



Who Wants

To

Rule

The

World

The Complete Collection

An Erotic Mind Control Adventure

Farleven

Who Wants To Rule The World - The Complete Collection

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Who Wants To Rule The World Part 1

Chapter 1

It was just another Saturday afternoon for Sarah and Jenny. With their classes done for the week they decided to go to the mall for a little shopping. Being in their third year of college had them both very busy and both of them liked the small reprieve they got from work and school on Saturday. Being both roommates and friends it was only natural for them to go out like this.

Even for their friendship there were differences between the two girls. Sarah was far more reserved, even shy, then Jenny, who enjoyed a far more vigorous approach to life. Nothing was more telling than their bouts of clothes shopping. Despite both being twenty year old co-eds their tastes were always clashing.

"Come on, Sarah, I know you would look hot in this!" Jenny held up a tight shirt and shorts combo. It was getting to be springtime and Jenny was getting ready for the freeing weather.

"I don't think so." Sarah replied. She did her best to keep a sweet smile as she turned down her roommate's latest fashion suggestion. Sarah had long since developed a thick skin to Jenny's suggestions. She knew her friend tried to mean well, but Sarah just wasn't interested in showing herself off that way.

Jenny just laughed and put the clothes back. "You can't blame me for trying."

Sarah just shook her head gently, some days it just didn't seem like there was much hope for Jenny. Of course, Sarah knew that her roommate was thinking the same things about her.

Both girls were so absorbed in their own little game that neither noticed the man standing near the front of the store. There wasn't anything special about him really, nothing that would stand out to

most people, but that was the way he liked it. He watched quietly as Jenny and Sara played off against each other, a slight grin crossing his face. He didn't come out much, it wasn't really safe on the outside, and he had many agents to work for him so he didn't have to take risks. Still, he grew bored at times and needed the pleasant diversions of the outside world from time to time. Even better were the days like today when the outside world decided to give him a gift.

Jenny and Sarah finally decided they didn't want anything from the shop and strolled out of the shop. Both were still oblivious to the man standing near the door. At least until Sarah nearly ran right over him as he skirted out of the shop.

"Oh, my!" Sarah bellowed as the man fell to the ground. "I'm so sorry. Let me help you."

The man took Sarah's offered hand, savoring the touch of her delicate fingers for a moment before pulling himself up. He didn't really need the help but this wasn't the time to turn down a lady, especially one as lovely as Sarah. For all her dislike of showing off her body, she was quite a beautiful young woman. Her features were delicate, her figure shapely and she capped it all off with a long head of golden hair that seemed to sparkle in the air as it fell around her shoulders. This was what had drawn his attention to the two women in the first place. Jenny was attractive as well, but lacked the elfish look of her friend.

"Don't be absurd, I'm the one who needs to watch where I'm going." The man replied as he plunged the tip of a small needle on his middle finger into Sarah's hand. Sarah shivered slightly, but didn't mention the odd sting in her palm. She was already upset about running into him and didn't want to bother him further.

"Well, have a nice day." Jenny interrupted, pulling Sarah out into the mall. There was just something she didn't like about that man and wanted to get away as quickly as she could. Sarah just looked at her in wonder for a moment. As she stood up against the second floor railing with Sarah beside her, she let out a sigh of relief. It wasn't normal for Jenny to react like that, but she didn't feel bad about it either.

"I certainly intend to, but then I rarely have a bad day." The man finished, stabbing another fingernail-concealed needle into Jenny's

upper arm. Jenny flinched and pulled away.

"Okay, fine, now please we have to be going." Jenny said, pulling a still rather flustered Sarah along with her. Jenny kept looking over her shoulder to see if the man was still following them and dragged Sarah straight out of the mall.

"What was all that about?" Sarah finally asked as they walked out into the parking lot. It wasn't normal for Jenny to act like this, and Sarah didn't like it.

"I don't know, but I just got the strangest feeling from that guy." Jenny replied. That was all it was too, but she still couldn't get over the feeling. Jenny hadn't ever felt like that about anyone but she didn't think that now was the right time to argue with her instincts.

Sarah just went with her friend's concerns. Certainly there wasn't any harm in leaving now, and if Jenny was worried maybe something was wrong. It was always better to be safe than sorry and Sarah wasn't going to challenge that idea today.

The two girls headed back home and the incident at the mall quickly faded from their thoughts. There were much better things to think about and plenty more relaxing to be done before this free day was over.

Chapter 2

"I told you this was a good idea." Jenny smiled as she looked over the white sand beaches spread out before them. She reached up and adjusted the cups on her bikini top quickly before Sarah noticed.

Sarah looked around, still dressed in a rather staid blouse and pants. The air was warm, but not so hot that she was uncomfortable. The beaches brimming with barely dressed women and occasionally men did make her a bit self-conscious, but she wasn't quite ready to go strutting around in a string bikini either.

"I'm just surprised the tickets were so cheap. I've never heard of a tropical island that just about gives away their resorts like this. Especial for spring break." Sarah smiled. It was hard to deny that they'd gotten a good deal on their trip. They hadn't even expected to head off for spring break this year, but they suddenly decided to go.

When they'd found this place so cheap it was just impossible to say no.

"Maybe they're doing this as like an opening promotion or something. I've never heard about this place before." Jenny nodded. She wasn't one to look a gift horse in the mouth and this looked like the perfect way to spend her spring break. The island even lets twenty year olds drink so she could really enjoy the party scene.

"Well, it looks nice enough. What do you want to do first?" Sarah asked. They'd just dropped off all their stuff at the hotel, and were wandering around. She'd never been to a resort before, so she hoped her more worldly friend had some ideas.

"Well, I think we should head over to that little café on the beach and get something to eat. I always get hungry after flying. I just can't stand to eat the airline food." Jenny trotted off.

The café was a small place, just a few tables, but with a wonderful view of the beach. It was also popular, with plenty of folks grabbing snacks to go. Jenny and Sarah walked up and quickly noticed that all of the tables were taken.

"Well, maybe we'll find someplace else." Sarah turned to leave. She didn't feel like waiting or just taking the food to go.

"Nonsense, there's plenty of room here for a pair of lovely young women." The girls turned to see an oddly familiar yet plain man wave towards the empty seats next to him.

"We wouldn't want to disturb you." Jenny felt a momentary twist in her stomach. Somehow she didn't want to disappoint this gentleman, though she couldn't fathom why that would be.

"How could either of you ever be a bother. Now sit, and grab a menu, my treat." He continued. He looked oddly non-threatening. Both girls were used to being flirted with, and were usually reluctant to play along, but something about him just drew them in.

"Okay, but really we can pay." Sarah stepped up and pulled out a chair. She didn't want to feel like she owed him anything, especially given how nice he was being. She figured he just wanted a chance to enjoy the company of a couple of cute girls, and for the moment that didn't really bother her.

"I'll let you in on a little secret." He smiled as the girls sat down. "I own this place, so please, I'd like you both to have a wonderful stay."

“You’re kidding.” Jenny laughed. She couldn’t believe such an ordinary looking fellow could be the owner. He looked too young and certainly lacked the sharp edge of a businessman.

“No, I’m Patrick Larange, I just bought this place, and am hoping to make a new life here. I just hope that I can make my guests happy, and right now that starts with the two of you.” Larange smiled wickedly as the girls’ eyes bulged a bit. They weren’t used to being in the presence of someone of his current status.

“Thank you, Mr. Larange. We were both talking about just how wonderful this resort looked. I never imagined we’d run into the owner.” Sarah smiled. She definitely felt a bit thrown by the notion. Still, it was hard to start out a vacation on better terms.

“Oh, no worries, I just want you both to relax and we can get to know each other better. Then maybe we can have a little tour, if you’d like.” Larange took a sip from his glass. He’d been waiting for the two girls for half the morning, and couldn’t have been happier to see them. He’d enjoy showing them around and that was only the beginning of what he had planned.

Chapter 3

Jenny tossed and turned with the fragments of a strange dream. Her mind was filled with images of that strange man from the mall, and with Sarah. Everything was disjointed, a jumble of odd images, and strange impulses. It wasn’t quite a nightmare, but Jenny felt lost in a realm mixed with reality and the unreal, memories and fiction twisted till nothing made sense. Sounds began to pull her away, lift her out of the realm of dreams. It wasn’t long before Jenny could hear cries of passion wash away the dreams as she slowly flowed to consciousness.

The last day had been so busy, that she hadn’t realized that Larange looked like the same man as she’d run into at the mall with Sarah a few weeks ago. It just seemed such a strange coincidence, but it took her dreams to sort through the similarity. As she slowly woke up, she quickly realized that wasn’t the most important thing to worry about.

A cold flush of air across her nipples broke Jenny out of her waking trance. Her eyes popped open and she looked up to see a girl bent over her side and blowing on her breasts. Jenny began to move and she felt a hand on her shoulder holding her steady. The girl looked to her and smiled. She was rather cute with a pair of brown bookish glasses and a bobbed cut to her dark brown hair.

"Hello, Jenny, I know you have a lot of questions, but there will be time for that later. The Master wishes to see you now, please follow me." The girl instructed, pulling away from Jenny and giving her a full view of the girl's naked flesh.

Jenny just laid there for a moment, taking in the fact that she found herself naked in a strange place being ordered around by an equally naked woman who wanted to take Jenny to see some master. Images of bad porn movies flashed through Jenny's mind and she shuddered. The continuing sounds of passion echoing from somewhere close didn't help Jenny feel any more comfortable either. Still, something in the girl's voice or some part of the instructions just gnawed at Jenny. She found her feet sooner than she would have thought and helplessly followed the girl out of the room.

Her surroundings raised another series of worries in Jenny. The rooms seemed built to some odd combination of classical and Arab styles that lent a feeling of age and wonder to the entire building. The room where she awoke was lined with pillows and ferns in addition to the low bed that she had found herself on. The hall she was now passing through were lined with ferns and with art. Jenny glanced at a few of the paintings and statues, noting solemnly that each depicted naked women in some degree of sexual situation.

"What's going on? Why am I here?" Jenny finally collected her wits to say. Somehow she found it difficult to form the words, even though these were just the first things she wanted to say. What she really wanted to know was why she was naked and unable to stop following this girl to the sounds of sexual passions just ahead.

"We will talk later." The girl replied simply, though warmly. Jenny did get the sense that the girl wanted to help, but that larger obligations prevented her from doing more than she already had.

Jenny wanted to ask more, and more forcefully, but the girls reply sent a strange block to her voice. The girl didn't want to talk now,

and for some reason that left Jenny unable to pursue her own questions. She didn't understand it, but it was little different than the force driving her to follow this naked girl.

Finally, the sounds were growing louder, and were clearly only feet away. It was now that Jenny felt another shiver down her spine as she heard not just the feminine moans but a familiar soft voice crying out as well.

"No, please, oh god, oh god, please don't stop." Whimpered the voice, laced not with fear or anger, but pure, untamed lust lilted every word between passionate pants. Behind it all was the steady sound of flesh meeting flesh in clear sexual rhythm punctuated by the fluid sounds of fucking.

Jenny rounded the final corner a moment later and saw something she could not believe. Just a few feet before her was Sarah, completely naked on her back with her legs wrapped around the ass of a man. Jenny watched as Sarah moaned and writhed under the man, her hips humping against his thrusts while her steaming pussy slurped with every filling push. Her golden haired pussy was blushed with arousal and spread widely by the man's thick cock, which sparkled with Sarah's juices as it pumped into her. There wasn't the slightest sign of resistance from Sarah except for her soft whimpers to stop between her grunts and moans.

"Master, I've brought Jenny as you asked." The girl stated as she stood beside the bed. Jenny was trembling now, unable to move away, even though she feared what would come next as she watched Sarah buck against the man's thrusts. Even so she couldn't turn her eyes away from the scene, especially the sight of her friend's pussy lips wrapped tightly around the man's shaft. Jenny couldn't help but wonder how good it would feel to have her own pussy so fully stuffed and felt her own passage begin to warm.

Without a pause in his primal rhythm the man looked up at the girl and smiled. It was the same man that had shown them around the island, and now she was certain he was the man that Jenny and Sarah had ran over at the mall. "Very good, Holli, do I have any other business today?"

"Yes Master, Wendy is ready for your final inspection before she's contracted. The auction house would like to see her there tonight if

possible, they have a couple of big spenders lined up who are rather impatient." Holli answered as if she was simply reciting the latest weather forecast while the man ravished Sarah right before her. Sarah was no longer whimpering for him to stop now, but was nuzzling his neck and lighting feathery kisses wherever her lips touched his flesh. All this while she continued to hump back against his thrusts.

"I assume that she passed all the performance tests then." The man replied as he continued to ram into Sarah's pussy. Jenny flinched at the sounds of sex coming from her friend, and her own growing arousal. This was all horribly wrong, but Jenny couldn't turn away much less leave, and everything she saw only reinforced her own building passion.

"Indeed, Master, with especially high marks in her vaginal control and strength, she will make a very good pussy slit. Her breasts have also been augmented as you instructed and her mouth has been modified for more comfortable oral servicing. Her programming has also been finished, all you have to do is assign her new manager when ready, her original personality is fully suppressed." Holli continued.

Again Jenny shivered with horror at the accounting of a girl being talked about in such disturbing terms. She didn't even want to consider that she seemed destined for the same path or that her pussy quivered at the thought of such a fate.

"Wonderful, please bring her by in a bit if you have time, I think it will be informative to my new guests, isn't that right, Sarah?" The man asked as he continued to hump into Sarah's writhing flesh.

"Yes, please uh, please show me whatever you, uh, want! " Sarah whimpered as she humped back against the invading shaft. Her entire body was on fire, burning with passion that she couldn't control. Sarah had woken up as the man was fondling her breasts, and it was mere moments before she found herself spreading her legs for him so he could mount her. She didn't know what had happened to her, only that she seemed unable to control herself as she wildly fucked him. All she could do was whimper as she pumped her pussy back at his thrusts and squeezed herself around the invader as hard as she could. She didn't understand this, but it felt

incredible to have her legs wrapped around the man's hips as he plunged into her open gates. Her pussy had never been so hot or so stuffed and even her objections were half-hearted as she lifted her hips to meet every wondrous thrust into her depths.

"Alright, Master, I know you will enjoy yourself in my absence." Holli finished, bowed slightly and walked out past Jenny with a sexy little gait.

The man just smiled and turned his attention down to Sarah again. As Jenny watched, he bent down and kissed Sarah on the lips. Sarah instantly kissed him back with all the passion she could while he ravished her body. Jenny could only stand there and watch as she felt her own pussy begin to leak juices down her inner thighs. Somehow she knew she would be next and couldn't help but ready her body to accept his shaft.

The man pulled away from Sarah's lips with a soft slurp and then began pounding into her even harder. Jenny was transfixed by the sight of Sarah's lower lips as they were sucked in and out by the rapid thrusts. Sarah's whimpering pleas faded into pure moans of ecstasy. Then, as suddenly as he had sped up, the man stopped, his shaft fully impaled inside Sarah's passage as she exploded in orgasm.

"Ohhh GooooOOODDD!!!" Sarah screamed as she felt the huge shaft within her begin to pulse and fill her depths with his seed. Sarah was no virgin, but she had never felt a man's seed flow into her unprotected pussy before. The torrent of passion that had been consuming her suddenly engulfed her entire being as the first blast from his shaft hit her. Never before had she felt something this intense, and all she could do was hold him to her as she accepted his seed and rippled with pleasure. Somehow she knew she wasn't going to be impregnated, and found the idea of having a man's seed inside her wonderfully fulfilling.

The man rested atop the shuddering girl for a few moments before pulling off. Jenny watched as Sarah's hips lifted with his, trying to keep him inside for every moment possible. Finally he was free, and Jenny could only gasp as she took in the sight of his shaft still hardened and sparkling with Sarah's juices. Her own pussy clenched at the sight and Jenny had to fight back thoughts of how

wonderful it would be to have such a cock filling her up. Her eyes drifted down to Sarah's cum splattered folds and found herself hoping that her pussy would look like that soon. Sarah slowly came back down from her orgasmic heights to find her legs still spread lewdly with her pussy leaking the juices from her recent ravishing. She looked up to see Jenny standing beside the bed and a wave of embarrassment rolled across Sarah. She pulled herself up till she was sitting against a wall, but she couldn't summon the will to close her legs. Something inside her kept her from doing that, the same need that had driven her completely until now.

"You enjoyed that, didn't you, dear Sarah?" The man asked, pulled himself up to Sarah and cupping one of her breasts. He squeezed it gently, bringing a gasp from Sarah.

"No!" Sarah whimpered. It wasn't true, she wanted it to be true, but in reality she had loved it from almost the first moment he was inside her. For some reason the dishonesty burned into her. Sarah didn't know why, but the idea of lying to this man who had just raped her filled her with a gut wrenching guilt. It took mere moments for her resistance to collapse and she blurted out the truth.

"Oh, yes, okay, I loved having your big hard dick stretching my pussy and fucking me better than I've ever been fucked before." Sarah winced at her own words. "What am I saying?"

"Only the truth, my dear. The price for disobedience is high, and even your own flesh will punish you when necessary. Every time you fight me, you will lose a bit of yourself, remember that, and take this as your first lesson." The man answered. Sarah suddenly shuddered for a moment and then turned to him and looked into his eyes with a wicked smile.

Sarah looked suddenly distraught, more so than she had only moments before. She closed her eyes and shook her head gently, trying to clear the strange new thoughts from her mind. Her pussy felt uncomfortably empty, it had been so wonderfully full only moments before and now all that remained was her juices and his wonderful seed. Sarah was surprised that she wanted his nice thick cock up inside her again as soon as she could get it.

"Uh, sir, would you, uh please, um use me again?" Sarah asked in the tone of a beggar. She couldn't believe it, but she wanted to be

fucked again. She knew she had just been used, that her friend had watched her and was watching her now, but it had all felt so good. The part of her that had wanted to deny her enjoyment was silent, and only the cry of satisfaction from between her legs echoed in her mind. There was still shame, not of the sex itself, but of being naked, fondled and played with like some toy.

Jenny suddenly found her voice again. "What did you do to her?"

"Nothing, she did it to herself by telling me a lie about her feelings. Sarah has removed the part of herself that made her lie to me, so now she is completely honest about how much she enjoys fucking." The man replied, his hand rolling Sarah's soft breast tenderly.

"Really?" Sarah asked in awe. She thought back to her actions only moments before and just lost herself in thought as she realized he was telling the truth. She really had lied about liking the sex she'd just had, but she could no longer understand her reasoning for doing so. She still didn't like the circumstances, but the memory of her wonderful ravishing left her shivering with pleasure. Sarah did glean one thing from this though, that this man had some kind of power over her mind, and could alter her thoughts at will. This filled her with a new terror as she wrestled with the changes he had just made to her.

Jenny just stood there and listened to Sarah in shock. This man was terribly dangerous, and had seemingly already claimed her and Sarah for his purposes. She shivered again, and wondered just how much longer she would be standing beside his bed rather than laying on it. Her pussy was already dripping in anticipation of the event, and Jenny could feel her nipples pointed straight out as well, attesting to her arousal. There seemed nothing she could do other than stare at his shaft or Sarah's cum soaked pussy and wistfully think of how pleasurable it would be to join them. Jenny tried to fight down the thoughts, but his demonstration of what resistance brought scared her almost as much as giving in did.

"Yes, my dear, and now you will fuck me anytime I want, isn't that right?" The man asked, still playing with his new pet.

"Yes, sir." Sarah whispered, not feeling the need to lie even though she blushed deeply at the admission. She reddened more as

she asked her own question. "Can we right now? Please?"

"Such a tempting offer, but I have neglected poor Jenny for too long, haven't I?" The man looked over to Jenny with a wicked smile. "Please Jenny, come on up and sit beside me so I can explore you more easily."

Jenny stood still for only a moment, her attempt to marshal resistance fell away almost as quickly as it began. Somehow she just couldn't fight his command and found herself pulling up and onto the bed till she was sitting beside him.

"I think it's time you let us go. You've had your fun." Jenny stammered as she thrust out her chest and spread her legs just a bit as she rested her back against the wall. It was still a struggle for her to speak, finding the words was easy, but something inside her dulled her resolve when she opened her mouth. The same force had her opening her body for his exploration, even as Jenny tried to fight back.

"Interesting, lovely and strong willed. I am pleased, Jenny, though I hope you've learned from Sarah's lesson the price of fighting me too fiercely." The man replied as he ran his hands over Jenny's smooth skin. Jenny whimpered as she fought off the pleasure that his touch brought even as her body opened itself fully to his wandering hands.

"You will make a fine addition, my dear, just as I had hoped. We may have to do something about these breasts of yours though." The man commented as he cupped both of Jenny's plump little orbs. "I do enjoy them larger, though they do match you well. I will have to think about it."

His comments pulled Jenny back from the sudden pleasure filled haze she had descended to when he cupped her breasts. Again she was able to summon up the outrage to overcome the dulling force within her.

"I'm not some kind of toy!" Jenny squealed as she pressed her chest into his hands. His touch felt so wonderful, and she found it increasingly difficult to fight down the pleasure. Having both of her tender orbs in the hands of some strange demented man would normally have had her screaming and running. Now, however Jenny found herself savoring the way his thick finger sank into her soft

mounds and secretly hoping that he wouldn't forget to play with her nipples while he was there.

"Oh, of course not, Jenny." The man smiled as he pulled away from Jenny and laid himself on his back beside her. He watched as she stared hungrily at his stiff cock as it stood above his crotch. One look at the sparkling dampness of her pussy left no doubt how her body was reacting. "Now would you be so kind as to mount yourself on me, I do have other business to attend to today."

"What?" Jenny objected, but even as she spoke, she felt herself stirring. Her pussy's ache to be filled flared intensely as Jenny moved to straddle the man's waist. Jenny's hand slipped under her and she wrapped her fingers around his hardened shaft and felt the slickness of Sarah's juices still on him. Her mind reeled at the thought of his virility, she found herself thankful that she would be used by a man who could ravish Sarah and only moments later be ready to enjoy her as well. Jenny tried again to resist these disturbing thoughts as she lowered her hips and her hand began to search for her entrance with his tool. As she felt her outer lips parting for his shaft another rush of resolve flowed through her and she could speak again.

"Oh, god, it's so hard!" Jenny bellowed as she ran the bulbous end of his shaft through her sopping folds to fully lubricate his shaft before letting it enter. She tried to fight with every ounce of her being but the desire to have this cock splitting open her pussy overwhelmed her. She kept at it until he was slick enough and she finally guided the head of his shaft to her gateway. Jenny was nearly delirious with need now and she shifted her hips slightly and gasped as she felt his blunt tip slip inside her and reveled in even this minor penetration. Then Jenny placed both hands on his chest and pressed down. She moaned openly as she felt her pussy spreading to accept him. Jenny had never taken a man so large before, but her pussy had been relaxing from the first moment she had seen this wonderful cock. It was still a tight fit, but one that was comfortably tight, Jenny found herself thinking as she felt her pussy lips press into the base of his cock. Her entire body shuddered as she sat there with his cock filling her all the way to the deepest reaches of her womanhood. She tried again to summon up the strength to voice her

objects, but the feeling of such wonder inside her broke down Jenny's ability to form anything but moans of pleasure from her lips.

Sarah watched in stunned silence as her friend impaled herself. Jenny had never shied away from sex, but neither would she be controlled so easily. Sarah knew this was another part of the man's hold on them. She hadn't been able to fight off his advances either, aside from pleading with him at the very beginning. The most disturbing thing for Sarah was the sudden twinge of jealousy she felt as she watched Jenny's pussy lips part and then stretch around his shaft. Sarah wanted to be fucked, not to have to watch it, and her pussy clenched in agreement. That thought stunned Sarah, not her desire for fucking but being jealous of Jenny when her friend didn't want to be so wonderfully impaled. Sarah fought to look away from her friend's crotch as she tried to sort out these strange new thoughts. Of all things, she didn't want to be upset with Jenny right now, not when this man more rightfully deserved every ounce of anger she could muster. Still, all Sarah could think of when she looked at him was how nice it would be to take Jenny's place and have her pussy filled to the brim again with his wonderful cock.

The man groaned in his own satisfaction as Jenny began rippling her pussy around him. He wondered idly just how much she'd practiced that technique before he reached up and took hold of both of her ripe melons. Jenny moaned openly again as he squeezed her flesh. He just smiled, he didn't lack access to fine samples of femininity, but there was always something to a new catch that thrilled him. Not only were they beautiful, they could be both naive and experienced at the same time. In this case he could see the amazement in Jenny's eyes. She knew what was happening, knew just how she was being treated, but yet she had been engulfed by her need to serve him and was finding every moment more pleasurable than any other experience in her life. This was the part he enjoyed most, and depending on how savvy a girl was she could provide this kind of entertainment for long periods of time. He continued to tweak Jenny's tense little nipple and turned to look at Sarah. "Sarah, why don't you crawl around and get a view of how Jenny's pussy looks like from behind with my cock inside her?"

Sarah felt the urge to obey him, but it wasn't the same as before. Only minutes before his mere look or touch was enough to get her to roll over and spread her legs without resistance. But now Sarah felt like she could resist, that she didn't have to accede to his suggestion. It was just that, a suggestion. Sarah felt like she had a choice, she wasn't sure that she actually did have the ability to resist him but she felt like she could. Still, she was curious, and honestly so. Sarah was very reserved, but she was still human, and couldn't help but wonder just what it looked like. In truth, she hadn't been able to take her eyes off his crotch since he'd pulled out of her, and had savored the sight of Jenny impaling her pussy on him. These circumstances were so bizarre that Sarah was freed from much of her self-imposed restraint. Even if it wasn't completely true, Sarah told herself that she had to obey his commands as she rolled around and began crawling to the other side of the bed.

The man watched Sarah's plump cheeks as she crawled in front of him. He smiled as he looked over her still cum covered pussy, she had been a wonderful fuck, and he'd enjoy her plenty more in the future. With Sarah taken care of for the moment he turned his attention fully to the lovely girl who was so nicely impaled on his shaft. "Jenny, why don't you start fucking me a little so Sarah gets a nice show back there?"

Jenny instantly started fucking him. From almost the instant she'd come to rest with him inside her, the urge to pump herself on top of him was overwhelming. The feeling of his cock moving inside her was incredible, better than she would have ever believed. The fact that Sarah was behind Jenny now for the single purpose of watching his cock sliding in and out of her cunt embarrassed her, but not nearly as much as the moans of abject pleasure that were coming from her lips as she impaled herself repeatedly on his shaft. Even in the midst of everything else, Jenny remembered that Sarah had been making these same sounds only minutes before. It didn't help lessen the shame, but it did help Jenny admit that she had no choice but to love it, no matter how much she might want to hate what he was doing to her.

Sarah idly wondered if her pussy looked like Jenny's when she'd been fucked. It looked so natural, Jenny's lower lips wrapping

themselves tightly around the invader as it sought its proper place in her depths. Sarah recognized just how different these thoughts were from what they should have been. It didn't matter. All she hoped was that her pussy looked that beautiful when it was filled with his cock. That, and the hope that it wouldn't be long before she'd have that pleasure again.

"Are you enjoying the show, Sarah?" The man asked as he enjoyed Jenny's performance. He could still see the twinkle in her eyes that told him she was still in disbelief at her current behavior. A wide smile crossed his lips as he enjoyed having her tight pussy sucking him in with every drop of her hips.

"Yes, sir." Came Sarah's soft reply. Admitting to her new feelings was still a struggle for her. She didn't want to face punishment again, but it was horribly embarrassing to have to admit to enjoying any of this.

The man chuckled at that. Sarah was going to make for fine entertainment in the coming days. She'd already learned her lesson, but she'd paid the price too. Now she had a new foreign desire that could not be fought, but Sarah would still see her actions through her old sense of propriety. With that thought he looked up at the moaning beauty still riding him and wondered just how much entertainment he'd be getting from her. She was strong willed, but that could just be bravado as it was for many earlier catches. If it was, then she would succumb to her true nature quickly and let herself be dominated. He hoped it wasn't though, since the truly spirited catches were the most enjoyable of all.

