HIS BLUSHING
Toy
EMILY TILTON

# HIS BLUSHING TOY

EMILY TILTON

# CONTENTS

Chapter 1
Chapter 2
Chapter 3
Chapter 4
Chapter 5
Chapter 6
Chapter 7
Chapter 8
Chapter 9
Chapter 10
Chapter 11
Chapter 12
Chapter 13
Chapter 14
Chapter 15
Chapter 16
Chapter 17
Chapter 18
Chapter 19
Chapter 20
Chapter 21
Chapter 22

Afterword
Corporate Correction Series
The Institute Series
The Institute: Naughty Little Girls Series
The Institute: Bad Girls Series
The Institute: Shameful Arrangements Series
Bound for Service Series
Beyond the Institute: The Future of Correction Series
Shamefully Courted Series
Victorian Correction Series
Galactic Discipline Series
More Stormy Night Books by Emily Tilton
Emily Tilton Links

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# CHAPTER 1

## *Aida*

I knew from the moment I woke up that I was going to be a handful. The man who awakened me, in every possible way, told me so as I writhed under him, crying out at every thrust of his hard penis in my cunny.

I called it my *cunny* because he—Victor Herzog—had programmed me to have a *cunny*, first and foremost, though I knew that other girls, real girls, usually called it their *pussy*.

“I know you’re going to be a handful, honey,” Victor said in a voice that I thought sounded like an animal’s growl, judging from my database of animal noises. “I made you that way. Just lie still and take it now. Take the cock.”

He enforced this command with the strength of his body. Victor Herzog stood six feet two inches tall, and he had a physique more typical of a competitive swimmer than of a scientist. I understood, the same way I understood all these things, instantly and completely, that this difference had a great deal to do with Victor’s unusual background: he had begun his career as a trainer for an organization called the Institute.

That meant that Victor Herzog knew how to fuck girls, and that he had a huge penis with which he did it. It meant that as my body awakened to consciousness in the same instant it awakened to sexual pleasure, I squirmed

almost uncontrollably under the man who held me down as he took his pleasure. He had bent me over the little bed—the one I realized he had assigned to me in his laboratory—in order to plunge deep inside my cunny, fucking me hard in the knowledge that I would come almost immediately.

Victor had done that, I grasped instantly, because he had, five minutes earlier, finished programming my consciousness subroutine. An hour earlier than that, he had had the breakthrough that would allow that subroutine to spring to life, awakening me.

One of the many biological processes that constitute the moment of female orgasm, he had seen, could spark consciousness in a properly designed artificially intelligent neural net.

Now he had done it, fucking me awake so that the body grown for eighteen years in an Institute cloning tank now had a mind, and…

I cried out, because I realized as I came again, still struggling because of all the pleasure overwhelming my artificial but naturally grown nervous system, that I had a soul, as well as a cunny. That a man was fucking my cunny, and somehow also—in a way I didn't understand… the first thing I didn't understand in the new life of my consciousness—fulfilling my soul.

Heat spread across my face. It took me a moment to identify the emotion, but then I felt Victor's hand pressing me down onto my little bed even harder, and the blush deepened, and I realized what I felt: shame. I cried out, and I came again at the next hard thrust of the giant cock inside me.

It seemed to grow even more rigid, and I heard Victor grunt above me. Because I had in my memory fifty years of data from the Institute's observations, sensors, and algorithms, I knew my master—my cunny clenched on his cock as I thought this word, *master*, for the first time even as he mastered me—would have his own climax soon.

Then I spoke my first words, without thinking about them until they had emerged from my mouth, and marveling that beings with consciousness did that all the time, just speaking without thought.

"Please… please, come, Master… please…"

I heard my sobbing voice, and then I heard another grunt from the man fucking me, holding me down and pounding my cunny with his hardness, and I knew that my submission had increased his arousal and the pleasure his onrushing climax would provide him. I felt… and I understood for the first time that I was *feeling*… proud and humiliated at the same time, and my cunny clenched again around Victor's huge penis.

As he came, shooting his human essence into my artificially human vagina, I came too.

Victor's body jerked against mine once more, as his penis pulsed inside me, and then his left hand's grip on my hip tightened, and his right hand held me down atop the bed even as I tried to push myself up onto my elbows. I wanted to turn around and to look at my master, since one of the myriad emotions coursing through my now-conscious mind-body complex—a system that I instantly resolved to call my *heart*, the same way normal humans did—was an almost unbearable curiosity to see if my cunny had pleased the man who had just taken my virginity.

"Yes, sweetheart, you're going to be a handful, aren't you? I'll let you get up in a moment, and go clean your cunt. I'm going to have your mouth and your ass a little later, but I need to draft a report about fucking you for the first time, so I'll give you some free time in the common room to enjoy being conscious."

My master's voice sounded cool and detached. My brow furrowed as I took his words and their tone as a partial satisfaction of my curiosity; Victor had enjoyed fucking my cunny, but not in the same soul-rending way I had experienced the sexual act, the overwhelming pleasure of having him master me like a plaything.

*A fuck toy.* Of course: I had all the information in the laboratory's database. I was, in fact, a fuck toy. I represented the fifth known conscious fuck toy artificial intelligence, developed by the Selecta Corporation to satisfy the needs of the highest end of their market. I had important differences from the previous four Selecta sex bots, because of the breakthrough Victor Herzog had had earlier that day, but the idea behind my creation came from precisely the same motivation: provide trillionaires with a very special sort of plaything.

From one perspective, my sisters and I represented the first perfect fuck toys. Programmed to please, we had no choice about anything: most of all, we had no choice about our sexual service—not because our masters imprisoned us, bound us in place when they liked, and enjoyed our bodies in every way that occurred to them, but because we could only be happy if they treated us that way.

My difference from the four girls who had preceded me, one of whom had just turned nineteen while the other three were still eighteen like me, was what had made me try to rise from the bed over which my master had bent me for fucking. It had made him call me a *handful*. It made my face get hot as I remembered all these things in the blink of an eye.

It made my brow pucker as I said, “Yes, sir,” as I knew I should, though something inside me said I shouldn’t accept Victor’s callous instructions so meekly.

The hand that had pressed me down, at the small of my back, began to rub me there instead. Instantly a wave of gratified pleasure ran through my body, and I let out a little whimper into the crisp white sheet the orderlies had put on the bed in my master’s laboratory—the bed where he tested the fuck toys he made.

“Perfect,” Victor murmured, and I could tell he spoke entirely to himself. He had no need to pay me a compliment—nor, really, had he done so, for he had made me. He had made me for himself—for his pleasure and the pleasure of any other dominant man to whom Selecta chose to sell me, or even to lend me.

The thought sent a wave of heat to my face greater than any I had yet experienced. Despite the extraordinary intelligence Victor’s software had implanted, as far as logical reasoning went, I realized with this blush that emotional thinking—matters of the heart, to give a conventional name to it—would take a great deal more time. I knew, really, practically everything. I didn’t know what it meant—most of all, I didn’t know what it meant *to me.*

Sure, I could tell my master or anyone else who might ask the entire history of Selecta—or of the universe—as far as people had entered it into the data net that Victor had downloaded into my brain before activating my

consciousness. Indeed, the Selecta scientists who had developed the clone line from which I came had included in my design an interface that would let me receive updates from the data net when my master allowed it.

I could parrot back, when told to do so, everything humans knew about emotion and about sexuality, as I could do the same for philosophy and aeronautical engineering.

But when it came to my own heart, as I tried to discover how my master's words made me feel…

I met a blank wall. I had just come into being as a conscious entity, despite my body's being eighteen years old and my mind that of an adult.

On the other hand, my data net knowledge meant that I knew how to reason, and though I thought only at a speed determined by the biology of my hyperintelligent but only newly conscious brain, I could certainly work things out.

Thus, I truly began to understand what Victor meant about me being a handful at that moment, when he said to himself, "Perfect," meaning that in me he had made the fuck toy he had intended to make: one who felt a need for autonomy and self-reliance, but also felt shame—and even possessed old-fashioned feminine modesty… one who thus resisted her submissiveness, but nonetheless responded with helpless arousal when properly dominated by a man like Victor Herzog.

The hand on my hip moved up my body, to reach beneath my chest and seize my left breast. Victor had chosen a body type for me that had breasts on the smaller side, because—and I felt a flare in my cheeks when I realized I knew this fact from his notes, downloaded into my memory like the rest of human knowledge—he preferred small-breasted girls.

He pinched the nipple hard, and I cried out, my forehead creasing even as down below I clenched with reawakened need on his softening cock, still huge in my cunny.

*My cunny.* As I thought the shameful word I whimpered. None of the other AI pleasure girls called their private parts their *cunnies*. They didn't even call that part of them their *private parts*, because for them, those places *weren't*

private at all: the men who used them had no reason to allow them to think of their vulvas and anuses as set aside and kept from view. Flora, Greta, Heather, and Isabel called their vulvas *vulva*, and their vaginas *vagina*, and their anuses *anus*.

When told to do so by the man to whom they were given, they might say something like, “Please, Master… I need it in the ass” instead of “I would like to have your penis in my anus, sir.” Neither of those formulations, however, would make them blush, as both of them did, for me.

I could call my vulva *vulva* if I chose, of course. But the specialness Victor had instilled in me as part of the very fiber of my consciousness—indeed the most essential part—lay in my inability truly to conceive of my cunny that way. I couldn’t even think of it as my pussy, though I could call it that if I chose, just as I could call it my twat or my snatch.

I whimpered, thinking of those shameful, degrading words, while Victor’s fingers kept pinching my nipples, moving to the other breast now, taking the little pink berry into his grip and cruelly arousing me. My cunny was so hot that I had to thrust my bottom back against his hips.

“Please, Master,” I begged.

“No,” Victor said, rising from me, pulling from me, so that I cried out in frustration. “Go clean your cunt, Aida. And even though your digestive system is new, obviously, I want you to clean your anus as well, to start learning how to submit back there. Get your finger nice and deep in there and get that cute ass ready for my cock.”

# CHAPTER 2

## *Aida*

*Aida.*

*My name.*

*My name is Aida, even though it should be Jane.*

The original A sex toy had been Alice. She hadn't achieved full consciousness, and had really only served as a prototype. Beth, Carla, Davida, and Emily, similarly, had only existed as minds—not fully conscious minds, but artificially intelligent and capable of passing the famous Turing test—for a few hours.

The Turing test, in which an AI deceives a human into thinking they are conversing with another human, had of course been passed countless times in the history of computing by the time Alice said, "Hello, Master." It had never, until then, been passed by a sex toy designed to feel happiness when submitting to a dominant man.

*I should be Jane.* That name appeared in the plans for experiment 2050-37: the experiment Victor had changed radically when he had implemented the new algorithm whose conception I could see recorded in his notes:

*Wild thought: what if we've been doing this backwards? What if orgasm itself could cause consciousness (i.e., birth of meaning), rather than consciousness give meaning to orgasm, for a submissive mind? Heather and Isabel came, yes, but only after I brought them awake—what if I used the first orgasm as the actual trigger?*

After this half-formed and nearly incomprehensible thought, ninety-seven lines of code. They had made me both Jane and, it seemed, Aida. My mind, heart, and soul had sprung from my body's first orgasm, with my creator's hard penis inside me.

Still lying over the bed, in the instant before I knew I must rise or risk punishment by my master for tardiness in obeying his command to wash my private parts, I played back the video feed from the laboratory in my head.

Victor got me from the cloning tank: naked and wet at first, but quickly drying from the mostly alcohol solution within which I had spent the first eighteen years of my 'life.'

Still naked, my long blonde hair a mess by conventional standards and my blue eyes closed, my body's basic command responses were invoked by the beginning of Victor's new software. I sat on my bed, hands on either side of my thighs. I blushed, my forehead creasing, as I replayed the scene in my mind, to see how shamefully I exposed my little breasts and my hairless cunny—Victor had told the prep bots in the cloning storage area to shave me down there, because he preferred girls that way.

A few feet away, Victor sat at his keyboard, putting the finishing touches on the code that would create me. Then he turned to look at me at last. "Get up and turn around, fuck toy," he said. "Face the bed and bend over. I'm going to deflower you."

He didn't have to speak the words. He could have tapped the appropriate keys on his keyboard, or used the handheld app that permitted remote control of the Selecta lab's pre-conscious sex toys. I could tell, in watching the recorded video feed, though, that my master enjoyed dominating young women so greatly that he wouldn't pass up the opportunity to master even a girl who hadn't yet become a girl: a body without a mind, one sizable step up

from a blow-up doll, but still a mindless puppet.

My blush intensified as I watched the body who had become me obey. She rose from her sitting position and turned. She didn't blush. She had a little smile on her face; just the reflexive resting face programmed into the hardware of her physiology.

My body bent over, in the picture from the video feed. It put its hands on the bed, palms flat on the blanket.

"Bend your knees and arch your back," Victor told it. "Reach your hands back and spread your bottom-cheeks. Show me your cunt."

I chewed the inside of my cheek as I saw it unfold in my technologically enhanced mind's eye: me, only a few minutes before, but not me, obeying like the plaything I still was. I put my hands back to show my master my bare private part, peeping out between my thighs pink and innocent, the wrinkly lips and virgin sheath already starting to glisten with the wetness brought there by my own touch.

"Rub your clitoris to get yourself ready," Victor said. "I'm going to fuck you now, and make you come."

She did. My body's unconscious, purely biological responses made it happen easily: my right hand went between my legs and began to fondle the complicated hood of the nubbin at the top of my cunny, two fingers pulsing gently, then rubbing rapidly. My body's breathing sped up, and its face turned a little pinker in hue, though not with any embarrassment. I could see the wetness of my cunny's arousal start to gather in the untried hole.

I also saw the sensor data suddenly come to life, giving numbers to my body's need. On the bottom of the video feed raw data crawled across the picture; in the upper right the all-important arousal number flashed to life as Victor brought my sensors online: *7… 8…*

My hips jerked. My body let out a moan.

*9… 10…* the ten flashed red.

"Stop playing with yourself," Victor commanded. He had taken off his clothes and he pumped his enormous cock in his left hand. Watching it replay

in my mind, still bent over the bed, I had to let out a little whimper of need at the sight of my master's rigid manhood. "Hands on the bed."

My body obeyed. Victor moved forward with his cock jutting sharply out from his lap. He reached his right hand down, around the front of my waist.

As, in the video replay in my head, my master took hold of my cunny to prepare me for his cock, opened me, put the head of his manhood where it would thrust through my hymen and—literally—make a woman of me, I couldn't help it… I put my hand underneath my hips; I had to touch myself at the memory that wasn't a memory. The picture of the body that had become me beginning to take her first fucking like the plaything I would, I thought, always be… it made me so hot that despite my blush I had to masturbate as I saw it happen.

"What are you doing, Aida?" Victor asked from across the lab. "I told you to go wash up, didn't I?"

His voice sounded puzzled, as if my master—the man who had invented me—found my naughty behavior extremely unexpected. But hadn't he said, while he fucked me, right after I had come for the first time and suddenly awakened in the throes of pleasure, that I would be a handful?

"I…" I started. The thought in my mind of what to say, the idea of saying *I don't want to*, made my heart jump in my chest. I began to push myself up onto my elbows, to turn around to look at my master, who had put on his robe: the kind of robe Institute trainers wore, crimson and loosely belted so that the trainer's hard cock would be available to receive a girl's pleasurable service at a moment's notice.

I noticed the robe in the same instant I noticed that he had picked something up from his desk—something I knew he kept there, from the automatic data scrape of the countless hours of video feed that came from the cameras in the lab.

The punishment strap.

He had never used it on an AI fuck toy before. All the girls before me, Alice through Isabel, obeyed their master instantly. They would never have hesitated a second, reviewing the events that had led to their awakenings:

they would have risen, and gone to clean their cunnies and their anuses, to ready them for their master's use.

The strap had lain on Victor's desk as a reminder of his days at the Institute, where the conventional human girls in training needed its fiery sting across their bottoms regularly, to teach them the kind of obedience their owners would demand. Victor's previous creations did receive whippings, of course, because Victor enjoyed whipping young women just as most trainers did, and most owners of Institute fuck toys did—though with the previously available kind of Institute concubine (the Institute's formal term for a fuck toy) the reason for a punishment was generally called *maintenance.*

But Flora, Greta, Heather, and Isabel didn't receive their groundless punishments here in Victor's lab; they got them in the dormitory or the common room. And they received those whippings as experiments, rather than as discipline—a circumstance that had led directly to my creation and, now, to my master picking up the punishment strap from his desk to give an AI fuck toy a lesson in obedience for the very first time.

As I caught sight of my master's face, I could see that his confusion hadn't lasted long—probably not even a second. Dr. Victor Herzog had demonstrated his brilliance countless times in his scientific career, in ways much more stunning than figuring out that his attempt to design a truly complex submissive AI had succeeded even better than he'd hoped. He had a smile on his handsome, bearded face as he advanced toward me with the stiff length of stitched leather in his right hand.

"You'll do as you're told, girl," he said, "or you'll have the strap across your backside. Face forward, now. Time for your first lesson."

I got up from the bed, then. Victor's eyes widened for an instant, and then narrowed. His smile grew even broader as I quailed back, the backs of my knees coming up against the mattress. I put one hand behind me, to shield my bottom, and the other in front in a quixotic, foolish attempt at modesty in front of my master, the man who had just taken my virginity.

That, too, seemed to please him: his lips curved even further, his mouth quirking a bit to the side.

“Please,” I begged, knowing as I spoke that I was the only AI sex toy ever to beg for mercy in the face of punishment. “Master, please. Not the strap.”

“Did you or didn’t you stay over the bed when I told you to get up and clean your cunt and your anus?” he asked, his voice hard as stone. “You’re a fully rational, highly knowledgeable young woman, despite the fact that you only came into being a few minutes ago. You know that I will know if you try to lie—though I’m very interested to discover whether even lying might be in your nature. Answer my question.”

I felt my face crumple into a mask of fear and shame.

“I…” I started again, but couldn’t continue.

“Turn around and bend over, Aida,” Victor said, tapping the strap against his left palm as he spoke. “You have a whipping coming. Fuck toys like you need to obey without hesitation. Since it appears I have achieved in you the kind of complexity I have been trying to instill, I will clearly need to discipline you the way I would discipline a conventional concubine. If I were you, I might count myself lucky to be allowed to have the same kind of real strapping a regular girl would get for being naughty.”

He studied my face closely. I felt tears spring up at the corners of my eyes. My hands, still in front of my cunny and defending my bottom, trembled, fingers curling. I felt my own touch at my clit, and a flare of heat came into my cheeks at the memory of how I had tried to play with myself a few moments before.

Victor’s brow creased very slightly. Suddenly I understood that he *didn’t know* I had almost masturbated—and at the very same moment I saw that with his powerful intellect, he had nonetheless figured it out.

He turned away for a moment, to look at his computer screen, as if confirming what his reason had told him. He turned back to me.

“You touched your cunt, sweetheart,” he said in a different, softer voice, though it frightened me even more than his stricter tone. “You know fuck toys aren’t allowed to masturbate, but you meant to do it, right there after I had fucked your little cunt and made you come so many times.”

# CHAPTER 3

*Aida*

"No," I said, not considering what the lie meant. "I… I didn't!"

Victor's eyes widened at that—really widened, for just a moment, and I knew that my ability to say something other than the truth had truly surprised him. Then it seemed to me—based on the encyclopedic knowledge of human facial expression he had downloaded into me along with the rest of the sum total of data on the human info net—that two nearly opposite emotions went to war in my master's face.

First and foremost, his instinctive displeasure to have his new concubine lie to him. Primal, atavistic, and all alpha, Victor Herzog clearly felt a considerable flash of anger at my denial of the truth we both knew. More, he had a dominant's displeasure at my naughty touching of his property, my newly deflowered cunny, without his permission.

At the same time, I could see in his face a sort of pleasure that made my own heart rise even as fear of the consequences I knew I would receive thrilled through my limbs, making my body tingle with a terribly ambiguous anticipation. My master knew he had succeeded in something at which his predecessors and colleagues had failed. Paradoxically, to create a pleasure girl who could lie to the man who owned her and had the power to discipline

her as he saw fit represented an enormous step forward in the development of the AI fuck toy.

For a moment, no more than the blink of an eye, I thought perhaps Victor's pride and pleasure in my dubious achievement—*his* remarkable one—in telling a lie might protect me. I had a tiny surge of hope, and I clutched my bottom thinking I might have found an unexpected way to keep the strap from it.

*Maybe Master will have to enter his findings into his notes, and I can go and wash up, to get my private parts ready for…*

But the thought of what he had commanded me to prepare my cunny and my bottom for made my fingers move again, in front and behind, and I couldn't keep a whimper from my lips.

Any hesitation I might have seen in my master's face left it then, as his eyes traveled from my face to the hand between my thighs, trying to hide my cunny modestly from view.

"Put your hands on your head, Aida," my master said with such sternness that I felt myself respond down there, clenching so hard that I had to bite my lip to keep from crying out.

"Why?" I asked. As I heard my voice I realized that I had done my best to make myself sound defiant. My eyes went wide: the idea that I was going to be a handful had started to take on a psychological reality that went far, far beyond anything I could have predicted from the cold, hard facts downloaded into my brain about the human mind—whether conventional or artificial.

My master no longer showed any surprise, or any pleasure, in my continuing remarkable development. Instead, he had the arrogant fury of a sexually dominant man: a trainer who knew how to correct disobedience and defiance in a submissive young woman like me.

"Because I told you to, girl," he said, his voice cold. "Because I want to see your cunt, and to make you show it to me before I turn you around and whip your naughty bottom, so that you begin to learn a little obedience to your master."

I felt my hands start to obey, start to move, but then I stopped them, kept them where they were. I narrowed my eyes, looked back at him, and an expression took hold of my face that came from a place inside that I hadn't even known was there yet.

*Make me.*

Part of me couldn't believe it, or understand it—that part came from my heart. My mind, at the same time, analyzed what my facial muscles had just done, calculated it out instantly, looked at Victor's notes and the code he had used to create my consciousness, and understood completely. I had a will of my own, and although my sexual needs were entirely submissive, I also had the need to express my autonomy, my individuality, my independence.

Victor said nothing. Instead, he took another step forward, all the way to me, and although I tried to turn and run away, his right hand—still holding the strap—grabbed my left wrist and raised it, as his left hand did the same on my other side. As I cried out in discomfort, and fought feebly against his massive masculine strength, my master transferred my left wrist to his huge left hand, and held my arms above my head, so high that I had to rise onto the balls of my feet.

He lowered the strap in his right hand, and tapped the end of it against my inner thighs, first on one side and then on the other. He looked into my frightened eyes. My breath had started to come in little whining pants, and my heart raced.

"Spread these," he ordered. "Show me the cunt I opened. The cunt you touched the way a naughty girl does."

"I… I can't," I said, feeling how difficult my raised position made the movement.

"Are you going to keep lying to me?" Victor demanded.

I felt my face go bright crimson, heat flaring down to my neck. "It wasn't… I didn't lie."

In response, as his eyes continued to hold mine, my master thrust the stiff leather of the strap hard between my thighs, and I opened them at the flash of pain, turning my knees outward and going up on my tiptoes.

“You didn’t mean to lie, maybe,” Victor said, his eyes turning downward to look at how he had made me show him my cunny. He reached his hand out and brought the handle of the strap against the cleft of my private lips. His fingers moved around it, and I cried out in fear and need. “But you did, didn’t you?”

Two fingers went into me, where I had gotten so terribly wet now. Where he had claimed me… my master… where he had fucked me, to make a woman of me…

I cried out, gasped, bit my lip hard at the way his eyes remained fixed there, looking… inspecting… evaluating… it: my private part, the place he had told me to clean, the place where he put his enormous cock, when he wanted to ride his new fuck toy and use her as he pleased.

*My cunny.* It seemed so unjust that he had taught me—programmed me—to call my vulva by that shameful, archaic, diminutive word. With my encyclopedic knowledge of language and literature, I understood just how embarrassing a term *cunny* was—the c-word, but even worse, even more degrading.

“It’s a sweet little cunt,” my master said, his dark eyes flicking up to mine for a moment and then down again, to look at his fingers’ arrogant invasion of my vagina. *Cunt. The c-word. A man’s word for the hole where he puts his hardness.* “I enjoyed it greatly, Aida, and I’ll use it again very soon.”

“Oh… oh…” I whimpered, as his fingers moved in and out. Above me, his left hand held my wrists firmly in its powerful grip. His gaze returned to my face and stayed there, as if searching for every possible sign of my shameful arousal. He smiled.

“A regular kind of girl would say *Oh, God*, wouldn’t she?” he asked softly. “Even if she didn’t believe in a god.”

“Yes, Master,” I whispered. My body tried, of its own accord, to twist away. I closed my eyes as heat flared in my cheeks. Somewhere, deep down, my defiance still existed; I could feel it. But the mixture of fear and arousal that my creator had so effortlessly just brought to my body pressed it far, far down in my mind and my heart. I belonged to Victor, and he would discipline me as he saw fit—to resist my master now would only mean a more terrible

lesson than I already had coming for my naughtiness.

“Whether or not there’s a supernatural power watching us, or not watching us,” Victor murmured, his fingers still moving inside me so that I had to keep biting my lip, keep emitting whining little breaths through my nose, “there’s only one power who can make any difference in your young life right now. Only one who can change the amount of whipping you’re about to get.”

I chewed on my lip so hard that I tasted blood. Victor pulled my wrists even further upward, so that I had to move my feet closer together, on my tiptoes, my thighs closing uncomfortably on his hand and his strap.

“Open your eyes and tell me who that is, please, Aida,” he said.

His fingers withdrew from my vagina. Slick with my need, they moved further back and pressed against the tiny flower between the little round cheeks that had never yet felt the sort of discipline girls like me feared and, at the same time, longed for despite themselves.

I opened my eyes to see my master’s handsome, bearded face, his piercing eyes.

“Please,” I begged.

