detract from his good mood.

*"Hibiki... I... Well, saying 'I have no idea how you did this' would be dishonest, since I've got a pretty good grasp on it, I think. It's no coincidence that the first time you're with us is the first time we win the race, I'm sure of that much. You've shown true team spirit today. No convincing. No arguments. I've deducted \$1000 from your debt for your absolutely perfect performance today."*

He ends his little speech of praise, comes closer to you, and kisses you through your bangs on your forehead, almost like a proud father would his child. After that, he just disappears into the jubilations of the Takeda crowd, partaking in the celebrations.

Standing here, you realise your panties are getting a little wet. Oh wow, you suppose that's your cue to start making your way home and clean up.

Naturally, the way there is littered with people interrupting your path and asking for photos. This is your life now, and they're all so nice... You just can't deny them that little favour. Once you're home, the day is gone and night has fallen over downtown Tokyo. You're met with a romantic view out the window, and ponder the day. You've had sex with somebody. There was no service station involved. When you weren't having sex, you were teasing any man you would come across, just because you could.

It isn't long though before the exhaustion takes you away into your dreams... dreams of you, dreams of your subjects, dreams of your power.

## Day 55

You usually take Wednesdays and Thursdays off, since there's barely any customers then. Weekends would be logical to have off, but there are so many people around, it would be pointless. And since you dictate your own work hours anyway, you may as well make the most of the ones you have.

In fact, you're headed to work right now, coming from your days off. A lot of it has become routine, and you've become good at it. Really good. You even got used to seeing your face plastered everywhere, although the absurdity of the situation still isn't lost on you. For an outsider, it would look like you're a singer or a TV star, when really you're a prostitute for all intents and purposes. Takeda still prefers the term "service idol", of course.

Arriving at the service station, you drop your purse, ready to have it snatched up by the station, and turn around to make the back of your neck available for insertion. As you do, a girl with Takeda-branded clothing appears from behind and steps right next to you. Before you can voice a single word of confusion, insertion begins and your brain is flooded with information.

"Good morning Hibiki. As you can see, we arranged a cute playmate for you. I'm sure you'll get to know each other in no time. You'll likely find you already know a lot about each other. Otherwise, there's nothing big to talk about, just the daily updates. We prepared a special greeting for today that should give you all the necessary info. Have a good day at work." LAUNCH Special Greeting. QUEUE Ad Program.

*"Konnichiwa! This is Hibiki speaking, but of course you already know that,"* a little roar ripples through the crowd, and next to you, the other girl has her neck port invaded. *"Today is a very special day though, because a whole new idol is dying to meet you! Of course, this is her right next to me. Meet Yukiiiiii!"* As you scream in programmed excitement, she is still settling into the rush of connecting to the service station, but the audience gets excited nonetheless. *"Now, I know what you and I have together is very special and can't be replaced, but I want you to show your utmost appreciation for Yuki today, alright? Think of it not as leaving me, but adding somebody new to our love circle!"* Another round of excited shouts is thrown against you two as the girl – Yuki, apparently – has adjusted to the sensation of being an ad space.

*"To get you all better acquainted with our newest service idol, her services will be half price, just for today! If you're feeling particularly adventurous, perhaps you'll be bold enough to take us on both at the same time? That is, if you think you can handle it,"* you tease your clients,

winking at them. *“Be warned though, I woke up today as wild as ever, and I’m still not cheap!”* The crowd laughs at your playful pride and people already start quietly, subtly fighting over who gets to go first in the queue. *“Alright you hunks, I don’t want to bore you any further. From now on, the only thing coming out of my mouth will be moans and your... essence. Step right up, and join yourself with Takeda!”*

Immediately, there’s a rush of clients, and somebody stands before the two of you. The service station signals that you should take the lead for now, to ease Yuki into the role. LAUNCH Idol Selection.

*“Good morning, dear customer. Which idol do you wish use today?”* He replies, *“I’d like to have you, Hibiki. I just can’t live without you!”* CUSTOMER SELECTION: Hibiki. Compliment detected. LAUNCH Reciprocated Compliment. LAUNCH Seduction Protocols. QUEUE Yuki Service Query. QUEUE Menu Selection.

*“Right back at you, cutie,”* you chirp, hop forward, grab his chin and give him a peck on the lips. *“Hmm, you taste so nice. Would you please purchase a Kissing Extra? You’ll make me go crazy all day if you tease me with such a taste so early in the morning!”* His reaction indicates that he will likely do you that favour. *“Before we both take our little private time to the next level though, I wouldn’t want Yuki to be lonely. Anybody in the crowd interested in breaking our new girl in? It’s a little more expensive, but there’s only one guy who can break her in and that guy could be you! What a story to tell around the office, hm?”* That works right away, and somebody steps out of the queue to go up to Yuki, who mechanically goes through her service and selection protocols, same as you. As you hoped, your customer purchases the Kissing Extra, but otherwise chooses standard missionary and no further bonuses. Having a peek to the side reveals that, though the customer was eying and fondling Yuki’s enormous lips, he can’t resist popping her cherry and goes for vaginal as well. It’s not every day you get to take a girl’s virginity for a measly \$50, especially not at a 50% discount! Takeda clients are so smart.

Routinely, you handle your current one and do your utmost to satisfy him. With that transaction over, you’re cleaned as usual and beckon for the next customer to step up. Meanwhile, Yuki has found the pleasures of being an ad space, audibly so. Well, it’s probably still the simulation, but at the very latest upon disconnection she’ll know what it means. The day goes on for quite a long time until a customer has the guts and the resources to dare take on both Yuki and you at the same time.

*“A terrific choice, Sir. A unique one as well; Yuki will get her own spots in the city after today, so this will probably be your only chance to get a shot at this very special package!”* He doesn’t require any further motivation, but you make sure everybody hears your subtle advertising. LAUNCH Menu Selection.

The client is presented with the touch panel that shows signs of extensive wear already. Likely because his choice of taking both of you is rather expensive to start off with, his intercourse selection is rather simple. However, he is brave enough to take a shot at the new “Threesome” Extras subcategory! CUSTOMER SELECTION: Hibiki & Yuki - Threesome. Position / Intercourse - Oral. Extras - Threesome - Lesbian Love. CHECKOUT. LAUNCH Service.

