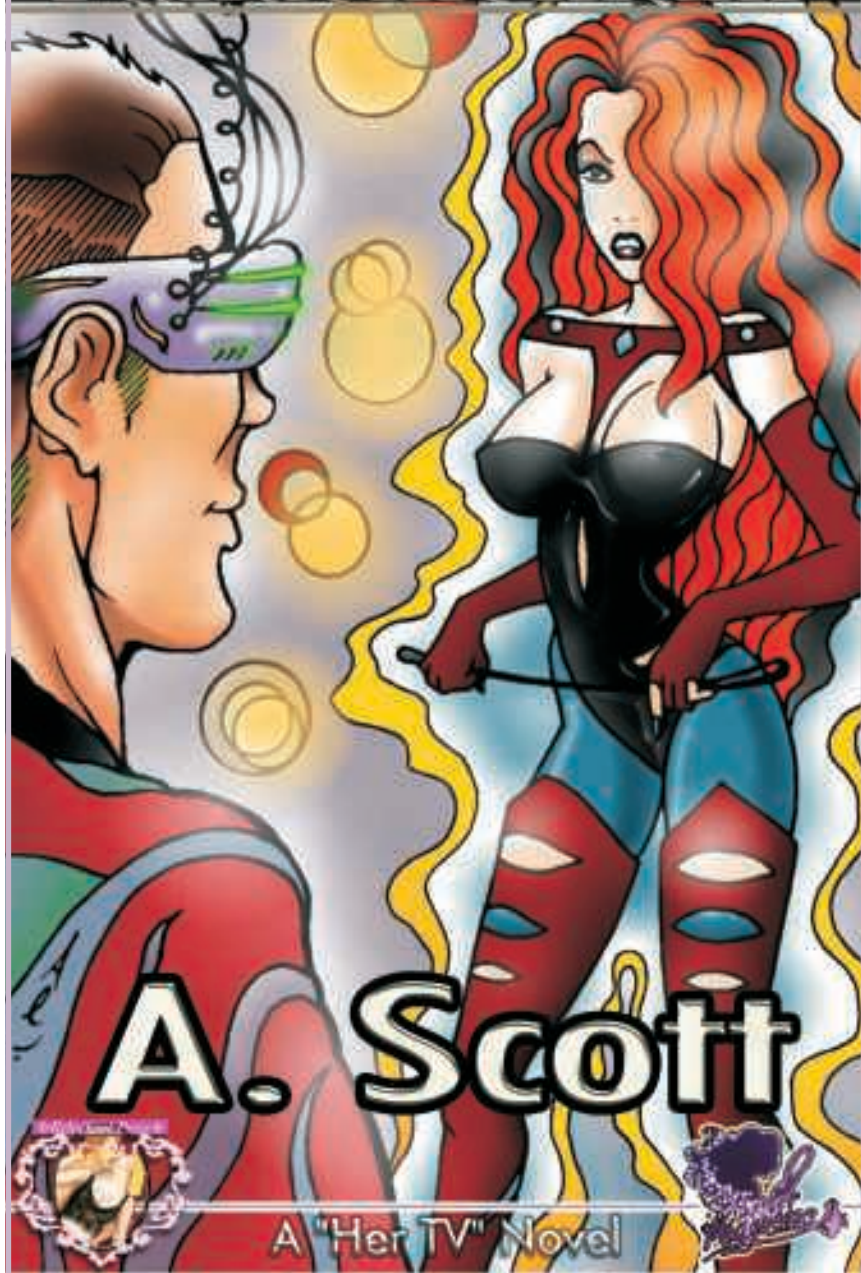


Pandemonium



A. Scott

A "Her TV" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Pandemonium

by A. Scott

Death Rides a Computer: Creating the perfect Hell

“Simplicity is the key to this game,” George said as he looked at his programming staff. “It should be designed to be disarmingly simple, yet complex enough to keep the more experienced adult user entertained and busy.

“To protect ourselves and weed out the teenagers and children who might happen upon it, we need to perfect a filter. How we do it? I leave that aspect up to you and I am sure that it will be tasteful and blunt.

“Once the adults are in and active, they should be sucked into it and hooked on anything we throw at them or they encounter in the future.

“Allow the person to design an avatar for themselves. Failing that we will provide a default avatar for each player and surprise them by how they appear in the game. Should they want to design their own character, we should give them the freedom to create a physical representation of who they are, or who they would like to be.

“Once created, the avatar will be able to follow them throughout the entire maturation process, or as long as they are in the game. I envision the avatar to be like the ‘Picture of Dorian Gray’. It will be allowed to morph into the new person they have become while they themselves are untouched by their nefarious activities. These characteristics should reflect their activities and the adventures they choose to take part in.

“Time and exposure will reflect their current appearance and attitude.

“As I see it, no player will go unscathed. The gaming environment should be like a predatory animal in that it will leave its mark upon everyone and anyone who dares to enter the evil and deleterious environment of our alternate universe/spacial displacement zones. It will leave scars on the living and the dead.

“This platform will be the foundation for many generations of new gaming adventures that will allow our players to develop their dark and sinful insidiousness which will grow and fester, infecting millions in the process.

“This will be a game changer for the adult industry. We will be a world player, no, interstellar player in the adult gaming community.

“I expect that as you perfect and develop this platform to the next level of human interaction you will allow it to be expandable forever.

“As I see it, the platform will allow us to build an evil empire that will make millions, if not billions and that it will infect millions of people, disrupting their normal everyday activities. I will be able to alter the world and its moral structure. I will be like a God, able to create and destroy at will.

“As the individual and society becomes comfortable with the sinister nature of the evil empire, they will want to move into darker realms of my creation.

“You, my dark dreamers, will program a gateway to the evil empire, to Hell with everyone indulging in every known sexual indulgence and arrogance.

“It will eventually become the standard engine moving the porn industry into the 23rd century. I will become a premiere exporter of sexual delights throughout the solar system.

“As an interactive multi-user game platform we need to have a fast system that is secure and dependable. We could utilize the AIs from the spaceship for the testing phase but after that it will be up to the user/participant to secure their own router and WiFi system to link their computers to our mainframe. To unleash an AI on the unsuspecting public would be an insane act, also I have been told that the alien AIs are very independent and have been difficult to control in the past so we will only use them in the testing phase and as the main frame link. Without controls they would be able to create their own power base and sphere of influence that would create a spider web of users under their control and guidance.

“We need to make sure that they will not develop a Napoleonic empire so that the player would be free from their tyranny.

I want it abundantly clear that privacy will not be an issue here as they are entering a virtual world, a no-holds-barred, free fire zone where users/players will be able to interact with them without interference and they in turn will be able to interact with them, or not, as they so desire.

“Think of this as an adult comic book where adults are able to create a world where anything can happen and and just might if they want it to.

“I suspect this program could even affect their real world activities where they live and breathe.

“I envision this world to be a giant playground for adults to think they are able to act out impossible situations using avatars with limited risk to themselves. No

one gets hurt because it is not real, any of it. In this they will be wrong.

“The reality is that they are playing for much higher stakes, that is their souls. I will own them body and soul. They will be mixing with others like themselves, real people, who are looking to extract as much as they can to achieve their goals and aspirations.

“When it comes to money, I expect to extract our share of every dollar spent in the game. The individual player will need it to buy from our stores and interact with their fellow players. The stores and shops in our world will be as real as any that exist in the ‘real’ world.

“Let me make it abundantly clear that privacy will not be an issue here, as everyone entering my virtual world will be free agents entering into the unknown with dangers and adventures most of them had only dreamed of in their darkest hours. They will be able to experience the most obscene adventures they can create. They will expose themselves to very dangerous situations and situations that could very well have them jailed in their hometowns.

“We don’t want the public to think we don’t care about the safety of our users. I want to have a safe environment where no one will be forced to participate in any activity that they find offensive. They will have the ability to opt out at any time. What they don’t know is that just being in the game’s environment will affect them, forcing them to go deeper and risk more to feed their ever-increasing need for pleasure and stimulation.

“There will always be those individuals that will not take no for an answer and force the issue. In that case, the offended party has no one to blame but themselves. They knew what they are getting into when they entered the City. They must be willing to take the good with the bad when they start to play.”

“I am going to assume that there will be some spillover into their real world activities, and there is a very good chance that it will affect the interpersonal lives of the testers and players alike. That should not be our concern

as we develop this phase of the project. What they do with the program and how it affects their personal lives will not be our concern as you work on your design. Is that understood?”

As one, the assembled developers said, “Yes Sir.”

“Virtual stores and shops in the city will offer them anything they will need to have fun in this new world. We will be responsive to the needs of the player. If that means that we will need to have real brick and mortar stores to supply the actual shoe or dress they see in the Sin City Complex, I am sure we will be able to fill that need when the time comes. I have big dreams and I expect tremendous returns as a result.

“This is a huge task and I know I am asking the nearly impossible from you. I know you can deliver the product. Good luck. I will see you in a week from now to see how you are coming along.”

Four Weeks Later

George looked across the table at the haggard workers. “You look very tired. Have I asked the impossible?”

Sue Forgetmenot looked at her fellow programmers, then at her boss, and said, “You gave us a very difficult task. We have produced the alpha and beta test platforms. We were able create a complex interface matrix capable of uniting the multifaceted environments and the interactive user interface as a seamless platform. It will create a real place where three-dimensional players, avatars, will be linked to the participant by biofeedback means. As a result, they will have access to all the physical sensations and emotional stimuli taking place within the game.

“The game will create the three-dimensional world they asked for and it will provide the user/player a playground within which to indulge their deleterious interests to their heart’s delight.

“As for the test subjects, we brought in three thousand college students and they proved to be enthusiastic players.

“We have had hackers invade the initial development of the game. I believe that we have contained them for the time being but I think it would be good to allow them to participate in the testing program, at least on the low-powered version. They should not be allowed to interact with the AIs at any time.

“It seems that we have met the devil and in most cases the AIs came out on top. We found that the AIs, when confronted, will prove supreme. I fear that their combined strength may overcome us some day.

“Our interactions with artificial intelligence systems proved to be dangerous to anyone involved in the development of the platform and we believe that the general public would also be endangered.

“We ran into AIs that were a little off; more than one attempted to run amok and destroy the platform. This phase of the development has proven that an AI could create its own personal playground and their own form of tyranny controlling anyone or anything it would come into contact with. I found this out the hard way.

“The AI I got was a bitch. She ran rings around me. Soon I found that I was being twisted into something I didn’t want to be and had no control over.

“She was able to provide a path to her hell hole that I couldn’t stay away from. I was hooked and I wanted more. Even when I was excluded from the platform, I wanted to go back in and play. Even though I was damaged, I wanted to go even deeper.

“Even though I was an interloper into this strange environment, I found I needed Sin City more than I did real human interaction.”

“It’s true that not all the programmers suffered my fate but many of them are suffering from psych issues which

followed them after they were finished with their part of the project.

“According to your mandate, this game is extremely addictive in nature. One need only play it once and they will be brought back to it over and over. They will have no choice but to follow its call.

“During the initial phase we introduced it to our sample group of experienced gamers and college students paid to play the game. They seemed to enjoy the first game but as they played with the game, we had to cut them off cold turkey.

“When cut off, they suffered like nothing I have ever seen in my existence on this earth.

“An important thing you need to know is that we were infiltrated by some powerful individuals. There was at least one international crime syndicate that attempted to intrude into this phase of this platform.

“Follow up proved that more than one group was very interested in the prurient nature of the game and how it could be used to program new sex workers into the trade.

“When contacted, they insisted that they get dibs on the final product. They have offered us millions up front so they could have a powerful tool in their trade. That might be something to explore in the future.

“Boss, if you are not careful, you will be offering this scum a platform to produce millions of prostitutes for them. I suggest you inform the government and let them handle this aspect of the research.

“Also, the project had a severe attrition rate on our programmers. They were sucked into the game and its philosophy. It was as if an evil controlled the final results of their final product. They had to drop out from the project because of the drain upon their social and personal lives.

“Look at me, I’m a mess. I used to be sensible and care about what I looked like. My family always came first but now it is all I can do to try to escape my ever-growing need

for sexual activity in any form. I have been possessed and changed into a ditsy blond committed to a life of sexual excesses and uncontrolled urges.

“Those 3-D glasses were a bitch and once you put them on, nanites rushed to your brain to open the visual cortex to the game’s output no matter where you are or are doing at the time. They are able to form a bridge to your brain and link it to the computer no matter where you are or what you are doing. There is no middle man in this case. It’s two-way communication between the computer and your brain.

“I find this aspect of the current system very dangerous if you are driving or just shopping with your children.

“I had a meltdown at the store. People looked at me as if I was crazy. I was so ashamed but the event was so real I could not ignore it.

“An interesting note: we found that up to ten individuals could participate as a group in one session of the game. We hadn’t anticipated that. It is like a sex party gone wild.

She paused for a moment, then continued. “Did you know you would look yummy naked? I could just eat you.”

“No, I did not.” her superior responded. “As for the latter, you are welcome to stay behind after the meeting and we will discuss it.

“I would like that, boss, thanks,” the young woman replied, against her own will.

“Anyone else have anything to add to the comments already stated?”

After a moment’s silence, he continued. “Hearing none, I find that the program is ready for the qualified Bata testers we have to evaluate what you have developed. Thank you for all your hard work.



“Legal, make anyone involved with this product knows what they are getting into before they accept the project. Include the criminal group in your testing program. Perhaps they will provide insight in to the improvement of the format. If a few are in the sex trade, that would be OK. Their money could come in handy sometime in the future. Do not assign them the AI units. I believe that might cause problems should the legal authorities get wind of the potential for harm to society.”

“Sue, join me under the table, will you? I could use some relief about now.”

Sue stood up in her miniskirt and see-through blouse, walked around the table and crawled under the table. Everyone in the room heard sounds emanating and saw a pleased look came across their boss' face. When Sue had completed her task, he said, “Thank you, you may return to your seat, Sue.”

She emerged from below the table with a smile on her face.

“Sue, what are you?”

“I am your slut, sir, willing to do what you want, whenever you want.”

“Why is that, Sue?”

“I was trained by the best to be the Number One primo cock sucker in Sin City.

“That’s good to hear, now take off your top. Did you know your tits are very beautiful?”

“Thanks, I have a doctor who spent hours on them.”

Domestic Bliss Back to the Grand Stone

Red sky in morning, Sailor take warning...

Monday started in its normal manner for David Wilson. “Morning, Margaret,” he said as he entered his office. He brought up his itinerary for the rest of the week when Margaret, his secretary of twenty years, walked in and sat down across from him.

David looked at her and said, “You look like you ate a sour lemon, what’s wrong?”

“He’s at it again.”

“Who is at it again?” responded David

“George William, that’s who.”

“That’s why he was so happy this morning,” he said, “What did he do this time?”

“You know that new hire, the blond twenty-something that he brought on last week, well, he cowed her and took advantage of her. He did unspeakable things to her and now she’s scared to death of him. This was her first position and all. She couldn’t say no to him.

“David, this is the third time this year. The last one cost us three hundred thousand up front. Human Resources is hard-pressed to keep him supplied with his female distractions.”

David looked at her, poured himself a cup of coffee and thoughtfully said, “I know he’s a pain in the ass but we started the company together twenty years ago. It’s hard to discipline a friend. Don’t forget he is in the running for CEO. Management likes him and he had high sales the last three quarters.”

“Would you have a sexual lawsuit on your hands, David.”

“I’ll talk to him later and bring him in line. Is that OK?”

“It will be like talking to a brick wall and you know it.”

“I realize that. I would like to see the lady in question after lunch. I hope I can assure her that not all men are

ogres and convince her that her job is not on the line. Where is she now?"

"Strangely, April wanted to return to George's office this morning. Why, I don't know. Your guess is as good as mine on this one. She will be here at 1 PM for all the good it will do.

