

PATRICIA

V2



CHAPTER ONE

In the heart of Sarah's basement lab, her VR machine hummed to life, and she found herself standing in the loading realm, a stark, white landscape in the virtual world. At the center of it, poised and unmistakable, was the high-definition avatar of Patricia. Many years ago in high school, Patricia was Sarah's tormentor. She was everything Sarah was not - stunningly beautiful, tantalizingly seductive, ruthlessly confident. A cruel, provocative smile played on the simulated Patricia's full, glossed lips, her voluptuous curves draped in a form-fitting crimson dress that left little to the imagination. Her ice-blue eyes, void of compassion, seemed to laugh at Sarah's determination.

"Well, look who we have here," Patricia drawled, her voice sultry, as she crossed her arms under her prominent chest. "Little Sarah. What brings you here?"

"I'm here to face you, Patricia," Sarah's voice was firm, her posture rigid. Her attire, a simple white blouse, and black pencil skirt, was stark against Patricia's flamboyant display. "You don't scare me anymore."

Patricia chuckled, low and throaty, "Oh, but I do, sweetie. You can't fool me."

Sarah shook her head, "No, Patricia. You're wrong."

Patricia cocked an eyebrow, her long blonde waves cascading over one shoulder. "Oh really? You think you're so high and mighty now?"

Sarah nodded. "I do, Patricia. Because I am. I'm successful, I've built a life I'm proud of, and most importantly, I have someone who loves me, truly and deeply."

Patricia's laughter rang out, cold and harsh. "Love? You think that makes you strong?"

"It does," Sarah affirmed, her gaze unwavering, "Jack's love for me makes me stronger than you'll ever understand because you could only take joy in the pain of others."

"Love," Patricia sneered, "You really think your dear husband's love is going to save you from me?"

"He already has, Patricia," Sarah said, her voice filled with conviction. "He's taught me that I'm better than your cruel words. He's helped me see my worth."

Patricia's wicked smile faltered, her eyes flashing with a hint of surprise. "Well, isn't that sweet? Little Sarah has grown up."

"Yes, I have," Sarah said firmly. "And you... you have no power over me anymore, Patricia."

The white room grew quiet, the tension tangible. Patricia was silent, her lips pursed as she stared at Sarah, a challenging gleam in her eyes.

Sarah raised her hands to either side of her head, gripping the invisible edges of her helmet. With a confident smile, she removed it, waking up in her basement, the confrontation with her past demons left behind in the virtual simulation she constructed. Sarah no longer felt like a timid, bullied schoolgirl. She was a successful woman, an innovator, and a wife. The real Patricia had tormented her throughout high school. But now, through her invention, she had faced her fears, proving to herself she was stronger than Patricia.

Sarah was sitting on the stool in their modest kitchen when her husband Jack returned from his evening jog. She was engrossed in her blueprints, the calculations and designs of her VR machine scattered across the coffee table. He noticed the concerned look on her face and knew something was wrong.

"What's going on, love?" Jack asked, concern lacing his voice.

Sarah bit her lip, not knowing how to start, "It's my machine, Jack. My superiors want to see results... soon."

Jack knew of her struggles at work, and the pressure she had been under. He saw it in her tired eyes every day. "And they want you to demonstrate it?"

"More than that," she sighed, her voice a tremulous whisper. "They want me to show it's safe and fully functional... or they're pulling the funding."

Jack ran a hand through his sweaty hair, "That's harsh, Sarah... But why does it sound like you're asking me something?"

Sarah looked up at Jack, her eyes pleading, "I need a test subject, Jack... someone I can trust. And the only person that comes to mind is..."

"Me?" Jack's eyes widened in surprise, "You want me to test the machine?"

"I know it sounds crazy, Jack. But you know my work. You know how much I've invested in this. I wouldn't let anything harm you," Sarah said earnestly.

Jack was silent for a moment, his mind racing. He knew how important this project was to Sarah, but the prospect of entering a world of artificial reality was unnerving.

"Sarah, I love you, and I want to support you. But this VR stuff is not exactly my cup of tea. I'm an old-fashioned guy," Jack confessed, crossing his arms.

"I know, Jack," Sarah began gently, her hand reaching out to clasp his. "But this machine... it's more than a project for me. It's our future. I promise it won't hurt you. It'll just feel... different."

"Different?" Jack questioned, raising a skeptical eyebrow.

Sarah nodded, her eyes glowing with passion, "Yes it connects with the user on a molecular level. You see, hear, and... feel it. And you can be anyone, live any life. Isn't there a part of you that's curious about that?"

"A molecular level? Um. Is that dangerous?" Jack asks, looking nervous but slightly impressed.

Sarah shakes her head, "No no no. It has fail safes. It can't hurt you. Trust me."

Jack chewed his lower lip, considering her words. The uncertainty was still there, but so was a hint of curiosity. He definitely trusted Sarah, and he knew she wouldn't risk his safety.