Without delay, you thank the kind man for choosing Takeda’s unique services and get servicing. Yuki, by control of the service station you assume, hops over just as merrily and positions

herself next to you on her knees. Since the customer is active on his own, and currently disrobing, you two take more passive roles and just wait on him with your tongues stuck out for him to use. Once that cock springs free from its prison, your service routines begin.

Right away, you're outclassed by Yuki, whose mechanical mind registers faster than you and jumps on the cock first. Those are the advantages of full service station control early on. You've been in this business a while longer though, and you haven't been a slouch. For now, you accept her supremacy; the point of this is to promote her anyway, as the service station signals, and Takeda's profit is your first priority as an ad space. Thus, you're relegated to ball-sucking for now, but the customer's hand on your head indicates your efforts don't go unappreciated, making you squeal happily.

Half-complying with the customer selection, half-plotting against Yuki, your idle hands are sneaking up behind her though, your right one at least. It draws a line over the back of her calves, her thighs, and comes to rest on a butt cheek, which it gropes suddenly and strongly. Your eyes look up at the client, who has a clear view from above, and can tell he enjoys your ministrations of the newbie. Growing bolder, two fingers slip into her snatch, which makes her cry out enthusiastically. That's your chance. As her lips part and she recoils at the unexpected stimulation, you thrust yourself up and over the now free cock and take her place. Your plan only dawns on Yuki a second later, but you can see her frown at you. One crooking of your right index finger is enough to turn that frown into something much more beautiful, and your newfound friend reconciles with her new role, allowing you to take the spotlight for a while.

Unfortunately for you, she turns out to be an adept student, which is proven by the hands that assault your chest from behind after only a few minutes of cock trance for you. What's more, a tongue is swirling around your neck port, something you hadn't known would feel so good, but exchanging fluids directly into your spine while you're being caressed so lovingly is actually enough to throw you into a fitful orgasm, as you collapse on the floor, something you'd worked on avoiding, but can't resist now. Naturally, this is the chance for Yuki to get back on top, which she immediately seizes. It looks like the customer is close to cumming, just like you are, and you can't do anything about it now. Streams of sperm shoot into Yuki's willing, airtight mouth, not a drop going missing.

Your fighting spirit is the last thing that dies. Once she's done catching it all in her mouth, you sneak up on her from your low position and get your tongue to work on the girl's snatch once again. Not only does she open her mouth after half a minute, she also drops on her back from the sensation. This is the time for you to jump your prey, so you mount her and press your lips against hers before she's able to swallow your prize. Down below, you're scissoring her to make sure she stays compliant to your advances, which she naturally does. Finally, the reward comes when your tongue manages to slip past her teeth and into the white, gooey mass resting inside Yuki's mouth. A loud moan escapes the nearly airtight seal your lips have against hers, and you're sure the customer heard, because you feel a little wetness spray over your butt and back. He must've shot a small second load at the sight.

Having claimed half the reward from the encounter, you're nice enough to leave Yuki her share. In fact, you start going at her from below again, with tongue, fingers, and every other appendage at your disposal. You'll teach her who's boss here, and make sure her first real orgasm is at your hands. Or lips. Indeed, her moans get so loud that she's forced to swallow the rest of the load that was still filling her mouth. Yours is sprayed by some of her own fluids as she erupts in pleasure under your unrelenting tongue. She tastes heavenly!

The customer tips generously, which is not too surprising, and you and Yuki get cleaned up. Your performance sure left an impression, and many more clients beg to be double-teamed by you two, greatly enhancing your profits for the day. Before you know it, people are starting to scatter and leave, and it's about time for your evaluation. Customers have become more familiar with the schedules by now, so they know when lining up is worth it, and when there's no chance of them getting their turn.

"Another successful day of work finished. You can be proud of yourself, Hibiki, as usual. Despite having competition that was working at a discount, you pulled in a respectable 51 customers. Since some of them were serviced in cooperation with Yuki, you'll share the profits from those clients, of course. Altogether, you made \$343 today. As predicted, the amount of customers serviced rises quite consistently, and so do your profits. As time goes on, your job will be made progressively easier by higher customer enthusiasm and brand recognition. \$43 will be taken out of your profits and given to you as allowance, the remaining \$300 being deducted from your debts. They now amount to \$89,550. See you tomorrow to another lovely workday."

Yuki and you both disconnect and are thrown into that familiar fit of pleasure. Over time, you've developed enough resolve to stay standing, but you're still stunned momentarily when it happens. It's just too much input to move a muscle, except your clenching pussy which is currently literally dripping, with an almost constant stream of wetness flowing through and out of your panties. Yuki was evidently not prepared for what's coming, and is screaming through the streets, much to the enjoyment of passersby. Oh, the memories. You still remember your first disconnection. You wish you could go back and relive that moment. Taking pity on the girl who just left her first day behind her, you bow down and grasp her hand as soon as she cooled off a little, helping her back to her feet.

"*Th-thanks Oahoe...*" Oahoe? Pff, that's not a word! Her mumbling makes you laugh, you hadn't expected her to take it this hard. Were you like this, back then? Probably, yeah, there just wasn't anybody around to see. Nobody you know, anyway. Yuki is back on her feet, straightening her skirt and just walks off without a word. Her eyes were still glazed over, you doubt she even knows your name, as evidenced by her last utterance. You hope she finds her way home, but know you can rely on Takeda in case anything goes wrong. They're probably tracking her through the collar or something anyway. Oh yeah, the collar. There's another thing you don't miss. Must be tough, those first few days of "sleeping" with that thing on. Anyway, that's not your problem, and you're sure she'll come to know her place. You did.

Finally, you're done with the day, so you make your way back home with sticky, wet thighs, as always. Constantly, you're interrupted by fans hoping to snatch a photo or autograph, which you of course indulge, as always. Back home, you take a quick shower and immediately drop dead on your bed, as always.

