



maleable

by CBlack

Chapter 1

Mal had BEEN waiting too damn long, he felt. Although he knew he had no choice but to be there, it seemed like a goddamned waste of time to make him wait in the outer room so freakin' long.

“Mr. Simons will see you shortly,” the emotionless receptionist piped from behind the desk.

District Attorney Simons had always been a pain in the ass to him. He'd been a wimpy cadet that washed out of his platoon years before. Now, *somehow*, that little pantywaist had found his way into the DA's office... and he was still a whiny pain in the ass. Unfortunately, at least for now, he was Mal's boss. The irony didn't escape him; it slapped him in the face and put a choke hold around his throat. Mal's life was an exercise in irony... and he loathed every minute of it.

Mal wasn't his real name. It was the one given him after being 'discharged' from the armed forces and assigned to his current position. Sgt. Major Brian McComb had been a legend as the toughest drill instructor at boot camp. Although not a large man by any means, he stood only at about five feet eight inches, but his lean and compact 165 lbs was all muscle. His strength, speed and agility helped him earn respect of his peers and fear from his subordinates. So much so that he was quickly promoted to a 'black ops' squad running covert operations throughout the world. For eight years, he and his men waged secret battles acting on the whim of the government. They were, without a doubt, the most successful covert team to date.

Unfortunately for them, a presidential election and policy shift brought an end to their operations... without them being made aware it. The new policy makers, however, didn't want to have any record of the squad or their activities. Paperwork and computer files were easily erased... but the men were another matter.

Still unaware of the climate change in Washington, McCombs squad eagerly accepted what was destined to become their last mission. Within twenty-four hours of insertion, due to 'accidentally leaked' intel, the squad was ambushed by an assault team that outnumbered them twenty to one. Every member of the squad was killed... every one, that is, except McComb. When the clean-up team came through two days later, they found him barely clinging to life. His body was so badly broken and mangled, he could only be identified by his dog tags.

Afraid that he might actually survive, officials sent McComb, or what was left of him, to a military research hospital where they were sure the battery of untried and untested experimental procedures would finish him off.

But even in near death, McComb was one of the most stubborn men alive. His comatose body refused to give up to the onslaught on increasingly dangerous procedures. His carcass was bandied about from lab to lab... each one exhausting its frivolous attempts at medical history... until he finally ended up in a research facility that was aching to test its newly-developed nanites on a human host. The microscopic robots were designed to reproduce themselves until they effectively had access to every cell in the body. Once in place, they could theoretically be programmed to repair or destroy damaged cells.

Maybe it was a combination of all the effects of the previous procedures done to him or the innate desire of his body to survive no matter the cost, but when the nanites were introduced into McComb's body, they integrated into his cells much faster than anyone had expected. Their default command of 'repair' resulted in almost immediate changes.

In a matter of hours, McComb's body was completely healed and restored to its original, near-perfect state.

Ecstatic at the amazing, albeit unexpected results, the researchers eagerly attempted to discover the full potential of their new discovery by bombarding them with command after command. Some had no effect whatsoever, but others had a remarkable effect on their new host body.

When McComb finally awoke from his coma, his confusion at the strange surroundings was compounded by the flock of doctors and other officials hovering over him. He could understand one or two superiors checking up on him for a debriefing on the mission, but he didn't recognize any of the suits gawking at him. He had no clue at the time, but he would discover soon enough why these people had such an interest in his welfare.

Thanks to the nanites influence, McComb's body now had the ability to morph into practically any human form. In other words, McComb had suddenly become the most sought after property in the world of intel.

McComb's life was quickly and efficiently removed from his control. The results of his final mission had effectively left him dead to the world, and that's how the government left Brian McComb... dead.

Their new agent, however, was alive and well and not at all pleased with his new situation. The first few changes the doctors put him through were minor, yet they still unnerved the hell out of him. Eventually, however, he learned to be slightly amused at the way his body could so easily change. When the researchers ultimately pushed the envelope by making whole scale changes to his entire body structure, they were amazed. The nanites quickly and effortlessly made all the changes programmed into them and his body easily accepted their efforts. Although his overall mass couldn't change, the nanites were remarkable in the way they could change his body's density to accommodate any overall size changes... to a degree. The intense and obvious pain to the man was secondary as far as the researchers were concerned. He would adapt.

Every intelligence agency in the government drooled and bickered over who would have access to the soldier formerly known as Brian McComb and his chameleon-like abilities. He was, after all, the perfect agent... he didn't officially exist, he had the best training in the world, and he had the unique ability to change into any other human being.

That is, he could *be* changed into any other human being.

You see, unlike a chameleon, he had no control over his newfound ability. He was entirely at the mercy of the nanites and those that programmed them. He was the clay for their intricate, computerized sculpting. Hence his new designation, and name...

...Malleable One... or Mal.

When the doctors finally deemed him healthy enough for active duty, the intel agencies wasted no time in putting him to work. For the most part, Mal was content enough being active again, although it was nothing like the in-your-face action he was used to. He wasn't all that thrilled with the new extents to which his strings were being pulled, but he was a soldier... he followed orders.

"Mr. Simons assures me that he'll be out to see you soon."

The receptionist's plastic cheerfulness grated on Mal's nerves. He didn't hold it against her, though. It wasn't her fault she worked for a self-important pussy like Simons.

After working the last year for the CIA, the FBI, the NSA, and other agencies too covert to have initials, Mal wondered why he was being assigned to the DA's office.

"I wonder whose dick he sucked to get me in here," he muttered to himself.

As if on cue, the door opened and DA Simons stepped out, as wimpy and smarmy as Mal remembered him.

“It’s been a long time, Sarge,” he smiled thrusting his hand on Mal’s like they were old army buddies. “But I guess I can’t call you that anymore, can I?”

“Sarge is fine,” he answered coolly. “Actually I prefer it to anything else they may call me.”

“Sarge it is then.” Simons seemed a touch disappointed that he hadn’t ticked Mal off as he’d hoped. “Come on in and let me tell you why our office needs you.”

The walls of his office were littered with pictures of the DA shaking hands with just about everybody on the hill... from the President, to the Joint Chiefs, to the page who gets coffee for the VP.

He sure seemed to spend a lot of time shaking hands. Mal wondered if Simons had ever made the effort to actually accomplish anything meaningful on his own, rather than ride the coat-tails of everyone else in DC.

“Enrique Esteban,” Simons stated, matter of factly. “Heard of him?”

“Major league international scumbag. Involved in everything from drug trafficking, to money laundering, gambling, illegal firearms trade, white slavery... Should I go on?”

Of course Mal had heard of him. The FBI had been trying to get their hands on him for years, but kept slipping through their fingers.

“Well, we also have intel that he’s helping to finance terrorist cells here in the US with ties to the Al-Qaeda leadership.” Mal could see where this was going.

“The FBI has already thought of trying to insert me into Esteban’s circle, but he keeps everyone so damn close, its next to impossible.”

“True,” Simons grinned. “But we got a break! Esteban is planning on taking his family on a four week cruise on his yacht. Say what you will about the slime-ball, he takes care of his kids. Whenever he takes them on an extended vacation, he brings their pediatrician along, just in case.”

“And you want me to be the pediatrician,” Mal finished the thought. It *was* a good plan, he admitted to himself. Too bad this break hadn’t come when he was working for the FBI. Now Simons would get all the credit instead.

Imitating a doctor wouldn't be as difficult as one would imagine... at least not for him. In their never-ending pursuit to expand on the capabilities of their beloved nanites, the researchers had found a new use for them.

The nanites influenced every cell in Mal's body... including the brain cells. They could now directly program information and abilities directly into Mal's brain. In effect, he could actually *become* a doctor... or a lawyer, or a nuclear physicist... all with the right programming.

"There is one little drawback that I feel I should mention." Mal didn't like the way Simons said that.

"The family pediatrician is a Dr. Juarez... Dr. *Rita* Juarez!"

The smug look on Simon's face told Mal that this was his cheap way of paying him back for supposedly forcing Simons out of the military. He probably used up every favor he had to set this up, just to see the look on Mal's face when he told him that.

He wasn't going to give Simons that satisfaction.

"I guess that means new skivvies and the stogies stay home for this mission."

He could tell that Simons was about to inwardly explode from Mal's cavalier response. Infuriated as he was, Simons was still barely professional enough to maintain his composure and not let Mal get the better of him... again.

"Excellent!" Simons feigned through gritted teeth.

"The Estebans are scheduled to leave on Friday, so we have to make your insertion before then. What say we schedule you for your change on Wednesday night and we can make the insertion on Thursday?"

"That works for me," Mal lied. Even though he was putting on a cheerful face, he wasn't at all thrilled about becoming a woman... even if it was just temporary.

"Great! We've already forwarded the needed parameters to the programmers. They should be ready for you by Wednesday." He handed Mal a DVD. "Here's all the info you'll need on this case."

Simons stood and shook Mal's hand again. It felt cold and slimy.

"It's good working with you again, Sarge."

Back in his hotel room, Mal studied the DVD on his laptop to see if there was any new intel that he wasn't already aware of from the FBI files. As he suspected, there was nothing new on Esteban and his routines that Mal didn't already know, but it was still a good idea to brush up on it. What really piqued his interest was the info on Dr. *Rita* Juarez.

It still stuck in his craw. Somehow it had never really occurred to him that he would someday be called upon to impersonate a woman. It wasn't that he'd ridiculed the notion. The actual thought of it had never even entered his mind. Having been a soldier for most of his life, he had learned to handle practically every situation thrown at him. But now he was about to tread in totally unfamiliar waters.

Skimming through the familiar Esteban files, he finally found the info that concerned him the most... the files on Dr. Rita Juarez. He concentrated his attention on the photos of her. She looked to be in her mid-40s. She was an unremarkable-looking woman... someone you would pass by in a not-so-crowded hall and not look twice at.

Videos of the doctor assured Mal that he'd have no trouble duplicating her mannerisms. Dr. Juarez was unmarried with no children of her own and despite being the trusted family pediatrician, she wasn't very close to the Esteban family. In other words, there was no one in Dr. Juarez's life who was close enough to her to tell an imposter from the genuine article. All things considered, if not for the gender change, this would be the easiest job he'd attempted to date.

Wednesday afternoon, a cab carrying Mal pulled up in front of the Hilton on the Miami Beach waterfront. Tipping the driver, he stepped out and admired the high-rise luxury hotel, which was also where his sculpting was to take place. Once the researchers refined their process, all that was really required was a specially designed computer that wasn't much larger than a laptop, so he could be sculpted pretty much wherever the powers-that-be wanted him. This time, it would be in a suite in the hotel before him... only a few miles from where the insertion was to take place.

He always arrived a few hours before each change. Even though he'd been 'sculpted' dozens of times, it was still a process he liked to psych himself up for. The physical change itself was anything but pleasant. But pain and discomfort were old friends to the battle-worn soldier he used to be. The most disconcerting aspect of the procedure wasn't physical at all, but mental. The newly developed techniques of information download directly into his brain always left him temporarily disassociated and confused... a state Mal was unaccustomed to.

As a soldier, he had long ago effectively relinquished control of his body to the defense of his country. He was always prepared to sacrifice it if called upon to do so, even under these new, extreme situations.

Control of his mind, however, was way above and beyond his duty. Although downloading info into his brain wasn't exactly controlling his thoughts, it was damn close enough as far as he was concerned. He'd do what they asked, though... but reluctantly. As far as he knew, they didn't have the ability to actually control his thoughts... at least not yet.

“Oh, good! You're early!”

Mal wheeled around to see Simons entering the room... a broad, unnerving smile on his face.

Why did that schmuck have to be here for *this*, Mal thought to himself.

“I was hoping we could move the schedule up a bit,” Simons said.

“Why?” Mal queried. “Is anything wrong?” He didn't trust Simons in the first place, and now he was changing the schedule. Something was up.

“No, nothings wrong.” Simons smiled not so reassuringly. “A slight change in the situation at the Esteban household is all. A change that might require insertion tonight instead of tomorrow.”

“If there's any changes... any changes at all, I should be informed ahead of time!” Mal was getting pissed.

“Don't worry, Sarge!” Simons said in a patronizing tone. “It's nothing we weren't prepared for. We'll give you a full briefing as soon as you've changed.”

Mal didn't like surprises... especially ones where Simons was involved. But he didn't have much choice in the matter. The nanites were being programmed even as they spoke.

“We're ready here,” one of the programmers announced from behind a monitor.

Although the sculpting process didn't require him to be naked, it had been agreed by everyone, including Mal, that for monitoring purposes it would be best... especially in the cases of extreme body shaping.

He disrobed and positioned himself in front of the wall-sized monitors... each focused on a particular part of his body.

Mal had gotten used to being naked in front of the technicians, doctors and programmers, but with Simons added to the mix, a touch of uneasiness crept through him. The way Simons was looking at him made his skin crawl... he was just enjoying this way too much. Simons may have been a prick and a pain in the ass, but he'd never taken him for gay.

“Let’s do this!” Mal was suddenly somewhat eager for the change. The doctor’s body, unfortunately for her, was nothing much to look at. But if it kept Simons from giving him that smarmy look...

There were no electric flashes or subhuman screams when the nanites initiated their program... just the feeling of millions of ants crawling over and throughout his body. Ants with needles instead of feet... ants that felt as if they were getting heavier and moving faster and faster and the needles were getting longer and longer...

It only took a few seconds before he could feel his body begin to stretch and compress... beginning to mold to the parameters of the program.

The most extreme sculpting initiated on him to date required him to infiltrate an NFL training camp. Even though the changes were extreme, to say the least, the changes in his size, skin, hair and face were still external only. This time, however, the pain from the sudden *internal* changes in his body caught him totally off guard.

Through the pain, Mal caught sight of Simons... his eyes fixed on Mal, smiling almost greedily.

His attention was immediately distracted away from Simons by the unique sensation of his penis withdrawing into his body and reforming into something totally alien. He’d known it was coming, but had no idea what to expect when it happened.