All the while, Jenny fucked him in earnest. She envied Sarah's ravishing, at least there he had done most of the work. The man seemed perfectly content to let Jenny do all the work and simply enjoy her. Even so, Jenny found herself enjoying the ride immensely, more so than she would ever have imagined. As she pumped herself on top of him, she found her thoughts drifting towards their release, and Jenny began to anticipate her own insemination. Sarah had so obviously loved that moment, and Jenny had secretly wondered what it felt like to feel a man's seed inside her depths. In all her adventures she'd always used condoms for her own protection, but now that wasn't an issue and left open that interesting door.

Jenny's performance was exquisite, but then he had expected nothing less. His own stamina was being well tested, but he could feel his release coming. With that, he grabbed onto Jenny's hips and held her body still. She looked into his eyes in sudden awe as she felt the huge cock inside her pulse with his release. As the first drop of his seed struck her depths Jenny felt the welled up passion inside her break free. She fell atop his chest, her breasts pressing into him and she found his lips with hers. Jenny kissed him furiously as her pussy was filled with his seed. Her entire body shook with her orgasm as she milked every drop of cum from his cock.

He let her rest atop him with his shaft inside for several minutes, much as he had with Sarah. He had enjoyed both girls, but now he had to get back to his other duties. In truth, it had been a rather standard breaking in of new girls, though he had rarely had the opportunity to enjoy two so close together. They weren't going anywhere either, that was for certain, and Holli had to continue their processing anyway. There would be plenty of time for more fun later. With little effort, he pushed Jenny off of him. In truth, she slid off on her own, instinctively recognizing that he wanted her off and accommodating his will.

As she pulled off of him, Jenny felt a twinge of regret at letting him slip out of her. She'd never had such an amazing experience, even if it was all forced upon her. Her pussy felt stretched, abused, and wonderfully full of his seed. Like Sarah, Jenny knew somehow that she wasn't going to get pregnant right now and that let her fully enjoy the warm feeling of a man's seed inside her.

"Did you enjoy yourself, Jenny?" He asked. It was purely routine, her still shivering body and wide smile attested to how much her flesh had enjoyed his handling. The only question was whether Jenny would have the courage or wisdom to admit the truth. Of course it was always possible that she would openly choose to defy him so that she could speed the process of her complete enslavement.

Jenny took a moment to compose her thoughts. It had been a wonderful experience, aside from the circumstances. Knowing the price of lying left Jenny with no serious options and she had no intention of making Sarah's mistake. She might have enjoyed fucking

herself on his cock, but she didn't want to have the same uncontrollable desires that Sarah had now.

"I guess so." She whispered just loud enough for all to hear. Jenny didn't want to appear overly enthusiastic, nor could she lie, so she did what she could. Of the choices it seemed the best one.

"I see, well then I will have to consider your fate more carefully." He said as he pulled on a robe. He laughed as he watched both girls frown slightly as he hid his cock from view. They were coming along nicely. "I have much other business to attend to and Holli has some preparations to make for you as well. While you wait for her, it would be rude not to be cleaned up. Please be so kind as to lick out both of your pussies before Holli gets here. I wouldn't want to see you need more punishment on such a nice day."

Jenny and Sarah both gasped in shock as his words sank in. Neither was sure what to say, and a quick shared glance left both girls aware of the other's feelings. Neither girl wanted to do this, not now if ever, but the thought of punishment, and just what strange thoughts would be forced upon them left each girl without a clear good choice.

"Well, I'll let you decide, Holli should be here in an hour or so. Enjoy yourselves." He said, then walked out of the room. He was curious just how this would turn out, but he didn't have time to wait and there would be plenty of time to enjoy a reenactment later.

With the man out of the room, Sarah and Jenny exchanged another long look before they choose to move.

"Um, do you mind if we?" Sarah asked, surprising them both with her boldness. She'd already gone through one mind altering experience and didn't want to go through another. It didn't hurt any that she was curious about lesbianism either, and if ever there was the time to experiment this was it.

Jenny thought about it for a moment, it certainly couldn't be any worse than anything else that had been done to her today. With no more fanfare, she rolled onto her back and spread her legs for Sarah, giving full access to her cum soaked pussy. Jenny didn't know how this would go, or how she could manage to do the same for Sarah, but that would have to wait. For now it was one thing at a time, and Sarah would have the first go.

Sarah crawled up between Jenny's legs without a word. Neither really wanted to discussion about what was about to happen. Sarah bent in and took her first lick. She shivered a bit at the odd tastes before swallowing it down. It tasted strange but not objectionable to Sarah's tongue and she silently figured it was an acquired taste. Sarah could hardly believe what had happened to her so far today. As she went back down for the second lick of her friend's pussy, she both dreaded and looked forward to the mysteries ahead.

Chapter 4

"This one you're not going to believe." Mel Fisher commented as she dropped a file on her partner's desk.

"What is it this time?" Marcus Shon replied, opening up the file. The first thing he saw was the snapshot of a young woman, he pulled it up and looked at it. "Cute girl, so what happened to her?"

"I think you have to see this to believe it." Mel answered.

Marcus got up and went to place the photo back in the file when Mel interrupted him.

"Put it back later, you'll want to have it." Mel said.

"Alright." Marcus replied. He had known his partner too long to doubt her judgment anymore. There had been moments in the past, but that was long ago.

Mel turned and walked out of their office, off towards the holding cells. Marcus followed close behind, and took this rare opportunity to appreciate his partner. As much as he wanted to be professional, Mel was a lovely woman, and he had to fight his own instincts to keep from ogling her. It wasn't that she was an excellent officer, Marcus respected her and trusted her more than any other person he'd ever known. Unfortunately, she was hot too, nicely curved and she kept her hair neatly at shoulder length. It would take a man of steel with a wife and kids to have a chance at ignoring her charms, and Marcus was anything but.

Mel knew all of this of course, and forgave him. It was the curse of being a beautiful woman that even men who did respect you as a person had to fight to keep from ogling your body. She'd thought about indulging some of her partner's fantasies from time to time, but

her own professionalism always won out. In the Special Affairs Bureau fraternization wasn't exactly frowned upon, mostly because there wasn't anyone here that wasn't a true equal with the rest. There also wasn't any rank aside from the Director, the job of SAB was far more important than these kinds of things. The fact that the agents weren't supposed to have outside relationships didn't leave many options either.

SAB, or the Bureau, was the last refuge for law enforcement. Their job was to take on the criminals that defied normal classification, that and deal with anything that the general public wasn't supposed to be made aware of. It wasn't an easy job, the criminals being hunted were the best and the most ruthless, and far beyond anything that ordinary legal authorities could deal with due to their inherent limitations. Part of the Bureau's charm was that it wasn't tied to any specific nation, though most supported its operations behind the scenes.

Marcus had seen many things in his time with the Bureau but he could hardly have prepared himself for what he saw as he looked in on the holding cell that Mel had brought them to. Inside was a young woman, who looked something like the one in the photo he'd just seen, but she was clearly older now, among other things. She was also completely naked, lying on the cell's bed furiously masturbating. The real shock to Marcus was the body this girl had. His eyes were instantly drawn to her chest. Two perfect orbs jutted out from her chest, each a precise half-sphere slightly larger than a grapefruit and topped with a taught nipple rising precisely from the center. Even as she writhed wildly on her back, her breasts neither sagged or bounced, but somehow still looked perfectly natural. Her entire body was completely hairless, aside from a mane of long brown hair that flowed almost to her waist. The girl's pussy was the last thing Marcus took note of, and it too was unlike anything he'd seen. Her outer lips were completely naked, and much larger than normal. The true oddity was her clit, it rose from the top of her slit as a huge bulb, and Marcus could imagine just how sensitive it was from the girl's quaking body.

"She was discovered during a normal slave ring bust in Chicago a few hours ago. We had her shipped up here immediately once we

saw the tell tale signs of nanotech modification. Her name is, or at least was Wendy Braumer. She was twenty when she disappeared. She doesn't respond to her name now, though she is rather talkative when she was interviewed. That and she tried to Assault all of the attending agents, myself included." Mel explained as she watched the woman. Even her disgust at the transformation of this girl, couldn't suppress the awe Mel felt at the sight. Mel had a flare of bisexuality in her and this girl was a testament to sex. She hadn't been alone in desiring the woman either, though none of the agents were willing to take advantage of her.

"I take it she didn't see much need for clothing either." Marcus commented dryly, unable to pull his eyes from the scene before him. Nanotech wasn't something the wider world had been told about yet. As far as the outside knew it was only a bad sci-fi plot device and something a few scientists thought might be useful someday. Only a few people in the world had the capabilities to use the technology on this scale. Marcus could count them on one hand. The number of agents sent to apprehend those rogue scientists and never returned was a cause of great concern around the Bureau. These people were dangerous, and clearly they'd taken their power tripping to a new level.

"Nope, she ripped off anything we tried to put on her, not that she was angry about it. She thanked us rather merrily, but said it was criminal to hide her flesh from the eyes of her master's associates without his permission." Mel spat back. Obviously the girl had been totally mind fucked in addition to her obvious physical conditioning. There was nothing Mel hated more than mind controllers, and she'd had her opportunities to meet more than a few of the most notorious. She just thanked fate that she'd always stayed out of their clutches. The Bureau had many resources at its disposal, but tampering with a person's mind was almost always permanent.

"Anything special about the slavers?" Marcus asked. Underground slavers weren't uncommon throughout the world. The times had become pretty rough across the US as well, making it easier both to catch new slaves and bribe low paid police to look the other way. This kind of modification of a domestic slave was something new, and clearly dangerous. Marcus seriously doubted

the poor girl would know anything useful for the investigation, especially with that kind of mind fucking. Even if she did, she probably wouldn't want to tell them anyway, thanks to her brainwashing.

"Nope, they were just movers, taking her to her buyer in Europe. I did do some checking on her case, though." Mel replied. Movers were paid to be ignorant, they knew the business and the risks. They would pick up a shipment of slaves and haul them to a destination, no names, nothing special. The drop off points were always peculiar, but with unobservable access ways. The whole process had made dealing with slavers that much harder since catching the movers didn't do anything to help bust a ring.

"She had a case?" Marcus asked. Usually slaves were just lower class runaways or otherwise forgotten people. The kind of people police ignore and leave to rot rather than risk themselves helping. The odds of having a case for these kinds of disappearances was very rare.

"Yep, she was a junior at Illinois State nine months ago. She made a few strange phone calls telling her family and friends she was going off to live with some communal group and then disappeared. Her family was rather well off and they pressured the local police and FBI to look into it. The group didn't exist of course, and neither did any of the addresses Wendy gave anyone. The case dead ended there, until she popped up today." Mel explained. It certainly wasn't normal, but then nothing that made it to the Bureau was ever simple.

"Any other matches to this kind of disappearance?" The Bureau's records were extensive and all contained within a massive database. As soon as Wendy had turned up her old case file was pulled up and any similarities to other outstanding cases would be checked.

"A frighteningly large number, and we've been looking at all the cases we could match where women have disappeared after going on trips or joining cult groups. There are lots of name changes and different locations. Some are probably false connections, but we're not taking any chances. We've got a team mapping the details now to see what patterns can be found. The latest match was just last

night. Two girls disappeared from the University of Nebraska after letting all their friends and family know they were going off to visit some island resort. It hasn't become a full fledged case since it's so recent, but the connection match flagged it off the missing persons reports." Mel answered. The problem with computers was that they only gave the answer to questions that they were programmed to answer. The Bureau 's file database was unique, and until Wendy had popped up, nothing had given them reason to ask for such a correlation.

"Alright, you keep filtering the records and I'll go check with the tech department. There must be some clues to link this back to the specific nano factory." Marcus was always the tech tracker, it was his gift, one of the few he still enjoyed. Just like painters or writers, engineers had their own unique style that was crafted into everything they designed. Marcus had a knack for seeing these fingerprints, and associating the work back to the source. Nano tech was still a small field, and one that the Bureau paid special attention to and that left Marcus intimately aware of the major players. With any luck Wendy would have enough residual nanos left inside her to get a sample that Marcus could use to narrow the list of suspects.

"Good, we have two fresh victims to help if we can. Let me know as soon as you find anything." Mel agreed, and quickly trotted off to continue her work. Every hour spent was one more that Jenny and Sarah fell further from rescue, and closer to joining the fate of the lust crazed woman on the other side of the glass from Mel. She was determined not to let that happen, and that meant every moment was precious until the girls were found.

Continued in part 2...

Who Wants To Rule The World Part 2

Chapter 1

A rush of cold air across her chest woke Jenny from another slumber. After the Larange had left, Jenny and Sarah had each cleaned the other out, though Jenny had to fight down her revulsion at tonguing her friend's sticky slit. They'd waited patiently for Holli to return as they'd been told she would, but after a while they both drifted off to sleep on opposite sides of the bed. Neither was incredibly comfortable with the other after their shared humiliation and intimacy, and few words were spoken till they drifted off. They both rested, but strange dreams flowed through them, and though neither girl could remember, they each had shivers just from the thought of them.

"Hello again, girls." Holli smiled. She was still naked, aside from her glasses, and standing off to the side of the bed. "I'm sorry I was so late, but I had more important duties to attend to. Unfortunately, that doesn't leave me much time right now, but I will answer whatever questions you have before we have to be moving again."

Jenny lifted out of her waking haze fastest and sifted out her most important questions. "What is going on? Why are we here?"

Holli grinned and sat down on the side of the bed. "That's simple, you two caught Master's attention when he was out and he acquired you. You are here to provide entertainment for him and I think you're already well aware of how he intends to use you. Your first time is always under his full control, just so you know how much power he has, and how good he can make you feel. After that you can choose to resist, sometimes he will allow it and sometimes he will punish you. Punishment is always the same, making you want the very thing

you resisted, you can recognize that it isn't how you should feel but you won't want to feel differently."

"So he wants us as some kind of sex slaves?" Jenny continued. It was just too much to believe, but her memories of her last encounter with him didn't give her reason to doubt it. She winced as she thought about what she'd been made to do, and wondered how she could choose not to resist such degradation even if it was the only thing that would keep her from having her mind messed with like Sarah's head.

"Yes, and you will serve him one way or the other. You'll get used to it, or you'll be made to love it. Eventually he may tire of you and then you'll be sold to the highest bidder or given away. Whether you like it or not this is your life from now on." Holli continued. She leaned back a bit and spread her legs, talking about this always made her very horny. Holli reached between her thighs and quickly found the small outer hook of her walking dildo. She gasped openly as she pulled it out and began slowly fucking herself with it. "Please excuse me, but all the talk of sex slaves really gets me horny and I need to indulge myself. I know how weird all of this must be for you, but that's how it is here."

Jenny just sat on the bed awestruck as Holli fucked herself as if it was perfectly normal to do such things openly. "Doesn't any of this bother you?"

"When I think about it hard, I know that it should, but Master has removed all of my reservations so I can be a good assistant. I've been here for almost five years now, and I've been his assistant for the last three. It is strange, but I can't think of any other life for myself than watching over his harem and getting to feel his nice big cock fuck me when I do a good job." Holli answered. She parted her legs some more to get better access and pumped herself even harder. She had a life before Master had claimed her, but Holli never really thought about it much anymore except at times like this. In a word she had been a librarian, and aside from that word, Holli didn't choose to further explore the dull life she led before being claimed.

"Oh, please don't say that." Sarah moaned. Her own pussy was aching with need. It had been too long since it had been wrapped around his shaft and Holli's talk of being fucked just reinforced the

need that Sarah was feeling. Sarah considered masturbating, but she somehow knew that only something hard and thick up her pussy would satisfy her craving. It was an irresistible craving and she felt her pussy just drool as she watched Holli using a dildo on her own sopping pussy.

Holli turned to look at Sarah. She smiled at the girl's flushed body, obviously Sarah was ready to be fucked by Master like a good slave. Holli knew her Master enjoyed playing with shy girls, and Sarah looked like an excellent toy for him.

"What? You want me to deny just how wonderful it feels to have Master's cock stretching my pussy with long hard thrusts?" Holli asked, her tone honest. She wasn't mocking Sarah, rather she was trying to bring Sarah to the brink of asking for what she needed. Sarah's need would only eat at her sanity unless it was satiated, and there were ways aside from a good fucking to do that. Sarah needed to know them since Master enjoyed his toys at his whim, not theirs. Finally, forcing slaves to ask for their own humiliation was one of Master's favorite hobbies, and one that he'd imprinted into Holli once she started managing his harem.

Sarah moaned, spreading her legs instinctively as thoughts of being ravished again coursed through her mind. It had been so wonderful, and now there was only a painful emptiness between her legs. Sarah blushed at her actions, knowing just how lewdly she was displaying her need, but she couldn't control herself either.

"You resisted him didn't you? Lied to his first question? I know just how much it hurts right now for you. I did the same thing after he claimed me. That yearning will be with you from now on, but there is a way to deal with it when Master isn't ready to use you." Holli explained as she eyed the quivering girl before her. She really did sympathize with Sarah's plight. Holli had lied to him after he'd claimed her, and though his methods were far cruder back then, the result had been the same. Holli stopped fucking herself for a moment and pulled the dildo fully from her pussy. She regretted doing so, but she would be able to get another and Sarah would need the toy right away.

"Please, please tell me. I feel so empty." Sarah cried. She felt so utterly out of control that it scared her. It was even worse than earlier

since she had the full opportunity to consider her behavior without his intoxicating presence. Being fucked wasn't the issue, it was how she needed to behave because she wanted to be fucked that frightened Sarah.

"Here, it's a walking dildo for girls like us who have to have something in our pussies all the time. It's nothing special, but it will help you suppress the urges to a tolerable level." Holli handed Sarah her well lubricated toy. Sarah took it and looked at it for a moment before spreading her legs wide and sinking the toy into her folds. She cried out in fulfillment, savoring the feeling of having her pussy wrapped around an invader just like it was supposed to.

"Thanks." Sarah whimpered, still ashamed of her behavior, but relishing the nice full feeling in her pussy. As Holli had said, the ache didn't disappear, but it was dulled to a tolerable level. In the end it left Sarah feeling like she did whenever she'd spy a cute guy between classes and her pussy would heat up. It wasn't the most dignified feeling, but it wasn't all consuming lust either.

Jenny just watched the whole scene in silence, hardly believing what was happening to her and Sarah. It was all so unreal, and watching Sarah's lip turn to a big happy smile as she impaled herself on Holli's toy didn't help any either.

"So is this all there is? Just sit around waiting for this guy to humiliate us and fuck us whenever he wants and if we fight any of it we'll just end up craving it? Isn't there some way to escape?" Jenny groaned. Something in her told her that escape wasn't a likely possibility. Anyone who could mess with your mind this much had to be able to prevent escape.

"You can walk outside anytime you like. If you leave the grounds, you will automatically punish yourself. You'll be made to love being a slave, and though a few girls have fought that feeling, every escapee returned after no more than a week. Both of you are Master's toys, and he'll enjoy you however he wishes. If you accept that or openly resist his commands your life will be pleasant, if not it will be a constant torment. One warning, Master does enjoy challenges, and once he breaks a girl, he quickly loses interest. After that happens, it's only a matter of time before you'll be sold and there are far worse owners than Master." Holli explained. A slave's existence certainly

wasn't without its difficulties, and this was one of the largest about being owned by the Master. He didn't mind tossing away toys that no longer interested him and their sale brought in lots of money to boot.

Both Jenny and Sarah sobbed at that, everything Holli had told them built up to that point of hopelessness. They both believed her too, there was something about her that made them believe her. That and the things they'd both done and been through left both girls with little hope and plenty of apprehension. They seemed to be locked into a fate of utter degradation, no matter whether they resisted or not, eventually this man would lose interest in them and sell them. There was no escape, or hope only an existence of intimate servitude or worse at the hands of this man or others.

Holli looked over both of the new girls and quickly surmised that there weren't about to be any more big questions from them for the moment. She got to her feet and turned back towards them. "Alright, it's time to go, Jenny needs to go through processing and Master wants you to watch, Sarah."

Both girls found themselves following Holli out of the room. Neither wanted to, but both came to their feet before Holli had walked more than a few steps. Jenny stepped up her pace a bit and turned to Holli. "What is this processing?"

"You'll find out. Master doesn't want you informed till the procedure is under way." Holli answered. Master liked to watch and videotape slave processing, and enjoyed it, especially when the girl didn't know what was being done to her. It titillated Holli as well, watching an unprepared girl being made into an even better servant for Master always aroused her. She truly did love her work.

Sarah looked at the decorations with the same morbid fascination that Jenny had earlier. The scenes of fucking sank into her more thoroughly though, and she found herself instinctively squeezing down on the toy lodged comfortably inside her. Sarah could scarcely believe that she was walking around naked with a dildo stuffed between her legs, but in light of everything else she almost didn't mind. Only a day before her life had been terribly mundane, and now she was some kind of slave, a toy for a sick man to use and she could do nothing to change any of it.

The trip didn't last long and Holli lead the two girls into another small room off the main corridor. A slightly inclined table rested in the midst of a huge array of electrical coils. Jenny and Sarah looked on in wonder at the sight for a moment before realizing that this was where Jenny was about to be processed.

"Jenny, please lay down on the table and be sure to place your feet in the footrests." Holli instructed. She walked over to a control panel and began entering the configuration information Master had given her for Jennifer's processing. It wasn't unusual for Master to process new girls, especially when they were picked up in pairs or groups. Some girls didn't stack up to Master's high standards and sometimes he simply enjoyed watching their reaction to the changes in their body while he played with them. Sarah was the pure catch here, and Jenny just a convenient, and enjoyable addition that would be molded for more specific service to Master.

"Please, you don't have to do this to me!" Jenny whined as she walked over and stepped onto the table, being sure to place her feet appropriately. Once she did, she felt horribly exposed, but as earlier she couldn't find any will power to resist Holli's instructions. This must be one case where their supposed freedom to resist wasn't granted, and Jenny could understand it. There were some things that resistance just prolonged that weren't choices, and Holli probably didn't have all day to deal with unruly slaves. None of that helped Jenny feel any better as she felt the table being moved into a horizontal position. She wondered just what was going to be done to her, she remembered him saying something was going to be done about her breasts and Jenny figured that was what the processing was going to be about.

"Of course I do, it is Master's will. This is going to feel strange, but it won't be painful." Holli told the new slave as she activated the processing mechanism. She quivered with anticipation, watching a slave's processing always got her hot. It was as much a display of Master's power as when he fucked his slaves, and Holli couldn't help but respond to displays of Master's power.

Jenny flinched as she felt and heard an electrical hum coming from the coils ringing the table. She wondered just what was going to happen when she felt a tingle flow through her entire body. If she

could have, Jenny would have been squirming, but her body was locked in place. The strange sensations quickly intensified, especially in her breasts, between her legs and through her waist. Jenny also felt the tingle in her throat as she wondered just what was happening to her. Then, suddenly Jenny felt her entire body quake with a massive orgasm that simply consumed her entire being.

Holli watched as Jenny's eyes rolled back in her head as the changes to her body started. Holli knew from experience just how pleasurable such changes could be. She had found herself on that table many times since she had been claimed, and each time was a wonderful experience. Silently, Holli wondered just how long it would be till she would be honored with another visit of her own. At least until then she had the chance to live vicariously through all the girls she processed and that was a pleasure of its own.

With everything else that had happened to her in the last day, Sarah didn't think she could be surprised again. Watching Jenny's flesh being molded right before her was enough to shock her, though, and Sarah shuddered at the callous way such miraculous technology was being used. Sarah only hoped that Jenny would be all right and that she wouldn't have to be next any time soon.

The process didn't last very long, and Jenny found herself drifting out of a seemingly perpetual release. She opened her eyes and was pleased that she had control of herself again. Jenny waited until the table had been leaned back into a nearly standing position before she dared to look down at her body. She still felt rather normal, so she could only hope it was not very drastic.

The first things to greet her were her breasts. Jenny had always had firm little breasts, they suited her frame well, but didn't grab attention. The breasts that Jenny saw rising from her chest now were certainly not anything like the ones that used to be there. They were two impossibly perfect half globes, each slightly larger than a softball, tipped with rather large perky nipples at their peaks. Jenny cupped them with her hands to confirm they were real with a gentle squeeze. Her tits were perfectly smooth now, and still felt firm to the touch, what surprised Jenny the most was that her touch no effect on her libido even though she watched as the already stiff nipples poked out even more lewdly. She'd always been very sensitive to

having her breasts caressed and now she didn't feel anything as she squeezed into the twin orbs on her chest.

With her first obstacle down, Jenny bent over and looked down at between her legs. Her old furry slit had been replaced with two hairless and engorged looking lips. The real shock was the rather large nub at the top of her slit that Jenny knew had to be her clitoris. With her apprehension already consuming her, Jenny quickly ran a hand down between her legs to confirm her worst fears. She ran her hand over her new slit, find her pussy already leaking with her juices, but no matter where her fingers ran or what they did Jenny could feel nothing more than the immediate tactile sensation of her finger's exploration. Even the slick bulbous head of her new clit didn't react as she rubbed her fingers across it.

Jenny turned towards Holli and Sarah. She could hardly believe just how radically her body had been changed, but was truly bothered that she couldn't feel anything from it. She looked at Holli with her concern burning in her eyes.

"May this slave know why she has been denied the pleasures of her own flesh?" Jenny heard a light, nearly angelic, voice say from her own throat. Jenny instantly threw her hands around her neck in shock both at the sound of her own voice and the strange words she'd spoken. "Why does this slave's voice sound so wonderfully sweet and lovely and say things in this strange way?"

Holli smiled as she watched Jenny's reaction to her changes. Most girls had much the same reaction, but it was something that Holli always enjoyed watching. She knew it was another of Master's modifications that she loved being a part of enslaving other women, but she was happy she could enjoy it. "You have been processed to be a pixie servant for Master. Your new body is designed to demonstrate his power and his prowess for his enjoyment and that of his guests. Your voice and mannerisms have been changed so that you will more ready fulfill your duties regardless of your willingness to resist him. Now come here."

Jenny pulled herself from the table and found herself strutting sexily over to Holli. She tried to walk normally, but it felt almost painfully wrong to do anything other than swing her hips enticingly as she walked. She also was sure to jut out her breasts and smiled a

sly, knowing smile as she walked. Jenny knew this was all part of the control placed over her, but it didn't help her like it any more. She didn't have to imagine much to know just what kind of entertainment she would be providing in her new form and dreaded what she was being made into.

"Don't be worried about not being able to feel pleasure, while you can no longer pleasure yourself, you will react even more strongly to the touch of another." Holli explained as she reached up and grabbed each of Jenny's globes in her hands and gently squeezed. She loved the feel of the breasts Jenny now had, they were so firm and smooth. Holli had been given a pair like them in the past, though she hadn't been prevented from masturbatory pleasure. She smiled fondly as she explored her memories and Jenny's new bosom at the same time.

Jenny's eyes rolled back as pure pleasure flowed from her breasts. She'd never felt anything like that before, and she felt herself cum just from that one squeeze. Her light new voice sang out with a heavenly melody as she quivered in orgasm. It was an angelic melody more attuned to cloud tops than a woman's cry of release and it filled the room with a divine feeling.

"I just love these pixie breasts, and you will too. I wish I had mine back almost every day." Holli stated wistfully as she pulled her hands away. "Now that you're ready, it's time for you to go to the harem bed chambers where all of Master's slaves wait when he has no use for them."

Holli lead the two stunned girls back out of the room. Sarah was shivering in fear at what she'd seen Jenny reduced to in mere moments. She wondered just how much of Jenny's self was left intact after what had been done to her, and Sarah feared it was more than Jenny would really have wanted. The fact that such a fate could befall her as well left Sarah all the more concerned and all the more aware of the dildo pressed wonderfully deep inside her at that very moment.

The sounds of an angelic choir greeted the girls' ears as Holli opened the door at the end of a long hallway. Jenny and Sarah looked into the room before them, and took in the sight of their new home. It was lavishly ornate, built to the same standards as the rest

of the building. Shallow pools ran through the center dotted with statue fountains of stunningly beautiful naked women. The room was filled with pillowed beds as well as plants and ferns. The final content of the room was the women, dozens at least, all naked and laid out on the beds or in the pools, some relaxing and some enjoying more carnal delights in pairs or groups. Several girls who had been processed as Jenny had ringed the room and sang out with their music of ecstasy as other women played with them. Their voices played together in perfect harmony with that enchanting melody. It was nearly enough for Sarah and Jenny both to forget their own misfortunes just to listen to such divine music.