## Day 101

Damn, Yuki's business has really started cutting into yours. In the end, you're still making progressively more money, just like the service station said you would, but progress sure could hurry the fuck up a little. There's just something about her... she took to life as an ad space much faster than you did, same as the literal sex selling. A week into it, she already took fists

up her ass and other things you don't even want to mention. What's weird is that there were always customers wanting her to do these things. How come you've never been approached about those? It's all rather suspicious, but really, what can you do about it? There's one advantage at least; you're still treated like royalty. You're committing all these sex acts for pay, and indulge everybody's depraved wishes, but because your clientele is a bit more refined and civil, you've never had to do the things Yuki had to, and thus are seen as a weird symbol of purity, even when you have two cocks bulging out your cheeks at once. Yuki's rise has only made that role clearer by giving you a counterpart.

You don't see much of each other except on TV and huge apartment blocks plastered with your faces downtown. Japan has officially entered a service idol craze, and you doubt that Yuki and you will stay the only Takeda idols for long. Not to mention other companies that will undoubtedly have noticed your success are going to attempt replicating the technology. It's been around long enough to raise some eyebrows. There was another race not too long ago. Needless to say, your enhanced persuasion assets have proven effective once more, and maybe that's all that needs to be said.

Perhaps you should just focus on your customers though, your mind drifting off is something that doesn't usually happen to you. Better if your head is full of cocks than concerns. You're currently disinfecting, and the client already has the touch panel in his hands. The process really has been streamlined immensely over the past few months. Some customers just don't care for the sales pitch, and you have so many regulars that they already know the deal anyway. This man is not registered yet though, and no part of his appearance scores any matching hits in your database. He's going at the touch panel quite profusely, he looks like he knows exactly what he wants. Almost before you're finished cleaning up, he's made his choice. CUSTOMER SELECTION: Clothing - Outfit - Pretty in Pink. Role Play / Demeanor - Dominant Roles - Nympho Slut. Position / Intercourse - Cowgirl. Accent - Asia - Japanese. Toy - Anal - Butt Plug. Extras - Jewellery - Bimbo Bracelets. Extras - Body - Fake Tan. Extras - Hair - Dirty Blonde. Extras - Makeup - Heavy. Extras - Piercing - Tongue. CHECKOUT.

Wow, it's rare for somebody to pick this many options. He sure looks like he has the money though. Big spenders get big rewards. *"Somebody with specific tastes I see. And refined too... I like a man who knows what he wants. Perhaps you'd want me to have a specific name for our time together? Can give it that little something extra if you have someone in mind. Free of charge of course, for such a generous customer."* The man shakes his head. *"Humble too, oh my. How about your name then. Do you want me to address you by name?"*

He hesitates, but gives a reply. "David." After another moment of hesitation, he follows it up. "Is it true you used to service people in America?" he asks in English. You're not exactly sure what kind of response he expects, so you're careful. SET #CUSTOMERNAME# To "David".

"That's right, I was born in America. 100% purebred Japanese though, I can guarantee that much," you chirp as you wink at him. "I came back when I was still a small child and was on a trip to the US a while back."

"Well, I ordered a Japanese accent," duh, like an ad space wouldn't know that, "so will you speak English with me?" You nod enthusiastically, speaking in Japanese with a Japanese accent wouldn't make much sense, would it? Even if that wasn't the case, somebody who's blowing

this much money on you can choose the damn octave he wants your voice to be on, if it's up to you. "Alright, let's get started then," he impatiently blurts out, but of course you're not even close to ready.

There's a lot of tasks in the queue, so the service station immediately started working furiously, even during your chat. Both boots were off within seconds and flung behind, where the service station caught them with tremendous dexterity, and stored them inside. Two arms with five pincers each thrust forward, as you extended your hands. All ten fingers received a glossy pink polish, applied with meticulous detail, a little red heart each adorning both thumbs adorably. Clattering bracelets were fitted over your left arm, constantly making metallic and plastic noises from bumping into each other.

Right now, a chemical agent is sprayed into your hair to dye it until the next wash. Your jacket and panties are taken off and away for more chemicals to coat your body. These should give you an ever so slightly overdone tan that may stick around for a few washes longer than your new hair colour. Over the months, you'd grown quite independent of the service station; it became more of a tool than a supervisor and mind controller. Regardless, you can feel a sensation you hadn't felt for a long time. Cold liquid is dripping into the back of your neck, as you feel a light buzz settling in your skull, which is quickly travelling and spreading to your nether regions.

Since your tan and hair have been given some time to dry, you're ready to get dressed. First up is a classic; "fuck me" pumps so bright and pink that they could blind somebody, and a stiletto heel so thin you could perform eye surgery with it to restore their sight afterwards. They sport a cute, darker pink bow above the 5 inch heels at the back. Next are denim cut-offs that are so short and tight, your plump ass cheeks are only covered half the way down at best. With your accessories already sorted out, all that's missing is a top. And boy, are you getting one.

When the service station pulls it over your head, it's a somewhat confusing garment. Looking at it on your body, it makes much more sense. Basically, you're wearing a vest. What's the style called... minimalistic? The back is essentially free, so let's come back to that later. Almost like a scarf, the vest just wraps around the back of your neck and hangs over your modest breasts. They're accentuated by the tight, thin golden chain that's connecting the two "arms" of the vest half the way down, just below your chest, sporting the inscription "S L U T" in much larger golden letter in the middle. The chain's tightness causes the vest to hug you tighter, which in turn presses your breasts closer together, better than any push-up bra you've seen. To keep the garment on you, both ends of the vest have another chain connected that snakes around the back. Above your ass crack, the chain meets in the inscription "B I T C H".

Enough dress-up. Your patience is coming to an end as the low, smouldering buzz in your loins is exploding into the ravaging fire it was always meant to be. Without warning, you're set into motion, a stern expression on your face as you roughly push David over. Of course, the impromptu mattress had already been deployed behind him by the service station, so his landing is reasonably soft. His pants are clawed open in no time, and you're right in front of the object of your desire.

There's barely time for three preparatory licks before you zip down your denim hot pants – not even bothering to take them off – and straddle David with one needy jump up his hips. His face is one of confusion and surprise at his luck, his mouth forming a clear grin, but his eyes torn wide open at the events unfolding before him, and the gorgeous Japanese slut toying with him.

“You like, huh Americahn?” you tease him before inserting him into you carefully, your hips trembling as your pussy travels down the thick, white cock. David replies, but your brain is pre-occupied, so you don’t hear what he says. Who gives a fuck anyway? “Me *love* your cock! Hmmmm, so big...” you lull dreamily.

