

PATRICIA

V2



CHAPTER NINETEEN

The engine hummed beneath her, a low vibration that traveled up through the seat and into the base of her spine. Sarah's hands rested on the steering wheel—her new hands, with their longer fingers and those perfect, dark-painted nails that caught the passing streetlights. Brenda's car smelled like vanilla air freshener and old coffee. Familiar. Boring. The scent of a life she'd already shed like dead skin.

Her chest rose as she drew in a deep breath. The lavender dress strained against the motion, sequins glittering faintly in the dark interior. She felt the expansion in her ribs, the way her breasts lifted and settled with the exhale. Heavy. Full. The weight of them was still a novelty, a constant, delicious reminder that she was no longer the woman who'd designed a VR machine meant to help people. That woman had been driven by guilt and ambition and a desperate need to be good.

Sarah's tongue slipped out, running slowly across her lower lip. The sensation was electric. Plumper lips now, more nerve endings, or maybe just a mind finally awake enough to notice. She did it again, slower this time, across her upper lip, savoring the wet glide.

Her right hand left the wheel.

Fingertips grazed the side of her breast through the thin dress. The sequins were cool, but the flesh beneath was warm, impossibly soft. She traced the curve, following the dramatic swell from her ribs, up and over her wonderful round tit. Her nipple was already tight, pushing against the fabric like a pebble beneath silk. When her finger found it—circling once, then flicking—a moan slipped out, unbidden.

The sound filled the car. Low. Husky. A voice that belonged to a stranger she was becoming obsessed with.

Her hand continued its journey south. Palm flattening against her stomach, feeling the shallow indent of her navel, the sharp inward curve of her waist. Then lower. The dress had ridden up when she'd slid into the driver's seat, the hem now high on her thighs. Her fingers met bare skin. Warm. Smooth. The muscle beneath twitched at her own touch.

She dipped between her legs.

No panties. Patricia hadn't offered any, and Sarah hadn't asked. The dress was all there was—a single layer of sparkling lavender between her and the world. Her fingers found the slick heat of her slit immediately. She was already wet. Had been since the lab, since Patricia's kiss, since the image of Brenda on her knees had ignited something dark and ravenous in her core.

Her middle finger settled on her clit. Not pressing. Just resting there, feeling the throb of her own

heartbeat in that tight pearl of nerves.

The road stretched ahead, dark and empty. Streetlights passed in rhythmic pulses, illuminating the car's interior in strobe-like flashes. Her left hand stayed steady on the wheel.

She began to move her finger in slow circles.

Oh.

Her hips shifted, pressing into the touch. The pleasure was a slow-building hum, not urgent but deeply satisfying. Like scratching an itch she'd had her entire life. Her mind wandered as her fingers worked, drifting through images that made her pussy clench.

She thought about what she was now. A sexual force of nature. The phrase bloomed in her mind and felt exactly right. No more guilt. No more moral calculations. No more lying awake at night wondering if she was a good person. Good was a cage, and she had slipped between its bars.

Now there was only pleasure. The pleasure of her own body, yes—this magnificent, impossible body—but also the pleasure of cruelty. The thought of inflicting suffering. The image behind her eyes now was of one of those junior researchers, the blank-eyed ones, but before the change. She imagined their faces as they realized what was happening to them. That flicker of terror. The way it would melt into devotion.

Her finger pressed harder. Faster.

A moan, louder this time. Her thighs tensed and relaxed.

And serving Patricia. Her goddess. Her mistress. The woman who had once been Jack—her loving, stupid, utterly forgettable husband. The thought almost made her laugh. Jack, with his gentle hands and his supportive smiles and his complete inability to see what Sarah truly needed. What she'd always needed. He'd been a placeholder. A warm body next to hers in bed while her real self slept, waiting to be born.

She remembered their walks in the park, Sunday mornings, his hand in hers. They'd talk about nothing—work, groceries, some movie they'd watched. She'd felt such fondness for him, such love. Pathetic.

Her fingers slid lower, dipping inside herself. Wetness coated her knuckles. She pumped slowly, keeping the heel of her palm pressed against her clit.