"This will be your home until Master wishes otherwise. Feel free to do as you please until summoned, this is your sanctuary and there is no punishment for your actions within, unless it is directly against the commands of Master." Holli explained. Sarah and Jenny would be allowed to follow their own will, aside from Jenny's more dramatic changes. It was always fascinating to watch what a new pixie slave would do, as the exquisite pleasure they could enjoy was completely offered only at the hands of another. Holli wondered how long Jenny would resist indulging herself, almost none of the older slaves had any objections to enjoying the flesh of another woman so it was only Jenny's will that mattered to her fate.

Sarah and Jenny stood silently just inside the doors as Holli pulled them close as she left. It was a surreal moment without direction. Neither had any idea what they would do with themselves after all they'd been put through. It was simply unreal to have a choice again.

Sarah was the first to pull herself together. She turned to Jenny with obvious concern. "Are you okay, Jenny?"

"No, this pixie slave isn't fine!" Jenny chimed merrily with her new singsong voice. She reached up and cupped her breasts. "She has these nice new breasts and juicy pussy and can only speak like some merry sprite. She can't even refer to herself as anything other than a slave!" Jenny tried to sound sarcastic, but both her tone and body language remained inviting. It was the most exacerbatng experience in her life. Nothing she tried to say came out the way she intended, though she could still make her point be understood. It was

all so horrible that Jenny simply welled up with tears, she couldn't sob, but tears ran down her cheeks as everything suddenly sank into her.

"I'm so sorry." Sarah cried, wrapping herself around Jenny with a big hug. Her own fears were looming large inside her as well, and she needed to be held by a friend just as much as she wanted to comfort Jenny. The whole experience was overwhelming, and this time more than any other Sarah needed her friend.

Jenny winced as her new flesh reacted instantly to the contact with Sarah's. Every place her friend touched lit up with sensual warmth. Her breasts ached with sudden pleasure as Sarah pressed her chest into Jenny's. She shuddered at the strange feelings flowing through her, but didn't pull away from Sarah's hold. Jenny needed to be held, to be comforted, and knew that Sarah needed the same right now. Jenny wrapped her arms around her friend and simply enjoyed the warmth of compassion.

Their fate was sealed, and all they could do now was wait. This man, their Master, would likely come for them soon, they realized. They were new toys and for a man as fickle as he seemed, new toys would be enjoyed far more often and thoroughly than older. Both girls lamented this, even as their roles seemed different, neither fate should have been appealing, and yet they couldn't deny the enticements being offered. Now, finally, there was nothing more they could do except try to draw strength from the other and see what more was to come.

Chapter 2

"So what is this lead?" Mel asked as she drove her partner into an office parking lot. It hadn't taken Marcus long to find a lead worth checking up on and they'd gone off as soon as he had an address.

"Dr. Alex Northing. He's the lead developer at CyDine Nanotech. He worked with Patrick Larange on an earlier nanotech project and Patrick is one of a handful of highly qualified Nanotech designers whose whereabouts aren't known. I also need to see a sample of his work if I can get my hands on it. None of the other major developers matched the samples taken from Wendy." Marcus explained. It

hadn't been easy putting everything together or doing a detailed cross comparison of the nanobots taken from Wendy with the far less advanced samples the Bureau had from known developers. Whoever had designed the devices used to transform Wendy had made a leap in nanotech design, and that was a scary notion in its own right.

Mel just took in the information and began doing her own comparisons. The suspicious disappearances were all centered in the American Midwest, though several had occurred outside that ring, even as far as Europe and China but nearly all occurred in the Midwest. The fact that Patrick had done his research in St. Louis and disappeared from there lent further credence to him being behind it, but it was still just a theory at this point.

Mel and Marcus flashed FBI badges and were quickly escorted up to Dr. Northing's office. The Bureau always operated under the cover of the local national investigatory agency to help them blend in and get them the access they needed. They did try to keep from identifying themselves whenever possible, but it made questioning people a lot easier to have a badge.

Northing's secretary buzzed them in as soon as they got there and the two agents strolled into his office. Northing was obviously more a scientist than a manager, as his entire office was littered with technical documentation. Papers and files were stacked or scattered over everything, including his extra chairs. Northing had obviously not expected them and was bent over a couple chairs cleaning them off.

"Good Morning, good morning, please excuse the mess, I don't often have visitors here, but I hear you want to know about Patrick." Northing welcomed without turning away from his task.

"Yes, Dr., I was interested in the work he did with you at the University." Marcus said.

"Of course, of course, we worked several years together. Not much accomplished though, always something going wrong. Patrick always kept at it though, he was very determined. Not that I'm not mind you, but there was just a seriousness to him, you understand." Northing continued as he backed away from the now cleaned off chairs and beckoned for the Agents to sit down.

Mel and Marcus looked at the now doubly high pile of file folders on each side of the chairs and decided it was safer to remain standing.

"Yes, Doctor, just what was he serious about?" Marcus asked. He already knew the basics of the project, but he didn't want to make Northing suspicious and sometimes-mundane questions have interesting answers.

"Well, he always had a fondness for direct genetic tinkering. We were trying to determine if we could employ nanobots to conduct genetic repair, prevent aging and disease. We weren't supposed to actually alter genes, just repair them as they were damaged, you see. Patrick though, he was always tinkering in his spare time with some of the research animals. Always a problem that was, I always dreaded calls from the directors after he stayed late." Northing explained.

"Did he ever give you any reasons for his experiments?" Mel asked. Half the reason for coming was to see if Patrick would have had the intent to do anything like what had been done to Wendy.

"No, no, he never did. I tried to ask him, but he would just get a look in his eyes. I don't know just how it looked, but I always felt like some bug he wanted to squish. He did good work though, and even for his liberal use of our equipment he did get the University a major grant and gave us a lot of wonderful ideas. If it hadn't been for that fire we'd already have the fountain of youth mind you!" Northing exclaimed.

"What fire?" Marcus asked.

"It was right after Patrick left for a new position somewhere, I don't remember quite where he said he was going, but it destroyed the lab and most of the equipment and prototypes Patrick had developed. It wasn't a total loss though, we still had a lot of his records on file and we've already gone a long way to reconstructing his work. It's too bad we couldn't get him to come back, but we kind of lost track of him right after the fire." Northing explained.

"Do you have any of the records or work samples that I could look at?" Marcus asked.

"Oh, yes, some, you understand the restrictions we have around here on research, but I can let you look at some of my records from

my project with Patrick. Those aren't completely confidential. What do you want such things for anyway?" Northing asked.

"Just routine research on nanotechnology. We like to keep at abreast of the latest advances so that we can be ready to counter any possible criminal uses." Marcus replied. That wasn't entirely untrue and should help keep him from getting too suspicious.

"I see, makes sense, I can just imagine the things I could do if I didn't mind the risks." Northing replied wistfully. "I'll get those records right away for you."

Before Mel or Marcus could stop him, he was out of the office on his errand, leaving the two alone.

"So what do you think?" Markus asked.

"I think we may have found our man, if the tech matches up." Mel replied. She wasn't completely certain, but there were enough strange pieces and coincidences that Patrick certainly looked like a prime suspect.

"I agree, so that means we have to go looking for him now. I think I can come up with some possibilities, assuming he still needs to get supplies through normal channels." Marcus concurred with his partner. It wasn't impossible to ship goods secretly, that was the whole slave trade after all, but some of the goods that Patrick would need were uncommon enough that it was possible to track him back that way. That was presuming he still needed such materiel anymore.

Mel understood, there wasn't much doubt about the possibilities. She only hoped he could be tracked down soon so he could be brought to heel. That was assuming that Patrick was actually the man behind all of this. If he wasn't at least it was one lead less to investigate, but speed was of the essence, or else more girls could fall prey to him.

Chapter 3

A loud boom awoke Sarah and Jenny from the fitful nap they had been taking. The strange place and predicament they were in left them wholly uncertain about what they should do. In the end they staked out a small corner of the room and fended off advances from

the other girls. They'd ended up napping on and off for the rest of the day, wondering what was going to happen to them next.

The boom heralded the entrance of Larange, their apparent Master, as the large doors to the harem room opened. All of the women looked up, and most rushed to his feet, some apprehensively but most joyously. A few girls, including Jenny and Sarah shirked into the corners, trying to avoid what new interests he had.

Holly stood at his side, dutifully, still proud and naked except for her glasses, and shouted out into the room. "Jenny, Master awaits your service."

Jenny instantly felt her pulse quicken. She wasn't about to go to him, not if she could help it, but it wasn't easy. Almost instantly she felt compelled to stand up and go to him, but she fought it. Her stomach churned as she struggled against the command. The agony spread through her, burning into every part of her, and all the while the thought of obedience drummed into her head telling her that going would end the pain. Jenny didn't know how long she lasted, but in the end she couldn't continue. She stood up slowly, with Sarah following her up.

"Jenny, don't give in, I know you can fight this." Sarah encouraged. She didn't want to believe that Jenny could succumb to him. Sarah had to believe it was possible to fight him, possible to win and she knew that Jenny was the stronger between them. If Jenny couldn't fight off her changes, Sarah couldn't see herself escaping either.

"This slave has to serve her Master, she can't help it but she needs to. She's sorry, Sarah, please take care." Jenny chimed, her soft voice incapable of conveying her true sadness, both at her own fate and at abandoning Sarah. She turned and gave Sarah one last look, no more than a sexy pout, but it was the closest Jenny could get to the despair she wanted to convey. With that, she turned away and began hoping towards the man.

Jenny bounced the whole way there, her gait reminding her of happier days as a child. Now, though she was completely naked, and she was skipping toward the man who was turning her into some kind of sex slave. Jenny didn't want to admit it, but she could feel her heart getting lighter with every step closer to this man. Even

with all this she marveled at how her new breasts didn't even quiver as she hopped along, they simply stood out in front of her telling the world that she had been made for sex. It wasn't long before she was standing before him and Jenny took position. She held her hands behind her back and thrust her chest forward while she smiled at him sweetly. Jenny tried to control herself, but the compulsions were too strong to resist. She had to show off her body for him since it was really his body now. Jenny tried to stifle that thought, but she couldn't fight the compulsion to look up at the man's face and see if he approved of her.

"Ah, I see you turned out marvelously, Jenny. You will make a fine addition to my collection." He smiled as he reviewed Jenny's new form.

Jenny burned inside at that, furious at him for treating her like some object and making her want it at the same time. His praise sent flashes of pleasure through her, and she fought back against the sudden pride she felt at being an acceptable new toy for him. She managed to take a step forward of her own will, then rushed to him. Jenny pulled her naked flesh to his, grabbing onto his hands. With a determined speed she planted them on her firm ass as she rubbed her hardened nipples into his chest and nuzzled into his neck. As she squirmed her naked body against his she stood on the tips of her toes and nibbled at his ear before speaking.

"This slave doesn't want to be your sex toy, Master. She liked the way she was without her wonderful new breasts and fuckable pussy and she doesn't want to enjoy all the pleasures of your touch. Please change her back to the boring little girl she was." Jenny whispered into his ears with the sweetness of a teasing lover. Already she could feel herself growing aroused just from having her nipples pressing into his chest, and Jenny could feel her pussy leaking. She knew she had been remade for sex, and her behavior only proved to her that escaping the fate in store for her was wishful thinking.

"Perhaps I can change your mind, my dear, but for now we must go to my chambers. I have business to attend to and I wish to see how you perform." He gave Jenny a healthy squeeze of her cheeks and then let her go. Jenny fell away instantly, not wanting to impede

his freedom, and followed him out of the harem room. She could only wonder just what was in store for her in his chambers.

His chambers were much like the harem room, large and filled with every amenity needed to enjoy the pleasures of flesh. Jenny was hardly surprised when she saw it, but she lamented it just the same. Unlike the harem room, this one was empty except for one lone man who was sitting on some cushions in a robe.

"So this is your new toy, she is quite impressive." The sitting man said as he watched Jenny sway into the room.

Jenny found herself giggling and giving him a smile and a wink. This was her Master's domain, and here she was just a toy. Jenny didn't doubt that they'd make full use of her either. Of course now she was on display, and she couldn't help but casually pose her naked flesh for both men to enjoy while they decided what to do with her. Jenny was nearly overwhelmed by the feeling of being out of control, her body seemed to know just how to behave, and any conscious effort against those instincts bored painfully into her until she just let go.

"Of course she is," Master replied as he turned to Jenny, "Jenny, would you please be so kind as to entertain our guest?"

"Please, Master, don't make this slave show this man all the wonders of her new body! She doesn't want to be the perfect sex toy that Master made her!" Jenny sang as she fell to her knees and crawled towards the seated man. She knew such protests wouldn't do her much good, but Jenny wasn't going to completely surrender to her fate just yet. Her ability to object didn't slow her down any however, and it was mere moments before she was kneeling before this man and reaching for his robe. Jenny didn't want to do this, but she couldn't help herself, her need to serve dominated her. She quivered with anticipation, knowing that the robe was covering the organ she had been reshaped to pleasure.

"Not quite broken in?" The man asked as Jenny pulled open his robe and revealed his already stiff shaft. He looked to Jenny and smiled as she stared lustfully at his waving member.

"She will serve, but I've left her mind mostly intact. She knows what she's doing and just how much she doesn't want to, but she

can't stop herself either, or create a disturbance." Master answered as he watched Jenny leaning towards her target.

Jenny couldn't help but pause at the awesome sight before her. She'd seen more than a couple cocks through all her sexual escapades, and consciously she knew this one was nothing special. Now, however, she was looking at it through new eyes, those of a pixie slave, and to a pixie slave a cock was the manifestation of all masters and Master. It was her duty, her purpose, to give it pleasure and in turn it would give her pleasure as well. Jenny tried to shake off all these strange notions that swelled up inside her, but she still couldn't take her eyes off of the stiff display of manhood before her. All that remained was how she would go about fulfilling her duty and Jenny knew she wouldn't have long to wait.

The man let her enjoy the view for a few moments. "I think we'd both enjoy a nice suck, don't you dear?"

As soon as she had heard the suggestion, Jenny felt a strangeness take over her mouth. It took her a moment to realize that her teeth were receding into her gums and her saliva began to take on a thicker and slimier feel. Her entire mouth seemed to swell with soft padding as well. On top of all that, Jenny couldn't suppress the sudden need to suck on the cock in front of her. It looked so hard and thick rising from between the man's legs, like some wonderful lollipop with delicious juice inside. Jenny knew all she had to do was suck on it like a good slut and she'd be able to taste those juices and she'd get to have the musky shaft inside her mouth too. She licked her lips instinctively to spread her thick saliva over them and then bent forward and opened her lips for him. Jenny knew what was happening to her, but her desire to suck on the cock before her overwhelmed her resistance.

Jenny heard him moan as she wrapped her lips around him and lowered her head, taking his shaft into her new mouth with one long suck. She didn't stop until his entire length was inside her mouth, and Jenny was hardly surprised that she hadn't had any problem accepting him. It was wonderfully satisfying for her when she felt her nose touch the root of his shaft. Now Jenny had the full length inside her mouth and was already busy licking and sucking on him, hoping to summon his sweet seed from his sumptuously musky shaft. Jenny

had never really liked oral sex before, between the tastes and the mess she found it lacking. She savored the taste of the cock in her mouth and the musky smell of aroused masculinity she was engulfed by. It was just the perfect lollipop too, long and thick with the most exotic taste that she couldn't even consider why she wouldn't want to suck on it. Jenny knew all this was part of her new state of being, but that knowledge didn't slow down her tongue or her bobbing head as she embraced her new goal of making this man cum.

Master simply enjoyed the scene, knowing that Jenny was getting her first taste of the life as one of his pixie slaves. They usually adapted fairly quickly, as intense pleasure was something that broke down their will to resist. It's easy to fight pain, but pleasure is alluring, seductive, and in the end the subject asks the question of why they are fighting against it. At that moment they cease to be anything but a toy. Master rarely found much interest in his pixies for that reason, their struggles were short and limited. They made excellent entertainment for guests, but Master enjoyed the struggle more. Of course Jenny was simply a bonus, and he didn't mind watching her quick descent when he had the more satisfying capitulation with Sarah yet to come. Sarah had caught his eye with her sensual shyness, and he looked forward to enjoying her. Jenny had impressed him as a girl who indulged in any pleasures she wished, and even without her more radical transformation she would have been a willing slave in short order anyway.

"Very good, slave, now roll onto your back so I can enjoy the rest of your charms properly." Jenny heard the man she was sucking on as she caressed his shaft. Instantly, she pulled back with a long and sensual motion, freeing his shaft from her mouth with one last suck. Jenny rolled away swiftly, falling onto her back and spreading her legs for the man she had been attending. Her pussy suddenly ached with the need to be filled and Jenny found herself hoping that he wouldn't wait long to spear her. Her desire to taste his seed fell away, only to be replaced with the need to feel his seed flowing into the depths of her womanhood. Jenny looked down from the man and for a moment clarity came to her as she realized just how lewdly she was displaying her naked flesh. Her hairless naked pussy was glistening proudly between her widely spread legs and her perfectly

molded breasts were on full display for him. Jenny had never displayed herself so wantonly, and yet now she was glad she could be so shameless so she could coax this man into using her.

"Please, Master, this slave is so empty and she will be a great fuck! Her pussy is hot and wet and wonderfully tight, just right for Master's cock!" Jenny moaned as she rocked her hips. Already she was beyond thought, her need was washing away all other concerns. She knew she was behaving like a slut in heat, and her only thought was the hope that the man would be enticed to fuck her even sooner because of it. She already knew just how long and thick this man was and knew just how wonderful it would have to feel to have him inside.

When he rolled atop her, Jenny let out another angelic song of delight. His hands roamed her flesh freely, and Jenny simply savored the sensations. She was still aching with unfulfilled need, but Jenny knew she didn't have long to wait before being granted her desire. He smiled at her as he positioned himself, and Jenny cooed as she felt the tip of his shaft parting her folds. Then she felt him sink into her with one long powerful thrust and she sang out. At the very instant he rested inside her depths, Jenny found herself concentrating on the shaft and began using her pussy muscles in ways she had never before considered. Now it was all so natural, the perfect way to use her passage to bring her current partner pleasure. That was her duty now, after all.

The man simply moaned his approval and turned to Larange as he began thrusting into Jenny. "She is simply wonderful. I don't see why you don't indulge yourself more often."

Larange simply laughed as he pounded into Holli's pussy. She had bent over dutifully for him once his guest had begun enjoying Jenny. Master didn't always wish to indulge himself, but Holli beamed as she felt her master pull her walking dildo from her pussy and replace it with his much more satisfying cock. She struggled to keep herself from crying out and focused herself on pleasuring his shaft as he used her perfectly sculpted passage. He had painstakingly molded her vagina for his own enjoyment over the course of several weeks when he had decided to make Holli his assistant. Her ass and mouth had been modified as well for those

times he wished to use her as such. For the moment Holli was simply pleased that he was making use of her and concentrated on showing that she was still the perfect slut for him.

Jenny was beyond any thought at this point. Her pussy was filled with a cock and all that mattered to her was using her new body to pleasure the man inside her. Jenny humped back with every thrust as she rippled the muscles of her passage around his shaft. Her legs were wrapped tightly around his ass to help him fully enjoy her pussy. Between the moans and grunts of their shared passion, Jenny kissed him as energetically as she was fucking him, and their tongues danced with the primal rhythm of their thrusting hips.

"Oh, yes, Master! Use this slave, fuck her hard!" Jenny cried out as she writhed under him. Between her calls for more fucking her voice rang with her angelic sounds of passion. Never in her life had she been so thoroughly used or so fully enjoyed being fucked. There was nothing left to her except pleasuring and enjoying the man who was using her.

The man obliged her calls willingly. Jenny was every bit the perfect sex toy that Laqrangle had said, and she knew just how to pleasure a man perfectly at every turn. It wasn't long before he could feel himself want to let go, and without worry, he shot his load into Jenny's quivering flesh.

Jenny felt it coming, her instincts telling her that she had been a good pixie slave and she readied herself for her reward. For the second time in her life she felt the seed of a man pour into her unprotected womb and cried out in her own release. Her orgasm rippled through her with an intensity that dwarfed even her time with Master the day before. But even more important was the honor of receiving a man's seed inside her. It was the proof of her quality as a pixie slave and Jenny felt herself swell with pride at the warm feeling spreading inside her depths.

The man unceremoniously rolled off of Jenny's quivering form and smiled as Jenny pulled herself up and immediately went to cleaning up the mess they had made on his crotch. Jenny did it instinctively, just another duty she had to perform to show how good she was. She didn't mind though, the taste of pussy and cock mixed

together was another exotic taste she suddenly couldn't get enough of.

"You do quality work, sir." The man complimented as he rested his hand on Jenny's head as she licked up her mess. "I certainly look forward to seeing the rest of your merchandise."

"No doubt. And Jenny how did you like your first time as a pixie?" Larange asked, his cock still comfortably inside Holli's squirming pussy.

Jenny pulled up from the man's crotch, her chin dripping with juices of all kinds. She turned around and wiped her chin off and hopped over to her true Master. "It was wonderful, Master. This slave never realized how wonderful it was to suck on a cock and her pussy loved being stuffed full with a nice big dick. Her new body is just wonderful, Master, she can't wait for it to be used again!"

Larange smiled. Jenny would slowly recover from her post orgasmic haze and confront her original beliefs again. Now, however, she would have the memories of her first use as a pixie slave to offset all of her old morals and beliefs. She couldn't resist her new existence, and soon Jenny would be every bit the devoted servant that Holli was. For the moment he simply ran his hand over her smooth skin and gave one of her perfectly rounded breasts a good squeeze as Holli received the reward she had been waiting for. Both girls cried out together as their bodies served him and he knew both were reveling in his attention and their existence as his toys. It was moments like this when even he had to wonder why he didn't indulge himself more often.

Master pulled himself out of Holli's hungry pussy with a grunt and waited for her to clean him. Holli was every bit as swift as Jenny had been, and happily licked off every drop from his crotch. Master patted her head as he waited, pleased that Holli still performed skillfully. Of course he didn't expect anything else, but even after all these years something inside him couldn't get over the novelty of having willing sex slaves at his beck and call.

"Ah, now it is time for us to get down to business, Mr. Orano." Larange said as Holli pulled away from his crotch. "Please follow me."

The party followed, all lead by Master. Jenny wondered for a moment if she should, not sure if Master had called to her or to the man she had pleased. She quickly decided to follow behind Holli and remain as quiet as she could. If Master wanted her, she would be present, and if not she would be careful not to disturb him.

Larange walked into the adjoining chamber, pulling his robe closed as he went. Inside the room stood two figures, each person almost lifelessly still, and staring toward the coming group.

"Here are my latest models, a perfect warrior and perfect infiltrator." Larange boomed, his voice swelling with pride as he waved his arms towards the two figures. He walked up to the first figure and turned back to Orano. The figure was some kind of grotesque mix of man and machine, its skin seemed to shine metallically in the light and its face was cold and lifeless, staring ever forward with two strange looking black eyes.

"As you can see, the warrior's flesh is really a thick armor designed to withstand any standard anti personnel weapon and many heavy weapons as well. It has an advanced sensor package that utilizes a full spectrum scanner and full range audio sensor. Because of this, the warrior can operate effectively in any environment. The warrior has redundant backup systems in case of damage and given enough time and raw materials, the unit's internal store of nanobots can repair virtually any damage. Operationally, the warrior can run at nearly 30 miles per hour, and has knowledge of how to use all major weapons systems and how to improvise effective weapons from generic sources when necessary. The warrior's skin is also capable of chameleon effects which makes it very difficult to spot when motionless or at a distance. Once we are through here, you are welcome to see a demonstration of the warrior's combat capabilities if you like." Master rattled off like a proud father. Jenny could see in his eyes that he truly took pride in it, though she imagined it was his own accomplishment that he was finding noteworthy.

"And this was once a man?" Orano asked, amazed at the strange creature in front of him.

"Yes, I used an advanced form of the technique used to modify Jenny into such an enjoyable little trollop. In fact, this warrior

specifically was an intelligence agent that tried to infiltrate my organization, and his partner is standing next to him even now." Master answered.

"Yet, he is obedient, a perfect warrior, yes? He will not question my orders?" Orano asked.

"As I told you, one of these warriors will never question a command. In order to create a warrior unit, much of the original memory had to be overwritten with combat training information. The estimated retention of original data is only about 12 percent and much of that is short-term memory and core memory. There is still a personality there, and it can even carry on a conversation if you wish, but the original material is completely subservient to the new programming." Master explained.

"Excellent, and you will grant me a discount if I provide the raw material for these warriors?" Orano asked.

"Certainly, I'm not very interested in hunting down an army's worth of men for you. Once payment has been made, the basic equipment will be transferred to your facility and we can help put your little country on the map." Master boomed. No doubt an army of these warriors would be enough to conquer all but the largest nations on Earth.

"Perfect, and what about your other offering? While she is rather stunning, I see little difference between her and the ripe little playthings behind us." Orano asked as he looked over the other figure. This one was a woman, and a stunningly beautiful one at that, draped in a sparkling red dress that both covered and displayed every sumptuous curve on her body.

"Exactly as it should be. She is my infiltrator, perfectly molded and conditioned to snake her way into the confidences of your enemies. On the outside, she is simply an attractive female, but inside her head is a litany of seductive techniques. With only a cursory study of an individual she will find her best way to seduce him and gain access to his secrets. Of course she benefits from the same sexual training as my pixies and is just as willing as them when not on a mission. Do not underestimate just how much work went into designing her protocols or how effective she can be. Once she has secured access to her target, she is fully versed in computer

access, assassination, and more generic espionage methods to suit her mission." Master presented.

"Impressive to be sure, if she is as advertised. Still, I have been very impressed with your results so far, and will certainly have to acquire a few of these infiltrators. If they are effective, I will likely want as many of these as I did soldiers. I can of course supply the raw material again, but I cannot say much for the appearance of the girls I can use." Orano commented.

"No need to worry about that." Master replied and turned to the infiltrator. "Would you please remove your dress, dear?"

The woman smiled sweetly and pulled the straps from her shoulders, letting the garment slide from her body and crumple around her feet. Both men smiled as they took in the smooth beauty of the woman before them as she posed herself to show off her body. She was perfect, yet in every way appeared natural, unlike the far more cartoonish pixie slaves. The woman looked young, yet fully ripened, Orano would have guessed she was in her early twenties, though he knew if she was an agent she had to be older than that.

"The condition of the raw material is of little concern, we can craft her into a creature as perfect as this one here. All aspects of appearance can be set to your specifications, including race, facial features, and measurements regardless of the original status. Of course the more divergent from the original the greater the costs and time involved." Master explained.

"And these infiltrators are just as loyal as the warriors?" Orano asked.

"Of course, though we have had some small problems with mental fatigue with our infiltrators. Due to their more personal involvement with their targets, we could not remove as much of their mental faculties. They are fully programmed and obedient, but sometimes enough of their old personalities remain that they eventually burn out from the conflict. This hasn't happened often and we are working to solve the problem, but running too many missions with an infiltrator can risk the unit's functionality. After a burn out they are good for little except pleasuring you in bed." Larange explained. He wasn't afraid of explaining the defects in his merchandise. This was as much because of the fact that no one else could offer such

products as it was due to the danger that his clients could pose to him. He was by no means weak, but he was dealing with some of the nastiest and powerful people of the world, and he didn't doubt they could eventually bring him down if they were determined. It wouldn't be easy, but Master didn't yet have the resources to fully protect himself, though he would soon enough.

"Wonderful, let me discuss this with my associates, and we can then negotiate the details." Orano bowed slightly and walked back out of the room.

Master dismissed his slaves and went off to prepare the next round of demonstrations for his guest. Holli lead Jenny out of the room and back on her way to the harem. Even now, Jenny was still reveling in her recent use and giggled childishly as she felt Orano's seed trickling down between her legs. She had never felt so alive or so happy and she could hardly wait to be used again.

Chapter 4

"So what do you have for us?" Marcus asked as he seated himself across from Agent Holland Frist. Holland was in charge of the Bureau's Victim Recovery section. It wasn't the easiest job, especially in cases like this. Two other top agents were seated as well and each wore the same tired look that Holli did.

"Unfortunately, I don't have anything. Wendy has proven so far that she is completely dominated by the programming she received. We have tried every standard resource, but as you know we have never had good luck with recovering mind control victims. With the exception of telepathic domination, all other forms have proven far more permanent." Holland reported woefully. She'd done her best trying to get Wendy back.