Every male in the room shuddered uncomfortably as Mal’s tackle was swiftly and effortlessly transformed. Several of them actually groaned as his rather impressive package rapidly shriveled up and disappeared behind the thick, dark mound of hair.

Mal shivered. Not from the loss of his manhood... he’d expected that. He shivered from the cool air blowing from the vents across his softening skin. A quick inspection of his arm revealed a new lack of body hair that allowed the air to draw more heat than usual from his exposed body. He also noticed an extra perkiness to his nipples as a result of the cool air brushing against them. There was a slight, but increasing swelling around his nipples and developing areolae that he had also expected, but dismissed as secondary. Dr. Juarez was *not* a well-endowed woman, to put it kindly, so he turned his attention from his slowly growing chest to the other, more definite, changes occurring throughout his body.

Experience had trained him to ignore the pain involved with the more mundane body changes, such as muscle tone, height and facial changes, allowing him to concentrate on those changes unique to the gender shift he was experiencing.

He became acutely aware of some of the secondary female characteristics taking shape... the broadening of his hips, the narrowing of his waist and shoulders. His barrel-chested rib-cage became smaller, temporarily diminishing the effect of his growing breasts. A slight tickle on the back of his neck and shoulders told him that his close-cropped cut was rapidly morphing into the peppered shoulder-length do of the good doctor.

He expected the changes to taper off considering the doctor's almost masculine build, but they seemed to be continuing well past their designed objective. Recalling his first few changes months earlier when every little change seemed more extreme than it really was, he wrote off his concerns to the newness of this particular situation. He tried to focus on the nearby mirrors, but as usual, it was extremely difficult to do so while his face morphed. His lips, cheeks and eyes themselves were changing shape and color, so eye control was obviously at a minimum.

Although temporarily visually impaired, he was still keenly aware of other changes still happening to him. One in particular surprised the hell out of him as it occurred. He hoped it was just his perception that was askew, because the alternative was that something had gone wrong.

Mal's normal height was 5'8". Dr. Juarez was a short, stocky woman who stood no more than 5'3". However, he could swear that his legs had suddenly gotten longer... perhaps by a good two or three inches. If that was the case, then someone had definitely screwed up the programming, or worst still, the change in gender was having unforeseen side effects on the final programmed outcome!

Still unable to make out his image in any of the monitors, he instead attempted to focus on his legs to try and determine what, if anything, was wrong. Unfortunately, the fuzziness of his changing eyes accompanied by his downward point of view revealed nothing definite about his perceived change in height.

However, his vision had cleared up enough to shed light on another change that was also totally wrong for Dr. Juarez's body. The thick, dark pubic thatch



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that his manhood had disappeared into had changed dramatically. In its place was a neatly trimmed, almost shaved, triangular patch of fine, *blonde* hair!

Convinced that there definitely was a problem now, Mal felt something he wasn't accustomed to... panic! Since he'd resigned himself to the fact he had no control over these sculptings, he at least had the consolation that nothing had ever gone wrong. There had never been *any* screw ups, either planned or otherwise. The results had always been exactly as he had been told to expect.

That is, up until now...

It suddenly became painfully obvious to him that the changes were *exceeding* their designed parameters as he'd originally suspected and carelessly dismissed. Unable to respond physically, his mind searched frantically for explanations, answers, ... anything.

And then it hit him!

There was *no* error with the program. The changes happening to him now were completely by design. That bastard Simons *did* say that there had been changes made... he just didn't say *what* changes!

It all made sense to him now! Looking down, his breasts were already much larger than the doctor's, and the tickle of hair on the back of his neck now extended half way down his back.

Finally, as he could feel the changes tapering off, his eyesight began to return. Trying to focus on the monitors before him, his view was obstructed by Simons standing between him and the monitors... a malevolent smirk on his face. He tried looking around and past the asshole. At the same instant, a gorgeous, young blonde face peered back at him from behind Simons.

Before he could react, a thick fog encompassed his mind signaling the initialization of the memory download. A whirling maelstrom filled his thoughts with randomness and chaos as his brain cells were reformed and retasked in response to the information being inserted into his mind. There was no sense of time, emotion, or reason for him during the process... just various shades of white noise that seemed to go on forever.

Suddenly, the mental fog was lifted, returning him to awareness. How much time had passed, he wasn't sure. It could have been a few seconds... or a few hours. Slowly opening his eyes, he was shocked to find that he was alone in the room... not one technician remained. All the computers and monitors were shut down, leaving the room dark but for a few dim lights which cast long, dark shadows.

“Where the hell...?” He started to ask no one in particular, but stopped at the sound of the soft, sensual voice that slipped through his lips.

“I wanted a little privacy for your debriefing,” sneered an all too familiar voice from the shadows.

“I gotta tell you, Sarge,” Simons continued as he stepped from the shadows and slowly started walking across the room. “If you’d looked anything like this back at boot camp, there’s no way in hell I’d have left the service!”

Mal’s eyes finally adjusted to the dimly lit room as Simons stopped directly beneath one of the lights. He was also ‘conveniently’ parked next to a full length mirror that had been used before the installation of the monitors.

His... that is, *her* eyes grew wide, as did those of the blonde seductress staring back from the mirror!

To say she was stunning would be a vast understatement. If there was one word to describe the woman he had become, it completely escaped him.

Her long, toned dancer legs segued beautifully into her perfectly taut teardrop ass. Her gentle, rounded hips tapered dramatically into an impossibly thin waist and flat, tight



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stomach. Above the waist, two large, almost perfectly spherical orbs displayed themselves proudly, seemingly oblivious to the most famous of Newton's Laws. Full, pouty lips and deep, cyan-blue eyes accentuated a face that redefined 'sultry' all surrounded by a cascading framework of soft, golden locks.

Every inch... every cell of her body seemed to ooze sensuality. Every movement or stance she made before the mirror seemed sexier and more feminine than the last, no matter how hard she tried not to. Her body was such an outrageously perfect specimen of feminine sexuality that she began to wonder if there really was a backup plan... or was Simons just getting his rocks off.

"What the hell have you done?" she spat at Simons, who stood leering at her naked perfection. "Dr. Juarez looks nothing like this and you damn well know it! What the fuck are you up to, Simons?"

An hour earlier, Mal's tone and voice would have had Simons wetting himself, but her new voice was hardly threatening. If anything, it just seemed to amuse Simons, if not turn him on even more.

"I told you there were some changes at the Esteban household," he smirked.

"Yes," she glared, "changes that would require an earlier insertion, you said. But you said nothing about this!"

"The changes I referred to took the good doctor out of the scenario," he explained. "We had to go with a backup plan. And it was too late in the process to consult you."

"That's bullshit and you know it!" she snapped back. "A deviation of this magnitude?!" She motioned to her reflection. "I should have been filled in as soon as possible!"

"Well, I'm sorry," he replied half-heartedly. "That was an oversight on my part. But if you'll just settle down, I'm trying to fill you in now."

"Fine!" she grumbled through gritted teeth. "But do I have to go through this whole goddamn briefing in the buff? How about some freaking clothes?"

"They're on the way," he smiled. "If you'll just be patient, I really don't mind the view all that much."

"Asshole!" she sneered quietly.

"Anyway," he continued, "here's the lowdown..."

“We’re not sure why, but the family cruise was cancelled and Esteban’s wife and kids are flying back to Cartagena as we speak. We think it’s an illness in his wife’s family, but again, we’re not sure.”

“Well, okay,” she interrupted, “that explains why no doctor. But how the hell do you explain this?” She again motioned to her reflection.

“I was just getting to that, if you’ll just let me finish,” he replied condescendingly. “It’s a known fact that Esteban is a devoted family man. He dotes on his wife and especially his kids.”

“Tell me something I don’t know,” she interjected impatiently.

“Well, then I guess I don’t have to tell you that whenever his family is out of the country the Esteban estate makes a remarkable transition from ‘Magic Kingdom’ to ‘Playboy Mansion.’”

The leering smirk on Simons face confirmed Mal’s fears. It must have been evident on her face as Simons nodded sinisterly.

“Esteban may be a good family man,” he continued with an ugly smile on his face, “but in his line of work, the ‘family’ takes a backseat to the ‘man’, if you know what I mean.”

Mal knew *exactly* what he meant, and it sent an uncomfortable shiver up her spine. In ‘Playboy’ mode, Esteban’s compound was legendary throughout the drug cartels, as well as the intelligence community, for its pure, no-holds-barred hedonism. Esteban firmly believed that one of the keys to staying atop the food chain was keeping your enemies and competitors close. And what better way than to fulfill their every physical need... *especially* their sexual needs. To keep the supply of beautiful, *and willing*, women fresh, Esteban kept a score of fortunate individuals on retainer who’s sole job was to cruise nightspots, beaches and strip clubs. Armed with very explicit preferences from Esteban, they recruited only the most gorgeous and nubile young woman in the area. By the end of these parties, which sometimes lasted more than a week, most of the woman returned to their normal lives with only vague memories of what had occurred.

Some were never heard from again, usually ending up in the native country of one of the guests who took a shine to them. Whether they wanted to go or not was of no concern.

A very select few, however, were chosen to remain indefinitely. The honor of remaining in the Esteban compound was reserved for only those women who truly set themselves apart from the rest in terms of sheer beauty, style and desire to please. Only a woman in this last group would have any chance at all to gather, and *report*, any information on Esteban’s dealings.

With a sickening realization, Mal knew *exactly* which group she had been earmarked for.

“You can’t be fucking serious!” she growled at him. “Even if I had agreed to this scenario, there’s no way in hell I could have prepped enough to convince anyone that I was that kind of woman!”

Simons continued leering at her, seemingly unaffected by her response. “I dunno, Sarge, I think we’ve done a pretty goddamn good job,” he replied, looking her up and down slowly. “And you ain’t seen nothin’ yet!” His smile and voice suddenly took on a more sinister tone.

“What else could you possibly do?” She almost shouted, turning and facing the mirror. “You’ve already made me into every man’s perfect wet dream! But it takes more than a great pair of these to get into Esteban’s compound!”

With that last statement, she firmly grabbed her new, astounding tits and squeezed them upward, making them even more prominent. But the instant she did so, an interesting thing happened...

She was immediately rewarded with a flood of physical sensations emanating outward from her self-groped tits... sensations more pleasurable than she’d ever experienced before in her life. Before she even realized it, a cum-inducing moan slipped through her moistened lips.

“Ohhh... Jesus, Simons!” she purred reluctantly. “What the fuck have you done to me?” She could feel a dampness growing between her thighs as she continued kneading her tits together, unable... or unwilling... to stop.

“It’s like you said, Sarge,” Simons leaned back, enjoying the show, “it does take more than a great pair of tits to make it as one of the chosen few of Esteban’s harem, shall we say. It also takes a certain kind of woman... one with a certain willingness, nay... eagerness to please.”

Simons was obviously enjoying the situation, but it was lost on Mal who was having a hard enough time staying even partially focused on what he was saying, much less on how he was saying it. She just couldn’t stop fondling herself. It felt so damn good, it was taking an incredible amount of will power just to keep her fingers out of her pussy.

“Oh hell, Sarge,” Simons sighed, seeing that his verbose explanations were becoming lost on the moaning siren before him, “let’s just say it like it is. We need a hot ‘n horny babe who loves her bod and isn’t afraid to show it.”

Despite the auto-erotic bliss that engulfed her, she understood what Simons was telling her. A combination of pent up fury and almost superhuman will allowed her to temporarily focus through the physical rapture and respond.

“You can’t... control... my mind!” she forced through clenched teeth.

Surprised, as well as amused, that she was still able to respond, Simons seemed all too happy to explain.

“Well, you’re right, Sarge. We can’t! At least, not yet.” he loosened his tie as he moved toward Mal, who was still fighting a losing battle with her own body.

“But, as you can definitely attest to, the body has an incredible amount of influence over how we think and act. Almost overwhelming, wouldn’t you say?”

She could hear him, but as desperate as she was to respond, the continuing love affair between her hands and her tits kept her from doing so.

“Yes,” he continued as he slowly circled her, “it’s amazing how much influence our bodies have on our minds. If you think about it, our minds are at the mercy of our bodies. Our five senses... constantly inputting information to our minds; our glandular system... producing mood-altering hormones which continually bombard our brains. One might conclude that a significant change in the body just might have a significant change in the mind, don’t you think?”

Mal couldn’t argue with him. Even if she’d been able to, she’d have to agree with him. It was nothing more than pure physical pleasure that, to all the world, had currently reduced her to a moaning bimbo, bent on self-gratification.

“Plus,” he was behind her now, whispering into her ear, “it doesn’t hurt when you have a body full of microscopic robots programmed to make your body release strategically-placed endorphines when you act or react in certain ways.”

That’s what it was! She cried inwardly, almost relieved. That explained why she was having such a hard time fighting off those overwhelming urges. The nanites were in on it! Armed with this new information, she redoubled her efforts to try refocus and regain her senses.

She never got the chance.

From behind her, Simons’ hand suddenly slid around her waist and let his fingers reach down and lightly brush the small patch of hair barely concealing her slippery, new womanhood.

It wasn’t an orgasm, per se. But the resulting flood of nanite-induced endorphines throughout her body washed away all thoughts of resistance. Never in her life had anything felt so wonderful! She opened her lips to say something... anything... but all that escaped was a cock-stiffening purr of contentment.

“And guess who got to program all your new G-spots, Sarge,” Simons whispered gleefully into her ear.

His other hand appeared around her also, sliding along the slick flesh beneath her tits, lightly tracing their undermost edges. The combination of his movements triggered a feeling that was both all too familiar as well as strangely foreign.

She was horny.

Not the ‘Boy-I-could-sure-use-a-good-fuck’ kind of horny. It was more like a ‘If-I-don’t-get-some-right-now-I’m-gonna-fuckin’-explode’ kind of horny... to the nth degree!