Lewd, sloppy sounds of slapping and sloshing become the only thing your ears perceive, while your eyes look around the crowd that’s watching you whore yourself while your breasts are being assaulted by a now focussed David with his mouth. The pants of the people around you have to work double shifts today, not just straining against the pressure of the dicks within, but also the hands of many that can’t help but furiously rub themselves as they see you. Were there a thought left in your brain that isn’t “COCK”, you may worry about lost sales, but pleasure is screaming through your skull so loudly that you couldn’t hear those thoughts to begin with. No, more slapping, slurping and slutting will have to do.

Tired of his half-hearted attempts at stimulating your nipples, you push David away and call over somebody from the crowd, one of the masturbators. Hastily, he rushes over to sit next to David’s head, per your instructions. For further motivation, you unzip his pants too, and start jerking him off. He catches your drift that friends help each other out, so his lips attach to your left tit and get working on it furiously. Your plan works out; the harder he sucks, the stronger you jerk, and you both work yourselves up for your mutual gain. David in the meantime doesn’t have to focus both on your chest and your groin anymore, and can use his utmost to thrust into you. He grabs your hips tightly and gives his all to pump into you, but his power quickly dwindles after he’s exerting himself too much.

Directing your peon to move to David’s legs, you turn around 180° so your rear is facing David. A bitch from behind and a slut from the front. Perhaps he’ll find your ass more appealing, and apply himself some more. You can’t complain about your slave’s performance at all, he’s working your breasts like they belong to him, and for the time being, they do. From behind you, David has indeed found his second wind and is once again hitting your cheeks with his pelvis hard enough to leave them fiery red.

Then and there, David seems ready to put out another fire, which you aren’t quite anticipating yet. With slow, sharp thrusts he announces his orgasm and injects you with a sizeable, sticky serving of semen. Yet your own climax doesn’t want to come, even with your underling still going at your tits, despite the fact that he’s shot his own load minutes ago. Service Finished. INITIATE Payme—

Nope, not happening. Fuck service, and fuck payment. But most importantly, fuck this tight pussy. Turning around once more, you yelp in delight and wag your finger. “Ah ah ah, we not finish yet!” With one arm, you push the rising David onto his back again. Your sexual servant is hurriedly stepping over to the other side again, clearly winded by your excessive demands.

“You not go home until my utahrus full, okay?” Frightened, but excited, David hurriedly nods in agreement. Your little pet doesn’t even consider that he’s being asked for his opinion, and he’s right about that.

With control in your hands, you get started on the journey to this elusive orgasm. You know it’s there, and you know you will find it. Instead of letting your peon have a go at your breasts again, you instead pull him further down, where you’re currently being impaled. His face goes right on there, over the cock that’s pistoning in and out of you, on your little pleasure nub.

Pleasuring it does. It's not enough, but it's a step closer. At least you have another serving of thick, white cock splitting you in half. Instead of having this underling of yours suck your teats, you opt to handle them yourself now, taking a much more delicate approach, which is indeed a challenge in contrast to the roughness of your two companions. David has already deposited a second load deep into your womb. You really don't want to see his testicles right now, they'd probably scream in agony if they could.

You're screaming too, though it's a mixture of pleasure and pain, unable to find that sweet release. Alright, you've had enough. You lean forward, almost kissing David and nearly squashing fuckboy's head with your belly. He's not concerned and just keeps going at your clitoris, what a trooper. You turn your head to the crowd of onlookers and pick out one more. You point your finger at him and crook it, beckoning him to take part as the fourth person in this little orgy. He seems hung enough to be up to the task and he stands next to David's prone form in no time.

Gesturing with your one free arm, you direct him to take a seat behind you. He catches your meaning and his pants drop around his ankles before he even gets over there. As a reward, he gets a smile and a blown kiss, as much as you can make one through the moaning and your one-track mind. Today you're not the only one handing out rewards though, as a pressure builds against your sphincter, the greatest present imaginable announcing itself.

Unceremoniously, you're speared by a mostly dry cock that pushes itself all the way through your rear canal even without lubrication. And of course no wetness means more friction, which is exactly what you desire. In reaction, you immediately shoot upwards, somewhat bending the cocks that are both stuck inside you, but they take it admirably. Desperate for continuation and subsequent release, you quickly stifle your scream and get prone upon David's body again, while the thrusts continue. Your idea to increase pressure by adding more cocks to the equation turns out to be a winner. You're not quite at your peak yet, but you can feel that climax building, it must be coming any moment now.

Yes, yes, *yes*! You unleash an ungodly, ear-shattering, primal scream at a pitch that puts opera singers to shame. You're having an absolute breakdown atop David, whose reaction you'd love to see if your vision wasn't flashing white. Your entire body is a trembling mess, more so than any disconnection has ever affected it, and you black out.

Your sight comes back to you, still lying on David's belly, still feeling an oversized meat rod invading your asshole with no regard for your recent orgasm and your slave hasn't left you either. For some reason, you feel a little cold.

"A precarious time to pass out. You want to get paid don't you? Injections have been made to keep you conscious for now, but perhaps it's a good idea to call it a day a little earlier."

Looks like the service station saved your occupied ass. You're still a little out of it, but you notice that you're still bouncing up and down, back and forth. The guy behind you doesn't take too long to finish another time, creaming your asshole once more. David's a little exhausted now, and getting him off another time is going to take a little effort. Now that you have some more mobility, that shouldn't be too much of a problem.

So you lift yourself off David, to avoid being thrown into another needy trance of sexual frustration, shove your slave to the side for a bit, and get started on him with your mouth. This

isn't foreplay though, you're really going at it with everything you have. Tongue swirling around his dick wildly, you can already hear him moaning after your first few revulsions. While you're giving it your best, nothing can compete with the depravity you just enslaved yourself to, so your mind is not really in it, even though it's technically impeccable service. That's what you get with Takeda, nothing but the best. After ten minutes of attacking his dick with every move you know, he finishes in your mouth, and you're finished as well. You just drop on your back, the semen flowing into your stomach on its own because your throat muscles are dead.