"Alright," Jack finally conceded, his face showing a mixture of trepidation and resolve. "I'll do it, Sarah. I'll test your machine."

Sarah's face lit up, relief washing over her, "Thank you, Jack. I knew I could count on you."

And so, with a heavy sigh and a promise of support, Jack agreed to step into the world of virtual reality, having no idea of the journey he was about to embark on.

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The basement room had been transformed into a state-of-the-art lab. The sterile white walls were adorned with a variety of screens displaying complex algorithms and data graphs. The air was thick with anticipation, a kind of electric charge that made Jack's heart pound in his chest. At the center of the room was the VR machine, an intimidating contraption of metallic wires, glowing buttons, and a looming helmet.

"All set," Sarah said, her voice coming through the headset. "I'll leave you to it. Call me if you need anything."

A pulsing light emerged in the blackness, slowly blooming into a set of program options. Jack selected the first character, a muscular man labeled "Mr. Muscle".

With a surreal shift, he found himself standing in a simulated gym, surrounded by gleaming equipment and an assortment of virtual gym-goers. Jack glanced down, seeing a pair of beefy arms stretching out of a sleeveless tank top. His body felt sturdy and powerful. He stepped up to a weight rack, feeling the heft of the barbell in his new hands. It was like really being there, like he could actually feel the strain and the satisfying burn in his muscles.

A sense of excitement stirred in Jack as he experienced an adrenaline rush he had never felt in his own gym sessions. The sensation was so real that it was almost intoxicating. He spent several minutes pushing the limits of his new body, immersed in the sheer power and strength it possessed.

Eventually, the gym faded away, and Jack selected the next character, "The Acrobat". Instantly, he found himself under a brightly colored circus tent, high above the ground on a tightrope. He was female, but he didn't give it a second thought. His body was lithe and agile, each muscle honed for speed and precision.

The initial concern gave way to thrill as Jack began to explore his new body's capabilities. His movements were fluid and graceful, each jump and flip feeling natural and effortless. The exhilaration of performing high-risk acrobatics with ease was heady, intoxicating.

Next, he chose the "Grandpa" program. The lively circus disappeared, replaced by a cozy living room, bathed in soft sunlight. Jack felt the aches and pains of an elderly man. His movements were slow and deliberate, his body frail and delicate. It was a stark contrast from his earlier avatars. The experience was humbling, a plain reminder of the passage of time.

Hours seemed to pass as Jack experienced each character. He was lost in the marvel of it all, his mind unable to fully process the boundless possibilities that the VR machine offered.

As Jack was about to end the session, a hidden file in the program caught his eye. It was labeled "Patricia v2". Curiosity piqued, he was about to select it when he remembered Sarah's words: "Call me if you need anything." He thought for a moment, then shrugged. Slowly, he reached out to select the file, 'Patricia v2.

"I'm sure it's fine. That's what the fail-safes are for. Let's give it a try." He said as he pressed the virtual button. A digital mirror manifested before him, giving him a full view of his body.

Jack audibly gasped, as the first wave of transformation passed over him like a warm gust of wind, his scalp tingling as if thousands of tiny fingers were massaging it. He reached up instinctively, his eyes widening as he pulled back a handful of long, lustrous strands of blonde hair. "It's... I'm...," he stammered to himself, his voice hushed in awe.

Next came a blossoming tightness in his chest. His gaze traveled downward, captivated by the spectacle of his VR avatar shifting to accommodate a pair of full breasts that stretched out his plain white t-shirt; two orbs begging to be let out. He gingerly touched them, the act sparking an unexpected thrill. "Just...be cool, Jack," he spoke, his voice wavering with uncertainty and a strange sense of enjoyment. It was weird, but the transformation was enticing in a way he had not anticipated.

Suddenly, a taut sensation radiated from his waist, pulling him inward. It felt as if an invisible hand was sculpting him, bending and molding him into a new form. His pants, previously loose and spacious, felt exceedingly snug against his wide expanding hips. His hands slipped down to touch the exaggerated

curves of his waist and ass. "This... this feels... oddly comfortable," he muttered, with a hint of relief.

His face felt the next wave of transformation. He sensed his jaw softening, his cheekbones rising, his eyes rounding and deepening, feeling a subtle tickling sensation around them as his lashes fluttered and grew longer. His lips inflated, becoming fuller as he let out a deep moan. The moan was distinctly different though. Higher in pitch, but mature and sensual.

"Oh...okay. That's, like, totally different." He muttered under his breath, surprised at the softer cadence of his voice. As he traced the outline of his new womanly face, he whispered, "Am I, like, still me? Tee hee!" This new voice felt natural, and he seemed oddly at peace with how quickly he adapted to its unique inflection and tone, one more girly and feminine.