She flashed back to an old girlfriend, a stripper in San Diego, who McComb used to meet up with when he was in town. He always sat through her last set... watching the way she moved... the way other men wanted her... knowing all along that he was the only one who was gonna get a piece of that! And that had only been the beginning... she saved her best (and most erotic) moves for his private dance afterwards. By the time she finally impaled herself onto his engorged, purple cock, he was almost insane with lust!

That was *almost* how horny she felt now!

But it was a different kind of horny. Before, being horny had always manifested itself as a natural, if not desperate, urge to poke or shove his stiffened and aching cock into the most convenient, but always willing, female aperture.

Her new body, though, was sending her different signals. The overwhelming urge to plunge herself *inside* another person was gone, replaced now by a deep, wet emptiness that longed to be filled.

She didn’t care what, or *who*, satisfied that need. All she *did* care about was getting something long and hard inside of her... and she wanted it now!

Simons was pulling her back into him, but she didn’t resist... she *couldn’t* resist. Not knowing that he’d managed to strip while she engaged herself, the feeling of his long, hard cock pressing up against her ass sent shivers up and down her spine. Without a second thought (or even a first, for that matter), she raised up on her toes just enough to allow his cock to slip beneath her cheeks where it nestled between her thighs. Her moaning increased in both pitch and volume as he slowly rubbed his cock against her sopping wet pussy, lubricating it for things to come. She pressed back against him, trying to capture his dick in her eager hole, but he held her firmly in place against him, maintaining control over her.

“You have absolutely no idea how much I’m going to enjoy this, Sarge!” he whispered evilly into her ear.

Part of her knew it was all wrong! She wasn't supposed to have this body! She wasn't supposed to be acting like a fucking nympho! And especially *not* with this fucking asshole, Simons! She should have been livid, if not thoroughly ashamed of the way she was behaving.

But the flood of endorphins that inundated her system made any thoughts of anger or shame next to impossible. Any thoughts or acts of resistance would only detract from the indescribable pleasure she was experiencing.

Only through an amazing amount of will power was she able to respond to him at all, but it was short, sweet, and to the point.

“Just... fuck me... please!” she moaned in short, breathy bursts. Unable to withstand anymore himself, Simons obliged her and rammed the full length of his cock deep into her eager, wet pussy. With only her old male orgasms as a reference, she was totally unprepared for the result.

The incredible sensitivity of her clitoris coupled with the unique and exotic sensations of being fully and forcefully penetrated didn't just push her over the brink of her first female orgasm... it plunged her, screaming and thrashing, over the edge.

The shriek that poured from her lips sounded almost feral as her eyes rolled back into her



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head. Instinctively, she bucked and gyrated her hips and ass back and forth, matching the rhythmic pounding of his cock as it christened her new womanhood.

With one final, plunging thrust, he exhausted his seed into her, giving out a primal grunt of his own. As he casually withdrew from her, exhaustion finally overtook her and she collapsed in a sweaty, unconscious heap onto the floor.

After wiping himself off and redressing, Simons stood victoriously over his former drill sergeant who still lay unconscious, coated in a thin layer of funky body fluids. Behind him, a door opened and one of the bio-engineers crept in, obviously shaken at what he had observed on the monitor.

“Jesus! I can’t believe you actually did that!” he exclaimed in a frenzied but mousy tone. “Do you have any idea what’ll happen to us when the brass finds out about it?”

“Oh, shut up, you little twerp!” Simons snapped back. “No one’s going to find out, I’ve taken care of that!” He walked slowly around sleeping form, as if admiring a prize.

“Even if they did, their names are all over the orders for this operation. They couldn’t take me down without going down with me!”

“You know darn well they didn’t know the details of the new ‘enhancements’ we programmed into her,” the engineer retorted. “If they knew…”

“If, if, if…!” Simons interrupted. “You weren’t too worried about the ‘ifs’ when you agreed to help me change her program, were you? In fact, you were kind of enjoying it, if I remember correctly. You sure as hell enjoyed cashing that rather large check I wrote you!”

“But I didn’t think you’d… you know…”

“Christ, Schmidt, *look* at her! We designed that body to be the very embodiment of female sexuality. How could I, as a red-blooded American male, *not* fuck that?” His leer was especially ugly. “Besides, aren’t you the one who told me the best way to fully integrate the program into her psyche was through intense sexual activity? I just knocked off two birds with one stone… and all in the name of God and Country!”

Schmidt knew he was in was over his head. He had thrown in with a psycho DA and there was no way out.

“Well,” he squeaked, “what do we do with her now, then?”

“Get her into the bedroom and let her sleep it off. If you’re right, when she wakes, she just might be a little more receptive to what we have planned for her.”

Chapter 2

The screech of a passing seagull outside the window jolted her out of what felt like a long, disturbed sleep. Sitting up and stretching, her nose immediately told her that she needed a shower... badly. Not being fully awake, she plodded carefully to the bathroom, hoping that a nice, hot shower would clear the cobwebs, not to mention wash away that funky aroma.

With the shower fired up, she stepped in and began to lather up, marveling at how wonderful the warm suds felt against her soft, supple skin. Making full use of the complementary body wash and shampoo, she soon found herself covered head to toe in a rich, slippery lather that filled the room with the fragrance of vanilla and chamomile.

Letting the hot water wash away the thick lather, and with it all unpleasant odors, she filled her cupped palms again with body wash and began applying it slowly to her full, warm breasts.

“God!” she thought to herself as her fingers caressed her slickened orbs, “it always feels so *good* when I do this!”

She stopped as something immediately tugged at the back of her mind. She looked down at the lather-encased flesh, waiting for a flash of familiarity which didn't come.

“Now where did that thought come from?” she puzzled inwardly. “I don't think I've ever done this before.” Her hands didn't seem to share her puzzlement, though, as they instinctively returned to soaping up her ample bosom.

“Whatever,” she mused contentedly. “Soapy or not, I just love a good feel- up... even if I have to do it myself.”

The tug at the back of her mind suddenly evolved into a sharp buzzing. Something wasn't right. As good as it felt feeling herself up, she suddenly had the feeling that something wasn't the way it was supposed to be. She released her tits (reluctantly), rinsed off, and began drying herself off, all the while trying to determine what was causing her to have these strange, if slight, concerns.

Mostly dry, she walked out of the bathroom and took a quick look around the bedroom and the rest of the suite. Having practically lived in hotels for the past year, there seemed nothing unusual about her surroundings. Thinking there might be something wrong with her physically, she walked across the room and took a long look at herself in the full-length mirror.

A blonde goddess smiled back at her from the mirror, her still damp skin glistening in the sunlight. There was nothing less than perfection in that face and body. She could afford nothing less for this mission. Sure, she'd looked pretty damn spectacular for previous assignments, but the stakes were too high this time to take any chances. She knew exactly what kind of woman Esteban liked... she'd done her research. She'd given the parameters to the programmers herself... and was more than happy with the results.

Why then, did something about the situation feel so damn out of sorts?

"I don't have time for this shit," she sighed to no one in particular and mentally pushed aside any anxieties to concentrate on the mission ahead.

It was already afternoon, so she didn't have much time. One of the more popular spots for Esteban's scouts was a high-class 'gentleman's club' down the road. She knew her best chance of catching their eye was to be on stage when they arrived.

She opened the closet to peruse the wardrobe she knew would be there. Although every item of clothing there had been carefully chosen to highlight her 'natural' endowments, one outfit in particular caught her eye. A wicked smile crossed her lips as she removed it from the closet.

"After all," she giggled to herself, "this is no time for subtleties."

Meanwhile in the hotel lobby, Simons was anxiously looking at his wristwatch, wondering if his plan was going to come together or blow up in his face. He had no intention of confronting Mal face-to-face. In a worst case scenario, Mal's new programming had failed completely, leaving an extremely dangerous, albeit gorgeous, problem to deal with. A problem that would be extremely difficult and unpleasant to rectify... but not impossible.

If the programming held, though, then all his worries were for naught. He would finally have an inside track into the Esteban crime family... not to mention the hottest little piece of ass imaginable at his beck and call. If this was the case, then she'd be on her way to the strip club at any minute.

Almost on cue, the 'ding' signaling the elevator's arrival caught his attention. As the doors parted, his jaw dropped, as did every other males' in the lobby... some of whom would be visiting their chiropractor for treatment of double-take-induced whiplash.



Until this instant, she wasn't confident she'd chosen the right outfit. The black, fishnet body stocking she'd poured herself into 'covered' her from ankle to neck, but the sheerness of the lace, not to mention the plunging neckline, left next to nothing to the imagination. To avoid immediate arrest, she'd wiggled into a black leather micro miniskirt. The 6-inch heeled strappy sandals added the final touch to an outfit that was barely street-legal.

She could feel the lust-induced stares of every man there as she slowly strolled across the lobby. The sexual tension that filled the lobby added fuel to her fire as she stopped, struck

She could feel the lust-induced stares of every man there as she stepped out of the elevator.

a seductive pose and projected a smile around the room that said, “Oh, I’ll fuck every last one of you... but in my own sweet time.”

Just as she was about to continue on out of the lobby, her peripheral vision caught a glimpse of a figure that set off an alarm deep in her thoughts. She turned to see who, or what, it was, but the figure was gone.

Puzzled by the sudden mental alarm, she nevertheless continued on to her impromptu audition at the club. After all, her mission depended on it. She could worry about the little things later.

As much as he desperately wanted to stay and keep an eye on his new, and extremely delectable ‘mole,’ Simons decided it best to disappear before she saw him. He didn’t know if she’d recognize him or not... or what she’d remember if she *did* recognize him. Either way, if his plan was to work, he’d better play it safe and stay in the background. Where she was going, the district attorney was sure to be recognized. God, how he wished he could be at that club tonight... watching his ex-drill sergeant shake her new, gorgeous booty for the cream, and crud, of Dade County.

Her tits sparkled under the spotlights as she swayed seductively to Lucinda Williams’ *Righteously*. She’d learned a thing or two during her first two sets. First, at the suggestion of some of the more experienced dancers, she found that a little tit make-up made perfect even better. A light dusting of ‘sparkles’ accentuated the natural sheen of her breasts, slightly damp from her two sets of highly erotic aerobics under the spots. Second, the driving bass and sultry voice of that song inspired her to do things on that stage she’d never even *seen* before.

Good, she thought to herself, they’re finally making their move.

She’d spotted Esteban’s scouts during her first set. They were easy to ID. They smelled of drug money and everyone, including the bouncers, seemed more than happy to cater to their every wish. The men stayed out of their way while the women tried to get their attention... but without running the risk of pissing them off. No one even dared take their seats at the bar whenever they left them, even though the club was filled to capacity and beyond.

Their eyes were glued to her. She made damn sure of that, but they stayed near the bar throughout her first and second sets. But as she began the last number of her third and final set, she saw that one of them was making his way to the edge of the stage.

She kept her eyes on him as she danced, giving him a hungry, predatory look. He positioned himself at the front of the stage and produced a folded bill. As she approached and crouched down to present her g-string to him, she could see Ben Franklin's smile get a little wider.

In the dressing room after her final set, she unfolded the smiling C-note to find another note inside that said merely, "Meet me at the bar for the opportunity of a lifetime."



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He positioned himself at the front of the stage and produced a folded bill.

Her foot was in the door, but she still had one more audition to pass if she wanted to get into Esteban's compound. Retouching her make-up, she poured herself into the slinky red mini-dress that the club provided for her 'in-house socializing.' It felt two bra sizes too small, but the resulting over-swell of her breasts had just the effect she was going for. She watched from backstage until her 'suitor' was away from the bar. His seat, of course, was unclaimed by any of the other patrons... they knew better. But keeping in character with her cover story as being new to the area, she *wouldn't* know any better. (She also knew it was the best way to make an even more lasting impression... if that were possible.)



Taking a deep breath and leaning slightly forward, she greeted him with a dazzling view of her barely contained assets.

Swiftly and seductively she took possession of the empty barstool, much to the shock of the nearby patrons, but no one moved to stop her. The men were too awed by the sultry goddess in the painted on dress to do much of anything but drool. The women were just hoping that this 'pushy bitch' got what she deserved, so they had no intention of correcting her faux pas.

She wet her lips and smiled as she spotted him returning from across the room. The clucking of the nearby women got louder as he approached his no longer empty seat, but quickly hushed as his face broke into a broad, amused smile as he recognized the occupant as his anticipated guest.

Taking a deep breath and leaning slightly forward, she greeted him with a dazzling view of her barely contained assets. His eyes were still fixed on her ample cleavage as he took her hand and gently pressed his lips to it sending a pleasant thrill up her spine.

"I didn't think it possible, but you're even more stunning in person than you are on stage, Miss..."

"O'Brian," she replied with an inward smile. "Mallory O'Brian. And thank you for the complement as well as the very interesting invitation." She gave him a look that suggested all sorts of possibilities... a look that almost made him forget who he worked for and why he was there.

"I work for a man..." he stammered as she lightly traced her nails down the front of his shirt.

“...a very powerful and influential man...”

Her fingers continued south reaching his belt.

“...who, um, has sent me out in search of only the most beautiful...”

She lightly stroked the prominent bulge in his pants.

“...and the, um, the most, ... er, *talented* women to offer them an extraordinary opportunity!” He rushed to finish before her hand could firmly grasp his fully engorged package.

To her surprise, he firmly but gently pushed her hand away. Her look of disappointment was only partly feigned as he explained.

“It’s my job to merely find you... not to take you on a test run.” The pained look on his face spoke volumes about the loyalty, or maybe just fear, of Esteban’s men... it was obvious that he would have loved nothing more than to ‘sample her wares’, but to do so could very well cost him what he coveted most... or even his life.

“Sounds intriguing,” she smiled slyly. “So when and where does this ‘extraordinary opportunity’ take place?”

“I have a car waiting outside to escort us there right now,” he replied.

“Well, I’m expected to work the floor for at least another hour, and...” she began.