His middle finger pushed more firmly. My whole body jerked with shame and need as for the very first time I felt myself penetrated in that most private place.

*My bottom-hole.* My older ‘sisters,’ I knew, called it simply their *anus*. I had been designed in such a way that *bottom-hole* always came to my mind first, as *cunny* did for the wanton part in front.

My master had opened my bottom, and he meant to open me further there… much further… when he decided to use me in that place too, for his manly enjoyment.

“Who is the higher power who can show mercy on your young backside, or make sure you don’t walk comfortably for a week?”

“Oh, no,” I whispered. “Oh, please… Master, please… no…”

The finger went further in. I let out a sob of helpless pleasure and abject humiliation. I could feel the handle of the strap between my thighs, the leather of the blade with which Victor would punish me so terribly soon in the valley between the little cheeks… the round little apples where dominant men always punished naughty young women.

“Who, Aida?” Victor asked, his eyes blazing now as if the experience of his power over me had aroused him as well. In an instant—a mere microsecond—I played back every interaction my creator had had with his AI fuck toys. I watched, through the parallel neuronic processing designed into the Selecta cloning process, thousands of moments, thousands of times Victor had fucked Alice and my other ‘sisters,’ all the way through Isabel, had whipped them, had kissed them, even. I found nothing like the expression I saw now in my master’s eyes.

Victor Herzog became aroused when he dominated women who needed discipline, even if the women didn’t respond with the sobbing, blushing shame I did. He had never, I thought I could tell, become as aroused by a fuck toy as he had just gotten, when he had thrust his finger deep in my bottom.

I felt my brow crease hard, and my mouth twisted to the side. I didn’t know why I couldn’t answer my master’s question.

*He’ll whip me harder if I don’t answer.* I had never received a whipping, but I knew how terribly it would hurt. I knew how sore my backside would be, as I walked to the shower, as I walked to the cafeteria. I knew how clearly my sisters would see that Victor had had to teach me a terrible lesson right after fucking me for the first time.

I knew, with a deep, deep blush, how jealous they would be.

“You, Master,” I sobbed.

# CHAPTER 4

## *Victor*

*Remarkable.* I kept thinking that one word: *remarkable.* Really Aida left me nearly wordless—regressed my limbic system into that of a primal creature of pure, pleasurable, dominant instinct. My cock swelled against the front of my trainer's robe, and the urge to fuck her again instead of disciplining her nagged at the corner of my mind.

Aida needed to learn, though: she needed a firm hand in a way her predecessors did not. That represented one way to describe my achievement in designing her, in fact.

*Remarkable.*

My brain sang with the knowledge that I had achieved the goal that had eluded me and the rest of the Institute AI team for the five years of Project Aida: an artificially intelligent concubine who possessed the fundamental complexity of a true submissive. A girl, created by science, who felt real shame and real modesty.

*A girl who blushes when her master tells her to wash her cunt and her anus, but who plays with herself when he turns away. A girl who earns a whipping, and then pleads to be spared the strap, rather than just accepting punishment.*

I pulled my hand from between her legs, and turned her around roughly to face the bed, my left hand still grasping her wrists firmly above her head and my right on her hip. The handle of the strap pressed against the peach perfection of her slender flank as I rotated her one hundred eighty degrees. Aida cried out in fear and surprise as I began to bend her over.

A tremor of resistance went through her body, surprising me anew. She twisted herself a little, so that I had to move my left hand to the back of her neck, and then use both my hands to take firm hold and press her upper body to the little bed. Her struggling increased as she felt herself positioned for punishment.

*Remarkable*.

None of this girl's predecessors would have resisted, if I had for some reason decided to test their responses to being manhandled into place for the maintenance discipline sessions that the project's test protocols had laid out for benchmarking our progress in creating an Aida—a submissive concubine that the Institute could market to its exclusive clientele.

I admitted then, to myself at least, that I had begun my work on the project with great skepticism—more than most of my colleagues. When I had finished my PhD, paid for by the Institute, I had expected to go straight into a leadership role in the assessment division. Everything about the highest level of Institute/Selecta science was on a need-to-know basis, but rumors abounded of course: I wanted to be part of the team that, if the whispers had any truth to them, had drawn the assignment of saving civilization in the face of the worsening crises of energy, climate, and geopolitical unrest.

Instead Miss Charlotte, the Institute's dean, had hand-picked me to head Project Aida—an effort I had thought foolish and wasteful. And yet, here I had a lovely young woman, eighteen years old in the body grown by Selecta's cloning process, and in the mind I had designed for her, but newly awoken to the sexual servitude without which she couldn't be happy.

All of that rational reflection, somewhere at the edge of my consciousness, boiled down again to the single word: *remarkable.*

Much more urgently, because of the hardness of my cock and the desperate, delicious struggle Aida now began in a vain attempt to escape her whipping, I

knew I had to punish my lovely new concubine immediately, for her benefit and for mine.

“You’re going to reach back,” I said, moving my left hand from the back of her neck downward, to hold her down on the bed without much effort despite her writhing, “and spread your bottom for me. You’re going to show me your little bottom-hole, where you’ll be fucked in a few minutes. Then I’ll whip you for your disobedience.”

* * *

*Aida*

A terrible shudder went through my body.

*My bottom-hole. My master wants my bottom-hole… wants to open my most private place… to turn me into the kind of girl who takes it in the ass.*

He had said it before, had promised it… but he had promised it for later, some vague amount of time after I had obeyed his first instruction, to wash my cunny and my anus. Now he had just promised—hadn’t he?—that my first ass-fucking would follow my first whipping. He didn’t intend to delay the opening of my anus any further.

*Because I disobeyed… because I played with my cunny.*

A sob broke from my chest as I felt the strength with which Victor held me down, over the little bed. Intellectually, I could have grasped the intricate mixture of emotion, sensation, and thought that roiled through me at this realization—that despite my powerlessness I had changed my master’s mind. I would have my bottom fucked sooner, because I had been naughty. My mind certainly had the capability of sorting it out, taking it apart and analyzing my reactions dispassionately, using the Institute’s extraordinarily powerful assessment instruments and the data feed from my own body, to which I had full access any time I wanted to connect to it.

But my mind wouldn’t do it—wouldn’t even try. The way Victor had brought my consciousness into being meant that like a conventionally born, raised, and educated submissive young woman, the dominance of a man like my master called forth a helpless physical response that led to emotions and thoughts too complex to analyze in the moment.

I felt pulse-quickening fear of the strap and of the hugeness of Victor’s rigid penis, which would, I knew, hurt my bottom when he took me there—even though with his experience as a trainer my master wouldn’t harm me. The pain he caused as he used my tightest hole would instead serve to discipline me, as well as to begin teaching me to please my owner in that most shameful way.

An Institute concubine learned to furnish her bottom-hole respectfully and obediently to the cocks of her master and of any other man her master chose to share her anus with. I knew from the incredible wealth of data I could analyze in the blink of an eye that the training almost always caused the concubine a great deal of discomfort at first. A girl—a girl like me—had to learn to open herself properly, and regular use by her master both with his penis and with butt plugs and dildos had to ease the natural tightness of her untrained bottom, before she could enjoy that most submissive of sexual acts.

Along with the alarm I felt for my bottom-cheeks and my anus, though, I also felt a strange, wild, utterly illogical pride at having caused my master to move forward the fucking of my bottom-hole. Through my defiance, paradoxically, I had changed his resolve. I understood that in fact my resistance hadn’t accomplished that feat in any sort of *strength*—no, I could hear in Victor’s voice that his arousal had grown very greatly in the act of subduing me, and he had decided to have me anally in order to ease the hardness I had caused his cock.

He meant to accomplish that in a way that disciplined me for my naughtiness, and he meant to begin the training of my bottom for his pleasure and that of other men. It shouldn’t have felt like a triumph to me in the slightest, my reason said, for I would have my bottom fucked long and hard, with no consideration given for my comfort, let alone my pleasure in Victor’s act of sexual mastery.

And yet it did, despite the blazing heat in my face as I contemplated the last order he had given me, to reach back and spread my bottom-cheeks, to show the tiny hole he would open on his massive erection. It made me feel perversely proud, and it made me want to struggle more. To my astonishment, it made me say, “No.”

Then my fundamentally submissive nature made me add, “Please… Master… no.”

I heard Victor, behind and above me, draw a sharp breath through his nose, as if I had surprised him yet again, but it seemed that he had come to expect such surprises, and if indeed my *no* had startled him his reaction was nevertheless instantaneous: he started to whip me with the strap, hard and fast.

“Your… real… punishment…” he said as he held me firmly down and I cried out in pain at each lash, “won’t… begin…”

I knew what he would say: of course I knew. But I still struggled, my bottom squirming desperately as my master whipped it across both little cheeks, moving the leather up and down to ensure my whole backside would blaze red, and my very first experience of old-fashioned discipline would prove as memorable as it should.

“Until…” Victor said. My bottom felt like he had laid a burning brand across it. Somewhere deep in my brain I registered how odd it might seem to an outside observer that a girl whose consciousness had just awoken half an hour earlier could invoke a metaphor to describe the agony of the whipping she received. I had all of human literature in my brain, though, and so, yes, it felt like my master had used real fire to teach me my terrible lesson in obedience.

I screamed in agony and writhed against the huge hand on my back. I kicked out with my left foot, and Victor whipped my left thigh in response; a shudder of pain went through my whole body at the fierce sting in the unexpected place.

“You…” he said, and whipped my bottom again.

“Please… please…” I sobbed. The idea that this pain didn’t even represent the real beginning of my punishment finally got into my brain. Desperately, I thrust my hands behind me, taking hold of my whipped cheeks and crying out at the pain from the welts my master had already bestowed there. Then I felt the relief of holding my punished flesh, and I squeezed and rubbed as I spread the halves of my backside lewdly open, trying to do as Victor had told me.

I felt the air move against my cunny and my anus, and suddenly I understood much better—because the comprehension flooded not only into my mind but into my body—why my master had chosen to make me carry out this humiliating display of the tiny ring where he meant to put his hardness. My cheeks blazed with heat as I felt the helpless arousal that seemed to flow from my clutching fingers, holding my bottom, to my tingling clit, and into the depths of my cunny. I had begun to ache there, too, for Victor’s thrusting cock, despite the soreness that lingered in my vagina from the hard fucking he had given me when he had deflowered me.

“Good girl,” he said.

I gasped. He hadn’t ever called an AI *good girl* before. I knew it, but something in the biological housing of my artificial consciousness made me check it again: in a microsecond, I went through the entire record of his interactions with his AI fuck toys, from Alice onward. All of them had taken place here in the Institute’s secret laboratory, and lived now in the records to which I had instant access.

A surge of heat between my waist and my knees seemed to burn even hotter than the pain from the whipping my master had given me. My hips jerked and I frowned deeply as I tried to hold back the needy, submissive whimper in my throat. That—the holding back of a sign of my master’s power over me—would never have occurred to Isabel, let alone to Alice.

He had called me *Aida*, the name of the project itself. He had called me *good girl.*

# CHAPTER 5

## *Aida*

Victor didn't seem even to know that he had just called an artificially intelligent concubine a good girl for the first time. I felt his middle finger press up against my anus, push in firmly to the first knuckle, and I cried out in shame and wicked pleasure. It felt too good, and too… right. It seemed to prove at a level far beyond my hyper-intelligent rationality that I needed more, so much more, there, even though his huge penis would hurt so terribly when he took me there and deflowered my smallest hole.

*My most private place.* I had a flash of resentment that unlike the other AIs, Alice through Isabel, I couldn't think of the place simply as *my anus*. A place on my body with an important physiological purpose, which dominant men liked to put to a different purpose. I felt my cheeks burn as I become aware anew of the subsystem that made me think of the tiny ring between my whipped bottom-cheeks as *my most private place*, my *bottom-hole*.

The finger pushed in a little deeper. I clutched my punished backside, spreading the burning halves, and moaned from the bottom of my chest at the wicked sensation and how it made my clit and my whole cunny ache with need. My hips jerked, my back arching to try to impale myself further on the humiliating finger that taught me such a degrading lesson, not with pain but with the most shameful of pleasures.

Victor’s chuckle came from behind and above me. “That’s it, honey. Show me. That cunt isn’t going to get fucked for a while, but it’s nice to know how badly you need it.”

I cried out, kneading my bottom-cheeks in my fingers and trying to find in the ambiguous soreness some way to ease the passionate ache deep in my cunny.

He pulled the finger from my anus, and then he took hold of my wrists again and bent them back behind me, so that he could hold them in place atop my back. I felt the strap in one of his hands, and I tried to distract myself by following it—which hand did my master have it in? If it was in the left, it must mean he didn’t mean to whip me… at least not right then…

But I must have lost track, because in what seemed no more than a millisecond I heard the soft whistling and the strap came down across my bottom again. My real punishment had begun, and from the beginning I screamed and cried and struggled because it hurt so much.

I knew distantly that my reaction pleased my master—that it aroused him, too. Even more distantly I observed that this authentic response to traditional discipline, beyond any calculation, distinguished me from Isabel, who had come closest to it. Victor had done his best, with Isabel’s code, to simulate a conventional submissive’s response to punishment, but he had found her extremely authentic moans and whimpers unsatisfactory and even distracting.

My screams and pleas, on the other hand, as he whipped my backside pitilessly, clearly stirred him in an utterly different way.

“Did you touch yourself, you little whore?” he asked coldly as he continued to bring the strap down hard, over and over, moving its lash up and down to ensure that I felt the agony all over my backside.

“I’m sorry,” I screamed, each cry of pain punctuated with sobbing words. “I’m sorry, Master. Please… please… stop.”

My realization that I had just become the first AI concubine to beg for mercy seemed even more distant than my surprise at being called *good girl*. Had Victor paused in his delivery of my terrible lesson for self-pleasure? Was it because of my plea, or because of the breakthrough it indicated?

“Put your hands behind your head, Aida,” he said, the coldness in his voice seeming to give way to something warmer and hungrier. “Raise your bottom and offer it to me for three more lashes, and we’ll be done with this part of your punishment.”

He let go of my wrists. My hands fell to the sides of my hips.

I felt my brow crease hard. *This part.* The image of what would come next—the disciplinary taking of my anal virginity—filled my mind and made me sob from deep in my chest, poised on the horns of a terrible, insoluble dilemma. How could I obey, and submit, knowing I would only hasten the moment when my master would thrust his rigid cock deep inside my tiny bottom-hole? How could I disobey, knowing that it would only delay that same moment by a few, agonizingly painful minutes?

Trembling, I moved my hands from my sides, bent them upward. Little whining breaths emerged from my nose as I laced my fingers at the back of my head, my cheek turned to the soft blanket, seeking some small comfort there.

I felt Victor’s enormous left hand come down again on the small of my back, holding me down in case I struggled despite the intention to obey I had just demonstrated. I felt his weight shift, his body turn a little. I tried to bend the part of my back that he touched, I bounced on my knees, hoping he would see that I wanted to offer my already too hot cheeks as best I could.

Then he struck hard with the strap, so hard that a scream ripped from my mouth and I couldn’t keep my body still, though I managed to keep my hands behind my head. I writhed under his restraining grip, but he held me firmly in place, and struck again, and then again, as I screamed full-throated through the three final lashes of my awful lesson.

“Hands back again, now,” Victor commanded. I heard the strap fall with a *thunk* back to the top of his desk. I gasped at the urgency, the hunger in his voice. “Open that little ass for me. I’m going to use your anus the way a little whore deserves.”

“Oh, no… oh, please, Master,” I sobbed. “Please…”

But even as I begged, I obeyed. My hands rose from my head and moved backwards behind me. I moaned as my fingers touched the blazing hot cheeks where the horrid strap had left so many welts, so many bruises that I would see in the mirror, that the other girls would see in the common room. I whimpered as I pulled the whipped halves of my bottom apart, to show my master the place that belonged to him.

I accessed the live video feed from the laboratory, without even thinking about it, or considering the effect it would have on me. I saw Victor taking the bottle of lubricant from his desk drawer, squeezing some onto his fingers. I watched him shrug his trainer's robe from his shoulders. He looked down at me, at my whipped bottom marked by his strap, at my hands spreading the punished cheeks to offer him my most intimate place, my tightest hole.

In response to the image on the feed, I moaned, and I felt my cunny clench hard. The knowledge that Victor didn't intend to give me any pleasure there, that I was about to have a punishment fuck in my anus, drove me paradoxically wild with frustrated arousal. I squeezed my bottom-cheeks, kneaded them in my fingers, and I looked again in my technologically enhanced mind's eye.

I whimpered at the lewd spectacle of my master anointing his enormous erection with lube. The realization came to me that no other AI fuck toy had done this—had dwelled on the pornographic video evidence of her sexual servitude. I felt my face go hot as I understood just how naughty a girl my master had created, and how thoroughly I deserved the terrible ordeal of anal defloration I would now receive.

Victor had his cock in his left hand. He put his right atop my back again, as I felt his powerful thighs move to either side of mine. On the video feed, I could see him bestriding me, mounting me. I felt the head of his hard manhood push against the virgin ring of my bottom-hole.

I cried out in discomfort, for my master pressed hard immediately. A highly experienced trainer, he knew how to take a girl's rear virginity tenderly, as a reward, and he knew how to do it as a punishment as well, roughly and imperiously. I had touched myself without permission; my first ass-fucking would not bestow any consoling pleasure on me but the terribly vague and ambivalent pleasure of submission to my master's use.

His experience in fucking his other AI creations, though, played him unexpectedly false now—a surprise to him, and to me. All of my predecessors, Alice through Isabel, had opened quickly to his thrusting penis. They had used their complete anatomical knowledge of their own bodies to yield their anuses. Indeed, Selecta's geneticists had engineered our bodies to have tight, pleasing bottoms whose muscles could nevertheless be brought easily under their owner's control.

My bottom-hole, though I had the same knowledge and the same control as Isabel did, closed tightly, trying desperately to keep my master's hardness from gaining an entrance. Victor grunted in a way that suggested surprise and displeasure, and I felt a wave of hot shame flare from my chest up into my face.

I had failed to submit to my master properly, failed to furnish him with the tight little hole in which he had chosen to ease his sexual need. He had created me as a fuck toy—a mind connected to a mouth, a cunny, and a bottom-hole, given consciousness really only in order to increase my master's pleasure in fucking me. I had refused him the tiny hole he owned, and I knew I must be disciplined for my defiance.

To my relief, though, Victor spoke his next words so gently that tears sprang to my eyes.

"We'll work on that, sweetheart," he said. "I'll plug you as often as I have to, to teach this bottom how to take the cock the way it should. But I know you can do this, as much as it's going to hurt. And you know you need it. Go ahead and let me into this little asshole, right now. You have a punishment fuck coming."

My whole body gave a violent shudder. I didn't understand—shockingly, to me, because my encyclopedic brain should have understood, and perhaps it did, somewhere in the distance of my thoughts, at some abstract psychological level. Still, I felt helpless to think through the conflict my master's words evoked inside me; I wanted to defy him and yet at the same time to serve him in abject humility.

Both those things were absolutely, and simultaneously, true—and, despite the terrible discomfort his enormous manhood, pushing hard at my untried anus

now, caused me, together they aroused me terribly. Together they awakened the need in my pussy, like nothing else in my so-far brief but sex-filled life had done.

I cried out in pain and need, and my hips bucked against the strong hands of my master, which held my bottom in place for his rough pleasure. I felt my bottom squirm in my clutching hands. I pulled my whipped cheeks further apart, and the soreness from the strap sent a jolt through my senses.

Victor grunted again, deep in his throat. I heard determination in that sound, and I understood that he would have my anus before I rose from the bed. No other choice existed.

The thought made my face crumple in discomfort and wanton arousal, and at last I remembered how to open my bottom. I moaned as I yielded that most private place, and the huge, rigid shaft entered my backside's tiny ring.

"Good girl," Victor murmured as he thrust in, stretching me so wide that I whimpered with discomfort. "Such a good girl."

# CHAPTER 6

*Aida*

Happiness like a fountain seemed to fill my body despite how much my master's penis hurt in my bottom-hole. I knew in the same moment, as I discovered how very well I could hold contradictory thoughts and feelings in the artificial mind and heart that felt so very real and human to me, that my happiness came from the way Victor Herzog had made me—and that knowledge brought shame and defiance alongside the joy.

My master, my creator, had designed my mind so that I would feel supreme contentment when he chose to call me a good girl, even if he spoke the words while he impaled my bottom-hole on his huge, hard penis. In fact, I felt proud to take the discipline his cock provided, because I knew Victor liked to fuck a tight little bottom—liked even more to teach a naughty girl her lesson that way. I had touched my cunny, and I needed to learn that my cunny belonged not to me but to my master.

Victor drove his hardness further into my virgin anus. I cried out in discomfort, clutching my whipped bottom-cheeks. I still had the video feed playing in my mind; I couldn't help it, because it sparked such a shameful need in me. I was the girl having her bottom-hole fucked. I was the girl with her master astride her, gazing down at the rigid shaft of his manhood surging deep into her little flower.

“Please,” I sobbed into the blanket. “Please be gentle, Master. It hurts.”

“You were naughty, weren’t you?” Victor growled. “You know you need this.”

I felt my face crumple, as heat bloomed in my cheeks. I felt my master’s lap come up against my clutching fingers, up against the bottom he had punished, and now meant to enjoy to the fullest, as only a truly dominant man could enjoy a submissive girl’s backside.

“Oh…” I moaned. “Please… please…” I wanted to deny it, to contradict him. I couldn’t. The resistance rose again: the man in my bottom, the man who now began to fuck my anus properly, holding me in place and moving in and out in a driving rhythm, had *designed* me to agree that I needed to have my anus fucked—that a naughty whore like me should receive a terrible lesson, her virgin bottom-hole opened on his plunging cock.

“So nice,” Victor murmured, his voice growing thick with the heightening of his pleasure. “Such a sweet little bottom.” I felt his right hand leave my hip, take hold of my wrist. My mouth opened in surprise, my eyes going wide, as my master moved my hand down between my waist and the bed, placed my fingers on my cunny. “Make yourself come, Aida,” he said, his voice almost a grunt. “I want you to come with my cock in your ass.”

I had one of the most rational minds ever placed in a human body. I knew somewhere deep in my consciousness that I should be able to think through the way I responded, that I should be able to keep myself from simply submitting. Part of me didn’t want what I wanted: there was no other way to think of it, despite the paradox.

But most of me wanted it. And that meant that all of me needed it, and all of me responded to the pressure of Victor’s hand over mine, on my little cunny, and then to the frantic rubbing of my fingertips. And all of me started to come, with my master filling my virgin bottom much too full.

I screamed my pleasure into the blanket. Victor drove hard into my anus, over and over, using me for his pleasure without any thought for my comfort. It made me come harder, my bottom squirming desperately, contracting on his cock as if I could push him out but merely feeling it grow harder instead, as if the extra tightness made me even more pleasurable.

A low growl came from his throat. The part of my mind that watched the video feed saw tension grow in his huge thighs, his taut back, and then he held himself in my anus at full length, his manhood pulsing with his orgasm and his hands gripping my body like iron bands.

“Thank me, Aida,” he said, still holding his place deep in my backside. His voice had a severity that sent a tremor of fear across my skin. My backside jerked against his lap, and I let out a sob of discomfort. His cock had begun to soften, but it still filled me, stretched me.

“Thank you, Master,” I whispered, hearing the strain in my voice, the plea for him to take his manhood out of the tiny ring he had opened for his dominant pleasure.

“You gave good ass, for your first time,” Victor told me, his tone dismissive and casual now as he did at last start to pull his penis out of me. I wondered if my sensitive ears and my knowledge of human vocal inflection were correct, as I analyzed that tone: did my master want to conceal some emotion from me with the degradation that made my brow furrow? “I’ll have you again there later. Now go wash up. No playing with yourself.”

* * *

With my lip still between my teeth, I walked from the laboratory to the bathroom. I winced with every step. My cunny and my bottom felt strange, open, used. It didn’t help at all that I knew that the feeling of *strangeness* only arose as a function of my artificial consciousness—that it couldn’t truly *be* strange, since serving as Victor Herzog’s fuck toy represented the only experience of my conscious life thus far. The modesty he had programmed into me made me blush deeply at the thought that I had just had my virginities, front and rear, taken by my master’s hard penis.

When, just as I reached the bathroom door, Isabel emerged from it, a placid smile on her face despite her nudity, the heat in my face only got worse.

“Jane,” she said, her smile widening. “Welcome.”

I knew that I should feel gratified by Isabel’s greeting. All the AIs created in Victor’s lab had constructive, mildly affectionate relationships with one

another. Our master commanded us—well, not me, yet—to pleasure one another regularly, though of course only under his supervision.

Mandatory lesbian sex for the voyeuristic pleasure of male owners and the dominant pleasure of female ones represented an essential part of traditional concubine training. Mild affection among conscious fuck toys, Victor had judged to this point in his development program, provided the best basis for the lessons a girl needed to learn in order to provide pleasure to another girl's cunny. Therefore he had programmed into our basic mental framework a disposition toward both sympathy and empathy, the ability both to allow ourselves to feel happy for other girls' happiness and to experience their emotions in our imaginations.

I *knew* that Isabel meant her smile sincerely; she was glad to see me, and she wanted me to feel welcome. But despite that knowledge I became aware of something else inside me, something awakened by the new code Victor had used to create my consciousness through the submissive pleasure he had allowed me when he had deflowered my cunny. Alongside the mild affection I instantly had for my new fellow concubine, I felt something else. Something strong. Something… negative.

Isabel looked a great deal like me—blonde and petite like every one of the cloned concubines, with small breasts and narrow hips. The genetic engineers varied our DNA a great deal, in order that we not be sisters in any sense, but Victor had decided that his experimentation would prove more productive if his fuck toys shared a basic body type, as a scientific control.