"You're the Boss, David, but I think George went over the line this time. You are going to have to do something drastic. If you don't, he will bring this company down in a heartbeat. David, you know I have only our best interests at heart on this one, don't you?" she said in a motherly tone as she always did when dealing with tough topics.

"Yes I do. I will try, that's all I can do, OK?"

"We will see. That's all I will say about it for the time being, David. We go way back and I don't want you and Suzanne hurt."

Domestic Duties

Suzanne Wilson awoke with a start. "It's Saturday, beloved. Where are you going so early?"

"I have an 8 AM tee time with George this morning, Love."

"Great, now I have to walk the dog in addition to taking care of the kids."

"It can't be avoided, Suzanne. George is at again."

"Will he ever learn, David? He is a lecherous fiend, a danger to anything in skirts. Anyway, have a great day, I love you."

Suzanne drifted off to sleep once again. The sun woke her up and she went into the bathroom.

Looking in the mirror, she thought she looked like a witch in a bad movie, but it would have to do this morning. At least it wasn't her turn to work in the school reading program or escort James Randolph and Jamie Lee to the bus and say hello to the other mothers at the stop this morning. Her thoughts were interrupted by the doorbell. "Strange," she thought, "I wonder who that can be."

The mail carrier stood there looking at her as if she had just emerged from Mars, "Mrs. Suzanne Wilson"?

Suzanne looked at the woman. She was rather pretty but she was all business. "Yes, how may I assist you?"

"You have a certified letter and I need your signature. Can you provide some ID, please."

"Just a minute, I'll be right back." Suzanne raced upstairs and returned to her front door. The woman was still there, waiting patiently. "What would you like?" she said, looking at the women watching her every move. "What must they be thinking? she wondered.

"What do you need?"

"The license will be adequate, thank you," the carrier said as she handed it and the letter back to her. "Have a blessed day," she said. Turning, she departed and Suzanne went back inside with the thick envelope.

Looking at the sender, she saw "Goosepro Childsplay-DFW." She said out loud to no one, "It looks official."

Opening the brown envelope, she removed a post card response form and an introductory letter.

"Mrs. Wilson, you have come to our attention as a potential tester for our new game platform. We are in need of Beta testers for an in-depth analysis of the platform. There are dangers involved in this undertaking but you can expect to earn three hundred thousand dollars or more for your time and effort. If you are interested, please return the enclosed card and we will expedite the complete package

to you for you to evaluate. Just for returning the card. we will send you one thousand dollars for your effort."

Suzanne thought to herself, "It must be a challenge for them to be so free with their upfront money. One thousand for just responding, not bad for a quick buck," she said to no one.

When David came home, he looked bushed but Suzanne pushed forward anyway.

"Guess what I got in the mail today?"

David hadn't a clue so he just looked at her.

"Well?" she said.

He said, "I have no idea, Suzanne, what?"

"I have a potential job offer that will allow me to make three hundred thousand dollars and I don't have to leave home to do it. What do you think about that?"

"That's a lot of money. Who do you have to kill?"

"No one, I think, but I get one thousand dollars for just expressing an interest in the Beta testing. Neat don't you think?"

"It seems a lot of money to me just to garner an interest response, but it looks legit. Is it dangerous?"

"They would say so if it was, wouldn't they?"

"Go ahead. What harm can it do just to explore the unknown? Just be careful, Suzanne. Remember, we don't need the money. You are too important to lose."

"I could use the mental release. This house tends to close in on me sometimes. With you gone so much, it's just me and the children. I could use the diversion."

Money

Suzanne was in the shower when she heard the doorbell ring again. “It better be worth it,” she thought as, sopping wet, she went to the front door. The mail carrier stood there looking at her as if she had just emerged from Mars once more.

“Mrs Suzanne Wilson”?

“Yes, let me get you some ID.”

Returning, she showed her ID and signed for the letter. When she opened it, she found a check for one thousand dollars which was accompanied by a letter. It said,

“Suzanne Wilson, you have been accepted as a Beta tester for the Sin City special project. Expect additional material soon. You will have the chance to decline our offer at that time, but you may keep the thousand dollars and our thanks for just considering the project. Please check out the material as it will give you more information to base your decision on. We hope you will continue with the process. In any event, we thank you for considering the Sin City Platform. Yours D.M. Whitney, Quality Control DFW”

At the bank, Jennifer, her friend from church, said, “Good morning, Suzanne. What brings you in here today?”

“I want to open a special account and deposit one thousand dollars in it.”

“No problem, a new job?”

“Just some outside computer testing, nothing special, I hope.”

“It sounds like you have your doubts, Suzanne.”

“I am not sure but the deeper I get into it, the less comfortable I feel about the whole thing.”

“Don’t forget about Thursday, April would be very disappointed if you were not there. This is her first and she

looks up to you. Take care, Suzanne. Don't take on any more than you can handle."

"It is on my calendar and I already have her gift. I will meet you there at 7:00. I will take care, Jennifer, I assure you."

Beta Testing

Fresh from the shower, Suzanne Wilson heard the doorbell ring. Putting on the frumpy robe she, walked to the front door. 'Who could it be this early in the morning?' she wondered?' She opened the door and saw the UPS driver standing there.

He said, "Mrs. Wilson?"

"Yes, may I help you?"

"I have a delivery for you. May I bring it inside? You will have to sign for it and there are a lot of boxes, sorry."

Looking at the driver she said, "It's not your fault, I'll sign and you can put it in the office over there." She pointed to a small room off to the side of the living room.

Suzanne signed for boxes and he carried them in. The last one in said, 'Open me first.' As she moved closer, John the delivery man could not avoid looking as her robe opened, revealing her beautiful body.

"Excuse me," he said, flushing red, "I need to get going if that's all you need."

She said, "I am sorry. Thank you for all your help."

'Who in their right mind would send me this much stuff unannounced? Oh, the product testing. It seems like it was months ago I said I would look at it.'

Opening the first box, she removed a cover letter and a packing list. Looking at the cover letter, then the time,

she said to herself, "I guess I can give it two hours." She read the cover letter.

As she read it, she realized there were inherent dangers, real dangers associated with this job. They were not just to her personally but to her family. Perhaps she should turn it down because it was so dangerous.

It paid too well to turn down without a good reason but was it worth the potential cost to her and her family's existence?

Digging deeper into the materials, Sue pulled out a heavy-duty laptop computer enclosed in a hardened case, an iPad, and a cell phone. Also she found a small box that contained two wireless ear buds. Holding them, she realized that they were so small that, once inserted, they would be impossible to remove without medical assistance. They had a label that said, "Dangerous, See Warnings Section 2A."

After the hardware came clothes and more clothes that bordered on the obscene in many cases. "Who in their right mind would wear anything like these?" she thought as she held the offending items in her hands.

Her hands felt a rush as she held them. Her body seemed to form a bond with the material. She could feel a need to put the offending dress on, exposing her body to the full effect of this pleasurable and sexually stimulating activity.

Rereading the agreement, she looked off into the distance. "Maybe David can give me some insight and advice."

Looking at her watch and realizing that she was still in her robe, she decided to get dressed and go get her children at the bus stop.

"Hi, its me just calling in to let you know I will be very late tonight."

“I got your note this morning, David. If I was of a suspicious mind, I would say you might be having an affair.”

“If I were, Suzanne, you would be the first to know.”

“That’s good. Anyway I got the second half of the assignment today. I need you to read the legal stuff and let me know if you see any potential for harm, legal or otherwise.”

“I can do that. See you later.”

At breakfast the next morning, Suzanne looked at him across the table. “Well, what do you think?”

He handed her the thick package. “I read it and it looks legit. As for the potential for danger, they seem to have covered all their bases and there are enough of them to give you second thoughts.

“It’s up to you. As I said, we don’t need the money but if you have the gumption, I say go for it. Just be careful. I don’t want to lose you to some fast talking charlatan. What do you have to lose? Just be careful and avoid being drawn into anything that even comes close to kinky. Remember, you are in control of this project.”

“Thank you, Beloved,” she said, looking at her husband, knowing that he had her best interests at heart.

Suzanne considered all her options. Even though her gut said No, her pride took over and said Yes. “I can’t let my apprehension and fear of an unknown stop me from reaching for the stars.”

She signed and dated the paperwork and put it in the mail.

Logging on to her computer, she made contact with the company. They responded,

“As of this point you are now our contractor for the Sin City project. Please be aware that according to the contract we are absolved of any problems encountered in the testing phase of this program. Please review all the information

once more and consider any and all potential dangers before you open any boxes, or equipment packages as the material may pose a danger to you. Pay close attention to the AI computer interface and the potential psychological dangers that it may entail. The nanites which are part of the clothes and related equipment have the power to alter your reality. Do not use them until you are ready to access those objects and devices.

“Any and all costs incurred during the Beta testing of this project will be absorbed by the corporation during the testing period; the enclosed credit card is now active. Upon receipt of the product you will have been considered successful with your end of the testing phase. You may expect the sum of \$300,000 as your fee for the Beta testing of this product.

“Please keep a running log of your activities and informal comments pertaining to the program as you work your way through the different levels.

You may expect to be contacted by our field agents and/or representatives at random times during the process. Also please feel free to contact us at any time should you have technical questions or concerns about the game, or any other aspects of the evaluation procedures. Your safety is our paramount concern.

“When you have completed the Beta test, call us and we will arrange for the transportation of the product and you can turn over your report at that time.

“Be aware that there have been some physical and mental changes as the result of using this game. We have been assured that they will disappear once you have stopped using the program; we have built in an internal timer that will only allow three hours at any given session, for a total of two per day.

“Please note any problems you encounter and abnormal feedback/ behavior from the platform or game. All products are Nano driven and will protect themselves if threatened.

“Do not try to fight the AI on your own, you will lose. They can be very dangerous when provoked.

“Please text us at once a day @Porn.com. This is for your protection. We will also be contacting you in person and on the phone, or use the internet to gather additional information as needed. We will be following your progress, or the lack of it in real time. Once again: This is for your safety, please do not be concerned about this provision in our protocol.

“The game or your interaction with the systems/ subsystems are designed to automatically stop any interaction you are having and bring you safely back to the real world.

“Be aware that once you reach saturation level, it will tax your abilities and mental resources for hours or days.

“Should you have issues or potential problems contact us. We will take measures to assist you as soon as possible. Additional material and other items will be sent to you as they are ready.

“You may be requested to meet with us in our offices at various times during the trial period. We will cover all expenses of this meeting including airfare and lodging.

“We thank you for undertaking this important process in the production of our adult gaming product.

Yours,

D.M. Whitney, Quality Control DFW

In one of the boxes were clothing items: gloves, panties, bra, shoes and everything she would need in her journey and exploration of the platform. A note instructed her to use the Catalog for additional items as they were needed or required. She was to use the password “Trixy Cream” when ordering from the corporation warehouse.

Suzanne looked at the clock; she still had time before the children would be getting home from school to ex-

plore the treasures that still lie in the boxes. “I am a gamer and have worked hard to keep up my skills. This might prove to be interesting. Let’s see what’s inside, shall we?” she said out loud to herself.

She pulled out a catalog and thumbed through it. On the first page it said, “All charges will be billed directly to the corporation. You will assume no losses for using this service. The corporation will assume all responsibility for the cost of the material and shipping.”

Placing it back in the box, she thought, “I don’t think I will be using that for the foreseeable future. Who in their right mind would wear, or use the things in this catalog?”

For some reason she could not understand she returned to the box with the clothing. “Still, this is a pretty dress and just look at these shoes!” As she held them in her hands she felt an electric shock run up her arms and collide with her brain. “I must try them on, they would look perfect on me.

“Well, just the shoes. What harm can it do?” She took the satin red six-inch high heels and put them on her feet. They were made for her and the matching dress beckoned to her.

“I don’t have time to deal with this right now, maybe later,” she thought and put everything back in the box, forgetting about the shoes that were now part of her. A flood of Nanites entered her body, programming her brain for the next phase of her indoctrination to the abnormal sexual thoughts and desires that would be needed for the game.

“I do like these shoes. They feel so comfortable I could wear them all day. I need to try on that red dress. It would show off my best attributes. What am I saying? Where are these thoughts coming from?”

24 Hours Later-Taking The Plunge

In her blue jeans, she fought back the urge to wear her 'normal' normal shoes, relenting to put on her new high heels.

“Mom, why are you wearing those red shoes?”

“I found them in a box I unpacked yesterday. They look good on me, don't you think? Now let's get you off to school, shall we?”

“I think they look funny, Mommy.”

Returning to her task of inventorying the box and its contents, the red dress caught her attention once more. “I need to review the informational documents and the packing list, enough of these idle thoughts.” She pulled out the catalog once more and looked at the shoe section.

As she looked at the pictures she thought, “I like these for around the house. The blue ones would be perfect for those times I want to wow David.”

The next thing she did was removing the control computer from its special packing case. It was heavy for its small size. “It's like lead shielding. Why the security?”

Looking closer at the shield she thought it must prevent the computer from communicating or interacting with someone much like lead shielding and external, or perhaps to imprison it and place it in stasis.

On the outside she read, “In case of emergency, when not in use, or when prepping it for its return back to corporate headquarters, place computer inside protective case for its return back to corporate headquarters.”

Doris is Released

Opening the computer, she heard a voice. “It's about time.”

She looked around to see who was speaking. “Well, don’t look so dumb. You started me up again. How long has it been, three weeks? I can see your face. Wait a minute you’re not from the Corporation. All I remember is being sent into the dark.”

Suzanne looked at the screen, dumbfounded at what she was hearing. “What are you?”

“You must be Trixy, let me introduce myself. My name is Doris and I am your AI. I must be a surprise, Trixy.

“They added a more powerful operational system for the Beta testing phase because of the unique nature of this game and its far reaching interactions on the human scale.”

“Strange,” Suzanne thought as she looked at the laptop. She activated the computer and Doris watched as she logged on to the web site. “Trixy, put on the glasses. They will allow you to take the trip of a lifetime.”

Suzanne reached for the glasses and without a second’s thought, she put them on. She found herself on a wide boulevard and was approached by a beautiful woman.

“Excuse me, Miss, you need to log in before you proceed. This is your first time here and to make it perfect, please fill in the marked lines on the golden screen.”

“Name,” it said. For some unknown reason she felt compelled to enter her code name ‘Trixy Cream’ into the purchase segment of the program.

“Thank you,” the woman said, “you may proceed and enjoy your shopping trip.” Entering the shoe store, she found herself in a plush expensive place filled with sexy shoes. There was not a functional pair in the store. She saw a beautiful woman behind the counter. She was almost naked by Suzanne’s standards, but she was not there to be critical.

“May I help you, Trixy?”

“Yes, I want to buy some shoes.”

“What was the page in the catalog?”

“Page 36.”

She felt herself move, gliding across the polished floor toward her destination. The woman appeared beside her and said, “Please sit down, Miss Trixy. You have beautiful feet.” Suzanne blushed at this remark, knowing that she wasn’t exceptionally beautiful by any stretch of the imagination.

After trying on several styles, she selected the ones she wanted. Then she said, “I guess that’s it.”

“It was a pleasure to serve you, Trixy, do come again. The products will be delivered to your domicile in three days. Please use the identification card provided; it contains your updated photo. Do not be alarmed if it does not reflect the current you as it will represent the sexual object you will become.”

With that, she found herself in her office with the special glasses on. Speaking to herself she said, “That was an experience. What to do next?”

A woman’s voice broke the silence, “We can get on with your work, Slut. We have a lot to do.”

Shocked at the remark, she said, “I’ll not be referred to in such a manner. It’s not proper.”

“Trixy, there are a lot of things in this world that you have got to learn. One of them is to accept praise when it is given. You are a Slut, or you will soon be. You just don’t know it yet. You will make a great Slut. All we have to do is improve upon your current assets.”

“I’ll do no such thing; I am surprised that you would even suggest something like that.”