“I’ve already discussed it with the manager and he has no intention of forcing you to stay,” he interrupted.

Raising an eyebrow, and her voice, she pretended to be a little indignant.

“Well you’re pretty damn sure of yourself, aren’t you?!”

“Not at all, my dear,” he replied calmly. “I was very sure of you. Your moves, your attitude, your indescribable beauty... you’re meant for much more than this. And you know it!”

“Well then,” she conceded, “since we all seem to agree this is an offer I can’t refuse, I guess all that’s left is for me to change so we can leave.” She stood to leave, but stopped and turned back to him.

“By the way,” she queried, “is there any particular kind of dress code where we’re going? My street clothes aren’t exactly styled for the country club.” She smiled down, not so innocently.

“I’m sure anything you wear will please my employer,” he smiled. “On the outside chance you didn’t, I’m sure he’d supply you with whatever necessary.”

The long limo ride to Esteban’s seemed even longer thanks to the two bubble-headed bimbos that were also being escorted there. Even if she’d wanted to, Mallory wouldn’t have been able to get a word in edgewise. The bimbo twins were so coked up they were chattering and flirting with their escort, Lance, and her escort as well, whose name she finally learned was Marcos.



It was obvious Lance was having second thoughts about his ‘acquisitions’... especially compared to Marcos’ cool seductress sitting across from him.

It was obvious Lance was having second thoughts about his ‘acquisitions’... especially compared to Marcos’ cool seductress sitting across from him. Although she couldn’t hear above the din of the coked-up cutey-pies, she could read lips well enough to learn that Lance was seriously considering dumping his two girls on the side of the road because he couldn’t bear bringing in such low-quality trash when Marcos had such a prize.

She couldn’t help but blush. Fortunately, the dim lights of the car hid her reaction.

Marcos, however, was convincing him that there was always a market for girls of their caliber. The way he used the word ‘market’ led Mallory to believe that there was much more going on at Esteban’s

parties than originally thought. She was surprised when Marcos soon confirmed her suspicions. Although he didn't go into detail on plans for the 'twins', he did explain to her regarding what was to be expected of her once they arrived at Esteban's.

Conflicting emotions bombarded her as she listened to his description of her 'duties'. A sense of relief washed over her at the realization that she was being accepted into the position that would grant her the access she needed. But it was tempered with a growing apprehension at what it was she was being asked to do. It was one thing to project the image of a confident, sensual woman from a distance, but quite another to do so intimately. She would soon have to cross that line, and for the first time during this mission felt a sense of insecurity in her abilities. It wasn't a reluctance or unwillingness to do what she had to that concerned her, on the contrary, it was an almost unnatural *eagerness* to go that next step that had her a little worried. Unfortunately, she didn't have time to dwell on it since they were already pulling up to their destination.

Esteban's residence was an armed fortress disguised as a luxury villa. To the casual observer, the small army of men and dogs roaming the grounds was enough of a deterrent to any would-be uninvited guests. Mallory's trained eye, though, was able to discern much more... infrared cameras, pressure-sensitive alarms along the beach front, laser 'trip-wires'... just to mention a few. Her intel had held up and confirmed her mission. The only way in was as an *invited* guest.

Once inside, Mallory could see that she'd struck paydirt. Not only was every major Gold Coast drug lord there, but she was also surprised to see many powerful and 'respectable' businessmen, politicians, and even judges eagerly enjoying Esteban's hospitality.

She followed Marcos closely as they made their way through the house toward the back patio. She made a point of saving her best 'it-could-be-you' smile for only the few she recognized as major players, plus a couple of business tycoons. Finally, they reached the pool area where it seemed the real heat of the party was being generated. None of the girls there could ever be considered anything less than gorgeous, yet most eyes were focused on her as Marcos escorted her up to none other than Esteban himself.

"My God, Marcos!" he cried out as he took in every inch of her perfect body with his eyes. "You have outdone yourself!"

"Thank you, jefe!" Marcos beamed. "May I present Miss Mallory O'Brian, who I assure you *is* as remarkable as she appears."

Esteban took her hand, raised it to his lips and gave it a long, warm kiss that sent goosebumps up her arm.

"A pleasure to meet you, Miss O'Brian," Esteban cooed.

"The pleasure is all mine," she returned, "... at least for the time being." She gave him a look that would have caused most men to lose their load right there on the spot.

Esteban, as it turned out, despite being a murderous drug dealer, was still a devoted, loving family man. Even with a house full of the most beautiful women in Florida, he loved his wife and family too much to cheat on them. Marcos had explained this to her in the limo, but she still felt she had to try.

For a moment, the look on Esteban's face (as well as the prominent lump in his pants) made her think she may have succeeded in getting to him. But the look soon morphed into a broad smile as he started guffawing loudly.



His hand slipped down to caress her firm ass as she walked. Esteban may have been a devoted family man, but he wasn't a eunuch.

“My God, but you *are* a remarkable woman, Miss O’Brian!” he laughed heartily. “I’m beginning to wonder if *any* of my guests are truly worthy of you!”

He slipped an arm around her tiny waist and led her back inside the house... his hand slipping down to caress her firm ass as she walked. Esteban may have been a devoted family man, but he wasn't a eunuch.

“Let me introduce you to some of my closest and most trusted associates, my dear,” he talked as they walked. “Then we’ll see where your lovely assets can best be utilized.”

Over the course of the next couple of hours, Esteban showed her off to nearly a dozen extremely influential men. None of which, she noted,

were involved in the drug trade... at least as far as she knew. She was on display, and she knew it, so she played up her part making sure to schmooze with as many of the VIP guests as possible.

Esteban was saving his most important guest for last, but Mallory had spotted him as soon as they had entered. State Senator William Munro represented the most affluent district along the Florida coastline and had never been one to shun the media spotlight. His recent, not so amicable, divorce had produced plenty of tongue-wagging fodder for the media, including his penchant for the occasional extra-marital fling. The real juicy material never came to light, though, thanks to a hasty settlement with his ex-wife. She had been more than happy to clam up, since the original prenuptial agreement would have left her with practically nothing.

Normally, she would have been surprised to see someone of Munro's relatively clean standing in the company of someone like Esteban, but Munro's resources coupled with Esteban's security made his discovery there practically impossible.

Mallory had known from the get-go *why* she had been recruited for this party by Marcos. But she was only now discovering just *who* she was recruited for. Esteban knew full well about Munro's fondness for the ladies, and what better way to ingratiate himself than to provide Munro with the pick of the litter, so to speak. Mallory was way ahead of him, though. As soon as she made him, she managed to establish a non-verbal dialogue with Munro through little more than eye-contact. By the time they were formally introduced, she knew she already had him by the nutsack.

"Mallory O'Brian," Esteban smiled proudly, "I'd like you to meet a very dear friend of mine... *Senator* William Munro."

Munro looked a little peeved at Esteban for the all-too-easy disclosure of his identity. But Mallory quickly put his fears aside as she took his hand and stepped forward, her breasts brushing Munro's arm.

"*Senator* Munro?" she feigned. "I had no idea I'd be mingling with such important people here."

She wet her lips and gave the distinguished Senator her very best 'come-hither' look. If there was any truth at all to the articles about him, bimbos weren't his style. All of his known flings had been with intelligent, professional women... albeit extremely attractive and younger intelligent, professional women. She knew which buttons she needed to push.

"I'm afraid I haven't lived around here long enough to get involved in my local politics, Senator," she said, still holding his hand warmly. "Which district do you represent? I certainly hope that I can call you my senator."

"Please, call me Will," he smiled back at her. "My district stretches from Palm Beach to Ft. Lauderdale along the coast, Miss O'Brian." His eyes drifted down her long neck and came to rest on the low cut of her dress... barely concealing nipples that were slowly becoming more prominent as they spoke.

“Oh, that’s a shame,” she pouted. “I’m afraid that area is a little out of my tax bracket... and please, call me Mallory.”

The sudden sound of breaking glass from the pool followed by loud, Spanish expletives caused Esteban to excuse himself from the two who had forgotten he was there anyway.

Mallory moved a little closer to Munro.

“Well, Senator... I mean, Will,” she started as she ran her fingers up and down the arm of his expensively tailored suit. “*You* know why I’m at this party, and *I* know why I’m at this party.” She didn’t even have to look to know about the growing bulge in his pants.

“I’d say we’ve definitely made a connection,” she cooed. “So... what do we do about it?”

Munro was caught totally off guard by her seductive openness. He seemed somewhat flustered, which was understandable since a good deal of the blood normally coursing through his brain was currently being redirected to another part of his anatomy. She took the opportunity to make it even easier for him.

“From what I’ve seen,” she started, looking around the room, “most of the other ‘lucky’ guests here seem to have disappeared to another part of this house.” It was true that Esteban had provided suites for just that very thing. Whether they were bugged or not, she didn’t know. But she had other plans anyway.

“However, I seriously doubt a man such as yourself would allow himself to possibly be caught in such a situation... in such *questionable* surroundings.”

Regaining his composure, Munro smiled down at the seductress with an all-knowing grin.

“As a matter of fact, I do have a place not too far from here,” he softly spoke. “Let me just have a few words with our host and he’ll arrange getting you there.” He gently stroked the underside of her chin. “I’ll meet up with you in say, one hour. That should give you plenty of time to get... comfortable.”

“I’m looking forward to it,” she cooed back. Although she thought the chin bit was a little condescending, she had to stay in character.

The scope of her mission had suddenly changed dramatically. Although Munro more than likely saw her as a one-night nibble, if she played her cards right she could ingratiate herself into one of the richest and most powerful political families in the South.

With her already established connection with Esteban, she would possibly have access to information in both underworld and political circles... and any connections therein.

Once again in the back of one of Esteban's limos, Mallory's mind whirled through scenario after scenario as she approached her rendezvous with Munro. Unfortunately, all she knew of his sexual preferences was what she had learned from the media, for what that was worth. She decided she'd have to play it by ear and look for an opening to make damn sure that she wasn't just the latest in a line of Senator Munro's infamous one-night stands.

The limo came to a stop in front of some pricey studio/lofts overlooking the waterfront. The driver escorted her inside the building and to the top floor where he unlocked the door and motioned her in.

"Enjoy," he leered. "I'm sure the Senator will!" And he was gone before she could even ask how she was supposed to get home afterwards.

The fact that one of Esteban's drivers had a key to Munro's loft confirmed her suspicions that this behavior was status-quo for the Senator. She was now convinced that her performance for the next couple of hours would make or break her chances of scoring the intel community's version of a grand slam.

A quick look around the loft yielded very little that she hadn't already suspected. Despite a few bottles of surprisingly decent wine and champagne, the fridge was empty. A good-sized changing room/walk-in closet contained little more than one or two changes in casual clothes for the Senator. It was the 'little more' that she *did* find that helped define the evening to come. Wiggling out of her dress and letting it drop to the floor, she stepped into the closet to prepare for the Senator.

Munro checked his watch as his limo pulled up in front of the loft. He had kept her waiting about twenty minutes longer than he'd told her.

Just as well, he thought to himself. She'd just be that much more eager.

Of all his sexual encounters, only his ex-wife had verbally confronted Munro with the fact that his ego far outshone his actual performance. Munro himself completely dismissed her opinions as those of an old, disgruntled shrew who was making it all up in a feeble attempt to discredit him. All his other partners knew the truth also, but knew better than to tick off their sugar daddy.

The ride up the elevator gave him a chance to recall every detail of the incredible body that lay in wait for him in his loft. By the time he got to his door and unlocked it, his cock felt longer and harder than it had ever been. When he opened the door and stepped inside, however, it found the room for improvement.

The lights were dimmer than he'd expected, but as his eyes slowly adjusted he discovered that his expectations had been severely underestimated.

She was standing at the foot of the bed, lit only from a faint light above and the window behind her. He had hoped she'd be wearing one of the left behind outfits in the closet, and she didn't disappoint. However, he had no idea anyone could look so good in so little. The sheerness of the black lace babydoll covered practically nothing of her exquisite body and yet without it



the effect would have been definitely less dramatic. The curves he had envisioned within the skintight dress at the party were now exposed to him unobscured save for the dark, granular tint brought about by the lace that draped them. Her left hand was lightly stroking one of her glorious tits... holding firm in their defiance of the forces of gravity.

At first, it seemed she were blissfully unaware of his presence... seemingly lost in the ministrations of her fingers as they skittered across and around her ever-hardening nipples. The faraway look on her face gave was, however, to a sly, satisfied grin as her sultry voice broke the silence.

“You were a little late,” she purred, “so I started without you.”

He had hoped she'd be wearing one of the left behind outfits in the closet, and she didn't disappoint. He had no idea anyone could look so good in so little.

Uncharacteristically losing his composure, it was a miracle Munro was able to cross the room to her without losing his load or ending up flat on his face considering both his trousers and his jaw had dropped below his knees.

Mallory was glad to see how easily the poor Senator could be manipulated, but also a little disappointed since it was obvious that he'd be done all too quickly. She had put a lot of time and effort, both physically and mentally, into getting herself to this point. So much so, that she was actually looking forward to it. She was still trying to remember her last really good fuck when the Senator finally reached her... his hands groping her hungrily as his pants and shoes were kicked across the room. She tried to slow down and control him some by reaching for his cock, but to no avail. He was already behind her... his hands reaching around and kneading her tits... his engorged, purple cock pressed tightly against the small of her back.

She might have been put off by his obvious lack of respect for her... if it all hadn't felt so damn good! She'd deal with the respect thing some other time. Right now, all she wanted was to feel that straining shaft ramming into her primed and eager pussy.

Using the bedposts for support, she stood as tall as she could on her toes and spread her legs, inviting him into her. She could feel him lowering slightly as his cock slid down her back and between her moistened cheeks until it popped free below her... poised upward. Without any hesitation, he quickly stood upright, almost jumping, causing his rod to slam deep inside her... practically lifting her off the floor.