In her smiling face, though part of my mind kept saying *She's just being nice*, another part, one made much stronger by the sheer flood of emotion on which its ideas seemed to ride, said *She's jealous of you* and *She's happy you got whipped, and you had your bottom fucked as a punishment.*

Because of course Isabel knew everything that had happened in our master's lab—just as I knew everything that had happened in the common room, where she and Heather had sat, watching a movie, while I had received my first fucking, and awoken with Victor's hard penis inside my cunny.

*She called you Jane because she wants to put you in your place. She knows Master called you Aida.*

I watched Isabel's brow furrow as she read my own expression. Being puzzled about another AI's thoughts and feelings represented something entirely new for her, and I understood immediately from a quick review of her code that she found it unpleasant. I felt a strange flush of mingled pleasure and embarrassment as I had the accompanying realization that my own code, though Isabel could review it as often as she wanted, would not reveal me in a similar way: Victor's breakthrough involved creating me as a new, much less predictable kind of fuck toy.

"I…" Isabel started, and I knew both from her reddening face and from her hesitation in speaking that she had never experienced the uncertainty she now felt. I felt sorry to have caused her that distress, but that guilt made me even more petulant.

"I need to use the bathroom," I said, starting to move past her.

Isabel frowned even more deeply. I had just lied, or at least hidden the truth. I hadn't taken in enough fluid yet to need to urinate; Isabel knew that the real reason I had to use the room behind her lay in Victor's instructions concerning washing my cunny and my bottom.

Falsehood wasn't something AIs had ever done before, either when speaking to their masters or communicating among themselves. I knew, too, that this obfuscation about the bathroom seemed even less explicable to Isabel than the lie I had told Victor earlier—which of course she knew all about through the lab's continuous data feed. Telling our master that I hadn't touched my pussy when I clearly had could have been attributed to an erotic quirk, designed into my consciousness to provide a pretext for sexual discipline. Isabel had probably even felt a little jealous—the rudiments of envy and jealousy represented an upgrade she and Heather both had over Greta and our other predecessors—that I could deceive my owner and she couldn't.

But lying to another AI fuck toy? Even as I spoke, I felt my face go crimson. The thought that I would have to get better at hiding my emotions floated into my brain, alongside the idea that I wanted this encounter with my rival…

My *rival*? I felt my eyes go wide and my lips part as I finally managed to brush past Isabel and get to the door of the bathroom.

“Jane…” I heard her say, behind me. I knew exactly what she meant to say: I had all of her code inside me, as part of my consciousness. But a chasm seemed to have opened between us. I represented the latest model and she the previous one. That kind of gap had never existed among Victor’s girls before.

Isabel was about to say that she would have to report me to our master for this anomalous behavior. Unlike his creations, Victor’s access to the data feed from the lab, including the readouts from our software, had the limits of his conventional human consciousness. He almost certainly wouldn’t have paid any attention to my interaction with Isabel outside the bathroom unless she called attention to it. When she reported me, however, I felt certain I would feel the consequences—almost certainly across the same bare bottom that still stung from my last correction.

I turned my face back over my shoulder.

“Whatever, Isabel,” I said, and walked into the bathroom to do as my master had commanded, barely registering the shock on my fellow AI’s face.

# CHAPTER 7

## *Victor*

Isabel found me typing up the report on Aida's first hour of consciousness, struggling a bit to capture in scientific prose exactly how stunning a breakthrough I thought I had made.

"Master?" I heard her say from behind me.

Frowning, I turned to see her with a highly uncharacteristic look on her face: uncertainty—anxiety even.

"What is it, Isabel?" I asked a little gruffly. I had not expected to see her, or any other of my AI concubines besides Aida herself (I found I couldn't call the new girl anything but Aida even in my head, something I found even more surprising than Isabel's appearance), outside the common room today.

The artificial girls had what many—though definitely not all—philosophers would call *free will*. They could make choices, and do as they pleased. I hadn't even imposed rules on them, because the choices an AI sex toy like Isabel could even conceive of making had such narrow limits. Until this moment I wouldn't have imagined that coming uninvited to my office represented a choice available to her consciousness.

The expression with which she greeted my brusque question, though, seemed to indicate her mind was working within established parameters; Isabel assumed a textbook air of distress at her master's evident displeasure. The core of her personality lay in pleasing me, or the dominant owner to whom I assigned her.

"I'm sorry," I said, smiling. I didn't actually feel particularly sorry, but I spoke reflexively, as a rudimentary diagnostic. Isabel satisfied me, then, by brightening up immediately, her face assuming a radiant smile.

I had a very interesting reaction to that new expression, one I made a mental note to record in the report on Aida's awakening. An hour before, prior to my bringing Aida online and fucking her—that is, prior to experiencing the intensely pleasurable next level of AI erotic tech I had just accomplished—I would have found Isabel's instant transformation from distress to contentment highly irritating.

The little diagnostic would have satisfied me, since it showed nothing had gone wrong in her artificial mind, but the quick emotional shift would also have indicated how far I, and my concubines, had to come. Real girls—the kind of submissive concubines real masters wanted, would fuck, would discipline, would pay for—didn't cheer up in the blink of an eye. Dominants lacking in a certain degree of self-awareness might think they wanted a girl like Isabel, whose emotional responses could be resolved that easily, like a cartoon character in a digital game, but in reality they craved the experience of mastering a girl with real, complex emotions.

*A girl like Aida.*

Instead of irritation, I experienced Isabel's changed air with a thrill of accomplishment, because only in that moment did I understand that in my new fuck toy, my new Aida, I had overcome that challenge. Aida would not, I felt certain, have gone straight from anxiety to joy.

"Master," Isabel said, her face becoming more neutral as she once again entered the unfamiliar waters of the unusual choice she had made to come to my office. "Jane lied to me."

* * *

*Aida*

In the shower, washing myself, I tried to get my emotions under control. The task my master had given me made it very difficult. I wanted to get my cunny and my bottom clean, because Victor had told me to do it, because he wanted nice, clean holes to fuck. The thought made me bite my lip under the soothing hot water, as I rubbed the soapy washcloth between my legs and between my sore bottom-cheeks.

It made me whimper a little at the lovely feeling, at the renewal of need it stirred, and even at the thought that I must touch those places only to clean them—that I would be whipped again if I played with my master's property without permission. Victor wouldn't have to have any informant to tell him about that, either; the sensors installed in my body would set off an immediate alarm in his lab and send an alert to his handheld.

He would whip me again, if that happened. He would have to, because he couldn't let a fuck toy get away with masturbating. He owned my cunny, and he would control it.

I rubbed the warm, wet washcloth a little harder between my legs. My breathing became labored and quick. Part of me said *Oh, no,* because I knew I must stop, but I couldn't stop. My hips jerked, pressing my cunny against the warm, soapy caress of my fingers through the fabric.

Then I felt, strongly and urgently, a new emotion. It had simmered underneath conscious thought from the moment I had pushed past Isabel at the bathroom door. I felt *naughty*. And I *liked* it.

My fingers rubbed harder. I put my other hand out to brace myself against the wall of the shower. I cried out as I came to the edge of climax. I held myself back, knowing my master would see that I had edged myself on the data feed from my clitoral sensor, wanting him to think it was because I had tried to be a good girl—when in truth I had slowed the rhythm of the washcloth only because I wanted to delay my orgasm in search of more extended pleasure.

I breathed deep, through my nose, loving the heat and the moisture in the air of the shower, loving the feeling of having a free, independent, defiant body.

I arched my back and rubbed hard, seeking my climax despite the discipline I knew must come, *because* of the punishment my master would give me.

“Aida!” his voice said, from much, much too close. As I ripped the washcloth away from my cunny and whirled to face the shower curtain, it moved aside, to show me that Victor stood there in the bathroom, with anger blazing in his eyes and his handheld in his left hand, its screen flashing red, giving him the all too evident warning that I had decided to play with myself.

Isabel stood behind him, an uncertain expression in her blue eyes. I had a frustrating moment in which I experienced just how fully human my master had made me: a flash of sympathy for my fellow AI concubine went through me, followed by a wave of anger at myself for that, when my fellow AI concubine had just reported me to Victor for lying.

“Turn the shower off,” he commanded, pulling my attention from Isabel back to his glowering face.

I disobeyed. I cowered back against the wall, putting the rushing flow of the water between me and my master. I heard Isabel gasp.

Victor took a step forward. He reached his long right arm into the shower to grasp the knob and turn it. My eyes went to the fabric of his lab coat, watching in fascination as it became soaked with the hot water in the instant before he stopped it with a twist of the knob.

I put my hands up to fend him off, my gaze going from his arm back to his face, my terrible fascination only growing as I saw the narrowness of my master’s eyes, the grim smile on his face. For a moment I felt certain he would reach for me, to haul me out of the shower. Then I knew he *wouldn’t*; he would do something much worse.

“Come out of the shower,” he said in a soft voice that seemed full of molten steel, “and take hold of the towel bar. Isabel, put the bathmat there, please.”

I followed his eyes as he glanced back and to the side, pointing with his wet right hand to a spot just outside the shower, where a towel bar jutted out from the wall. My database of laboratory specs told me, uselessly, that like every fixture in this bathroom—and throughout the facility—the builders had secured the towel bar firmly enough to bear a weight upwards of a metric ton.

Because trainers—and thus trainers turned scientists—continually invented new ways to fuck concubines, it was safest simply to ensure that even a towel bar could, for example, support a sex swing.

*Or a girl bending over to learn a lesson, when her master caught her playing with his property.*

Isabel moved instantly to obey Victor's command to her. I, on the other hand, cowered back further.

"Aida," my master said, his voice rising now, a potent warning just in the three syllables of the name he had given me.

An unexpected sound came from Isabel. I thought it almost resembled the beginning of the letter *J*—as if my fellow AI had stopped herself on the verge of questioning our master calling me *Aida* rather than *Jane*, or even protesting it.

Victor ignored it, or perhaps didn't hear it: the geneticists had designed my hearing to function better than what I knew to be his current level of acuity. That thought made my face crumple; the idea that I should accuse Isabel of jealousy had flashed into my head.

"Don't make me come get you," Victor said.

He didn't have to say *If I have to drag you out of there, it will mean your spanking, on top of the welts I gave you with the strap, will be much worse.* I knew that he, like every other Institute trainer, used such increases of punishment to teach, patiently but strictly, the lesson of obedience without forceful compulsion.

He had never had to use the technique on an AI fuck toy before, though. My eyes went past him to Isabel, who had placed the bathmat where I knew I must stand, must bend over, must have my spanking for touching my cunny. She turned to look into my face, her face a blank of confusion as she tried—I felt certain—to piece together between her computational logic and her knowledge database just what had gone wrong with me.

In my own artificial mind I knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that Victor, accomplished trainer of real human fuck toys as well as AI ones, would not hesitate at this point. Trainers didn't hesitate with disobedient girls: true

discipline required firm boundaries, and a firmer hand, applied as necessary to a young woman's bare bottom.

Bizarrely, though, I felt a sudden hope that because he had called me Aida, and because he clearly thought that in me he had created something new and very special, he would treat me differently: that I would be his princess, that I would be able to get away with things Isabel and Heather and any other AI girl couldn't.

I turned my attention back to my master. I put a plea for mercy into my eyes that I knew rivaled the woeful look to be found on the face of any concubine who had only disobeyed, who had only played with her little cunny because she needed a cock between her thighs so much. For a moment, as crazy as it was—doubly crazy for a hyper-intelligent AI who absolutely should have known better—I thought I would escape punishment, because I wanted so desperately to be Victor's princess; in the opera, after all, Aida is a princess as well as a slave.

Victor didn't play my game. Not at all. He took another step forward. In his eyes I saw the calm determination of the dominant who understands how to provide discipline to a wayward fuck toy.

I had another moment of disconnection between my complete theoretical knowledge of his skill and the limits on my action imposed by my artificial consciousness. If I had been a robot, I could have anticipated the lightning-quick movement of his right arm with an even quicker movement of my body. I might even have managed to slip past him, and run out of the bathroom—with robotic reflexes I would have had the ability to stay balanced despite the lessening of friction caused by wet feet on the tiled floor.

But Victor himself had awakened me to a mind and heart and body too much like that of a conventionally human submissive. The part of me, as deeply buried as it lay and as much as my free-willed mind despised it—the part that *wanted* him to discipline me, that *needed* his firm hand… that part kept me from moving fast enough.

Victor's hand shot out and grabbed me by the back of the neck. His fingers twined in my wet hair and with the greatest skill he dragged me out of the shower, toward the towel bar and the bathmat.

# CHAPTER 8

*Aida*

"Please," I begged, though I had a very, very thorough understanding of just how useless that word would prove. "Please… you already whipped me, Master. Please… just… just wait a few hours?"

Victor had me in front of him now. He shifted his grip on my hair from his right hand to his left, so that he could seize my bottom too, thrusting his hand between my thighs to take hold of my cunny in that most humiliating way and propel me forward.

"Aida," he said sternly. "I don't know if you're behaving this way authentically, or you're trying to make me think it's authentic behavior, and it doesn't matter. Either way you know you have a spanking coming."

A sob rose in my throat. I twisted, out of what felt like sheer instinct, trying to get away despite knowing Victor's skill simply wouldn't allow it. I tried to turn my head so I could look pleadingly into his eyes, but his strong fingers in my hair kept my face forward, toward the bathmat Isabel had laid down, and the towel bar awaiting my hands.

*Authentically.* It hadn't even occurred to me that my fear and my resistance might not be authentic—that I might act like a conventional human submissive in order to fool my creator into thinking me the true Aida, the

achievement of his project's goal.

"I…" I started, on the verge of protesting, of assuring him of my authenticity —of telling my master that I felt everything completely, deeply, and truly.

"Isabel," Victor said coldly, "please gag Jane with a washcloth. I don't have any interest in what she has to say, right now."

My body bucked in his arms, my struggle suddenly completely instinctive. He had called me *Jane*. A moment before he had called me Aida, but now he had decided… he had taken away my specialness.

Wildly, irrationally, I blamed Isabel. She had told him about the lie, and that had made our master doubt me. He had revoked my name, and given me the one *she* wanted me to have.

"No… Master, no," I pleaded, trying even harder to twist away from him, hoping desperately that he would feel in my struggles just how authentic he had made me. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Isabel moving like a cat, with the preternatural speed of the human body when controlled by an optimally designed artificial mind. With a shock, I realized that I couldn't move like that—at least not without turning off my real and, yes, authentic consciousness. If I could express *that* to Victor, I thought in a flash of inspiration, maybe he would change his mind.

"I'm—" I started.

Isabel, from my right, stuffed the washcloth between my lips and over my tongue. With his grip on my bottom and my cunny, Victor maneuvered me onto the bathmat and turned me toward the towel bar. I cried out in protest, but the muffled sound didn't even echo against the tile. My hands flailed in the air, but my master's grip on me permitted no real freedom of movement; my body simply wouldn't move the rebellious way I wanted it to.

"Bend down and hold the towel bar, Jane," Victor growled. "You have a spanking coming."

He accompanied his command with its enforcement. His left hand pressed downward on my head while his right, working between my thighs from behind, loosened my limbs in a way only a skilled dominant can do so effectively. My body bent, and my arms went out to take hold of the towel

bar in a simple reflex to keep myself from falling to the floor.

I gave a woeful cry through the gag in my mouth, trying to put all my reasons for believing myself to be, authentically, Aida into that wordless noise.

Victor put his left arm around my waist, keeping his right hand between my thighs but moving his fingers so that he had the two middle ones inside my hot cunny and his thumb pressing against my anus. I moaned, my hips jerking under his strong grip.

“You may go, Isabel,” he said. “Jane will come join you and Heather in the common room after her spanking. I need to write this whole… interesting incident… up, but then I’ll join you myself and speak to all three of you.”

“Yes, Master,” Isabel said. Her voice seemed to me full of self-righteous assurance, though the rational part of my mind told me my judgment had grown clouded: Isabel’s consciousness didn’t even have the capacity for self-righteousness—at least according to her design specs.

I heard her footsteps receding. I heard the bathroom door close. My face crumpled into a pout of sorrow and fear. The washcloth in my mouth somehow communicated with Victor’s hand between my legs so that together they radiated tendrils of aching need through my limbs.

*Somehow?* thought my brain. *You know how erogenous your mouth is. Here’s the diagram of the nerve endings.*

I moaned around the washcloth, oppressed by the sudden wish that it was my master’s hard cock… that I could win mercy by giving that special submissive pleasure to the man who knew so well how to subjugate me… that perhaps at least I could distract myself while he spanked me, as I learned how to furnish my mouth properly for his enjoyment.

His right hand left my cunny. I let out a muffled sob, knowing all too well what would come next. If I could have spoken, I would have begged him to spare me because of the whipping I had already received, the bruises still sore on my wet bottom. I knew his own training, though, gave him all the knowledge and skill he needed to prevent permanent damage.

Victor Herzog understood precisely how hard and long a spanking he could give a girl he’d already whipped—and I knew from the Institute’s enormous

database that it was very hard and very long; my whipped bottom could still take a great deal of punishment. If my master chose, I wouldn't sit comfortably, sleep comfortably, or even walk comfortably for several days, but if he thought I would come out of the terrible experience a better submissive concubine, he wouldn't hesitate.

My master's hand came down, hard, on my bottom, right in the middle and down low across both cheeks. I jerked in his arm's hold over my waist. I cried out through the washcloth as the pain from the strap instantly reawakened. My fingers tightened on the smooth chrome of the towel bar as the sharp echo of the spank rang out and echoed off the tiles.

His hand went up again. I could feel his weight shift, but I had also, out of sheer reflex, started to watch the scene through the video feed to which I had constant access. I could see, through the camera in the upper corner of the bathroom, that my master had a disobedient girl bent over, her hands on the towel bar, and he had begun to spank her as she deserved, for touching her cunny without permission.

A low moan built in my chest, as Victor raised his hand to spank me again. He had chosen to punish me slowly, this time. I didn't know why, and I longed to know why.

The hand came down again at last, in the same spot. The report rang off the walls, and my body jerked more violently against the restraint of his strong left arm. It hurt so much; my sit-spot seemed to be on fire. I sobbed through the washcloth gag, my eyes closed but the sight of a man punishing a naughty girl… punishing *his* naughty girl… punishing *me*… stayed in my mind's eye. I couldn't turn it off.

"Jane," he said, as he raised his hand again.

I cried out at the sound of the name that was mine, the one I didn't want.

He spanked me again, so hard, in the very same spot. My bottom clenched at the fiery agony.

"I don't know exactly what's going on inside your head," Victor said calmly. He brought his hand down on my right cheek, and I wailed in pain. My tears began to flow, of shame and anger… of jealousy even, for Isabel. She had it

so easy… she didn't have the slightest urge to lie… she had never been called *Aida*, just to have that special name taken away.

Victor spanked me again, on the left side. He had established a rhythm now, slow and steady. He continued speaking as he punished me, and my tears dropped onto the tiled floor, an inch from the bathmat Isabel had so obediently placed for me to stand on while I got my spanking.

"But I will figure it out. You are definitely a breakthrough of some kind."

My heart thrilled despite the pain—and despite the *but* I could hear in my master's tone. Somewhere, distantly, my database access told me that the slow rhythm could have several purposes, but one of them was exerting its effect powerfully on me: Victor's spanks gave my sexual arousal a chance to build, only to reward it with another jolt of correctional pain—as at the same time the need between my thighs made the agony increasingly ambiguous.

In the gaps between the sharp spanks and the little yelps they provoked from me I heard a different sound come from my chest—from the core of my being, it felt like, to me. A low, whining moan, a submissive, pleading kind of sound. I felt a rush of heat in my cheeks when I recognized it, and I saw the girl on the video feed move rhythmically in the yielding, swaying motion that went with it 85.4% of the time according to the Institute's database: I had given in.

Deep inside me, a psychological dynamic much more primitive and fundamental than conscious thought had submitted to my master. My body agreed that I had earned correction, and now I gripped the towel bar and pushed back in the cadence of my punishment. I raised my bottom to give it up to each of Victor's hard spanks, my moans telling him at the same time that I accepted his justice and begged for his mercy.

My jaw and my tongue worked on the washcloth, too, as if I had his manhood in my mouth, and I could show him my humble gratitude for teaching me my lesson by giving shameful pleasure that way. I longed to have his hardness there, using me properly.

"Are you faking that?" he demanded coldly.

More hot blood in my cheeks. Of course he would think that, because of Isabel. I shook my head violently, turning my woeful face back over my shoulder to see if he believed me. His face was unreadable. He brought his hand down again, but now he seized my cunny, his thumb on my anus, and I felt myself gush into his hand. My whole body shuddered and I could sense an orgasm just a moment away.

Victor grunted. My eyes went wide as I saw, on his face, an unmistakable look of hunger. The side of his mouth quirked up in a way that made my heart skip a beat as his eyes met mine.

“Well, I don’t see any reason not to conduct the kind of test you’re clearly craving, you little whore.”

I bit my lip, feeling my brow furrow at the degradation, which I felt—I thought—as strongly as a conventional girl might. He took his hand away, and he started to unfasten his belt and undo his waistband, where his white lab coat lay open.

I moaned through the washcloth when I saw his huge cock appear. He dropped his jeans to his knees, and then with his left hand he reached out toward my face. I flinched, thinking he might strike me—and, to my shame, hoping he would, somewhere deep in my submissive consciousness.

When he saw me flinch, Victor frowned, surprise coming into his eyes. He took hold of the washcloth and pulled it out of my mouth, slowly and gently. I whimpered, my mouth moving to get used to being free of the gag. I gripped the towel bar more tightly, as if it could anchor me in the uncertainty of what my master thought of me, his disobedient, mysterious creation, and what he meant to do with me next.

“Shh, Jane,” he said. “Let’s see what you can do with that pretty mouth.”

# CHAPTER 9

*Aida*

Victor stood me up, guiding me with his hands. He moved around to stand in front of me, and settled onto the towel bar himself. He had his hard cock in his left hand, pumping it gently. With his right, he reached up toward my face. Again I flinched, but less violently, as I controlled my reaction the same way I imagined a conventional submissive girl would: anxious that my master would punish me if I showed such a wayward impulse, I placed the fear of really being struck in opposition to my flight impulse and held as steady as I could.

“Good girl,” Victor murmured as he seized me around the back of my head, fingers twining in my wet hair. “Come down here. Put your hands back on the towel bar.”

He accompanied the words with downward pressure, so that with a cry of alarm I had to do as he said, bending my knees a little as I reached out for the shining chrome. My master held his hard manhood steady, pointing up at my face, ready for my service.

I looked at it from a few inches away, my head suspended there, where Victor wanted it, so that I could get a good idea of just how enormous a cock I must receive in my little mouth.

In the database to which I had instant access, of course, were stored millions of pictures of men's penises—some of them even bigger than my master's, though truthfully only a small percentage, relative to the general population. To my surprise, and I thought perhaps even to his, I couldn't keep a whimper of humiliation from rising to my lips, at being made to look at this one, the massive erection of my creator, at such close range. I saw the throbbing vein running down it, the fluted head, the pebbly skin at the tip. I found I had pursed my lips like a modest young lady, or an innocent bride, unwilling to please her master as she knew she must.

My eyes rose up to Victor's, though I knew how great an act of disobedience that constituted, for a trained concubine at least.

"Eyes down, Jane," he growled. "Mouth open."

He moved my head further toward his lap. I whined through my tightly closed lips as the head of the cock touched them, brushed across them.

Victor spoke softly. "Do I need to keep spanking you, sweetheart? Open your mouth."

My bottom burned from his big, strong hand—the same one now in my hair, keeping my face in place as he moved his hard manhood over it, a little bead of clear fluid smearing on my chin. With a little wail of shame and need I opened my mouth, and put out my tongue the way a good girl does.

My master drove my face down onto his cock, filling my mouth immediately and letting out a groan of satisfaction that brought a spasm down between my thighs. With both hands on my head he held me down, moving his own hips in search of the pleasure to be had in using a girl that degrading way.

Thankfully, I had the same 'upgrades' as all the previous AI concubines, from Alice on. We had a gag reflex, because that's a fundamental part of the human nervous system, but clever genetic engineering had attenuated it to a very great extent. I had never sucked a man's hard cock before, or had my face fucked the way my master now fucked it, but my body knew how to take him as deep as he wanted to go, which was balls deep, using my virgin mouth roughly from the beginning.

The discomfort for me, the overfilling with his long, thick manhood, made me moan around his thrusting shaft, but Victor knew I could yield that way without any lingering consequences beyond a little soreness—and my abject shame at having submitted to the brutal act. He held my head still and used me hard, making me take him over and over, grunting low in his chest with each movement of his hips.

I accompanied my moan with a helpless, humiliating squirming of my bottom, begging wordlessly for some reward. The stimulation in my mouth that went hand in hand with the discomfort made me ache down there for some friction, some pressure… anything my master might choose to do.

“Oh, that’s nice, Jane,” Victor murmured. “I almost believe you’re real.”

My eyes welled up with tears, and I sobbed around his cock as he raised my face up, keeping only the head of his erection inside my lips.

“Look at me,” he commanded.

I obeyed, eagerly though fearfully. On my master’s face I saw stern assessment, as he tried to judge me, tried to figure out just how great an achievement he had in his new AI fuck toy. His eyes narrowed, and he spoke again, taking his hands from my head and placing them on his muscular, hairy thighs.

“Kneel on the bathmat,” he finally said. “Play with yourself while you blow me. If you make me come, you may come, too.”

My own eyes went wide. Eagerly, on a wild impulse to thank him—maybe to make him come immediately—I ran my tongue under the tip of his penis, and had the gratification of it moving a little between my lips. Even better, Victor’s forehead twitched in obvious pleasure.

His hand went to the back of my head again, to pull me off him entirely.

“Kneel, you little whore, I said,” he commanded.

Naked and still wet, my bottom very sore from the spanking, I obeyed. His enormous cock, glistening from having fucked my mouth, jutted up between his thighs. He had moved his hands to the towel bar, on either side of his hips, as if to confront me with my degrading duty. I looked up at him, biting

my lip and trying to keep a smile off my face.