Jack was startled when his clothes, the final step, swiftly adjusted themselves to suit his new body. His nondescript VR attire was replaced with a sultry red dress. A feeling of tightness enveloped him, the sensation of the snug-fitting fabric embracing his body. The feeling was utterly bizarre but also deeply thrilling.

Jack stood in shock. He looked down, his eyes taking in the sight of a buxom chest, slender waist, and curvy hips. He felt a brief moment of surprise and confusion; this felt different from the other female character. Very... different. He ran his hands along the body, a palpable curiosity welling within him, as he traced the sinuous lines of his new form. His fingertips, now with long painted nails, tingled with a peculiar excitement at the impression of the tight dress against his skin. Apparently, he was Patricia now. The name, a delicate whisper in his mind, sent a ripple of fascination through his senses.

As he settled into Patricia's form, Jack felt something building within him, a pulsing, magnetic force that started as a low thrum in his abdomen and grew stronger with each passing second. His breath hitched in his throat, his mind whirling as he felt an unexpected wave of arousal sweeping over him. He felt drawn to the mirror, intoxicated by the woman reflecting back at him, her eyes sparkling with a brazen, untamed desire.

The arousal was intense, mounting steadily as he admired his new body, every curve and line of it radiating a seductive allure that he'd never experienced before. It was as if his senses were heightened, each second causing a shudder of excitement.

A sliver of panic shot through him, however, as the pleasure escalated far beyond what he had anticipated. This was too much, too real. With a gasp, he tore the VR helmet off, a tremor of fear undercutting the lingering arousal. He was back in the basement, back in his body, back to being Jack. But the after-effects of Patricia still clung to him, her seductive voice a lingering echo in his mind, the feel of her form, a phantom sensation on his skin.

His mind was filled with thoughts and questions. The experience was shocking, all-consuming, but there was a small part of him that yearned for more. A small part that wanted to slip the helmet back on, to lose himself in the enticing body of Patricia once again. But he decided it would probably be best if he didn't.

CHAPTER TWO

In the crisp light of their shared kitchen, Jack stood leaning on the counter, running his hands anxiously over the cool marble. Sarah sat across from him, her eyes creased with worry as she watched her husband. He had been silent since he came back from the basement, his usual cheerful demeanor was replaced with a pensive quietness.

"Sarah," Jack finally broke the silence. His voice was hoarse, laced with a strange uneasiness. "I think...I think I need to stop with the VR testing."

Sarah's eyes widened in surprise, the color draining from her face. She had not expected this. "What? Why, Jack?" She asked, her voice filled with concern. "Did something go wrong? Are you feeling okay?"

Jack grappled with his thoughts, trying to articulate his feelings without revealing too much. He didn't want her to know about Patricia, about the stirring sensations that had overtaken him, the spiraling arousal that still pulsed faintly in the back of his mind.

"I'm just ...I don't know ...it's getting to be too much." He offered her a weak smile, trying to hide the lingering confusion that filled him.

Sarah frowned, her eyes filled with worry and pleading. "Jack," she began, her voice soft but steady. "I know it's intense, but we need the data for the project. I promise it'll get easier. Please."

As she spoke, Jack found himself getting lost in her eyes. Her words tumbled over him, their sincerity, their desperation washing over him in waves. Despite his reservations, he found himself swaying under the earnestness in her plea. "Please, Jack," she whispered, her hand reaching out to grip his. He couldn't bear the thought of letting her down.

With a sigh of resignation, Jack nodded. "Okay, okay," he said, offering a small smile. "I'll continue with the testing."

Sarah let out a sigh of relief, her shoulders slumping. She reached over to hug him, her body warm against his. "Thank you, Jack," she murmured into his chest.

Jack returned her hug, but his mind was already spiraling. He had agreed to continue, but he was terrified of what this meant. Would he go back to Patricia? He promised himself he wouldn't. And most importantly, why did he keep this a secret from Sarah? He pushed these thoughts aside, focusing on the woman in his arms. For now, he would help her with her project, and deal with his own demons in his own time.

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Once again, Jack found himself standing in the VR room. It was a minimalist space, mostly white with a reclining chair designed to maximize comfort during extended VR sessions. The headset was there, innocently gleaming under the room's soft lighting, unaware of the turmoil it had stirred within him.

The tension in the air was palpable as Jack picked up the VR headset. His fingers traced over the smooth surface, apprehensive yet drawn to the extraordinary experiences it promised. Random characters popped into his mind - a world-renowned chef, a wildlife photographer, an astronaut - yet he couldn't shake one particular program, Patricia.

Reluctantly, he slipped on the headset, immediately plunging into a bustling cityscape as a fireman. The sounds, the smells, the rush, - it all felt so real, yet strangely distant. His mind was elsewhere.