Strangely enough, amid the screams and moans emitted by both, mental images of a previous, and disturbingly similar, experience were coming into view. Although it was becoming increasingly more difficult for her to concentrate as she felt the inevitable rush of an orgasm approach, the memories were becoming clearer...

...another doggy-style fuck... hurried... rushed... even forced...

...another political figure... not as important as the Senator, but still...

...a district attorney... that was it... but, what was his name...

...DA.. *Simons*... That was *it!*

Her mind practically *hissed* his name as the floodgates opened and all the memories that had been suppressed or altered engulfed her already over-stimulated mind. But at the same instant, her body was rocked with a mind-blowing orgasm that all but shut down her entire thinking process. For several moments, her voluptuous body reacted on instinct alone... convulsing in synchronized rhythm to the pleasures that bombarded it. Her brain, however, had been temporarily short-circuited by the overwhelming torrents of memories, emotions and sensations.

Brian McComb had finally and suddenly been released from the mental prison that the nanites had created. Under normal circumstances, the body's original persona could have easily overrun the programmed personality of Mallory O'Brian and reestablished physical control.

This, however, was anything but a normal circumstance.

The female personality that had so easily and convincingly seduced her way into the Senator's bed was currently empowered by a tsunami of sexual energy. Instead of a seamless 'changing of the guard', the two collided headfirst... neither flinching.

Both fought to survive.

One out of experience and ownership of the body they currently shared... intensified by a ravenous thirst for revenge.

The other, out of sheer carnal lust. She *couldn't* give up the incredible sensations coursing through her... she *had* to continue.

In little more than a brief instant, the psychological battle came to an extraordinary end...

Munro's last thrust ejected his load deep within the sweaty beauty as her body gave up one final spasm that almost seemed to render her briefly unconscious. The Senator, of course, attributed it to his own sexual prowess as he withdrew, leaving her semi-conscious on the bed. Walking toward the bathroom to clean up, Munro looked back to admire his latest conquest.

He had no clue that the woman rising from the bed was not the same woman he had just finished fucking. In order for both to survive, the two distinct personalities had quickly and efficiently merged into a single psyche... one that carried the most dominant traits of her predecessors. The cunning, ruthlessness, and tenacity from McComb's years in black ops were intertwined with Mallory's seductive charms, as well as her new-found sexual appetite... all wrapped together in one perfectly luscious package.

Munro was wiping the water from his face when he felt her warm, slick body press up against him from behind. Her hardened nipples felt like small fingers pressing into his back as she wrapped her arms around his waist and began nuzzling the back of his neck.

"You left so soon," she purred into his ear. "I was just getting warmed up." One hand slid down and cupped the balls dangling below his flaccid cock.

"As much as I'd love to stay, sweetheart," he lied poorly, "I've got other engagements to attend to." He started to pull away from her but quickly discovered that she was much stronger than she looked... especially in the hand that now had a firm grip around his tender cock.

“Are you *sure* I can’t persuade you to stay?” She nibbled on his ear as her hand aggressively massaged his shaft, trying to bring it back to life.

It had been years since the Senator had been able to give any kind of a repeat performance so quickly, and he knew it. So to avoid any possible embarrassments, he tried extending his lie.

“I really *do* have a strategy meeting back in town,” he said firmly while gently trying to pry her off him... to no avail.

Keeping a firm hold on his cock, she maneuvered herself between him and the counter and smiled a seductive, yet slightly evil grin up at him.

“Oh,” she sighed, feigning disappointment, “I guess I’ll just have to find some other way to convince you to stay.”

He winced as her grip tightened around his cock. He started to open his mouth to protest, but as soon as he looked her in the eyes, he stopped cold. Something about her demeanor had changed drastically. There was no sign of the willing and eager young pussycat he’d boffed earlier in the face of the woman who now eyed him hungrily.

“What’s wrong, lover?” she taunted. “You’re not going to let a little thing like pain keep you from *this* body, are you?”

She pulled him closer, guiding the tip of his imprisoned cock to brush against her moist pussy while her free hand enticingly caressed one of her tits. A slight moan escaped her lips at the contact.

“Ooo... if you only knew...” she trailed off briefly, lost in thought. “God, I love this body!” She looked him in the eye. “Do *you* love this body?” She thrust her tits up at him, the nipples so erect they might have cut glass.

“Yes!” he stammered. “God, yes!” She felt a slight twitch beneath her grip.

“Then, touch me!” she ordered. “Touch my tits! How the hell can you be this close and not be drooling over them? Touch them now!”

She could feel the blood rushing back to his cock as he slowly reached up and began fondling her wanting tits.

“Harder!” she commanded. “They won’t *break*, damn it! Grab them like you *know* you want to!”

Munro obliged her wishes... not so much because he wanted to but because she *told* him to. As a result, his cock sprang back to life while he hungrily groped her.

An audible purr slipped past her lips as the Senator’s response clued her to his true nature. But she wanted to be sure.

“That’s enough!” she murmured seductively, but still firmly enough to get the point across.

He stopped immediately.

Beads of sweat formed on the Senator’s brow and upper lip. The once flaccid cock had become a raging hard-on, but still held captive in her hand.

“I need more,” she growled. Feigning boredom, she looked around the room and complained to no one in particular, “I need a good, long fuck.”

She suddenly returned her attention to him, fixing her steely, blue eyes on him.

“Do you think *you* can give me a really good, long fuck?”

The answer was growing in her hand as she spoke. It had already surpassed its earlier state of arousal and showed no sign of letting up any time soon.

Nodding sporadically, Munro started to say something, but was cut off.

“No!” she ordered. “Don’t *tell* me. I think at this point, you’d better *ask* me instead.” She emphasized her point by tightening her grip on his captive, rock-hard member. Although she got the response she was looking for, she was still surprised by how eagerly he gave it to her.

“Please!” he almost begged. “*Please* let me give you the long, hard fuck you need!” He was practically trembling. “Please let me pleasure that incredible body of yours! I *promise* I won’t disappoint you!”

“Well,” she said in a praising, yet slightly condescending tone, “Maybe I’ll have to give you the chance to do just that.”

Using his dick as a leash, she guided him slowly back towards the bed.

“I’m going to let you go now,” she warned, “and when I do, I want you to lie down on the bed. Do you understand?”

“Of course!” he promised, this time showing no hint of dishonesty.

With only a slight reluctance, she released him from his testicular prison and, true to his word, he swiftly climbed onto the bed and lay face-up in the middle of it.

“Hmmm,” she mused, admiring the sudden appearance of what looked very much like a fifth bedpost in the middle of the bed, “*Now* you’re showing some promise!”

Slowly, she crawled up on the bed and straddles him... her pussy positioned directly over and just out of reach of his straining member.

“I certainly hope you put that thing to better use *this* time,” she sneered down at him. “Because you’re in *no* position to disappoint me again!”

“I won’t!” He practically sniveled. “I promise!” She couldn’t be sure if he was trembling out of fear, excitement, or a combination of both. Whatever the case, she was loving it.

“I’m not convinced,” she chided menacingly. “I’m sure if I left it all up to you again, you wouldn’t last ten seconds.” She leaned forward onto her hands, one on either side of his head, and peered into his face.

“So here’s how it’s going to be...”

She lowered herself just enough so her rock-hard nipples poked his chest while the fine, funky hairs around her sopping pussy stroked the gooey tip of his trembling cock.

“...*I’m* in charge now. And if you do exactly as I say, you just might learn a thing or two. Understand?!”

He nodded vigorously while making a gulping sound. She raised herself back up, returning to her straddling position over him.

“Grab a hold of the headboard railing and don’t let go until I tell you to. Have you got it?”

He immediately reached over his head and put a death-grip on the railing, again nodding his head.

“You’re awfully quiet for a politician,” she scolded. “I said, ‘*Have you got it?!*’”

“Y..yes!” he stammered.

It was all going much better than she’d originally hoped... but she wanted to push him further... to see just how far he’d sink.

“‘Yes?!’” she mocked him. “Just ‘yes’!? That’s all you can say to the woman with this mind-boggling bod who’s about to fuck your brains out?! Yes, *what?!*”

“Y... yes... Mistress?!” It was the way he said it. She could tell he wanted to say it... hell, he was practically aching to say it all along. But there was enough timidity in his tone to indicate he wasn't sure if it was what *she* wanted to hear.

She let him know... in a way that would ensure his continued obedience.

Smiling a wicked and triumphant grin, she lowered herself slowly onto his cock... taking it all inside her until his balls pressed tightly against her ass. It was difficult for her to suppress the long, deep, satisfying moan that welled up within her. He was so



close, she knew that one good moan from her would drive him over the edge... and she was nowhere near ready for that yet. Tightening her pussy muscles, she put a vise grip around the base of his cock... effectively shutting down any possibility of his early release.

Munro responded with an audible gasp and pained look on his face. A quick warning glance from her stifled any other kind of resistance.

She loosened her grip on him slightly and began to slide herself up and down his slickened shaft.

“Mmmmm... that's *much* better,” she purred. “You *do* show a little promise after all, William.” The pained look on his face subsided... a little.

Smiling a wicked and triumphant grin, she lowered herself slowly onto his cock... taking it all inside her until his balls pressed tightly against her ass.

“I just *may* allow you to be more of an active participant,” she continued while still riding his overextended cock. “Would you like that, William?”

She decided she liked the his name, William, rolled off her tongue in the current context. ‘Willy’ would have been too cute while ‘Bill’ or ‘Will’ were monikers he preferred, so they were obviously discarded.

“Oh, God, yes, Mistress!” he pleaded. “Please let me show you what I can do for you!”

“You’ve *already* shown me what you *can* do,” she sneered down at him. “Now, I’m going to *tell* you what you *will* do. Understand?”

“Yes, Mistress!”

“All right, then. I want you to match my rhythm *exactly*. Don’t you *dare* go any faster unless I tell you to.”

Immediately his hips began thrusting up and down in almost perfect synch with her. Deliberately, she slowed her pace then quickened it, just to test him... and was pleasantly surprised at his accuracy.

“Oh, and one more thing,” she purred in a not-so-kittenish tone, “if you cum before I give you permission, you’ll regret it for the rest of your miserable life.”

She didn’t expect him to answer, especially since she hadn’t told him to. But she could tell he got the message. A brief stutter in his rhythm coincided with the last syllable of her statement, but it was quickly reestablished with even more intensity and concentration.

She continued riding him for nearly half an hour, bringing them both up to, but not over, the breaking point again and again until even *she* couldn’t take much more. She slowed her pace and looked down dispassionately into his strained and sweaty face.

“I hope you’re ready to pick up the pace, William,” she warned with an almost evil grin, “because I think I’m ready!”

A look of almost ecstatic relief crossed his face. A look she gleefully quashed.

“Oh, did you assume that I thought *you* were ready too, William?!” Her condescending tone almost brought him to tears, but he fought them back, afraid of the consequences.

“Well, don’t worry, William,” she leaned in close. “If you can keep up the good work, I just *may* grant you that little wish.” She straightened up and smiled down at him. “Now, hold on William! Because here comes the good part!”

Slowly, their rhythm increased... dictated by her, but perfectly in synch nevertheless. She was done playing games. She was in it for the fuck now. She rode him fast, hard and deep. Before long, a low, sultry moan could be heard emanating from somewhere deep within her. Her hands, which had been aggressively squeezing and kneading her tits, moved to entangle her long, blonde mane atop her head. Her back began to arch as her moaning became louder and louder as they fucked faster and faster. The instant before it hit, she gave the command that forever confirmed his sexual submission to her.

“Cum, you bastard!” she shrieked into the musky air. “Cum now, or don’t ever cum again!”

He didn’t need to be told twice.

Without even thinking, he gave one final upward thrust and erupted inside her... every muscle in his body performing a synchronized spasm of pleasure/pain.

At the very same instant, her eyes rolled back into her head as her body was rocked by wave upon wave of intense orgasmic pleasure. Her cries of passion, almost feral in nature, reverberated throughout the upper floors of the building.

Although the emotional and physical exhaustion had already rendered him unconscious, she continued her gyrations. Her pussy muscles milked his slowly wilting cock of every last drop. Finally satisfied, she climbed off the limp Senator and went to the restroom to clean up.

Munro awoke moments later, dazed and confused. It wasn’t until he heard Mallory moving about in the next room when it all came back to him. Every incredibly erotic, exciting, and supremely fulfilling moment came rushing back, leaving an intensely satisfied, but tired look on the Senator’s face. That is, until he vaguely remembered the climax... and passing out!

Suddenly, he was very afraid of her possible reaction. But before he had any time to form any plan of action, the bathroom door opened.

Even in his current state of anxiety, he couldn’t help but marvel at her incredible beauty as she walked slowly toward him. He was so distracted by the gentle sway of her voluptuous curves that he momentarily forgot about his impending punishment. It wasn’t until she crawled back up onto the bed, straddling him once more, that his concerns snapped back to his likely punishment.

His anxiety quickly switched to surprise as she gently lay herself atop him, wrapped her arms about his head and neck, and awarded him one of the most sensual, and almost loving, kisses he'd ever experienced in his life.

Slowly disengaging her mouth from his, she looked him deeply in the eyes and began slowly stroking his hair with her fingers.

“You,” she purred slowly and contentedly, “were very, very good!”

A few well placed kisses along his neck melted away the last of his apprehensions.

“Th... thank you, Mistr...”, she stopped him in mid-word with a finger over his lips.

“It’s just ‘Mallory’ again, Senator,” she cooed. “No role-playing, just us.” She snuggled into him as his arms slowly wrapped around her.

“I take it you rather enjoyed this evening, didn’t you?” she asked coyly.

Still exhausted, Munro could only respond by tilting her head up to his and returning her passionate kiss with one of his own.

Smiling seductively, she laid her head on his chest.

“Then, have I got a proposition for you...”

Chapter 3

Three weeks had gone by since he'd sent the transformed and reprogrammed 'Sarge' to Esteban's and he couldn't believe he hadn't gotten even one goddamned report from his voluptuous spy. She'd been programmed to contact him as soon as she discovered anything juicy. Considering how well the rest of her programming had taken hold, it was hard for Simons to believe that this one minor aspect of it had failed.