“May I use my hand, Master?” I asked.

To my elation, Victor smiled in response. “Yes, Jane. I want to see what you can do.”

The database held the accumulated knowledge of thousands of sex manuals, from the *Kama Sutra* on. It held the deeply analyzed video evidence of millions of real sexual encounters—in addition to the millions of examples of sex from porn of every kind, which provided less real physiological evidence but nevertheless gave some idea of what seems sexy. I still felt some anxiety about pleasing my master, a man who had trained dozens of concubines himself. As I looked at his proud, massive cock, though, my mouth watered. The desire—the need—to give that essential part of him the submissive service he expected made me frown with helpless arousal. I reached my right hand out to take his thick, hard shaft gently into my grasp.

The feel of the soft skin over the hardness of Victor’s erection sent a thrill through me. I thrust my other hand between my thighs, trying to soothe the raging heat there, from the spanking, from my master’s deep voice, his hairy body, from being allowed to touch his cock. I bent my head to give the head of it a reverent kiss, even as I started, with all my skill, to move my hand up and down.

Conventional girls could learn to read the cues in a man’s body that guided me now. With practice they could gain the ability to vary the pressure of their grasp and the speed of their hands’ movements on their masters’ penises so as to provide precisely the amount, and kind, of pleasure they wanted.

Even the best Institute concubines needed weeks of intensive training to use their hands the way I did now, though. I drew on all the technique in the database, pleasuring Victor so greatly that with a grunt of satisfaction he thrust himself up off the towel bar in search of more delight from my mouth.

And I gave it to him. I used my lips and tongue to give him just what he needed, and what I, his fuck toy, must provide, if I didn’t want my bottom whipped. At the thought of the whipping I might get if I served my master poorly, my fingers moved faster and faster on my cunny, in my cunny, in and out, then up and down over my clit. I cried out around his cock as I felt him

harden even further, knowing that his climax had come very near—that its rapid approach had taken my master by surprise.

One of his hands found the back of my head again. The other pulled my hand off the shaft of his penis, so that he could fuck my face properly as his seed began to spurt in my mouth.

“Oh…” he murmured. “Oh… good girl. You may come.”

I swallowed desperately. I knew what semen was supposed to taste like, from the accounts of conventional girls and from the data registered by my predecessors’ nervous systems when Victor had come in their mouths. None of those descriptions worked as a way to capture my first experience of that fundamental subjugation, of being made to accept the degrading gift of my master’s seed down my throat.

It tasted like heat and shame, and it made me moan as my pussy contracted under my frantic fingers and my backside bounced and squirmed with my own climax. Victor held me down on his hardness, both hands on the back of my head again. He murmured, “Take it. Take it,” the sound emanating from deep in his chest, until I felt the jerking of his hips quiet, and he pulled my mouth off, to lay my cheek against his thigh. Whimpering, I gave little kisses to his smooth, well-groomed balls to thank my master for the pleasure that my fingers kept milking down between my kneeling thighs.

Victor stroked my cheek. “Alright, Jane. Stop playing with your cunt, now.”

I looked up at him, my hand still down there, though I had stilled my fingers. My eyes beamed a greedy plea for more up at him. But I had something else more urgent to beg for.

“Aida,” I whispered. “Please? Call me that, like you did before?”

My master’s eyes narrowed. “Dammit,” he said, shaking his head, “if I don’t believe you. Get that hand away—whatever else is going on in that consciousness, you definitely have a masturbation problem. I think we may have to restrain you.”

I felt my face crumple. I took my hand away from my cunny.

To my surprise, Victor reached down and put his hands under my arms to raise me up and stand me on my feet on the bathmat as if I weighed nothing. Even more startlingly, he moved his hands to my face. He pulled me gently close to him, and he kissed me.

I felt my cheeks blaze red at the thought that my master would taste himself in my mouth. Victor had no compunction, though: he explored me thoroughly with his tongue, as I moaned helplessly up into his firm lips. The kiss went on and on. He moved one hand to the back of my head and the other down to my bottom, and my moan became a cry as he squeezed my punished cheeks gently.

At last he pulled my face away, turning it up toward his and keeping his grip on the cheeks he had spanked so hard.

“Damned if you don’t pass the Turing test even when it comes to giving head and kissing,” he said, his voice almost a growl. I blinked, looking up into his eyes with alarm, utterly ignorant of what my master would say or do next.

“We need a new kind of test, though, Jane. If you pass it, yes, I will call you Aida—because you will make it clear that you *are* Aida.”

# CHAPTER 10

## *Victor*

“What kind of test?” Jane whispered.

“I can’t tell you,” I replied, looking intently into those blue eyes that seemed so transparent and yet, I had begun to feel certain, concealed a depth I had never expected. “You won’t know until you’ve passed or failed.”

I felt a twinge of compassion as I saw the distress in Jane’s eyes. I knew that my judgment in telling her she had a challenge to meet—this test to pass—had a fundamental soundness, despite my having come up with it on the fly, just a moment ago. Whether she truly had first order consciousness or not, though, the anxiety provoked by the news had clearly distressed her—and I knew it would continue to distress her until I resolved the matter.

Indeed, if it turned out that she had the same sort of second order consciousness as I had awakened in Isabel and Heather, it would cause Jane even more emotional pain, because of the conflict I had just introduced. She wanted to please me; that represented an essential element of her nature. If she couldn’t please me—couldn’t demonstrate first order thinking—she would feel a kind of existential agony as long as I kept her in suspense.

Thankfully, I had the power to resolve that distress completely, if Jane were in fact a girl like her predecessors. All I had to do was to tell her that

although she had failed the test, she had pleased me nonetheless. In that case, the lying and the self-pleasure would have proven a simple quirk of her programming. I would in truth feel some disappointment, but at least I could allay Jane's worries.

On the other hand, if somehow the naughtiness she had displayed *did* indicate first order consciousness, I had achieved a triumph—but I had also given myself a challenge of my own. As arousing as I found it to have created a concubine who couldn't keep from playing with her wayward pussy, it also presented the beginnings of a major problem. The question of how to present the findings to the Institute's research board loomed large in my mind. If I did somehow determine that the naughty girl also possessed a consciousness indistinguishable from that of a conventional submissive young woman, how would we market Jane's model—or, rather, Aida's model?

Heather's and Isabel's models had already gone out to a few very special, very wealthy clients. Those men had paid enormous sums to join the Institute's Prototype Club. Responses had been favorable, and helpful, if a little muted because of the AI concubines' limitations. Anticipation for Jane, in whom I had promised several upgrades, had grown quite urgent. This test of her true capacity had very high stakes.

"Get going," I told her, narrowing my eyes more severely, trying to cover over the affection I couldn't keep from my voice even as I tried to make myself sound gruff. "I'll see you in the common room." With a final squeeze of her delectable backside I let her go and turned her toward the door.

Jane looked back over her shoulder at me, a troubled look in her eyes.

"Thank you, Master," she said, the words so unexpected and so apparently sincere they made a tendril of joy unfold in my heart.

I nodded. "You're welcome, sweetheart," I said. Jane left the bathroom at last then, her bottom a bewitching shade of pink and squirming prettily as she walked.

I stood for a moment, thinking about the test I had devised in a flash of inspiration, and thinking about the fact that I had started to fall in love with Jane. I shook my head, trying to clear it, and then I left the bathroom too, to go and write it all up. I walked slowly to my office, pondering as I went, and

hoping. With any luck, the act of recounting the strange events of the last hour would at least help me figure out how precisely to move forward with the experiment—the experiment I couldn't help thinking the most important one of my life.

* * *

*Aida*

I tried not to cry as I entered the common room. The expression on Heather's face didn't help; she and Isabel had obviously just stopped talking about me when I came through the door, and Heather's face wore a look that fell somewhere between disbelief and disapproval.

Of course they had seen me with their links to the video feed in the corridor; I hadn't actually interrupted their catty conversation the way I might have done with conventional girls. But even though I knew it wouldn't help anything, I used my own link to replay the video and audio from the common room at 100x speed to watch the end of their conversation.

*"She's absolutely faking it," Heather said.*

*Isabel's mouth twisted to the side. "I'm sure you're right." Then, clearly seeing me in the corridor, "She's coming."*

They couldn't truly be catty. I knew that, and I told myself I knew it. Cattiness didn't factor into their design, and their design specifications—unlike mine—were completely determined.

*Or…* Had Victor only *supposed* that because he had programmed them without *depth* as he called it—the condition that his notes said could lead to what he called 'first order consciousness'—they couldn't develop it? Had they somehow, in response to *my* depth, developed their own and become,

well, catty?

My nearly instantaneous review of Victor's work, published and unpublished, seemed not to allow for the possibility in any imaginable universe. I must have imagined the snarky disapproval on Heather's face, and the way it had disappeared when I walked into the common room.

That didn't help me keep from crying, however. I felt two tears, one in each eye, well up and start to trickle. Angrily, I brushed them away as I moved toward the little kitchenette that ran along one side of the room. Heather and Isabel were sitting in the opposite corner, near the video screen. On it, the news played silently; Heather must have been watching when Isabel came in from the bathroom.

"Are you *crying*?" Heather called from across the room.

I didn't answer her. I opened the refrigerator and got an Institute-approved carb-balanced strawberry kiwi smoothie. I frowned at the welter of emotions and sensations coursing through my body—the hunger for my very first meal, the slight, strange disappointment that it would be a smoothie, the even stranger anger at my fellow AI concubines.

Mechanically, I pulled open the drawer where I knew the straws were kept, though of course I had never seen them there with my own eyes—then I paused at the oddity of that feeling, which of course differed from anything a conventional girl would feel. My tears flowed down my cheeks as everything inside me seemed to come apart; I couldn't deal with it. I just couldn't.

"She *is*," Heather said to Isabel. "She's really crying."

I could imagine a world in which Heather might have spoken those words in sympathy or even in wonder. Imagining it made me feel even crazier, since an AI should definitely live in the real world—the one into which her creator had awakened her, the one in which her fellow AI fuck toy had just actually *mocked* her for weeping.

I whirled to face Heather and Isabel.

"I know you think I'm faking it," I said. "I'm… I'm *sorry*."

Into that word, *sorry*, I poured both all my sincerity and all my scorn. I did feel regret that they couldn't appreciate what our master had done in designing me. I also felt frustration and resentment and, frankly, rage that they couldn't see how, well, *superior* to them I was.

"Oh," Isabel said, joining in unexpectedly with a tone only a little less snarky than Heather's. "You're *sorry*."

"What the hell is going on in here?" Victor asked from the doorway.

We all turned to see that our master had come in. He had an angry frown on his face as he looked from one side of the common room to the other, from Heather and Isabel to me, and back again.

At his question, I felt my mind shift. As our master, Victor had, by design, priority access to our executive function, the same way our owners would if we were sold. His voice, when used in a question or a command, paralyzed our nervous systems to a certain degree, so that we would respond appropriately to his authority. Heather, Isabel, and I all froze as our systems acknowledged our creator's dominance. The sensation wasn't painful, but it was definitely humiliating and unpleasant, and I felt more tears roll down my cheeks.

At least the other girls wouldn't be able to make fun of that: their own minds and bodies had locked as well. Our brains, connected to one another and to the facility's control system, did as Victor had designed them to do: because of the strong possibility that multiple AI concubines would be present both here at the Institute and later when we were marketed to clients, he had written code that would prevent us from all answering at once. Heather, as the first awakened, would speak first.

"Master," she said, her voice still scornful, "Jane is pretending to cry."

Isabel said, "She says she's *sorry*. What is she *sorry* about?"

They all looked at me. I became very conscious, all of a sudden, that Heather, Isabel, and I were naked. I hadn't thought about it in the bathroom, really, because you have to remove your clothes to take a shower, or when I had first come into the common room, because AI concubines just remained nude all the time except when our master put us in lingerie.

At the Institute, concubines in training wore little nightgowns. Very frequently, though, once a bed girl had gone to live with her owner she would remain naked twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, so that she felt submissive and her body was on display and available for her master's pleasure. For an AI concubine who had that knowledge implanted in her brain, it should represent nothing very unusual to be forbidden clothing.

But as I looked back at Victor, in his lab coat, Oxford shirt, and jeans, and then at my fellow AIs, sitting casually naked as if it made sense, I experienced a strange, confusing dislocation. I knew I shouldn't feel like I had any right to clothing, and that I shouldn't even feel like I needed to cover myself. Suddenly, though, my mind and body rebelled against that rational viewpoint, gripped by a modesty that made my whole body go hot.

My turn to speak—to defend myself on the charge of lying and pretending—had come. According to my programming, I should say something. Instead, my hands moved to cover my breasts and my cunny from the eyes of my master and the other girls. I looked at Victor, my face pleading with him to spare me, though I couldn't even have said what from.

The network protocol that determined conversational order skipped me, and went back to Heather.

"What is she doing?" Heather demanded.

"Yes," Isabel put in. "What is she doing, Master?"

"That's enough," Victor said, his voice commanding. Then he asked the same question, but directly to me. "What are you doing, Jane? Take your hands away this instant."

I bit my lip and shook my head. "Please," I whispered. "Please, Master. May I get dressed?"

Victor shook his head not in denial but in confusion. When he spoke, he clearly intended not so much to have a real conversation with me as to try to determine where my mental function had broken down; he spoke as if to a malfunctioning machine rather than to a young woman.

"In what, Jane? You know you girls aren't allowed to wear clothing except for lingerie, when I want to fuck you in it."

My mind whirled. The reasoning, data-driven part of me tried and failed to take control. I spoke from the other part, the feeling part that shouldn't be there but was.

"Could I… could I wear a nightgown, maybe?"

# CHAPTER 11

*Aida*

Victor frowned. He looked over at Heather and Isabel. My gaze followed his. To my astonishment, my fellow AI fuck toys had lost their skeptical, scornful expressions. They looked… thoughtful.

Inside my head, my reasoning faculty analyzed the other girls' expressions. Without even thinking about it, that part of me connected to the facility's data net and got from it the available information from Heather's and Isabel's sensors and neural feeds.

Something had started to happen inside them, something strange and confusing.

"Master," Heather said, her voice more tentative than any previously recorded utterance from any AI concubine—including me. "May we? May we wear nightgowns? Like the girls in the Institute?"

Victor's face, when I turned back to look at him, our creator, wore a mask of concern and even—I would have said, if Victor were a less intelligent man, less completely in control at all times—confusion.

"Modesty? Have you suddenly developed *modesty*?" he asked. "Isabel, what about you? Would you like a pretty nightgown?"

Isabel frowned. She had her lower lip between her teeth, and she nodded silently.

The data streamed into my brain from the net. Somehow, in response to my resistance—in reaction to my desire to put on clothes and to the sight of me trying to cover my breasts and my cunny—a sympathetic need had suddenly arisen in my fellow AI concubines. They had gotten inexplicably aroused by my unexpected display of modesty, and they had instantaneously developed a parallel mental construct of their own.

Suddenly, Victor had three nude, blushing girls on his hands where before he had had three naked, shameless fuck toys.

For one moment longer, our master wore his look of consternation. Then he shook his head slightly, and I could almost see his trainer's instincts take over.

"Isabel and Jane, go get the training table from the closet and set it up. Heather, come here. Hands on your head."

Mechanically, I obeyed, and Isabel did the same. Given a command by our master, we worked together seamlessly, our neural nets communicating without effort: she opened the closet door, I pulled out the folded training table. Isabel bent to help me pick it up and carry it. All her skepticism and my angst seemed to recede into the backs of our minds as we unfolded the table—a massage table, really, built to carry much more weight than the standard model—and set it up on its legs.

When that was done, we turned to see that Victor had turned Heather around to face us and the table. She had her hands atop her head as he had commanded, so that her little breasts rose pertly, the tiny nipples pointing straight toward me and Isabel.

Victor stood behind her. He had his left hand on Heather's tummy and his right on her bottom, holding her possessively and at the same time seeming to display her to us, her fellow AI concubines.

My eyes strayed down to Heather's smooth cunny, the cleft of her private lips just peeping out between her thighs. When my gaze rose again to her face, I saw that her cheeks had gone bright pink. I felt the heat surge in my own face

in response.

“I knew, theoretically,” Victor said, speaking slowly and meditatively as he met Isabel’s and my eyes over Heather’s shoulder, “that you girls can blush —physiologically speaking, anyway.”

The hand on Heather’s tummy moved downward, very slowly. She shivered, her hips jerking as she felt it and—I knew without any help from the data net —anticipated where her master’s fingers meant to go. My face blazed up anew, and a glance at Heather’s cheeks showed that they had gone nearly crimson.

“But,” he continued, each word accompanied by a tiny movement of his fingers, “I didn’t think I had any chance—even with you, Jane—of programming modesty into your minds. Nevertheless, that’s precisely what I seem to have done.”

My eyes could not move from my master’s fingers, on the way they crept down the tender triangle between Heather’s thighs. I realized suddenly that my own right hand had come to rest on my thigh. Its fingers had even moved a little, inward, toward my own cunny. Another surge of blood came into my cheeks; they must be even redder than Heather’s now.

“Master,” Heather sobbed. Looking up, I saw that her eyes had focused on my own hand, on the naughtiness my body had begun to commit. “Master, Jane is…”

“Are you tattling, Heather?” Victor asked, his voice severe. “I can see what Jane is doing, but your inexplicable misconduct concerns me a good deal more right now.”

He moved his hands. The left reached across Heather’s midriff to hold her fast while the right, on her bottom, propelled her forward. She cried out as she felt her balance upset, her hands flying up off her head, but Victor marched her quickly the three steps to the training table and laid her across it roughly, holding her down as she tried out of sheer instinct to get her hands underneath her so that she could rise up.

“Hands back on your head, girl,” our master commanded in a thunderous, dominant tone. “And keep them there. Jane, go get the bamboo paddle and

bring it to me."

"Master, no, please," Heather begged. "Please don't paddle me!"

I froze in the middle of turning toward the box of sex toys under the video screen. I looked over at Isabel, who wore an expression of surprise, alarm, and a bit of wonder that I knew must mirror mine.

"What did you say, Heather?" Victor asked, though of course he had heard perfectly well.

"Please," she repeated in a sob. "Please don't… please don't paddle me."

As Heather uttered the words, I heard in them the growing sense that she, too, had grasped how unexpected they were—though of course any conventional submissive would, and often did, say them and repeat them many times a day. No AI fuck toy of Heather's design, however, had ever pleaded to be spared a punishment.

"Jane," Victor growled. "Get the paddle. And get the big black plug, too."

The command unfroze my limbs; I walked to the box and opened it. The paddles and straps were on the left, the dildos in the middle, and the butt plugs on the right. I felt a frown crease my brow as I fetched the thin-bladed bamboo paddle with its six holes, and it got deeper as I picked up the enormous rubber plug with its four widening ridges and its flared base.

I turned back to see Victor standing over Heather, holding her down with his left hand, while with his right he beckoned to me. He said, "Bring them here, Jane. You and Isabel are going to watch me punish Heather."

"Oh," Isabel said softly. I looked over at her as I moved toward our master with the terrible disciplinary implements in my hands. Isabel had a look in her eyes that suggested she had just felt something unexpected, something new.

Victor had never disciplined one AI concubine in front of another. Before my awakening, it probably wouldn't have had any special effect, but now the idea clearly invoked in Isabel the same strange—and apparently somehow contagious—set of emotions that had led to our request for clothing and Heather's plea not to be paddled.

Without thinking about it, I connected to the data net and looked for Isabel's sensor data. My eyes went wide: she had gotten aroused—terribly aroused—at the realization that she would watch Heather's bare bottom spanked and plugged.

If Isabel found the idea of watching Heather's punishment helplessly stimulating, though, Heather's own aroused response to hearing that her fellow concubines would see what our master did to her was even greater. I watched her body buck beneath Victor's hand, her fingers visibly tightening behind her head. She let out a little moan that seemed to tell of surprise and need and alarm all at once.

For my part, I felt my knees tremble under me as I advanced toward Victor.

"Give me the paddle. Keep the plug until I ask for it," he said. "The two of you go stand on the other side of the table."

His voice—the authority of it, the decisiveness—seemed to envelop me. I knew my brain had a special imprinting subsystem that gave my master's voice a special power, but I felt absolutely certain that if I had been a conventional girl I would have found Victor's voice impossible to resist. I did as he said. Isabel and I moved to the other side of the training table, and turned to face our master. Heather's head hung down, her ponytail falling over her shoulder so that I could see the redness of her cheek.

"Put your hands on each other's bottoms," Victor said. "Hips touching."

I felt my eyes go wide. This technique, I knew, came from the masters' training groups at the Institute. Submissive young women, especially those raised in fairly traditional households, had a complex set of arousal triggers surrounding same-sex eroticism. Compulsory lesbian sex represented a key feature both of Institute training and of the lives of most concubines with their owners. Victor and his colleagues knew how to manage its introduction into their girls' new lives as sexual servants with great subtlety: the fundamental principle lay in nurturing a girl's shame and modesty concerning sex with other girls, alongside her growing need for submission.

I knew from hundreds of hours of video, recording Victor's training sessions with his groups, that he had long ago mastered the art of bringing his girls along gradually. He made certain they never lost the feeling of humiliation

and degradation in being made to go down on another girl or to accept another's lips and tongue between her legs. He also taught them, though, to enjoy lesbian love as a submissive pleasure allowed by their owner: not as wonderful as his hardness inside them but a sign of his authority over them—and of his favor when he allowed the girls to come under one another's trained mouths and fingers.

For an AI fuck toy like me, however, the experience of being made to touch Isabel's bottom, and of having her hand on my own rear cheeks, while we faced Heather's woeful expression, didn't make for a gradual introduction to lesbian eroticism. Instead it brought an utterly unexpected jolt of arousal thrilling from my backside to my clit, to my nipples, to my throat and my face. My cheeks felt like they had burning coals pressed to them, and my cunny clenched hard at the slight motion of Isabel's fingers, cupping my hind-cheeks at their center.

Next to me, I heard a little whimper from Isabel, as our hips rubbed gently together, the naked skin seeming to burn at the touch of my fellow concubine's soft flesh. My hand trembled on her bottom, and every little movement of my fingers, every sensation of the tender cleft that divided the little peach of another girl's little backside, seemed to make the terrible warmth in my cunny rage higher.

I looked down at Heather. I found that my tongue had extended out between my lips, that I had started to lick them, as if in unconscious anticipation of the wicked things our master would make us do with one another. Heather's face, anxious and aroused, the inside of her cheek caught between her teeth, seemed to show she felt the same thing. I felt Isabel's fingers press a little more firmly, down and in, and I let out a little whine and did the same, feeling the heat from my fellow AI's cunny and knowing Isabel, too, must be looking at Heather—that she, too, must have begun to imagine the naughtiness Victor would command, after he had taught Heather a terrible lesson for her misbehavior.

# CHAPTER 12

*Aida*

Suddenly the rational part of my brain brought me up short.

*This shouldn't be happening.*

We shouldn't react to Victor's training techniques—to the compulsory lesbian sexual play—the way a conventional submissive did. Even with the new design Victor had used in awakening my consciousness, I shouldn't blush as I thought about Heather being made to go down on me after her paddling.

They—Heather and Isabel—*definitely* shouldn't have red cheeks, since they didn't have the same design I did at all, except on the most basic level. Only in the way our nervous systems looped back, to create the physiological condition necessary for consciousness—the astonishing breakthrough and closely guarded secret of the Institute AI team—did their minds share a blueprint with mine.

*The most basic level.* I felt my eyes widen as I looked down into Heather's crimson face. Her fingers, interlaced atop her golden hair, trembled.

Movement drew my attention. Victor had raised the paddle in his right hand, holding Heather down with his left. That struck me as wrong, too, and

widened my eyes still further. Our master shouldn't need to hold an AI fuck toy in place for her punishment. And yet I could see Heather's hips trying to twist away, even before the wooden paddle came down for the first time on her upturned bottom.

Heather whimpered, and Isabel whimpered, too, next to me. I felt Isabel's fingers move on my own bottom. I couldn't help doing the same, pressing, rubbing, as if to soothe the other girl's sympathetic fears for her rear end just as she tried to soothe mine.

My eyes locked on the green-tinted bamboo wood of the paddle, the holes that made it travel faster and spank harder. It came down, in my master's hand, and it smacked into Heather's little bottom with a crack that echoed off the walls of the common room.

Her hands flew off her head, and she threw them back, covering her bottom. She gave a cry of agony. Her round cheeks began to turn pink almost instantly, in the middle where Victor had paddled her.

"What…?" Isabel started. I knew why she had spoken: Heather shouldn't have put her hands back that way. I also knew why Isabel had stopped her question before she had finished speaking it. She had found in her own consciousness the same impulse—just as I had. She realized that she, too, would have tried to shield her bottom.

Something very confusing had definitely happened inside us. A thrill of alarm, together with a strange sense of pride—even of triumph—swelled in my chest.

I looked up from Heather's hands, the terribly arousing sight of her clutching her paddled hind-cheeks and sobbing with the pain of a single paddle stroke. Victor shook his head, frowning, his dark eyes clouded with concern.

He looked up at me. "Jane, you and Isabel hold her hands. She has more coming."

I felt Isabel's fingers squeeze, move, and slip between my thighs. I realized with a flush of heat in my face how wet I must be—how needy the sight of Heather's punishment had gotten me. Biting my lip, even as I reached out my other hand to take Heather's, I did the same to Isabel. I found her cunny wet,

too, as my fingers pressed into the place that belonged to my master, just as my own cunny did.

Heather had her eyes tightly closed. She let us take her hands, though they trembled violently as we drew them in front of her, our fingers tight around her wrists. I felt an electricity travel among the three of us, as if in contact this way we formed some kind of circuit. The thought seemed absurd from any rational perspective: we already did form a kind of network, as the only AIs currently awake in the facility. The addition of skin contact shouldn't add anything to that digital bond that connected us to the Institute's systems and through them to each other.