After the fireman, he tried being a painter, his virtual fingers sweeping broad strokes across a canvas. The colors were vibrant, and the view from the studio overlooking a serene beach was breathtaking, but the beauty was lost on him.

With a sigh, Jack detached from the painter character. His virtual surroundings faded to black, leaving him standing as himself in the void of the character selection screen. He hesitated, staring at the tempting hidden file. Patricia v2. It called to him, a forbidden fruit promising a taste of the extraordinary, the exhilarating, the terrifying.

"Is it so wrong?" Jack asked himself, rationalizing his curiosity. "It's just a program, a character... an experience."

The cursor hovered over the file. He felt a strange combination of dread and excitement. He was conflicted, but little by little his curiosity won over his apprehensions, and eventually he chose.

This time, he selected 'Patricia v2' knowingly, he was filled with a mix of anticipation and trepidation. As the transformation began, the familiar blur of changing realities unfolded around him. His heart thundered in his chest. Jack let his breath out slowly as he felt the familiar sensation of silky hair cascading down his back, the shift in his voice from deep baritone to feminine lilting, sending a shiver down his spine.

His gaze traveled downward as his chest blossomed out into a pair of full large breasts. His waist cinched inwards, the sweeping curve of his hips feeling just as familiar and strangely comfortable as before. His clothes shifted, morphing into the body-hugging red dress he remembered all too well. The transformation was a river of sensations, each one washing over him, carrying him farther and farther from Jack and closer to Patricia. The experience was electrifying, Jack wasn't just transforming into Patricia, he was immersing himself in her persona. As he uttered her name, "Patricia", a sense of

profound satisfaction filled him. He was her, once more.

He stood in front of a mirror, fascinated and horrified by his reflection. The long glossy hair, the bright expressive eyes, the seductive curves - it was like staring at a stranger, a stranger he was strangely drawn to.

Soon, an ever-climbing sense of familiar arousal overtook him. It was more bearable than the last time, but still powerful enough, as he gave out a sustained moan. The line between Jack and Patricia just a little more blurred, and the deeper he ventured, it seemed, the more enthralling it became.

In the safety of the VR loading realm, Jack's gaze was fixed on the extensive list of available locations within the machine. One particular entry caught his eye. The mall program. It was the perfect setting to further explore his Patricia persona, a chance to feel the world through her eyes, in her body.

With a deep breath, Jack activated the new environment. The blank room vanished, replaced by the bustling virtual scene of a modern, high-end shopping mall. Patricia's figure stood at the entrance, her body poised with elegance, her mind abuzz with curiosity.

Her high heels echoed through the mall, harmonizing with the chatter and laughter of the VR crowd. As Patricia strolled, her hips swayed with an inherent seductiveness that Jack couldn't help. He felt the weight of her huge perky breasts as they swung left and right, and jiggled with each step she took. And above all, he could feel the eyes of countless characters on her, admiring her voluptuous figure, and it ignited a little thrill within him.

As he wandered through the maze of boutiques, the fragrance of expensive perfumes, the chatter of fashion-savvy shoppers, and the soft music created an immersive atmosphere. Jack, as Patricia, was just another shopper, blending in effortlessly, but standing out in all the right ways.

Suddenly, a muscular male character appeared, crossing Patricia's path. He looked like a typical meathead, a jock... a stud. His gaze swept over her, his eyes twinkling with unabashed interest. "Hey babe," he said, his voice as smooth as whiskey, "What's your name?"

Jack didn't hesitate. "Patricia," he said, his voice light and flirty. "You like what you see?"

His own prompt response surprised him. The words, the tone, the coquettish tilt of his head—it was all so naturally 'her', but still him. The muscular man responded with an appreciative grin and his lingering eyes sent a rush of adrenaline coursing through Jack.

Jack glanced down at the bulge in the man's pants, and a wave of arousal washed over him. It surprised him and made him take in a sharp breath. "What the hell? I... I don't like guys." He thought, his mind reeling.

Abruptly, Jack, as Patricia, veered away from the man, quickly seeking refuge in a nearby clothing store. He was startled, and confused by the unexpected reactions his virtual body was provoking in him. It was like Patricia's feelings were seeping into him, blurring the lines of his own desires. The thrill of being

admired, the strange allure of the man, it was new, it was intoxicating, but it was also terrifying.

The clothing store was an oasis of calm amidst the buzzing virtual mall, the hum of distant chatter fading as he pushed open the glass doors. He needed someplace to collect himself. A tired-looking attendant, her name tag reading 'Jenny', watched him with wary eyes from behind a counter laden with neatly folded clothes. The scent of freshly minted fabrics, with their crisp, distinct textures filled the air.