In a worst-case scenario her cover had been blown. It sickened him to think of that incredible body dumped somewhere in the Everglades as croc food. What a waste of the best fuck he'd ever had in his life!

He was still lamenting the possible loss of unfulfilled sex games with his lovely puppet when something on his desk grabbed his attention. A picture in the Society section of *The Herald* showed a close-up of Senator Munro and his latest conquest enjoying themselves on the deck of Munro's family yacht. Initially, it was just the picture of the incredibly sexy redhead in that micro-bikini that caught his eye.

That son of a bitch had all the luck, he thought to himself. Those incredibly long legs, that perfect teardrop ass, those magnificent tits...

Suddenly, it clicked! He *knew* that body! And why shouldn't he?! He designed every perfectly delicious square inch of it! The face and hair were different, but there was no mistaking it... good ol' 'Sarge' was schtupping the Senator!

He didn't know how or why she'd ended up with him instead of Esteban, but right now he didn't give a damn. He *did* know that the only way her face and hair could have been changed so thoroughly was with the nanites... and there was only one other person she could've approached for that procedure.

Furiously, he dialed up Schmidt, the computer tech he'd blackmailed into helping him program Mal in the first place. His suspicions were confirmed by the annoying recording telling him that Schmidt's phone was no longer in service.

"I don't know what you're up to, sweetie," he growled at the paper, "but I can get just as far busting sleazy politicians as I can busting drug dealers any day! And it's a hell of a lot safer!"

He dropped the paper on the floor and walked to the window overlooking Biscayne Bay.

"And now that I know how to find you, I have another little surprise for you."

Two weeks later, Simons found himself hob-nobbing with the rich and powerful at a Republican fund raiser at the Sheraton in Bal Harbour. It had taken practically every political favor he had saved up to get invited to such a high-society event.

The fact that he was a Democrat had very little to do with it. (There were, in fact, several notable, well-heeled Democrats attending who obviously couldn't resist a good party, no matter the cause.)

No, Simons had a hard time getting invited because pretty much everyone who knew of him had reached the same conclusion... Simons was a sleazy putz.

Even though he'd managed to finagle an invitation, it was painfully obvious to anyone that he didn't belong among that circle. He was the only man there not wearing a tux. His dark suit might have been stylish for a funeral, but for this type of function, he was woefully underdressed. The remarkable part of it, though, was that Simons didn't seem to care one way or another. Cheerfully taking full advantage of the free bar, he repeatedly tried ingratiating himself into any conversation he could interrupt... only to be politely rebuffed every time.

Simons didn't give a damn, though. He was there for one reason, and one reason alone.

And there she was!

It was impossible *not* to notice the auburn-tressed goddess on the arm of State Senator William Munro. The crowd parted before them as they slowly made their way across the room. Every eye in the room was fixated on her and the way her low-cut, translucent gown accentuated her perfectly voluptuous curves.

The nearly unobstructed view of her entire anatomy convinced Simons that this woman was indeed Mal... despite the auburn hair, emerald-green eyes, and an altered, but still gorgeous face.

He moved toward them, hoping for an opportunity to talk to her alone... if only for a moment. That's all he needed.

Eventually, he was close enough to hear the Senator as he repeatedly introduced his stunning companion to admirers as Heather O'Keefe, a public relations expert recently transplanted from Chicago.

Simons found himself in the unique situation of being both amused and frustrated by the scenario. Considering what he knew about 'Heather's' true identity, Munro's introduction of her to the drooling throng almost made Simons laugh out loud. But his amusement was tempered by bitter frustration... frustration at 'her' success in so easily climbing the social ladder



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he longed to be on, as well as a seething sexual frustration brought on by the in-your-face realization that someone else was fucking *his* creation.

He could bring it all to an end if he wanted to. All he needed was the right opportunity. An opening in the crowd brought that opportunity that much closer as he planted himself directly in front of them, extending his hand to the Senator.

Munro looked over the out-of-place human speed bump and smiled sadly.

“It’s Simmons, isn’t it?” He reluctantly took his hand and gave it one firm shake before prying it free.

“*Simmons*, actually,” he replied. “District Attorney Travis Simmons. I’m glad I finally have the opportunity to meet you, as well as your fetching companion here, Miss...”

“O’Keefe,” she responded in a pleasant but bored tone. “Heather O’Keefe, Mr. Simmons.”

“*Simmons*,” he repeated. “But please call me Travis, Miss *O’Keefe*.” His accent on her last name went unnoticed by them as they looked for a reason, any reason to escape.

“You know, Miss O’Keefe,” Simmons continued, “You look very familiar to me. I could *swear* we’ve met before.”

“I don’t see how,” she replied in a semi-frustrated tone, “I just moved here from Chicago a few weeks ago. Before that, I’ve never been to Florida.”

Before Simmons could respond, one of Munro’s aids approached and whispered something into the Senator’s ear.

“I’m sorry to break this up,” he interjected, “but there’s something I have to take care of.” Heather cast him a dirty look.

“Oh, that’s all right, Will,” she smiled through clenched teeth. “The Governor’s wife asked me to join her for a drink, so I’m sure I’ll be in good hands.”

“I won’t be long, love,” he kissed her on the cheek and disappeared into the crowd.

“Well, if you’ll excuse me, Mr. Simmons,” she said briefly turning back toward Simmons, “it was nice to meet you, but when the First Lady of the state calls... well, you know.”

She turned and started to walk off. But before she got very far, Simmons called out one word which made her stop in her tracks.

“Rumplestiltskin.”

He said it firmly, but just loud enough for her alone to hear.

Immediately, she stopped and turned back toward Simons... a serene, almost vapid smile on her face.

He stepped up to her and whispered in her ear, “Who’s your Daddy?”

In the span of little more than two seconds, her demeanor toward him changed completely from aloof and almost contemptuous to seductive and wanton.

“Oh,” she purred back into his ear, “that would most definitely be you!”

Simons was ecstatic! It worked! The backdoor passwords into her programming had worked perfectly. She was finally back under his control again, and of course, he knew exactly what to do with that control.

“I’m going up to Room 1602. I want you to meet me up there in fifteen minutes with your pussy hot, wet and ready for action! Understand?”

Seemingly unphased by his crude comments, she nodded, smiled and winked at the eager DA.

It nearly took Simons the full fifteen minutes to stumble his way through the crowd and up the elevator to his room on the sixteenth floor. Heather, on the other hand, spent the time cheerfully mingling amongst the crowd, but abruptly excusing herself from the middle of a conversation the instant fifteen minutes had passed. Munro hadn’t returned to the party yet, so as far as anyone else was concerned, she was probably leaving to rendezvous with the Senator for an evening of sexual bliss.

Simons barely had time to strip and slip on a robe when there was the anticipated knock at his door. He opened the door to the most cock-stiffening sight he’d ever laid his beady eyes on.

She stood in the doorway, her hands low on her hips, slowly riding her dress up higher and higher. The look on her face oozed nothing but pure carnal lust. He hated to admit it, but the new auburn locks and flashing emerald eyes were a definite improvement to his original design... especially the way they accented her new, pouty face.

A face with moistened, full, red lips that were moaning, “So, just how *hot* and *wet* do you want me?!”

Simons' only reply was to quickly pull her inside, check the hallway for prying eyes, and slam the door shut.

She was leaning against the wall, eyeing him hungrily, her left hand lightly caressing her ample cleavage while her right hand slowly slid one of the gown's straps from her shoulder.

Simons stood before her in awe, his robe rapidly tenting outward in the vicinity of his crotch.

With the one strap dangling free off her shoulder, she switched to the other one. As it slowly cleared her other shoulder, her dress immediately and effortlessly drifted into a soft pile on the floor around her feet, leaving her gloriously naked save for the 6-inch heeled sandals that adorned her feet.

Never taking her eyes from his face, she slowly stepped over her dress and reached for the rope around his robe. In one swift, deft motion it was untied and his robe was joining her dress on the floor.

"God, I've missed you!" she purred as she wrapped herself around him and began nibbling his neck and ear.

Simons was in heaven! Not in his wildest dreams had he imagined it turning out *this* good. He had just told Schmidt to make her incredibly horny and susceptible to suggestion when she heard the password, but this was exceeding *all* his expectations!

She was rubbing her slickened pussy up and down his now vertical rod, coating it with her own juices. At the same time, the sweat from both their bodies allowed her hardened nipples to slide effortlessly up and down his chest.

Simons was so turned on he could barely think straight. In fact, he hardly noticed at all when she 'accidentally' scraped his neck with her ring.

Before he knew it, he was falling backward onto the bed and she was climbing on top of him. Perched atop him like a lioness about to devour a meal, her pussy was positioned directly over and just out of reach of his straining cock.

For the first time since she got there, he was finally able to utter something slightly more meaningful than the occasional grunt.

"Jesus Christ!" he marveled. "Have *you* come a long way, baby!?! Or should I say, 'Sarge?!'"

Still straddling him, she arched her back, giving him a long, leisurely look at her magnificent body.

“Oh, you have *no* idea, ‘baby!’” she cooed back. “And in case you hadn’t noticed, ‘Sarge’ has left the building!”

She emphasized her point by fondling her perfect tits for him and then slowly sliding her hands down to her own sopping wet pussy.

Simons couldn’t take it any longer. He tried thrusting his cock up into her waiting pussy... but his hips wouldn’t respond. Instinctively, he instead attempted to use his arms to push himself up into her... again, no response.

His legs also failed to answer to his mental commands.

Slowly his eyes widened as he came to the realization that he was suddenly paralyzed!



“Oh, you have no idea, ‘baby!’” she cooed back. “And in case you hadn’t noticed, ‘Sarge’ has left the building!” She emphasized her point by fondling her perfect tits for him and then slowly sliding her hands down to her own sopping wet pussy.

Chapter 4

“What the fuck!?” He was somewhat surprised that he could still talk, but what had intended to be a shout only came across as little more than a stern observation.

“Oh, make that a big ‘no fuck’ for you, Simons!” She was glaring down at him now, the feigned ‘hunger’ gone from her eyes, replaced with a look of contempt.

“It took that stuff a little longer to kick in than I thought it would. I was afraid there for a minute I’d have to let you stick your miserable dick in me again!”

“How the fuck...?!” Simons started.

“My, you certainly *do* have a one track mind, don’t you?” she chided, still looking down at him from her straddling position. “Well, why don’t you just lie there like a good little asshole and enjoy the view while I try and fill in all the details.”

To Simons’ surprise, her fingers returned to her pussy. Slowly and luxuriantly, she began masturbating inches above his still engorged, but currently useless cock.

“I’m going to have to have a word with Schmidt after this,” she murmured. “He didn’t tell me about the backdoor passwords you all programmed.” A soft moan briefly interrupted her speech.

“Let me guess,” she continued, “Horny as hell... and extremely *compliant*, maybe?”

“But how...?” he started again.

“If you’ll just stop interrupting me, I’ll... I’ll... oooo!” She bit her lip, temporarily staving the inevitable.

“Sorry about that,” she purred a moment later. “Where was I? Oh yes... Well to tell you the truth, I’m not exactly sure *how* it happened, but thanks to a little spontaneous in-house rewiring up here,” she motioned to her head, “I found myself no longer under your pre-programmed control. The process, however, *did* leave me a changed person, though.” She removed one drenched hand from her pussy and lovingly caressed one of her tits.

“But definitely a change for the better, don’t you think!” A soft, satisfied moan slipped through her lips.

“I think its safe to say that Will *definitely* prefers the new, improved me.”

Although muffled by the drug in his system, the shocked look on Simons face was still unmistakable. Mallory noticed the look and smiled.

“Oh, yes,” she sighed. “I told the Senator every little detail about myself... from ‘black ops’, to nanites, to the woman you now see before you. Of course that was after I succeeded in wrapping him completely around my little finger. It turns out that our dear Senator is very susceptible to my particular talents and desires. He was also extremely helpful in establishing a new ID for me. I guess you can say that he and I have an *interesting* future ahead of us.”

The combination of both hands attending to two different erogenous zones elicited another stirring moan from her. Regaining her composure, she continued.

“Unfortunately, although I’m free of your direct control, I still seem to be a little influenced by your pesky backdoor program. It seems the ‘horny’ part definitely got through to me.” She smiled down at him with a seductively evil grin.

“But that’s probably only because I was already a horny little bitch!”

Both hands returned to her pussy and she picked up the pace, obviously ready for the finish.

“I can’t be *too* angry with Schmidt, though,” she was forcing the words now as her breathing was getting heavier and faster. “He was *more* than happy to help me out with the new face *and* that concoction that’s swimming around in your bloodstream.”

Her fingers were moving furiously now... bringing her closer and closer to the brink.

Simons could only watch helplessly as the incredibly erotic sight played itself out before him. He was practically whimpering with frustration, because although he had no control over his body, he could still *feel* everything... especially the maddening desire to relieve his over-stimulated cock.

“Of course... it didn't hurt... that he hates you... *almost* as much as I do!” She could barely get the words out now, she was so close.

“The appreciative blowjob... may not have been... necessary after all...!” She was seconds away.

“But it sure... was... Oh... My... God!!!!”

All rational thought fled her mind as she finally succumbed to the overwhelming orgasm that reverberated throughout her entire supple body.

Slowly regaining her senses, she returned her focus to Simons, still immobile beneath her. He seemed almost in tears from a combination of sexual frustration and fear. Casting him an indifferent look, she climbed off the bed and started walking toward the bathroom, leaving him prone, paralyzed, and unsure of his immediate future.

“You look nervous, Simons,” she called over her shoulder to him. “I can't imagine *why*?” Her last sentence dripped with sarcasm.

She emerged from the bathroom wearing one of the hotel-issued robes and picked up the phone.