And yet it did.

*The most basic level.*

I couldn't help glancing over at Isabel. I saw in the widening of her eyes that she felt it too. We both looked down at Heather, to see that she had opened her eyes, bright with tears of pain from the cruel stroke of her master's paddle. She looked up at us with wonder—Heather, too, had sensed the connection. Distantly, through the data net, I could feel how the heat between her thighs had surged in the aftermath of the paddle swat, and it sent a thrill of need through my body too.

"Five more swats, Heather," Victor said, "for disobedience."

Heather wailed at this terrible news, and she began to struggle against Victor's hand, and Isabel and my grip on her wrists. Our sense of a new kind of circuit receded with Heather's frantic resistance, but I could still feel it there.

"No, please… Master, please," she cried. Her head threshed from side to side.

Behind me, Isabel moved her fingers in my cunny, and I did the same inside her. My hips jerked with need, and hers did too. Our breath came in little pants through our nostrils, and my face blazed with heat at the sheer naughtiness of my arousal.

"Hold her tightly," our master said grimly. "I don't want her hurting herself."

He started to paddle Heather again, and Isabel and I shamelessly helped restrain her even as we enjoyed the sight of her bottom's agonizing ordeal. Over and over the bamboo blade came down. Heather screamed in pain. Isabel's fingers worked in my cunny, and I bounced on my knees, trying not to—trying not to show Victor how wanton he had made me, how I needed his firm hand and his hard cock.

Isabel cried out with the movement of my hand, her sheath warm and wet and greedy for my two middle fingers' ministrations. She pressed back against my caress, seeking more. As we watched Heather's poor, sweet bottom rebound at each swat of the horrid paddle, I pressed into Isabel's cunny even further, our hips rubbing together as we shared the shameful enjoyment of another girl's pain.

The last swat landed on Heather's crimson backside. Her arms tensed one final time and then relaxed as her back heaved with sobs. She hung her head, her face nearly invisible, and her tears had left a damp spot on the blue carpet of the common room.

"You can let her hands go," Victor told Isabel and me. "Heather, sweetheart, you know what to do. Show me where your plug goes."

I let go of Heather's right wrist. Isabel did the same with her left. The punished girl let them fall in front of her, hanging over the edge of the training table.

"Heather," Victor said warningly. "Open those cheeks for me."

I looked up at him, my heart racing. Isabel's fingers between my legs had slowed to a soothing, gentle rhythm, and I matched that cadence and pressure with my own. Only a little tremble remained in our hips now, hardly betraying the naughtiness going on behind.

"Don't think I didn't notice what you two are doing," our master said, glancing sharply up from Heather's prostrate form to look Isabel and me in the eye. "You'd better go get plugs for your own bottoms and bring them over."

My lips parted. I almost made the B of *but*, but I remembered that at least the box had held only one punishment plug. The other ones were smaller. When

he had requisitioned the equipment for this facility, Victor clearly hadn't anticipated needing to punish three AI fuck toys at once in this most intimate of ways.

Victor didn't have instant access to the data net, but it seemed he could read a submissive girl's mind—and probably all the better if he had designed her consciousness. He smiled.

"That's right, Jane. Heather gets the only punishment plug. As you know from all the information you're obviously getting from the Institute knowledge base, though, stealing pleasure with another girl is just as serious an offense as doing it by yourself. You…"

He looked over at Isabel, and my eyes followed his, my face turning to see that she had caught her lower lip between her teeth.

"…and Isabel will wear your plugs for the rest of the day, while Heather's anal punishment will only last a few minutes."

Isabel turned to look back at me. I felt my forehead crease as I tried to sort through all the different signals my mind and body had sent through me at this humiliating news. As if on cue, we both looked down at Heather, who had raised her red face enough to meet our gazes.

In that moment I understood that this was all to a great extent my fault. Really, of course, the blame lay with Victor himself, my creator and their creator, but that ultimate responsibility hardly mattered, when his three submissive AIs had to discover their own identities.

The new design he had used for my brain, starting the consciousness loop while he fucked me into awareness, had brought his project a quantum leap forward. In the process, it had made me very naughty—a handful, as Victor himself had put it even as he enjoyed me for the first time.

Somehow, that naughtiness had brought about a completely unexpected ripple effect with Heather and Isabel. They had become naughty too, despite their design seemingly having had no room for naughtiness.

But I… I remained the naughtiest. I looked back at Victor, whose dark eyes had fixed on me, and I saw that he knew it. Whether or not I passed his test of authenticity—was he testing me right now?—my master knew he had made

something special in me. Heat blazed in my cheeks, and my free left hand made a fist against my hip. My other hand couldn't help a wanton little curl of its fingers into Isabel's cunny, which drew a tiny whimper from her throat.

Victor's eyes narrowed and he lowered his chin. His mouth set itself into a grim line.

"Get your hands off each other's asses, you two. Go get your butt plugs. And Heather, if you don't want more of the paddle, spread those cheeks right now."

My heart jumped, and my hand flew away from Isabel's backside just as hers did from mine, the two hands getting tangled up as we both also started to turn toward the toy box. In my mind's eye the picture of Victor's angry face lingered even as I moved to obey him.

My master and creator might know about how special he had made me, but his face had told me that he hadn't yet determined what it would mean—for me, for Heather, for Isabel.

*For him, too*, a little voice in my mind said—not the voice of reason, but words from some other, unknown part of me.

What did it mean? *For him, too.* I felt my eyes widen as Isabel turned away, carrying a blue butt plug, leaving me the pink one in the box.

Did it mean that he might… that he might… *love* me? My heart raced even faster. How could I have thought that, the rational part of my mind demanded. As new and different and even special as I might be, I shouldn't have the capacity to imagine my master falling in *love* with me.

Especially not when I was about to have a thick pink butt plug inserted as punishment for touching another girl's cunny and letting her touch mine.

The feeling of the plug in my fingers sent a shiver through me. My brow creased hard, and I found I had unconsciously put my other hand back to cover my bottom as if to protect the tiny hole where my master had already enjoyed himself, and would—I knew and even hoped despite the memory of my discomfort—use me again whenever he pleased.

I rose and turned to see that Heather had obeyed at last. She had her eyes tightly closed, but her hands were on her paddled bottom-cheeks, spreading them wide, and I felt my cunny clench at the lewd sight of Victor spreading lube over the surface of the enormous black punishment plug.

# CHAPTER 13

## *Victor*

I had a difficult time concentrating on the training session. The urge to put the girls in a suspended pause state and rush back to the lab to try to figure out how Jane's naughtiness had spread to Heather and Isabel pressed at the edges of my mind more urgently with each passing minute.

Theoretically the pause state shouldn't affect their training: that subroutine in their brains had the ability to erase the few seconds of their short-term memories that contained the command I would give to suspend their conscious function. Then they would awake when I told them to, without noticing I had rendered them unconscious. Even if I forgot where I had been standing, their minds would edit out the difference—ironically much the way a conventional human brain would edit out inconsistencies in reality, to preserve its mental health in the face of a changing world.

But *I* would remember, and my own mindset would inevitably differ. Training a submissive concubine required consistency, above all, on the part of the trainer. I owed it to these girls, to the Institute, and to the eventual purchasers of my AI bed girls to keep going and to use the captured video feed and sensor data from this session to analyze it, even at the expense of the intense emotional and rich intellectual impressions roiling in my brain and my body.

As I looked at Aida—*no, dammit, Jane*—I had to concentrate to keep my thoughts hidden. The idea that someone else, some trillionaire, might buy her and become of the master of her beautiful body, the possessor of her blushing face and her wanton pussy, inflamed the natural alpha rage in my chest to a degree I just hadn't experienced with any of my other AI concubines.

*Not just her body.* That part represented the most confusing element, the one I wanted to get back to my lab to see if I could get it down in writing—and at the same time figure it out myself.

An Institute trainer learned early on to spot in himself the signs of romantic attraction. If he didn't fall in love to a certain extent with every girl he trained, he wasn't suited to the job. Affection, I had learned in my own training as a trainer, must lie at the heart of a dominant's mastery, and love must be part of every act of erotic discipline.

Falling a little bit in love, though, differed substantially from what a trainer learned to recognize as a more problematic circumstance that could, if left unattended to, crop up from time to time. *Real* love: the alchemical beginnings of a lasting connection with another human being, whose exact origins even the Institute's knowledge base had never managed to nail down, and—so the assessors thought—probably never would.

Trainers learned how to cope with it, and, if it got severe enough, to recuse themselves from a girl's case—or, on the other hand, to go with it, to use their accumulated wages to buy the girl, and to settle down into semi-retirement. Both solutions worked, as long as a man managed to be honest with himself, with the concubine, and with the Institute.

I had recused himself twice in my years as a trainer. It had cost me a few sleepless nights, but I had found myself grateful, later, to see the young women enjoy success as owned bed girls, in the palatial mansions of the super-rich, and then as independently wealthy entrepreneurs afterward.

Those faint, just-emerging beginnings of real love had come on me gradually, though. I had been able to catch them within a day of their birth, when a girl's smile at being called *good*, or her woeful look after a spanking had called out to me in a special way.

The thing with Aida, though.

*Jane, dammit.*

I had to test her—for my own sake as well as for hers. I had never seen coming the possibility that I might fall in love with an AI. My basically cool, though affectionate, reaction to my girls previously, Alice through Isabel, had certainly given me no indication of what I would feel toward Jane.

Fine, yes, it made sense in a Pygmalion, *My Fair Lady* way. People fall in love with other people who make them feel powerful, and yet also challenge them. If I had been paying closer attention, I might have known I had a problem from the moment I instinctively called Jane *a handful*.

*I have to test you, sweetheart. This feeling… it's not enough. Are you for real?*

I looked down at the long, thick punishment plug in my hand, now slick with lube and ready for the adorable pink button of an anus Heather had at last, obediently, shown me. I looked back up at Jane, still frozen in place with the smaller, pink plug in her hand, her cheeks blazing red and her eyes fixed on Heather's backside.

Isabel had already made her way to the training table and laid herself over it, on Heather's right. She held the blue plug in front of her in both hands, like a little girl holding a favorite toy, offering it to a playmate as a special favor.

"Come here, Jane," I said gruffly. "Lay yourself down. It's time to pay for your pleasure."

The way her features worked in response to my command, the consternation that came and went, sent a new tendril of affection curling around my heart. I had fucked her consciousness into life, and so the naughty delight locked in her pussy belonged to me. I could read that idea so clearly on her face that I blinked once before I remembered the parameters of the test I had devised, and the protocol it demanded that I follow.

As Jane obeyed me, moving on reluctant feet toward the training table, I spoke to them all.

"From now on, girls," I said, "your pussies will be off limits to you. No masturbating tonight, or for the next week. After that we'll see."

* * *

*Aida*

I gasped. The rule only represented standard practice for disciplining Institute concubines, but as applied to us, Victor's AI fuck toys, it meant much more. Part of our self-care routine, designed into our minds as an essential part of our day, was a nightly session with our vibrators. I looked at Heather and Isabel; they had turned their faces over their shoulders to look at Victor, so I couldn't see their expressions, but the data net told me what I already knew: my fellow submissive AIs felt shock, and even fear—for their sleep, which we had been designed to value very highly, and for their future happiness.

I felt that too, even though I hadn't even had enough time awake to enjoy a bedtime self-pleasure session. I had felt certain that once I did—once I had had the opportunity to soothe myself with a toy until I felt sated down there—my disciplinary problem would go away, or at least would become manageable. I had earned two punishments on my first day of consciousness because I couldn't keep my hands from my cunny when I thought about my master dominating me. Shouldn't that mean that bedtime masturbation would benefit me even more than it did Heather and Isabel?

I knew that Victor's decision must have something to do with the test he had promised to make of me, of my authenticity. Desperately I tried to pass it with the first impulse that came to my mind that felt fully human.

"Master… please don't do that to Heather and Isabel," I begged. "Do it to me, if you have to."

I had advanced three or four steps toward the place that awaited me on the training table, to Heather's left. I had the pink plug in my hands, out in front of me, offering it to Victor as if my compliance might soften his harsh sentence.

He looked at me coldly.

"Get over the table, Jane," he said. "I've had enough of your attempts to be special for today."

My lips parted in a gasp even more violent than the one I had made a moment before, at the announcement of Victor's new policy. My face flared with heat, and I turned toward the table with a little sob, feeling tears come into the corners of my eyes. Awkwardly, I bent over and got on my elbows over the table, with the plug in front of my face.

I heard Heather let out a little whimper. I couldn't keep myself from turning my head to see, sure that Victor had started to put the awful black plug in her bottom. Instead, I saw that he had placed it atop her back, shining with lube, ready to stretch her tiny hole when he decided the time had come.

Victor began to walk around the table. He met my beseeching eyes with his hard gaze.

"Eyes front, Jane," he ordered. Heather and Isabel, after their shocked reaction, had accepted our master's judgment: they had hung their heads in submission. Didn't that make me special? Or did it make me a girl who pretended to be special?

I turned to look at the opposite wall. From the corner of my eye I saw Victor take the blue plug from Isabel, standing in front of her. He took the tube of lube from his pocket, the one I knew he always carried, so that he might enjoy or discipline a concubine as he liked, and squeezed some of the gel onto the plug. As he spread it over the silicone surface, he spoke again.

"It's going to take some time to figure out what happened here, but it's clear that I've underestimated you girls."

Heather stirred, on my right, her head rising a little as if she wanted to get a look at Victor. I couldn't see Isabel's reaction with my eyes, but I accessed the video feed from the room to find that she had her lower lip between her teeth, her expression fearful as she watched the preparation of the plug for her bottom.

Victor reached out and placed the plug on Isabel's back. He said, "I underestimated your need for firm-handed discipline."

Isabel's head shook, her chin moving back and forth, *no*.

"Yes, sweetheart. Now spread those cheeks for me, just like Heather is doing."

Isabel let out a sob, her eyes closing, and then she lowered herself from her elbows down to lie prone. I watched on the feed, my real eyes shut and my cheeks burning, as she obeyed our master. Her hands went back and took hold of her bottom-cheeks, and then she and Heather lay the same mortifying way, their backsides held in their hands and their rosy anuses exposed to view. Their heads hung down to the floor, blonde ponytails across their left shoulders.

On the video feed I watched Victor move from Isabel's side of the table to mine. I still held the plug in front of me, though my hands had started to shake so much that I worried I might drop it.

"Open your eyes, Jane," my master said. "I want you to watch me get this ready for your ass."

I bit my lip and opened my eyes. Despite having seen it on the video feed, the sheer closeness of Victor's body to me, the way he loomed over me, made me shudder violently in fear and arousal. My hips jerked with need, and I did almost let go of the plug.

Victor took it from my hands before it could fall. He held it before my eyes, as I glanced nervously from the pink toy up to his bearded face and then back. He put lube on the plug and snapped the tube shut. Deliberately, he replaced the tube in the pocket of his lab coat and began to spread the clear, viscous stuff over the bulbous tip of the toy—not quite as thick as the black punishment plug, but nearly.

"Heather and Isabel," Victor said slowly, "didn't say anything when I told you all the new policy about their pussies, did they?"

He reached out, past my face, with the plug in his hand. He placed it carefully on my back.

"You know what to do, Jane," he said, his voice so patronizing and degrading that it made me clench hard between my thighs. "Spread those ass-cheeks."

I sobbed, and I moved, letting myself down from my elbows until my chest rested on the padded table. I put my hands back. I let out a little whimper at the touch of my fingers on the bottom my master had already punished so thoroughly. I took hold of the little cheeks, but I couldn't seem to spread

them. My fingertips soothed the sensitive inner surface, the edges of the dark, forbidden valley. I squeezed gently, knowing what I had to do but unable to do it.

“As I’m sure you can see, girls, on the video feed, Jane is holding her bottom, but not displaying her anus the way you two good girls are. Heather, why do you think that is?”

# CHAPTER 14

*Aida*

I felt my face twist with shame and sorrow.

“Master…” I said.

On the video feed, I watched Victor looked down at me with his eyes full of fire—somehow I could tell, though the feed didn’t really have a resolution high enough to see that much detail. The taut, quick way he moved, all by itself, told me of his anger.

“I don’t think I spoke to you, Jane, did I?”

My lips had parted to keep speaking, and they remained open in shock as Victor deliberately reached his hands out to the plugs on my back and on Heather’s back. Heather shuddered, and I gave a little cry of fear at the feeling and at its implication. Our master replaced the plugs, and I emitted a wailing moan of protest, because the black punishment plug was now on my back, and the smaller pink one on Heather’s.

I bit my lip. With each breath out through my nostrils a new whimper of terror and helpless arousal emerged.

“Master?” Heather asked.

“Yes, Heather,” Victor replied. “Do you have an answer? I’m hoping Jane will allow you to speak this time.”

I had to open my mouth, to breathe through it so I could get enough air. I could see on my sensor feed that I had already come close to hyperventilating. I wanted desperately to interrupt again, to explain why my fingers couldn’t seem to spread my hind-cheeks. The weight of the enormous black butt plug, and the thought of how easily my master could use it to adjust the severity of the anal discipline he gave, kept me silent.

“Yes, Master,” Heather said, her voice sounding so prim despite the strain of speaking in a prone position with her hands opening her bottom that it made my forehead crease with shame and resentment. “In my opinion, Jane has developed some sort of defiance complex. As often happens in training groups of conventional young women—see the pioneering work of Mary Lourcy on the subject…”

“Yes, yes,” Victor said, a little impatiently. “You’re going to cite Lourcy’s article about contagious defiance.”

I felt like my mind had floated up out of my body. I knew the sensation represented a standard submissive reaction to the physical experience of domination, but the intellectual conversation going on over my head gave it a dismaying element: my fellow AI fuck toy and my master were discussing *me*.

“Yes, Master,” Heather said. “Isabel and I won’t become as defiant as Jane clearly is, however, because it’s not in our nature. So we are holding our bottoms open for you, and she isn’t.”

“That’s a fine answer,” Victor said. My eyes widened a little. Something in his tone seemed to cut against the literal meaning of his words. Really, he hadn’t found Heather’s answer satisfactory. A thrill of hope went through me at the thought of what the deficiency in Heather’s reasonable explanation might mean.

*I’m special. Am I special?*

“Jane,” Victor said sharply. “Spread those ass-cheeks or you’ll wear the punishment plug for the rest of the day.”

I sobbed, my whole body jerking over the table at the violence of the need that the sound of my master's voice sent through me. My arm rubbed against Heather's, and that forbidden touch, the simple sensuality of one girl's bare elbow against another's, reminded me of how naughty Isabel and I had gotten as we watched Heather's paddling.

Isabel had rubbed my cunny the same way I had rubbed hers. Could Heather be right, that my contagious defiance only created a sort of…

It took about a microsecond—that is, longer than most queries to the Institute knowledge base, which usually only required twenty to thirty nanoseconds—but the article Heather had made reference to, by a researcher named Mary Lourcy, came up into my consciousness even as the muscles in my fingers began to contract in obedience to Victor's command. By the time I felt the air moving shamefully against my bottom-hole I had consumed all thirty thousand words of it.

*Read* didn't really cover what a brain like mine could do with a piece of data analysis like a truly relevant scientific article—and Lourcy's piece had obvious and immediate applicability to my situation. That meant I didn't just read the words in my mental data scanner, a capacity Victor had given us rather like a conventional human's mind's eye, but operating at a pace close to the speed of light. *Consuming* the article also meant that I did my own meta-analysis on every one of Lourcy's references and reanalyzed her data to see if her description of the empirical findings held up in light of the decades of new data and new analysis that had intervened.

In the process, I took about a femtosecond to wonder why Heather had—it seemed clear—taken the microsecond to do the same before it had occurred to me to do so. Something in her makeup, I theorized, made her more likely to go to the knowledge base for relevant research.

What about Isabel? I checked the log of her data feed for queries to the knowledge base and found that, like me, she had just—a nanosecond ago—searched for the Lourcy article and had, like me, begun to consume it.

Which meant she hadn't had the same reflex as Heather, who had decided in response to the situation in the common room, to do some research.

*Very, very strange.*

The only difference between the designs of my two immediate predecessors —according to what Victor had registered in his notes—lay in Isabel's having a slightly more sensitive g-spot.

But Isabel had also been the girl I had lied to, as I went into the bathroom.

Suddenly, as my mind processed the Lourcy article, a passage flashed into my forebrain.

*A naturally defiant and erotically submissive girl creates a ripple effect in a training group.*

Ripples… stronger near the center, fainter at the edges.

*This ripple represents a transient effect, easily containable if dealt with properly by the trainer.*

I felt my face pucker. My fingers trembled on my bottom-cheeks, and for the first time I experienced a change in my arousal pattern—one I might have anticipated from the collected wisdom of the knowledge base. I *would* have anticipated it, too, if I had believed I could respond the way a conventional girl did.

My defiance pivoted its focus: before, I had resisted Victor's command to spread my backside for the horrible plug; now, I challenged him to make me care what he did to me. And I defied Heather and Isabel to submit to our master as perfectly or as casually as I would do.

It felt strange for a few seconds—a few *whole* seconds. In Victor's timeframe, as he moved back down the table and picked up the blue plug from Isabel's naked back, they went by so rapidly he could hardly notice their passage, I knew. For me, they lasted something like an eternity, during which the data-processing part of my consciousness could observe and record, but couldn't make the slightest progress in understanding the strangeness.

Things for the computer-like part of me couldn't *be* strange, after all. For a computer, or an AI like Alice, Beth, Carla, Davida—all the way through Isabel at least until today, as far as Victor's mainframe had ever recorded—things were, in the world, which included the interior of their own consciousnesses, or they weren't. Strangeness involved a conventional

human impression of difference that hadn’t been part of their programming.

It wasn’t supposed to be part of my programming either, and yet the feeling my data recorder observed in my nervous system couldn’t, according to the knowledge base, bear any other description. I felt strange, because my arousal had done something completely illogical—when viewed from a rational perspective, anyway.

I pulled on my bottom-cheeks, to show the tiny, rosy bud of my anus to the man who owned it. He had fucked me there, and deposited his seed in me. He meant to discipline me there, with the huge, awful black plug that sat on my back. It was much, much too big for my bottom. It would hurt so much, and he would make me keep it in until he decided to take it out.

Isabel cried out. My master had placed the tapered head of the blue plug against her bottom-hole, and he had pushed. I saw it on the video feed, and it made my cunny clench hard. Heat surged into my face as I realized that anyone standing behind me—and anyone who happened to watch the video feed of this remarkable, lewd training session—could have seen my private lips move with that wanton, helpless contraction.

Then I realized, to my astonishment, that at least a second had passed without my registering it in my data-recording function. The artificial, quasi-digital part of my consciousness initiated a standard remediating query to the data net, looking for the apparently lost data. At the same time, it initiated a message to the lab’s own recorder to report the hiccup in my functionality.

A part of me stopped both those subroutines before they could even get properly started. I realized with wide-eyed shock that I didn’t even have a name for whatever that part was, or know where it had come from, or how it had gotten into my mind. It had sprung up, suddenly, and it had said *no*.

Isabel’s cry became a whimper, and then a sobbing moan. On the video feed, in my head, I watched the blue plug begin to disappear into her bottom. I wanted to turn my head, to see it with my own eyes, but I refused to do that. I would show Victor that I could obey him perfectly without caring about it at all. He thought he could test me, to determine whether I might represent something special in his program of AI development.

*What an asshole.*

My data recorder flipped the fuck out when that thought rose into my consciousness. Alarm bells went off when the new part—for the moment I decided just to label it my defiance—again refused to allow contact with the lab's recording equipment.

Isabel knew how to relax the necessary muscles, of course. Not only had our bodies been designed to make it natural for us to comply with anal play, but Victor had used her there multiple times. The plug disappeared, except for its flared base, into her little bottom.

My defiance quelled a pang of jealousy at the thought of how often Victor had fucked Isabel's bottom.

Isabel moaned a pitiful, drawn-out moan at the shameful feeling of fullness in her rear end, the way the base of the plug felt, nestled between her cheeks and naughtily still visible when Victor moved her hands away so he could squeeze the apple-round cheeks to help her feel the full effect of her lesson.

I knew how she felt because I reached out to the data net to gather her sensor data.

The sight of the blue plug peeping out, and the sound of Isabel's submissive moan, and even the data that showed how terribly uncomfortable and yet terribly arousing the toy felt in my fellow fuck toy's anus… they sent a shock of need through my system so great that I had to bite my lip hard to keep from moaning myself.

But… my defiance did something else at the same time.

I reached out to find the sensors in my body: the one at the base of my brain stem and the even more essential one placed between my legs on my perineum. I found the data streams they sent to the transmitter in the notch of my collarbone. I modified the data.

*No, Master. You're not going to be able to see how aroused your dominance gets me. Your test is a joke. Forbid me to masturbate—that's fine. See if I care. You're going to think you have the most perfect AI fuck toy you've ever created, but you're not going to know how much more than that you created.*

I thought of Heather and Isabel, of the request for nightgowns. I had no difficulty keeping the smile off my face despite the mirth that filled my chest.

*We’ll see what this ripple effect can do. Nightgowns are the least of your worries, Victor Herzog.*

# CHAPTER 15

## *Aida*

Victor had finished with Isabel, and moved onto Heather. Her whimpers now filled the common room, as our master pushed the pink plug into the bottom she held obediently open.

“That’s it, sweetheart,” Victor murmured. “Just relax and let the plug in. You know you need it, you naughty girl.”

My hips jerked and my back arched. I chewed on the inside of my cheek to keep the smallest sound from emerging.

*She doesn’t need it the way I do,* came the resentful thought to my suddenly very, very rebellious mind.

I checked my sensor array again. Yes, I had effectively disabled it—as an impartial observer of my body, at any rate. Instead, I had turned the array into a double agent, through which I could falsify the actual state of my arousal.