Shaking a little, you get back on your feet, almost toppling to the side and in a very wide stance, like you're seriously drunk and out-of-balance, both of which aren't too far of a stretch. In passing, you give your peon a big, wet kiss with a lot of tongue, right on the mouth and pull out your neck cable. The disconnection hits you, and your confident stride is interrupted with very slow steps, while your pussy shoots juices over the pavement so hard that the stone tiles look cleaner than any sand blaster could have got them. People give you weird, but often appreciative looks. For now, you have to say that you care little about that. Your snatch must be redder than a clown's nose, you dearly need some rest.

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That nap was more than necessary. Your slit is still crying in pain and ecstasy, but at least your head isn't all cocked up anymore. That cock-free brain of yours forces you to get up, which brings the computer's flashing screen tells you that you have new mail. Begrudgingly, you sit down and read it.

"Hello Hibiki,

*though your departure wasn't ideal, we understand that you were a little out of it. The service station explained the situation to all the customers in line and they were very understanding as well. After all, they saw how you performed... Anyway, you skipped your evaluation in a hurry and so we wanted to keep you updated via email.*

*Despite your day being cut short, you pulled in a decent 23 customers in just four hours. David and the two other participants in your unexpected orgy paid up dutifully and generously. This is, in fact, your current record for daily earnings at \$520! You see, once you allow more people to participate at once, they will start digging deep into their wallets, although David's arrival was a very favourable coincidence for you in the first place. \$20 will be taken out of your profits and given to you as allowance, the remaining \$500 being deducted from your debts. They now amount to \$49,870. You've worked off more than half your debt, congrats! Nonetheless, we hope to see you tomorrow to another lovely workday."*

Jesus fuck, what? \$500 in four hours? That's more than double your usual earnings, considering your standard workday has you servicing for ten hours straight! Unable to help yourself, you jump and hop around in excitement in an incredibly childish, girly manner. It wakes you up to the fact that you hadn't even taken the opportunity to shower, nor to change clothes; you're still the slutty bitch you were for David a couple of hours ago. Dirty blonde hair, a nympho's fake tan, and that very peculiar outfit that still has your vagina dripping at the mere sight of it. Yeah, definitely time for a shower. The hair dye washes out as easily as you were promised, your

hair's back to its perfect, natural black. Your body is almost as tan as it was 30 minutes ago, it'll take some more time to get that off. After that shower, at least you feel refreshed and clean. You're still a little restless though, so... time to do some shopping!

## Day 158

Damn, you really needed a break. Even though it was over a month ago, your thoughts still drift back to that encounter with David. You'd taken some time off after that, just a few days to get your thoughts in order again. He never came back. Neither did your reputation. The crowd seeing the mess you were during that encounter... You gave the engineers an earful, but the damage was done. That's probably how you ended up on this slab, barely an operating table. This is so degrading, so embarrassing. Things aren't going to go back to the way they used to be after this.

Nobody at Takeda even told you there'd been a fan vote; just like they didn't ahead of your first race. They just told you to come to the office, where you'd be picked up. The two hunks were there, another callback to the first race. You sure didn't mind getting a piece of them... One of the guys is standing in the corner, even now, still grinning dumbly after the spin you gave him. He'll snap out of it sooner or later. You hope.

Enough about him. The vote. The vote decided you'd have some modifications done to you, and sadly they were of a rather unsavoury and quite permanent nature. "Hibiki really wishes to get an operation. There are just so many little things that bother her, she always dreamed of getting them fixed. Now that she's at Takeda we want her to follow her dreams. But what do you say? Many argue Hibiki is perfection incarnate. Can plastic surgery redefine what perfection means? It's in your hands to find out."

That's what the poll read, which you discovered after it was over. Shocked as you were, you still remember the exact wording, but it's now cruelly plastered on TV screens around the room, to remind you that you're doing this for your fans. How could you resist now? You'd have rallied against it, you would've had many opportunities, if you'd known about the vote before. Sadly, your fans, admirers and lovers were rather sympathetic to "your" wishes, and couldn't bear the thought of denying you the chance to follow your dreams. So you find yourself on this slab; nervous and scared. Because, as luck would have it – if you can still believe in luck – a second poll was conducted to determine the operation you'd get, since "you couldn't pick between all the fantastic options".

It was a draw.

Out of all the possible results, with tens of thousands of participants, it actually resulted in a draw. Now you have to fear for both your elegant lips, as well as your delicate chest, and do your best to say goodbye to them. They'll never be the same.

Gestures and some quick exchanges around you indicate that the procedure is about to begin, which is supported by the thick needle filling your neck port. You hadn't even noticed the hole in the table, that's how shocked you were at the revelation of this procedure. For some reason, it doesn't really... doooooo... aaanyythiiiiiiiing.

Oh my, well... Maybe it does. Your thoughts slow to a halt and all you can do is observe. There are feelings, sensations, observations, just no conscious thought. A man steps closer, disrobing you, which you can't help but allow apathetically. In no time at all, you're naked and awake on the operating table, though it feels more like you're sleepwalking. Maybe... Hopefully it's just

a dream. You don't want to be a filthy whore. You just want to be loved by your fans. Maybe they're the same thing... Those thoughts quickly vanish as the induced apathy is reinforced by the service station.

And by the scalpel raised before your eyes.

Any resistance, if that word held any meaning to you in your current state, would be futile now anyway, so your mind turns quiet again. Even though you're technically conscious, the surgeon takes no issue with cutting you open, and so he does. Right away, it's obvious that this is not going to be a complex procedure designed to hide the fact that your tits are fake. Choosing a method that you've only read about in history books, the surgeon makes an incision in your armpit, and from there inserts an implant that looks suspiciously like silicone. If there were a thought in your brain, it would be humiliation, because nobody in the world would ever consider such a procedure anymore, not even the stingiest beauty fanatics. You're so ashamed, thinking how your breasts are going to look after this butcher is done with you. At least nobody... nobody will see you... like... this.

Only then do the cameras catch your eye. Those lights flashing red probably don't indicate the battery's running low. Normally, you'd panic, but now, well, they're just there. Inanimate objects that hold no meaning. Oh, would you look at that, the knife-wielding madman is just now stuffing that near-rigid pillow into your right tit. For a few moments, he's adjusting it, until it rests perfectly centred. Jesus, would you look at *that*? Like somebody pushed a basketball over your ribcage and right under your tit. It juts out easily twice as much as your left one, oh lord. Not long after, another basketball joins your chest and you're back to being symmetrical. Perfectly round and symmetrical. The service station makes you sit up, so you comply. Your tits don't move an inch as you do so. They look almost exactly the same as when you were lying down. This... should probably make you feel something. Huh.