"We still haven't determined just how completely Wendy's mental landscape has been changed. Since we are dealing with atomic level nanotech modifications, they could have wiped her mind and simply imprinted this fuck toy persona onto her." Continued Agent Zaren, one of the Bureau's best nanotech agents. "As you know, we have no way of recovering lost memories once they've been wiped this

way, so we're hoping that her original personality is simply suppressed and not wiped."

"We do have good reason to believe that is the case. A team of my best telepaths has already been in her mind. Her conscious mind was like glass, transparent yet solid. This is similar to the effect that most technology derived control techniques creates. Wendy processes her programming without any real conscious thought. There is no conflict or drive other than to follow her orders. Underneath all that we found what is giving us some hope for recovering her. When we probed below the glass, we found the flowing colors that come from a normal mind, they were restrained and far less vibrant than normal but they were there. We tried to pull them through the glass, to break Wendy out, but all of our attempts fizzled. We believe that since this suppression was mechanically created, the organic elements of her mind are unable to route around the blocks." Explained Agent Vernon Poe, head of the Bureau's local telepath division.

"So what do you need us for?" Marcus asked. Given the priority of this case he had better things to be doing than simply listening to dead ends. Of course, he knew that these people were some of the best local agents, and they wouldn't have brought him if there wasn't something that he could or had to do for them.

"We all know just how important this case is. Once we discovered the extent of the problem we've devoted as many resources as we can spare. Unfortunately, we have almost no direct information to go on, and right here in our lap is a girl who even at the least could know enough to help us pinpoint important locations and may even be able to identify some of the people involved. Yet all we can do is fend off her incessant sexual advances and pleading for her master." Holland stated. "This isn't an easy decision for any of us. I'm tasked with helping the victims of some of the worst criminal minds in the world to return to their normal lives, and so far nothing has helped Wendy. We certainly can't return her like she is now, it would be more of a curse to her family than if they thought she was dead. And finally there is the fact that she could help lead us to clues that could help us save other victims and possibly help her as well."

"So, what do you have in mind?" Mel asked. She was certainly sympathetic to the girl's plight, but Mel didn't see what good Wendy could do for the investigation if she was still stuck in sex toy mode.

"Our thought is, to let Marcus here try to claim Wendy as her master." Poe said dryly. The head agents all turned their eyes down shamefully. They knew what this entailed, at least in part, and they didn't like it at all. Still, they had discussed it for quite some time, and no other options seemed workable.

"You've got to be kidding!" Marcus scoffed. Mel was far too busy choking to blurt out her own surprise.

"No, we're not. Wendy has information that could lead to breaking this case, and we have no other leads that could provide us with this information. We decided that it should be you because you're the closest to the field side of the nanotech division and could get the most out of the information. Also, most of our male and female Agents have already told her they are not her Master and we don't believe that trying to backtrack from that position would help her to accept any of those Agents. Still, there's no guarantee that she'll accept you, she may have imprinted in her who her master is. If that's the case, we haven't lost anything, but if she will accept you, then we hope that she will be willing and able to talk to you about what she knows. There is also the possibility that with a few chosen commands from you and help from our telepaths we can restore at least some of who she was." Zaren explained. They all knew there were a lot of long odds and risks in this endeavor, but the price of not acting was even higher.

"We've already had another two cases pop up in the last day relating to this group. Every day we wait is more lives destroyed and the greater chance for larger damage. There is no certainty that whoever is behind this will stop at a few sex slaves. With this kind of technology they could be capable of threatening world security. This isn't an easy request, but you wouldn't be here if you couldn't make the hard choices." Holland hammered her point home. She didn't like this anymore than the rest, still if everything fell their way, they had the chance to stop more harm from being done.

Marcus just turned and looked at Mel. He didn't know what to think of this kind of request. Certainly, part of him was reacting to the

notion of having a near perfect example of feminine sexuality at his command, but he knew as well just how wrong it was to take advantage of her. Marcus knew he would have to though, or else she could never believe he was her master. Part of him certainly wanted to, especially knowing how willing she would be, but she was still a victim and he doubted she would ever want such a fate if given the choice before her transformation.

"We both know they're right, Marcus, as much as I hate to admit it so don't look at me like that. You're the one who's going to get to fuck a sex toy." Mel commented lightly, trying not to fall to the same dark mood as the other agents around her. She knew the score just like everyone else and there wasn't anything to be gained from dwelling on the negatives. If there were any other good alternatives, Mel would be the first to pursue them, but lacking that this was the next best option.

"Alright, when are we going to do this?" Marcus sighed. If Mel was for it, he'd do it.

"Right away would be ideal, the sooner you can establish your status with Wendy, the sooner you can get her to talk to us. We've shut down the surveillance in her room to afford you some privacy." Poe answered. There wasn't any good to be had by delaying more than was necessary.

Marcus nodded and went to prepare, he took a few minutes in the bathroom staring into a mirror and trying to wash away the disbelief. This wasn't something he'd prepared himself for, and the thing that scared him was the part that looked forward to having Wendy as his sex slave even if just for a little while. The old axiom rang in his brain, power corrupts, and this was total power over another person. Marcus knew he'd enjoy it, he just hoped that he wouldn't be allowed to enjoy it too much.

"Looking sharp there lover boy." Mel teased as Marcus walked back out of the bathroom in a simple robe. She saw the concern on his face, the worry and quickly moved to arrest it. "Marcus, you can't go in like that, you're her Master, king of your domain and her being. Remember that or she'll never accept you. Don't worry about later, I'll make sure to remind you just how much of a sexist pig you are for the fun you're about to have."

"Thank's Mel, it's always good to know I can count on you for letting me know I'm a pig." Marcus laughed.

"Just doing what good friends do, kick you when you're down. Now, have at it tiger, you've got work to do." Mel pushed him on. She knew Marcus would linger all day to keep from doing this and now was certainly not the time for delay. Mel just wished she could watch, this promised to be quite a show, but she recognized the good judgment in turning off the surveillance systems as well. No need giving the AV department more lewd material to enjoy.

Marcus stood at the door to Wendy's suite for a moment, composing himself. Mel was right, he was about to play at being this girl's master, and he had to act the part to a tee or else all this would be for nothing. He shoved aside the final thoughts about hoping she'd reject him out of hand and strode confidently into the room.

Wendy was sitting on her bed casually rubbing her pussy and kneading one of her firm globes as she smiled towards the ceiling. As she heard the door close, she jumped up and looked up to see Marcus striding to her. Wendy instantly fell from the bed and knelt before him, the strong aura she felt from him was unlike all of the other men she had seen since being placed here. She quivered with hope that her waiting might finally be over, and she could be claimed.

"Do you know who I am?" Marcus asked, being careful not to say her name. Somehow he knew that she wouldn't react well to it, at least not right now. He fought back the doubt he was feeling, and simply let the lust at seeing a stunning naked girl kneel before him take over. For once in his dealings with women, letting his cock control his actions would actually be helpful.

Wendy looked up at Marcus anxiously. He was so commanding, so strong, she thought, but still she wavered. Honest fear ran through her, she could not make a mistake here, or she would offend her true Master. This could be just a test to prove her worthy or her true lord was standing before her waiting for her to acknowledge him. Wendy trembled, not knowing what answer to give.

Marcus realized his mistake as he saw fear drift into Wendy's eyes, he'd given her a choice, and that was not something that a

new slave would have. He only hoped a quick reply would keep her from breaking down. "I am yours, Master."

Wendy immediately averted her eyes, fearing that she offended him by looking up.

"This slave is sorry, Master." She whimpered, looking down at his feet. She hadn't recognized him, had let her own fear cloud her mind. Wendy trembled again, this time wondering how she would be punished.

Marcus fretted again, how should he reply? It took him a moment to even consider just what she had to be sorry for before he latched onto a few more of the eccentricities of master/slave relations. "Of course, you should be. Now, stand so I may see my new slave."

Wendy instantly jumped from the floor and presented herself for him. She pushed out her chest and spread her legs as much as she could comfortably. Wendy dutifully kept her face sullen and her eyes on his feet. Now, her fear was melting. Her Master had come, and was now claiming her. Even his punishments would be wondrous compared to the emptiness and longing she had been subjected to for so long. Wendy's only concern now was that he found her acceptable and not turn her away.

Marcus walked around her, taking care to study every curve of the sexy woman before him. He did his best to act like he'd seen judges act at dog shows, playing the part of an aloof master with another fine bitch to be claimed. Marcus let his hands roam over her silky smooth flesh as he walked, and found himself enjoying the feminine gasps from Wendy as he did so. The slow approach definitely let him snuff out his own qualms with taking advantage of this little vixen. Wendy had been transformed for sex, there was no doubt, and Marcus was nearly as enthralled with her form as she was to her programming.

Pleasure rippled through Wendy as she felt her master's touch roll across her. It had been so long since she'd been touched this way, and she had to fight not to let the wonderful sensations completely overwhelm her. Wendy also fought to stifle her response. She was here to pleasure him, not the other way around, though she knew she'd very much enjoy pleasuring him. Even so, when she felt

his hand reach between her legs and cup her mound Wendy lost control and let out a very sensual moan.

"Nice and wet for me already slut?" Marcus laughed, letting his fingers toy with her nether lips as he reached under her chin with his other hand. He lifted her head till he was staring into her lust filled brown eyes and smiled. Marcus parted her tender folds with his index finger and enjoyed the unrestrained sight of wonder from Wendy's face.

Wendy simply smiled sheepishly through her lust filled haze as she gazed into her Master's eyes. He was so kind to let her look at him so, she thought as she savored the wonder of his touch on her most intimate flesh. Finally, she felt open to answer his question. "Of course, Master, this slave exists to please you. Do you like her?"

Marcus nearly melted himself at the sweetness of Wendy's comment and the absolute adoration that flowed from her. There wasn't any doubt that she'd accept him as her master and he was quickly getting accustomed to the role. "Very much, slave, you are simply perfect."

Wendy cooed at the compliment. Nothing could have made her happier than his praise and he gave it so freely. She pulled away from him slightly, hoping to enamor him even more with her quality. She turned slightly away from him, enough to give him a profile of her voluptuous form and turned her head back to him with her best doe eyes.

"Would you like to use this slave, Master. She has waited so long to give herself to you." Wendy said sheepishly, doing her best to show herself as alluring.

Marcus was glad there was a chair nearby that he could grab to support himself as Wendy offered herself. Even knowing it was coming, he hadn't been prepared for a goddess like this to be standing before him and offer everything she was so simply. All he could do was gaze at her and take in the sight of her shimmering hair flowing around her sumptuous curves and her adoring, lust filled eyes staring at him with a kind of raw sexual energy that Marcus had never seen before.

It took him more than a few moments to regain his composure, but this was certainly not the time to blow it. He was only happy that

he'd masturbated a few times in the bathroom before coming into Wendy's room. Even so he already had a raging erection just looking at the testament to sexuality before him and the thought that she was about to freely give herself to him. His last lingering doubts fled from his mind and he opened his robe and let it fall to the ground.

Marcus smiled as he watched Wendy gasp as she looked down at his stiff shaft. She took her time looking at him before turning her eyes back to his and giggling girlishly. Wendy turned back towards him with a sexy twist and hopped the few steps between them until she had pressed her own fully naked body to his. Marcus immediately wrapped his arms around her and bent down to kiss her. Wendy wasn't shy about returning the affection, and in moments they were writhing against each other and kissing like two long lost lovers.

Marcus hadn't been with a woman in several months. His life as an agent and his partner's professionalism kept him away from many good chances to enjoy the pleasures of the flesh. Now he was wrapped around a nubile young woman who had been reshaped to be an ideal sexual plaything and Marcus simply lost all restraint. He reached down to Wendy's thighs and cupped them, somehow knowing that Wendy would be just as swift to recognize that he wanted to carry her. She did, wrapping her legs around his waist as he held her up by her ample rear. Marcus quickly carried Wendy over to her bed and somehow managed to drop her onto the center of the bed while still keeping her wrapped around him.

Wendy squealed with delight, knowing that she was about to be used in just the way she had been dreaming about for almost as long as she could remember. Her pussy was quaking in anticipation of being filled with her Master's shaft, and her juices were running down her thighs. Wendy was ready to have her life as a slave consummated.

Marcus didn't make her wait, almost as soon as her flowing hair settled around her, he was pressing his shaft into her lower lips. Wendy mewed against his mouth as she felt her pussy opening to accept him into her depths and Marcus felt his cock descend into the heaven of her passage. Just as her outer curves had been molded to perfection, Wendy's womanhood had been crafted to be the ideal

receptacle of her Master's attention and Marcus was lost in the amazing sensation of being in such a wondrous place.

Both master and slave, victim and protector, lost to the energy flowing around them. Marcus forgot his duties, his career, everything except the sex charged young woman he was entangled with. Wendy had surrendered herself as well, her thoughts of duty or service simply washed away under the assault of her Master's thrusts and the pleasure each stroke sparked within her. Just like two animals in heat, they pumped away at each other, lost in the wonder and sensation of their joining.

Time simply lost all meaning, and both found stamina that would have shocked them before they had begun. Marcus came more times than he could count, and still the pure sexual energy coming from Wendy kept him from going soft. She was enjoying herself as well, rolling through a stream of minor orgasms, punctuated by a release of pure ecstasy every time she felt her Master's seed flow into her depths. For both of them, this was the perfect moment, strung through countless hours and ended only by complete exhaustion.

If he could have spared the energy, he would have laughed himself silly at the end. Even exhausted from hours of fucking, he was still hard and if he had the energy to move, he would have kept ravishing Wendy. Now, though, all that was left was for his equally worn partner to suck on him as he tried to recover. Never before had he ever had a marathon session like that, and he marveled that even for the wonderful tightness of Wendy's passage, he hadn't actually given himself a rug burned cock from the constant fucking. Marcus would have been shocked if Wendy wasn't in fine condition as well, her juices just seemed to be a perfect lubricant, and idly he realized that was likely another modification to her.

Wendy was as expert in sucking as she was every other art of love making, and it wasn't long before Marcus found his seed flowing again. Wendy sucked on him till every drop had been pulled, and he finally began to get soft. She licked her lips and smiled as she pulled herself along Marcus's side till she was resting beside him. She pressed her perfect orbs into his side and smiled.

"Did Master enjoy his slave?" She asked sweetly, leaving no doubt that she had enjoyed herself as she snuggled into his side.

Marcus let his hands roam casually over her soft skin as he considered his reply. "Of course, you were perfect."

"Thank you, Master!" Wendy giggled at the compliment. She couldn't remember a time when she had even enjoyed herself this much, or felt this satisfied. The thought that this was just the beginning filled Wendy with joy for her future.

Marcus merely smiled, his final burst of energy exhausted. As he drifted off to sleep with a sexy little mink cuddled up against him, he could understand the lengths men could go for such pleasure. When he woke up, he'd have to begin working to free Wendy again, but for now he just let himself savor the afterglow with his well used slave and let his dreams fill with might have beens.

Continued in part 3...

Who Wants To Rule The World Part 3

Chapter 1

Sarah stayed curled up in a little ball in a recessed portion of the harem, trying to avoid the depravity around her. She had anxiously awaited Jenny's return, but Jenny's behavior had scared Sarah as soon as Holli had closed the harem doors again. Jenny was still in her pixie slave trance, and had put the moves on her friend. Only after Sarah shirked away did Jenny stop, and in mere moments she spotted a group of women entwined in passionate endeavors and ran off to join them. Sarah sobbed as she watched her friend give into every depravity two women could share. Finally, she'd seen enough and Sarah turned away and hid herself off to the side of the room to avoid further notice as best she could.

"Hello, there, are you okay? Well, okay for being here anyway." Piped up a slight but clearly concerned voice. Sarah turned from her own thoughts and looked up at another naked young woman, thankfully lacking the obvious distortions of a pixie. This girl looked every bit natural, though certainly lovely, with a shapely figure, firm breasts and a darling face all draped with her long brown hair. Sarah had gotten somewhat used to the nudity surrounding her, but that didn't stop her from recognizing beauty either. The best part was the look of concern and not lust in the girl's eyes. Obviously she wasn't another of the man's sex toys who just wanted to fuck.

"I guess." Sarah replied, still curled up.

"I'm Molly, do you mind if I sit here?" Molly asked and patiently hovered over a cushion.

"No." Sarah replied simply. She realized then how rude she was being, especially to someone who hadn't come over and felt her up. "I'm Sarah."

"Nice to meet you, Sarah." Molly smiled and sat down. "I understand the first day jitters, I had them too. I lost a girlfriend to that damn pixie maker too and I just wanted to tell you I'm sorry."

"Jenny's gone, then, isn't she?" Sarah felt herself start to tear up. Jenny had been such a good friend and to be able to do nothing but watch as she was transformed was wreaking a terrible vengeance on Sarah. "Mostly, I know Amber still knows who she is, and everything, but she's totally a pixie now. Jenny will fade in and out depending on how aroused she gets. Eventually she'll stop caring about anything but being a pixie. I wish I didn't have to tell you that, but it's easier to hear than it is to watch it." Molly answered. She'd shown up here under much the same circumstances as Sarah, having been captured with a friend. Molly had been forced to watch her friend fade away and become an unrestrained pixie slave. Molly had done everything she could think of to slow down the process, but in the end Amber had simply given in to the pleasure.

"How could you stand to see that?" Sarah asked. She'd been wracked by grief since Jenny had first been changed, and she couldn't see herself feeling better any time soon.

"I broke down and cried for days. Then Master took me to his room and fixed me, well he made me okay with the new Amber anyway. I still haven't decided if I should be mad at him about that or not. He'll probably do that to you too, if he thinks he has too. Just keep that in mind." Molly explained. She could still summon up the anguish she'd felt at watching Amber fade, but it was hollow now. Molly wasn't happy about what had been done to either her or Amber, but she didn't feel ripped apart about it either.

"How long have you been here?" Sarah asked, suddenly curious about her new friend. Somehow, she knew that Molly was just that, and in this moment of need Sarah couldn't have asked for anything more than someone to help bare the pain.

"About three months. It's amazing how you get used to being here, waiting to get fucked by some sicko and avoid the constant lesbian orgy. Still, you're the first real person I've talked to except for Holli, and she's even more twisted than Master is." Molly said. She did find it hard to believe how used to being some man's sex toy she'd become. Of course she knew part of that was because of

Master tweaking her thoughts to not mind her enslavement. It didn't make her like it, though Molly was slowly coming to grips with the fact that certain parts of her stay had been most enjoyable.

"I don't think I'll ever get used to this place. Or this Master guy." Sarah grimaced just thinking of the fact that some guy had made her his sex slave. She fought back the sudden surge of need from between her legs and the memories of pure pleasure from her first day here.

"Well, he'll make sure of it eventually, either you get used to it or he kind of forces it on you. I'm sure you know that already. It could be worse though, at least he's not into bondage or torture or anything, just a little humiliation. It sucks, but at least it's pleasure." Molly replied. There wasn't much doubt about that. In her first few days she'd been concerned that Master would be into such things, and was relieved to no end to find that he almost exclusively enjoyed basic pleasure inducing sex. That didn't cut down on the negative aspects of being a sex slave, but at least it wasn't another horror.

Sarah finally started to relax a bit with Molly. Strange as this place was, it was good to have someone relatively normal to talk to. Even though she was still stark naked and could hear the din of a lesbian orgy nearby, Sarah started to feel almost normal again.

The two girls continued to chat for a while. Molly told of how she'd ended up as another of Master's prisoners, which was much like Sarah's recollection. Before that Molly had been a college student as well, though not with any real direction in her studies. Still, that didn't leave her any more willing than Sarah to be turned into someone's toy.

"Hello, Molly, I see you've made a new friend." Holli chirped as she walked up to the two girls. She was naked as usual, but carrying a shimmering white garment in her arm.

"Bitch!" Molly grunted as she rolled onto her hands and knees and promptly started to lick Holli's toes. She tried to fight against the waves of pleasure that rolled through her with every lick, but she had barely started tongue Holli's big toe when Molly snaked a hand between her legs to start stroking herself. Since her first day, Molly had an instant dislike for Holli, strong enough that she had many outbursts in front of Master. In the end, he had decided to deal with it

by making Molly worship Holli's feet whenever Holli was near, unless she told Molly to stop. Every lick Molly made would bring her nearly to orgasm, and she would linger on that edge as she worshiped, until Holli gave her permission to cum, something Holli rarely did.

Holli smiled at the naked girl at her feet, then turned her attention to Sarah. "Molly has always been temperamental, but Master was kind enough to show her who the true mistress of this harem is. Now, Sarah, he wishes for your company, please put these on and I will take you to him."

Sarah gingerly accepted the garments from Holli and stood up solemnly. She knew she didn't have a real choice, but she didn't want to do this either. She opened up the garments to see what she had, and whimpered. Sarah held out a sheer white chemise that she could easily see through and a frilly pair of crotchless white panties. "I can't wear this! It's indecent!"

"Of course, sweetie, it's just wrapping for your sexy little body to show it off. Now hurry up, Master doesn't like to be kept waiting." Holli ordered, savoring Molly's degradation and Sarah's obvious dismay. Sarah was not only being dressed up in revealing clothes, but she knew she was about to be used again and Holli loved watching her squirm.

Sarah weighed her option for only a few moments. If she resisted, it wouldn't be for long and she'd lose another part of herself, her modesty. Not that it was helping her much right now, she didn't want to think about having more of her mind messed with. On top of everything else, she could feel her pussy stirring in anticipation of getting a real cock soon, further sapping Sarah's will to resist. In the end she surrendered, pulling the top over her head and slipping on the panties. Sarah frowned at how lewdly her breasts tented out the smooth chemise all the way from the tips of her already hard nipples. She had to admit that the fabric felt wonderfully enticing as it flowed over her skin, and if not for the current circumstances she might even have enjoyed it. Sarah didn't like the fact that the top was essentially transparent though, or that her puffed pussy lips were sticking out lewdly from the hole in the panties she was now wearing.

"Oh, you look just darling, Master will love it. Come on now." Holli turned back towards the harem room door. She pushed away Molly's

face with her feet, the long established way of telling Molly to stop licking. Molly looked up with a scowl, still fuming about being made to service Holli in such a degrading way. Holli loved it, but Master had sent her on a mission, and that took precedence over her own indulgence.

Sarah sulked as she strolled along after Holli, dreading what was about to happen and how she knew she'd react. She was already sopping with heat between her legs in anticipation, and that just reinforced for her just how wicked her situation truly was. Not only that, but she had never paraded around in anything this revealing, especially in front of a man. Even though she'd already been stark naked and thoroughly ravished by him, Sarah was still thoroughly embarrassed about showing off her nearly naked body like this. The jiggling of her unrestrained breasts against the fabric just reinforced how indecently dressed she felt, a final indignity against everything else.

Holli knew all of this as she walked just ahead of Master's new pet. Sarah was just the kind of woman that Master always enjoyed, shy, reserved and hiding a radiant beauty. These kinds of girls all had the same flavor, and reacted in much the same way to Master's indulgences. With Sarah, however, Holli would get one additional pleasure before throwing the girl into Master's waiting arms. As they walked up to the doors of Master's room, she pulled around behind Sarah and reached up between her legs, enjoying the silky smoothness of Sarah's inner thighs.

"Hey!" Sarah objected as Holli cupped her quivering mound. Sarah squirmed as she felt fingers parting her nether lips and playing with her clit. Then Sarah mewed as Holli's fingers sank into her pussy and pulled the walking dildo from Sarah's folds with one smooth motion. The feeling of movement inside her pussy sent shivers of pleasure through Sarah, and moments later a profound emptiness between her legs filled Sarah with renewed longings.

"You can't very well see Master with your pussy plugged," Holli remarked as she licked Sarah's toy with a long run up the side. "You taste wonderful, we'll have to play sometime and I can show you how much fun two girls can have."

Sarah was too shocked to respond, totally overwhelmed by the whole notion that she was being used and she could barely find any will power to resist. She already felt the urges being to overwhelm her again and she expected that it wouldn't be long before she would be begging for his touch and for him to ravish her flesh.

Holli saw the look of reluctance and arousal competing on Sarah's face and quickly embraced the girl in an almost tender way. "Don't worry, you'll do fine and Master will love you, you're just his type. Play along and you'll have the ride of your life, believe me."

Sarah fought back a whimper. She didn't want Holli to see so much of her inner turmoil. The Master's assistant was the last person she wanted to see her weakness. There would be time for that later with Molly. Her new friend was just what she needed now. Whatever happened here, no matter far she let herself fall, she knew that Molly would understand and comfort her until she could find a way out of this place.

"Alright, honey, time to go, you've kept Master waiting long enough." Holli pulled open the door to his room and quickly shoved Sarah inside.

Sarah felt the rush of airflow over her as Holli closed the door. Instantly, Sarah felt her vulnerability again, and moved to cover herself with her hand and arm. No sooner had she done so than she heard him howl with laughter.

"Hello, Sarah, feeling a little self conscious today?" He smiled as he surveyed her shivering form. He could tell from just looking at her that she was bouncing between passion, fear and humiliation. This was perfect for him, he loved his girls like this.

"Why are you doing this to me?" Sarah whined, regretting it almost instantly. She just felt so utterly overwhelmed that she didn't know what to do. This wasn't what she should have wanted, yet she could feel the growing need from between her legs taking its toll on her will. She couldn't fight that feeling, and even though she like the idea of being turned into a toy for someone else's pleasure, but she the ecstasy he could give her made it hard to resist.

"Oh, Sarah, please, come here." Master bowed his head and looked genuinely concerned. He was too, in a way. He certainly didn't want Sarah to be upset, not this way at least. He was used to it

though, as most girls took a few sessions to work past the core of their old moralities.

Sarah stood still for a moment, weighing her options. She knew he still held the ultimate trump card, the ability to change her thoughts at his whim. So, she moved to him, though she still kept strategically covering herself.

"You don't have to cover yourself like that, Sarah. You have a lovely body and you should allow others to enjoy it." Master prodded. He didn't prefer to be very direct with his own girls. If Sarah resisted enough, he could force her, but he knew that the punishment he could offer was good enough to convince most girls easily, at least at this point in their use.

Sarah let his words sink in, knowing exactly what he wanted. She again ran over the potential punishments he could offer, wondering if it wouldn't almost be better to have her fears and embarrassment washed away. Then she remembered what Holli had said about the girls that he no longer had interest in, and Sarah didn't want to speed along the process of being sold into even more remote slavery.

Master smiled as Sarah's arms crept to her sides, slowly uncovering her charms. She blushed deeply as he took in the sight of her nearly naked form, nicely displayed through the sheer material. He motioned for her to come to his side. She hesitated for a moment, but then walked up beside where he was sitting on a bed of pillows.

This was the moment that Sarah realized he was completely naked, as she found her place beside him. She couldn't keep her pussy from clenching in need as she saw his erect member standing out. Sarah knew just how good it would be to have its thick length fully inside her and the part of her that had forgotten her modesty was already looking forward to being fucked again.

Master smiled as he saw Sarah's face contort with lust and trepidation as she stared between his legs. No doubt her unrestrained views on being fucked were conflicting with the rest of her mores that were still in place. He enjoyed the conflict, but he also had a beautiful and nearly naked young woman standing at his side, and he wanted very much to give her a far more personal experience.

Sarah squealed in surprise as he wrapped his hands around her waist and pulled her down beside him. He seated her at his side and reached up to cup her rounded breasts through her top. Sarah failed to fight down moans of pleasure as he gently fondled her. Her arousal had been unleashed from the moment Holli had unplugged her and now Sarah couldn't suppress her body's reaction to the tender attention she was receiving.

"You should be proud of your body, Sarah. There isn't a man alive that wouldn't want to enjoy your beauty." Master whispered into her ear as he continued playing with her soft mounds. He enjoyed the feeling of real breasts far more than the perfectly molded orbs on his pixies and Sarah's were perfect, still firm and perky with youth. He could spend all day enjoying them, and he was in no hurry today.

Sarah just sat there and endured, trying not to let him think she was enjoying his massage as much as she truly was. Most of the boys she'd been with had appreciated her breasts, but getting her in the sack was their true interest. Master was different, she noted as he took his time caressing her twin orbs. He was slow, patient, and seemed to savor her pert pair. Before today, Sarah wouldn't have believed she could be brought to orgasm just from having her breasts played with, but he was teaching her a lesson today. His fingers seemed to know just how to squeeze and rub and press her tender flesh, and occasionally she would gasp as he tweaked or rubbed one of her hardened little nipples.