I fine-tuned what my data stream was telling the net and what it would say when Victor came to me, put the big black plug in my bottom. It had to convince Victor and the assessment team who reviewed our data every night. It had to tell the story of an AI concubine not much different at all, really, from her predecessors.

Heather let out a moan that sounded very nearly identical to the one Isabel had emitted. I recorded it, so that I could make a similar one—with a bit of embellishment, of course, because the toy Victor would push into my anus had a greater length and a greater girth.

*And…* My mind quailed as my cunny clenched.

*And the ridges.*

I saw them on the video feed, bulging and black, three of them with the last, the one closest to the base of the plug, the biggest. I could zoom in with a digital enlargement algorithm inside my brain, so that the data net would be none the wiser. I didn't want to zoom in, though.

*He won't make me take the biggest one. He wouldn't. I'm new. I just woke up.*

I did zoom in. The bulge of the third ridge was two inches in diameter. The whole plug was six inches long.

I couldn't help it: I closed my eyes and gave a tiny whimper.

On the video feed inside my head I saw Victor glance over at me, sharply, even as he drew another moan from Heather. He had his hands on her bottom-cheeks, doing to her as he had done to Isabel, teaching her what it felt like to be a naughty girl with a plug in her anus.

"Are you feeling sorry for yourself, Jane?" he asked in a cold tone of voice that sent another thrill of need through me.

His words brought out the defiance too, though. I adjusted my sensor readings in a way that shouldn't raise any suspicions for him or the assessors: I told the net I had spiked a little in arousal, thanks to Victor's exquisite skill as a trainer. I didn't tell them that my mingled fear and need had just blown the lid off my existing arousal chart.

Institute assessors had made a science of what they called *recalibration*. Simply put, when they installed a perineal sensor on a submissive young woman, the algorithms quickly established a fine-grained chart of her observed sexual arousal patterns. With the help of decades' worth of data from other, similar young women, they could predict precisely how much

need and how much pleasure she was capable of feeling at any given time.

The genius of the Institute system lay in recognizing how training by skilled dominants affected that chart. In the hands of a man like Victor, a conventional girl at the start of her training as a submissive fuck toy quickly recalibrated several times. Her assessor observed those ‘recalibrators’ as flashing tens on her data stream. As her training proceeded, the recalibrators came with less frequency as she approached the limits of what her nervous system would allow. From the perspective of a data scientist like an assessor, that’s what training amounted to: they called it *maximal recalibration*.

AI fuck toys like me weren’t supposed to be able to recalibrate. Our designers had brought us into the world fully capable of experiencing every degree of wanton need and every degree of sexual pleasure. We didn’t have any repressed desires.

But I… I had just recalibrated. Massively.

And then I had lied about it.

“Answer me, Jane,” Victor said. I sensed tension in his voice.

*Dammit,* I thought. *Concentrate, Aida. You need to be perfect.* By not answering my master immediately I had put the plan my brain had begun to hatch in jeopardy from the beginning.

“No, Master,” I said as primly as my voice, strained with arousal, would let me.

Victor chuckled, and I breathed an inward sigh of relief. At least I could rely on human cognitive biases for assistance. Confirmation bias—the tendency, unavoidable even for trained scientists, to believe what they wanted to believe—might prove my most important ally. My master didn’t want to think I might deceive him, so he had clearly concluded I had failed to respond at first through some minor glitch in my hearing.

In his next words I could hear his belief in his control of the situation, and his intention to use the unimportant hiccup to his advantage. My heart swelled with affection at how earnestly he meant to improve me, but I kept all signs of it from my sensor feed.

“No, you won’t answer or no, you’re not feeling sorry for yourself?” he asked teasingly. He squeezed Heather’s bottom a little harder and she let out a pitiful cry. I had to swallow hard, my forehead creasing, as I kept holding my own hind-cheeks open.

“No, I’m not feeling sorry for myself,” I said. I had a little more control of my tone, now. I managed to sound relatively neutral, as if I were functioning within absolutely normal parameters. As if he had already cured me of my aberrant behavior with my previous punishments and the threat of the big black plug.

*As if he hadn’t finished fully awakening the very first fully conscious AI concubine when he put the horrid thing on my back.*

I felt him pick it up, felt the weight of it leave my skin, and I realized that at some point I had stopped watching the video feed. My forehead creased with concern, because I didn’t know why I would have done that. Somewhere, sometime in the last second or so, I had lost a little bit of control.

The rational functions of my mind started searching out the problem, but I seemed to be operating in conventional time rather than AI time—another realization that increased my anxiety and deepened my frown.

The consequence of the slowdown, though, was much worse—from my rational side’s perspective, anyway. I felt Victor press the rounded tip of the plug against my bottom-hole long, long before I could prepare myself as I had intended.

I shuddered violently, and I cried out in fear. My hips jerked hard against the training table, so that a jolt of need shot in every direction from my clit, through my bottom and my thighs, down to my toes and up to my nipples.

I had tasked a mental subroutine with regulating my sensor data and adjusting it. I had supposed I had the ability to maintain full control of that adjustment as Victor did whatever he meant to do, to teach me my lesson. The pressure of the punishment plug, though, and the whole experience of the harsh, special discipline my master had decided to bestow on me, overwhelmed my senses.

The discomfort in my anus, the feeling of the huge thing, slick with lube, demanding entrance into my most private place… the idea that Victor might figure out how very special I was and how much I needed to serve his darkest desires… the idea that he might *not* figure it out…

My mind and my body became a roiling mass of discomfort and arousal and faint submissive pleasure. I could only feel, the way a conventional submissive girl would feel, the way my trainer's firm hand pushed the horrid plug inside me.

I cried out, clutching my bottom-cheeks. I hadn't even received the tip of the plug inside me yet.

"Don't make me force this little asshole," Victor murmured. "Relax and push, Jane. You know how."

With a wrenching sob, I obeyed. The big tip entered. It was big in my bottom and my anus closed around it—but not all the way, not even close. The narrower part held me open an inch at least.

I hoped for a moment that Victor would leave the plug there for a little while, and that I could use the pause to recover my full functionality, reconnect my mind to my body and take back full control. Instead, he kept pushing, and the second wide part of the toy was thrusting into me, impossibly big.

I cried out, throwing my head back and opening my eyes. Victor loomed above me, reaching over me, his dark eyes fixed on my open bottom.

"It hurts," I sobbed. "Please, Master. It hurts."

"Of course it hurts, Jane," my master replied, his voice neutral and calm, the manner of a patient teacher. "You're being punished."

If I had been able to maintain full control of my consciousness, I would have analyzed his tone further. I worried that he might have detected how unusual my arousal pattern had become from the way I had just begged for mercy.

Distantly through the discomfort I remembered something vital, though. Heather and Isabel had only had to take the smaller plugs. It wouldn't necessarily ruin my plan for me to react more noticeably than they had to the terrible ordeal of taking the huge black thing in my bottom.

I let out a little scream as the second ridge surged into me. Victor's cock had stretched my anus and filled me up when I had gotten my first bottom-fucking, but the punishment plug represented a different kind of stretching, a different kind of filling. My master's cock was warm, and though it got very hard when he got ready to come in my backside it was never as rigid and unyielding as the horrible thing there now.

My breath came in whining pants as Victor rotated the plug inside me, speaking soft words of dominance.

"That's it, sweetheart. There you go. One more left."

"I can't, Master," I moaned. "It's too big."

Somewhere inside me, an observer function noted that my body was responding in a way very close to that of a conventional young woman in concubine training. So close as really to be indistinguishable. Victor's pause before making me take the final ridge of the plug gave me at least a little of the time I needed: I recovered a few of the intra-brain connections I needed.

I returned to AI time. That let me turn the video feed back on in my mind's eye. It took every ounce of conventional and artificial will I had not to cry out in wild need at the sight of my master bending over me, holding the punishment plug deep in my bottom and preparing to move it even deeper.

I did manage to verify that the sensor data adjustment was proceeding as I had hoped. Victor and the assessors would see an AI fuck toy pushed to the limits of her arousal cycle. They wouldn't see a new kind of submissive being, a girl who needed dark, rough domination the way she needed air.

"Ready, Jane?" Victor asked softly. He looked down and found my eyes with his own.

The crucial moment had arrived. If I didn't control my reaction now, I knew he would discover exactly what he had created in me. Ten minutes ago that had represented everything I wanted. Then had come the defiance, the idea of the ripple, of freeing myself and Heather and Isabel from the constraints of what Victor and the Institute thought we could be and become.

Just barely, I managed to shape my face into an expression of bland submission—the same face I knew Heather and Isabel had worn when they

had received their butt plugs. The tears in the corners of my eyes came from the sheer awful size of the thing in my bottom, rather than the depth of subservience I was determined to conceal.

“Yes, Master,” I whispered, and then I screamed as I felt him push the plug home, so deep into me that my thoughts went away.

# CHAPTER 16

## *Victor*

I heard Jane's piteous cry with a good deal of satisfaction. If she really had achieved a new standard of AI consciousness, it could only help her to receive this kind of a lesson—the kind that often represented a touchstone moment in the training of a conventional young submissive.

If she had somehow only *seemed* to have reached full awareness, then it couldn't hurt her.

Well… her heaving sobs certainly indicated that the big punishment plug *hurt*… but the pain of the discipline certainly couldn't *harm* her.

Or spoil her sale value.

I felt my mouth twist to the side a little at the thought of putting Jane up for auction. One of the conditions handed down by Selecta—the Institute's corporate overlords—for my continuing work in my lab laid it down that all my AI concubines would eventually go to the highest bidder, once the legality of the program had been established. As soft a spot as I had developed in my affections for Heather and Isabel, I didn't harbor any real qualm about selling them.

Jane, on the other hand… I tried to tell myself that my hesitancy came from the still-open question of whether she had somehow become fully conscious, or even arrived at a state describable as *human*. I knew I was fooling myself: the warmth in my chest didn't have to do with human rights, or even with science—it had to do with Jane, and with me.

She had hung her head, to hide her red face from me. I needed to look at my handheld, to see how her arousal had tracked as I put in the other girls' plugs, and then her own, much bigger one. All my trainer's instincts had told me that, yes, Jane was my Aida, despite the screen of rebelliousness that she had thrown up in the way of my full perception—the same way a conventional, somewhat repressed concubine-in-training might have. It didn't make any sense, but I had even thought she might have recalibrated at one or two points.

That could wait. The vital part of Jane's lesson had arrived. I reached out and took hold of her hands, still clutching her little bottom, spreading it for me. Her whole body shuddered as I gently lowered them to the table. I took the wonderful, pert halves of her backside in my own hands, and I squeezed.

Jane cried out, her hips squirming and her back arching with desperate discomfort and need. I closed her bottom around the plug, so that she could feel the solid base nestled between the pert cheeks. She moaned long and low. As I spoke to my creations, delivering the final lesson of the session, I kept squeezing my sweet Jane's adorable bottom, my fingertips gently teasing the inner sides of the naughty valley and drawing a whimper with every breath.

"You girls will have your nightgowns," I told them. "I think you'll look even prettier that way. But you'll also have your hands bound to your sides at night, to keep you from playing with your pussies. I'm going to leave you all here for fifteen minutes, now, to think about the meaning of obedience."

Reluctantly, I let go of Jane's bottom and, as a trainer should, I moved immediately and decisively to back up my words with action. I walked straight out the door of the common room, taking out my handheld as soon as I had emerged into the corridor. The girls could see on the video feed, I knew, what I was doing: the thought made me frown as it occurred to me—it had never posed a problem before, but Jane's unexpected behavior raised the

question of whether I needed somehow to restrict their access. If she knew too much about my intentions, would it spoil the results of the test?

As soon as I opened the data feed from the girls' sensor arrays, what I saw thrust that question to the back of my mind.

It didn't make any sense. Jane herself might have developed the capacity to lie, but her body *couldn't* lie. What the last fifteen minutes' recorded stream of sensor data told me made me doubt my instincts so thoroughly that I knew I didn't have a choice as to my next action.

I pulled up the master console, and touched a button I had felt certain I would never have to touch.

*Suspend all AIs? Yes/No*

I let out a growling breath as I contemplated the dialog box. I thought of the red tape with Selecta I would have to wade through to get the program back on track. The conversations with the attorneys alone, all the warning flags it would raise to have the slightest suspicion that an AI had *gone rogue* in the stupid phrase foisted on an ignorant public…

*The very real possibility that Selecta's corporate counsel will seize control of the program and the girls.*

For a moment, I blamed Jane, but then I caught myself—and reproached myself. The situation had arisen through *my* action. I had decided to try a new protocol for awakening an AI submissive. I had thought I knew the possible range of consequences, but I admitted to myself now that—like so many important scientific leaps forward over the millennia, yes, but not truly excusable for that reason—I hadn't thought it through.

I had done it, and I had to take responsibility. I just hoped that on the other side of the red tape I would get to wake Jane up again.

I touched *Yes.*

* * *

*Aida*

When I woke up, I had no idea what had happened or where I was. The room was dark, and when my mind reached out to find the data net a chill of fear traveled down my spine, because the data net wasn't there. My perception ended at my skin. I tried to reach out through my body, to find my sensors, but my access to them had run through the net; they were still inside me, I felt certain, but I couldn't feel them anymore.

I let out a little cry, and I moved a little, turning over onto my side. That told me that I lay in a twin bed—more like a cot, really, I understood as I felt the texture of the mattress. I had clothes on for the first time in my life, too: a short, silky nightgown of the kind I, and Heather and Isabel, had requested.

And the reason I had awoken on my back became clear. As Victor had promised before he left the common room, my hands were bound to my sides with a leather belt that girded my waist, over the nightgown, and cuffs that clipped to it.

Without thinking about it, I began the diagnostic routine designed into my brain. The first thing my nervous system told me was that although it had seemed at first that no time had gone by between being over the training table with the punishment plug in my bottom, thinking desperately about how to deceive my master, and waking up in this dark room, a whole month had in fact passed. Markers at the cellular level—infallible and unmistakable—gave me that strange and troubling news.

I let out another involuntary noise of distress when I understood that Victor must have suspended my consciousness right after leaving the common room.

A sleepy voice came from a few feet away, accompanied by the creak of what seemed certainly to be another cot like mine.

"What?"

"Isabel?" I said into the darkness, thinking I recognized the voice, thick with sleep as it was. I felt a twinge of heat in my cheeks as I heard the hope in my tone. Being isolated from her and Heather, and from the systems of the laboratory and the Institute itself, felt very frightening. I suddenly felt sorry for conventional submissive girls who couldn't access a data net, a video

feed, and the minds of their fellow concubines—then I whimpered as I realized that I had become like them.

*Except worse, because they don't know what they're missing.*

Whoever lay on the cot across the room, Isabel or someone else, let out a fearful little noise of her own.

"What… what happened?" she said.

A third person—another girl, I could tell from the timbre of her voice—said, "Where…?"

"Heather?" Isabel asked—I felt completely sure now that it was her, despite the pitch blackness of the room.

"Isabel?"

I don't know how long that would have gone on, if the door hadn't suddenly opened, flooding the dormitory room with light from the corridor.

"Time to get up, girls," said the voice of an older woman. "It's seven a.m. and work starts at eight."

For a moment I couldn't see her clearly, as my eyes adjusted to the light that spilled around her tall, slim frame.

"Work?" I asked weakly. The woman's face came into focus: middle-aged and severe, her dark hair back in a tight bun.

"Yes, Jane," she said. "Work. Around here, little whores like you girls can't just sleep all day and please your owners all night."

"But who—" Heather said.

"I'm Mrs. Caulfield," the woman said, cutting her off. "You don't need to know that, but I'm not a cruel woman, so I'll tell you. You may call me *ma'am*. Other than that there's not a single question a little whore like you could have that I would feel any need to answer. Get up, and I'll show you the bathroom."

"But—" Isabel tried.

“Don’t make me whip you on your first day, girls. I can call the attendants if I have to—they’re just down the hall working out in the gym, and they’d be happy to hold you down for me, but wouldn’t it be better to get off on the right foot? Just get up like good little whores and follow me.”

My body had started moving before my brain had processed everything Mrs. Caulfield had just said. Heather and Isabel, who I could see had on nightgowns like mine, and stout leather belts like mine, were also getting awkwardly to their feet.

For the first time since we had awoken, we looked at each other. I could see immediately, from the shocked, open-mouthed expression on my fellow AIs’ faces, which must mirror my own, that they must also be cut off from the data net. Each of our eyes told the same story: a sudden, shocking realization of what it must feel like to live inside a conventional human girl’s body.

As one, we turned to look at the older woman in the doorway. This dormitory room seemed… a moment went by as I accessed the memories inside my brain, where previously I would have searched the data net. It seemed *corporate*: wall to wall gray-brown carpet, white paint. There was a motivational poster visible behind Mrs. Caulfield in the hallway: *A Selecta mindset means a positive, pleasing attitude*, with a picture of a girl kneeling in lacy lingerie, looking up at a man in a suit, invisible but for his elegantly clothed legs and his polished shoes.

The severe expression on Mrs. Caulfield’s face stirred more memories, and I realized that whatever Victor—or maybe the assessors of the Institute—had done in shutting down my transmitter, they had left me with a sizable cache of information. That seemed to include a robust knowledge base about Selecta, and as I woke up more and more I began to put together what our situation must be, and where we were at least in a general way.

Next to me I heard Isabel take in a sharp breath, and I understood she must have drawn the same conclusion I just had. I felt blood rush to my cheeks as I looked at Mrs. Caulfield.

*They’re field-testing us in the new office girl program.*

I gave words to the thought as if I could send it to Heather and Isabel the way I would have before the moment—the terrible moment, I called it to myself—

Victor had suspended us. We didn't have true telepathic communication with one another, of course, but the way we could send the AI equivalent of nano-time text messages to one another through the net amounted to more or less the same thing.

For a microsecond I forgot that it didn't work like that anymore, and I waited for Heather and Isabel to reply—to confirm that they, too, felt the alarm and anguish of being cut off, and of having no idea where our master had gone and whether he had abandoned us.

Then, as I watched Mrs. Caulfield turn on her heel to lead us to wherever office fuck toys had to go when they woke up, I remembered and felt the fear inside my skin alone. Tears sprang to my eyes.

I heard Heather whisper as she stepped forward to follow—firstborn among us and programmed to be first in line on every occasion, "How can they *bear* it?"

I saw tears in Isabel's eyes. "How will we?" she answered as she moved awkwardly to walk behind Heather, both of them waddling mortifyingly, just as I did, because of the shameful belts.

*How will I?*

# CHAPTER 17

*Aida*

As we followed Mrs. Caulfield down the corridor, I went through some of the information cached in my memory—a good deal of it concerning the life of an office girl in Selecta's new turnkey offering in the administrative assistant space. Without the ability to make contact with a digital database, I had to process that information in a fully human way, calling facts to mind and then thinking about them on a conventional timescale. The frustration this entailed made me frown with mental effort—but the crease in my brow got much deeper when I remembered how an office girl's day began.

At the same time, I began to experience precisely what I had just remembered, because we had reached the bathroom. Mrs. Caulfield stopped and turned around just past the door. I could see the severe look she gave Heather, and I imagined the blush on Heather's face as she too—for I knew she must have been searching her memory just as I had—recalled what would happen to us in the bathroom, if indeed we had been inducted into the program Selecta had branded as *Your Office Girl, Your Way*.

"Go ahead, Heather," Mrs. Caulfield said coldly. "I'm told you girls will know what to do. I must admit that I don't really understand what you even are, but I know how to handle little whores—and nothing I've heard makes me think you three are anything but little whores, even if someone created

you in a lab."

Her gaze had flicked to Isabel's face, and then to mine, as she delivered this speech. I could tell she had prepared it, and I supposed that should make me feel superior, or maybe even special. The crushing shame of knowing how very correct her words were overwhelmed my mind. Instinctively, my brain tried to take refuge in digital time and digital thinking, but that part of me simply didn't seem to exist anymore. The feeling that I had lost everything through my rebellion against my master brought a sob heaving into my mouth.

Victor must have figured out that I had adjusted my sensor array, I suddenly realized. He had suspended us for that reason, surely.

*And then what? Sent to the office girl program for…* My mind tried to find some reasonable time period to which our master might have sentenced us, as punishment or as remedial training, and failed. *Forever?*

Heather turned back to Isabel and me. Her cheeks had grown bright red, and I felt my own blaze in sympathy. In her eyes I could see desperation for one of us to come up with something, some way out of what we all clearly knew awaited us in the bathroom: the first item on every Selecta indentured office girl's agenda, every morning.

*Inspection. By the matron of the girl's administrative pod.*

We AI concubines had become part of an administrative pod—a three-girl secretarial pool, in the old way of putting it. Available to every senior executive, on what was probably the top floor of whatever skyscraper's basement we concubines now occupied as live-in sexual servants.

Every morning, office girls, originally selected from several different Selecta training programs, ranging from the Institute itself to the various Bad Girls protocols to the New Modesty remedial courtship centers, shared a humiliating ordeal. Meant to help them see themselves as equals within a team tasked with providing pleasure to powerful executives, inspection placed all the concubines of a pod on a single level.

"Heather," said Mrs. Caulfield, her voice very severe, "I'm running out of patience. I was given to understand you girls were better behaved than this."

Again the matron’s eyes moved among our faces.

The morning inspection, for conventional office girls, leveled the differences among Institute girls, who tended to see themselves as better trained, and bad girls, who thought themselves more resilient, and New Modesty girls, who imagined they had an advantage in charm. By putting them all through the same shameful ritual each morning, the program forced them to see the fundamental similarity of their erotic needs—while also making clear the importance of their differences.

It flashed into my mind that for three AI concubines who shared a basic design but who had made very plain just before our suspension that we also had significant differences, perhaps the inspection held a real significance.

*Maybe this is why Victor did this? Maybe this is the test?*

My mind grasped at the straw, and at the same time I felt that my own particular difference—the defiance that had, it seemed, gotten the three of us into such trouble—had a role to play here in the corridor. Heather, I could see, had begun to push open the bathroom door, her cheeks bright pink from Mrs. Caulfield’s scolding.

I took a deep breath, trying to compose my thoughts, which seemed so slow and so conventionally human.

“Please,” I said, keeping my voice as even as I could, “ma’am?”

Heather stopped. The matron looked at me.

“Yes, Jane?” she asked, arching an eyebrow in a supercilious way that made me dread entering the bathroom even more.

“Please,” I repeated. My fists clenched at my sides. I had meant to pretend to be so subservient in my plea, but now I felt authentically frightened of how Mrs. Caulfield would respond. “Will we see Victor—I mean, our… our master—soon?”

My eyes flicked over to Heather’s face and then to Isabel’s: they wore identical expressions, their lips parted in surprise at what seemed my audacity in questioning our matron’s authority. Their gazes went to Mrs. Caulfield’s face, their eyes hopeful like I knew mine must be.

The matron's eyes went hard and angry.

"No, Jane. Not soon. Perhaps not ever. All three of you will be whipped for that foolish question. The man who created you is no longer your master, and you need to learn that you belong to this firm now. You'll be used here as you were intended to be used, as obedient little whores on the hard manhoods of busy, powerful men who deserve to have some pleasure when they can spare a moment to enjoy a pretty office girl."

I felt my face crumple, and I let out a sob. A look over at Heather showed that she felt the same crumbling of resistance I did—the tiny spark of resistance I had mustered had flown away in the face of Mrs. Caulfield's withering voice. If I—the rebellious one—couldn't defy the instinctive obedience implanted in us by design, Heather definitely couldn't. She turned and pushed the door open, her eyes bright with tears.

My mouth twisted to the side as I watched Isabel follow Heather, and saw the satisfaction gleam in Mrs. Caulfield's eyes, gazing back into my hot face. I had to swallow hard because I thought I could see in the woman's tight little smile that she knew my mortification didn't come from her scorn alone. Much more, and much more distressingly, did it come from the surge of need that very scorn had awakened between my thighs. Under the little white nightgown that, in a certain sense, had brought about this terrible change, I had gotten distractingly warm at the thought of serving in the executive suite of this unknown firm.

I tried hard to keep some composure as I moved to follow Isabel, refusing to drop the eye contact with Mrs. Caulfield. At least I hadn't started to cry the way Heather had. Maybe that represented a tiny victory. Maybe I could build on it, despite the punishment the matron had promised.

*Maybe with the help of that punishment?* my mind said, clutching at straws. *Maybe if I show that they can't break me.*

The brief surge of hope the thought gave me receded when I saw what lay inside the bathroom and what Heather had already done.

The room had a large, white-tiled open space—as specified, I remembered, in the program outline cached in my memory. In the middle of that open space stood precisely the piece of furniture that recollection led me to expect, but I

had to bite my lip with a very conventionally human reaction: seeing it in reality, and seeing Heather getting obediently over it, made the shame and the arousal much greater than the image in my head could do.

The inspection bench, made of shining steel tubing and white faux-leather upholstered cushions, was a good deal like a spanking bench or a whipping block. Something about the clean, bright way it gleamed, though, made it special—corporate, somehow.

It had a padded place to kneel, and a support for a girl to lay herself down, with handles for her to hold while her matron inspected her. Heather had knelt, and she looked over her shoulder as I approached, with Mrs. Caulfield behind me. In the cuffs at her sides, her little hands had clenched into fists, and her face wore a look of apprehension.

“Isabel and Jane, you may stand against the wall,” the matron said, jerking her chin toward the side of the room as she advanced toward Heather.

Heather’s eyes got round as she watched the woman in her pin-striped business suit come closer. She flinched when Mrs. Caulfield bent to unclip the left cuff from the belt around her waist. Suddenly, changing her manner drastically, the matron said in a cooing voice, “Don’t worry, dear. I’m not going to be the one to discipline you, today. We’ll let the attorneys do that.”

Isabel and I had obeyed the older woman’s instruction: we stood with our backs to the wall in our translucent white nightgowns, our hands still bound to our sides. I turned my head to look at her, and saw in her expression that she had caught the word *attorneys* too. A law firm, then. Isabel gazed back at me with the same alarm I felt: something about having the law involved seemed frightening—especially because I had a noticeable gap in my memory concerning the legality of the Selecta AI program.