Before your empty little head drifts into thinking, the "doctor" returns with a syringe in his hand. More of these archaic procedures... That's probably... not good? Not good, you guess. Unceremoniously, the needle invades your upper lip and injects liquid inside. Within seconds, it blows up like an inflatable dinghy, and before you can process what happens, a second syringe takes care of your low lip. As soon as the second needle exits you, so does the service station. Consciousness returns slowly, feelings crash down on you, implications settle in. It's all over when the butcher brings over a mirror.

You've already seen what... "your" tits can do. Sitting up, all day long, no weather or pressure could keep them down, keep them from looking so utterly fake. They're absolutely disproportionate for your slight form and you can't fathom why your fans would have wanted this. Your fans... the ones who are watching you watch yourself right now.

Further up are your enhanced lips, and some of your teeth. You can't close them anymore, giving anybody a little look at the inside of your mouth. In fact, you can't really part them a lot either, your mouth has become near immobile. Well, so is a fleshlight...

Maybe it's that revelation, maybe it's the whole picture playing itself out in front of you. What's clear is that it's undeniably, inevitably making you *so fucking hot*. Even before that heat registers in your mind, you lose control and one of your fingers plunges into your pussy. Why do you feel like that? A moment ago you felt like nothing, due to the service station. Now, after being so thoroughly humiliated, you're going to give the people watching even more of a show, embarrassing yourself further?

Another heat wave shoots through your body, erasing that thought. Oh lord, how are you—how are you, how, how, *hooooooooooooooooowww!* In a long arc, your trembling pussy shoots its juices all over the table and all over the “surgeon” who stood next to the mirror. He doesn’t seem too upset, and you aren’t either, this is one hell of an orgasm. Questions of how you came so fast and how that arousal built up in the first place are quickly shoved outside your tiny mind, you’re just riding this wave for now. The cameras keep rolling, and you can only imagine the show they got. Another little stream of girlcum exits you, and you let out another moan. It’s time to stop thinking about that. It’s time... it’s time to stop thinking.

## Day 204

This whole thing got so crazy. Right now, you’re subjecting yourself to – another – triple penetration; mouth, pussy and ass all more than occupied. That’s the fifth today. You remember when you first did that... It must have been months ago. David still never showed up again, sadly. You could stand to have a couple more regulars with thick, uhh... wallets. Anyway, what you’re doing right now hasn’t exactly been a rarity since then. You had quite an audience, and as always, they were attentive and quick with the cameras.

Before that “incident”, if you can call it that, Takeda had tried to uphold you as the pure idol that loves all her fans, in stark contrast to Yuki, which you doubt was a coincidence. While that still holds true, public perception shifted rapidly after videos of your performance back there went online, something not even a marketing department as talented and capable as Takeda’s could counteract. Saying you’ve turned into the next Yuki would be an exaggeration, but with your new body after the Surgery Fan Vote, the comparison isn’t too crazy. You don’t even want to imagine what that girl must have done; you were indebted and got punished, but the things Yuki is subjected to... she must’ve fucked the boss’ daughter or something.

Anyway, you were still soliloquising about your own fate. After these things happened – that first sex-crazed gyaru whore performance and then your democratic body modification – even your fans didn’t buy the “service idol” shtick anymore. Very soon, the nickname “throatfuck idol” established itself. Surprisingly, your fans really took to your new kissy lips even more than your fake jugs, and thus you were implanted not just with fake, whorish surgery, but also with a new identity. Yeah, undoubtedly the guy in front of you has a lot of fun, your fuckpillows massaging his cock tightly, whether you want them to or not, lewd slurping sounds being louder in front than from behind, where your permanently tight sphincter and needy snatch are being assaulted relentlessly.

It didn’t take Takeda long to bring in a new girl. Fresh, untouched, a virgin. Just like Yuki, you never saw this girl before, but she seemed like a sister the moment you met her. Like you did Yuki, you were tasked with promoting Miyu, though you doubt you had much of an impact. That girl took the scene by storm, and immediately exceeded everyone’s wildest expectations. It hurts your pride to admit, but she even surpassed your daily earnings at the best of days. At the time, David seemed like a godsend. You’ll never forget that orgasm, not in this life. Of course the money was amazing too. But in the long run, it’s got you somewhere a little rougher than what you’d known for months. Rougher than the thing you thought you despised, but actually grew to love.

Not long after Miyu’s debut, you were prettying yourself up, knowing that a race was approaching. Mr. Yamamoto himself called you, actually called you on your new, much cuter cell phone that you got a while ago. It was so humiliating... Miyu would take over Race Queen duties, he said. You can have a “much-deserved” rest, like your pussy was used goods. He was

being all smooth, businessman that he is, but you knew what he really meant and you're not ashamed to admit that it was hard to hold back tears in that moment. While the new nicknames came long before his call, that was the moment you truly felt you stopped being an idol, and instead became just another pussy behind a glory hole.

But it's not all bad, and perhaps you shouldn't focus on the negative. These three guys right here sure do love you, they even brought your presents. That liquid, white love that's filling all three holes of yours right now, making you feel warm in your ass, your snatch, your throat and your heart. Of course you don't hesitate to slurp it all up and make sure nothing goes to waste; the service station's mattress is as clean as it was when the day started. That's the kind of expertise and quality of service that only the original can provide. Everybody better remember that.

They pay up and tip respectfully, giving you a pat on the head while taking their leave, which makes you feel even warmer inside. Your fans, regulars and customers may see you in a different light nowadays, but they still love you, you know they do. And you still love them for it. You can even come around to love them for your new – fake – assets. Even if Miyu eclipsed you, you still make more money than you ever have; the business grew a lot larger thanks to her.

Alright, better not to think of her or you're getting started on that self-pitying, whiny trip again. You're being cared for, you're being loved, you're being paid. And you're ready to call it a day, the sun having set a while ago.