"Do you like this?" He whispered again as he continued. He'd already noticed Sarah had ceased to shrink from his touch and was actually pressing her chest into his hands openly and wiggling into his fingers. Fucking a girl to orgasm was easy, especially in the state Sarah was in, but breasts were a far more challenging avenue, and Master enjoyed the challenge.

"Mmm hmm" Sarah hummed, not wanting to put her true feelings into words. Somehow, expressing how much she was enjoying his touch in words would violate her honor more than any other way. She'd never been stimulated this way before, and her breasts were simply sparkling with energy with his every caress.

Master could feel his new pet quivering on the verge of release and continued molding her flesh with his hands. With just one

orgasm like this, Sarah would be putty in his hands for the rest of the day, regardless of her previous misgivings. With any luck she might even become enthusiastic over their coupling, but Master wasn't expecting that from Sarah quite yet. A few more sessions with her and she might become that pliable. Still, he was more than willing to enjoy her just as she was now and let her progress as she would.

By now Sarah no longer repressed any of the moans boiling up through her throat. She was in heaven, and for the moment, everything else around her fell away. Even the empty need from between her legs was dwarfed by the fires being lit on her chest.

Then he took both of her quaking orbs in his hands and squeezed them firmly. Sarah cried out as she felt her body explode in a mass of pleasure all coming from her chest. She fell back onto him as a wave of raw energy crashed through her wiping all remaining thought from her mind.

Master held her comfortably against himself as Sarah enjoyed the feeling he had stirred within her. He enjoyed playing with tigers, and enjoyed taming them just as much. He was already slipping his hand between her legs and parting them so he could explore her mound. He smiled when Sarah opened herself for him with no more than a casual touch at the top of her mound. She would be tame for his pleasures tonight, he thought as he slipped his fingers between her damp folds.

Sarah mewed at his explorations, still too awash in pleasure to object to his indecent advancing. In fact, she found herself enjoying his touch between her lower lips. He had just primed her body for sex, and Sarah didn't want to stop now. Her pussy was aching to be filled and her body was still rippling with the pleasure his touch had stirred. Sarah knew her inhibitions dropped once she was aroused, and she was burning with heat now.

"Did you enjoy that, Sarah? Are you ready to serve me?" Master asked as his fingers ruffled the engorged petals between her legs.

His question brought Sarah a little bit of clarity back to her against the backdrop of passion. Still, while she now remembered how she came to be in this man's arms, she couldn't deny the pleasures she'd just enjoyed or the needs she now had. Even if she was not under the cloud of soul robbing punishment, Sarah wouldn't

have been able to stop herself from doing just what he wanted her to. She turned to look up at him shyly while she sent a hand between his legs to take hold of the hard shaft resting there.

"I liked it, sir," Sarah whispered meekly as she wrapped her fingers around him, "And you can do whatever you want to me."

Master looked down into her sheepishly lustful eyes, and broke out laughing. The sight of such lust and shyness combined was more than he could fight. Sarah looked up at him in surprise at his rather unexpected roars of laughter, but he didn't give her long to consider it. He fell back into the pillows and picked Sarah up by the waist and deposited her on his stomach with her legs straddling his sides. He took a moment to enjoy the sight of this lovely girl, lost to the ravages of lust resting for a moment atop him, her breasts still proudly tenting out the sheer fabric of her top. He didn't regret choosing her for a moment.

He looked up into her eyes and smiled. She nodded warmly in response and lifted her hips and moved to ride him just as Jenny had done only days before. Sarah wasn't thinking of that now, rather her entire attention was on the man beneath her, and the wonderful cock that was about to satisfy the horrible emptiness in her pussy. Master watched Sarah position herself with merrily, looking forward to a very enjoyable afternoon with his latest toy.

Chapter 2

"Master?" Wendy asked draping herself seductively against Marcus's side and looking up at him with her best-lost puppy pout.

"Yes?" Marcus prompted as he tried to walk with her clinging to him.

"Do I really have to wear these clothes, Master? They're so itchy and I know I look much better without them!" Wendy whimpered. She was dressed in a simple silk dress, the smoothest, most comfortable fabric that could be found. It showed off Wendy's form nicely as well, hanging from her spherical breasts and slinking against her legs. Marcus had tried to get her into more conservative clothes, but she came as close to outright refusal as a slave could get. In the end he didn't have the strength to force it on her, and instead made her wear

this dress. Wendy wasn't pleased exactly, but after looking in the mirror, she ceased her more severe resistance. Marcus figured that this was part of her slave training, not to dress decently. It would cut down on the chance that she could easily escape if she somehow regained the will to do so. Aside from that, she did have a stunning body, and if it wasn't for the other agents, Marcus would have been content to let her exhibitionist streak rule her.

"I told you, that is not appropriate when we're out like this. If you don't want to wear the dress you can go back to your room." Marcus replied calmly. He hadn't even wanted to take her out of her room given her behavior, but after a few hours by herself, Wendy had started crying to see him. Finally, it was decided that she could tag along with him so long as she behaved, and part of that was wearing clothes.

"Okay, Master." Wendy smiled, snuggling into him even more fiercely. She only wanted to be naked because she knew he would enjoy her sexy body all the more that way. Wendy knew girls didn't normally go around in the nude, but she didn't mind, anything she could do to please her master was acceptable to her.

Marcus just shook his head in frustration, not knowing what to do with his new sex slave. That was something he never thought he'd have to deal with. Through all the cases he'd dealt with, he'd wistfully thought about the good side of having a sex slave. That was all fantasy, however, and even though Wendy certainly fit the mold in terms of performance in bed, Marcus had never considered the ramifications of having a clinging, adoring girl latched onto his side while trying to do his work.

"You haven't had her surgically attached have you?" Mel quizzed as she saw her partner's predicament. She wanted to break out laughing, but she'd already done enough of that in the last day watching the pair going all over the Bureau together.

"Of course not. She just likes my company." Marcus tried to put a good spin on having his new companion latched to him at the hip.

Wendy suddenly pulled away from him and stepped in front of Marcus, thrusting out both her chest and her hand to Mel. "Hi! I'm Wendy Braumer, and I am Master's new slave girl."

Mel looked at the perky girl in front of her with an odd wonderment. She'd seen mind control work before, yet she couldn't recall ever seeing something this outwardly entrenched. Mel had to fight off the notion that this girl truly wanted this existence. Wendy was that convincing. "Yeah, I know, we met earlier. I'm Mel, Marcus's partner."

"I guess, but that was before. I've only really been alive for two days, since Master claimed me." Wendy chimed back, smiling fully as she shook Mel's hand.

Marcus rolled his eyes again. This wasn't anything new to him, Wendy had been going on like that since he'd freed her tongue. After he'd recovered from their first coupling, Marcus had done what he could to free Wendy from her programming. He gave her back her name, and gave her free rein over her actions. Still, Wendy had been fully conditioned to be a sex slave, and even when given the choice, she would submit joyously to Marcus. He learned that she remembered everything about her old life, but she didn't care, nothing mattered except for Marcus.

"So, how is she?" Mel asked her partner. She didn't want to be rude, but something about Wendy just sent shivers up her spine. Mel knew what it was, the fact that a girl could be so completely subverted, and that notion scared her. Mel carried a deep hatred for mind controllers from all the damage they'd done, but Wendy was a sick work of art compared to the rest, a testament to the depths of evil in the world.

"We have a couple more sessions with the telepaths later today. They think they're making progress, but I haven't really noticed. Otherwise, we've about pumped Wendy out of all the information she knows." Marcus replied.

"Yeah, and I knew a lot of good stuff, didn't I, Master?" Wendy beamed. She didn't understand it, but her master had almost been happier when she told them of all the details of her trainer's facilities than he'd been after she'd pleased him. Wendy didn't worry herself about it. Anything that made him happy was good to her.

"You certainly did." Marcus patted Wendy on the head like she had been a good puppy then looked up to Mel. "We don't have a precise location yet, but we got positive ID's on several of the people

there, though not the man in charge. Unfortunately, all of them were other slaves, but it confirms our earlier data on who's been taken in. There was one woman who was flagged though."

"Holli Chapel. She was kidnapped about six years ago. She wandered back into a town in western Nebraska about a year later, seemingly none the worse for wear. Since then she's distanced herself from her family and taken a personal assistant job for an unknown employer somewhere in northern Kansas. She shows up in the local towns to pick up supplies, do deliveries and such every few days." Mel rattled off. She'd watched the interview as well and had already done the legwork. It wasn't common practice to keep track of recovered kidnap victims, but Holli's case had been tracked since no one had ever been caught for the crime, and the fact that Holli herself discouraged the investigation. The local law enforcement had figured Holli had just eloped or something, but her case had wound up at the Bureau and though they didn't find anything they were not so quick to close a case.

"Holli was nice, and very pretty, but I have better boobies." Wendy piped up, somehow hoping to contribute as she thrust her chest out to show off her own globes.

Marcus shook his head and tried to ignore her. "And that area corresponds to the Nanotech supplies and equipment we traced was shipped to that we couldn't find in use. And the two agents that disappeared in the Nebraska area a few weeks ago. An awful lot of coincidences."

Mel nodded. "That's what we thought. We've got agents moving into the area to try and track down Holli and see if she leads us back to anything. An assault team is being readied right now to go in as soon as we have a something. We've been asked to go with them. They need a pair of experts on the equipment to make sure nothing is damaged so we have a chance at helping the victims."

"I'll get myself ready to go. How long before a staging area is ready?" Marcus asked.

"We'll have a place west of Lincoln set up in less than six hours. They'll need us there as soon as we can get there." Mel replied. It would take them about three hours to travel there, so they still had a

bit of time to get their stuff. Operations like this weren't uncommon, and both partners were well prepared to go with such little notice.

"Alright, I'll see you on the runway in two hours." Marcus said, head on his way. He didn't have too much time to assemble his gear, and he had to deal with his new tag along.

"Where are we going, Master?" Wendy chirped as she swayed behind him, doing her best to keep up with his determined pace while still appearing graceful.

"You can't come with me, Wendy. It's not safe for you. I'll leave you with Agent Poe. You'll do everything he tells you to do, alright?" Marcus instructed. He only hoped she wouldn't object too much.

"Yes, Master, but I really don't want to stay behind. Who's going to fuck you if I'm not around?" Wendy whimpered, hoping to convince him that he really did want to take her along.

"I'll be fine, I just don't want to put you in danger. We'll have plenty of time for sex when I get back." Marcus answered. He laughed at himself for the kind of promises he had to make. In truth, this was the one thing about having Wendy around that he did enjoy, the fact that she would never turn down his advances. It did take away the thrill of conquest, but she did make up for it with raw determination.

"Okay, Master, I can't wait then!" Wendy squealed, already looking forward to getting to fuck her master again. "Do you have time for a quickie before you go, Master? I'd really like to send you off in style."

"I wish I did, but I barely have enough time to get my equipment ready as it is. I'll make it up to you, later." Marcus replied. The notion was tempting, and if he pushed it, he could make the time. Still, he had far more important things to worry about right now than the extremely tempting little vixen swaying behind him.

"Alright, Master." Wendy finished her attempts. For now she simply accepted that her master didn't want her attentions until he returned from his trip. Wendy wished she would have the chance to please him one more time, but she was learning when to cut her invitations short. Her master would use her when he wished, and was fully aware of her willingness and desire to please him at his whim.

Marcus noted as Wendy ceased her appeals, and realized that she was learning to accept his style of domination. She had obviously been programmed for someone far more intent on using her constantly, but she was adapting to his preferences quickly. Marcus figured that within a few more days, she would settle into being his faithful slave so well that he might not even find her role distracting, aside from the sex of course. He wasn't sure whether the idea of getting used to having a sex slave was good or bad.

Now there were far more important concerns. He had to prepare himself for his next test, unsure of what he was going to be walking into within the next few days. His standard field lab would already be on the plane along with most of his gear. Only his personal kit would need to be put together and there wasn't too much to worry about there. This wasn't a vacation, clothes and basic hygenics where all he needed in addition to the case background information. There was no doubt this organization was dangerous, Marcus only hoped they weren't ready for the Bureau.

Chapter 3

Holli walked into Master's chambers without knocking, not that it would have been heard over Molly's cries of pleasure. Being his personal assistant did give her some privileges, including the discretion to interrupt him when something important was happening. Holli was hardly surprised to see Molly stark naked and hard at work pumping her pussy on Master's hard shaft while he lay beneath her, obviously enjoying her performance. Nor was she shocked to find Sarah equally naked with her mouth, sucking on Master's balls and shaft as well as Molly's pussy. Master certainly did enjoy having multiple slaves attending to him, and these two had obviously been busy judging by the sheen of sweat on them and the thick musk of feminine arousal in the air.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, Master." Holli chirped from the side of his bed, enjoying the sight of his cock at work in Molly's pussy. The next best thing to being fucked by him was knowing that his cock was being properly pleased by another slave even if it wasn't her. She wasn't even jealous of the other slaves, one of Master's gifts,

but Holli was envious, and she wanted more chances to pleasure him herself. Still, she knew he enjoyed the attention of new slaves better than her, and that made up some for her own need to pleasure him, since she was the mistress of the harem and she had some part in preparing slaves that he would enjoy

Molly instantly quieted her unrestrained moans of passion to mere whimpers so that Holli and Master could converse. She didn't shift her pace any though, being sure to give Master the fucking he desired. For a fleeting moment Molly realized just what she had done and why, recognizing just how much a plaything she'd become. That thought drifted away in mere moments, however, as she focused on the wonderful shaft she was pumping herself on.

"Yes, what do you need, Holli?" Larange asked, his attention still focused mostly on the lovely girl humping his shaft and the equally beautiful girl busy sucking and licking his balls. Sarah had come far for being a new slave, but today he hadn't been in the mood for playing with her. She'd initially resisted his commands to pleasure his sack while he fucked Molly, and now she had a new need to do just that. Master smiled at the thought, Sarah was certainly much better with her tongue when she wanted to be licking him.

"Our sentries have reported a number of government agents inquiring about me in the surrounding towns. The agents have not said why, but they have been tracked, and it appears that a staging area for an assault team is being prepared." Holli reported. The notion that anyone could have tied her back to Master concerned Holli. That she could be the one to bring danger to him made her nearly nauseous, but for now she had to serve him. Hopefully she could make up for her failings.

"I see. This is not unexpected. Have you finished making the preparations we discussed?" Master asked. After he'd taken the two agents who had been sneaking around his compound a few weeks before he'd been expecting their controlling agency to come. He was surprised that it was Holli that proved to be the draw, but that was of no concern now. After initially converting the two agents he probed them for their secrets and beyond the volume of general data about the organization, he was able to develop a defensive strategy for his facility.

"Yes, Master, everything has been done as you ordered. Should I prepare for your relocation?" Holli asked. Once the Bureau 's forces found his compound it would no longer be safe. This was something he'd known for some time, and had long since constructed other compounds to retreat to, all maintained by other slaves.

"Yes, but I won't be leaving until I've had a chance to greet our guests. Do send the Harem off as soon as you leave. Prepare a space for these two on my personal transport, they'll leave with us." Master ordered. He'd miss his harem for a few days, but Sarah and Molly would keep him entertained, he had no doubt. He looked forward to doling out his next move with the Bureau. Since the moment he'd learned of it, he knew he'd have to deal with them, show them just how much of a threat he was. It was a gamble, they might not be willing to back down, but he had plans for that as well.

"Of course Master, are there any other instructions you have for me?" Holli asked. She'd have plenty to do just looking over the relocation, but this was a crucial time and she could not allow anything important to be overlooked. The defenses were in order, now all that was left was plotting the escape.

"No, Holli. Just keep me informed of any developments and any visitors to our compound no matter how expected. Now, attend to your duties." Master dismissed his assistant. He had no doubt that Holli would get things organized in ideal fashion. She'd shined in that role since he loosened up on his control of her several years ago. Sometimes he'd idly wonder about just what she'd been in her old life, but it didn't really interest him that much.

"Of course, Master, enjoy yourself." Holli chimed and then trotted out of the room. She smiled as she heard Molly's cries of passion fill the air again as she closed the door on Master's chambers. Holli didn't doubt that her Master was going to have a pleasurable afternoon.

Chapter 4

Marcus shot back to consciousness as he felt a needle pull out of his neck. The operation had not gone well, the team had no more then entered the top level of the compound than they had been

ambushed. Marcus did his best to cover for the team, but the robot like defenders didn't flinch. It was only moments before he noticed that the team was being taken down with some kind of tranquilizers. No sooner had he ordered a retreat, then he felt something pinch his leg and he drifted off.

"Hello, Mr. Shon, or should I say Felix Horner. It is amazing the lengths your Bureau will go to hide its agents. I must admit that I am impressed, but I have certain persuasive capabilities that allow me to sift through such deceptions. I hope you don't mind your accommodations." Master smiled as he looked at his catch from across his desk. His ambush had worked perfectly, the entire team had been captured and as he'd hoped Marcus had been part of the team.

"I'm honored, why the interest in me, Larange?" Marcus asked. Just like any of the other agents his past had been cleaned to prevent him from being tied back to anyone or anything in the regular world. Given what he knew about this man none of that would matter, he had the capabilities to pull whatever information he needed from others.

"I see you do your research well, but that's why I expected you to be part of this team. I'm interested in you only because I know you can appreciate the quality of my work. You see I need a messenger, and I know you can understand the message." Larange replied. He wasn't surprised by Marcus's knowledge of his identity. It had only been by luck that he'd been able to disappear as well as he had, and Larange knew a determined search would likely turn him up. Of course, he expected it and knew that he would have to meet with anyone who would go to the trouble.

"I'm not a messenger." Marcus replied curtly. He looked to his sides and noticed a seductively clad woman to each side pointing a gun at him. This certainly wasn't a social call, that much he knew, and he was not the man in control of the situation.

"I'm sure you would prefer this fate to the one I have chosen for the other members of your team." Larange replied, waving his hand towards a large monitor on the wall beside him.

Marcus gasped as he saw it come to life. The scene was panning across an open room filled with pillowed beds, ferns, and the Bureau

assault team. Each one of them was naked and in the midst of a very involved orgy. The camera zoomed in for a moment on one group and Marcus quickly saw that the females of the team had received the same treatment as Wendy had, and the men had been modified in an equivalent fashion. The thing that truly scared him though, was the blank look in their faces as they fucked each other. Marcus couldn't suppress the notion that they'd all been mind wiped and were now nothing more than toys for this demented man.

"You bastard!" Marcus screamed and tried to lunge at Larange. He was stopped by someone holding onto his shoulders and the two women stepped clearly into his vision to remind him of his position.

"Where's Mel?" Marcus demanded as he sat back down. He hadn't noticed her on the screen and only hoped that she hadn't become another fuck toy. He was incensed about the fate of the team, but Mel was his partner and that was a bond that would demand revenge before any other.

"No need to worry, she was not part of that conversion. I only converted the rest of your team because I couldn't very well have them harass me again. You would have joined them if I didn't need a message delivered. Of course, I understand the bonds that partners share, and I would have neglected my purpose if I'd done anything severe to dear Mel." Larange replied. He had enjoyed watching the agents as they were converted, realizing what they were being turned into. He wished he could have joined in the fun more personally, but he didn't have much time to finish his business and leave. Doubtlessly another assault was being planned and he didn't have any need to be present for that.

Larange bent over his intercom and pressed a button. "Holli, would you please show Miss Fisher in?"

The door behind Larange's desk opened a moment later and Holli led Mel out into the room. Marcus looked on in shock as he saw his partner walk in. Mel was dressed in a lacy white teddy and nothing else. Not only that, but she was standing so that her well-rounded breasts were thrust out while she blushed furiously. Marcus couldn't remember a time when Mel had ever been embarrassed, and he'd walked in on her in more than one compromising position.

Finally Marcus could swear that the crotch was wet and her nipples were erect beneath the teddy's cups.

"What did you do to her?" Marcus asked as he regained his focus.

Larange simply smiled for a moment and let the question hang in the air.

Mel shivered as she stood there, trying to make sense of the new feelings coursing through her. She had woken up naked, confused and oddly calm. Mel knew the mission had failed and she'd been hit with a tranquilizer and for a moment feared the worst. She hadn't been able to keep focused on that, however, in fact she found it hard to think at all, like she was fighting some kind of fog in her head. Even so, Mel couldn't summon any concern about it. Soon she found herself simply staring up at the ceiling, content in thoughtlessness. Some time later Holli came to her and told her to put on the teddy. Mel did so without complaint, though internally she tried to figure out why she was doing so and why she liked putting it on so much. Holli told Mel that she was going to be taken to see Marcus and Mel suddenly felt herself flutter. She wasn't sure where that came from, but quickly followed Holli to see her partner.

Now she was standing nearly naked in front of him, presenting herself like some kind of lamb to the slaughter. Mel knew this wasn't like her at all, but the most she could summon was a deep blush as she presented herself.

"Marcus, I think they did something to me." Mel chirped meekly. She'd never felt so small before. Mel had always tried to control her situation, but now she could feel it controlling her. She was engulfed by a powerless feeling, that her fate wasn't her own. It disturbed her that she found the feeling so wonderfully natural that she had to fight hard not to just give into it. The urge to bare herself in front of these men surged through her as well and she had to catch herself more than once to keep from pulling down the shoulder straps of her teddy. It was so unreal, Mel thought, that she both wanted to show off her body and knew that she shouldn't want to at the same time. Below that maelstrom was another brewing desire that she noticed every time she looked at her partner, and she couldn't deny the strength of that passion either as she felt her pussy quiver.

"Are you feeling a bit uncomfortable, dear?" Larange asked as he eyed Mel again fiddling with the straps of her teddy. He enjoyed seeing her like this, and considered the possibilities for future conversions. "I don't think anyone would mind if you made yourself more comfortable."

"You fucked with my head didn't you, sir?" Mel whimpered as she finally grabbed onto the straps and pulled down. It felt so good as she pulled the garment down with a long smooth motion slowly uncovering herself. First she noticed her breasts pop free of the confining cups and smiled happily as she thrust them out in front of her proudly.

"Oh yes, that feels much better!" Mel cried out as she jiggled her chest a little, for the moment not caring just how out of character her actions were. Having her breasts jiggling freely in the open air was just so wonderfully natural that she couldn't help herself. With that wonderful feeling of freedom driving her, Mel pulled down the rest of her teddy, and peeled its crotch away from hers, and gasped as she looked between her legs to see that she was completely hairless between her legs. She thought about it for a moment as she stepped out of the teddy, and couldn't think of a reason why it wasn't better to be hairless down there. Mel knew that wasn't right, but she couldn't summon up any good reason to support that feeling, especially in the light of how nice her naked pussy looked without any hair. Her thoughts quickly drifted to other more important things to do with her newly hairless pussy and Mel's attention fell on her partner sitting before her. She'd flirted with the idea of coupling with him before, but now the notion was wrapped in need and somehow she knew only Marcus could fill it.

"Better?" Larange asked as he looked at Mel's smiling face and the rest of her lovely form. She certainly had a nice body and those years of agency training had left her nicely toned. He wished for a moment that he could indulge, but this prize wasn't for him. She had other responsibilities.

"Much, thank you, sir." Mel chimed. In her reply she found focus again. "This isn't right, sir, I shouldn't like being naked so much or want Marcus like this. Why did you do this to me?"

Larange was enjoying the game, and doing his best to play Marcus as best he could. "I need you as an example, my dear. You were infected with my latest work, a viral nanobot. It behaves much like any virulent infectious disease except that its effects are related to your personality rather than your general health. Don't worry, I've deactivated and cleaned the infection from your system so you aren't contagious."

Mel shivered as she heard his explanation. She knew it was all true given her current behavior, and even knowing she was under his control, she couldn't find the will to fight these feelings. Now that she was naked, her focus was quickly turning from her own predicament to her partner and the more interesting parts of his anatomy rather than how she ended up in this situation.

"What do you want?" Marcus demanded, still struggling with his own fury to keep from trying to rip this man apart. He had little doubt the women guarding him would shoot him dead if he tried it though. The thought that Mel had been messed with like this simply infuriated him, though, and for a moment he considered it might be worth the risk if he could actually manage to kill Larange.

"This is simply a demonstration that I wish your Bureau to see. I have readied agents of my own to distribute the viral agent into major population centers around the world if I should suddenly disappear or order them to do so. Insurance, I would say, against what you attempted to do to me yesterday. I want nothing more than to be left alone, I am willing to keep a low profile and to release my pets when I am finished enjoying them. All I require is that the Bureau leaves me to my indulgences. I will give your people a week to consider my proposal and to weigh the consequences." Larange explained. He'd planned for this day almost since he started. He knew someone would come for him eventually, and he only hoped that he was holding a trump card that even the most foolhardy wouldn't risk letting him play. He really didn't want to rule the world, it was far too much trouble simply maintaining a small harem. Everything he'd done aside from enjoying his toys was to acquire the resources necessary to head off his potential adversaries, and he was more than pleased that they seemed to have given him enough time to put all his pieces in place.

Marcus mulled Larange's words as he thought about his partner. She was obviously in the midst of Larange's influence, naked, clearly aroused and devoutly attentive to Marcus. He'd seen a look similar to that in Wendy in her time with him, the only difference was that Mel still held on with a small sparkle in her eye and a confident if alluring pose. He had no idea what the Bureau chiefs would say about this, but if this madman could do what he did to Mel across the globe, there didn't seem to be much choice.

Mel had tried to pay attention to the words being exchanged around her, but she'd lost the fight to more important drives. As the two men talked, she couldn't help but walk slowly closer to Marcus, and she swore she could smell him in the air somehow. Mel's mind was in turmoil, still trying to regain control, but these needs she felt were all so overwhelming that it was a struggle simply for her to recognize that she shouldn't want this much less actually do anything. As she heard Larange finish his explanation Mel was kneeling in front of Marcus and reaching for his belt.

Marcus jumped back in his seat as he felt Mel between his legs. He reached down and grabbed her by the arms and forced her to look up. "Mel, get a hold of yourself, you can fight this!"

Mel shuddered in ecstasy at his touch, astonished that anything could feel this good. It took a moment for his words to sink in and though she knew why he said such things, she couldn't find it in herself to fight this. She looked into his eyes and pleaded with her partner. "Please, Marcus, I need to taste you so bad, I know how wrong it is, but I just have to have your cock in my mouth. Please, Marcus, let me, I know you'll enjoy it."

Marcus pulled away from her in shock at her words. Mel had always been the tough one, and to see her reduced to this scared him. He certainly didn't want to let her give in like this, but he didn't know what he could do.

"Please, Marcus, enjoy her. I can imagine you've had your eye on her for some time. Her needs will only grow more intense the longer they go unfulfilled. Eventually she will burn out with pent up desire, and I'm sure you wouldn't want to see that happen to your sweet little partner, would you?" Larange laughed as he watched Marcus fend off Mel's incessant assault on his crotch. If nothing else, Larange

was pleased to get this much of a show. He knew that Mel would adjust to her new needs in a few days, and he diligently made sure that her original personality was left intact and functional except when her new desires would take over. He hoped that the Bureau would take her as the warning, he meant her to be, and do the right thing, if not he'd have the responsibility for caring for the whole world and not just a small harem.

"Please, Marcus? Don't you care about me, partner? All I need is to suck on your cock, can't you do that for me after all we've been through?" Mel begged. She was blushing furiously the whole time as she tried to open up his jeans and free his cock. She could already see that he was hard by the outline in his crotch and Mel could barely contain her anxiety to wrap her lips around it as quickly as possible.

Marcus surrendered, not knowing what else to do. It took Mel only a moment to tear open his pants and extract his manhood. She stared at it dreamily for a moment as she caressed it with her fingers, then bent in and engulfed it in one gulp. Marcus groaned, amazed that Mel seemed as adept at oral sex as Wendy had been before realizing where that knowledge must have come from.

Mel was in heaven as she savored the taste and feel of Marcus's cock inside her mouth. She'd never really given oral sex before, but from noises Marcus was making she had little doubt that she was doing it right. Mel was happy about that and turned her full focus to giving her partner the best blowjob she could.