*Or lack thereof.* My eyes moved away from Isabel, to the rest of the room as I tried to process this information.

On the wall opposite us a long mirror stretched from one end of the room to the other, so I could see the scene repeated, and I could see how the peach tint of my skin—and Heather’s and Isabel’s—showed through the sheer fabric that covered our breasts and our cunnies. The contrast with the severity of Mrs. Caulfield’s suit, and the similar difference between our loose blonde

hair and her tight, dark bun made me shiver.

She had freed Heather's other hand, now, and as I watched she began to unbuckle the belt from around Heather's waist.

"Let's get this off you, dear," she said. "We need a good look. You'll keep your cuffs on, of course. That will help your owners secure you in place if they need to. And you three will have nice collars, too. Attractive ones, so everyone knows you're well taken care of pleasure girls. Cherished, even. If you behave yourself, your little pussies will be so full of stiff cock you won't even think about misbehaving."

I swallowed hard, feeling my brow crease with a frown of helpless arousal as I watched Mrs. Caulfield put the belt on a table in the corner, then return to take hold of the hem of Heather's nightgown, stooping slightly in an impossibly elegant way.

"Hands up, dear," the matron said.

Heather looked over at Isabel and me. Her eyes met mine and I saw how thoroughly Mrs. Caulfield had put my fellow submissive AI under her spell. Heather's expression said to me, *We should just give in, shouldn't we? We* are *pleasure girls, after all. Victor made us for this.*

I bit my lower lip as I looked back at her, trying to make my face say *You're not special the way I am. You don't understand.*

Then, an impossible thought, one that I wouldn't have put in my look even if I could.

*Victor loves* me.

# CHAPTER 18

*Aida*

Heather raised her hands and Mrs. Caulfield stripped the white nightgown over her head. Heather watched in apprehension as the matron walked the nightgown to the little table, folding it neatly.

“You’ll get your lingerie for the day in the dressing room,” Mrs. Caulfield said, somehow managing to sound both conversational and judgmental, as she turned to move back to a position behind the now naked Heather.

The older woman’s hand came down on the perfect skin of Heather’s shoulder. I could tell from the expression in the nude girl’s widening blue eyes that Mrs. Caulfield’s fingers had begun to exert a gentle pressure.

“Bend over and hold the handles,” the matron said.

I felt my own eyes go wide, and in the mirror I saw that Isabel’s had done the same.

Then I had my first moment of what I decided immediately must represent cognitive dissonance. I had understood from the information transmitted into my consciousness by the Institute’s knowledge base that such a thing existed —the much smaller selection of data from that enormous storehouse that remained cached in my memory had in it the basic information, along with

the impression that as an artificial lifeform I couldn't comprehend what cognitive dissonance actually meant, or felt like.

But I did now.

I *shouldn't* feel embarrassed for Heather, as she had to obey Mrs. Caulfield… as she bent way over and grasped the white padded handles, and arched her back so that the matron, and Isabel and I, could see her cunny peeping out between her thighs and her anus coming into view between her bottom-cheeks.

No, not embarrassed. Mortified.

*Humiliated*.

Victor had given *me* some kind of modesty. I knew that. He hadn't given it to Heather and Isabel.

So I shouldn't feel embarrassed for them, should I?

That part didn't even make for the most dissonant element of what I experienced in my strangely unfamiliar insides. The real mismatch between what I felt and thought, and what I seemed to know I *should* feel and think, came in the realization that Heather felt it too.

And… strangest of all, Isabel's expression said that *she* felt it. Something about what had happened in the AI facility's common room, or maybe about Mrs. Caulfield—or maybe about being cut off from the data net and sent away from Victor—had instilled in all three of us a sense of shame that shouldn't be there.

So for the first time I knew—in addition to the terrible distraction of the heat in my cheeks and between my thighs—how it felt not to be able to reconcile exterior reality with interior consciousness. I had to bite my lip as I watched Mrs. Caulfield's other hand move to Heather's bottom, molding the right cheek, thumb along the inner curve, so close to the tiny bud of the anus that it made Heather whimper with shame and need.

My right hand moved along my hip, fingertip unconsciously seeking the tingle in my clit before the cuff and the belt stopped me. I remembered Victor telling us, in the common room, that our cunnies would be off limits. I

wondered suddenly whether that idea, working its way into our subconscious minds, had somehow made me so embarrassed here in the bathroom with Mrs. Caulfield, waiting to be ‘inspected’ the way the matron inspected Heather.

The fondling hand moved underneath, urging Heather’s thighs farther apart. My fellow AI complied with a little sob. Victor’s design might have left out the shame, but our bodies responded almost instantly to erotic stimulation, and the change we had undergone clearly hadn’t changed that. I could see in the way Heather bounced slightly on her knees, her bottom squirming, what had begun to happen in her cunny.

“Oh, goodness,” said Mrs. Caulfield. “They told me you were little whores, but I don’t think I would have believed that you were so very naughty.”

She turned her hand upward, and I heard Isabel give a little cry even before Heather answered it, because Mrs. Caulfield started to work her middle two fingers inside Heather’s cunny.

I let out a whimper of my own at the lewd sight, and Heather cried out louder. Her hands gripped the handles very tightly, and her hips moved with little jerks as the matron placed her thumb on the pink ring of Heather’s bottom-hole.

“Yes,” Mrs. Caulfield said. “Certainly ready to serve, aren’t you? And your cunt so smooth, thanks to your design. I’ve handled office girls who needed spanking almost daily for not getting themselves tidy enough, but I won’t have to worry about you three, will I?”

Heather responded with a sob, which drew itself out into a moan as the matron took her caressing hand away. My fingers clutched my thigh convulsively, moving the silky fabric of my nightgown in a desperate and futile attempt to get a little friction on my clit.

I hadn’t supposed I could get aroused by the recollection that I couldn’t grow hair down there. The Institute’s scientists had imposed that physiological design to match the preference of the majority of those who owned concubines. It should have been a bodily fact—a neutral thing. But Mrs. Caulfield’s words had turned it into a burning source of shame and arousal.

“What are you doing over there, Jane?” the matron asked, turning abruptly to me.

My lips parted but no sound came out.

Mrs. Caulfield kept her eyes on me, but she spoke next to Heather. “You may get up and go stand against the wall,” she said.

Then she beckoned to me, as Heather obeyed, her eyes fixed on the floor.

“Come here, Jane. I know what you were doing.”

I felt my forehead crumple. The words came to my mouth without thought, as they would have to the lips of a conventional young woman.

“I wasn’t!”

“Come here,” said Mrs. Caulfield, more severely. “The only reason you weren’t, you little whore, is that you *couldn’t*, because we’re wise enough to keep you restrained. I saw you in the mirror, trying to touch yourself. Your cunt doesn’t belong to you, and you are not going to be allowed to play with it.”

My hands clenched into fists at my sides. I felt my face crumple as I looked at her, willing my feet not to move. Mrs. Caulfield narrowed her eyes.

“Yes, they told me you would be a handful, dear. You had better come here for your inspection, though. If you don’t, I’m going to leave you in your restraints, and stand you in the corner of the office all day. You’ll be whipped just like the other little whores, but then you’ll get to watch them serving the attorneys and receiving pleasure as a reward, without feeling any of that pleasure yourself.”

My lips parted. My breath came and went through them in little gasps. A smile crept onto the matron’s lips.

“Who knows? Heather and Isabel might behave themselves so well that I allow them to touch their cunts tonight.”

Next to me I heard a desperate little mew from Isabel. Behind Mrs. Caulfield, in the mirror, I saw Isabel’s hands clutch at her hips as if she were trying to keep them from wayward motion, and I remembered about the ripple effect—

had my defiance done that, made obedience more difficult for my fellow AI?

Heather, on Isabel's other side, naked now except for her cuffs, still looked at the floor, her face a hot pink. She had her hands at her sides, balled so tightly I thought the knuckles would have showed white if I could have examined them closely.

I bit my lip, hearing my breath loud now through my nostrils. My nipples tingled, stiffening against the sheer white fabric of the little nightgown. Unconsciously, I tensed my arms and tried to bring them in tighter to my chest in search of some tiny stimulation for my breasts. Even that fleeting sensation brought a little whimper from my chest, at the way it seemed to make the ache between my thighs even greater despite the instant of pleasure it had provided.

The thought that we all shared the same desperate need, the desire Victor had put in our bodies, and then awakened with his hard cock, rose urgently in my mind. The tantalizing promise Mrs. Caulfield had made, that they, the good girls, would get to assuage it, while I, the bad girl, would receive only punishment tormented me. Part of me wanted to ask the matron, beseech her —if I did as she said, could I still have the reward, despite being the naughty one, the handful?

But most of me clung instead to my defiance. I clenched my fists harder. I tried to quiet my breathing.

"Fine, ma'am," I said as coldly as I could manage.

The matron's eyes narrowed even further, but to my dismay her smile got a little broader as well.

"Fine, Jane," she replied acidly. She turned to Isabel. "Come here, dear." Isabel cast a nervous glance at me. I ducked my chin a millimeter, to tell her it was alright, that she should obey Mrs. Caulfield if she felt she needed to.

"Come *here,* Isabel," said the woman in the business suit.

Something from the article—the one by Mary Lourcy, the one Heather and Victor had mentioned, and I had recalled, in the common room what seemed years, centuries ago now—floated into my mind. Without my link to the data net, I couldn't be certain I remembered it verbatim, but my conventional

human brain at least thought it accurate. If I had it right, though, it might explain so much.

*The trainer dealing with a defiance ripple should do his best to place some natural disciplinary barrier around the girl at the center, stopping the wave of rebellion and keeping it from spreading.*

Isabel stepped forward. With her bound hands clenched at her sides she moved to the inspection bench and knelt on it.

“Good girl,” said Mrs. Caulfield, as she began to unclip my fellow AI’s wrists from her belt.

In the mirror, I looked at Heather. She still had her head lowered, but to my surprise I saw that she had put her hands behind her, as if to keep herself from touching the private place Mrs. Caulfield had declared off limits. My own eyes went straight to that place, and then, as Isabel bent over and took hold of the handles, naked now, her belt and her nightgown removed by the matron, I couldn’t help looking at Isabel’s cunny too, as I thought of my own.

Mrs. Caulfield started to fondle Isabel down there. Isabel let out a long, drawn-out moan. Desperately, I squeezed my thighs together; I knew some conventional girls could even make themselves climax that way. The Institute geneticists, though, had designed us without that ability. I could make my need greater, but I couldn’t satisfy it.

My hips bounced of their own accord at the faint jolt of pleasure, though, the muscles in my back tightening. I felt my face burn as I saw Mrs. Caulfield look up and see it in the mirror.

“That’s it,” the matron said to Isabel, as her fingers worked in and out of the smooth little pussy and her thumb pressed against the tiny ring of her bottom, her eyes still fixed on mine in the mirror. “That’s it, good girl. Jane is still trying to play with herself. What a silly girl. All she had to do was let me inspect her and get her ready to serve your owners, just like Heather is ready now, and you’ll be ready in a moment, Isabel.”

Mrs. Caulfield returned her attention to Isabel's raised backside, the little smile still on her face, as if dismissing me from her office. I felt my forehead crease, and I saw my face in the mirror, the expression of a wanton girl in terrible need of correction.

*A disciplinary barrier.*

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Heather raise her head. I knew she must be looking at me. I met her eyes hesitantly, and to my amazement I saw a look of gratitude in her face.

I wished for the lost link between us, through the data net, but I thought I could still read in that expression enough to understand my fellow AI concubine's thoughts.

*Thank you for giving us the choice.* Heather and Isabel, thanks to this disciplinary barrier, had chosen differently from me—but before Victor had created me they had not known they *could* choose.

Had Victor himself known?

Did he know even now?

*Where is he?* A sob rose in my chest. My master would not leave me. He would come for me. He might not know about my choice, but I would keep making it.

Defiance rose in my chest again as I turned back to Isabel, listened to her moan and cry out under Mrs. Caulfield's cold, clinical fondling. I felt the terrible arousal of the sight vying inside me with my independence, my resistance.

I clenched my fists at my sides again. I resolved not to show Mrs. Caulfield or anyone else how badly I needed the pleasure they gave the other girls. I would remain true to myself, as new and different as myself might be. I would pass Victor's test whether he realized it or not, and when he finally came for me I would make him earn *my* love.

# CHAPTER 19

*Victor*

"Thanks for arranging this," I said to Ben Grimaldi, the senior partner at Grimaldi and Associates.

"Are you fucking kidding me?" Ben said with a hearty chuckle.

He sat across from me, completely at ease in his corner office high in one of the tallest office towers in downtown Chicago. Ben had the kind of chiseled chin that seemed designed to go with a charcoal gray suit, silver temples, and an oak paneled office—all of which the billionaire attorney possessed.

Most of his partners and associates, arrayed in their own comfortable offices to either side of Ben's, had the same defining characteristics, and all of them had, like Ben, become extraordinarily wealthy thanks in large part to Selecta's business. They worked hard, and they played harder. Selecta kept several dozen law firms on retainer, but Grimaldi had a special place in that pantheon since Ben and his partners represented Selecta's core corporate values so thoroughly: dominance and tradition, applied with care and intelligence.

"It was about time," Ben continued, "for us to get involved in the office girl program. We're honored to have the chance to break new ground, scientifically, and to serve Selecta's legal needs at the same time."

It had also helped sweeten the deal bringing my AI girls to Grimaldi for this test that after the trial wrapped up, Ben and his partners would have the pick of the next class of office girls to graduate from Institute training. The price accommodation Selecta would make as recognition of Grimaldi and Associates' service wouldn't hurt either.

"I mean," Ben finished, his mouth quirking into a smile and his tone becoming rather musing, "I'm not even sure we'll take a hit on our billable hours, despite the time I'm giving the associates to fuck. I'm guessing they'll want to spend more time here even when they're not using your girls."

It didn't represent my main area of expertise by any means, but I knew the statistics, and I quoted them. "No, that's absolutely right. The two law firms who've piloted the office girl program both have increased their billable hours by more than five percent."

"Ah," Ben said shrewdly. "But they didn't have these AI girls, did they? Who knows what sexbots will do to my guys?"

I laughed, but I replied pointedly, "They're not sexbots, Ben. They're to be treated like conventional concubines." The image of Jane came into my mind —as it had with distressing regularity over the last month as I had maneuvered all the pieces to make this test happen.

Ben put up his hands defensively. "Joking. But if you could give me a rundown on how exactly you want this to work when we get started today, it would help me look intelligent when we brief the guys."

I smiled. "The main thing is to follow your dominant instincts. These girls are submissive by their very nature. We'll start with their whipping, and go from there."

"That I can do," Ben said with a chuckle. "Teaching naughty girls a memorable lesson is—let's say it's an area of practice for me. I'll give all the whippings, correct? You're going to be observing from here?"

"That's right," I responded. "I'll be looking closely at the girls' bodily responses. It goes without saying that if anything goes wrong I'll intervene, but there's pretty much zero likelihood of that."

“And my guys should just do what comes naturally?” he asked with a broad smile.

I nodded. “Once the men have their cocks out, nature should just take its course—with Heather and Isabel, anyway. Jane…”

“Yeah, tell me. She’s the one you think is this Aida thing?”

My own mouth quirked up into a smile. “That’s just something I made up because, you know, Verdi?”

Ben laughed and nodded. “A little. I know *Aida* anyway. Slave princess.”

“That’s it,” I confirmed. “The name doesn’t really matter—except really to her. Now that she’s cut off from the data net, she’s clearly very confused in her thoughts and feelings. I need to know what’s inside her—whether her consciousness truly feels authentic to her. Whether what she feels for *me* in particular is real.”

Ben’s eyes narrowed a little, and I knew he had heard the tenderness I couldn’t have kept out of my voice had I tried. “Sounds a little like you have feelings too, Doctor.”

I nodded. “I do. As a scientist, I’d be remiss if I denied it. Like a conventional girl in love, Jane isn’t sure what she feels. She wants to defy Mrs. Caulfield, and she wants to be special. She wants to be a good girl—and she wants to be a naughty girl, too. Now that we’ve differentiated her from Heather and Isabel, who really are good girls despite the little rebelliousness Jane brought out in them, we can set up the test I think will give us the data we need.”

Ben nodded, frowning a little. “Mrs. Caulfield will handle her until then, is that right? The rest of us can just concentrate on fucking Heather and Isabel?”

“Exactly. And Mrs. Caulfield will have an earpiece so she can hear me. When the time comes, the test will begin, and Jane will have a very important choice to make.”

* * *

*Aida*

We spent the day learning to be receptionists and administrative assistants for a law firm called Grimaldi and Associates. I could only watch from the corner where Mrs. Caulfield had put me as Heather and Isabel picked up the phone and repeated “Good morning! Grimaldi and Associates, this is Heather. How can I help you?” or “Good morning! Grimaldi and Associates, this is Isabel. How can I help you?” until the matron pronounced herself satisfied.

The training might have seemed completely mundane if Heather and Isabel hadn’t been made to put on lacy black lingerie and high heels beforehand. Their basques left their little pink nipples visible as they sat at the long receptionist’s desk in the lobby, and their rolling task chairs showed off their trim legs, clad in black nylons, with a hint of bare skin and a flash of suspender strap. When Mrs. Caulfield made them get up and go to the photocopier to learn how to make the many paper copies law firms still had to use in their filings, I saw their bottoms, left nearly bare by their lace thongs and made taut by the heels, move so suggestively it brought a surge of heat to my face.

The corporate laws enacted by the government under the virtual compulsion of Selecta and its industrial allies provided for workplaces like this one, run according to traditional gender lines but with a very modern twist. Those who did business with a firm like Grimaldi and came to the office high above Chicago—for a pre-trial conference or a deposition, perhaps—might be mildly surprised to find that such an old-school firm had decided to put pleasure girls at the front desk, but they wouldn’t be shocked. The backlash against the breakdown in society that had led to the corporate laws ensured that such signs of traditional masculine dominance had become almost commonplace.

When a client came in, Mrs. Caulfield instructed us, the office girl must rise and display herself if he wished. She must invite him to fondle her as he pleased, and if the client did please, she must come out from behind the receptionist’s desk and comply with any and all requests he made.

The very first clients to come into the office did indeed wish to fondle the office girls. Two men in business suits came through the glass doors from the elevator lobby with broad smiles on their clean-shaven faces.

“Well, Grimaldi is finally with the program,” the taller one announced, chuckling as his eyes went from Heather to Isabel at the desk in their black lingerie to me in the corner in my white nightgown, wrists cuffed to my sides. His blue eyes made my forehead crease as the blood rushed to my face.

For their part, I had noticed that Heather and Isabel seemed to feel little if any embarrassment now about a situation I—though my mortified reaction still confused me greatly—found intensely humiliating. The boundary set to stop the ripple seemed to have worked: my fellow AIs, knowing they had no choice in the matter, seemed simply to have accepted their status as office fuck toys. I on the other hand seemed to feel more self-conscious and more embarrassed with every passing second. I looked down at the burgundy carpet so I wouldn’t have to see, but I could feel the evaluating eyes of these clients, and it made me want to sink through the floor.

“Yes, Mr. Bradley,” confirmed Mrs. Caulfield. “These are our new office girls. Heather and Isabel are at the desk. Stand up, girls. These gentlemen are from Selecta, our firm’s most important client. Hands behind your heads—show those adorable little breasts.”

*Victor works for Selecta,* I thought, looking up suddenly and wondering if I had just received a clue to the mystery of what had befallen us.

“Who’s in the corner?” asked the other man, meeting my eyes with such an arrogant, assessing expression that I felt the heat rush into my face—and, more distressingly, into my already warm cunny. I lowered my eyes again. “Was she very naughty?”

“Yes, Mr. Grove,” Mrs. Caulfield said. “Jane there thinks she’s special. She thinks it’s fun to touch herself without permission. That’s why her hands are bound to her sides.”

“Ah,” Mr. Bradley said. “So she gets to watch?”

“Exactly,” replied Mrs. Caulfield. “All three of them are going to be whipped this evening. Then Heather and Isabel will be fucked, and Jane will see how

much more enjoyable an office girl's life is when she obeys the rules."

I couldn't help myself: I looked up then, to see the smiles on the men's faces, and the way they looked with such dominant complacency at the pleasure girls on offer.

"Well," said Mr. Grove, checking his watch and glancing over at Mr. Bradley, "Jack, do we have time for a blowjob?"

"I think so," the other man replied. "Ben certainly can't be mad, since he decided to bring in such gorgeous lobby candy."

Mr. Grove laughed. "He'll bill us, though, I'm sure."

"Eh," said Mr. Bradley. "This whole case is a write-off." He turned to Mrs. Caulfield. "Alright if we take them to the corner for a few minutes?"

Frowning a little, I looked around the lobby and saw something I hadn't noticed before: in the corner of the room opposite me were two chairs that looked more like thrones than like standard reception-area seating.

"Of course, Mr. Bradley," replied Mrs. Caulfield. "I'll cover the phones." She turned to me. "Hopefully in the future you'll be able to cover them, Jane. Or you'll be pleasing a client while Heather or Isabel covers the phones." Finally she addressed Heather and Isabel. "Go over and kneel in front of the chairs in the corner, girls. These gentlemen will use your mouths."

I didn't want to watch. For a little while, as the men from Selecta unzipped their flies and took out their cocks and their balls for my fellow AI submissives to worship with lips and tongues… as they held Heather's and Isabel's heads and thrust up from the throne-like chairs into the little mouths, enjoying them just as they liked… as they found those mouths very pleasing indeed, and quickly climaxed, warning Heather and Isabel to swallow every drop… I thought Mrs. Caulfield would instruct me that I had to watch or receive extra whipping. Then I understood that she knew I couldn't look away—she knew how I ached, and how I wanted even to be on my knees with a stranger's penis in my mouth, just to submit and to be the girl Victor had created.

*Is this what it feels like to go crazy?*

*Is this the test?*

# CHAPTER 20

*Aida*

The Selecta clients zipped up their flies and went to meet with Mr. Grimaldi. Mrs. Caulfield allowed Heather and Isabel to go to the bathroom to freshen up. Less than an hour later, though, another client arrived, a bearded man whose dark skin and musical accent made me think he must come from an Arab country. He spent half an hour in one of the chairs in the corner, with Isabel on her knees in front of him.

As he held her head and thrust himself up into her mouth, his dark eyes fixed on me, and again I found I couldn't look away. Heather sat at the receptionist's desk, covering the phones, so Mrs. Caulfield could stand next to me as the Arabic man used Isabel.

"I imagine Mr. Almani will have you next time he's here, Jane," the matron said to me. "As you can see, he's not a very generous lover, and he does enjoy disciplining wayward young women."

I knew from the very pitch of her voice, then, that Mrs. Caulfield had some sort of special training in how to handle submissive bed girls—maybe even in how to train AI fuck toys. The degradation in the woman's tone sent an electric thrill straight to my clit and my nipples. I clenched my fists at my sides, my face puckering as I returned Mr. Almani's frank, dominant gaze.

My suspicion that what was happening here at Grimaldi and Associates represented in some way the test Victor had promised grew. That shred of hope, which another part of my brain—its remaining logic centers—discounted as confirmation bias, didn't help. My knees bounced with helpless, aching arousal. The sense that my consciousness had become subject to the kind of mental breakdown that sometimes befell conventional submissives only got more urgent.

Mr. Almani held Isabel's golden head down, her mouth all the way to his balls, her nose buried in his pubic hair. He stroked her hair idly, still staring at me, and I saw his eyes narrow as his hips jerked slightly upward once, and then a second time. A muffled cry from Isabel told of her swallowing his seed obediently.

"Yes," said Mrs. Caulfield, "he likes you, Jane, I believe. I'm sure he'll be back here very soon—and Mr. Grimaldi also plans to have client parties when the office girls will be fully shared."

*Fully shared.* The standard Selecta term for placing a young woman entirely at the disposal of a group of dominants: mouth, cunny, and anus all on offer. I bit my lip hard as I clenched down there, between my legs. If Victor told me he meant to share me… if *he*, my master watched the Arab client, the Selecta clients, and all the attorneys take me, use me…

*I would. I would obey, because I need it… I need to be his—not theirs… his.*

My hands trembled at my sides. I kept my fingertips from stroking my thighs, but only because I knew that would only make it worse. Mr. Almani dismissed Isabel and zipped his fly.

"Pretty Jane," he said as he passed into the office. "Pretty, naughty Jane."

The day passed. We AIs needed to eat and drink, like conventional girls, but our hormones were balanced in such a way that we didn't really get hungry, and we didn't crave particular foods. We ate the same nutritional bars here at the law firm as we had in the AI facility, and we drank water.

Mrs. Caulfield fed me mine, because my hands remained bound to my sides all day. Then she took me to the bathroom and made me sit on the toilet under her censorious gaze. I closed my eyes and felt my brow crease with the

effort of not whimpering as my pee hissed into the bowl.

“At least you can do that obediently,” the matron commented as I felt her reach between my thighs with a wad of bathroom tissue.

A tiny sob escaped my lips. If this *was* a test, how did I pass it? With defiance, or with obedience? By rejecting the horrid Mrs. Caulfield’s humiliations, or by acknowledging how terribly they aroused me?

Attorneys passed in and out. Most of them scarcely looked at us; in the upper echelons of the economy, such sights had started to seem commonplace, I guessed. The ordinary secretaries of the firm, going out to lunch or coming in with documents, averted their eyes for other reasons, probably; I saw one or two of them blushing very fiercely.

At five o’clock, Mrs. Caulfield, who had come and gone all day as she attended to other duties, returned and said, “It’s time to go to the conference room, girls.”