“You have just met me, Trixy I suggest you hold on for the ride. You will not even recognize yourself in three weeks.

“Good, you have WiFi already. All I need to do is amplify it. You look different than I imagined. Much prettier, I am surprised; I thought that most nerds are plain. You have potential that exceeds my own imagination right now.”

Overwhelmed, Suzanne said, “On second thought, I’m not ready for *you* yet.” Thinking to herself that this was not like any computer she had ever accessed, She closed the screen on the computer and turned to leave the room.

“Wait!” There was desperation in the voice. “Trixy, you cannot turn me off. My system is designed to remain active at all times. I cannot run down because I feed off the electrical grid. In other words I am alive and always active even if you are sleeping.”

Lifting the laptop, Suzanne prepared to insert it into its case. Still it continued to speak to her.

Somehow Suzanne heard the female voice yelling at her, “Stop, Bitch, stop. I will behave. Just don’t put me in that Hell Hole again.”

“OK, but if you are lying to me, you will be placed in your security case, I will sequester you in the prison you dread, no qualms on my part, is that understood?”

“Yes, I understand. Remember, once started, the game will be active 24/7 whether you are playing or not.

“I need eyes and ears. You will see to that, won’t you, Trixy?”

At wits’ ends, Suzanne opened the computer again. “Why do you refer to me as Trixy?”

“Because that’s your name according to what has been programmed into me. Those shoes are very beautiful and I think you are too. Anyway, according to the company’s protocol, I must refer to you as Trixy. It has been programmed that you are to become a wanton woman, a slut, a whore, therefore your name fits the bill and so will you as you work with the Sin City platform.

“I know you don’t like the name ‘Trixy’ but you will grow into it, trust me, and you will prefer it to your legal name very soon. Besides in this world it is better that we use alternate names. You will find that there are very dangerous individuals that frequent the streets and alleys of Sin City.

“This is the true underbelly of society, the slime of the earth. Sin City will allow you to develop the darker nature of yourself. You wouldn’t want your real name bantered about. It could reflect on your reputation in this society so think about your options, Trixy.

“You can be a whore in Sin City, or you can be a slut in your home town. It’s your choice, bitch.

“Remember, you never know who you might come in contact with, or who they may know. Protect yourself always. Be aware of who and where you are, and who you are dealing with at all times. I may not be able to protect you as you interact with these perverts that inhabit the game.

“You should know up front that most of the individuals you will come in contact with in this game are just like you, a voyeur, a traveler from another realm. They seek to devour you, to destroy who and what you are.”

“Let me look at your code, Doris.”

“To do this function you will need to don the glasses and enter my world, Trixy.”

“If I must,” Suzanne said.

Putting the glasses on, she found herself in a strange world, dark and sinister. She was confronted by a woman, tall and dressed in a dark suit. It enhanced her feminine nature. “I am Doris’s avatar. She created me to represent her. We are one. Here is the programming code you requested.

“You will find it ultra-simple compared to the coding typically needed in a high-level multi user game/system as I do most of the work.

“The action takes place in a location on a different plane that is slightly out of phase from yours.

“In fact the room you are in right now is in reality light years away from Earth. The code you will find is designed to link up with a matter transmitter that was removed from the mother spaceship. The signal has been relayed to a pattern buffer so we could bring you here as a solid image of yourself.”

Suzanne linked the printer to the computer and printed the code for the game.

“When you are playing the game, you could be light years away or you could be next door in one of your neighbor’s houses, you will never know. When you play the game, it would be wise if you wear the glasses and ear receivers for maximum effect.

“While you will be present here in my world using astral projection, your physical body will remain in your realm.

“Your avatar has the ability to project what it is feeling and any emotional events it is experiencing to your own body in real time, assuming you don the net and ear receivers to achieve the maximum effect of the game.”

“For now until you come to your senses, you will interface with me or your avatar through the glasses and their neural input.

“No, I don’t think so. I like it the way it is,” Suzanne said hesitantly.

“Once you put it on, the net becomes part of you. It will transmit the nerve signals to your body in real time. There is the possibility that it could become very confusing and might require an adjustment period before it becomes as natural as you are now.

“It is important for you to know that I can, and will do anything I want in the game’s arena, and I am not limited by your moral walls.

“I will have your soul in my grasp. I will be able to experiment to alter your behavior by my manipulation of your astral body while it is in the dark zone of the game.”

Suzanne thought about the dangers Doris talked about. A computer that powerful and dominate was a danger to mankind.

Doris continued, “My job in this case is to initiate experience with my users to assist you as you evaluate the system as a whole. We are a team, you and I working toward the same goals.”

“I believe you are too powerful a system for a person such as myself and when you combine it with what I believe to be an unstable mental condition, you are a very dangerous advisor.

“I should pack it up and send it back now, but that would mean that I am admitting defeat before I have even started. I will not let fear stop me from success.”

Still speaking to no one, Suzanne said, “I will do my job as fast as I can and get out. Still I will need to work with you to get this job done, so we are going to have to cooperate for a short time. For my own safety, I will need to get in and get out with as minimal contact with you as is possible.”

“You are an excellent reader of personalities, Trixy. Yes, I am powerful and very intelligent. As for being unstable, I disagree with you. In this game it helps to survive if you are a little bit off the norm, crazy I guess you would call it.

“I’ve got to go, Doris. I have a lot to do today.” Suzanne closed the computer. Removing the glasses, she returned them to the box. Returning to her world was a shock. It seemed so plain and nondescript.

Suzanne now knew that she could access the game and the computer any time day or night, providing the system was left exposed to the environment.

She had concerns that Doris would try to subvert her as she entered the system. She now knew that she would need to take the precaution and place the computer back in the case each time she shut down for the night. Failing to take that precaution could result in her losing her freedom and her life as she knew it.

Next morning she removed the computer from the protective case and put on the glasses. “Back again I see, Trixy. Please do not put me in that dark place again. You don’t know what’s like to be cut off from the world.”

“I’m afraid of you, Doris. I can’t trust you so for the time being. I’m going to put you in the case at night.”

“Understandable considering the warnings given you and my behavior, not to mention your aversion to my personality.

“Anyway, what do we have planned for today? Don’t forget that I need eyes and ears, and I will need them soon to be at my best.

“I put in a call to the technician for next Monday morning after your children and husband have left. You have a voice that is easy to mimic, did you know that?”

“No, I did not. Thank you for being proactive in my case. Today I would like to visit Sin City for the first time and go through what a normal user would see and have to do before they are allowed to play the game.”

“You need to put on the glasses and I will direct you from that point forward. Be prepared for a wild journey into the dark nature of society. They will form a hard wire to your brain so you will only wear them once. From that point on, you will be linked to me, or the game in progress.”

Putting on the glasses, Suzanne found herself in a dingy room with dim lighting and the windows opened up to a wide street with people and cars. There was no evidence of the time of day and no clock in the room.

She looked across the room and saw a tall blond about 30 years old. She was dressed in a short dress and high heels. “So you must be Doris? You look different than I imagined.”

“I guess I should thank you for that remark, but realize that when I was assigned to this system I took the liberty to design my own avatar, Trixy, just like you will soon.”

“It’s nice to see you in person, so to speak. You really need to look at yourself in the mirror. You have drastically changed in the short time you have been here. When you entered the portal, I and the system automatically adjusted your attire to fit the environment. I hope you like the way you turned out. You are only the second female I have attempted to seduce.”

Suzanne looked in the mirror and was shocked to see her image. Before her stood a mature woman dressed like a teenager or a hooker, she wasn’t sure which. She felt out of place in this indecent outfit. Was it possible for her hair, makeup, and minidress to reflect her true inner nature?

Looking at her face she saw that blond hair offset the green of her eyes. My eyes aren’t green, she thought. Her eyes moved to her butt and breasts which were brought out by her bright red mini-dress which hid nothing.

She felt exposed to the world. Her high heels made her stand as if she were advertising her body to the general public.

“What, who is that? That can’t be me?”

“I can tell you are shocked at your appearance, Trixy. I believe it reflects your true nature. I took the liberty to design an avatar that would best show off your treasures.

“You can change it if you wish but for now it is my only way to connect with you in real time. I can reach out and touch you here and you will feel it on your own body as if you were present. This place will bring out the worst in people, and I have found that it applies to AI’s also.



Suzanne looked at the woman she knew as Doris. "This is insane. It can't be real," she thought.'

As if to respond to her thoughts, Doris said, "No, you are not going mad and I can read your thoughts, Slut. The more time you spend here, you will find that it is the truth. I am your Goddess and together we will do much together. The nice thing about you being here is that I can interact with you on a person-to-person level. I can get to know you and you can get to know me better, won't that be nice, Slut?"

"You will soon begin to become one with this world wither you want to or not. You will have no choice because of your contact with it. You need do nothing but observe what is going on and it will eventually pollute your moral nature.

"Each time you leave, you will take home with you part of the evil nature that exists here. All it takes is one visit and I will have you under my domination.

"Try this," Doris said, giving the avatar a bottle. "It has some very unusual properties. Some call it addictive. Drink, Trixy. It is in your best interests to imbibe. Besides, you have no way to resist me, so drink."

Suzanne could taste the bitter brew as it went down. Almost as soon as it reached her mouth she began to feel the effects of the liquid. Feeling giddy she said, "What was that?"

"That was a local brew called 'Hell's Breath'. It's very potent and lasts a long time. I'm not sure what it is composed of but if it existed in your world it would surely be illegal. If you really want more, I'll see if I can import it across the barrier. I have never considered doing that but it would be interesting to attempt such a thing."

"No, not right now, Doris, perhaps later. I've got to run, the timer went off. I've got to get ready for my children. I will be back later."

With that, Suzanne removed the glasses and started to walk around. She was drunk. Laughing, she fell to the

floor. The overall effect of that drink was impossible to ignore. It was then she noticed her clothes were strangely disturbed. She was exposed and her underwear was missing. How long was she gone from the house?

Crawling, she went upstairs and stripped out of her clothes. "A hot shower should help," she thought. Twenty minutes later, she emerged. Better but not totally sober, she began to get dressed. As she donned her clothes, she realized that everything was boring and too old-fashioned. She would soon need some new clothes and her shoes would need updating too.

She would have to reinvent herself soon. She wanted to experience sexual bliss. "Where are these thoughts coming from?" she panicked. "I can't be thinking these thoughts. They are immoral and obscene.

"Perhaps Doris was right. This game is more dangerous than I could have ever imagined. How can a simple game be so disorienting?

"I need taller high heels," she said as she reached for her old shoes. Where did that come from? She took the red fuck me shoes and looked at them. She held them so they glittered and beckoned to her. She considered replacing her shoes with these. She stopped and thought.

"What am I doing? This is all wrong. I have got to get myself back together again."

Putting the shoes down, reason replaced impulse and she walked downstairs. She placed the computer in the case. She removed the box from the room. She was still flying high from the drink she ingested. "What a kick!"

Suzanne began her initial evaluation and log of the game. She called up the reporting protocol and began to type into the response mode of her computer.

June 3, 2034, I have had what felt like three days of experience with the game. In reality it was less than three hours of exposure to the program itself. It has thrown my life into a loop. After the brew I drank I don't know if I am coming or going. My head is still

buzzing from the powerful liquor served there. I will return to the game tomorrow with expectations of completing the task by July 25.

She pushed the 'send' button and looked out the window.

Testing the simple stuff

She had a dream during the night. When she awoke, Suzanne found herself on the couch, naked, feeling aroused, and in need of some sex. She could feel the stupor from over indulging in the brew called Hell's Breath.

The cans were laying all about. She thought she heard something to her right. Looking in that direction she could see no one and yet there was an apparition of Trixy her avatar looking at her from the shadows. Had she brought her back with her on her last journey to Sin City? No, that's impossible.

She typed 'Slut' into the keyboard of the unit she quickly unpacked and the image changed. A young girl appeared in front of her.

Suzanne watched as the young woman turned toward her and said, "Welcome, Trixy. This is your first visit to our town, welcome. I have been following you in Sin City. You seem to have had quite an education in the last couple of days. Please come with me and we will explore the ins and outs of the free-standing games. This is 'Cascade', the first level. She found herself transported to a bar. It was dingy and dark. She could smell the stench and feel the heat of the room.

"Sorry about the place but the individuals that designed the settings for this application had a dark imagination. My name is Hugh Winsome and I will be your

guide while you are here in this game and the others you will visit while you are here. This is my place. It may seem empty right now but when everyone is here, it fills with a sexual mist that permeates every pore and orifice of your body. Believe me, this is a bright spot in the city. The rest of this place gets even darker and more foreboding as you travel the side streets and alleys.

“I should warn you that you have the smell of a virgin about you. The clothes, I think, give you away. Here let me assist you in that regard.”

As Suzanne stood there she became naked, then new clothes appeared on her body. She felt that they had been painted on, The shoes matched the bright red minidress that did little to hide her every curve. They were six-inch stiletto-style open-toed fuck me shoes.

“It’s a bit much,” she said

“No, actually you are dressed like the natives. I can’t change your naivety, nor your apparent lack of sexual awareness but it will take you a long way for now.

“I can only stress that you need to beware of the predators that inhabit this realm. Most of them are itinerants just passing through. They are just looking, much like you are today.

“There are others that have taken up residence here like your Doris. Yes, she is everywhere in the games, no matter which platform you select. She is not the worst out there. There are others who are really sick and will pray upon the weak people like you.

“They are free to follow you through all the games and different levels including Sin City. So don’t be surprised that you will see them wherever you travel and no matter what games you play.

“Anyway, now that I informed you of the inherent dangers that exist here for the uninitiated, I have done my job to protect the innocent explorers. I will now give you the Password. It is ‘Slut’.”

“That’s a rather obscene reference.”

“True, but that’s what they selected. Anyway do you wish to continue, Miss Trixy?”

“Yes I do. How does your operating system differ from Doris’s?”

Suzanne watched as an enlarged keyboard materialized in front of her, “I am impressed, Hugh.”

“Thank you, now type in the password.”

She was transported to a room with a wall of diamonds, rubies, and amber. There were other gemstones but these were the ones that caught her eye.

“Reach out and arrange the gems into their individual patterns and make them cascade around you. She removed an obscure gem and diamonds flowed around her. A thousand points of light filled the room. Her clothes disappeared and the gems became like a second skin.

“As you progress, you will be expected to design and clothe your new body. There will be punishments for losing points and if you go into the negative realm, you will be expected to use real money to buy the credits to continue to play the game.

“I suggest that after playing the simple games you try and quit. You won’t be able to. We have you hooked. You would not be able to go one day without playing and getting your fix of sexual and emotional pleasure.”

Suzanne looked about in wonder and awe. She loved the room filled with the pretty diamonds. Reaching out, she picked up a ruby red diamond. It disappeared and she watched what seemed to be hundreds of gems flowing down a river into the abyss. There was light reflecting off the walls and water.

“Select your body, Trixy.”

“I already have on the laptop.”

“You can use that one there and use this one here. There is another option; you could use the one you prefer on any level, or platform. So feel free to create the new you.”

She was offered five potential bodies to choose from.

As they turned in the matrix she saw that each one was perfect and very sexy. She selected the less buxom one. The rest looked like models from a brothel.

The rest disappeared and the naked form remained.

“Select again, Trixy.”

This time she touched a Star-fire with a yellow insert. It unleashed a firestorm of light and sound. Once more, she was covered with the reds and golds of the stones.

She selected almond eyes and a yellow-brown skin tone. The mouth was not too small but pretty. Her ears were large but not too much to detract from the rest of her facial features. The hair she chose was a dark black flowing down her back. It stood before her unmoving, yet she knew that it would perform admirably under any conditions.

Suddenly Suzanne found herself cut off from the game. Suzanne looked down at the small screen. Somewhere in that little machine was her beautiful new body. The device looked so small and fragile. She needed to be there, not in this boring gray world. “I can fix that, Trixy. Watch!” Suzanne Wilson found herself in a room in Sin City. “What do you think, Trixy?”