“Hello, front desk?” she spoke cheerfully into the phone. “This is Miss O'Keefe... Why, I'm very well, thank you!... I left an overnight bag with the porter earlier. Could you please have it sent up to room 1602?... Thank you *very* much!”

“What are you going to do with me?” slurred Simons.

She turned toward him, a wicked smile on her face, and slowly paced around the bed as she started to explain.

“You know, it's too bad you're such a dickhead, Simons. You might've been a useful DA otherwise.” A look of terror began to spread across his face as he fully began to realize the magnitude of his situation.

“Actually,” she continued, “most of what we're 'going' to do with you, is already underway or has already happened. You see, over the past couple of weeks, large sums of money have been deposited into an offshore account under your name. These deposits, without much difficulty, can be traced back to Esteban. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to realize that the connection between you two would put an immediate end to your career and most likely place you behind bars for a very long time.”

Simons started to say something, but she waved him off.

“I know, I know! You’d still spill the beans about me, the Senator and Esteban and take us all down with you. Yadda, yadda, yadda! We’re not stupid, Simons! That’s why we’ve decided to take this all somewhat farther.”

Simons was sweating buckets now.

“A couple of days from now, your car will be found partially submerged deep in the Everglades. All they’ll find of you, however, are a few bloody and tattered bits of your clothing that the crocodiles apparently couldn’t digest.”

A knock at the door interrupted her. She headed for the door, stopping to rummage through his clothes.

“Considering the quality of these clothes, who could blame them? *I* can barely digest even *looking* at them.” She pulled his wallet out of his jacket, looked through it and tossed it onto the table with a disgusted look.

“Now how am I supposed to tip the porter when cheap bastards like you don’t carry any cash around?!” She adjusted her robe so that it displayed an awesome amount of cleavage. “Oh well, I guess I’ll have to tip him another way.”

She opened the door just enough so the porter couldn’t see inside the room, but considering what was blocking his view, there was no reason for him to look any further. Simons couldn’t hear what she was saying, but her tone was very melodic and seductive. He tried to cry out, but what came out was little more than a loud whisper. After a moment or two, she closed the door and walked back toward the bed with a small designer suitcase in tow. Placing it on the night-stand, she returned her attention to Simons.

“Now where was I...? Let’s see... Car, Everglades, crocs... I think that’s everything so far. Is there anything I missed?” She was obviously enjoying this.

“Esteban...” he managed to croak softly, “Esteban knows about connection...” Again, she cut him off.

“Oh yes, dear Enrique,” she forced a fake sigh. “He took a little more thought, but we think we have him covered as well.” She sat next to him on the bed, the robe still displaying all that she’d flashed the surprised porter.

“You see, there’s enough evidence out there to implicate Esteban in your ‘murder’. From his point of view, however, it’ll seem like an obvious setup from one of his competitors. So, between the Feds and the resulting drug war, the last thing on his mind will be some poor stripper who got lucky with a state Senator.”

“You... can’t... just... *kill*... me!” Simons voice cracked.

“Oh Simons, of *course* I can!” She began gently stroking his hair.

“With my training and background it would be incredibly *easy* to kill you.” Her fingers slowly tightened among his hair as she continued speaking until they were firmly locked around a handful of his hair.

“And considering what you did to me back in Miami, killing you would also be extremely pleasurable!”

She gave one last painful tug on his hair to emphasize her point, but then released him. Opening up the suitcase, she pulled out a small vial and syringe and began to prepare an injection.

“You’ll be happy to hear, however, that we’ve decided on something a little less melodramatic and final.” She tapped the syringe to remove any bubbles as she continued explaining.

“Schmidt and the gang have been very busy since they first introduced the nanites into my system. In fact, they’ve actually developed a much more stable nanites that they hope is effective in *any* human host.”

With little effort, she moved the immobile but fully conscious and naked DA from the bed to a chair where she positioned him before a large mirror.

“I thought you might like a good seat for the show,” she chided wickedly.

Simons let out a muffled cry as she unceremoniously jabbed the needle into his thigh, injecting him with its contents.

“Like I said, it hasn’t been tested on a human host yet, but everyone’s really hopeful.” She returned the syringe and vial to her suitcase. “Assuming they work, there are a couple of other major differences between these nanites and mine.”

They were initially only a few hundred. As they entered the bloodstream, they attached themselves to any available cell, noted what type of cell it was, recoded its genetic make-up accordingly and moved on to the next cell. The recoded cell, for all outward appearances, seemed unaffected, waiting for the final instructions to adapt to their new genetic code. This was by design to avoid detection by the hosts antibodies which likely would have attacked the altered cell, detecting it as an invader. The nanites themselves were ‘unconcerned’ with the antibodies since they were also recoded when they came into contact with the nanites.

As they moved through the body, each nanite created a duplicate of itself from the raw materials in surrounding waste products or other unnecessary cells, effectively doubling the number of nanites. The entire process, from recoding to ‘doubling’, taking approximately 30 seconds to accomplish.

Simons’ head was swimming! He could feel the injection spreading throughout his body... burning as it migrated. He had witnessed some of the results of the initial tests that failed. As a result, he held a perverse hope that these nanites would be successful. But successful at what?

“Unlike *my* busy little robots,” she continued, “these nanites carry out one preset program and only one before they up and die.”

Preset program? Simons thought to himself. Then that meant they’ve *already* been...

Only a couple of minutes had passed, but they were already numbering well into the thousands as they slowly spread throughout the host body. A few had reached the heart, allowing themselves to be pumped quickly to more distant parts of the body, effectively quickening the process.

The burning was spreading quickly throughout his body, leaving a relatively cold numbness in its wake. He knew what extreme sensations his body was in for, so he was somewhat thankful for the induced lack of feeling.

“On the *plus* side, however, the capabilities of these nanites are much more extensive than mine. These little guys are supposed to be much more effective at... shall we say, ‘psychological manipulation’. In other words, as good as *mine* were at altering my behavior, yours are supposed to be *much* better at it.”

A lump formed in Simons’ throat. He was all too familiar with the projected capabilities of the nanite technology. *He* was the one who had originally pushed the researchers into expanding the nanite’s abilities at ‘psychological manipulation’, as Mallory had so eloquently put it. If they’d actually succeeded in doing what she claimed...

All of Simons’ less immediate concerns were immediately waylaid by pain as the burning wave beneath his skin suddenly rushed upward, engulfing his entire head.

They now numbered into the millions, if not billions, as they raced through the host, approaching complete saturation. Some had reached the brain where they encountered its unique cell structure. Those cells received different types of instructions which would eventually result in altering the neuron pathways and synaptic impulses that effected the hosts memories and thinking processes.

Although he was currently totally unresponsive to her, Mallory knew Simons could still hear her.

“From what I’ve been told, the whole process should take about another twenty minutes or so. That gives me a chance to grab a quick shower, since I *know* you’re not going anywhere for awhile.” She removed some clothes from the suitcase and started for the bathroom.

“I’m looking forward to meeting the new you, sweetie!” she called over her shoulder and closed the door behind her.

Simons wasn’t unresponsive by choice. He tried like hell to tell her what he thought about her and her fucking plans for him... whatever the hell they were. But the fire had nearly spread completely through him, leaving him almost totally numb and temporarily (hopefully!) with no control over his own body.

Their job was almost complete. They had almost recoded every cell in the host body. Once the last cell was done, the nanites would dissolve completely into the bloodstream. They were constructed from useful materials that would all be reabsorbed back into the body... with the exception of one compound. Instead of being absorbed, this compound would act as the trigger mechanism for every recoded cell to follow its new instructions and conform to its new genetic coding. It was really only a matter of milliseconds before the last cell would be...

Suddenly, the burning sensation was completely gone. Normally, he would have savored the total and welcome lack of pain. But he knew the process was far from complete. He had a general idea of what was to come, but as to how it would feel, he had no clue. He wasn't even sure if he'd be aware or even conscious of the changes as they occurred.

His question was almost immediately answered by a crawling sensation in his skin. Almost every inch of his skin suddenly felt as if it was being kneaded by small, unseen fingers. It didn't stop at his skin, though. He soon began to feel his muscles being contorted as well, and then even deeper beneath his skin to the bones themselves. Involuntary and seemingly random spasms raced throughout his body as the nerve cells tried to manage the onslaught of signals from the changes permeating every part of him.

Whether it had been intentional or not, Simons thanked the powers-that-be for his induced numbness. Without it, the pain accompanying the changes would have probably driven him insane.

Before long the spasms and twitches died out, but he could still feel changes occurring. Although he was still unable to leave the bed, he found that he had a limited amount of control in his extremities and his head. He hoped the painful part was almost over because the numbness was obviously beginning to fade.

Straining to lift his head, he looked down over his body to see if he could see any changes. At first, nothing looked different, and he began to relax. Upon closer inspection, however, he noticed that his chest was now completely hairless. As a matter of fact, from what he could see, his whole body lacked any and all body hair... except for the smaller than usual patch of hair around his dick. A dick that, even as he watched, was slowly shrinking.

Shit! He thought to himself. It's going to happen after all!

Up to that point, Simons had held onto the slimmest of hopes that Mal would have been somewhat merciful in her revenge. But his hopes were dashed as his fate played itself out before his eyes. He now knew that his final form would be that of a woman.

But he was certain that Mal was going to do more than 'merely' emasculate him. His ex-drill sergeant knew damn well that 'power' was the driving force in Simons' life. The whole reason he had gotten into law and politics was the power that people in those positions held over others. Being able to control the destinies of others was like an addiction to him. No matter how much

he already had, he always wanted more. In fact, he had hoped to use Mal as his agent to further his quest for power. But it was his abuse of his power over Mal that was at the root of his impending downfall.

Simons was now convinced that Mal had chosen a form for him that would leave him *more* than powerless... a form that practically cried out to be used, abused, and taken advantage of. He knew that within minutes, tits the size of basketballs would sprout from his chest and his mind would dissolve into that of a brainless, blonde bimbo.

Suddenly awash in self pity, his eyes began to tear up as he watched his once proud cock and balls retreat into his body, revealing the moist lips of his new pussy, nestled snugly within a neatly trimmed triangular patch of blonde hair.



He could feel the narrowing of his waist and the widening of his hips and ass, too, but he was still too distraught to take much notice. He also paid little attention to the tickling around his ears by his lengthening hair and the reforming of his tear-strewn face. He had already resigned himself to his inevitable fate and would have been crying hysterically if he'd been able.

Not until his chest began to puff out did he finally stop whimpering and take notice. This was it, he thought, the final physical step... and then, his mind.

He watched in both fear and awe as small breasts formed on his chest. He continued to watch as they slowly grew... getting rounder and firmer... the nipples and areola becoming more prominent and well-defined. They then went quickly from a 'B' cup to a 'C'... and then to a voluptuous 'D' cup... and then they stopped.

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Simons waited breathlessly for the other shoe to drop. He'd been certain that he'd end up with something almost grotesque like 'JJ's or even bigger.

Not even realizing that he had full control back, he slowly reached up and carefully touched his new tits. He shuddered as his long, manicured nails brushed against his erect nipples. He had no idea that it felt *that* good to get felt up!

Suddenly it dawned on him that he could move again. He sat upright and carefully stood up on his long, shapely legs and slowly walked toward the mirror.. The new weight distribution of his body felt different as he walked. Something about the extra padding to his ass added a definite but gentle sway to his hips. That side-to-side component to his movement added a rather pleasant 'jiggle' to the two new ripe additions to his chest. Overall, compared to the clumsy flopping of his now absent manhood, it was definitely a *good* kind of different. Pleasant enough, in fact, that by the time he reached the mirror, his nipples were tingling and rock hard.

Considering his original expectations, he was totally unprepared for the image that greeted him in the mirror.

She could have been in her late teens or early twenties, depending on how old she wanted to look. Her tousled blonde hair was shorter than he'd expected... just barely touching her shoulders. Instead of the vapid stare of a brainless bimbo, her gorgeous face reflected intelligence and innocence... but with a glimmer of mischief behind her aqua-blue eyes. Her body rivaled Mal's, except that it lacked some of her voluptuousness. In fact, taking everything into account, she could easily pass for the original Mal's younger, more 'innocent' sister.

As he stared into the mirror, all of Simon's power-hungry desires and needs melted away into the soft eyes of the vision looking back at him. Although there were women in the world who had attained the type of power he desired, he knew there was no way in hell anyone would take that beautiful, young creature seriously enough to wield that kind of power.

"Shit!" he thought to himself. "The closest I'll ever come to the power-elite now is as a secretary, or a mistress, or a Goddamned trophy wife..." His thought trailed off as an idea, or rather, an observation became suddenly very apparent to him.

There were many kinds of power at play in the world and most of the people who controlled that power were men. Simons knew that it was now next to impossible for him to have any of that kind of power... at least not *directly*. There were other, more subtle, types of power. One of them, in particular, could supersede all others... if used correctly and to its full potential. The power of *sex*.

The reflection smiled back at Simons knowingly as she began to turn, pose, and take stock of her new 'assets'. All the 'tools' were there... in spades. Simons may have been a sleazy, power-hungry lech, but he wasn't stupid. He now knew what needed to be done to survive, even *thrive*, in his new body. Without so much as a second thought, his mind accepted and then embraced the new woman she had become.

Her innocent smile took a decidedly wicked turn as she posed haughtily before the mirror, drinking in the view as her hands began exploring.



“Oh, yes!” she purred aloud, her hands cupping her tits. “This could get *very* interesting!”

“Mm, mm, mmm!” came a sultry voice from behind her. “Can I cook, or can't I?”

She turned to see Mallory standing in the open door to the bathroom with a robe wrapped loosely about her. A broad, satisfied grin was spread across her face as she looked over her new 'sister'.

“Although I had 100% confidence in the process, it's still reassuring to see that everything turned out exactly as I'd hoped.” Mallory walked slowly around her, obviously pleased with the result. It wasn't

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until then that Simons, or Simone, or whatever her name would be, noticed that Mallory stood a good half foot taller than she did.