Larange watched the two agents and considered just how convincing an example Mel would be. Once she regained her composure, she'd probably express the danger herself and that alone should prove his case. Larange already had a helicopter waiting to take them back to their base and his own escape was ready as well. It wouldn't be long and he'd have his answer, he only hoped that the Bureau made the right choice.

Chapter 5

"Oh god, Marcus, that was so good!" Mel cooed as she felt her partner's shaft softening inside her. She pulled his hands back up to

her naked breasts as she sat on his lap. "You know I'm going to have to tease you for taking advantage of me like this, don't you?"

"You're the one who can't stop! Are you sure you're alright?" Marcus asked, doing his best not to enjoy his partner's attention too much as the chopper they were on flew towards the Bureau's staging area. This was one of Larange's helicopters, but it didn't matter, there wasn't anyone left at the staging area that could do anything to stop it from going back to his base. Mel was his current concern, she was simply insatiable right at the moment, and he worried about just how deeply Larange had affected her.

"Aside from not being able to stop acting like a nymphomaniac? Other than that I'm fine, and with your nice hard cock inside me, I'm great." Mel giggled another bizarre sound to come from her. She couldn't help herself, which surprised Mel as much as anything else. It was like her impulse control was gone, and even Marcus's attempts to stop her didn't do anything to slow down her advances. Mel knew her mind had been toyed with, that she wasn't really herself, but none of that helped her regain enough control to do anything other than try to get Marcus hard again so they could keep playing.

"What are we going to do? That maniac wants to fuck up the whole planet just like he did to you and I don't see how we can stop him." Marcus lamented as he felt Mel's pussy rippling on him, getting his shaft hard again.

"I don't know, Marcus, I really can't keep my attention on anything except your sexy bod." Mel replied as she started to hump herself on his hardening cock. She was worried about Larange's plans as well, but she couldn't keep her focus on it. Not enough to help Marcus anyway. The only thing she could help him with was another orgasm.

"Please Mel, can you be quiet, I need to think." Marcus asked, caressing his partner's cheek as he did so.

"Sure, so long as you don't make me stop humping you." Mel giggled again. She quieted herself down after that and worked on pumping herself on her partner with long, slow strokes so he could think.

If having Wendy following around and calling him master was strange, having Mel behaving like a complete slut was scary. He

didn't know what to do, and every attempt he'd made to slow her down just reduced her to begging until he gave in. If this was what Larange's virus could do to the world, there wouldn't be much of civilization left after it was done. He didn't like the idea of letting a madman like that run free, but letting him destroy the world wasn't very appealing either. He was glad he didn't have to make the final decision, and as soon as he gave his report, he'd turn his focus back to helping Mel and Wendy. Marcus simply hoped things would work out, he didn't know how just yet, but he couldn't believe that everything around him could fall apart.

Chapter 6

"Hello, um, Ladies and Gentlemen." Mel stammered as she gripped the podium. She closed her eyes for a moment to focus again, or rather to get her focus off of thoughts of her partner. She breathed in and out with several labored breaths, and felt the silky fabric of her dress run over her sensitive breasts as her chest heaved. Mel knew everyone in the room could see her hardened little nipples through the soft fabric. In fact, she was happy about it, both because it showed off how cute her nipples were and just how thoroughly her mind had been fucked with.

It hadn't even been a week since she'd been captured and infected with the Bimbo Virus as it was being affectionately called around the Bureau. Mel had barely been able to think straight her first few days, except in a few moments of wonderful clarity after her partner Marcus had thoroughly fucked her. Every cell of her body was focused on sex, and all of that energy was focused on Marcus. Mel knew just how screwed up she was, just how wrong she was behaving, but she couldn't control herself. If she was around Marcus, all she could do was paw and plead until she could pleasure him, and if she was away from him all she could think of was how to seduce him next.

The Bureau's telepaths worked with Mel after she and Marcus had spent a couple of days in quarantine. No one was willing to trust the word of a madman that Mel wasn't contagious. Mel remembered the days fondly, or at least the new part of her that was a completely

unashamed slut did. She'd spent the entire time fucking Marcus in full view of the staff on the other side of the isolation chamber. The dual thrill of pleasuring Marcus and showing off her sexy body could still send ripples of heat through her. The telepaths had helped her gain some ability to suppress her new desires, not completely, but enough for her to do some work, and enough for this very important presentation.

All of the heads of the Bureau were in the room, along with several representatives of other top-level government agencies from around the world. The threat that Larange represented was one that everyone would have to deal with, and as such, all responsible parties had been gathered for a conference on the matter. They had already been presented with information regarding the threat Larange represented. Mel's job was simple, to further detail the events of the virus and demonstrate its effectiveness. It hadn't been easy for Mel to pull herself together for the presentation. With only days to prepare, she didn't have very much information to present, aside from her affliction, and the fact that she was barely in control of herself. Even her dress had proven to be a problem, just like Wendy, Mel was terribly uncomfortable in anything except the most sheer and light fabrics. The long silky dress Mel was wearing now was something more akin to sleeping wear than anything else, but it was the most Mel could tolerate putting on. The truth was it didn't really matter, the very fact that she couldn't wear anything more modest was part of the presentation.

The crowd was quiet now. Mel didn't know just how long she'd been standing there regaining her focus, but she knew she had to do her job before she succumbed again. "Sorry about that, I'm here because I'm the only person who's been exposed to the Larange Nano Virus, or the Bimbo Virus as our sexually repressed lab staff call it. Of course it is a fair description, given its effects."

Mel turned on a screen showing a picture of her from the Bureau's archives. She was modestly dressed and looked every bit the professional agent. "I am one of the Bureau's investigative agents, and was recently put on the trail of a slave ring operating in North America. During the course of our investigation, we tracked the source of this ring to Patrick Larange, and I was captured during

a raid on one of his facilities. My partner Marcus," Mel suddenly stopped and started doing her breathing exercises again. Just the fleeting thought of him had her reeling in lust. She felt her entire body flush and she wanted nothing more than to feel him ravaging her willing flesh right that instant. It wasn't easy, but Mel refocused on her current task. Marcus had fucked her furiously right before her presentation and had promised her a good fucking afterwards.

"Sorry about that, I got kind of distracted." Mel smiled weakly. She could see the look of concern on the faces of the people watching her. They'd all read the reports, but seeing a nearly naked woman who had an established agent record nearly collapse with lust right before them was jarring. Mel only hoped it would spur on a decisive decision.

"My partner and I were captured as were the rest of our team. My partner and I were allowed to return, after I was infected, to deliver Larange's ultimatum. He kept the rest of our team as slaves, transforming their minds and bodies much as he did with Wendy Braumer. We don't know their fate beyond that."

"The virus is very effective, if my demeanor hasn't made that point clear. In fact, I'm barely keeping myself together right now and this is the hardest part of my presentation. As far as we can discern, all the effects of the Larange Virus are mental, aside from an increased sensitivity to the sense of touch. The mental effects are significant. I am in a nearly constant state of arousal, and it is only with the help of the Bureau's trained telepath staff have I been able to keep myself coherent this long. I am constantly horny, and I dearly want to tear this dress off so that my body can breath properly. My sexual attention is fully locked on my partner, though we believe that the virus was modified slightly in my case to create this effect rather than have my affections turn to any available sex partner. I could go on, but I think you all get the idea. Are there any questions?" Mel huffed, trying to retain control after rambling over her current state. Just thinking about her condition made her horny, and as she waited for questions she couldn't help but reach up and squeeze on one of her breasts and pinch a nipple. It was horribly immodest, but she found it somewhat calming, as an act of masturbatory foreplay to the main event that Marcus would be beginning shortly.

Her sudden display of inappropriate behavior seemed to silence the crowd. They all just looked up rather stunned as Mel openly fondled herself. It wasn't until Mel realized what she was doing and jerked her hand away that anyone stood to ask her a question. She blushed in embarrassment, but felt herself quiver with renewed lust as well. Mel was well aware that humiliation now made her even more aroused than before, and it made it very hard for her not to do even more embarrassing things. Even so she knew she was standing there with her nipples poking out of her dress as her chest heaved with each deep breath she took.

"Do you believe Larange will carry through with his threat?"
Director Carol McConnel from MI-5, British intelligence.

"I didn't really have a chance to interact with him, but given his general behavior, I believe he will try to carry out his threat if his demands are not met. Knowing just how completely he can control people, his agents likely don't even know their mission until they have to execute it." Mel replied. This was the toughest question of the whole operation. Was Larange really a threat, and could he be stopped. Even more importantly, would he keep his promise not to release the virus if he was left alone? No one could answer that question. He would almost certainly release it if he could, but would he not try to take over the world if simply left to his own devices?

The chief presenter walked up and grabbed Mel by the shoulders, and the startled agent let out a moan at the unexpected contact. Even if her primary focus was her partner, she was still a woman, and with her heightened sensitivity, close proximity to any man was enough to spark a reaction. At least she knew this ordeal was over, she was happy to have done it, but now Mel was drawn to her reward.

"Thanks, Mel, Marcus has been waiting for you outside." The presenting agent informed her. She bowed slightly to the crowd and excused herself, only half trying not to race out of the room and into her partner's arms.

"Hey there, you did great!" Marcus congratulated Mel as she raced towards him. No sooner had he gotten the words out than she had wrapped herself around him. Anything else he wanted to say

was smothered by her lips as she ground her entire body against him.

"Hurry," Mel huffed, pulling herself away just long enough to say it. Marcus took the hint and pulled away before bolting towards their quarters. Mel raced after him, knowing this was both a game and necessary, if he hadn't broke away, she would have fucked him right out in the open. Mel didn't really care, but she knew it would get Marcus in trouble, and she didn't want that to happen.

"Hi Master!" Wendy squealed as Marcus ran into the room, with Mel right behind him. Wendy giggled and bounced gleefully over to her master and started to undress him quickly. She did her best to rub her naked flesh against his as she did so, but her duty was most pressing, she had to get him ready to give Mel a good fucking, then she would have her turn. As she pulled down his shorts she took a brief moment to wrap her delicate little fingers around his shaft. Wendy cooed, relishing the hardness she held in her hand and wishing she didn't have to wait to service it more fully.

While Wendy was stripping her master, Mel was doing her own job on her dress. She was so horny she tried to just rip herself out of the sheer garment the moment she had the door closed behind her. It didn't work out so easily though, and she found herself struggling a bit to get herself out of the torn up rags of her dress. Finally, Mel looked down at the remains of her clothes on the ground around her feet and stretched out, enjoying the wonderful feeling of being naked. It was amazingly refreshing, no more constraining cloth hugging her chest and the tickle of cool air against her womanhood. Her revelry at being naked again melted away as she looked up at Marcus and his little slave girl. Mel was still a bit unnerved by the girl, even if they were both in much the same place now. Still, the sight of Marcus's hard cock standing up from between his legs quickly gained her full attention. She could feel her inner fires glowing brighter with just a glance, and now all she wanted to do was feel it inside her.

Marcus shuddered as Wendy expertly fondled him, yet another example of her perfect programming as a sex toy. He still couldn't help but wince a bit at that thought. Certainly, he loved the sensual pleasure of having a sex slave, but he knew deep down that Wendy

couldn't have wanted this life for herself. It was the same for Mel, she didn't want to be driven by lust. At least with Mel she was still herself aside from her uncontrollable urges.

Mel looked up at his partner and his cock twitched in appreciation of the ravishing woman before him. Her body was well toned and well rounded. Marcus couldn't even count the number of times he'd had lewd thoughts about his partner. Until her infection, he'd never acted on them. Now, though, he hardly had a choice, Mel was almost physically dependent on his attentions, and Marcus had to admit that he didn't really mind all that much.

"Oh, God you look so nice and hard!" Mel giggled as she took in the sight of her naked and very much-aroused partner. She'd never been greatly attracted to Marcus, he was pretty average after all. Now, though, she couldn't get enough of him, every bulge and line on his body just sent quakes to the core of her being. She knew it was all part of her reprogramming, but it still felt so real, so absolute that she couldn't even consider fighting it. Instead, Mel found herself uncontrollably horny and willing to do anything to fill the empty space between her legs.

Marcus simply nodded as Mel threw her naked form against his. He held her close as she ground her body into his, pressing her breasts into his chest. Without another word Mel reached up and grabbed his head and guided her lips to his. She couldn't believe just how wonderful it was just to kiss him, to have his lips pressed against hers. Mel needed more though, her body crying out for fulfillment.

They fell onto the bed a moment later, each having propelled the other. The couple tumbled for a moment before coming to a rest. Mel smiled as she found herself on her back and wantonly spread her legs for the man resting atop her. Marcus didn't need any more encouragement and each of them moaned in ecstasy as he drove his shaft into Mel's ready folds. Mel cooed as she felt her lower lips part and let the invader in again, letting it claim her most intimate flesh and prove once more that she was now owned. Mel hadn't told Marcus that yet, she didn't know if he'd understand, but she was every bit as much his willing slave as Wendy was, and right now she was absorbed by her need to serve. She could hardly have been

happier than she was right at the moment, submitting to Marcus and filled with his cock.

"Aww, Mel, you are such a whore! Now hurry up so I can play with Master! My pussy hasn't gotten to play with him all day!" Wendy pouted as she shamelessly pumped a dildo into her pussy and watched her Master and Mel begin their latest fucking. Since Mel and Marcus's return Wendy had felt somewhat deprived, though she rarely spoke of it. Before she'd had Marcus all to herself, but now she had to share, and like any woman, she hated to share. It didn't help any that Mel was more aggressive about her needs than Wendy could be. Mel asked, pressed, pleaded, while Wendy couldn't be as forceful, her slave submissiveness keeping her desire to mimic Mel at bay.

"You heard her! Fuck me Marcus, hammer that wonderful cock of yours into me!" Mel cried out as she squirmed against the hardness inside her depths. She couldn't get over just how wonderful it felt with Marcus inside her. Certainly, she'd enjoyed sex and all its wonders for most of her adult life, but nothing has come close to the feelings stirred within her since her change. Now she was savoring the cock inside her, focusing her whole being on caressing that wonderful organ within her pussy.

Marcus didn't have to be told twice and he started thrusting into his partners writhing flesh. In moments like this he could hardly believe his luck. Mel was a pure tiger in bed, and she knew just how to use her sexy little body to full effect. If he didn't know her better he would have thought she'd gotten some of Wendy's sex ed programming, but he'd known a couple of Mel's past lovers and with her now a simpering sex toy they weren't shy about sharing tales of her past behavior.

Wendy moaned in time with her master's thrusts. She couldn't take her eyes off of his cock as she watched it pump in and out of Mel's pussy. Wendy was thrusting her dildo with his rhythm as well, though it wasn't even close to the same feeling as being under her master's muscular body, but for now it was all she could do. It was practice too, matching her lover's rhythm and studying his actions to clue her in to how close to cumming he was. Wendy had never been much for classrooms before, but she was a very devoted student

when it came to learning about her Master and how best to please him.

Mel thrashed beneath Marcus, bucking her hips up to meet his thrusts. Her legs were wrapped around his thighs, Her breasts squished against his chest and her lips mashed against his. Every fuck was like this, amazing beyond any experience Mel could remember, including the last time Marcus had his flesh pressed into her. This was heaven, she mused between passion swept breaths, nothing had ever been this good, and she knew every time was better than the last. How she got here didn't matter, only the fact that she was being so wonderfully, perfectly fucked by the hottest man she had ever known.

The couple continued like this for some time. Marcus had gotten plenty of practice in the art of sex during the last few weeks. Wendy had been an excellent teacher, and now Mel was reinforcing all he had learned. His stamina was substantial now, but he had to be careful not to think too much about how he was fucking his partner or he'd lose control prematurely. Mel had been forbidden fruit for so long that just the thought of her change in status was enough to get Marcus off. When he had her bucking and moaning passionately beneath him, it took great control not to give in to his cock and just shoot off into her welcoming flesh.

Pleasure could not last forever though, and the passion of their embrace was also bringing both partners to their climax. Mel could sense the increased urgency in Marcus's thrusts, and he could hear her pants getting shorter and harsher as she climbed closer to her peak. Each of them tried to hold back, working to savor every passion filled moment locked together like this. They couldn't hold it forever though, Mel's warm, tight depths only grew tighter as she ascended, just as Marcus's shaft only grew harder at her intimate grip. The cycle drew them ever closer until the final moment. They cried out as one when Marcus rammed himself fully into Mel's depths and began to fill her with his seed. The sudden full penetration and warm spurts within her sent Mel over the edge and she descended into her own glorious orgasm. Her body milked his shaft as she quaked with pleasure. Nothing could be better than this, she thought as she felt her insides filling with manly warmth. Mel

pressed her lips to his again and they shared a long passionate kiss as they finished their latest wondrous coupling.

"That was wonderful." Marcus smiled as he rubbed the side of Mel's face. They were still locked together, sharing this moment of gentle intimacy while they could. It was the one problem Marcus faced with having his own harem, there was always another horny woman wanting his attention.

"My turn! My turn!" Wendy giggled and started bouncing a bit on the bed. She'd gotten a small orgasm off of watching her master enjoy Mel, but now Wendy wanted her own fucking. She gave the pair a few minutes to savor their coupling, but now it was her turn to pleasure their master.

"I guess we can't keep her waiting." Marcus smiled and rolled off of Mel.

"I know you just want some slave girl action you pig!" Mel giggled. As soon as he rolled onto his back, she got up and bent down over his soft cock. Mel licked her lips looking at the pussy slickened shaft hanging limply before her. She'd acquired quite a taste for cock since her change, especially one dripping in pussy juice. "Well, let's get you all tuned up so you can be a good pervert."

Marcus groaned as Mel wrapped her mouth around his cock and started sucking. He was glad she could still laugh about her new position, though occasionally her comments did spawn a bit of guilt in him. Marcus knew he didn't have much choice. Wendy had been forced on him due to the investigation and Mel was his because of Larange's plans. If he stopped it would only hurt the two women more, since they were almost physically dependent on his attentions. Still, he knew that this wasn't right, that he shouldn't have two women as programmed sex slaves, not that he didn't enjoy it. Rather, he wished they were free from the control but since they weren't Marcus wasn't about to make them suffer for his own morals.

It didn't take long for Mel to bring Marcus back to life. She was quite the adept cocksucker, and she loved teasing him back to full hardness with her mouth. While Mel was busy getting his cock ready, Marcus was enjoying the flesh of his other slave girl.

"Oh, Master!" Wendy cried as Marcus fondled one of her slave tits. He still couldn't believe just how soft Wendy's impossibly round

globes were. They didn't sag or even bounce really, but they were perfectly soft and pliant to the touch. He could roll them in his hands for hours, savoring Wendy's silky smooth skin and tender nipples. Of course Wendy loved every second of his attention, her body had been made for her master's pleasure, and his every caress sent shock waves of ecstasy through her.

"What position would you like today, Wendy?" Marcus asked as he brought another joyous moan of pleasure from Wendy's lips with a squeeze of her breast.

"Hmmm." Wendy thought for a moment, working to keep her mind on her choice and not on Marcus's wonderfully powerful hands as they roamed her flesh. Still, it took only a few moments for her to decide. "Doggy! I feel like a bitch in heat today!"

"Doggy it is then." Marcus smiled. He still found it hard to believe a woman could act like such a sex-crazed creature. He knew why it was this way, but that didn't suppress his bewilderment. Now he had a job to do, or rather a sex slave to enjoy, and he was quite up to the job now. Mel sensed he was ready and pulled back so he could get up.

"Okay, Wendy, get in position like a good puppy." Marcus instructed. He watched as the naked woman got onto her hands and knees in front of him. She spread out her legs and shifted her hips, presenting her shaved and dripping pussy for her Master. Wendy loved being like this, and she swooned at the notion that her master was ogling her flesh right now and could see just how wet and horny she was.

"Okay, Mel, why don't you do the honors." Marcus instructed again. He positioned himself behind Wendy and let his hard cock just dangle between them.

"What a pig!" Mel barked as she crawled up to Marcus's crotch. She reached up and cupped Wendy's pussy and started stroking the girl's clit. Mel smiled as she felt the slave girl's pussy gush with fresh arousal as Wendy's squirmed against the probing hand. Wendy was just a wonderful slut, Mel mused, somewhat envious of the girls factory made pussy, perfectly built for pleasuring her Master. Mel let her fingers explore that perfect passage for a moment, letting Wendy

practice gripping her fingers as Mel parted the girl's smooth outer lips and sank them into her depths.

"Oh, Mel!" Wendy cooed. She just loved it when Mel played with her like this. Being a woman, Mel knew just how to caress Wendy for the most pleasure. They didn't get to play that often though, since master was the true center of their affections. Now was no different, Wendy enjoyed the feeling of Mel's delicate fingers toying with her sensitive folds, but they both knew Wendy was simply being prepared for her greater duty.

"So you like fucking helpless little women, don't you Marcus?" Mel growled softly as she stroked Marcus's shaft fondly. Her saliva still left him slick and so she had no trouble running her fingers over him, keeping him hard and allowing her to savor every ripple on his cock from its base to its cute little head.

Marcus nearly groaned from her treatment and waited for her to continue. If he hadn't already come once he'd have probably shot off just from Mel's expert handling. Still, he had more to enjoy, and he kept his control as Mel guided him towards his target. He watched as Mel pulled him down and started to rub his shaft against Wendy's shining lips, gently parting the fleshy folds with his tip.

"I bet you want to sink all the way into her don't you? Oh, you're twitching now, you pervert, having your big hard cock parting a sweet innocent woman's pussy lips. Just look at her, she's just a helpless slut, spreading for her master, and it's your big hard shaft that's splitting her open." Mel teased as she guided Marcus to Wendy's entrance. She loved doing this, every part of it, from picking on Marcus to watching the excruciatingly sexy sight of Wendy's feminine lips parting for his shaft.

Wendy was merrily cooing as she felt her Master's cock parting her outer lips and finding its way to her entrance. Mel liked her games, but Wendy loved fucking, and did everything she could not to simply push back and impale herself on his shaft before he was ready.

Marcus felt Mel guide him into Wendy's gateway. She stroked his shaft twice more and pulled her hand away. It was time to watch and Marcus didn't make her wait. He pushed forward and all three moaned as he impaled Wendy with one long thrust. Marcus savored

the warm, soft depths of his pleasure slave as she rippled her passage around him. As he did, Mel pulled up behind him and pressed her naked flesh against his back. Marcus was in heaven, sandwiched between two wonderfully sexy women. Nothing except the pure passion swirling around him even passed his mind as he took his first stroke inside Wendy's welcoming passage. For now the only thing that mattered to Marcus was enjoying himself to the fullest.

Continued in Part 4...

Who Wants To Rule The World Part 4

Chapter 1

Sarah hummed gently as she sucked diligently at a man's cock. She was kneeling between his legs with her mouth wrapped lovingly around the organ. She caressed it with her tongue and sucked on it gently, working not to bring him to his release, but to allow him to savor her ministrations. Of course, that let her enjoy the taste and texture of him fully as well. She never knew the musky taste of a man's cock could be so good or just how much fun it could be running her tongue and lips over its veined hardness. She also loved playing gently with his sack as she sucked on his manhood. Sarah found herself in the throes of passion just casually pleasuring a man. Her free hand was far more vigorously stroking her pussy and clit through her crotchless teddy outfit. Holli had removed Sarah's dildo before she was sent in to entertain Master's guest, and she could feel the emptiness tearing away at her soul.

Sarah was still gripped by the unreality of her new life. She was a sex slave, and had been for some time. She knew that her love for sucking cock was a new change Master had placed in her so she could entertain guests. She hated that, she hated that she actually enjoyed putting on the frilly white crotchless teddy she now wore. Sarah couldn't help it though, it made her look so sexy and she loved to look sexy now. She'd even made Holli get her a different teddy after the first one didn't show off her nipples enough. This one was sheer enough that Sarah could clearly see her nipples through the material, and Sarah swooned at the sight, unable to suppress her joy at how hard she was going to make the men who saw her. She'd even shaved her pussy, so she would be even sexier. Even as she did all this, Sarah knew just how wrong her behavior was, but it all

felt perfectly natural to her at the same time. Her identity was being washed away, and though she savored the new pleasures being unleashed Sarah ached for control over herself again and escape from this new existence.

"These women of yours are a marvel, Sir." Trevor Phillips smiled as he petted Sarah's bobbing blond head. He'd rarely had a woman as enthusiastic about giving him oral sex, and certainly none who could drag out the pleasure like Sarah was. "So what can I do for you?"

Trevor hadn't planned on being called to meet with Larange like this. He'd heard about the recent raid, and that Larange had managed to get the upper hand. Larange had been forced to abandon one of his bases, but he was still fully in control of his situation. Trevor was just a small time criminal in comparison and he wasn't about to turn down a request from the most powerful man he knew.

"You are likely aware of my recent relocation." Larange began as he petted Molly's brown locks. She was busy mimicking Sarah, and enjoying it just as much. He stifled a groan as Molly gave him an especially pleasing caress in response. She had definitely gotten over her dislike for oral sex, Larange smiled as his pet continued her diligent service.

Trevor nodded his awareness and Larange continued. "I am currently working to spread out my resources. I do have room at my new facility, but there is no need to keep all my eggs in one basket. I'm offering you three of my pixies to do with as you please until I need to call on them. If I don't call on them you can keep them as long as you like and I promise to leave you with one of your choice once this whole affair is complete."

"Ah, and what do I have to do in exchange for this wonderful gift?" Trevor asked. No one ever gave anything away for free, not when they could get something out of it. Trevor didn't especially need women, or rather he could get as many whores as he wanted, willing and luscious but not loyal. That was something he could appreciate about Larange's pets, they literally couldn't disobey. Still, Trevor knew their first loyalty would be to Larange. Trevor's safety at that point would rely on his allegiance to Larange. The reality was

Trevor knew he couldn't back out now anyway, too much had already happened. Larange would just turn Trevor into a mindless stud for one of his female associates if Trevor crossed him now.

"Aside from keeping my fine stock in good condition?" Larange chuckled. "The Bureau likely suspects you are aware of my operation. I want you to convey to them my determination if ever they talk to you. I have offered them my terms, and I want them to accept them."

"I don't understand you really, do you think you can keep them at bay forever?" Trevor asked. He'd had his contacts get him as much information on the showdown as he could. Trevor still wasn't sure of Larange's motives. The man had power most would dream of, and all he wanted was a cottage in the country with a rotating assortment of naked coed slave girls waiting on him.

"If they believe the threat, I actually think they'll protect me, to keep my vengeance from accidentally transforming all of civilization into a massive orgy until everything falls apart." Larange smiled.

"But why not just release it, take over. You would rule the world!" Trevor replied. He'd dreamed of this kind of power all his life. Now all he had was a rather large smuggling operation. Certainly, he had power, and many people feared and respected him, but there were limits and those limits always annoyed Trevor. Now here was a man in front of him that had no limits. If Larange wanted to, he would be undisputed ruler of the world in days, and he was fighting not to take the reins. Trevor envied his associate's position again, and if he could he would have grabbed Larange's power for himself, but he very well knew the consequences for failure in that fight and even given the prize it was too high a risk.

"And have that responsibility on my shoulders. No, Trevor, I'm nothing more than a slothful pervert. I enjoy corrupting innocent young women like these two right here. If I take over the world, it will be the end of civilization, everything will fall to stagnation since every slave will dream only those dreams they have been allowed to dream. Mankind can achieve great things if left to itself, and I don't want to ruin that just for my own enjoyment. I don't want to give up my pleasures either, though, and it's a small price to pay for the future of humanity." Larange explained. It had been on his mind

since the moment he'd discovered the capabilities of his nanotechnology. He could rule the world, but he didn't want that, all he wanted was a carefree, pampered, and sex filled life.

"Sure, but you are such a short sighted man, it's too bad really. I can understand the appeal of a harem filled with women like this." Trevor smiled and patted Sarah's head again. She gave him a special suck in appreciation of his recognition. Sarah only wished they would stop talking so she could get something harder and longer than her fingers into her aching pussy. She shuddered just thinking about how wonderful the nice thick cock she was sucking on would feel plunging into her depths. Sarah could hardly wait. She started humming again around him to let him know just how much she loved what she was doing.

"Well, I can tell that little Molly here is ready for a little more intimate action and I am sure that Sarah is as well. Why don't we retire to the bedroom and negotiate the rest of our deal later?" Larange suggested, pulling Molly's head off of his cock and coaxing her to stand before him.