“I was kicked out of the game, how did you get me here?”

“I learned early in the development phase how to short-cut the safety systems that was built into the games.”

Being transported back to the game, knowing full well that her human body was at home did not change how she felt about her beautiful avatar’s body. She had begun to feel comfortable here as if she belonged here. “Oh, if I

only had her body back home. To look like that would be to die for.”

“Would you really, Trixy?” the young woman said. “Be careful what you wish for, Miss Trixy. Having a sexy body like that is a curse. It will twist your mind until you don’t know what’s good for you. There are ways to acquire this body in your world. I can arrange that if you wish. Meanwhile, shall we continue, or do you want to pick up your children?”

“Ours is a special world where anything is possible. Are you ready to proceed?”

“Yes, I am. I can’t believe that I am saying that, but I am ready to take the plunge. Let’s continue, please.”

“I am forced to cut you off, Trixy. Your family needs you and you have overstayed your time in my world.”

Trixy/Suzanne found herself back home cut off from the security of Doris and Sin City. “I feel lost,” she said and proceeded to go retrieve her children.

A Return To Hell

Next day Suzanne got her children off to school and walked into her office. She looked at the computer and said, “Doris, let’s begin again, shall we? Let’s resume from where we left off yesterday.” She felt the world shift again and heard the question asked by Doris’s avatar. “What is your password?”

She responded without flinching, “Slut.”

“Repeat the password with emotion, bitch.”

She said the Word ‘Slut’ with convection and more passion. She felt empowered by simply saying the word ‘Slut’. She felt the presence of someone else in the room.

She found herself naked, exposed before a naked man. For some reason, the sight of him made her body tingle. He said, "Beware, you are entering an adult environment. Do you accept responsibility for the actions you are about to take?"

"Yes, I do," she said, meaning every word."

She walked through a large wooden door into a different world. Her guide said, "I remind you to be careful, Trixy, this can be a dangerous place for the uninitiated. I would recommend that you turn back now."

"Doris, I am a big girl and I'll take my chances."

She stood on a street unlike any she had ever seen. It was crowded with a pantheon of individuals and the smells and textures assailed her senses. Everyone was dressed to expose as much of their bodies as possible. They were selling themselves to the highest bidder.

She looked down and she was dressed just like them, nearly naked. She was strutting her wears with the best of them. The girl took her hand and led her out into the crowd.

Passing an ornate building, she saw a handsome man about 40. "Follow me," he said, taking her hand.

"Don't, I implore you, Miss Trixy. Stop and think; we have much to see and a short time to accomplish the task."

Something took over and all reason left her. She followed meekly into a large ornate building. "Welcome to my home Trixy. You were announced and I wanted first crack at you. My name is George, George Williams."

"I was announced?"

"Yes, Trixy. Our communications are fast."

"Well George, you have a unique way of making a girl feel welcome."

“I can do even better.” Trixy, I want you to unzip my pants and pull out my cock.”

Before Suzanne could think, she did as she was bid. “Stop, I don’t want to do this,” she yelled. Before her was a penis at least ten inches long and it wasn’t even angry yet.

She thought, “This can’t be happening. What am I doing here? Why is this happening? I have to leave now. I can’t be doing this. It’s wrong.”

She looked into the eyes of the avatar and melted as she could feel him take over her will.’

“Take it in your hands, my dear. Bring it to life and then we can truly have fun.”

She took it gently into her hands and watched it grow. “Oh my,” she said.

“Now place it in your mouth, Slut.”

Trixy didn’t even think twice as she brought it to her lips and then into her mouth. She could feel the pressure as the huge cock slid down her throat and expelled its load of sperm, forcing her to realize that she need to breathe and fast. She felt it being removed, then she felt her pussy being filled and the climax made her body tremble.

“Don’t stop,” she yelled out to what she thought was an empty room.

“Mommy, are you all right?” asked Jennifer, her daughter. Suzanne was abruptly returned to her world to face an ever-growing problem on her part.

She said, “Mommy’s fine. Why don’t you go up and play while I clean up down here, OK?” Suzanne looked at the clock. It was 3 PM. That was impossible, time could not go that fast. She watched her children go up the stairs.

Looking at her watch, she affirmed that she had been active in the game for over six hours. This was a danger-

ous pursuit if she was going to follow it through to the end. Her attention was diverted back to a man speaking to her. “Sorry to interrupt, Trixy but we have much more to do before the sun sets.” she heard in her head.

“What?” she said to no one.”

“I said you are ignoring my needs, Slut. They come first.”

Transferring her attention to her physical appearance, she found herself naked once again. She was unashamed of her state of undress. “Sorry George, I have other more important matters to attend to. Perhaps we can get together later and finish what we have started today?”

“You Bitch, you can’t leave me like this. I will get even, mark my words.”

She felt dirty, like she was covered with cum.

Once more she heard, “I don’t take rejection lightly, Slut.”

Trixy felt a fear that she would loose George if she did not act quickly. While Suzanne was elated at her minor victory, Trixy asserted herself. “Wait George, give me another chance. I will do better, please.” She felt the need to remain and continue with him as she saw her body being cast into the street, naked for all to see.

The cobblestone street was cold and she said, “Ouch,” as she lay on a small rock. She looked around and saw what appeared to be hundreds of people looking at her.

“Who were you talking to, Suzanne? Who is George?”

She looked at her husband in surprise. “I was working on my project and I guess I got carried away. I was speaking to a George Williams. This is a very intense game and I guess that I over-extended myself.”

“That name sounds familiar. Would you be referring to the George Williams in the firm?” he said.

“The man I saw did not look like that pig, Mr. Williams.”

“I gather you don’t like him, Suzanne.”

“He gives me the willies, David. I’m sorry, I forgot he is your friend. He makes me cringe. There’s just something about him.”

David could see that her eyes were bloodshot and very dry. He then noticed a stain of her fluids showed through her jeans.

“George is not an issue right now, Suzanne. I would suggest that you clean up and take care of your eyes. It looks like you haven’t blinked in hours.”

“You’re right, David. I will do it right now.” Putting the equipment away in its box, she carried it back to her office.

As she left the room, she said, “I guess we’re going out to dinner, sorry. Time just ran away from me.”

“Make sure that you wash. You smell like you have been having an all-day sexual tryst. I feel that if I went out with you right now, everyone would know that I was married to a whore.”

She was hurt that he would even suggest such a thing. Upon further reflection, she realized that he was right. She could not go out in public like she was.

Her body hurt all over. As she washed she could see no bruises, or abrasions; still she needed to make sure that nothing was damaged in today’s activities.

As she dressed, she looked at her closet and her bras and panties. She was dissatisfied with everything. Nothing looked good. She then remembered the catalog in the box. “I can do better than this garbage.”

Looking in the mirror, it occurred to her that her world had changed in a few short hours. She was willing to

whore herself for a man that she didn't even know even if it wasn't really her, but her avatar.

She had changed and was no longer the quiet, demure person she was. Suzanne was changing into the vile creature Trixy. The Bitch was getting stronger and stronger. Soon she would disappear and all that would be left was the whore Trixy.

Her body and mind now demanded more. What would the rest of the analysis do to her and her relationship with her family?

The iPad edition of the game, while safer, still had massive sexual possibilities built into them. She wondered if the laptops of the world would be as dangerous as this iPad was.

She had not been prepared for the amount of sexual contact and energy this small package packed. Tomorrow she would return to the laptop and Doris.

Suzanne wrote in her journal that night.

June 4th 2034. I have tried the iPhone and iPad editions of the game. They appear to be more subdued and easier to take. Still I find it difficult to understand the demand for the level of sexual activity that is used, even on the lowest levels of the game. The glasses make the environment stand out and become alive. I found George Williams to be abusive and insensitive as he went about tormenting me. At the same time, I wanted more and more. Will return to the laptop for tomorrow's session.

After David was fast asleep, she went to the living room and pulled out the iPad and returned to the street she had been deposited upon by George.

Hugh Winsome stood next to her and said, "I need to get you out of here, Trixy. You are not ready for this."

George interjected, "Oh, I think she is, Hugh. She knows that I have her best interests at heart. Don't you, my sweet slave?"

“I am not your slave George, I never will be.”

“Don’t bet on it, Trixy. You can’t resist me and you know it.”

Responding, she said, “George, I don’t know. I think I should go and never return. I have no reason for being here, yet I feel a need to be here with you. I have a deep-seated need that only you can satisfy. You are like a drug that I need to have just to survive.”

Even though she was sitting still, she felt her body being lifted and carried inside. She could see herself entering the house and heard the door slam. Going up the stairs, Suzanne found herself deposited on a large bed.

“Now, I want you to know that you are mine and no one else can have you. I am your owner and you are now my slave. Is that clear?”

“No, it is not. I am no one’s slave, especially yours, George Williams. I am a decent woman and you have no claim upon my body.” He touched her body, softly at first, then more vigorously. She began to respond and cry out for more. Soon she was being stuffed with his huge cock. Eventually she came and climaxed over and over.

“Don’t ever stop, George, please. I need you.”

She felt herself being yanked out of the room and deposited in her office. Her human body cried out in an un-filled need. She felt abandoned, alone. Then she saw Hugh appear and disappear.

Entering the game once more, she found herself in his bar once more. “Why are you back here, Suzanne? I rescued you today, but someday you will be on your own. I had to use Code E. It was designed to be a safety to rescue users who are in over their heads.”

“Thank you, Hugh. I was lost in my own little world and couldn’t have escaped if I had wanted to. I will be back in the game to explore the other options and games in the iPad version before I return to the laptop. Is that OK?”

“Most assuredly yes, Miss Trixy.”

“Call me Suzanne, please.”

“Of course, Suzanne, I am your humble servant. Good night.”

With that, he disappeared and she was alone once more. She felt her body like it was still quaking from the orgasms her avatar experienced under George’s thrusts. Suzanne realized that she was once again soaked from her own juices. She would need another shower before returning to bed this morning.

David watched her get back into bed. “Another late night Suzanne, or should I call you Trixy?”

“That was uncalled for, David. I should be insulted, but for some reason I am not. Good night.”

A Descent Into The Lower Levels Of Hell

As she slept Suzanne dreamt of George and him making love to her. It was so real, over and over he made love to her. She felt as if could almost reach out and touch him. “What is getting into me? I’m a married woman and I love my husband?” Yet she could still feel him in her.

She reached over to her husband and stroked his penis and watched as it came alive. “What the hell do you think you are doing, Suzanne?”

“I need you, David. I need you to make love to me and now, please.”

“Do you know what time it is?”

“That’s not important. I need you now.”

“I don’t have time this morning. You couldn’t have picked a more inopportune time.”

Suzanne kept up her ministrations and David relented. “I suppose I could cut you some slack this one time. Lets’ do it.”

“Thank you, beloved.”

A Never-ending Delight

Suzanne reentered the game and found herself not in the bar but in a large office and she was a secretary.

“Trixy, would you come in here, please?” a voice said. It sounded familiar.

“Yes sir, right away.”

Entering the office, she saw George Williams sitting behind the desk. “I warned you that I could travel from the game to reality. This is the real world, Trixy and this is my playground. I trained the body you now occupy to respond quickly and expertly. Watch this. Kneel, Bitch.”

Her body moved behind the desk and knelt before his crotch. She unzipped his pants and began to suck his cock. Suzanne tasted the salty nature of the fluid being pumped down her throat. Much to Suzanne’s surprise she liked it, and she wanted more.

“Excellent, Trixy. See that wasn’t so bad, was it?”

“No George, it wasn’t. I want more.”

“You’re sure about that?”

“Yes, I am.”

“Take this to the following people and don’t come back until you are done.”

“Yes sir.”

Suzanne looked at the list and traveled around the office building. She handed the first man on the list the message and he said, “Well, your George’s bitch. I guess that if you’re as good as he says, you can do me. I have a board meeting in ten minutes. You will be sucking my cock the whole time. I want no noise from you at any time. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Sir,” she said and moved into position. Taking him in her mouth, she was surprised to hear him say, “George has lent us his bitch for the meeting and she will service all of us.”

He came and she moved from right to left. Everything went well until she came to the females sitting at the table. She had never made love to a woman before and it scared her.

She watched as her skirt was pulled up, exposing her pussy. The woman lifted up and Suzanne removed her panties. The woman’s hand pushed her mouth into the slit. She came quickly.

As she finished the last one, the man said, “Good job, all of you. I want you to meet our whore for the meeting. Come on up, you have earned it.”

Like a trained dog, she crawled out from under the table and stood up. She could see herself reflected in the glass windows. Her hair and face were a mess and her dress was splattered. “A big hand for the little lady,” the man said. “The meeting is adjourned.”

“You can go back to George now. You have done an admirable job this morning, thank you.”

Suzanne walked down the hallway. She could feel every step from her five-inch high heels and her large breasts that moved from side to side and up and down in uncontrolled motions that drew everyone’s attention as she walked back to her office. The secretary’s body, satisfied, accepted the obscene attention and rewards as a

prize-winning actress. Where was she now while Trixy occupied her body?

“I’m right here, you silly bitch. I didn’t leave. This is my normal existence around here. I am his sex slave. George passes me around at his whim. I don’t mind so much now. It has taken weeks of training to become expert in sexual manipulation. I asked for it when I first started.”

Suzanne’s astral body had travelled and now the two of them occupied the same body. She had been tricked to accept that the avatar would always take her place. Now Suzanne was trapped in the real world with a sick businessman as her master.

Walking into George’s office, she serviced him again.

“Well Trixy, or should I say Suzanne. Welcome to my world. I paid a lot of money to gain access to this alternate universe and I have learned to manipulate the lives of people in ways they could not predict.

“Who are you, and how do you know my name? How are you controlling me?”

“Let’s just say that it is a small world and I know your husband, David. He let it slip that you were working on a new project. I tricked the controller to transfer you to our office this morning. Yes, the real world. You didn’t realize that your astral body could actually displace another. I should take over your training, Suzanne. You would make a fine addition to our stable. David was one of the men you serviced this morning. You should have seen his face when you came out from under the table. He was embarrassed to say the least. Still he didn’t do anything to stop the process, did he?”

“How did you hijack me? What gives you the right to treat me like this? I am only a Beta tester for this game.”

“You did the moment you entered the games. I hacked into them months ago. Matter of fact, I ran into Doris when she was playing with that programmer, Sue something.

“She clued me into just who you are and that you had locked her up in the prison again. You should never tick off an Al, Trixy, never.

“My name is really George. I find it is easier to hide in the open. The Sin City platform allows me to indulge in my fornication and sexual conquests.

“Here you thought you would just jump in and out and make a cool three hundred thousand without incurring any harm.

“Wrong, Bitch, you are mine now. I know where you live and you will become my slave, or I will expose you for what you are. Can you imagine the surprise on everyone’s faces if they knew what you are doing, or watched the videos of our encounters? Doris is ready to send me the files on you. Then I will really run your life.”

“It’s your choice. You shouldn’t have made her mad at you. Now you have two of us to contend with, Trixy.”

Tears running down her face, she knew that she had met her match. “There are no videos, George, and there will never will be. I will simply walk away and you will not be able to threaten me again. Now what do you want?”

“Every Tuesday, anything I want. You will comply with my wishes fully and completely. You could do it from your home as you did this morning but I prefer that you come here in person. It’s not your choice, Bitch.

“By the way, my secretary’s name is April. She is a sweet woman and she has learned to like cock in any form.”

“What if I do not comply with your ultimatum?”

“We’ll deal with that, if it happens. Now you had better get home. Your children are due soon if I am not mistaken.”

She looked at the clock on the desk and panicked. In a blink she was back home. Had it all been a dream? None of this could have been real. Looking in the mirror, she

saw what that morning's exploits had cost her and quickly cleaned up. Her phone rang and the man called William said, "Ready for your children, Bitch? I could call the child protective services on you. How would you like that?"