"Can I help you find something, miss?" Jenny ventured cautiously. Jack, without a beat, snapped back, "What!?". It was abrupt, a sharp retort that left Jenny taken aback. Jack put his hands over his mouth. There was an unexpected surge of joy, a raw, commanding pleasure from being rude, that left him momentarily ashamed. But a faint naughty smile was revealed as he slowly lowered his hands

Emboldened by the electric jolt that surged through him, Jack strutted around the shop with an air of superiority. Jenny, after regaining her composure, and since 'Patricia' was the only customer in the store, attempted to assist again.

"This red dress would look stunning on you," she suggested, holding up a form-hugging number. Patricia looked it over with a critical eye, her tone dripping with condescension as she said, "If I was going to some trashy dive bar. But maybe that's your style."

A gasp escaped Patricia's lips, Jack's lips. The thrill was even more potent this time, the sheer pleasure of being nasty left Jack feeling heady, almost dizzy. It was akin to a sense of power, something he'd never tasted before, at least not in this raw, unadulterated form. It was liberating and frightening, all at once. But again, he felt guilty. Until he thought it over. "I mean. She's just a simulation. I'm not really hurting anyone." His mind made up, Jack, as Patricia, gave a wicked smirk and started again in earnest.

Each suggestion Jenny made was met with an increasingly cutting response. The words flowed more easily now, every insult sharper than the last, each one a probe into unknown terrain, each cruel barb a step further into this alluring wilderness. Every scathing comment that fell from Patricia's lips brought with it a thrill that danced on the edge of arousal.

Eventually, Patricia's comments stripped all pretense of constructive criticism, devolving into straightforward insults. "Is that what you call fashion? Pathetic. What a loser! How are you this dumb?" Patricia snarled, taking in the sad face of Jenny with a mix of shock and delight.

Jenny fought hard to hold back tears, her professionalism teetering on the brink of collapse. Jack watched her, an indescribable mix of pleasure and guilt coursing through him. He had pushed her to the edge, and the sight was disturbingly enticing.

Jack let out a brief moan, hands unconsciously grasping at his superior body. It was all too much, being this mean. He needed release. He needed...

"I'll try this on," Jack snatched the available blouse from Jenny's shaking hands as he quickly retreated into a changing room. As the door closed, Jack was left in a whirlwind of complex emotions, his heart hammering with both the exhilaration of being cruel and the reality of the tears he'd provoked.

"I did that. I made her.... cry." Jack let out another deeper moan. "I'm such a... such a.... bitch!"

Patricia's body jerked at the word. Bitch. "Wow", he thought, surprised at its effect on him.

"I am... a bitch!" he cried out. The word rang true in his mind as his body jerked again, three times.

"Yessss. I'm a bitch. I'm a bitch. I'm a bitch." Jack repeated as he yanked the front of his dress down, revealing his perfect DD breasts, nipples at attention.

He briefly cupped his tits, making them rise and then quickly fall, bouncing in appreciation. His body, Patricia's body, began to move with rhythm, as he repeated this new mantra in his mind. "I'm a bitch. I'm a bitch."

Jack sat down on the bench in the small changing room and skillfully slipped his entire dress off, only now realizing he wasn't wearing any bra or panties.

Then, slowly, carefully, Jack opened his legs, lifting them in the air. Patricia's pussy, his pussy, was out in all its glory. Jack stared down at it, eyes widened, as he subtly moved his hips in little circles.

"I'm a bitch..."

He licked two of his fingers and moved his hands down his smooth leg.

"...with a dripping..."

His damp fingers approached his pussy, feeling its slick clean-shaven borders.

"....wet..."

He positioned himself just outside the folds of his 'flower'.

"... cunt!"

A sharp deep breath in and then... touchdown. Jack slipped his fingers inside, making a sloppy moist sound.

"Ung! She's so beneath me! Ung!" Jack said as he worked his hole.

Faster and faster he went, his mind racing with thoughts of bitchiness and cruelty. He thought of her crying more. He pictured slapping her. He imagined her licking his feet.

"Oh yes! I'm so superior! She's nothing compared to me. Ung! Ung!" Jack yelled, as he repositioned his hand and started flicking his clit. "Oh shit! That's the spot! Ung! Ung! I'm such a horny bitch! And I deserve it all! Yeah! Ung! Ung! I'm a bitch!"

And just like that, Jack had his first orgasm as a woman. There are several types of orgasms of the feminine variety recorded throughout history, and each affects the female on many levels, in all sorts of different ways. This one blew each and everyone one of them out of the water. Patricia's body erupted

like a volcano. It twitched and spasmed as Jack arched his back and raised his pussy upward as it squirted over and over, like the fountains at the Bellagio. Jack moan and yelled, like a bitch in heat.

Just as the juices began to pour out of his blissed-out body, the door opened and the attendant rushed inside, only to be sprayed directly in her face. "Ma'am! Are you - ? Ack!" She sputtered, as some of the female cum invaded her mouth. She began to cough and fell back on her rear.

This depraved act seemed to intensify Jack's already ground-breaking pleasure fest. His mind went wild, and he jumped up and hovered over Jenny's face, as the orgasm renewed itself.