The vacations. That trip to the coast, the one where it rained for three days straight. They'd stayed in bed, reading separately, his foot occasionally brushing her calf. She'd thought it was pure contentment. Now she recognized it as weakness.

The plans they made for their future. Two children. One girl, one boy. Names they'd argued about playfully over dinner. A house in the hills with a wraparound porch and a garden she'd never actually want to tend. Retirement. Growing old together. Dying, probably, in beige sheets in a beige room,

having lived a beige life.

Gone.

The word hit her like a physical blow. She moaned—not from her fingers, but from the sheer, devastating finality of it. That life was gone forever. Not postponed. Not altered. Extinguished. The possibility of normalcy, of quiet love, of growing old with someone who knew her favorite tea—it had been plucked from existence.

She moaned louder.

The car swerved slightly. Her left hand corrected, steadying the wheel.

Her fingers worked deeper, curling inside herself. The wet sounds filled the car, obscene and beautiful. She thought about the permanence of it, the absolute erasure of the woman she'd been. Sarah Reid, brilliant scientist, loving wife, good person—dead. In her place, this. This creature with the porn-star body and the predator's smile. This was who she would always be.

Her eyes flicked to the dashboard. Brenda's car. The vanilla air freshener. The coffee stain on the passenger seat that her sister had apologized for profusely. Brenda, who trusted her. Brenda, who's car she had taken, well, stolen. But she would forgive Sarah. She always did. Oh, sisterly love. It made Brenda such easy prey.

Sarah's hand withdrew from between her legs. Her fingers glistened in the passing streetlight. She brought them to her lips and sucked them clean, tasting herself—salty, metallic, human. Her other hand stayed firm on the wheel.

She snatched her phone from the center console. The screen illuminated her face, casting shadows beneath her cheekbones. She pressed a button and spoke, her voice a perfect imitation of casual warmth.

"Text sister."

The phone chimed, ready.

"Hey sis, it's me. Sorry about taking the car. I'll make it up to you, I promise. And forget all that stuff about Jack. I was... confused. I'm heading to my house now. Why don't you come pick it up and then we can chat."

She hit send before she could savor the words too long. The message whooshed away into the night, a little digital arrow aimed straight at her sister's unsuspecting heart.

Sarah's lips curled.

Her fingers, still tacky with her own arousal, returned to the wheel. The road ahead curved gently to the left, leading toward the house she'd shared with Jack. Their home. Now just a staging ground. The basement held the machine, the wonderous, wicked machine, humming in its dormant state, waiting to

be used. Waiting for Brenda.

She imagined her sister arriving. The warm smile. The hug. The way Brenda would look around, puzzled by the silence, asking where Jack was. Sarah would pour her a glass of wine. They'd sit on the couch. She'd say something—she hadn't figured out what yet—something to put Brenda at ease. And then, when the moment was right, she'd make her move.

The image that followed was hazy, half-formed, but it made her thighs press together. Brenda's face. The confusion, then the fear, then the *submission*. That was the part that made Sarah's breath catch—the moment when resistance crumbled into devotion. When her sister stopped being her sister and became something else entirely. A horny evil slut? A stupid bimbo? A mindless set of holes? So many options.

Her clit throbbed, a fresh pulse of need.

But she kept her hands on the wheel. There would be time. The night was young, and Brenda would come. Her sister was loyal, dependable, predictable. She'd get the text, roll her eyes affectionately at Sarah's antics, and drive right over.

The turn signal clicked as Sarah guided the car onto their street. The houses were dark, suburban silence pressing in. Theirs was at the end, a modest two-story with the basement where she created the weapon of her own demise... or transcendence.

She pulled into the driveway and killed the engine.

For a moment, she just sat there. The car ticked as it cooled. Her reflection stared back at her from the rearview mirror—blue eyes, plush lips, hair cascading in glossy waves. She barely recognized herself. And that, she decided, was the most arousing thing of all.

Sarah stepped out of the car, the cool evening air kissing her skin, doing little to dampen the fire burning inside her. The driveway felt different under her heels—harder, more real.

A sharp *ding* from her phone shattered her focus.

She fished it from her small clutch, her heart fluttering with anticipation. *Brenda*, she thought, already picturing her sister's confused face walking through the front door. But the screen lit up with a different name. *Jeffrey*. Brenda's only son. A freshman in college. A good boy.