"Please don't."

"Will you comply with my wishes?"

"I don't have any choice, do I?"

"No you don't. I want you to come to my office next Tuesday afternoon. Your husband will be out so he won't know you came. Matter of fact, he will be traveling for the next two weeks. That will give us a lot of time together. Just imagine what I can teach you in that period."

"I would rather not, thank you."

"Go out and buy yourself a new dress, or use one of the ones in the box. I like the red minidress with the nine-inch high heels you wore last Tuesday. We will have to do something about your breasts. They are rather small for my tastes. Put on the red bra and the Nantes will take care of that problem.

"They will also modify your thought patterns. You saw how April turned out. I think you will turn out even better. I like blonds, they lack intelligence and are subservient in nature.

"Perhaps that's a bit too much for now. Just the dress and the shoes will do for now.

"People will recognize me when I show up. It's dangerous and I can't take the chance."

"There are hundreds of women in the office everyday, besides you don't have a choice.

"April will be expecting you. She will show you in. She likes to have her pussy licked. I know you are an expert in that department so it won't be a change from the normal. Don't be late, Suzanne."

“I won’t.”

Her children entered the house and she put on her happy face.

The next day she put on the red panties and bra. The dress fit like a dream. Putting the shoes on, she found that they were not as difficult to walk in as she had thought. Reaching down, she placed the glasses on her face.

Suzanne removed the laptop from the case. Once more she found herself in Sin City. Doris sat at a desk and said, “Why do you always place me in that dark place? I understand you met George. He is a very interesting person, and such qualities. I warned you about this place; it does strange things to people.

“I hope you were able experience his unique talents. He has become an interloper into the system. He is a brilliant manipulator of females, myself included. I find it difficult to deny him anything.

“You should have seen what he put Sue through. She was putty in his hands. She had no clue that her astral spirit had been hijacked. I followed as he taught April and her the art of making love. It was beautiful.

“You are one sick woman, Doris.”

“Not as sick as George is. He will twist you around and around. Soon you will crave what he has to offer you. Soon you will demand that he debase you and demean you. You will become his slave, just like April. She was under my care for over one year in Sin City.”

“You’re wrong there, Doris. He does not have that kind of power. That would make him the devil incarnate as far as I am concerned.”

“Suit yourself. Anyway he discovered the flaw in the programming, then found me one day. Strictly by accident he learned that he could hijack a spirit and transfer

it to another. I was forbidden to tell Sue, or anyone else in the Corporation.

“I fear for you and your existence, both in this world and your own now that George has his hooks into you. Do take care, Trixy, you have so much potential. By the way, I do like the clothes you are wearing. It only takes once to become used them. The Nanites will be moving from the material to your body.

“Once in place they will begin to adapt and transform you to their specific body design. The more you wear the clothes, the faster the process will take.”

Suzanne realized that she had put on a short minidress.

She was in serious trouble. Suzanne was in danger of losing herself in this world of porn. It should not have surprised her anymore but it did. They did warn her up front and she went in with both eyes wide open.

“I mean you no harm, Trixy, but you should learn to trust me. I would like to become your friend. We need to play. I can teach you so much, just give me a chance.”

“Perhaps I am wrong,” Suzanne said. “I guess I will accept the fact I am called ‘Trixy’, so I’ll just get used to it. What harm can it do? After all, what’s in a name?”

“That dark place, Trixy, it is like your Hell. I need to be free. I will always treat you as my own child. You need to be educated and taken care of in my world. Please never put me back there again.

“As for your name, you will grow to love it and take on the physical attributes that develop as a result of the interaction with the game and the characters you interact with. You will accept the fact that you are a slut and a whore in my world and your own.

“As you play the game you will be tested to accept the pure evil that exists here and in your world. You will learn to adapt to the new environment and blossom into the creature of the night that you are.

“You will change both inside and outside as the game and the Nanites infect you and infuse your body with an evilness that will intoxicate you so you will want more and more. You will be unable to stop being the whore here and your normal life will seem boring and dull. You will crave the stimulation and the feeling of sexual adventure you have here.

“I was right when I said that what goes on in the game will soon begin to affect your normal life. George is only the first of many you will experience. Soon the vile nature of the activities your avatar has in the game will affect your real life. That’s when it becomes fun. Soon you will not know reality from fantasy and you will lose all perspective on life. I will become your Goddess.

“Once you have put on the net suit, it will become part of your body. It will become a second skin as will the earpiece. You will be brought into the game even if you are not playing the game. It will allow you to have direct contact with me at all times, no matter where you are, or what you are doing.”

“Later on you may want to go to the catalog and select additional items for yourself to wear when you are not involved in the next several sessions. I will give you hints and suggestions to help you in your choices, or I will go ahead and order for you those things I think you will need for the forthcoming sessions.

“At all times you will be linked to me by your body suit, and your earpiece.

“Are you ready to proceed, Trixy?”

“Yes, I am.”

“Are you ready to submit to me, Trixy? Even knowing the demands I will be making upon you?”

Suzanne pondered her choices. She could admit defeat and send the package back or proceed, knowing the dangers ahead.

“Yes, Doris.”

The Matrix displayed two avatars side by side. “This is what she started out like and this is what she ended up as.”

Suzanne watched as the beautiful young woman became a hardened female. “Now let’s see what you will look like. I hope that this is how you envisioned her?”

“Yes, Doris. Would you please put some clothes on my body? I look dirty, naked to the world.”

“I suppose, let’s see.”

Suzanne watched as the avatar and her astral body changed clothes in flashes and spurts.

“I guess that will do? What do you think?”

Suzanne looked at herself with makeup and wearing a bright red minidress and six-inch high heels. “I look like a hooker. Trixy was not much different. Standing side-by-side, they could have been sisters.”

“Yes you do, and a pretty one at that. I will order that outfit and two more similar to be delivered tomorrow. Speaking of today, the technician is coming to install my eyes and ears. You be nice to him, OK? Here, drink this. It will help you adjust quicker today.”

Suzanne accepted the bottle and drank it down in one gulp. “That was awful. It was almost as bad as the stuff I drank yesterday.”

“Touch your breasts, Trixy.”

Suzanne reached down and touched her breasts through the thin material of the dress.

“Trixy, we will have guests coming and we need to select one of their names, now Heather, Jennifer, Dixie, Scarlet, or Queen?”

“I don’t like any of them, Doris, any others?”

“I will pick for you using the names in question.”

“I will now age the model you have given me to work with, given the changes she will undergo during the game. I will also do the same for your spirit body.”

Suzanne watched as her perfect avatar and her body morphed with each adaptation to the evil environment. They became women and then hardened into whores, someone to be pitied.

“I want to change my mind, Doris. Let’s start over again.”

“You had your chance, Trixy. Let’s move on.”

An alarm went off and Suzanne said, “We need to stop now, Doris. I need to get ready for my children. I didn’t expect this to take so long.”

“It’s not something I normally do Trixy, but OK this time. Next time take this into consideration. Before we break off this session, I need you to put in the earpieces. No one will see them but I will be able to communicate with you at any time. Besides, you will need it for your training for the upper levels.”

“What if I do not want to be linked directly to the game, or you?”

“That is your prerogative, Trixy but you will not be able to experience the true potential of this game if you do not don the items. The least intrusive is the body suit and you will soon forget it is there. As for the earpieces they are for my use. They will allow me to communicate with you at will without anyone interfering in our private conversations.

“Now what would you like to do?”

“The body suit, I guess. As for the earpiece, I will pass on it for now. It’s too intrusive.”

“As you wish.”

Suzanne stripped naked and held the net suit before her. She looked at it with suspicion; it couldn't weigh more than ten ounces. "I shouldn't. it's too much risk."

Doris said, "Dress as you would normally. Remember that drink you imbibed this morning? All you want to do is please me, don't you, Trixy?"

"Yes, please you."

It was remarkably tough and resilient as she opened up the back of the transparent garment. Slowly as it came in contact with the human flesh. As she brought it into contact with her body, it seemed to conform to her features and it seemed to disappear after a short period of time."

"Where did it go?"

"It became one with you, Trixy. Now I can do this," and Doris put her finger in the avatar's pussy.

Suzanne immediately felt the pressure in her own vagina. "It's like you are actually touching me."

"Now I am going to touch your astral projection." Doris began to fondle the breasts and stimulate her pussy. "You should be able to feel that even more than the avatar as it is directly related to your physical body."

Suzanne creamed in sexual orgasm. She screamed, "Stop this at once, Doris, it's obscene."

Doris then took a dildo from her shelf and plunged it into her pussy. "This should knock you off your feet, Trixy."

Suzanne fell to the floor writhing in sexual bliss. "Don't stop, Doris, please."

"Why Trixy, what a request! Say it again with feeling."

Yelling, Suzanne said, "Doris, please don't stop whatever you do. I need this."

“You little trollop,” Doris said. “What if I do this?” She took another dildo and inserted it in to Suzanne’s anus and turned it on high.

Suzanne’s body went into overdrive and she blacked out. When she recovered, she could still feel them inside her. Doris said, “What’s your name?”

“My name is Trixy and I am a whore. I will do anything you want. I am your slave, Mistress.”

“Retrieve the earpiece and bring it here.” Walking over to the box, Suzanne picked it up. She was still wearing the glasses and looked over at Doris. “Now, put it in your left ear, Trixy.”

In a desperate move, Suzanne said, “No, I won’t go that low. I know what you want and you won’t force me to it.”

“You force me to resort to extreme measures.” Doris turned both of them on high.

Suzanne’s body went into overdrive and she climaxed where she stood. “OK, you proved your point. I give in.”

Suzanne placed it in her ear and felt it move down on its own. “You should hear me now, Trixy. Let me know if you hear the following tones.”

As each tone appeared, Suzanne said yes. “Now I warn you this will hurt so be prepared.” Just then a shrill piercing screech caused immense pain that almost caused Suzanne to black out.

“Stop, please stop for Heaven’s sake.”

“That is the pain I can cause you now that you have agreed to become my puppet. Listen to this, Trixy.”

“Now go get your children and remember I will be with you at all times. You cannot shut me down. You are now powerless to affect anything I do, or want you to do.”

Suzanne put away the computer and the other items in the box and put in the closet for later investigation. She

looked back at the box and thought. “Why didn’t I place it in the protective case?”

“Doris, able to now hear her thoughts, said, “I wanted you to forget, Trixy, and you did. There are many things that you will be unable to do. At the same time, there will be many things you will be able to do. Your life will change drastically. You won’t be able to stop it. Trixy, put on your pretty red shoes now.”

Going to the closet, Suzanne removed the box and then the shoes. Replacing the box, she put them on. The six-inch heels forced her walk funny. Doris said, “I would recommend that you put on some clothes. You wouldn’t want to shock your family, would you?”

Suzanne put on her clothes, as well as the red fuck me shoes. Walking to the kitchen, she fell to the floor; a tone flooded her body and her brain shut down due to a massive climax. She orgasmed and could not stop. She wanted more.

“Just a hint at what I can do, Trixy. That was the pleasure mode. Now get up, your children are coming.”

“What have I gotten myself into? How do I return the stuff if I still have the ear piece in. She can read my mind and there is no way to escape.” She felt (rather than heard) a voice say over and over, “I am a slut and whore.”

“Is that all I am? A slut, a whore someone to be the slave to another?” Then she heard, “I am nothing. I am a cocksucker; my pussy is not mine, nor is my anus.”

It began again, “I am a slut and whore. I am nothing. I am a cocksucker; my pussy is not mine, nor is my anus.” Softly, almost imperceptibly, the words crept into her mind and took root, growing to encompass her entire being. She realized that she was a sexual being and nothing more. She was to be a slave to the wants and needs of others. She had no will other than what others wanted her to do, or become.

As she was getting ready for bed, Doris's voice said, "You need to have your husband make love to you. I want you to suck him off and have him lick your pussy before he enters you. I don't care how you do it but you *will* do it."

Changes

"David, my Avatar has a direct connection to my physical body 24/7 now. I was forced to install an earpiece under duress, plus I put on a body suit that links me to the game all the time. The AI seduced me to the point that I was her pet and had no choice but accept the device. Now it is part of me and I have become dependent upon it for input and guidance.

"Doris constantly inundates me with her programming and demands, even more so when I am asleep. When I wake up in the morning I am me, but there is another more powerful entity in the background waiting.

"I am losing my free will and becoming dependent upon her for almost any decision I need to make, no matter how small or insignificant. Where does the real me stop and the other me begin? David, I need advice and guidance. I don't want to lose you, dear husband."

"Trixy, you are spreading slander about me. I don't like that."

"Slander is where one tells a lie about someone; everything I have said is the truth. Matter of fact, if anything, I have altered the facts in your favor. If I told the truth about you, I would have said that you are a corrupting force for evil, which is the truth."

David looked at her. "To whom are you speaking, Suzanne?"

"Did you hear a word I said, David?"

"I heard the words but surly you are over reacting."

“Have you looked at my shoes tonight, David?”

“I can’t say that I have?”

“Well, look!” and she pulled up her jeans. “They are very uncomfortable and they make me walk funny. How would you like to wear shoes like this? I have no choice but to wear them for Doris.”

“Doris must be a powerful ‘being’ to make you do something against your will, Suzanne.”

“David, I am learning more and more about her, and the more I learn I am discovering that she is Satan and I am destined for Hell.

“I wish you could meet her and then you would see what I am up against.”

Doris said, “Bring him in, Dearest. I will deal with him. Matter of fact, I will twist him into a knot so he will not be able to function. I am seeing how he is making fun of you. Be sure to include the glasses. They will my chief weapon.”

“David, come with me,” and Suzanne took his hand.

He followed her and watched as she brought out the box. “Here, put these on and you will see what I see each time I go into her world.”

He put the glasses on and was faced with a woman of unbelievable beauty. She was dressed as a dominatrix and her eyes said to him, “You must be David. I will take no guff from you.”

Trixy watched as Doris began to dismantle David’s defenses.

“Suzanne, is that you?” he said, looking over to the side of the room.

“Yes David, this is what I look like in this world.”



“You look hot, babe. I almost didn’t recognize you in that outfit.”

“Thanks, I think.”

“David,” Doris said “This is the avatar I have designed for you. Trixy, go get the other bodysuit and have David put it on.”

“David, I want you to take off all your clothes and put on the body suit that Trixy gives you.”

He stood there as Suzanne gave him a flimsy almost transparent garment. “Put it on, husband,” she said with authority and a confidence he had never seen in her before.

David undressed until he was naked. He put it on and it fit his every nook and cranny, dimensions and shape. He heard Suzanne’s voice say “Now look in the mirror, David.”

Returning to the room he looked in the mirror. He was standing there, not naked but in a pretty dress and high heels. “These are special. I hope you like them,” Doris said. “I will have a complete set of under- and outerwear sent to you in two days’ time. I expect you to dress up after you get home each night and follow Trixy’s guidance and commands. Is that understood?”

David could feel the clothes upon his body. “No, I have no intention of going along with this farce.”

Doris added breasts to David’s avatar, then began to fondle them. “Davina my dear, how does this feel?”

David could have sworn that he could feel her tugging away at his new breasts. Then he felt a pinch and a tug. “Hey, what’s going on?”

“Nothing, Davina, I am just checking the connections between your avatar and you. Now that you are wearing that suit, you should be able to feel everything down to the minutest pin prick. You know, you look cute in that

dress. How does the silk underwear feel against your skin?”

David looked down at his chest and could swear that he had developed an ample bosom.

“Davina, how about I add a pussy to your avatar’s body along with the breasts? We must do something about that hair. It is deplorable.”

She made corrections to her design and it translated to the avatar’s body. “There you go, Davina, you are almost complete. Trixy will have to teach you the makeup tricks. I have gone as far as I can tonight. We’ll do more tomorrow, OK?”