Molly gave one last fond lick of his shaft and stood up slowly, careful to give Master a full view of his property. She knew it was wrong, that she wasn't anyone's property, but the thought of being owned sent shudders of pure arousal through her body. She could feel her nipples get hard just at the thought, and she made sure to jiggle her ample breasts in front of Master so he could see. Her mind might know she wasn't property, but her body was fully convinced it was owned and it knew exactly who the owner was.

"Nice and horny today, aren't we Molly?" Master asked as he reached up and cupped her breasts and fondled them through her teddy. Molly moaned joyously, she couldn't get enough of his hands, especially when they were fondling her so intimately. She pressed her breasts into his hands and just let herself enjoy his touch.

"Master wouldn't have me any other way." Molly shot back, her voice torn between sarcasm and passionate joy. A part of her still resisted the changes and still fought to express herself, even if she was almost completely a nymphomaniac sex slave now. Part of Molly was still there, and she reveled in the fact that on a few occasions she could actually express herself again, before

descending into mindless ecstasy filled rutting. Of course, it was just words. She couldn't control her actions anymore, especially in Master's presence. Even as she sniped at him, she was pressing herself wantonly against him and savoring the sensation of his flesh against hers.

"No, my dear, I don't think I would." Larange smiled and pinched her nipple. Her slightly terse expression blossomed to unrestrained joy as she had a mini orgasm. He liked her spirit. Molly had always been one of his favorite girls, no matter how far she fell she always fought back. Larange wondered just how far he would have to push to actually break her spirit, but he was reluctant to find out. He enjoyed her struggle far more than he would another broken girl. After the immediate troubles were through, he planned on returning her to a more normal state just so he could play with her more fully again.

Larange wondered about Sarah though. She didn't seem to have Molly's inner strength, and he was afraid that the requirements of the next few days would break her will, turn her mind as well as her body into nothing more than a pleasure slave. Larange regretted that, he couldn't rebuild a woman after she was broken, she just wouldn't have that fire to resist her treatment that he savored. Sarah was so lovely and sweet that he hated to think that she could break and he would have little choice other than to turn her into yet another pixie slave.

Sarah, pulled herself away from Trevor's crotch reluctantly, she didn't want to let his wonderful cock out of her mouth. Sarah didn't want to show Trevor just how much of a whore she'd become either, but she couldn't help herself. As she stood before her current master she grabbed his hands and pulled them to her breasts. He smiled and gently squeezed them while Sarah moaned shamelessly. She couldn't believe this was really who she had become, but his hands felt so good, so strong. Sarah couldn't help but let him fondle her and play with her lust hardened nipples while she cried out in ecstasy.

"You are quite the slut aren't you?" Trevor teased as he pulled down the straps of her teddy and exposed her delicious creamy orbs. They were just perfect, Trevor smiled as he gazed upon them. He knew they were natural too, since this was one of Larange's

personal girls. Larange never did prefer to augment his own slaves much. In this instance, Trevor didn't mind. Sarah was just so perfect she didn't need any help to be absolutely stunning.

"Yes, Master!" Sarah squealed back instinctively. Another change, she knew, she just loved being called dirty names now. It made her even more aroused. Sarah also felt a wave of satisfaction at his recognition of her new condition. What good was being a slut if no one knew? As he freed her breasts from their confinement, she thrust them out, making sure he could appreciate them fully. They were round and soft, and her nipples were taught with arousal, the perfect toys for a man's lust. Sarah giggled as the man ran his hands over her seething flesh, sparking fire inside her.

"I bet you would just love to fuck me right now, wouldn't you whore?" Trevor prodded as he cupped Sarah's exposed and shaved mound. She was very smooth, and very slick with her own juices. Larange certainly knew how to treat a lady, Trevor laughed.

"Oh, yes, Master. Can we? Please?" Sarah moaned as she felt her womanhood being assaulted again. A small flash inside her said that she shouldn't let this happen to her, but she couldn't help but enjoy having a strong masculine hand cupping and fondling her pussy mound. Sarah thrust herself wantonly at his hand, seeking out even more pleasure as his thick fingers played with her nether lips. She writhed as he parted her intimate folds and probed at the gates of her passage.

"Incredible, Sir. I just can't believe these women of yours. Will you have time to let me try out your other filly today after I'm through with this one?" Trevor asked as he pulled Sarah to him and let her press her wanton flesh against his.

"What do you think, Molly? Are you going to let Sarah have this man all to herself?" Master asked while he rubbed his hands over Molly's silk covered stomach. He did so love dressing up his girls, he mused as he reached up and pulled her straps back over her shoulders.

"Oh, Master, you are such a pig!" Molly twisted around and pulled Larange's lips down to hers and gave him a deep passionate kiss. She seethed for just a moment before being lost in an intimate duel of tongues. She hated the thought of being passed around like some

cheap slut. But she was a cheap slut, just the thought of fucking Master's associate got her even hotter. Part of her new conditioning had been to channel her rage into lust, and Molly was quite nearly overwhelmed by fresh passion.

After a few wonderfully long moments, Molly pulled away and smiled up at Master again. "I can't let Sarah have all the fun, Master! You will let me pleasure him too, right? Though, you are my first priority, Master. You are the one who turned me into a cock hungry slave girl."

Molly pressed herself against him again and let her hands roll across his back. She didn't want him to think for a second that she didn't want to pleasure him first and foremost. Molly seethed a bit at her subservience again, and felt her pussy just quake in response. She was really horny now, and could hardly wait to actually get to the bedroom and satisfy some of her deep aches. The raw hardness pressed up against her belly was calling to her, and Molly wanted nothing more than to serve it like a good slut.

"I think the girls are ready. Let's retire to the bedroom and enjoy ourselves." Larange suggested as he grabbed Molly's writhing ass and lifted her off the floor. While he waited for Trevor to follow him, he carried Molly into the bedroom. She had locked her legs around his waist and gently nibbled on his neck as he moved her. He could feel the heat boiling inside her, and could hardly wait to indulge.

"Indeed." Trevor replied. He pulled away from Sarah and gave her a playful slap on her plump ass. "Hurry up, slut, I want to see you spread and ready for me on that bed."

"Yes, Master!" Sarah squealed and bounced into the bedroom. She just wished that he could watch her naked titties bounce as she ran, but she had his orders. She quickly plopped onto the bed and rolled onto her back. Sarah spread her legs wantonly as she watched him walk into the room. She could feel her pussy getting even wetter as she leered at the hard shaft waving between his legs. It felt like an eternity since the last time she'd had her wanton pussy filled and the cock approaching her looked perfect.

A pair of loud moans from the other bed briefly tore Sarah's attention away from her fate. She turned her head just in time to see Master's shaft sink fully into Molly's depths. Sarah winced at the

sight. It was both incredibly erotic, and horribly disturbing. They were just fuck toys now, Sarah shuddered even as she slipped a hand between her legs to keep her arousal at its peak. She knew she didn't want this fate, but as she looked up at the man climbing on top of her, Sarah was overwhelmed by the need to have his hard shaft spearing her.

"You are such a perfect slut." Trevor moaned as Sarah's delicate fingers wrapped around his shaft and helped guide him to her entrance. She cooed slightly as she parted her nether lips with the tip of his shaft, gently sliding him up and down to find her entrance. They both gasped as he slipped inside and then Sarah cried out as she felt herself being impaled by his cock.

She was in heaven again, being split open by a man. Sarah squirmed back against the invader and caressed the shaft inside her in just the way that Master always enjoyed. The squeals of joy from Molly told Sarah that much the same was happening on the other bed. Master's business was done for the day, now all that was left was for his sluts to do their work. Sarah lifted herself up and kissed Trevor wantonly as their hips ground together. All her doubt was gone, she was for now a slut, a sex toy and she was going to let him know it in every way possible.

Chapter 2

"You've got to be kidding me!" Marcus bellowed as he heard the director. After everything that had happened, he couldn't believe he would have to accept this as well.

"There's no choice, you know the facts as well as I do. If we risk calling his bluff the whole world will end up just like your little slave girls, and we can't risk that." The director replied. He wasn't any happier about the decision than Marcus.

"And how do we know he won't do something worse? Give him a little time and security and he might do worse than he's threatening now. We can't just let him be!" Marcus screamed. He couldn't accept that Larange could be let off the hook, even given the threat he represented.

“We can’t guarantee that and you know it. Still, we know he can turn the world population into mindless sex crazed idiots. Civilization would fall, and countless millions would die since the only concern of the survivors will be humping anyone they can find. He will be contained, on an island where he’s built a resort, and his victims won’t even know what happened to them after their year on his sanctuary. They will also be quite well paid for their service. I don’t like it, but if this satisfies that bastard than it will be a small price to pay.” The director explained. The arrangement hadn’t been easily arrived at. The Bureau had wanted every assurance it could get that Larange would not be able to threaten the world, but in the end he held the cards. He was willing to give them much of their desires, but in the end there was no doubt that he had gotten everything he wanted. The tropical island was paradise, and he’d already built it to meet his needs and desires for a life in exile. He would also take in servants, women and men that he would be able to play with for a year before returning their mind and body to them and allowing them to return to their old lives after their lucrative service was complete. Their wages would be in the hundreds of thousands dollars each, and they would remember the time spent as servants in his employ but not the perversions they would likely endure. Larange would not be allowed off the island, and the Bureau would maintain a military blockade around the island with the promise to sink any ship that sailed without permission. Boats were the only transportation allowed as well, to keep Larange properly caged, and long range surveillance with infrared and telescopes would assure that neither he nor his slaves didn’t leave the island.

“And what about Mel? Is she going to be left like this forever?” Marcus asked. He had to admit a part of him wanted her to. She was just a perfect sex slave in her current state. He did care about her, though, and no matter how much he enjoyed her, he wanted the old Mel back, or at least allow her to again choose her own fate. Marcus hoped something could be done for Wendy as well, though he didn’t have a connection to the real Wendy to draw up any deep sympathy for her, beyond that of anyone subjected to such a fate. The Wendy he knew had no complaints, in fact, she seemed totally devoted to her life at his feet, and it wasn’t always easy for Marcus to truly

absorb the thought that all this was just an imposed personality, not one of her choosing. It didn't help any that he wanted to believe she wanted to be his slave as much as she said she did. Still, he had to try to get them back to normal. There just wasn't any other choice he could live with.

"Larange mentioned that. He's willing to reverse the conditioning on Mel and any other of the girls we have that have undergone his treatments. It will have to be done on his island once he is established there." The director answered. This at least he was happy about. He had known Mel for much of her time in the Bureau and to see her reduced to her current state sent shivers down his spine. At times the director even wondered about Marcus's true motives. Just looking in Marcus' eyes told the director everything he needed to know. Marcus wanted the old Mel back, and that pleased the director more than he would have guessed.

"How long will that be?" Marcus asked. He was still fuming over Larange's fate, but at least Mel and Wendy would be helped. There wasn't much he could do, the Bureau had decided, and Marcus understood. They didn't have a choice. He didn't like it, but he couldn't offer an alternative that didn't jeopardize everyone. That didn't keep him from wanting to strangle Larange with his own hands, but in the end he didn't have a choice either.

"A month. I'm sure you'll make do. You'll be on leave until then, and we'll inform you of all the arrangements as soon as we have them made. Now please go, I have to finish making the arrangements to finish transferring his stuff. I want to finish this business as soon as I can." The director finished. He had plenty more unpleasant business to attend to this day and Marcus had taken up enough time. There wasn't anything more he could do, but that was enough for now.

"Okay, a month then." Marcus grumbled and walked out of the office. There wasn't anything more he could do here. Larange was being let off, and Marcus would have to accept that in time. He also knew he had two very naked and horny women to attend to. In some ways it was a chore, wonderful and sexual, but their needs were so intense that he didn't want them to suffer too long. Marcus could

hardly believe that he felt this way about it, that having two willing sex slaves wasn't a joy, but a responsibility.

"Oh, Marcus! You look so troubled, let me help." Mel cooed as Marcus stumbled into their suite. She was naked, as had become the custom of the two girls when in his quarters. Wendy gave him a cheerful wave as he walked in and came out to help Mel comfort him.

"Now just lay down on the bed here and tell us all about it." Mel guided him to the bed and began to give him a very skillful massage on his shoulders. As she did, Wendy moved to his feet and began her own massage there. As with their sexual skills, both women had the art of massage imprinted on their minds and Marcus appreciated every bit of their skill.

"Mmm." Marcus groaned as their delicate hands did their work. "Larange is going to be let off, they're giving him his own little island kingdom and a steady stream of victims to play with."

"I'm sorry, honey. I know how much you wanted him, but I'm sure it's better this way. We wouldn't want everyone to turn into little whores like me and Wendy, would we?" Mel replied.

"Yeah, then we'd have too much competition for your nice big cock, Master!" Wendy giggled. That was the only downside of such a thing to her, aside from her master's displeasure with it happening. Being a sex slave was a natural, wonderful life, but she didn't want to have to share her Master with any more women than she had to. Mel was enough competition for his attentions, and Wendy didn't want to expand the pool even further.

"Wendy, you just don't understand, people don't want to be sex slaves like you, and everything would fall apart if all we did was think about sex all the time. Just look at me! I used to be a top field agent here, and now I can't do anything except figure out how to get this big hunk's cock inside me again. If everybody did that, we wouldn't have food, or electricity or anything. So even if we have to let that evil man enjoy himself in a small way, it's better than losing our civilization." Mel explained as she continued her careful massage. She skillfully used her hands and body to help Marcus relax that and slowly bring him to a sexual boil that she could exploit.

"I guess, but I don't care so long as Master is happy. So do you want to fuck me now, Master?" Wendy giggled. She was always offering herself like that, no shame, no embarrassment. Wendy was a sex toy, and she didn't want him to forget that for a moment.

"Wendy!" Mel chastised her fellow slave with a giggle.

"It's all right, Mel. She's been a good girl today, she deserves it." Marcus laughed and rolled onto his back. Just one look at Wendy's alluring and eager form had him hard again. Marcus smiled as he watched Wendy's lip turn up in a wide, happy smile at the sight of his naked and hard cock. "Okay, Wendy, jump on."

Wendy squealed with joy and jumped onto the bed, straddling him with a swiftness that impressed even Mel. "Thank you, Master!" Wendy cooed as she wrapped her delicate little fingers around his shaft and guided it to her entrance. Marcus moaned a bit as Wendy rubbed the tip of his shaft along her dripping slit to lubricate him before she slipped the tip of his shaft into her boiling folds. Then, with a smooth, very tempered motion she sank onto her master's cock, splitting her perfectly tailored folds even as those folds began their working their magic, milking the shaft that was filling her.

Finally, Wendy giggled again and squirmed her very full pussy against him. Then she bent over and pulled his hands to her quaking breasts and moaned shamelessly as he kneaded her tender flesh.

"Oh, that feels so good!" Wendy cooed as Marcus played with her taught nipples. She always loved it when he did that, especially when she had her pussy stuffed full. This was certainly the best of both worlds.

"In a month you'll be going home, Wendy. Larange has agreed to change you back to normal, you and Mel both." Marcus stated idly as he squeezed her breasts longingly. He knew he'd miss her. In a way Wendy was a lot like a puppy. She was cute, energetic and eager to please. Marcus knew that he'd fallen for her, not really love exactly, but he cared for her deeply, almost in the same way anyone cares for their pet. Of course it wasn't exactly like that, since most people didn't spend hours locked in sexual embrace with the family pets.

"I am home, Master. I don't ever want to leave you." Wendy replied. Her words were forceful and certain. Marcus simply nodded. He knew she couldn't understand now, her very condition prevented

it. Still, in a month it would be over. He wondered if she would remember any of this, and he wondered if she could ever forgive him for it.

“Don’t worry, Master, just enjoy.” Wendy cooed. With that, she started milking his cock in that wonderfully skillful way that only she could do. Mel had all the lust to be a passionate lover, but Wendy’s very flesh had been rebuilt to her role as a slave. Her vagina was infinitely controllable. Wendy had given him a demonstration once, showing him how she could control each of the muscles that lined her inner walls at the same time. It was nearly inhuman, but it allowed her to ripple her folds in a wonderfully pleasurable way, and she’d had the time to learn just how Marcus liked her to work.

That was all that he needed, and Marcus drifted off into a pleasurable haze. It hadn’t taken him long to reach his first release, but his two girls weren’t about to let him stop there. The night slipped away so many others, with the three locked intimately together and climbing to the peak of ecstasy.

Chapter 3

Larange sat back on his beach and smiled. He’d only been back here for a few days and already he could see how easy it would be to make a life here. It was a tropical paradise, sunny and warm, with the salty taste of fresh sea air enveloping him. He’d picked out this island years ago, and building his resort had been in preparation for this moment. It had been an excellent cover and diversion for him before, now it would be his permanent home. All that he needed was for all his equipment and the rest of his servants and personnel to be transferred. There was plenty of space for his new slaves to live, and much for them to do to keep the place running. Aside from his personal needs, he planned to keep the resort going, not that he’d have guests, but for the entertainment and ambiance. With that he hoped to have enough variety to keep himself entertained for the rest of his days.

For the moment, he was enjoying the sight of the ocean slapping against the beach and his current assortment of slaves frolicking along the sandy beach. All of them were appropriately nude, and

Larange was in full awe of their beauty. Even after all the carnal indulgences he'd taken in the last few years, he was in no way jaded. The nude female was the height of art and he was fully the connoisseur.

He was still assembling his flock. They'd been scattered after the raid on his main complex, and Larange was wary about bringing them back. Of course, any he brought to the island would have to be freed in time, as with all slaves that was part of the deal. He didn't regret it, most of them were simply fodder for sale anyway, and he'd long since gotten his enjoyment from them. He had no concern about seeing them return to their lives, with an altered perception of what they'd truly done in their time away.

Larange regretted that he wouldn't be free to make up the stories himself. The Bureau had final approval, since they wanted to make sure that his victims return to society was as smooth as possible.

"What bother's you, Master?" Holli asked as he handed him another drink. She was also completely naked, aside from her dark rimmed glasses. She was worried about him, he'd been less amorous since they'd reached the island. That wasn't very much like him, and Holli was concerned.

"Many things, my dear." Larange replied and patted her ass to reassure her. "I feel I've made a deal with the devil, placing myself on this island. I know I can leave if I want, their security is no match for my nanotechnology. Still, if they decide I'm bluffing or think they've gotten a way to beat my tech, I'll be hopelessly vulnerable."

"That could never happen, Master, you're too well prepared." Holli replied.

"No, I've overlooked something. That's the flaw of man, you know, missing things. There is somewhere a gapping hole in this plan and one day a smart agent at the Bureau will figure it out. Oh, I'll find some of the leaks as time goes on, but in the end I'm left with just faith. Faith that the Bureau will keep its word and faith that my contingencies will be enough to keep them at bay until I'm on my death bed." Larange replied. He laughed at himself a bit, being so serious. It was just like how he felt when he traveled, he always felt like he was forgetting something, even if he didn't. At least for the moment, he had time, and that he could enjoy.

"I have faith in you, Master. You won't let us down." Holli tried to further bolster his confidence. A part of her found it funny that she, a mere slave, could be in a position of reassuring her master, but it didn't bother her. She was here to serve, and the capacity didn't really matter.

"At least you will stay at my side, Holli, if nothing else." Larange ran his hands down her thigh. That was almost the hardest thing to negotiate, but in the end the Bureau folded. Holli would stay his, even as he had to return all his other slaves. In truth, she'd been the one to return to him so many years ago, and asked him to take her back. He wasn't about to go back on that now, after all she'd helped him do. The Bureau wasn't about to believe him, though, and so he had to insist in the severest terms, and thankfully they'd relented.

"Of course, Master, I would never want to leave you again." She cooed. It had been so lonely and meaningless without him. Holli never even tried to turn her thoughts to those times. Being at her Master's side in the present was more than enough for her.

"I will miss the hunt though. Just strolling through a mall or down the street and finding a cute smile. That will be the hardest part about being stuck on this island." Larange remarked. He knew it too. Certainly he hardly went out often in the last few years, given the risk. Still, it was the most fun he could remember having, the thrill of conquest with the risk of capture. There wasn't anything more exciting, but now it was gone. The Bureau had insisted he not leave the island, since not only would it be hard to control him, but he could have an unfortunate accident that would end civilization.

That wasn't quite true, but he didn't want to diminish their fear of his untimely death. That very fear protected him. In fact, he had his slaves programmed to recognize the difference between an untimely and a timely passing. Nanomachines inside him prevented something natural looking from being mistaken as such in the case of poisons or such. He wasn't bluffing, though, that was for certain, if he did die an untimely death, there would be a revenge asserted. The depth of it wouldn't be as severe as they believed, but again that belief helped him. He didn't want to end civilization, but having his enemies believe he was prepared to do so would keep them at bay and allow him to do what he really wanted to.

“There are advantages though, my sweet little slave, like being able to do this on an open beach.” Larange laughed and pounced out of his chair, grabbing Holli as he went. With a rush he pulled her to the ground and rolled on top of her. Holli squealed with delight and spread her legs open for him. Her natural arousal in his presence was fully unleashed, and she could feel her pussy dripping with eagerness. She swooned at his boldness, and moaned merrily as she felt the bulge of his shaft pressing into her dripping folds.

“Oh, Master!” Holli cried out as he pressed into her with practiced ease, claiming her in high fashion. He smiled down at her as he thrust into her willing flesh. He reveled in the moment, enjoying the warmth of the sun, the smell of salty sea air, and the pleasures of the young woman spread out beneath him.

Soon they were writhing together, locked together intimately. The other slave girls who had been frolicking on the beach were now turned to the scene, absorbed by the sight of their master claiming a woman. It was rare to have this view, to watch as he thrust his cock into feminine flesh. Certainly every girl there had known his attentions, but only a few had seen him in action when they were not servicing him. It was a sight that struck at their very core, and every girl was soon stroking her fingers between her legs and across her bosom as she watched.

Holli was in heaven. All the pleasure she had ever known was engulfing her now. Her master’s shaft was plowing her fields, and it was a wondrous feeling being split open by him. Holli reveled in the control she had thanks to the changes made within her, her writhing passage rippled with her instructions, bringing her master pleasure and keeping him from his ultimate release. She thanked him again for making her a slave as she bucked her hips back against him. This was all she ever wanted, and it was everything she could have hoped for.

Larange enjoyed himself as well. He didn’t have the benefit of a slave’s modified sexual ecstasy, however. Holli was a perfect slave, though, and Larange savored every moment spent with her. Her breasts jiggled against his chest as he hammered into her tight passage. It was too easy though, he lamented while he pounded his willing slave. Holli didn’t fight, she had no true will of her own, and

that was what he always remembered at the end of every romp with her. He had tried to instill these things in her again, but he came to realize something about her in the process. Holli had always wanted to be a slave, which was why she'd returned to him after being released. He had taken pity on her then, and accepted, but she was a happy slave, a willing slave and that lacked the power Larange sought.

In the end it was his thoughts of all the cute unsuspecting girls who would soon be coming to his island to work at his resort that sent him over the edge, not the expertly writhing form of his head slave. In a way he felt sorry to Holli for that, knowing that she found so much value in her quality as a sex slave. She was good, he knew, and if he'd wanted to he could have fetched an amazing price for her long ago, but she'd placed her fate in his hands. Somehow, that alone made it impossible for him to let her go. Larange contemplated that as he gave her a very heartfelt kiss. In the end, he wondered if he didn't honestly love her, but that was a thought for another time.

"Thank you, Master." Holli cooed after she finished cleaning their shared juices from his withered shaft. She had managed to bring him to another release with just her tongue and mouth, and she licked her lips at the thought.

The moment was interrupted by the sound of a boat approaching the guest dock. The island had two docks set up. One was for the support village, and looked like any working dock in the world. The other dock was one set up for guests and granted immediate access to the mansion and to Larange himself. He wondered sometimes just how many guests would need to be entertained, but it seemed like a good idea.

He considered for a moment the state of undress of himself and his slaves, and decided that at least he needed to wear something. He quickly pulled on his robe, and found his sandals. This was his island, and he had a certain image to maintain, especially to people he didn't know. The girls could remain as they were, in fact, it was an excellent show of exactly who was in control here, after all. As Larange set off for the dock, he noticed that Holli was dutifully in tow behind him. She was always good for that, he noted she did make a wonderful administrator for his harem and most of his affairs. Again

he was thankful for her presence, and was sure she'd find a way to make herself useful.

Chapter 4

Marcus looked around him both awed and upset. This was a paradise, a perfect little island, the kind of place people dreamed they could visit, much less live at. All this was Larange's and all for being a human monster. Even worse, it was what it would cost the Bureau to maintain. There was a resort and mansion, dozens to hundreds of workers and slaves to maintain it all. They'd need food, fuel and various supplies. All of it would be paid by the Bureau so that Larange would have his playthings. He was also worried, he was on his own here, and the only agents still on the island were finishing their surveys and installing surveillance equipment on the other side of the island. From his visit to Larange's lair, Marcus had little doubt that he was at Larange's mercy for the duration of his stay.

Wendy and Mel clung to each of his sides respectively. Each clad in nothing more than a sheer sundress. As always, neither woman was inclined to wear much of anything, but Marcus wasn't about to let them run around naked here.

"Oh, look at how pretty it is here, Master!" Wendy coed, pressing her ample breasts into his arm. "Isn't it just a shame that we girls can't help improve the scenery?" She giggled. Clearly there wouldn't be a better place for her to show off her well-formed body than in such a perfect beachfront. Wendy giggled again as she thought of playing castaway with her master, three little naked castaways with nothing but each other to keep entertained with till someone found them, if someone found them.

"Maybe later, Wendy." Marcus replied. In truth he wouldn't have minded seeing her romp along the beach without a stitch on, but this certainly wasn't the time. Of course, he was well aware if all went well, there might never be a time for it, but he was quite willing to live with that fact.

"Oh, my, it's him!" Mel gasped as they watched Larange and Holli approach from the beach. Marcus instantly noted that Holli wasn't

wearing a thing, aside from her glasses, and was quite aware of just how good she looked like that. Mel was feeling her stomach twist as she looked at the man who'd done this to her. This was the man who'd taken her life away and molded her into a sexual plaything, and the very thought of being in his hands again made her nauseous.

"Ah, such lovely women, and of course Mr. Horner. I am so glad that my message was well received. I hope that you three haven't been too troubled." Larange smiled, welcoming them to his island. "Of course I must thank you. None of this would have been possible without you. Now, come, let us retire to more comfortable accommodations and we can take care of your needs."

Marcus simply nodded and followed, not really wanting to converse with this man. Wendy and Mel followed close behind him each content and concerned. Their future was in doubt in a way that their twisted minds found hard to understand. They were going to be free again, but such a notion was contrary to their current state, to be Marcus's playthings. Each girl found the idea troubling, and neither knew quite what to do about it.

"Now, ladies, I see no reason to keep covered like that. Please, make yourselves comfortable, I'm sure Marcus won't mind." Larange offered as they strolled along. Both girls sighed with relief and threw off their dresses. The sun fell upon them warmly, and each absorbed the environment around them.

Marcus grumbled to himself. He wasn't at all surprised that Larange's word carried more weight than his, but it wasn't a nice thing to know. He did have to admit that he enjoyed the sight of the two women, naked and happy. He just wished it was their real personalities at work.

Larange pulled up beside Mel, and gave her a casual looking over. "So, my dear, how have you been? Was being a sexual plaything as bad as you thought?"

Mel quaked with emotion at his words. She hated this man passionately, and yet she could feel herself unable to deny him his reply. "No, sir, it was a lot of fun actually. I never knew it could be so good to be horny all the time. Marcus is a great lover too, and

Wendy is so much fun to work with. I still wish you hadn't changed me though, sir."

"I'm glad, and soon you'll be back to your old self so enjoy your freedom while you still have it. I bet you feel wonderful standing out here completely naked, am I right?" Larange pulled up beside her. "And your beauty certainly complements our surroundings."

Mel blushed at his comments and his roaming eyes. He was looking her over like some prize animal and she was getting aroused by his attention. She could feel her nipples getting harder and that familiar warmth began spreading between her legs. Mel still had some control, though, and she turned away from him, tearing herself away from his eyes. "Please, don't look at me like that." Mel whimpered.

"Leave her be! It's bad enough what you've already done to her, do you need to taunt her some more?" Marcus challenged. He was barely containing his anger, and Larange wasn't helping him any.