It read, "Hey Aunt Sarah, Mom seems a little upset. She's not gonna come pick up the car. She asked me to come do it. I'll be by later tomorrow, say, 1 p.m.?"

Sarah stared at the glowing letters, her smirk faltering for a split second. *Fuck*.

She muttered the word aloud, testing its weight. It tasted good, heavy and satisfying on her tongue. She wanted her sister here. She wanted to start the wonderful journey that Patricia had assigned her. The thought of making Brenda squirm, of breaking that loyal, protective spirit down into something obedient

and worshipful, had been the only thing keeping her walking in a straight line. Now she had to wait. Delayed gratification. Patricia would say that was a virtue, but right now, it felt like a tease.

But then, another idea slithered into her mind, unbidden and wicked.

Jeffrey.

Her nephew. He was a strapping young lad, wasn't he? Freshman year of college, away from home for the first time, full of hormones and misplaced confidence. A sudden, vivid image flashed behind her eyes—Brenda's reaction if she arrived not to find her sister, but to find her son corrupted, twisted into something that served Patricia's dark purpose. Something feminine, sexy, cruel... and with no more love for his mother. Oh yes. She could make her sister suffer more than ever if she corrupted him first. Making Brenda watch her own son grow tits and become the newest worshiper for their mistress? That was the kind of cruelty Patricia would love. That was art.

From across the street, the low rumble of voices drifted over, cutting through her thoughts.

"Oh my gosh, check her out."

Sarah turned slowly, the movement fluid and predatory. On the sidewalk, two young men were walking, likely heading toward the neighborhood bar a few blocks down. They had stopped dead in their tracks, their eyes fixed on her with an intensity that was almost comical. They looked like deer caught in headlights, her two massive headlights.

An impulse struck her—an impulse, a compulsion, one that coincided perfectly with the throbbing ache in her pussy. It was a test. Like taking a Porche out for a test drive, she was going to drive her smoking hot body straight into these two unsuspecting pedestrians.

She looked at them and let her lips curl into a wicked, seductive, cruel smile.

"You like what you see, boys?" she called out. Her voice was honey laced with venom, dripping with promises they desperately wanted.

She could sense it—almost like a new power, a sixth sense designed specifically for this. She felt it when their cocks grew for her. It was almost a psychic ping, a sudden shift in the air. Two of them, hardening inside their pants, straining against the denim just because she looked at them. The rush was intoxicating.

Sarah roamed her hands up and down her own body, putting on a show. She traced the neckline of her dress, her nails scraping lightly against her collarbone. Then, with a deliberate, tantalizing slowness, she pulled down one side of the sparkly fabric. The material stretched tight, then gave way, allowing her heavy breast to pop out into the cool night air.

The strangers gasped, their mouths falling open.

She grasped her breast, groaning softly at the contact, squeezing the firm flesh. She watched as it spilled

out of her fingers, soft and pale under the streetlamp. Then, she lifted it, bringing it up to her face. She stuck her tongue out, long and pink, and let it roll over her erect nipple. The sensation was electric, sending jolts of pleasure straight down her spine. She had never been able to do this before, not like this. Now that she had such lovely big titties, it was easy. It was natural.

She watched them closely. Their bodies began to squirm. She could see the strain of their own erections becoming intolerable. The darker-haired one shifted his weight, trying to hide what was happening in his pants, but it was useless. Their eyes were wide, pupils blown, their breathing ragged. They were frozen, captivated, completely under her spell.

“Holy shit,” the one with the lighter hair whispered, clutching his chest like he’d been shot.

Sarah laughed, a throaty, knowing sound. She popped her nipple out of her mouth with a wet sound and adjusted her dress, covering herself just enough to still drive them mad.

“The first one to come here and give me a kiss,” she purred, crooking a finger, “gets to do me a favor tomorrow.”

The lighter-haired one looked shocked, his morality warring with his lust. But the darker-haired one—she read from his mind, or maybe just from the desperation on his face—didn’t hesitate. He started walking toward her immediately.

“Craig, what are you doing?” his friend hissed, panic in his voice. “You have a girlfriend!”