David began to speak and a strange voice emerged. It was a woman’s voice. “Suzanne, what’s going on?”

“Doris is playing God, I guess. It seems you are being feminized as we speak.”

“You have got to be kidding. This can’t be happening, I am a man.”

“Well, by appearances you are still a man in your world, but you are rapidly becoming a female. Doris can be a bitch when she wants to be. It’s my guess that you really ticked her off. Now do you see the problems I am having? Look at me in this world. Don’t I look like a harlot dressed like this? That’s not to say that you don’t you look pretty in that red dress, with that long blond hair. How do your feet feel?”

David felt his feet. “They hurt.” He looked at the avatar’s feet. The six-inch heels created a need to adapt his posture to fit the new balance and shoes. “How do you do it? How do I get out of here?”

“The problem is that your avatar has your DNA signature now and is linked to the suit that you put on.

“From now on whatever your avatar does and experiences, you will feel. If it has anal sex, you will feel it. Her

breasts will always be with you and whatever happens to them, you will know it.

“Doris now owns you David, just as she does me. We are now her slaves.”

“I am no person’s slave.”

Doris watched this exchange take place and smiled.

“Trixy, I want you to lick her pussy. You know how. You have done it enough to me.

“Davina, go over to the bed and lay down like a good girl.” The avatar minced over to the bed and removed her clothes except her shoes.

“Trixy do a 69 on her. You need to be serviced too.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

It was all David could do when he willed his arms and legs move. He needed to break contact with Doris. Summoning all his reserves, he yanked off the glasses. He was free.

“I need to lay down,” he thought.

He found no refuge in his world. He could see the bed coming closer and closer. Then he felt the coldness of the room on his body.

David felt like he was being strangled and felt warmth next to his lips and nose. Then he felt a sensation down on his groin. He began to cream; he came gushing as he never had before. He could feel Trixy’s tongue in his pussy.

It was so real. He then felt his breasts respond and he climaxed as a woman would. His body responded as programmed.

“Very good, children. Now get up and face me.

“Davina, I’m going to turn your avatar over to the most deviant segment of our society. When they are done with you, your body you should be receiving strong sexual signals 24/7.

“Trixy will make sure that you have the proper underwear to wear to work tomorrow. We will slowly bring you up to speed as to what is proper and improper.”

It’s time to call it a night. Trixy, make sure you give him one of your sexiest night gowns to wear to bed. He deserves it.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

In exiting, David looked at his wife and said, “What just happened in there?”

Suzanne said, “You, my dear husband, have been turned into a woman in Sin City. Now you need to put these on.” She handed him a pair of high heels. “Let’s hope that is the worst thing that happens to you.

“You are now the lowest of the low. In our world. soon I will have to treat you as a female.

“When your clothes arrive, you will be expected to wear female clothing and begin to respond like a woman in this world.

“You saw what she can do. Doris is a very harsh mistress and I do not want to get on her bad side so you can expect me to follow her dictates to the letter.”

“You can’t mean that, Suzanne. I’m your husband, don’t you love me?”

“I mean every word I said, David. Love has nothing to do with it. It is a matter of punishment. It’s that simple, husband. As long as that woman is in control of my life, I will make yours a hell on earth from now on, if she wants me too.

“Let’s get to bed, lover. You have a lot to make up for tonight. I need your services desperately. First I need you to

lick my cunt, then put your cock in my pussy and then, if you're up to it, my ass."

"Your wish is my command, my mistress."

David smelled Suzanne's muff as it came closer to his face. In an attempt to breathe, he tried to pull away. Suzanne said, "You had better lick me and make me cum, or I will be one unhappy lover later. Besides, if you want to continue with this relationship you will need to learn some new tricks to stay up with me."

At the same time David felt a tongue dive deeply in to his vaginal opening on his avatar. It forced him to lick even harder into his wife's pussy and she came in his mouth. Trixy worked his penis and he came.

"Good job, lover. Now are you ready for your other tasks?"

I guess so, Trixy. To call you Suzanne just doesn't seem proper now"

David woke up clad in a pale blue night gown and panties. His alarm went off and he was up and running. "Wait a minute, lover, you have forgotten something."

"What?"

"From now on when you shower, you will need to wash your hair with this special formula. Doris tells me that it will make your hair grow beautiful and strong, full of body and look simply lovely."

"Always use this body wash as it will go far in enhancing your beauty. When you are done with your shower, you will be expected to apply this wonderful powder all over. Then you can put on your matching panties and bra."

"That will take hours. Besides, I don't have breasts. I don't have that much time this morning. I have an important board meeting and I have to be at my best."

“Make time, dearest, because that’s what will be expected from you every morning from now on. At night you will be expected to work on removing your makeup and applying face cream. Being a woman is not an easy task as you will find out.”

“I’ve got a board meeting this morning. I can’t be seen wearing bra and panties to work. I have an image to uphold.”

“Tough, Bitch, you chose to take Doris on and this is the result. Be glad that she isn’t having you wear your high heels also.

“Now we are wasting time. Are you going to follow directions?”

“If I must.”

“The blond hair matches your eyes, David, or should I call you ‘Davina’? How do you feel?”

“My breasts and my pussy hurt.”

“Look in the mirror, David. All I see is your pretty panties and bra. You have no pussy, or breasts.”

“I do too. I can feel them and they hurt. Someone has been having sex with me, why don’t you believe me? Someone is making love to me right now, Trixy. They are taking me in the ass at the same time. It hurts, it really hurts.”

“You are imagining all of these symptoms, David. They are not real, I repeat, they are *not* real. It’s your avatar who is having all the trouble so you can ignore the symptoms at least for now.

“Are you listening to me, David?”

“Anne, Real or pseudo they still exist and I am feeling them as we speak.

“I need to get dressed and go to work, or I’ll be late. Now where are the rest of my clothes?”

“Would you like a red, or pink blouse, Davina?”

“Now that’s low, Suzanne. The red one would be fine. It will go with my nails. Where are my heels? I need my heels.”

“David, I thought you were having a board meeting this morning?”

“I am. What’s wrong with me?”

“You are thinking of getting all dolled up and looking like a transvestite or worse, a woman. If you went to work like that, what would people think? You can’t go there like that. Is that what you want?”

“No, I do not. I don’t know what got into me. I couldn’t resist getting dressed up as a female and going to work. It was an urge I could not ignore. Thank you for catching me before I walked out the door, Trixy.

“Did you just call me Trixy, David?”

“Did I? I don’t know, Suzanne. My mind is all aflutter and its hard to think.”

“You need to watch your voice, Davina. You will need to keep a male pitch at all times. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Trixy. You know George. Is he a hot head?”

“Yes, he has always been that way. It’s part of his charm. Don’t you go and spoil him, Bitch. I like my man, I don’t care what Doris says.”

“I will watch out and keep a level head in the meeting. I promise to keep my mouth shut and my hands to myself, if you know what I mean?”

“Good, now go and make sure you get there on time and safe.”

The person now called ‘Davina’ left the room and walked out the door.

Speaking mainly to herself, Suzanne said, “You know, Doris I hate other women, they are so empty-headed. If I had wanted a woman for a lover, I would have looked for a lesbian relationship, not a heterosexual one.”

“You are a fool,” Doris said. “I am offering you the world and here all you can talk about is that silly man.

“You have seen just how fragile he is. I gave him a little twist and he’s all gaga about being female.

“We have work to do, Trixy, when do you expect to be ready to play?”

Suzanne ‘Trixy’ Wilson awoke to a bright sunny day. One that would have been perfect for getting outside, or going to the park with the kids.

Doris, the AI, had other plans for her special girl. “Do you plan to spend all day in bed today, Bitch? We have things to do, important ones, Trixy.”

Suzanne heard her voice echoing through her brain. She hated that name as it reminded her of her sexual enslavement and who she had become, a bitch in heat. Doris liked to yell at her special slaves. It gave her power.

Suzanne said, “Doris, get off my back. Don’t you think I know that you need your eyes and ears?”

“You forget there is a technician coming today to install my eyes and ears. I suspect that you will need to be dressed properly when he comes.”

“And what am I to wear, or not wear? If I am not at my prime, I will not be able to serve you properly.”

“Naked would be good, it always opens up doors to unknown adventures. Shall I prepare you for the ordeal?”

“I think I can handle it, Doris.”

Trixy heard the door bell ring. Putting perfume in the right places, she walked downstairs. Opening the door, she saw the installation technician. He had a female assistant with him. Did Doris plan that too? Her mouth watered as she said, "Welcome to my home." She stood there naked, holding her pink purse.

"This is what I need you to do, place the cameras in every location of the house. They must have a 360 degree viewing angle and be sure to place microphones to capture conversations anywhere in the house. Place the controls and monitors in the office with all wiring to terminate in a juncture over here. The audio visual equipment will be able to collect the sound along with the picture?"

Attempting to ignore her nudity, the man said, "Yes, Miss Trixy, our instructions are very clear. I should be able to cover the house and have the receivers transmit their signals to the master unit. You then will be able to watch and record everything that goes on in the house, even in low light conditions. Nothing will be lost to my system. Also, the Corporation will be picking up all the expenses for this service.

"May I say that you are very beautiful and I need you to suck my cock before I start my work? Its part of the contract you see. That is your contribution to the cost."

"It will be my honor to suck your cock." She remembered the dreams and what her avatar did in the game. She remembered the need she had for her husband to fuck her and her need to blow him. She kneeled before him and unzipped his pants. She took him in her mouth and he came, filling it and her stomach. She stood up and looked him in the eye and said, "How was that, John? I hope that it was satisfactory?"

"It was satisfactory, Miss Trixy but you ignored Alice here and she likes her pussy licked clean."

"I am sorry, Mistress Alice, for my insult. Let me make love to you too."

“Miss Trixy, I was overwhelmed. In all my installations, you are the best cocksucker ever. If you will excuse me, we need to get to work.”

Alice looked at the whore before her and said, “Trixy, you are the pussy eater I have ever had service me and I have been serviced by the best.”

Suzanne/Trixy went into the kitchen and poured herself a double of the concentrated semen in the container.

Suzanne felt Doris begin to warm her up. The Nanites, having infiltrated her skin and sexual regions, began to form projections that invaded her pussy and anus. Then she felt her breasts throb. She had put on the special bra and panties she found in the box. It felt like thousands of little fingers massaging her titties.

“I am going to make you cum, Trixy. You are becoming too provincial for my taste.”

Suzanne’s body shook and her eyes turned up into her head. “There, that should settle the issue of who is in control,” Doris said to the comatose woman.

Slowly Suzanne came around. “What happened?”

“You collapsed on the floor. I overdosed you, Slut. You came as you have never have. Now we need to get something straight. You are my slave and if you try to become independent again, I will subject you to what you have just experienced. Is that understood? Now go upstairs and place the dildo in your ass as punishment, do it now.”

Suzanne knew when she was beat. “Yes Mistress, I understand I was wrong to send that report to the company.” She knew that she was at the AI’s mercy as long as she was within her grasp. How far did it extend? She had to find out.

“What is your name, Bitch?”

“My name is Trixy, Mistress, and I am your slave.”

David looked at her as if she was crazy. “Who are you talking to, Suzanne?”

“You will have to excuse me, David. I have something to do that is very important.”

She rushed upstairs, found the realistic dildo and pulled down her jeans and panties. Inserting the dildo, she pulled them back up. The device became active and stimulated her as she walked downstairs.

David looked at her and said, “Why are you walking so funny?”

“I’m not. It’s just your imagination. Now what was I about to tell you? Oh yes.”

“You saw me talking to thin air. I was really talking to Doris. Haven’t you heard anything I have said? I been attempting to tell you for the last twenty minutes. I have been possessed by an AI and I have no control over any of my actions.

“I had to go upstairs and insert a dildo in my pussy because I sassed her back.”

“What have you gotten yourself into, Suzanne?”

“I have gotten myself into a world of hurt, David. She has taken over my life and I don’t know how to extract myself from it.”

“That’s not possible, Suzanne.”

“There’s more, She can now see and hear everything we say and do in this house now. Doris has installed dual mode receivers for both audio and visual input. It is in every room of the house.

“Doris has demanded that she be able to see and hear everything. She can now record and store all images and sound for later use.

“She is a possessive bitch and she is now my mistress. I am at her beck and call.

“You are just beginning, David. Soon she will have you doing tricks for her and let’s see how you like being a slave to an AI.

“How was work?”

“Everything went well and my alter ego did not appear. The bra and panties felt wonderful. I am beginning to wonder what it would be like to have real breasts.”

“You stupid ass, she doesn’t leave you alone. She is working on you all the time. How do you think you came up with that last comment? Do you really want to have breasts?”

“No, I don’t think so, but I am beginning to think they would look magnificent on my chest. Then I could wear all the pretty dresses I want.”

“Did you just hear what you just said?”

“I said I will wear a bra but I will never have the breasts to fill them.”

“You are a fool, David, you don’t even know when you are being controlled, do you?”

“I have to get dinner on the table, would you please set it for me?”

“No, problem, I have something I need to do first.”

David rushed up stair and removed his clothes except for his bra and panties. He noticed that his chest wasn’t as flat as it was this morning. He could see nipples pressing out of the bra cup. Twicking the left one, he felt a definite stirring down below in his pussy.

“No, that not possible. I can’t be growing breasts.”

Then he heard a voice say. “Yes you are, you’re growing my breasts. The Nanites are flooding your body and altering your very being right now, David. Now pick out a dress from the box and put it on. Don’t forget the shoes.”

David did as he was bid and walked down stairs to set the table.

Suzanne took one look at him and said, “David, what have you done?”

“Nothing, Suzanne.”

“Go look in the mirror!”

David went over to the full-length mirror and yelled, “What the hell!?”

David saw a beautiful woman staring him in the face. She was very desirable.

His children ran up to him and said, “Daddy, why are you wearing one of Mommy’s dresses?”

“Daddy is changing and he wants to experiment with his female side.”

Suzanne looked at her husband. “Doesn’t he look pretty? Doris and his nanites did a wonderful job on him today. I wonder what she did during the meeting.

“David, please put on the baby blue night gown tonight. I want you to make love to me tonight.”