"Ooooh fuck, yes! You dumb ass loser! Take it! I'm squirting all over you! Drink it up!" Jack screamed, his pulpos body jiggling as he came to the end of the ride. He eked out a few more squirts, and then dropped down to his knees, sitting directly on top of her, his cunt just inches from her face.

"You know what would make me feel like a princess, like a queen? If you cleaned me up." Jack pointed at his pussy. "Clean!"

"No!" The attendant shouted as she struggled underneath Patricia's perfect body. "Stop!"

"No no no. This won't do. Computer, make this dumb cunt a submissive little slut!"

There was a pause and then a loud "ding" that seemed to echo throughout the mall. Immediately Jenny's face went from panic to a heavy-lidded, almost drunken expression.

"Clean." Jack once again pushed the word out of Patricia's lips.

"Yes miss. I'll clean up your yummy pussy, real good." She said, having to lift her head only a small amount before her mouth enveloped Jack's engorged vagina.

Jenny lapped up the wet pussy in earnest now. Jack began to thrust his hips, fucking her face. He grabbed the back of Jenny's head and pressed her into his crotch. Jack threw his head back.

"Yes! Worship me! You're nothing compared to me! You're stupid! You're weak! This is all you're good for! Lick piggy, lick! Ung! Ung! Ung! Ung! Ung! Ung!"

The next couple of hours seemed to fly by at the mall, as moans, slaps, and wet rhythmic noises came from the rear of the chic clothing store. Jack orgasmed 5 more times.

CHAPTER THREE

Jack's return to the physical world was a harsh splash of reality, washing away the lingering effects of his digital existence. It was early morning, the bedroom bathed in a mellow, dappled light as the sun began to rise, casting long, lazy shadows across the floor. Jack rubbed at his weary eyes, mind still swirling with the vivid memories of his time as Patricia. Her taste was like a drug in his veins, a potent cocktail of power, sensuality, and liberation that intoxicated him, seeping into every corner of his thoughts. He sat up, a wave of fatigue washing over him. His body felt heavy, weighted down by the phantom curves of Patricia.

"Honey, breakfast!" Sarah's voice cut through the air, a familiar chime reaching his ears. The smell of fresh biscuits wafted through the room. His stomach rumbled in response, but Jack was too engrossed in his thoughts to care about food.

"I'll be right there, Sarah!" Jack called out. His voice echoed in the emptiness, breaking the silence. He made his way to the kitchen, every step he took felt mechanical, robotic. He was going through the motions of a man that wasn't altogether there.

"Here you go," Claire said, handing him a plate stacked high with biscuits. Jack took one absentmindedly, barely glancing at her as he turned to leave.

"Hey! Are you forgetting something?" Sarah called after him. "My kiss."

Jack paused, turning around with a sheepish smile. "Oh, sorry, Sarah." He leaned in, giving her a quick peck on the cheek. It was over in a second, a perfunctory gesture devoid of any real emotion. As he pulled away, he saw the confusion flicker in her eyes.

"That's the first time you've ever forgotten to..." her voice trailed off, but Jack was already halfway out of the room, his body along with his mind heading back to the machine.

The VR room beckoned him, the walls echoing with the siren call of Patricia. Jack felt his pulse quicken as he stepped inside, the cool air of the room caressing his skin. He paused at the threshold, looking back towards the kitchen, a pang of guilt gnawing at him. Shaking his head, he pushed those thoughts away, locking the door behind him.

Jack slipped on the helmet, the cool plastic against his skin grounding him in reality for the last few moments. "Just one more time," he whispered to himself, justifying his obsession. With a deep breath, he selected 'Patricia v2' and surrendered to the intoxicating rush of transformation once more.

As he initiated the transformation, Jack braced himself for the sudden wave of changes. His chest tightened and expanded, his waist cinched in, his hips filled out, and his hair lengthened, brushing against the newly formed curves of his body.

His face felt the shift next, cheekbones raising and softening, nose shrinking to a dainty size, lips plumping into a seductive pout. He looked down, watching as his clothes morphed, changing from his drab t-shirt and jeans into Patricia's same elegant, form-fitting outfit. It was a surreal sight, one that he'd experienced before but still left him in awe.

Once the transformation was completed, Jack — now Patricia — stood up, teetering slightly on the high heels that now adorned her feet. The familiar thrill washed over him, followed by the undeniable surge of pleasure. He felt whole again, and more than ready to take on the VR world once again.

"Let's have some fun." He said, looking himself over. "Hm. I have an idea. But this outfit won't do."

* * *

Jack entered the bustling virtual dance club, the scene was a blur of flashing neon lights, pulsating music, and swaying bodies. Jack soaked in his surroundings, looking down at the crowd from above. He was clad in a stellar new dress.