*"A very decent performance today, Hibiki. Another day to be proud of your skills and experience. You serviced 59 customers over the course of ten hours and made \$550 in the process. Not the best you ever had, but there's always a little luck involved. Don't worry about it, that's more than acceptable for a day's work. Your remaining debt amounted to \$230. Congratulations! Your debt with Takeda is cleared. There is a pre-recorded message for you, now that you accomplished your destiny:*

*'Dear Hibiki,*

*we are delighted how quickly you stood up to the task and seemed to revel in it sometimes. You really deserve this. Please accept our invitation to stop by the Takeda offices to discuss your future. We want to accommodate your wishes to the best of our ability. No matter what you choose, we will always remember you at Takeda and will always keep an open door for you.*

*Longing to see you*

*Takashi''*

You did it. You... you don't even know what to say, or what to think. The service station disconnects from you, the pleasure hits you like a freight train, but you don't move. You don't blink. You don't let out a peep. Your thoughts are too occupied to register the magnitude of the sensations, and you just start moving towards the Takeda headquarters with a blank expression.

Once there, you're reluctantly greeted by the skanky receptionist, as usual. She already expected you and knows to send you right through to the boss' office. There, Mr. Yamamoto anticipates your entry patiently, and shoots off a little confetti cannon thing that pops and sprays little scraps of colourful paper everywhere. Even in your overwhelmed state, you can't help but emit a slight laugh at his silly gesture of congratulating you. He's not lying when he says you're appreciated here.

*"Hibiki! My girl... come here,"* Mr. Yamamoto awaits you with outstretched arms.

You approach him and let him hug you. It's a long embrace, easily lasting twenty seconds with your head on his shoulder, and your D cups pressing into his chest. Lucky for you that in your current incredulous state, it's hard to get aroused, because this would easily set you off under any other circumstances. Eventually, he breaks the hug and tells you to take a seat while sitting down himself.

*"You've made it. I never doubted your ability,"* he begins. *"I knew you could handle the challenge, and I was not disappointed. However, I did notice you having a few... gloomy stints here and there this past month. I don't like to pry, but when you're plugged into the service station, well, I take a peek now and then, to make sure you're doing fine, and at times my eyes caught some worries there."* Huh, you've got so accustomed to the service station being just a handy tool, you forgot it's still a machine that can monitor and control not just your actions, but your thoughts as well.

Mr. Yamamoto sighs, seeing your expression confirm his worries. *"It must be tough to see Miyu rise so quickly, to even surpass you financially."* You cringe. You really don't want to hear this. Your boss raises his hand, motioning for you to continue listening. *"The fact of the matter is, she never would have achieved that without you. It may look from your position like she did all of that on her own, because she's just **that** brilliant. That couldn't be further from the truth. Do you know how happy you've made our marketing team? And I'm not talking about your office performance on our anniversary,"* Wow, did he really have to bring that up now? Granted, it was a fun day... and night... and early morning... *"I'm saying every time I wanted them to start a new campaign, they got working on it before I finished my sentence, and could usually present me with a complete strategy and early designs before I got back to my desk. **That's** how easy you made it for them."*

*"If you have to compare yourself to her, this is something Miyu never managed. The people love her, but masses are fickle powers to be controlled with a steady, delicate hand. Truth is, we know some of our competitors are close to moving into the service idol industry. We've been lucky to have a monopoly as long as we did, but the golden age is coming to an end, and Miyu will feel that more than anyone else. You're the one who started this time of prosperity. Not just for the executives and the suits running around the offices, but for everybody who we were able to give a raise here and there, and for every employee that could get his children a good education he might not have been able to afford otherwise. You're beloved by everyone here, Hibiki, and I do mean everyone. We really want to keep you here, and that's why I have an offer to present to you."*

*"As I said, our golden age is nearing its end. So we want to offer you stability, a precious commodity in the coming months, as you will learn. Your contract would run for one year, with an option for you to extend it two months before it runs out. Any later than that and we'd have*

*to renegotiate. For the duration of the contract, we'd pay you \$500 a day, no matter how many customers you take, given that—*

It took you a while to process all that, but now that you did, you interrupt your boss. *"Contract? You want me to sign a contract? What about my old life, my old identity?"* Mr. Yamamoto looks at you, speechless. Clearly, he didn't expect this.

*"Hibiki... you just paid off your debt. What? You think we're going to pay for a full-body transformation now that you just made good on what you owed? I don't want to be rude or condescending, but have you even thought of the cost we took upon ourselves? The opportunity we created for you? Make no mistake, we could have sued your ass and you would never have found employment in your life again. But I wanted to give you a chance, and so we did, the board members and I. You've spent more than half a year eradicating your sizeable debt; the cost of such an operation would likely run us three times that sum, and that's discounting years-long R&D that burned a big hole into our pockets. If you have half a million dollars lying around somewhere, you'd be male thirty minutes from now, no questions asked. What you're asking is ludicrous!"* He got a bit louder, but catches himself doing it. His face is apologetic and his calm voice returns after thinking a few moments.

*"Look. I know you were just asking, but I can't wave a hand and do something like that. If I did, this company would go down the drain in a blink. Honestly, when I look at you and how you've acted lately... I never would have thought you'd want to go back. I've looked inside your thoughts too. I know how it made you feel. Believe it or not, I know the feeling, though it may take another form for you than it does for me. Regardless,"* he makes a short pause, savouring his words, *"power is power."* It's invasive, how he uses your own emotions against you, but you can't deny his strategy's effectiveness.