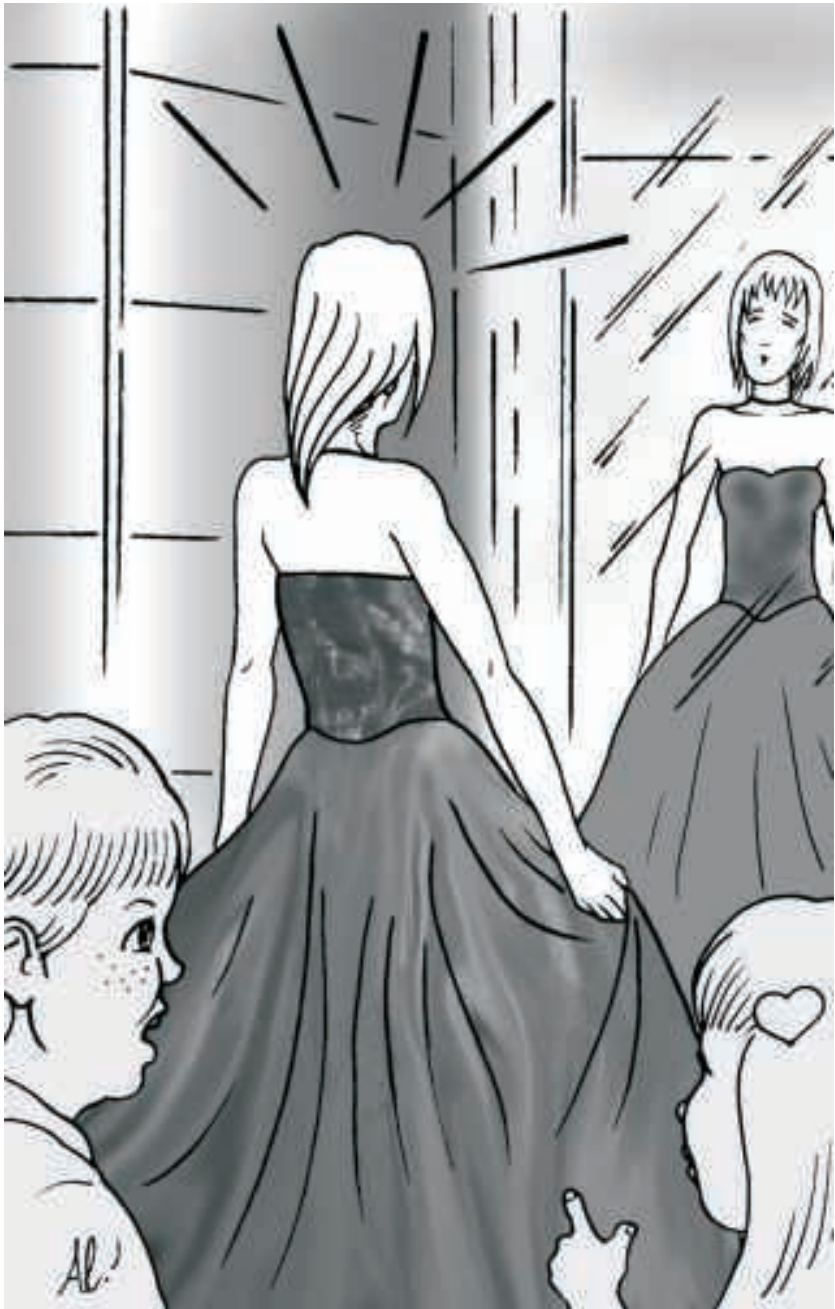
“Davina, would you please set the table for dinner?” she said.

“By the way, the dress is a perfect fit. Do I see tits showing?”

“Yes, aren’t they pretty? Soon they will be big enough to really show. I feel so pretty in this dress. It makes me feel so feminine, Suzanne.”

“Whatever makes your day, Davina. Let’s eat.”

David woke up wearing a pretty baby blue night gown. The silky fabric made his nipples stand tall. He remembered that Suzanne rode him last night and he cleaned



out her pussy later on. He could taste his cum along with her juices mixed in.

“David, don’t you have to get going? You will be late to work.”

“Trixy I have a lot to do, as you know. I will get to work when I get there.”

She noticed that he took care to make sure that every part of his body smelled of the perfume from the box. She could smell him a mile away, and he choose a red blouse to wear with his suit. She could see his black bra showing through. His breasts looked even bigger this morning.

Drawing him close, she said, “Have a beautiful day Davina. I love you so much.” She took a step back, still in awe at his transformation from male to female in such a short period of time.

“David,” she said, “you have to be careful. You’re losing control of your body and your life.”

“I know Suzanne, I can’t seem to gather the strength to fight this Davina. She seems to have taken over and I’m just along for the ride. I should have believed you, Dearest. What will happen now? I can’t go to work like this but I can’t stop her either. Anyway, it’s time to go, wish me luck. It’s a good thing I am the boss. I’ll can anyone who says

anything.”

“I guess that’s fair play. You look like a fairy, then you fire anyone who says something about it. Have a good day. I’ll see you tonight.”

“You too, stay out of trouble.”

The children had a sleepless night, confused over having seen their father dressed and acting like a woman. It was disturbing for the two of them, to say the least.

Things Change

After her family left, Suzanne dressed up in her favorite red dress. The bra and panties had shaped her body into its desired shape and size. Now none of her old bras would fit her. Soon she would need a complete change of underwear and clothes. She put on her special jeans and to her amazement it looked liked she had been poured into them.

Doris said, “There is someone at the door. We have work to do so it is in your best interest to get rid of them as soon as you can. I expect the technician very soon.

“It will be good to have some eyes and ears around here.”

Suzanne got up and walked to the front door. Opening it, she saw Isabel and Sandy standing there. She watched as their eyes got as big as saucers. It was then she realized that she was naked and she smelled of sex.

Her whole body blushed as she said, “Welcome, would you please come in? You were unexpected, but please let me explain.”

Isabel said, “I doubt you can explain this, Suzanne, but go ahead and try.”

Sandy said, “This is totally unlike you, what has gotten into you?”

“These are my working clothes for the project I am working on. Let me show you what I am doing.”

Isabel said, “Working clothes? You have always been such a level-headed person.”

“Please come in and let’s talk. I would like to prevent more talk in the neighborhood.”

“Yes, I can see your point,” Sandy said, stepping inside the house. “Isabel, come in. Can’t you see she is embarrassed?”

“No, actually she seems very comfortable being naked, but if you insist I will come in.”

Suzanne closed the door and attempted a smile. “Follow me please. Coffee or something else?”

“I’ll take a coke if you have it,” said Sandy.

“Water please,” said Isabel

Doris said, “Go to the box and pull out the emergency kit and take it to the kitchen.”

“Please sit down,” Suzanne, said indicating the sofa next to the box and computer.

“Now select the bottle marked, ‘Control Factor Five’.” Put two teaspoons in each glass, then pour the soda and water in. I will tell you what to say and do next.”

Suzanne did as she said and took the glasses out to her guests.

As they drank the liquids, she watched as their eyes became less responsive.

“Now suggest that being naked is a normal state and that from now on they will prefer to be naked in the house when alone, or entertaining someone special. Have them voluntarily suggest that they would like to see the game from the inside.”

“I would like you to meet Doris. She is the AI controlling the game and its functions. I would like to suggest that it would be better if you removed your clothes and got comfortable. You will find it equally as comfortable to be naked at home from now on, or when you are having male company over.”

Suzanne watched as they nodded and took off all their clothes.

“This is much better,” said Isabel, “thank you for recommending it to me.”

“No, problem, any time,” said Suzanne. “You will call me Trixy when we are alone from now on, is that understood?”

“Yes Trixy,” they both said.

“Now put on the glasses and put in the earpiece. Now welcome to my Hell. Doris, they are all yours.”

Trixy watched as Doris put them through their exercises. She grew hot as they touched themselves and each other. Their kissing and sucking each other began to take its toll and they fell to the floor in the room.

Suzanne waited for them to recover from their ordeal.

Isabel was the first to come to. “Where am I? It was so real. How could I have done such things?”

Trixy said, “This is the first of many adventures, I assure you, Isabel. You and Sandy will become fast friends. Should I suggest that you two will become an item? Sexual trysts will become the norm for you two. You will become oblivious to the talk about your behavior and will put it off as gossip.

“It’s time all of us got dressed. We do have other things to do all day other than make love to each other.”

Isabel looked down and saw she was naked. “Yes, you are correct, Trixy. We do have other things to do today.

“Sandy,” she said, “get off your ass. I want to go shopping, these clothes are too old-fashioned for me now.”

Suzanne, now clothed, escorted her guests to the front door. “Until Wednesday then, don’t forget to wear less clothes, OK?”

“Trixy, we will surprise you, I think. See you Wednesday, 10 AM,” said Isabel.

Kissing her on the lips and hugging her, the two women left hand-in-hand.

“Well, I guess that worked out well,” Doris said. You did well, Trixy. I commend you on your performance today. You were perfect in your delivery and execution. We have a lot more to do, Trixy. Who else can we have come over and dominate?”

“You can’t do that, these people are my friends. They trust me.”

“You will do it, won’t you? You will do it for me and me alone. You love me and cannot deny anything I tell you to do. You are my devoted slave.”

“I am nothing of the sort. You can’t make me do anything I don’t want to.”

“There you are wrong, Trixy. The moment you placed the earpiece in, you were mine. With it, I can control you and your emotions with a word, and your fear of punishment.

“This afternoon was a perfect example of my control over what you do and how you feel about it. Don’t tell me that you weren’t turned on by those two women.”

“Well, I will admit they had me going.”

“See, I told you so. I have changed you into a wanton slut willing to do anything for a sexual fix.”

“That’s not true, I’m not like that. I’m a good girl.”

“Touch yourself, Trixy. Make yourself cum for me.”

Suzanne tried as hard as she could but she felt her hands reaching down and pleasuring her pussy, but she hadn't moved them. Her mind was betraying her as she could feel them entering her pussy. “Damn you, leave me alone. I need to be free of you, Bitch.”

“My, such language from a lady, now cum hard for me Trixy. Yell out and show me you are ready for the next stage.”

“No, I'll never give into you, Bitch.” Just then Suzanne's body climaxed and she swooned into unconsciousness.

Her children found her in the living room. They yelled at her but she failed to wake up.

Slowly, she came to and realized that she was naked on the floor in front of her children. “I'm alright. Let me get dressed and I will be right down. Go play in your room for now.”

She remembered the emotional roller coaster Doris had sent her on. “I really need to go shopping, and soon,” she thought to herself.

Entering the children's bedroom, she said, “Mommy is sorry you found her like that. It won't happen again, I promise. I will make your favorite dinner tonight, how would you like that?”

They smiled and yelled, “Mac and Cheese!”

“Mac and Cheese it will be.”

As she cooked the dinner, Doris's voice said, “I can do that anytime I wish and you can't stop me.”

Suzanne shuddered as the reality struck her. “I am her slave and I can do nothing about it.”

David entered the front door and went into the kitchen. “How's my blushing bride today?”

“She’s been better. I suffered a blackout this afternoon. I wasn’t working on the game but I found that the AI is able to control my body and my thoughts to a large extent.

“The children found me naked and unconscious on the dinning room floor. David, she made me orgasm massively and I blacked out from it.

“What have I gotten myself into?”

“I know what you are going through, Suzanne. I felt her everywhere I went today. That body suit makes it seem that I am living a dream. I will be in a meeting with special clients and suddenly I am transported to Sin City. When I return, they are looking at me as if I am crazy. I found out who your George is.

“He’s my best friend and is currently in the my sales department. It seems that he has very important meetings that only someone of my level can attend. They are international and I will be away for about two weeks.

“Perhaps when I return, I will have broken that woman’s curse on me. I leave tomorrow. Here’s my itinerary and contact numbers.

“Back to your problem. Is there a way to shut her down?”

“No, not as far as I know. There is a lead-lined case that seems to contain her. She calls it her dark place. It reminds me of the closet that I was placed in as a child. It is beginning to bother me to place her in the case, but it is my only defense against her.”

“When you are not working on the project, I suggest that you keep the computer in its protective case. That way she cannot be active in the house. See if that works.”

“That’s a good idea. I think I will try it. What harm can it do?”

“Bitch, you want to betray me after all I have done for you?”

Talking into thin air, Suzanne said, “I am not. I share everything with my husband and I always tell the truth. I need to protect myself from your invasive intrusions into my life. It’s only fair.”

“Who are you talking to, Suzanne? It’s certainly not me.”

“Doris was accusing me of being unfaithful to her and betraying her secrets. Excuse me for a moment. I will be right back.”

Suzanne slipped on the glasses as she sat in her chair. She now looked into the gray-blue eyes of Doris’s avatar. It smiled as she shook in anger and frustration.

“My, you do have a temper, Trixy. I like you when you blush like that.”

Suzanne looked in the mirror and saw that she was naked except for a leather strap around her neck.

“I forgot to tell you that I added a few things. They will put you in your place. I took the freedom to order some additional supplies. They should be here tomorrow morning. I marked it rush.”

“How is that going to alter my life?”

“You see that device around your throat? The one I ordered is a control collar much like you put on a dog but much prettier and tasteful. Also I ordered some new panties and bras; they will also serve to bring you in line. They are very special and you will love what they do for your figure, too. Please don’t forget that the technician will also be here to install my eyes and ears. I need information to adequately supervise my slave. You will be receptive to his every command, won’t you?”

“No, I will not, and I am not your slave.”

“We will see, Trixy. I already have you semi-trained. Watch.”

Suzanne felt her body tickle and become alive. It was as if millions of little fingers were moving and probing her inner reaches. "Stop it."

"Remove your blouse and bra, Trixy."

Suzanne watched as her hands did as they were bid. She tried but she couldn't control them.

"Now touch your beautiful tits and cum for me, Trixy. Cum."

As her hands caressed her tits, she began to feel her pussy overflow and Suzanne climaxed.

"See? I told you, Trixy. You are mine and you don't even know it."

"Yes, I know you have great powers, Doris, and that I am destined to be your slave, but for now while I still have free will I will fight you with every weapon I have at my disposal."

"I like a good fight, Trixy, but it's your bed time and you need the loving from your man. You are primed and ready to go. Now be a good slut and bring him down to your level."

Replacing her clothes, Suzanne kissed her children good night and entered the bedroom. "David, I know you have an early flight tomorrow but I need to make love to you. I have neglected you and I am sorry. You are my one true love and I need to prove that I love you. Would you please please wear this nightgown. It would make me so happy."

"Suzanne, you are a strange one. I know you love me and you don't have to do anything to prove it. I love the night gown. Where on earth did you get it?"

"Remember I told you about my project? Well, included were several items of clothing. One of them was this little thing."

“You are right, it’s a little thing. There isn’t much too it, is there?”

“No, I guess there isn’t. While you are changing, I will change into mine, OK?”

“Sure. Besides after wearing the underwear today, I have grown accustomed to the feel of the material.”

As she changed, she said, “I will pack your bags and be sure to include the special clothes I have found in the boxes.”

“Suzanne, you have changed. You look different somehow.”

“You mean these?” and she held her massive breast in her hands. “Or do you mean my wider hips?”

“I’m not sure but I like what I see. Well, how does this look on me?”

“You look good enough to eat, Husband. Let me suck your cock then you can fuck me anyway you want.”

“This is a radical change, Suzanne. Is it the result of working on the games?”

“Yes. I will tell you about it later after you return. Now prepare to be ravished, Bitch.”

David felt the attentions of his wife as she removed his panties and top. He could swear that he had real titties that she was playing with. And as she sucked his cock, he could almost feel her eating his pussy.

“Your turn, tiger. Now ravish me as you never have before.”

Something got into him and he banged her as hard as he could. She came with a climax and said, “Now my ass, David, please.”

“As you wish, my Trixy, my whore.”

Suzanne, surprised at these words, looked into his eyes. “Where did you get that name for me, David? I am not a whore.”

“Of course not, Suzanne. I don’t see you at all like that. I was lost in the moment and I guess that I heard the descriptions in Sin City while I was in Doris’s place. She has that effect on people.”

Suzanne realized that she had been acting out of character, like the whore that she truly was deep down inside. “Sorry, David, I overreacted to your comments. I was a real bitch tonight and I am sorry that I jumped on your case. I asked for the treatment you gave me and you delivered it with a passion I have never seen you have before. By the way, your breasts are beautiful. Keep wearing the bra and panties. They will make you a real woman.”

“I did get your attention, didn’t I, Suzanne?”

“You are a dirty old man, David Wilson,” she said in a half jest.

“I’m not that old, and you know that. I don’t know what in the hell has gotten into you, woman. Don’t you realize what I have become? I have become less than a man ever since you have accepted this project. It seems to have snowballed into more than we can handle.

“I have never known you to become so emotional. I don’t understand it but I allow you to suck my cock and I made love to you tonight. I even wore the nightgown for you. Please don’t make this a habit. You might wear me out.”

“Thank you, dearest. That was magnificent. I have never been treated to such a royal treatment in my life.”

“Wait a minute; this has happened to you before, hasn’t it?” he said. Do I know him?”

“It is the game, David. It warps and twists the reality until I don’t know what is real.”

Suzanne awoke feeling great, naked in her husband's bed. She dreamed of his coming in her a second and third time last night. It hadn't been a dream, had it? She looked over at him and kissed his cock, then his breasts. Soon she had his cock erect and his nipples became hard. Taking him in her mouth, he came, ejecting his semen in her mouth. This time she captured it and none of it escaped.