The dress was a stunning spectacle, a splash of vibrant pink. It was an exquisite cocktail dress, hugging her curves perfectly, and shimmering as it caught the light, sparkling like a diamond. The dress's sequins glittered with every movement she made. The pink dress had a plunging neckline that showcased Patricia's enhanced cleavage, the fabric cascading delicately over her voluptuous form and cinching at the waist to accentuate her hourglass figure. At the back, the dress featured a low scoop, revealing a swath of smooth, glowing skin that contrasted starkly with the scintillating fabric. From there, the dress flowed down to mid-thigh, clinging to her hips before finally ending in long sexy legs. The dress was daring, bold, and undeniably sexy. As she made her way deeper into the club, she could feel the lured gazes of the virtual people gawking at her.

It was an intoxicating sensation. With every admiring glance he received, his heart fluttered and his skin tingled, as his mind flooded with a wave of dopamine. The pleasure was magnetic, addictive. "I'm the center of their attention," he thought, Patricia's heart pounding in rhythm with the music.

Drawing a deep breath, he stepped onto the dance floor, the vibrant lights cascading over her. As he danced to the music, to his astonishment, her form moved fluidly, each sway and twist sending another dopamine rush through his system. He could feel the beat pulsing, her body responding instinctively. The flare of her hips, the rhythmic twerk, the sensual roll of her hands along the curves of her figure — it was all so natural, so exhilarating.

As the crowd grew denser, more men began to approach him, attempting to dance with him. However, he dismissed them one after the other, feeling a sense of power in his ability to choose. Their interest in her was intoxicating, but none of them seemed "worthy" enough. But then Jack felt something, a presence he had not felt since...

He recognized the man before he saw him completely, briefly catching his figure behind the crowd of faceless dancers. A strange thrill sparked within him as the man turned, and their eyes locked. He was the same hunk from the mall. A square jaw, broad shoulders, and huge muscles brimming with masculinity. His eyes were a deep ocean blue that seemed to see right through him, through her, making them feel exposed, desired, and even vulnerable.

An involuntary shiver ran down his spine as the stud approached and extended his hand, inviting him to dance. There was a peculiar kind of gravity around him, pulling him closer, an invisible thread tethering them. Jack hesitated for a moment, his mind swirling with conflicting emotions. But then, Patricia's hand moved on it's own, placing hers in his. She let him guide her to the pulsating center of the dance floor.

Her hips swayed to the music, the sparkling pink dress catching the light and creating a dazzling display. He felt the heat of his body close to hers, their movements synchronized in an intimate dance. The man led with a firm but gentle hand, his other resting on the small of her back, occasionally pressing her closer. Each touch sent a shiver of excitement through Jack, creating a feedback loop that made the dance more intoxicating with every passing moment.

Internally, Jack wrestled with the emotions welling up within him. The admiring looks they were drawing made him feel alive, desired, and powerful. It was a euphoria that he hadn't anticipated, and it seemed to grow with every swaying movement of his hips, every appreciative glance, every caress from this gorgeous man.

As the dance continued, it became increasingly intense. The man's hand, initially resting politely on Patricia's hip, began to explore, moving along the curve of her waist and skimming the edges of her breasts. Each touch felt like a direct connection to that fountain of dopamine, causing her body to respond in kind. Her movements became more sensual, her hips grinding against him to the beat with an increasingly suggestive rhythm.

Despite the rising pleasure, a corner of Jack's mind was awash with confusion and alarm. The feelings were addictive, and he found himself yearning for more, but there was also a part of him that recoiled. He felt out of his depth, uncertain, yet undeniably aroused. His mind flashed back to his life outside the virtual world, to his wife Sarah. But here, in the club, as Patricia, with the music and lights and the beefcake of a man, he felt an allure he couldn't deny.

Jack was twerking against him now, looking back over his shoulder. He witnessed Patricia's peach-shaped ass rapidly rubbing up and down the man's crotch. The stud's 'manhood' grew and grew in his pants, sliding perfectly between Patricia's butt cheeks. He could see the desire in the man's eyes. This

was no longer just a dance; it was a mating ritual. His voice, when he leaned in and whispered, "Your place or mine?" sent a rush of excitement through Jack, his heart pounding against his breasts. Dopamine. Dopamine. Dopamine.

Unthinking, Jack opened the VR environment menu. His fingers hovered over the selections. The familiar flicker of apprehension was there, but so was the thrill, the wild, addictive rush. He glanced back at the hunk one more time before he selected "Bedroom", the confirming sound of the beep echoing in his mind as the club began to warp and fade.

Inside the lavishly decorated VR bedroom, the atmosphere was thick with desire and tension. Jack noted the dimmed light reflecting off the white satin sheets of the king-size bed, a flickering fireplace crackling in the corner, casting erratic shadows dancing along the walls. It was an environment tailored for the sensuous and the intimate. Jack seemed to instinctively understand, as he looked towards the chiseled man and gave him his best sexy pose, with one of his fingers suggestively pulling down Patricia's thick bottom lip.