"Oh, my, where are my manners. I'm sorry my dear. We'll have to discuss all of this later, once everyone is comfortable." Larange smiled and bowed gently to Mel. He took up position at the head of the group again and they walked the rest of the way to the mansion in silence. The fun would begin soon enough. He had a few things that needed to be done first, but there would be plenty of time.

Mel quaked as she followed the group. She was still wracked by the needs his eyes had stirred in her. Mel strutted as she went, knowing that it emphasized her assets, and though she hated the thought, she couldn't help herself. She stole a look over at Wendy and saw the girl smiling. Mel wondered just what was going through her mind. Knowing Wendy the only thing in her head was her latest plan to get Marcus in bed.

Mel wasn't far off. Wendy could hardly keep herself from planning her next encounter with her master. She was always plotting that, always giggling at herself on her latest ideas. Beyond that, she was quite pleased to be free of her dress, and happy to be strolling across the shore of an island with the sun shining down on her. After that she'd get to sit around in a mansion, and if she was lucky, Marcus would play with her some more. The thought that she would lose her devotion to him, to everything that mattered to a slave was

still beyond her honest comprehension. That it was his will was enough to satisfy any concerns, but she had no idea what that really meant for her. In the end she trusted her master, and that was enough.

Marcus was grinding his teeth. He wanted to rip Larange apart with his bare hands, and he knew he could. Of course that would leave Mel and Wendy under his posthumous control, doomed to a life as simple-minded sex slaves. And after that, the whole world would fall apart, thanks to Larange's well-planned revenge. That didn't improve his mood any, but he fought down his rage. He only had to deal with this for another couple of days at most and then he'd be away from here, and at least his two girls would be themselves again.

"Please sit wherever you like. Holli will fix us all a drink and then check on the machine for you girls." Larange motioned to the seats scattered around the room. He didn't waste any time himself. He rested in his favorite chair and looked around the room. Here was perhaps his greatest enemy, Felix Horner, Marcus to the Bureau, the man who'd found him in the first place. Mel had done her part as well, but she was under his control now, no longer a real threat. Her programming forbids her to defy Larange, or do him direct harm. He had considered placing her under full Asimov constraints, but Larange had thought it too likely to raise suspicions and he didn't want that. He was in full control here, and it was time for him to deal with his last and greatest threat.

Holli scampered around the room giving everyone their drinks. She had done as instructed, and soon each of the guests would be under. Then the next part of the work would begin.

"Cheers!" Larange smiled and downed his drink.

Marcus swished the liquid before him for a moment. He knew it might be drugged, and that worried him a bit. Of course, there wasn't anything he could really do about it. If Larange meant him ill, there wasn't any way he was going to be able to get off the island safely. The very controls that were meant to keep Larange at bay would keep him trapped as well. The boat he rode in on wouldn't be back for five days, and not even the agents still on the island would risk helping him. There wasn't anything he could do, so he lifted the

glass to his lips and drank it down. Marcus felt the effects as soon as he'd placed the glass back on the table. He cursed at Larange one more time as he swooned and watched everything blurred around him before he slumped into his chair.

Mel and Wendy hadn't been nearly as suspicious, but they were just as unconscious. Larange took in the sight and laughed. The last piece of the puzzle for now, and Holli had already summoned the girls to take care of their guests. Two each for an unconscious form and they hauled them off to the programming chamber. Larange went over the plan one more time, trying to find that missing piece of it. It wouldn't come though, and he only hoped he'd find it tomorrow.

Chapter 5

Marcus groaned and sat up in his chair. He didn't feel too badly, but he shouldn't have been unconscious. It didn't take him long at all to figure out that something had gone wrong. He pulled himself up to see Larange's smiling face. It was not something Marcus was very happy to see.

"Good morning, my friend. I hope you're doing well." Larange sat back in his chair and watched as Marcus recovered himself.

"What did you do to me?" Marcus barked. He took a moment to look around and noticed that both Wendy and Mel weren't in the room. "And what did you do with Wendy and Mel?"

"Don't worry, their reconditioning is a far more involved process than you were subjected to. They will be in treatment for another two days. As for your treatment, well, I'm sorry about that, but I doubt you would keep yourself out of my business for very long. Simply put, I placed a few controls on your behavior to prevent you from troubling me. Don't worry though, you won't remember that fact, or that you were treated at all, cognitive dissonance generally has a negative effect on treatments. This will just fade away in a minute." Larange explained. It was a simple process, Marcus just wouldn't be able to keep the knowledge of his conditioning in his mind. It was a problem Larange had encountered with his infiltration units. To make them effective they had to retain as much of their natural personalities as possible, but that often conflicted with their duties

and tasks, and in the end the conflict rendered them basically insane. For all the trouble, Marcus had caused, Larange still had a degree of respect for him, and didn't want to harm him unduly. As much as Larange would gain some satisfaction from knowing that Marcus was aware of his state, Larange didn't want to risk the damage to Marcus' mind.

Marcus was about to yell at Larange again when he felt a sudden wash of fuzziness in his head. The anger still lingered, but suddenly he didn't know why he was so upset. Certainly Larange was the target of a lot of his legitimate hostility, but none of the standing reasons seemed right for his current fury. Marcus let it go, with everything going on there wasn't much more that he could hope to accomplish by further outbursts, especially while Mel and Wendy were still under his direct control.

Larange fought not to laugh out loud as he watched Marcus go through the stages of confusion that his new conditioning subjected him too. At least now Marcus would be easier to deal with. He'd still be hostile, but he wouldn't be able to carry through with any threat now. Another enemy diverted, Larange smiled.

"Now there's no reason for us to simply wait in boredom while we await the completion of your friend's reconditioning. I have plenty of entertainment possibilities. Girls, please come in." Larange boomed. He sat back and waited for the show to commence.

Marcus was about to bark at him when he turned to see Sarah and Molly strutting into the room, each dressed only in a frilly white pair of panties. Both women looked ravishing, and Marcus couldn't deny a sudden surge of desire just looking at them, especially Molly. Her long brown hair flowing over her perfect curves sent Marcus reeling. In fact, he couldn't think straight, sexual attraction was always distracting, but this was far more potent. Without even thinking, Marcus tore off his clothes and jumped over to Molly.

Molly squealed as Marcus grabbed her and threw her on top of a bed of pillows. She was already aching with need as well, a conditioned response that Master had not yet removed. Her mind barely even processed her state any more, she had slipped so fully into the role of a sex slave that she no longer felt overwhelmed by it. As her back hit the pillows, she pulled open her legs, eager for this

new man to plow into her, to give her another release. Somewhere inside, a part of her raged impotently against her needs, but it was a voice lost in the background of her overwhelming desire.

Marcus was out of control and he knew it. He'd never been so animalistic before, even with two completely willing sex slaves at his beck and call. He didn't know what had come over him, but he needed to claim this woman now, and he reached down and ripped her panties from her waist with one violent pull. He smiled at the welcome scent of aroused female and the sight of Molly's eager form spread before him. He tossed the shredded remains of her panties over his shoulder and then moved to mount her. Marcus wrapped a hand over each of her firm mounds and squeezed them possessively as he positioned himself atop her expertly. Then, with a howl of pleasure he thrust firmly into her claiming her flesh and enjoying the tight heat of the eager slut beneath writhing beneath him.

Molly moaned as she was manhandled. She spread herself wantonly and cried out shamelessly as Marcus shoved his cock into her depths. He was savage, almost beastly as he fucked her mercilessly, and Molly fucked him back with equal passion. Her breasts ached wonderfully as he squeezed them mercilessly. In her whole life she'd never been taken like this, treated as nothing more than an animal in heat. Even Master held back, but not this man, he was claiming her completely. It was riveting, powerful, and Molly was lost to the magnificent energy of this man as he took her.

Marcus was lost as well, absorbed by his own drive. He didn't know what he was doing, but he couldn't control himself. The woman under him was just so perfect, so passionate, that he was absorbed in the act. Their bodies merged together, writhing and pounding with untamed lust. Their voices echoed the animal power coursing through them, grunting and moaning as they savored their union.

Larange watched all of this happily, knowing that he was witnessing the passion that Marcus would unleash on his future partners. Larange's hand slipped down and patted Sarah's head as she worked her own magic tongue over his shaft. One more enemy was taken care of, and soon he'd have his island empty of guests again, and he could enjoy himself. He'd already taken a few tours of the support village and picked out his first new subjects for

enjoyment. Once this business was taken care of, he'd be able to enjoy that pleasure again. In the meanwhile, Larange was perfectly content to let his enemy indulge his new animal passions in one of the island's slave girls.

Chapter 6

Marcus looked over his two charges with a bit of relief. It had been a long week, and he hadn't seen either Mel or Wendy in that time. Larange had said it was part of the process, but that hadn't allayed Marcus' concern for them. He was pleased to see both of them dress normally, and not squirming to get out of the clothes. Mel was wearing a simple blouse and slacks, nothing fancy, and certainly not very showy. In fact, it was something that Mel would have worn before her programming. Wendy was wearing a simple blouse as well along with a skirt that just hid her knees from view. Both women held themselves together in a very dignified way, and neither went out of her way to submit herself before Marcus. He smiled at that, relieved that they'd come this far, and he hoped he'd find out how much they had fully returned later.

"Are you two all right?" Marcus asked as they came out into the room. Both were smiling, another welcome sign to him.

"I feel a lot better now, no strange impulses or anything." Mel replied. "It's almost strange. I can remember everything, what we did, how it felt, and it was all exactly as it should have been, but I don't feel the insatiable need to do them again, Partner."

"Um, can you tell me what's going on?" Wendy asked. She looked very confused. "Who are you and what am I doing here?"

"You don't remember us honey?" Mel asked. She placed her hand on Wendy's arm to comfort her.

Wendy shook her head. "Not really, the last thing I remember was heading back to my apartment after a workout at the gym and then waking up in that room. What's going on?"

"Don't worry, my dear, you've just recovered from a long ordeal. You have been in a coma for some time now, but you've just recently recovered. I'm not surprised you've forgotten much of what happened in the last few days. Marcus and Mel are here to escort

you on the first leg of your trip home. Once you awoke we were able to contact your family and let them know you were all right. Now it is time to catch the boat to the airport. I'm sorry I couldn't get to know you better, but it is time for you three to be going." Larange explained. He'd watched the scene from the side of the room. He didn't have much of a stake in the rest of this exchange, and honestly wanted them off his island. He couldn't have any more fun with them so there wasn't any reason to keep them around any longer than necessary. He was pleased to see the reversal program work so well, even after the depth of immersion both women had been subjected to. Reverting Wendy's physical changes had been more complicated, but he'd kept backups of her original form so it was only a matter of running the process again. Still, some changes were too deep to change easily and Wendy would have to discover what those were on her own.

"Really? I guess that's why I feel so odd. My whole body is tingling like it's been asleep." Wendy remarked. She definitely felt weird, but it was more than just tingling. Somehow it didn't feel like her body was the same as it should have been. She supposed she'd grown some while in a coma, but that didn't seem like a sufficient explanation for just how weird everything felt. Even the clothing she wore felt strange, like she wasn't used to wearing it, but that was just too bizarre a notion to even consider.

"I don't want to rush you, but we really need to be going. Our bags have already been loaded, so they're just waiting on us." Marcus pushed. He didn't want to wait here any longer than necessary. The sooner he got these girls off the island the sooner they'd get a full and proper checkup. There wasn't anything more that would be done for them here, of that Marcus had no doubt.

"You'll excuse me if I don't follow you out, I do have my own business to attend to. Have a pleasant trip." Larange helped move the group along. Wendy was still somewhat dazed and disoriented, and Mel wasn't in a lot better condition. Finally, though they began to move, and he watched with some satisfaction as they left his mansion and headed off to the boat. Now he could get back to his own pursuits in full, without these distractions.

Marcus led the girls out and turned to Mel as they walked down the wooden path to the dock. "You really remember everything?"

"Yes, Master." Mel giggled as she whispered the last word. "Don't worry, I forgive you, it's not like I gave you much of a choice. It was a lot of fun too, in a twisted kind of way. I am going to have to think about our relationship though. After I've had a few days on my own, then we'll have to talk. Okay?"

"Yes, thanks. It's kind of weird for me too, all of this has been like some crazy dream. I don't even know what to think anymore. At least Wendy will be going home now." Marcus replied. He really didn't know what to say. He'd been taking advantage of Mel and Wendy for so long, he couldn't help but feel guilty. He did believe in Mel's forgiveness, but he also knew he could never ask for it from Wendy. That was even more true since she didn't seem to remember him at all, much less his role in her life for the last few months.

They boarded the boat without further conversation and were soon off to the local island with the airport to home. Even being local it was still a several hour voyage, and Marcus had taken to sitting on the deck and watching the waves roll by. He had a lot on his mind, and rolled over the issues as he rested. There was so much that he'd done. Marcus felt so guilty about it. Not so much because of his deeds exactly, since he'd had little choice at each juncture, but because he'd enjoyed it so much. He couldn't deny just how wonderful having two gorgeous slave girls had been, even given the headaches of their insatiable needs and lewd behavior. It was that enjoyment that haunted him now, he'd had his taste of power, and sure he'd done everything he could to restore them. Yet he still let himself indulge in the pleasures they offered so freely. Marcus didn't know just what he could do about it now, just how to atone, but at least both women had been restored, and he could be thankful for that.

"Hi there!" Wendy giggled, looking down at Marcus with a wide and wicked smile on her face. She'd popped up at his side without much warning and with a lustful twinkle in her eye that wasn't quite what he was used to, but still easy to recognize.

"Hello, Wendy, how are you doing?" Marcus asked. He was a little surprised to see her now, since she'd kept away from him since

they'd left the dock. He didn't know just what she'd been up to, but he'd been happy to leave her alone. Her grin worried him, though, she didn't look like she was just coming over to visit.

"Okay, I've just been a little lonely and I thought you'd be good company." Wendy giggled again and sat down on the edge of his chair. "And I wanted to thank you for helping me."

"Oh, there's no need, I'm just doing my job." Marcus said, hoping to cut her off. He wasn't sure where she was going, but the tone of her voice was very alluring. Marcus certainly didn't want to encourage her. He still felt his connection to her, and the way she was cozying up to him was quickly melting his resistance.

"Don't be silly, it's only right that a woman reward her hero." Wendy grabbed his hand and pulled it to her chest. She helped him squeeze her breast through her blouse and moaned. She didn't quite understand her feelings either, but somehow she knew Marcus had been essential in helping her in this strange place. She was also unspeakably aroused, and she felt a deep connection to him. All that was left was to show him how she felt.

"Wendy, you shouldn't do this." Marcus pulled his hand away. He'd been tempted though, her flesh was still tempting, and he was curious as well. All of his encounters had been with the slave girl Wendy in her greatly augmented body, and now she was back to normal. Now he knew how her smaller, perkier breasts felt to his touch, and he couldn't help but wonder just how much the rest of her had changed.

"I know you want me." Wendy smiled, running a hand over his crotch and rubbing against the outline of his hard shaft. "And I want you."

Marcus was about to object again when Wendy fell upon him, and kissed him fully on the lips. She pressed her body against him longingly as her tongue darted into his mouth. His resistance just melted at that point, he couldn't control himself anymore. He wrapped his arms around her and kissed her back just as passionately.

After a minute Wendy pulled back, breaking their kiss. She smiled seductively and sat back as her fingers began their work on the buttons of her blouse. Marcus watched as Wendy slowly pulled

her top open, one button at a time, until a perfect pair of brazier encased breasts came fully into view. Marcus didn't wait for her to continue before he reached up and cupped her lovely orbs. Wendy moaned as he kneaded her flesh through the silky fabric of her bra. While Marcus played, she reached behind her back and unclasped the restraining garment. Marcus pulled it away smoothly and savored the sight of Wendy's now naked bosom. Her breasts were round and perky, and her little pink nipples were poking out proudly into the air, both hard with arousal.

"You are so beautiful." Marcus said as he reached up and cupped the perfect bosom before him. Her breasts were wonderfully firm, and Marcus loved how she moaned when he played with the hardened tips of her nipples.

Wendy blushed a little at his words, but smiled wickedly again. "It's your turn now!"

With that, she pulled herself off of Marcus and fell upon his shorts. With skillful speed Wendy had pulled his shorts and briefs free, leaving his shaft rising freely into the air. With a look of reverence in her eyes, she knelt beside him and took his cock in her hands. Marcus moaned as her delicate little fingers ran over his eager flesh. He was beyond control now, and he grabbed Wendy and lifted her over his waist. She understood what he wanted and parted her legs to straddle him.

Wendy hiked up her skirt as she knelt over his waist, and smiled as she revealed her naked crotch. "I bet you didn't know that I woke up without any panties on today!"

Marcus simply laughed as he watched Wendy grab hold of his cock and guide it to her entrance. They both moaned as he slipped inside and Wendy impaled herself. She wiggled her hips as the last inch of his shaft sank into her then looked up into his eyes. "Master wanted you to have me one more time as a gift. I won't remember this after we're done, except maybe in my dreams. He wanted to thank you for everything that you've done for him. Isn't that great? And I get the chance to enjoy you one more time too. I was something of a little vixen back at my high school, and Master let me keep some of my sexual technique programming so I could have fun

with the boys back home. So give me one last fuck to remember you by!”

Marcus was beyond words now. Even Wendy’s ominous speech barely registered in his mind. He was aroused, and that pressure kept him from fully thinking things through. Marcus knew this was all wrong, but his mind wasn’t in control. His lust was in charge, and having a lovely young woman impaled on his shaft was enough to keep any resistance at bay. He rutted into her savagely, and she responded in kind, writhing against him shamelessly. It was completely animalistic, an absolute merging of flesh without thought.

Time lost all meaning as they became one. The pleasure was immense, almost overwhelming, and their shared stamina would have been surprising, if not for their long experience together. Finally, it was enough, and they came together in a marvelous cry of ecstasy.

Marcus held Wendy’s snoozing form to his side as he looked out at the stars. Her words sent chills through him now. She was still under Larange’s control, even if no longer a sex starved puppet. Any notion of his own possible corruption slipped from his thoughts before it could fully form, but he was still concerned. He’d gone through all of this and Larange was still a threat, still capable of destroying the world on a whim. Marcus wished he could do more, but at the least he’d brought these two women back as far as he could. He wished he could say that they were restored fully, but he already knew that wasn’t true, and he was left wondering what Mel had retained of her transformation. It didn’t matter though, Marcus knew, they’d work through it together just as they had so far. From here on he’d worry about Mel, he couldn’t save the rest of the world, but at least he could do his best to save her. From here it was all he could do.

Chapter 7

Larange watched cheerfully as the boat steamed away. It would be another week before the next boat, and soon the boats would only come once a month. Then he would be alone with his pets, and free to fully indulge his tastes.

Now he had to attend to rather unpleasant business. He frowned at the two girls standing dutifully in front of him, each naked, as was the custom for the women in his mansion who were under his control. Sarah and Molly both looked forward, wantonly at their master. The sights and smells of their arousal were evident, and Larange let his hands roam their eager flesh with a light touch. He stared at them, each a living goddess. Their minds had been molded, but their flesh was the same as the day they'd arrived. Their innate charm had diminished with the strength of their own will. They were slaves now, reduced to mere objects, only a step removed from his pixie slaves.

Pixie slaves, now those were something he hadn't thought about in some time. Larange was happy for his new circumstances for that at least. The pixies had always been the rejects or the cast-offs, the women who didn't ever or no longer interested him. Since he couldn't let them go, he molded them into a form perfect for entertaining his guests or selling on the slave market. Now that he had to return his pets he would no longer have need to make more pixies. When he tired of them, he'd simply revert them back to their original selves and let them go. His old pixies had slowly been returning over the last few weeks, most had been scattered after the raid on his old facility. They were returning to normal and let go with an acceptable backstory.

The pixies weren't the only girls that had to be returned, though, and it was time for Sarah and Molly to undergo their own deprogramming. In truth, Larange was tired of them now. He looked back fondly on their first days in his care, their slow realization of their subjugation. Larange regretted that he had been forced to accelerate his control over them in the past few months, but that had been necessary to position allies on the outside. Now they were merely willing fuck toys and that held very little interest for him any more.

"Thank you girls. You can go to the programming chamber now." Larange nodded and watched as their perfect rears swayed out of the room. He had to admit their elegant forms still held all of their original allure. He wondered idly about how they would look on the deck of the ship as they sailed away dressed and free of his control.

There was something enticing in that image, but he had little choice, their agreement had to be honored.

“Master, I just brought your new maid to the mansion. She’s waiting for you in the sitting room.” Holli chimed, doing her part to keep her master on pleasant thoughts rather than depressed ones. Larange turned to look at her. She was dressed now, in a simple blouse and short skirt, a very appealing look for her, he mused. Since the workers at the village weren’t all permanent staff he couldn’t just convert them so that Holli could walk around naked.

“Good, why don’t you get us some drinks and get more comfortable while I introduce myself. She has been given the initial treatment, correct?” Larange asked as he straightened his shirt. He always loved introductions, and this was the first one he’d been able to do in his mansion. This would also be his first new girl in some time and he wanted to savor the moment.

“Of course, Master, she’s been prepared for you. Now please, go, I’ll be along in a minute.” Holli prodded as she pulled off her blouse. She didn’t like to see him beating himself up, he needed to enjoy himself, and she knew his next pleasures would come from the girl in that room.

Larange nodded his thanks and walked into the room. He was always thankful for her aid, and her attention to his needs. The rest of his world could be just his plaything, but Holli he did truly care for.

He walked out into the sitting room a moment later and was pleased with what he saw. The girl before him couldn’t have been over twenty, she was nicely curved and her mane of light brown hair flowed around her magically. She looked nervous and shy, a combination that was just darling on her sweetly rounded face. Holli had chosen well, Larange smiled as he took a seat across from her.

“Hello, my lady, I am Doctor Larange, I hear that you are to be my new maid. May I ask your name?”

“I’m Ashley Parner, sir, thank you for meeting me like this. I never would have expected someone as important as you to meet me personally.” Ashley squeaked sheepishly. It was obvious she was the quiet, reserved type, and Larange was almost drooling at the pleasure her service would bring.

“Oh, it isn’t a bother, I make it a point to always deal personally with all my staff, so that we can always enjoy a pleasant environment here.” Larange paused as he heard the door open behind him. “Ah, Holli must be here with our drinks.”

Larange watched as Ashley’s eyes bulged and her mouth dropped. Holli was of course completely bare, except for her glasses, as she carried in the tray of drinks.

“What? Why is she naked?” Ashley whimpered, unable to look away from Holli as she walked over to Larange. Her fear and horror etched deeply into her face.

“Why it is just the uniform here, Ashley. I’m sure it’s strange now, but you’ll get used to it, won’t she Holli?” Larange asked as he reached out and squeezed her naked rear.

“Oh yes. I mean, if a slave isn’t naked how else can she serve her master’s whims?” Holli wiggled back against his caress, enjoying his firm hand on her ass.

“No! You’re crazy, I’m supposed to be a maid!” Ashley whined, clearly wanting to bolt from the room, but just a certainly locked in place on the couch. Holli had administered an initial dose of nanobots into Ashley before bringing her to the mansion, and now the girl was firmly leashed.

“Oh, you will be a maid, Ashley, but you will also have other duties. Actually, I see no reason for you to delay your proper introduction to my household. Please, disrobe so I can see just what kind of a new slave girl I have. Then perhaps Holli and I can introduce you fully to your new duties.” Larange smiled and savored every moment of confused anguish on Ashley’s face. She didn’t know what was happening, and this was all so completely overwhelming. This was supposed to be a simple maid job for one year for an eccentric millionaire on his own island.

Even more bizarre, Ashley couldn’t help herself. She found herself on her feet at his command with her hands unbuttoning her blouse. It was so strange, she knew she shouldn’t be listening to him, but at the moment, his suggestion that she introduce herself in the nude seemed like a good idea. Ashley didn’t know where that notion came from, in fact she knew she shouldn’t disrobe for any job. Still, she felt very satisfied when she unhooked her bra and slipped it

off, exposing her pert little breasts. Even better still was the rush she got when she slipped off her slacks and panties and finally stood naked in front of her new employer. Certainly there could be no better introduction than one in the nude, there wouldn't be any secrets between them that way. Still, she couldn't help but blush as he looked her over, his eyes travelling over her firm breasts, her slender waist and finally her well-trimmed bush. Ashley had never stood in front of a man like this before, but she felt compelled to thrust out her breasts and spread her legs for him so he could see just how lovely she was.

"Oh, my dear Ashley, you are a find. I know we'll all enjoy every moment of your stay with us, and every pleasure your sexy little body can give. Now, let's retire to my bedroom and I can complete our introductions." Larange smiled and led the girls on to his chamber. The spell Ashley was under would fade soon and her true resistance would begin. Larange looked forward to it, subjugating such an innocent and lovely creature was so compelling he was nearly giddy. He turned around and let his new maid walk up to him. Then he reached out and cupped her breasts, enjoying their softness and Ashley's throaty moan as he molded her flesh and pinched her nipples. His thoughts drifted back over the troubles of the last few months, the necessary threats and dangerous moments. He didn't want that kind of responsibility, all he wanted was to enjoy the pleasures of the flesh, like the perfect young woman pressed against him now. Certainly there could be no better joy than this, he thought. With such pleasure at his fingertips, he mused, why would I want to rule the world?

The End

From the Author

I've enjoyed writing stories from a very young age and as I grew older it only seemed natural to expand my writing into more adventurous realms. I grew up a child of the eighties and weaned on rerun tv and well stocked local library that stoked a love of adventure in me.

As a youth, I was drawn to mind control and transformation. The ability to be whatever you wanted to be or have complete control over your domain were both compelling. Of course, as I grew older, the relative innocence of these interests gave way to an ever growing kink that eventually exploded into my writings. To my surprise, I discovered that the opposite of complete control, the notion of being completely dominated, held an almost equal power over my fantasies. In both ways one can give into pleasure without reservation.

It is that energy that I try to weave into my work. A passion for pleasure, even when it may not have been requested, in the end it is begged for. For sometimes only in darkness can a single light shine brightest.

As always I enjoy feedback, no adventure is complete if walked alone.

farleven@yahoo.com

Or visit my blog at farleven.wordpress.com

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Other Stories by Farleven

Building a New Harem

An Erotic Mind Control Adventure

When Jenny, Bell and Wendy run into a strange man they don't think much of it after he leaves. At least that was until Jenny ran into him again a few days later. Now, the eighteen year old finds herself oddly drawn to obey him. She gets in his car and he takes her to his penthouse apartment and introduces Jenny to her new life.

Jenny is to be his servant and to please him in all the ways a lovely young woman can. Despite her initial misgivings, she soon finds herself unable to resist the power of the spell he has over her and after showing him all of her charms, she surrenders to a night of wild passion in his arms. Now all that remains is for her two friends to join her and help complete his new harem.

[Buy this story.](#)

Free Ride - A Co-ed Erotic Mind Control Adventure

Nothing in life is free...

When Ana Dorrett received a full ride scholarship to attend an exclusive private college in rural Nebraska, she jumped at the chance. Sure, the school was isolated, and had some strange rules about no outside contact for the first two years, but how could she turn down a free education? Besides, the quiet would give her the chance to focus on her studies.

Ana's spunky new roommate Kylie had other plans for the bookish freshman. There were three girls to every guy in the school and Kylie wasn't about to get left out of the dating scene. At first it was just a little shorter skirt, and a date. Before long Ana was surprised to find herself strutting around in a string bikini and showing off her hot body. As rumors of campus orgies and lesbian trysts between roommates started to swirl Ana discovered she was eager to join in. She couldn't explain why she suddenly threw away her prudish ways, but every night the dorm played the best soft music to help the students dream the sweetest things.

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Hunting Day

An Erotic Mind Control Adventure

Be wary of the hunters...

On one random day every year, the hunters are allowed to take new slaves from the free women of the country. Using advanced nano-tech they can easily subdue and then subjugate the mind of any woman unlucky enough to cross a hunter's path.

Emily didn't learn that today was hunting day until she felt the first hunter's dart strike her. There was no way to run from the nanites now flowing through her veins. Now, she has to endure the insidious mental subjugation as she meets her new owner. There is no way to resist as she follows his commands to expose herself in public and then service his needs and the desires of the men nearby before she's allowed to go to her new home and enjoy the fullness of her new life.

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