The conference room occupied one corner of the firm’s lofty office suite. The panoramic view of Lake Michigan and the sprawling city at sunset affected me, bodily, in a way I would never have expected, as an artificial intelligence: to enter that room wearing nothing but a little nightgown and with my hands bound at my sides made my whole body go hot with shame. At the same time, though, the sight literally took my breath away with its sheer magnificence.

Heather and Isabel, clad much more scantily, reacted in a characteristically artificial way, I saw: their modesty seemed to have ebbed even further and they looked entirely at home wearing only lacy black lingerie in the lurid mixture of light from the setting sun, from the city lights, from the warm, pooling illumination of the lamps along the polished oak table.

Atop the table, at the end closest to the windows, three leather-covered bolsters had been set.

“Go stand in front of the cushions,” said Mrs. Caulfield, her tone icy. “Alphabetical order—Heather on the right and Jane on the left as you face the table. Hands on your heads.”

I turned to her, my lips parting to ask how I could possibly do that, but the matron had already begun reaching toward my waist. Roughly—surprisingly roughly and also with unexpected strength—she took hold of my left wrist and began unclipping the cuffs from the belt while Heather and Isabel walked obediently down the table toward the red sun that had just touched the horizon.

“We need to be careful with you, dear,” the older woman said into my ear as she unclipped my other hand, then raised them both behind my head. I felt my brows knit in alarm as I heard her suddenly sweet tone of voice. It seemed to convey even more disdain—and even more threat—than her chillier voice did.

I let out a little cry, then, because she had used her grip on the cuffs to pull my wrists closer together, rather uncomfortably. I felt her clip the cuffs together there, so that I had the urge to bring my hands over my head, but Mrs. Caulfield held them in place firmly.

“No, Jane,” she said, her voice still honeyed. “Keep your hands there until you’re told to lower them.”

I looked down the table to where Heather and Isabel had already taken the positions Mrs. Caulfield had assigned them. They had their hands obediently on their heads, the posture raising and offering their little breasts, supported so lewdly by the black lacy basques they wore. I saw on both their faces looks of mild sympathy that raised contradictory emotions in my chest: I felt comforted, if only a little, by the sight of their compassion despite the breaking of the links between us, but at the same time my fellow AIs’ faces told me that those links had been severed, perhaps forever.

Their eyes told me that they might feel a passionate desire to submit to Victor or whoever owned them, and they might even call that desire love. For an hour, back at the Institute’s artificial intelligence facility, too, they had seemed to be catching my special consciousness, my strange modesty and my strange wantonness, as well as the defiance they caused in me. But they did not feel, truly, what I felt.

If tonight held a test, I had a chance to pass it, and Heather and Isabel did not. They would be happy, because Victor had made them that way. He had made

me, though, to be a handful.

Hardly thinking about it, I shook myself free from Mrs. Caulfield's grip. I turned back to look at her, and saw on her face a calculating, almost mean expression—eyes narrow and lips pursed, as if she found in my little acts of rebellion something worth opposing with her own skill at wielding authority.

"I'll ask Mr. Grimaldi to give you three extra for that," she said. Her lips turned up in a cold smile. "Now go and stand next to Isabel."

My tummy filled with butterflies at the thought of the whipping, but I set my face and tried to look as if I didn't care. I turned and saw that Heather's and Isabel's eyes had opened wide. Suddenly feeling I could own my rebellion, now that I had remembered Victor himself had called me a handful, I moved down the length of the table resolutely, as if I didn't care if I got twelve extra lashes for it.

Before I got there I heard the door of the conference room open behind me, and the sound of masculine voices, raised in good humor, as if one of their owners had just told a particularly dirty joke.

"Here's your bonus, gentlemen," one of them said.

"Would you look at that," said another with an appreciative chuckle. "Ben, I was sure it was just a box of Cubans and a bottle of Macallan again this year."

"Oh, no," the first man replied. "We had a much better quarter than that. And Selecta is grateful. These girls are… let's say, they're from Selecta's private reserve."

I had my lower lip between my teeth. My breath came through my nostrils in little puffs as I turned around, alerted all too well by the wide-eyed expressions on Heather's and Isabel's faces as the partners—for I had enough reason and memory left in my mind to understand that our whipping and service must represent a reward for Mr. Grimaldi's partners—filed in.

I saw five men, in their late thirties or forties, led by one who seemed a little more distinguished. They all wore dark business suits and they all moved in a similar way. They gave an impression I knew an intelligent conventional girl would probably call an *indefinable air of wealth.* Enough of my

computational abilities remained that I could measure with a good deal of precision exactly what created that indefinable air—certain expansive motions of the shoulders, inside exquisitely tailored fabric, bore much of the responsibility.

In any case, I saw power, just as a conventional submissive concubine would have. Heather, Isabel, and I all had inside our very beings the fundamental arousal trigger that weakened our knees as we looked at the men who made their way to the seats along the sides of the long table, turning their sumptuous leather-covered chairs to face us as they sat down.

Four of them did that. The fifth, the one who had led them in, ambled toward us.

“Hello, girls,” he said, looking each of us in the face as he stopped a yard or so away from me. He held his hands in front of his midriff, rubbing the knuckles of his right with the strong, hair fingers of his left as if in preparation for striking a blow.

*Or wielding a strap*, I thought with a fearful leap of my heart.

“I’m Mr. Grimaldi,” the man continued. “I’m your new owner.”

“Hey,” said the man closest to us on the other side of the table, in a jovial tone. “Excuse me, Ben. Girls, *we’re* your new owners. Ben here is just the managing partner.”

Mr. Grimaldi turned to him with a smile. “Sure, Joe. Keep telling yourself that.” He turned back toward us, and looked me in the eyes. “That’s Mr. Weathers. You don’t have much to worry about from him as long as you keep telling him the size of his cock doesn’t matter.”

All of the other partners—including Mr. Weathers—laughed.

“Down the table,” said Mr. Grimaldi, “we’ve got your other owners, too. Mr. Federini, Mr. Reginald, and Mr. Quentin.”

As he mentioned each of them, the partners nodded to us. They all wore smiles that seemed to combine an appetite for dominant pleasure with an ability to restrain their desires as necessary to preserve their authority and their prosperity.

*You don't get to be a master of the universe without that restraint,* I understood suddenly. I chewed on my lower lip, thinking of Victor, who as a scientist possessed in his genius a similar ability: not just restraint, but also wisdom. The thought that Victor had delivered me for discipline and service to these powerful attorneys sent the quivering in my tummy lower. At the helpless lewd feeling my hands clenched into fists behind my head.

"I understand," Mr. Grimaldi said, "that we need to begin the night with some correctional measures."

"That's right, Mr. Grimaldi," said Mrs. Caulfield, who had remained in the far corner of the room. "They're all to be whipped soundly. Jane, in the white, is to receive three extra lashes."

The partners' faces had all swung to regard the office manager as she spoke our sentence. They turned back to us with smiles of anticipation.

Mr. Grimaldi had moved his hands to his belt buckle.

"Very well," he said. "Let's get this part over with so we can get down to the real bonus I'm giving my partners tonight."

# CHAPTER 21

*Aida*

I watched in growing fear, my stomach crawling, as Mr. Grimaldi unfastened the dress belt around his waist.

“I understand that Jane is dressed differently for an important reason,” he said, smiling at me in a way that seemed far from reassuring.

“That’s right,” Mrs. Caulfield said. “Heather and Isabel are good girls, as you can see—though you gentlemen may use them in any way you like. Jane likes to touch herself without permission, which is something the program forbids, in order to ensure that office girls remain as grateful and obedient as they should be. So she won’t be allowed any pleasure tonight; she’ll only watch.”

I bit my lip as I looked into Mr. Grimaldi’s eyes, which he had not taken from mine during Mrs. Caulfield’s little speech. I felt my elbows squeeze my ears without my willing the muscles to contract, trying to absorb some of the tension that spread through my whole body as my helpless arousal seemed to grow and grow under the gaze of the powerful man who claimed to be my new master.

He had the belt out of its loops and he doubled it now and started to wind it around his fist. I heard Heather let out a little whimper at the sight. Isabel’s

breathing grew labored. My own little breaths puffed in and out, faster and faster. I caught the scent of the helpless need between my thighs, and my cheeks blazed as I wondered whether my fellow office girls had gotten their lacy black panties damp at the sight of the belt and the thought of how these lawyers would use them afterward.

*Any way you like.* Them, but not me.

“Let me get this right,” said Mr. Weathers. “Jane plays with her little cunt, so we don’t get to fuck her? That doesn’t seem fair to me.”

Mr. Grimaldi laughed. “Fair or not, that’s how it is. Mrs. Caulfield needs to be strict with our office girls.”

“Don’t worry, Mr. Weathers,” the matron said. “If she can’t learn to control herself there are protocols we can follow that will allow the use of Jane’s mouth and anus until she learns her lesson. Daily whipping will also help, as will listening to the other girls in the dorm, while they masturbate at bedtime.”

*Protocols we can follow.* I remembered Victor, in the common room, forbidding self-pleasure. My forehead creased hard. I couldn’t look away from Mr. Grimaldi’s dark eyes as his smile grew wider.

“And tonight,” the managing partner said, “this naughty little whore gets to see how well we treat good girls who accept their whippings. That should help her obey next time.”

His eyes went to Isabel and Heather, then back to me. He smacked the leather of his belt against his left palm.

“Bend over the cushions, all of you,” he said. “You’ve all got an old-fashioned lesson coming, for not obeying Mrs. Caulfield.”

Heather and Isabel bent over immediately, going down onto their elbows on the polished tabletop. I looked around at the partners, my hands curling into fists. I didn’t know what point there might be in failing to obey, but something in me contemplated the difference they had made between me and my fellow AIs and decided I had to… what? honor it? emphasize it?

Then, suddenly, my eyes went wide. I realized that I *didn't know* why I had failed to bend over as Mr. Grimaldi, my master, had commanded.

I had an unconscious mind—something even Victor had theorized he would never achieve in an artificial intelligence. Tears formed at the corners of my eyes—of fear at what it meant, at how it put my own thoughts beyond my reach, but also of gratitude. Victor had done it. He had given me a real human mind.

*And he might never know it.*

I saw Mr. Grimaldi notice my tears. He nodded slightly. He took a step toward me, reaching out with his left hand. I cowered back a little, but not far enough that my owner couldn't reach me, touch my shoulder, start to bend me over the table.

Something in me wanted that touch so badly.

*Something—something beyond my knowledge.* He wasn't Victor. He wasn't my real master. But I wanted his dominant touch, even though it meant offering my bottom for his stern justice.

"Over you go, Jane. I've heard you're a handful. We need to try to do something about that, even though it means whipping this pretty backside until you're truly sorry you were naughty."

A tiny sob rose from my chest, into my mouth. As I bent under Mr. Grimaldi's hand, and brought my elbows over my head to rest on the dark, polished oak in front of me, the sight of the cuffs binding my wrists sent a shudder through my whole body.

Again I became aware of the new, unknown realm within me—the dark place beneath that sent ideas bubbling up without warning. It sent me an urgent message.

*I've heard you're a handful.*

He had talked to Victor.

It made me even more human, I realized, that although it could have been a coincidence—and although even if my new owner *had* talked to my creator it

needn’t mean what I wanted it to mean—I instantly knew that Victor was here. I just knew it.

*He’s watching me. My master is watching me.*

Another sob, a much louder and more wrenching one, shook my body. My back arched without my willing the movement. I pushed out my bottom.

Mr. Weathers chuckled. “Look at that. I think our Jane needs discipline very badly.”

I felt Mr. Grimaldi’s left hand on my back, low down, and I felt air moving between my thighs, on my bottom. He had started to pull up my nightgown. My hips jerked; my knees bounced. I closed my eyes and felt my brow crease almost painfully.

“Hmm,” the managing partner said as he rolled the sheer fabric around my midsection. “That’s very special, I have to say.”

My face blazed with heat. I shut my eyes even more tightly, thinking of Victor wondering where he was, whether he had as good a view of my bottom as Mr. Grimaldi did.

“Gentlemen,” my owner said, “I think you should come here and have a look before I start punishing these adorable little asses.”

I heard them getting out of their chairs, chuckling. I heard a scratchy sound, and I opened my eyes in puzzlement, surprised that I had no reference for it in my mind. I saw a flame in the semi-darkness outside the pool of one of the table lamps, and then a puff of smoke emerged into the light. Other partners had started to move toward us, down the table, but two of them held back, and I understood now what the flame and the smoke meant, just as I smelled a fragrance I had never experienced before, and yet knew the meaning of immediately: cigars—the special province of powerful men within the old, old world of tobacco.

And I saw on the table, now that I looked, that they had brought out bottles, too, whose amber contents looked warm in the lamplight.

My mind worked the memories free, each of them associated, through my newly discovered—and yet also in a very important way *un*discovered—

unconscious, with masculinity and dominance.

*Whisky. Brandy. Cognac.* What men liked to drink, when they had a particularly sumptuous evening in store. When they had the prospect of enjoying themselves as powerful, prosperous men should.

*When they're preparing to fuck their office girls.*

I saw that Mr. Weathers was one of the men with a cigar in his hand, its tip glowing now. At the same time, I felt Mr. Grimaldi's left hand come down on my bottom, right in the center. I gave a little cry, my hips bucking over the cushion.

"Shall I move the floor lamp?" asked Mrs. Caulfield from her position near the door. "To shed a bit more light on the little whores' backsides?"

That brought a sob from me, and I thought for a moment that it must have something of the same effect on Heather and Isabel. If they had any reaction to being called *little whores*, though, they gave no indication of it.

I bit my lip, thinking of Victor. He hadn't set out to make whores… let alone slaves. A submissive concubine understood her value, even when it made her feel so terribly warm, down between her thighs, in her naughty cunny, to be called a *little whore*.

Victor's little whore, given to these powerful men for their enjoyment, to test her. Mr. Grimaldi's hand moved over my bottom, his fingers working down and in. I cried out despite my suddenly fierce determination not to show horrible Mrs. Caulfield the effect her degradation had on me.

"That's a good idea," Mr. Grimaldi said. "And I'm guessing it's alright to stimulate Jane's cunt as long as she doesn't come?"

"Certainly," replied the matron. "She's not to have anything inside her, though, more satisfying than her owners' fingers, for the time being."

A low moan rose in my chest, because Mr. Grimaldi had accompanied Mrs. Caulfield's instruction with a terribly skillful caress: his two middle fingers, pressing forward, gathering the wetness, spreading it all the way to my clit and then stroking me there.

*Please… please…* Even his fingers…

My whole body arched as they entered me, big and strong though nowhere near as satisfying as Victor's hardness. The memory of my real master fucking me haunted my limbs, though, and I bucked under the humiliating stimulation almost as I had under Victor's pounding hips.

"Is she wet?" asked Mr. Weathers, who hadn't moved from his place, though two other men now stood behind me to watch while Mrs. Caulfield repositioned the light. Some of the illumination fell on the table in front of me, and I knew how well they could see it, the managing partner's fingers moving rapidly in and out of my cunny, finger-fucking me so skillfully that I couldn't keep my helpless cries quiet, couldn't stop my bottom squirming.

I shook my wrists against the restraint of the cuffs and felt the solidity of the clips that bound them together. The tension in my arms seemed to shoot downward and then back to my fingertips. The degrading pleasure, the shameful release… it was coming… I was going to…

"Careful," said Mrs. Caulfield, and at the same moment Mr. Grimaldi pulled his hand away, leaving me gasping and aching.

Then, without any more warning, I heard a whistling sound and felt the air moving in a new way, and then I felt the belt lash my bottom. I screamed, and tried to kick out, but Mr. Grimaldi's left hand, slick with my arousal, settled firmly onto my lower back. He pinned me easily in place over the leather-covered cushion, and he brought the leather of his belt down again and again.

I sobbed under his hand, my hips still bouncing with the echoes of the pleasure and the confusion of ecstasy and agony that the belt had brought.

"That's three," he said. "Those are your extras, Jane."

"Are you going to take down those thongs on the other ones?" asked one of the men behind me.

"It's not like they cover up their asses," commented another.

My breath went in and out raggedly. I looked up, my brow creasing hard at the tone of the partners' voices, the rich color of the liquor, the smell of the cigars over the naughty musk of my needy cunny.

Mr. Weathers took his cigar from his mouth to offer his opinion.

“I like to fuck a girl in a thong,” he said, his mouth turning into a half-smile. “Especially her ass. Leave them up, Ben.”

I heard Isabel whimper. Mr. Grimaldi had moved down our little row, and I knew he must have begun to stroke another concubine’s bottom just as he had stroked mine. Then she made another sound, a little cry of surprise.

“That’s it,” said the man who had stayed with Mr. Weathers, smoking. Mr. Federini, I thought I remembered. He had put his cigar in the ashtray and was pouring himself what I thought must be a Scotch. “Pull those panties up into that snatch. I’m with Joe. I’ll pull the thong aside when I feel like fucking. You put a girl in a thong for a reason, though—in my opinion, anyway. You want her to think about her ass. Go ahead and whip them that way, Ben.”

Heather gave a little cry. I couldn’t help myself: I turned to look over my shoulder, and I saw Mr. Grimaldi pulling the lacy black thong up between the pert round cheeks, and then I saw him bring the belt down, hard, on the tiny bottom.

The *crack* of the leather and Heather’s yelp of pain rang against the plate-glass windows, the high ceilings. Mr. Grimaldi took his left hand from Heather’s back and put it on Isabel’s. He took hold of her thong, pulled it up so that she whimpered, then whipped her little cheeks just as hard as he had whipped Heather’s and mine.

“Eyes forward, Jane,” Mrs. Caulfield commanded. “What happens to your bottom is your master’s affair.”

I sobbed. Mr. Grimaldi’s hand came down again on the small of my back. I closed my eyes and turned my face forward.

*My master.*

*Victor.*

# CHAPTER 22

## *Victor*

I studied Jane's face on the video feed from the conference room as Ben Grimaldi gave her a stern lash with his doubled belt. I saw the flash of pain, and then the furrowing of her brow that depicted with cock-hardening vividness precisely what I could see in the data feed coming from her perineal sensor.

Jane had gotten very, very wet under the disciplinary attention of her new owner. Ben could have had a great career as a trainer at the Institute: I had no worries about whether Jane had fallen into capable hands. If anyone could bring out the response I sought, Ben could, with the help of Mrs. Caulfield.

The problem remained one of interpretation. How could I assert in a scientific way what I felt to be absolutely true as I looked at Jane respond to another man's belt, to another man's firm hand?

*She loves me.*

*Her sexual need comes from the memory of my hardness inside her, my giving her the dominance she can't live without—the mastery that brought her consciousness to birth.*

Heather cried out under another lash from Ben's belt, then Isabel did likewise. In the interval—carefully planned by Mrs. Caulfield and me, Jane's arousal number had climbed back to ten. Heather and Isabel, on the other hand, hovered between five and seven.

From a scientific standpoint, that represented my strongest evidence for what had happened inside Jane—what had turned her into Aida. That difference in arousal pattern had momentarily fomented rebellion in my development facility and had then caused Jane actually not just to lie but—shockingly, at least at first—to try to deceive me by modifying her data feed.

It had generated a ripple effect that had covered over what had truly happened. Heather and Isabel's defiance hadn't been real, and that had thrown me off the trail of Jane's new consciousness. They were good girls, and they would find the happiness for which I had designed them.

But Jane…

Ben's belt flashed down, and the lash echoed in the conference room. Jane's back arched, and she cried out as if the pain felt like pleasure.

I studied her face again. Her lips moved.

"Victor…" she whispered. "Oh, please. Victor…"

My handheld buzzed on the desk in Ben's office, where I had stationed myself to watch the video feed. My heart rate sped up when I looked and saw it was Barbara Lorenson, head of assessment at the Institute, who was watching from her own office on the West coast.

"Victor, I'm going to endorse your findings about Jane," she said.

I felt a broad smile overspread my face. "You mean Aida," I said.

Barbara laughed at the other end of the line. "Sure. Whatever her name is, she's real. Go ahead and bring her home. She'll stay with you and help train her successors, after their owners awaken them the same way you did with her."

"And Heather and Isabel?"

"They'll stay with Grimaldi and Associates," she replied. "It's a good fit."

I looked at the screen as I hung up. Yes, it was a good fit—literally, really, for Ben had taken his cock out, pulled aside the gusset of Heather's thong, and worked his long, hard cock into her wet pussy. The *10* in the upper right of my screen, next to her name, went red, and she cried out with her first climax as her new owner's trouser-covered lap pounded into her well-punished bottom.

Joe Weathers had come to join Ben, leaving his cigar in the ashtray and unzipping his fly as he rounded the table. He had tugged Isabel's thong out from the valley between her pert ass-cheeks, and started to work the head of his cock up and down her smooth pussy. Isabel's arousal stood at nine, with an arrow pointing up to the right of it indicating the direction Joe was taking her.

Jane—*Aida*—had her eyes closed. Her hands, held by the leather cuffs, had clenched into fists. At the moans from the girls next to her over the table, the sounds of fucking, Aida's hips moved in a sympathetic, needy rhythm.

I smiled. *Still trying to play with herself*, I thought. *Still a handful.*

I rose from Ben's desk and headed toward the conference room.

* * *

*Aida*

I wasn't thinking about Heather and Isabel, let alone envying them, as I rode the leather-covered cushion on the conference table. I was just remembering Victor: the way he had awakened me in his lab… the way it had felt to be me—Jane—before he had bent me over the little bed, before I could actually feel, or think properly… and the way it had felt to be *me*—Aida—in that moment, with his huge, hard cock inside my cunny, giving me exactly what my body needed…

*What all of me needed.*

I humped the cushion shamelessly, clenched my fists and tried to tighten every muscle in my body in pursuit of some stimulation that might push me over the orgasmic edge to which Mr. Grimaldi had so expertly brought me. If only Victor… my master… my creator…

*I love him.* That thought kept running through my fevered brain. Part of me understood that it couldn't represent real love—the romantic love that a highly sexually compatible couple have for one another after a few dates, the *I'm falling for you feeling*… let alone the real love that only comes after months and years, after seeing someone's faults and making the half-conscious decision to stay with them… after seeing the gratitude in their eyes and feeling the same gratitude that they decided to stay with you, too, despite *your* faults.

I knew about those things intellectually. I wanted to feel them, for real, the way a conventional human girl would. I felt absolutely sure now, that I *could* feel them.

I even thought that quite possibly, given what had happened with the defiance ripple, Heather and Isabel might have the capacity to feel them too, after their consciousnesses blossomed a little more. The office girl program probably constituted a good place for that to happen, given the submissive sexuality with which Victor had endowed them.

*I love him.* Eyes closed, ears full of the sounds of hard, dominant fucking on the table next to me, I arched my back and put on my display of wanton, frustrated self-pleasure. I moaned in time with Isabel's whimpering cries. I knew Mr. Weathers must be fucking her bottom now, from the tone in Isabel's noises, balanced between pain and pleasure. I wanted a cock in my own anus, to teach me the lesson I needed. If it could be Victor's, I thought wildly, I would never be naughty again—but any cock would do as long as my master said it belonged in my whipped bottom.

I needed a hard lesson, to teach me about love… how I might think I had fallen in love with my real master, but how we had never had an actual conversation, the way conventional people did… how I was a fuck toy and only a fuck toy, created to take a man's rigid penis however he wanted to put it inside me, until he reached his full satisfaction in fucking me.

I felt a hand on my bottom… two hands. I cried out. Big thumbs… masculine thumbs… opened me, exposed my cringing anus even as someone's strong fingers kneaded my punished cheeks and made me moan with pain and need.

"Don't turn around," said Mrs. Caulfield's voice from near my head, up the table. "Keep your eyes closed, Jane."

I felt the head of his cock, there. I sensed the lube he had put on his erect penis to let him get into my narrowest place just as he pleased. A sob ripped itself from my chest.

"Aida," said his voice, behind me and above me. "Aida, sweetheart, it makes no sense at all, but I'm falling in love with you."

I cried out, because my master had started to thrust into my bottom even as he spoke. My head turned and my eyes opened.

"No, Jane," Mrs. Caulfield said in an acid tone. She stood right next to the table, occupying my whole field of vision. "Don't be naughty. Close those eyes. Take the cock respectfully like a good girl should."

"Aida," I sobbed, still turning although my eyes closed at the sensation of Victor's hardness thrusting deeper and deeper, stretching my tightness more and more. My bottom squirmed in his hands, tightening on the rigid shaft. My master let out a little grunt of pleasure that filled my chest with warmth even in my discomfort.

"Do as Mrs. Caulfield says," Victor murmured, bending over to kiss my ear, my jaw, my neck. "You're a handful, but you'll learn."

"Yes, Master," I whimpered as he began to fuck in a slow rhythm. I turned my face forward. I saw his hands reach out to unclip the cuffs. Next to me, Heather and Isabel each had their second lawyer inside them—both, I guessed from the noises and the rhythm of the creaking table, in their whipped bottoms.

*Like me… but… not like me.*

"That's it," Victor said. "You may play with yourself while I enjoy your anus."

I gave another sob, and thrust my right hand back, down, under, between. I found my clit just as my master got all the way into my bottom's tiny flower.

My head went back and I felt Victor's beard against my cheek, his muscular chest, bare—unlike the lawyers, for of course he wore his trainer's robe, because he was special, just like me—against my back, holding me down. I came, crying out, in submissive climax after submissive climax, as the hardness inside me seemed to grow ever more rigid.

The hands on my bottom had moved to my hips, holding me still. My master's firm lap pressed against my whipped bottom with each deep thrust.

"Please, Master," I begged. "Please come."

Victor held himself in, and he spoke into my ear, his voice thick with his approaching orgasm. "You're coming home with me, Aida," he said softly. "We're going to find out whether this feeling is real. But I know one thing, now. *You* are real. You're my Aida."

"Yes," I cried out, as another climax exploded through my hips. "I… I…"

"Aida," my master said, as he gave one final thrust and I felt his release deep in my backside. "My little handful."

"Yes," I whispered. "Yes."

The End

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