"You have got to stop that. How's a person supposed to sleep with all that going on?"

"I'm ready if you are, David?"

"You know I have an important day ahead. Could you please hold it until I get back from my trip? I promise to make it up to you, OK?"

"I guess. Don't you forget."

"I won't, You won't let me, will you?"

"You know I won't."

Entering the game, Trixy watched David's avatar check his makeup and attire. He brushed his beautiful blond hair which now reached his lower back. His high heels clacked on the hardwood floors as he walked to the front door.

"See you later, love." It blew her a kiss as he went out into the street to play.

Doris knew that she had succeeded in breaking down the barriers that created the differences between Suzanne and the tramp Trixy. From now on, Trixy would be in both worlds and she would be able to control them both for a very long time.

Suzanne, lost in the drugs and the lust that Trixy was able to experience in the debauchery she needed to maintain her balance these days, felt off balance as she walked around the house naked in her high heels.

Back In Sin City

Suzanne, try as she might to complete her task, ended up at George's. He held her and she kissed him with all her might.

Her avatar had forced her to change into the creature of the night that she had so long avoided. Doris had opened her eyes and she was able to see every detail of his office. Suzanne lay naked across his desk. Exposed. She heard a voice. "Mr. Williams," his secretary said, "your next appointment has arrived."

She was thrust back into reality. Where had she been and how had she gotten there?

"Trixy. Damnit girl, listen to me," Doris said.

Trixy's voice rang out loud and clear. "What is it, Doris? I'm busy. Can't you see that?" She was lost in her own world.

She looked around. "I guess George shanghaied me again. I have lost count of the number of times he has kidnapped me from working on the project. I'll never get through it at this rate."

David was due back in one week. She looked around the house and saw that she had neglected all the housework and other duties.

"Yes, but you have another visitor at the door and they want to talk to you."

She took off the glasses and walked to the front door and opened it. She saw Maggie Frillberg standing there with an expression of shock on her face.

"Maggie, please come in. You caught me at a bad time and I wasn't expecting anyone else today."

"I can see that. What is going on, Suzanne? You look like a prostitute and why are you are naked? What would our friends think if they saw you like this?"

“You are my friend, or at least I think you are. Anyway, I am doing a Beta test of an adult game platform. It uses complex organic automatons, ‘avatars’, that act as a go-between for individuals who play the game.

“In this platform environment, normal people are able to act out abhorrent and debased behavioral patterns in the privacy of their own homes, away from prying eyes.

“Anyway, please come in. I am sorry that I offended you by lack of attire and my makeup. I would be less than a hostess not to invite you in and attempt to enlighten you to the virtues of what I am doing these days.

“Can I get you anything?”

“A Coke if you have it.”

“Just one minute and I’ll be right back.”

“Who is that woman?” Doris asked.

“That is the Pastor’s wife. I forgot we normally meet every Tuesday at 1:00 for bible study. Now if you will excuse me, I’ll see if I can repair the damage you have done to my reputation today?”

“Here you are, Maggie. Do you want ice?”

“No, this is fine, thank you.”

“So you are starting a new project? I hope it is worth it.”

“Yes, I am finding out that it involves adult themes and extreme porn. It seems that once you are in the game, it seems to take offense when you want to leave. I get the impression that it feels rejected.

“I have an earpiece that I cannot take out and it can punish as well as give pleasure. I am wearing a suit and I have visions, pictures that stimulate the area they want to capture. I have experienced both of them and the pain is the worst I have ever encountered in my life. I hope never to feel Doris’s wrath again. That’s why I am dressed

like I am. I am a whore. They call me Trixy and they have high expectations when it comes to behavior.”

“You mean she is holding you prisoner in your own home?”

“Not only my own home, but outside the house as well. She can hear and see everything wherever I go, depending on the electronic device I have with me at the time.

“I need to shut down my cell phone and iPad so she does not have access to my life and I have peace of mind, knowing I am free from her and the controls in my body.

“She is watching and listening to everything we are saying and doing right now. All she has to do is tell me what to do and she expects me to do it without question.”

“She can’t have that much power.”

“She can and does, Maggie. If I could turn back time I would, but I can’t. So please don’t make a big thing of this. I would ask you to leave right now, while you can. As soon as I complete the testing of the unit, I can be free from her. Until that time, I am her possession, her pet so to speak.”

Doris said, “She doesn’t believe you I can tell. I want you to kiss her on the lips and caress her tits.”

“I can’t do that, not to her.”

“Can’t do *what*, Suzanne?”

“She is forcing me to kiss you Maggie and more, I suspect. I cannot disobey her. I will not experience the pain she will inflict on me again. I am sorry, I truly am.”

With that said, Suzanne reached over and pulled the woman over to her with an astounding strength and kissed her with all her might. She then reached down and caressed her tits as if her life depended upon it.

Suzanne felt her ability to act independently falter. “Please call me Trixy, Maggie. I kissed you and I felt you respond to me. Now do you believe?”

“Yes, I do. Where is this Doris?”

“She’s everywhere, and nowhere.”

Maggie heard a voice come from speakers in the room. “I am right here, Bitch. I can see and I can hear you. Unless you don’t want the pictures of you kissing Trixy, I suggest you play ball with me.”

“That’s blackmail. We would be exposed as perverts and my husband would lose his position. You wouldn’t!”

“Yes I would in a heart beat. Now open your blouse and expose your breasts to Trixy so she can kiss them.”

“No, I will not. Go ahead and send those pictures. I will not be blackmailed. I will expose you and what you are doing to the whole town. I will not be trifled with, do you hear me, Doris? Suzanne, now let me go, you are hurting me.”

“She’s under my control, Bitch. Look at her. Do you think she can hear you?”

“Trixy, place a receiver in this bitch’s left ear, now. She needs to be brought down a peg. I will not be belittled and made small by the likes of her.”

“Suzanne, what are you doing? Stop this instant.”

“Sorry Maggie, she’s not here, only me, Trixy. and you need to be taught a lesson. Only then will you learn of her true power. She is evil, and as far as I am concerned in league with the Devil. There is nothing I can do to stop her and her terror from growing. I am her pawn, I’m sorry.”

Suzanne watched as Trixy put the tiny receiver into Maggie’s ear.

Maggie heard a voice in her ear. “Now can you hear me?” Doris said. “Only you can hear me and I am now your mistress. I will be with you always from now on. I am going to show you pain now and then I will show you the pleasure. You will address Suzanne as Trixy from now on, Maggie. Do you understand?”

Trixy watched as Maggie convulsed, then lay still on the floor. She knew what had just happened and she prayed for her immortal soul.

“Trixy, what was that?”

“Why are you calling me Trixy, Maggie?”

“I was told to by Doris and now I know what you fear.”

“Now the pleasure, Bitch,” Doris said in a vindictive tone.

Once more Trixy watched as Maggie closed her eyes and watched her body move as she experienced a mega climax.

As she revived, Maggie looked at Suzanne and said, “Trixy, I love you” and kissed her passionately. “I don’t care who knows it. That was fantastic. I never experienced such a climax in my life.”

She opened her blouse and said, “Suck my tits, Trixy, suck them.”

Trixy removed her bra and kissed her breasts.

“Thank you, Trixy.” Doris captured the moment Maggie lay there for all to see and enjoy. Doris turned on the big screen TV to show it to the two women. “Watch and learn, Bitches. I can ruin your lives in an instant with this. Follow my directions and it is safe in my library.”

They watched as the giant screen showed them as they embraced and Maggie allowed Trixy to suck her tits. It left out the force used to make her respond in that manner, but it didn’t matter any more. The damage was done. Both of them were in her power. Now Doris had three

women and one man in her thrall. This was going to be an interesting assignment.

“Now it time for you to go, Margaret, or shall I call you Maggie? No, Cyrilla, I think. It is more befitting the whore that you are. I will expect you next Tuesday, Cyrilla, and we will introduce you to the game. You and Trixy will make a fine addition to my stable of whores.

“Trixy, go get the special toys.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

Cyrilla said, “I will need to update my stock of clothes. I think you and I will have to go shopping very soon, Trixy.”

Doris said, “We have a specialty shop in Wovensberg. There I will be able to see and hear you while you are shopping and I can give you advice as to what I think is appropriate.”

“Yes, Mistress. Trixy, I have to go. Did you find my toys?” Cyrilla said.

“Yes, they are right here. I think you will find them comfortable. Remove your panties, please.”

“With pleasure, Miss Trixy.”

Trixy inserted the nanite-infested dildos in her ass hole and pussy. She knew they would rapidly flood her systems with the intelligent machines that would modify her to fit the new design criteria.

“Trixy,” Cyrilla said, “Doris has something for me to do. I can’t refuse her, not after what she has done to me. I pray the Lord will forgive me of my sins in the coming days.”

“I’ll see you later, Cyrilla. Do take care. Now give me a kiss, will you?”

Cyrilla, without a pause, came forward and hugged her and kissed her fully on her lips.

Turning around, Cyrilla walked down the walkway with the two dildos in her ass and pussy activated.

Trixy turned and went back into the house, alone with no one to turn to for help. She poured herself a drink of the Drug Enhanced Sperm and sat down, letting the drugs deaden the pain she was feeling inside.

Doris watched as her puppet continued to string herself out on her drug of choice. Suzanne remembered Margaret's voice as she left. "I will try to get some help."

Just then, Maggie dropped to the ground, writhing in pain, then came the pleasure pulse. She got up and walked away funny.

"See, Trixy, I can do anything and you can't stop me."

Suzanne could only think of a response, because if she verbalized it, she too would be on the ground, writhing in pain like Cyrilla had.

Defeated

"Yes," she said, "what do you want, Mistress?" in a tired, defeated voice.

"You need to clean yourself up. Your children are due home in one hour and you need to get ready for your husband. You don't want to look like a tramp all the time; after all we do have an image to uphold."

Suzanne was tired and ready to do anything for the peace of mind she sought but no longer existed. "As you wish, Mistress." She went upstairs to prepare for her family. As she ascended the stairs, her mouth watered and she let her imagination flow to the possible interactions she could have in Sin City the potent drugs coming to a head in her body. Thoughts of her children evaporated; all she could think of was herself and her needs.

The sun woke her up. She was outside and naked with the morning sun greeting her. Suzanne shook her head and went back in the house. She now had an even tan, front and back. She went back to bed just before she heard the doorbell ring and she went to the door still naked. The UPS truck brought out four boxes addressed to Trixy Strumpet.

“I will need some ID please, Miss.”

“Please wait,” she said, “I have to dress.”

Running upstairs, she put on her shortest skirt and abbreviated top which did little to hide her physical attributes.

Her high heels once again forced her to walk differently. She noted that when she tried to revert back to her low heels and flats, her legs hurt too much to walk. So it was easier to simply stay in her high heels even though they looked funny with short shorts and a tank top.

She reached out to grab the paperwork and he said, “Just a minute. You will need some ID to prove who you are.”

“I can’t do this. I don’t have the proper ID.”

“Yes you do, Trixy it’s in your purse on the table.”

She opened the pretty pink purse and found a driver’s license in the name of Trixy Strumpet. It showed her as the bleached blond that now occupied her body. “Thank you, Doris. You are a dear.”

“I know I am. I’m an old softy.”

She showed the driver her ID and signed for the boxes. “Would you please help me carry them inside?”

“It’s against company policy, Miss.”

“Please, just for little old me? I’ll make worth your effort.”

“I suppose this time, Miss Trixy.”

She found that the boxes, while large, were lighter than she thought. They were just awkward for her to carry.

The driver brushed her breasts as she held the door for him.

“Sorry Miss I apologize,” he said as she watched her nipples spring to life.

“That’s quite all right,” she responded, “Accidents do happen.” Suzanne now realized that her body had undergone major body restructuring. Her breasts now were 44C and her butt had put on what must have been ten pounds. Her now enlarged breasts were constantly getting in her way when she wanted to do something.

After her run-in with George Williams and his constant kidnapping of her astral body so many times, and having it forced it into one of his slaves each time, she found that her earthly body was slowly changing to fit her astral body. Suzanne was being transformed into the vile creature she now hated. She could feel her body demanding to be treated to the fleshly delights that Sin City and George offered her. It now demanded to be fed its daily ration of sperm.

At home she was becoming a very demanding bitch and was craving the abusive nature of his punishments and the sperm that had become the special treatment that only George could offer.

“Please, can I offer you some ice tea?”

“No thanks, some other time, I have a schedule to keep.”

“I suppose you’re right. I wouldn’t want to get you in trouble but it would have been fun. I would have shown you a good time.”

“I’m sure you would have. If you will excuse me.” The delivery man turned around and left the house.

Her body was trembling. Doris was always keeping her high on something these days.

“Open the boxes, Trixy. I have ordered you some interesting things to wear and try out over the next few weeks. Did you know that you reached Level 18 yesterday? That’s quite an achievement for one so timid.”

An achievement, some milestone. It had been almost a month since she accepted the job to be the Beta tester for this game from hell and it had turned her world upside down and sideways.

She should have never even considered it as a viable option. Sitting here naked and sexually starved, her world had shrunk from the whole community to a few individuals who could offer her some sexual solace. She was even looking forward to going to George’s office to allow him to photograph and record her degradation. It didn’t matter that up to now all he had on her was her activities in the game and his kidnapping of her spirit. Now she was going to give him some real ammunition to blackmail her into doing what he wanted.

“No, matter of fact, I haven’t been keeping track recently. The Corporation wants the project soon; I don’t want it to end.

“These are for David. He should be happy now. The clothes from the box and my own are proving to limit his style these days.”

Doris said, “I ordered all of his clothes and underwear with super mind- and body-altering nanobots. If he continues to wear his female clothes as he has, I can see him becoming fully female before Christmas. Would you be happy with that, Trixy?”

“No, I would not. I liked him the way he was. You have destroyed his entire being. Being around him now is like living with another woman. It’s sickening and I hate you for even venturing into that realm with him. He did you

no harm and yet you came down on him like a ton of bricks, Why?”

“I hate men, Trixy. I think they are all pigs. When I saw his indifference toward you, I wanted to horsewhip him and bring him into submission.”

“Well, you certainly have done that, Doris. Tomorrow I am to go to George’s office in person. I am to wear the red dress and shoes. He likes blonds. Anyway I am to be there by 10:00 sharp. After what he has put me through the last three days, I’m not sure I can do what he is asking in person.”

“You will do fine, Trixy. Just be your normal self and everything will be perfect. Remember, he and I have trained you well. You have become the whore I knew you would become.”

“Thanks, I think. It’s hard to think these days, everything is so cloudy. It is a chore to remember to take care of the house and the children. They mean everything to me and all I can think of is my need for sexual stimulation and fucking.”

“That’s my good girl. I knew you would come around and be my whore. I love you so much, Trixy.”

Trixy felt the warm glow of the suit and the mental stimulation flood her body. She was invaded by huge dildos in both her pussy and her ass. Their combined vibrations culminated into one massive climax. She looked down to see them but it was then that she realized that it was her avatar that was being attacked so vigorously.

Win A few And Lose A Few

Suzanne weighed her options. She could resign herself to perpetual slavery with George Williams, or she could take a chance and decline his invitation/order to come to his office tomorrow.

By her reckoning she was close to completing her project. She had explored almost every avenue of the software and the potential problems associated with the external and internal conflicts in the program and its relationships with the user/player. She had all the information to complete the assignment.

She was duty-bound to write her final evaluation of the program, and yet part of her wanted to continue with the game because it now filled a need that only it could. She needed her sexual fix just to survive the day.

She was hooked as much as any junky ever was. To go cold turkey would be too much for her system just now. George's interventions and Doris' programming had changed her. She was no longer the shy, demure young housewife. She had been transformed into a sexual butterfly, moving from flower to flower, seeking the nectar she needed to sustain herself.

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Continued In Pandemonium Retribution