Sarah moaned softly as the other man’s words hung in the air. *He has a girlfriend?* Her lips curled into a wicked smile. The thought of this man-child, stumbling toward her in his desperation, betraying someone who cared for him—it sent a jolt of heat straight to her core. She couldn’t help it; the idea of wrecking his relationship, of ruining something pure and loyal, made her even wetter.

She let out another low, throaty moan, her fingers tightening around her own breast as she watched Craig approach. *Oh, yes*, she thought,

“Dude, I kind of don’t give a fuck,” Craig shot back over his shoulder, his voice tight. “This—You want me to pass up this opportunity? You’re crazy. Look at her.”

Sarah stood her ground as he approached, her heart pounding with a mix of triumph and dark hunger. He stopped just inches from her, close enough that she could smell his cologne and the sharp tang of his arousal.

He was handsome, in a boyish way, but right now he was just a tool. A plaything.

She reached up, her hand cool against his flushed cheek, and caressed his face. His eyes fluttered shut at her touch. She took his chin, tilting his head, and pulled him into her.

She kissed him. It wasn’t a sweet kiss; it was a wet, sloppy, claiming kiss. She forced her tongue into his mouth, exploring him, tasting him, dominating him. He melted against her, a soft moan vibrating in his

throat as his hands hovered at his sides, afraid to touch.

With her other hand, she didn't wait. She slid it down his waist, straight to his crotch. She grasped his erect penis through the rough denim, feeling the heat and hardness of him. He jerked in her grip, a ragged gasp tearing from his lips into her mouth. She stroked him, slowly up and down, feeling him twitch and throb under her palm.

When she finally pulled back, leaving him breathless and dazed, she smiled into his eyes.

"Come inside, Craig," she whispered.

She didn't wait for an answer. She took his hand, her grip firm and possessive, and led him toward the house. The friend on the sidewalk watched in shock and envy, frozen in place, as the woman and the stranger disappeared into the darkened entryway.

The house was quiet, filled with the scent of stale air and old memories. It felt like a tomb for her previous life, a shell that was about to be repurposed. Sarah guided Craig to the living room, pushing him down onto the beige couch. It had been Jack's favorite spot.

"Sit," she commanded.

He sat, his eyes glazed over, looking at her as if she were a goddess.

"Pants off. Now," she said.

His hands shook as he fumbled with his belt, but he obeyed. In seconds, his pants and boxers were down at his ankles, leaving him naked from the waist down. His cock stood straight up, rigid and desperate.

Sarah sat beside him, close enough that her thigh brushed his. She wrapped her hand around him again, feeling the velvety skin and the throbbing meatiness of it. She stroked him steadily, her grip tight and demanding. Then faster. Up and down, twisting her wrist slightly on the upstroke, just the way she instinctively knew a man liked it.

She leaned in, extending her tongue, and licked her palm, coating it in saliva. Then she returned to him, the wet friction making her movements slick and obscene. The sound of it filled the silent room—*schlick, schlick, schlick*.

Craig's head fell back against the couch cushion, his mouth open, staring straight ahead at the ceiling. He was lost, overwhelmed by the sensations she was forcing upon him.

Sarah leaned closer, her breath hot against his ear. She stuck the tip of her tongue into the hollow, wiggling it around, teasing the sensitive skin.

"You want to please me, don't you, Craig?" she whispered, her voice a low, hypnotic drone that never ceased stroking him.

"Yes," he choked out, the word barely audible.

“Good,” she murmured, licking the shell of his ear. “Because I have a job for you. A very special favor.”

She bit his earlobe gently, feeling him shudder. Her hand continued its work, relentless and expert, bringing him closer and closer to the edge without ever letting him fall over. She was driving him mad, and she loved every second of it.

She whispered steadily, detailing what she wanted him to do the next day. She told him he would be her eyes and ears, her instrument. And as she spoke, she felt him stiffening further, his body reacting with a terrifying mix of lust and bliss... and compliance.

He stared straight ahead, listening, filled with a haze of pleasure that made him pliable. He would do anything she asked. He was already primed. And as she looked down at his entranced face, Sarah knew that tomorrow, when Jeffrey walked through that door, he wouldn't stand a chance.