“You couldn’t have possibly turned out any better!”

A slight, but definitely pleasurable feeling of satisfaction spread through Simone at the sound of Mallory’s favorable tone. At the same time, though, she was stunned by how extremely merciful Mallory’s revenge had been.

“I can see from the puzzled look on your face that you’re a bit surprised with the new you,” Mallory smiled. “You were expecting something a little more ‘zaftig’, maybe, and a lot more brain-dead?” Simone nodded slightly.

“To tell you the truth, I seriously considered it,” Mallory explained, “but then I realized that an empty-headed, cum-sucking bimbo would only be any good to horny sleaze-bags. Sound like anyone we used to know?” Simone smiled nervously.

“Anyway,” she continued, “I came to the realization that that devious, power-hungry and horny mind of yours could be a definite asset to me... if properly packaged.” She took Simone by the shoulders and gently turned her back toward the mirror.

“Some package, huh?!”

Simone again gazed into the mirror, eager to admire the work of art she’d become. It all felt so right... so natural. And why not? As far as she was concerned, she was still the same person... at least on the inside. Her ultimate goals and desires were unchanged. Only her methods would be different. And as her skin tingled under her own caress, as well as that of Mallory’s, she knew that her new methods would be *much* more rewarding than they used to be.

“You seem *more* than ready to take the new chassis out for a test spin,” Mallory cooed into her ear. “There’s a little something in that suitcase that I thought you might look good in. Why don’t you slip into it while I finish up in here.” She started walking back toward the bathroom, but stopped and turned just before she closed the door.

“Who knows?” she grinned seductively, “If I like what I see, you just *might* get the opportunity to get your hands on this bod again!”

She accentuated the point by undoing her robe and letting it fall to the floor.

“But,” she warned gleefully, “only if you’re a *very* good girl!”

As soon as the door closed, Simone moved quickly to the suitcase, attributing her eagerness to the lecherous tendencies that still permeated her psyche. Although that may have been part of her motivation, she had no clue that the *real* reason for her sudden eagerness had nothing at all to do with it.

Since she still had all her old memories, Simone assumed, incorrectly, that her mind had been left unaltered by the nanites. The nanites, in fact, had done a much more thorough job on Simone than their predecessors had done on Mal. When he originally had programmed Mal, Simons had made the mistake of trying to force completely new thoughts, new emotions, and a whole new personality over an existing, not to mention extremely strong-willed, persona. The conflicting personalities had eventually caused the programming to fail, resulting in the new Mallory.

Mallory had learned from Simons errors.

These new nanites had been programmed to *interweave* the new personality into the existing one. Simone believed with all her heart that it was *her* decision to discard her masculine way of thinking and fully embrace her new womanhood, when, in fact, the nanites had altered her thinking processes to make it virtually *impossible* for her to come to any other conclusion.

In effect, they had accomplished, by design, what had happened by accident in Mallory. A new, single personality had been created from the intertwining of programmed persona into the original.

Mallory knew, however, that left unchecked, Simone's lack of morals would eventually cause her to turn on her. She was counting on that ruthlessness to benefit her in various ventures, but she didn't want it directed toward *her*. To keep her new operative in check, she had one very special trait ingrained into her personality. It was yet to be fully realized, though... awaiting just the right stimuli to bring it to fruition and ensuring that Simone would never entertain any thoughts of betraying Mallory.

Several minutes later, Simone stood once again before the mirror, mesmerized by the image of sensual femininity reflected back toward her. She was dressed completely in white... a lacy, sheer corset nipped in her already tiny waist and forced her breasts up and together, as if presenting them freely to any takers. Built in garters held onto the pair of sparkling ivory stockings that encased her long, toned legs. The tiny g-string was little more than a small, lacy patch with strings. But the small, sheer patch seemed tailor-made to cover her neatly trimmed mound while the string slid beneath her, briefly disappearing between her cheeks before reappearing near her waist. She gave no thought at all to how easily she maneuvered in her gleaming 6-inch heeled sandals as she posed before the mirror. She couldn't have believed that actually putting *on* clothes could make her look so much better.

“Growwwlll!” came an obviously aroused and hungry voice behind her. “You look good enough to eat!”

She spun around to find Mallory ogling her from the doorway, and she had changed *more* than just her clothes. Although there were no physical changes, her face and body were still the same, a very different woman now stood before her.

Her flaming red hair, no longer constrained to a bun, now cascaded about her face and bare shoulders. Her make-up had gone from glamorous to almost gothic with glossy blood-red lips and dark, haunting eye-shadow and mascara. Like Simone, she too was wearing a corset, but a heavily boned strapless corset that shrunk her waist to wasp-like proportions while forcing her breasts to practically spill out over the top. Unlike Simone, though, she wore no panties at all, not even a g-string, and instead

of stockings, thigh-high boots adorned her legs atop 7- or maybe even 8-inch heels.

But perhaps the most striking aspect of her ensemble was the color. In stark contrast to Simone's 'angelic' white outfit, Mallory was adorned in nothing but glistening, ebony darkness.

Simone trembled slightly as Mallory strode slowly across the room, circling her like a predator, before stopping directly behind her.

She could feel a dampness forming between her legs as Mallory's breasts pressed against her back and she began caressing her hair.

"Oh, my!" she cooed wickedly into her ear. "Aren't you just the *sweetest* little thing?!" Mallory's



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hands moved slowly down Simone's body. One hand roughly cupping and squeezing her tits while the other tenderly caressed her inner thighs. The contrasting menstruations had Simone quivering.

"We," Mallory whispered forcefully, "are going to have *such* a time together, you and I!" She maneuvered so that both were once again facing the mirror.

"Look closely," she commanded softly, "and tell me you don't see *all* the possibilities."

Simone looked into the mirror and saw exactly what Mallory had planned for her to see... a small, innocent and trembling Simone in the strong, protective caress of Mallory. In that instant, however, it became something much more to Simone. She saw herself bound deeply, emotionally and physically, to Mallory. Not exactly love, per se, but more an unbridled and unbreakable devotion to the woman who had just given her a life she never dreamed possible.

Her programming was complete.

Her complete and utter attachment to Mallory superseded any and all of her more devious character flaws. She was still free to use them on anyone else, and Mallory fully expected her to, but it was now totally unfathomable for her to turn on Mallory in any way, shape or form.

"I believe I promised you a chance to try out the new equipment," Mallory said, "and as it turns out, I have *just* the opportunity waiting for us upstairs."

She didn't have to see the increasing dampness of Simone's pussy to know she was eager to participate. The fact that her nipples were doing all they could to poke their way through the ivory corset that barely contained them told her everything she needed to know.

Mallory produced a white, mid-length jacket and handed it to Simone.

"We can't very well wander the halls like this now, can we?" she purred to her new protégé as she herself slipped on a similar black jacket.

A few moments later, the seductive twosome stepped into the elevator. As the door closed behind them, Mallory pulled a key card from her jacket, inserted it into the control panel and pressed 'P', giving them an express trip to the penthouse.

"Remember," Mallory reminded Simone sternly, "the more you please him, the more you please *me!*"

The elevator doors opened directly into the vast living area of the opulent penthouse where they were greeted by a certain eager state senator wearing nothing but a robe and a smile.

“As I told you, William,” Mallory stated as she walked Simone into the room, “the DA will no longer be any problem for us. As a matter of fact, our new, vastly improved friend here is *more* than happy to do whatever it takes to aid us in our ventures.”

She removed Simone’s jacket, presenting her triumphantly to Munro.

“Why don’t you give her a try... see what she’s capable of?”

Normally, Munro wouldn’t have dared stray from the black-clad seductress who addressed him. But she had just given him ‘permission’ to sample the fruits of another... a command he was more than eager to obey. Looking over the nubile treat that stood before him, he opened his robe, exposing his already rock-hard member.

“Well, sweetheart,” he smiled hungrily, “let’s see if you can make *this* any bigger before we get to the main event.”

With no hesitation whatsoever, Simone strolled seductively forward and kneeled directly before him. She carefully took hold of him with her hand and slowly guided him to her glossy lips. A slight moan escaped Munro’s lips as she circled the tip of his cock with her tongue. She then slowly began to take him into her mouth. At first, only the tip passed her lips, with her tongue continuing its erotic dance accompanied by her soft, rhythmic sucking.

As Simone continued with her seemingly professional manipulation of Munro’s cock, Mallory stood nearby, gleefully drinking in the sight. It was obvious that Simons had received more than his share of blowjobs in his life and had vivid memories of what had excited him the most. Supreme satisfaction spread throughout Mallory as she watched Simone make the best possible use of Simons’ lurid experiences, her head bobbing up and down as she wantonly and eagerly face-fucked the senator.

Noting the look on Munro’s face, Mallory knew she’d better intervene soon to avoid any ‘down time’ from the senator. She laid one hand atop Simone’s tousled blonde head and stroked Munro’s chin with the other.

“Now, now!” she cooed softly but with authority. “Let’s not waste a wonderful opportunity for exploration.”

Simone pulled her mouth off Munro’s over-extended, purple cock, giving it one last playful lick, and then looked up at Mallory inquisitively.

“Exploration?” Munro echoed, having regained some composure now that Simone had temporarily released him.

“Well, *you* certainly don’t want to lose your load before you’ve had a shot at that snappy new pussy of hers, do you, William?”

Simone and Munro both exchanged eager glances at one another.

“And, as for me,” she continued, stroking Simone’s hair gently, “I’ve got a vested interest in our little girl’s oral skills.” An enthusiastic smile spread across Simone’s face as she looked up into Mallory’s emerald eyes.



“Being a mere man, William, you’ll be needing some occasional ‘down time’ to recuperate,” she smiled a wicked little smile down at Simone. “I believe I can think of several ways to keep our new girl busy and happy.”

If the windows to the penthouse had allowed it, any spectator from a neighboring high-rise would have marveled at the sexual acrobatics performed that night. Over the course of several hours, Simone enthusiastically and blissfully alternated between welcoming Munro’s thrusting cock deep into her moist, pristine pussy and pleasuring Mallory with professional-like skill from her long, talented tongue. At one point, they were all engaged simultaneously with Munro pounding away at Simone while she eagerly tended to Mallory’s needs.

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Early the next morning, Simone was whisked away by a waiting car behind the hotel and transported to her new, fully furnished beachside condo. Once there, it didn't take her long to adapt to a beach lifestyle of sunning and nightclubbing, interrupted only by the occasional summons from Mallory.



It was no coincidence that Munro's political career kicked into overdrive shortly after Mallory came into his life. To the world, it seemed that the vivacious young woman provided stability and a sense of purpose to the former playboy. Instead of being content with chasing comely young professionals as a state senator from Florida, William Munro cleaned up his act and sought a seat on the United States Senate and was elected in a landslide victory.

It didn't hurt, however, when his main competition, the incumbent Senator, was involved in a sex scandal. Although the details were never made public, clandestine photos of the Senator and a nubile, young coed made their way to various news agencies. The young woman was never identified, so it was unknown if she was an innocent or a professional. Either way, it didn't make any difference. The Senator's political career, as well as his twenty year marriage, was over.



The office chair squeaked as Mallory leaned back from the computer screen that currently displayed the photo of the former Senator and his 'unknown' paramour. She was still amazed at how well Simone could pass for sixteen, albeit a very well endowed sixteen. Under Mallory's tutelage, Simone had become an invaluable instrument in Senator Munro's rise to power. Having developed into a full-fledged, man-hungry nymphomaniac, Simone was eager to hone her skills on any of Mallory's 'assignments', whether they be in the form of rewards for friends of the Senator or blackmail setups for his adversaries.

Mallory had been reluctant to release that photo of the ex-Senator to the press, but she knew it was the one thing that would guarantee Munro a victory. Fortunately, however, Simone's face wasn't recognizable in the photo. If she were to be cast into the limelight, she'd no longer be any use to Mallory... at least not without another identity change and new face. Both were easily doable since she had Schmidt on the government payroll advancing the nanite technology. But she'd grown fond of Simone's sunny young face... especially when she'd occasionally come by to provide some special attention whenever Mallory felt the need.

Leaning back toward the computer, she began scrolling through photo after photo of prominent (and usually married) businessmen and politicians, each in various stages of intimacy with a strikingly beautiful young woman. Only a person with a keen eye, or in the know, would have realized that all those nubile, young women were actually the same woman... Simone. With little more than changing hairstyles and make-up, she had become quite adept at the art of disguise. She kept all the photos in an encrypted file as both a scrapbook and an insurance policy in case any of the men pictured decided to cause any problems for the Senator and his wife.

Munro himself knew very little about Mallory's behind-the-scene manipulations because that's how she wanted it. Will Munro may have been a good provider as well as a fantastic lover, but she felt he was still a little naïve as to how *real* power plays work in politics. With Simone's help in removing any political roadblocks, Mallory was able to spend more time pulling the Senator's strings using her own feminine charms. After months of 'experimentation', she'd found that the best way to keep him 'pliable' was to vary her approach. Some days she might treat him to a subservient French maid, but on others whip him back into shape as a leather-clad dominatrix.

A soft tone overhead announced the opening of the gate to the



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couples' 'modest' estate in the Virginia suburbs of Washington, D.C. Shutting off the computer, she stood and checked herself in the mirror. Tonight, she'd opted for a more demure, yet still stunning, presentation for her husband.

A black lace teddy hugged her voluptuous curves as if it were body paint. A matching, and equally translucent gown draped from her shoulders was dramatically backlit by the crimson light of the fireplace behind her. The light from an oil lamp on a table next to her cast a soft glow on her perfectly made up face, framed by the scarlet locks that cascaded over her shoulders.

Although her husband's phone call from his Senate office had only left her a couple of hours to prepare for the evening, his news had inspired her to make sure tonight would be an evening he would never forget. She might even make him forget, although temporarily, that he'd just been chosen as his party's new Vice-Presidential candidate.

Mal had indeed come a long way... and she wasn't done yet.



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