*"For now, that's beside the point. We cannot afford a free operation like that. What I can offer you is this: As I said, \$500 a day flat, as long as you work five days a week for ten hours per day. Basically your routine schedule continued. You choose when you come and go as long as you put in the hours. On top of that, we're setting you up with a house in the outskirts of Tokyo, modern, quiet, peaceful. A place completely of your own. I'll go even further and tell you that there's a service station inside, inaccessible to Takeda. That means no thought-reading, no remote controlling you in your own home."*

*"The service station would be there to fulfill your wishes; of course you can't turn back into a man, it will restrict options based on cost. But little things are possible. Something that worries you can be put out of your mind by a mere thought. Your workouts too hard? Get a little help to tone that belly, or enhance those thighs without cycling for months on end. Essentially give yourself the capacity to truly enjoy the free time you have, without having to spend it to keep your body in shape, we'd help you with that."*

*"Before you try to do it in your head, I'll do it for you. Three years and you'd have more than half a million dollars at your disposal. That's the length I'd mandate. After you've put in the work, you'll have the full range of choice. Walk away a man, or walk away half a millionaire, fully a superstar. Think about it; with the service station being able to give you nearly anything you want, what would you spend your money on? Investments, housing, a private business maybe? Now, we're not stupid, we would like to get a little share of the pie if you go down that road, we're paying heaps to promote you, but you know we're fair. You could build a life here. That's what we're really offering here, not just a contract. Life."*

Damn, you can see how he became such a successful negotiator. He's laying it on a little thick, but you're once again at a point where you're given the veneer of a choice, and nothing more. Sure, you could tell them that you decline and go out into the world as a different person, with no friends, no education and a highly recognisable face, known from an industry of questionable reputation in some circles. That recognition is immediately going to be connected with prostitution, and since sitting in an office doesn't require you to be recognisable in the first place, is not going to do you any favours. Or you enslave yourself to this company and this body, have a steady job, steady income and a roof over your head. Face it, if you decline, you'll be here again, two years from now, paying off new debt. At least this time you'd already have a "compatible" body, but jokes won't help you out of this. Takeda always was nice to you...

*"Put that in writing and I'll sign it,"* you announce, much to Mr. Yamamoto's delight. He gives you another heartfelt hug, orders a few of his assistants around and before long, you've got the contract lying before you, confirming that you're once again Takeda property for the duration of three years.

## Day 1340 – Epilogue

It came just like Takashi—Mr. Yamamoto predicted it. Business was rough. Not just local companies, even some upstart from Korea started getting into the service idol business, first at home, now over here in Japan. Their girls are particularly weird... which brings you back to the races, where you met them for the first time. That memory will stick almost as much as that girl's thighs did after you were done with her.

Anyway, like you said, business got slow. You had to really step up your game to keep your holes occupied at all times, and to motivate customers spending a few bucks more on your juiced up body. Without trying to flatter yourself, you have to admit that your seduction protocols have long been outclassed by your inherent feminine intuition.

You've had some issues in the past. All that Miyu business kept worming its way into your head, and extended towards idols of the other competing companies. You're not exactly clear what you did to get out of these slumps... you remember going into the service station sad, but coming out hot, horny and happy. Gratitude doesn't begin to describe what you feel for Takeda after all they did for you.

Arousal may come closer. Your contract ended just a few weeks ago. It would've ended earlier, but you took a small vacation or two, which should be completely normal over the course of three years. There you were, in the office of the headquarters once again, your D cups sitting on your chest, jutting out proudly, while Mr. Yamamoto asks you whether you now want to use your money to turn back into a man. The oddity of that question even being asked struck you back then just like it does now. You really had to stifle a laugh; you thought going under his desk and wrapping your plastic lips around his thick meat was as expressive an answer as you could muster. Sucking cock really was a response you were comfortable with. Comfortable was a good word, yeah. Having a dick inside your mouth was comfortable, comforting even. You had a job, a purpose.

Speaking about jobs, of course the end of your contract meant you'd have to figure out what to do next. Takeda knows what you knew; you can't stay young forever. Now, there's no need for false modesty, you're barely heading for thirty and you're as much of a knockout as you ever were, but with the service idol industry becoming more and more ferocious, and so many younger, more energetic girls making themselves available, there's a degree of saturation and

barely any girl above her teens could compete. So what Takeda offered you was a middle management position. The service stations would give you a little introduction to the business and some basic knowledge on how to conduct the relevant transactions. Then you'd get a team of your own to manage. The offer was too good to refuse; you signed the contract then and there, careful not to drool any sperm on it.

You took to your new position naturally. You know a lot about positions, after all. Mr. Yamamoto suggested looking at some of the pantsuits the service station could dispense, but you declined. Today, on your first day as a manager, just like on your first day as an ad space, you're wearing white-and-blue, boob window jacket, miniskirt, boots, just like you were meant to be. Your idea wasn't all that bad; of course the employees adore you, just like Mr. Yamamoto told you when you signed the last contract. There were a few, of course, who felt it was beneath them to work for a person of your... nature. They sure did adapt to being beneath you quickly though, and soon changed their mind. They're probably among your most productive staff now, if you think about it. A blowjob under their desk here and there takes care of any relapses into disobedience.

So yeah, you might live in an office, but life as a slut is far from over. In fact, it's been one of the primary motivations for you to re-sign with Takeda. Because the fact is, the one fact that you never would have admitted to four years ago: You *love* being a whore. That doesn't require payment in cash, necessarily. Words can't describe the feeling you get when your car "breaks down" and you head into the nearest bar, rest your arms on the counter and lean forward, pushing your breasts just barely through them, asking if any of those capable guys there know how to get an engine started and seeing them get nosebleeds or fainting at the sight of you. It always pays off to keep at least a pair of scrunchies in between your massive tits, in case one of them needs some fuckhandles for leverage. Those also make you look really cute, and much, *much* more innocent than you really are.

You love not having to pay for gas, because the clerk at the gas station knows you so... intimately, he could probably draw up maps of your vaginal tunnel. You love entering a restaurant with a "date" and having every man's gaze drawn towards you, their wives and girlfriends forgotten in a heartbeat. You love heading into a supermarket, loudly making jokes about cucumbers and melons, creating an image in the people's minds that you're nothing but a stupid, vapid slut, and how much that helps when you're stalking your prey. You love the carnal pleasure. The heat. The excitement.

By now, you're relatively settled down; you have a steady, respectable job – which you have no qualms making a bit less respectable at times – a house, a car and some investments. You're locked down here, but you're also safe and secure. One day, you may score a husband, but you're not sure yet. He'd have to be hung and available, that much is clear. You're not working ten hours a day to go home to a flaccid five-incher. After work occupies your time, you need something to occupy your holes, and there's no shortage of cocks in this city. Occasionally, you're even paid, but you're definitely not asking for money. You've got more class than that.

Here, you've built a life to be proud of, you think to yourself as the semen of one of your subordinates runs down your cheeks. He didn't feel he could handle such a big project, but you're sure seeing such a tiny slut handle his sizeable meat, those worries of his have been more than extinguished. Now, if only somebody would extinguish that fire in your loins...

*THE END*