"Oh my god. Oh my god. Oh my god." Jack thought to himself. "What am I doing? These feelings... God! They're so strong. I... I like men. Big strong men. Mmm. But how?"

The 'man', tall and muscular, his face a rugged charm, was watching him. Jack's heart skipped a beat, feeling his gaze on Patricia's body, his eyes lingering on her curves. Jack was strangely aware of the fact that he was playing the part of Patricia, but he couldn't stop it. It felt right, the burning feeling of desire and submission mingling within him.

"What's your name?" the man asked, his voice was smooth like chocolate, warm and inviting.

"Patricia," he heard himself reply, the name flowing out of him with surprising ease.

A small smile appeared on the man's lips as he moved closer. Jack could feel Patricia's body responding, moving closer as if pulled by an invisible force. Her body, covered in the sensuous, sparkling pink dress, seemed to have a life of its own, moving with a fluidity and grace that Jack could never possess. With the sultry rhythm of the bedroom's music pulsating softly in the background, Jack moved in closer, high heels clicking against the hardwood floor, echoing in the near silence of the room. Her hips swayed naturally and her hands elegantly trailed along her curves before coming to rest subjectively across her ample breasts. The faint smell of the man's cologne grew stronger as he approached, making his head spin.

Finally, their bodies met. Jack could feel Patricia's softness pressing against the firm muscles of the man. A jolt of heat traveled through her body - his body - leaving an electrifying trail in its wake. Her slender arms snaked up around his neck, pulling him even closer in an intimate embrace.

Their lips met in a searing kiss, their bodies melding together, Patricia's curves squishing and contorting even more against the man's hard musculature. The world outside Patricia's body seemed to dim, the focus narrowing down to the man's lips on hers, his hands roaming her body. There was a strange, euphoric mix of fear, excitement, and intense pleasure welling up inside Jack as he let Patricia take

control. The conflicting emotions gave way to an insatiable need, a throbbing that grew stronger with every passing second.

"Wait... what am I doing?" Jack wondered, the rational part of his mind kicking in. But it was soon drowned by the growing waves of pleasure, the taste of the man on his lips, this Adonis pressing against this Aphrodite. "Fuck it."

Patricia grabbed the man, spun him around, and pushed him onto the bed. The man laid back on the sheets, gazing up at Patricia's body, impressed.

"I should try new things," Jack said, Patricia's sultry voice coming in clearer now. "I deserve this. For so long I've been a good little husband."

"Wait what?! Ok, hold on. Are you a... a.... man?" He spoke with a worried tone, ready to sit up.

"Mmmm. Do I look like a man?" As he spoke, Jack pulled down the front of his dress and grasped two handfuls of huge ripe breasts. His tits eased into the pressure of his fingers, looking like two giant water balloons ready to explode. "Do I... look... like a.... man." Came a pure and sensuous tone, as he spread out his legs and lifted up the bottom of his dress, revealing Patricia's perfect pussy.

"No baby. You definitely do not." The stud replied, as he quickly began to strip, while Jack, as Patricia, did the same.

The both of them slung their clothes aside and began to ogle each other's naked form. Patricia's body squirmed at the sight, her thick thighs rubbing together. Jack made a choice, right then and there. He was going to 'let her out', he was going to know what it felt like to be a slutty bitch, to be Patricia.

"Mmm. You're ripped. I knew it." Patricia said, with a voice that showed no hint of his male self now. He was truly getting into the role. "And... fuck! Look at that... thing."

Patricia slowly slinked towards the python connected to the man laying back on the bed. It was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. A switch in her mind flipped on, this rod, this cock, was all that mattered now. Patricia's hand reached out to touch it, inch by inch. Then, one finger at a time, she grasps it.

"Mmmm. So meaty." She offered a single slow pump to all nine inches, making the man moan. "Oh? You like that?"

Another pump and then another. She was jacking him off like a pro now, the knowledge just came to her. She spit on her palms to make them nice and lubricated, her wrists were limber, she had just the right rhythm, and she stared him directly in the eyes while cradling the balls. Patricia felt an odd sense of ownership over the dick. It was hers. "Mine." She let out in a low whisper.

As she continued to stroke it up and down, she noticed her lips were drooling, she was salivating. "Mine." She said again, and slowly yet surely she lowered her head directly over the man's cock, her plump lips centimeters away. "Say it. Who's cock is this?" She commanded, taunting his member with

circular motions of the tip of her tongue.

"Y- yours." The hunk easily relented.

"Mmmm." The feeling of bending this man's will, breaking him down to his base instincts with the lure of her body, was divine. It was what she deserved. "Good boy."

She rewarded him. Patricia's head went straight down, mouth wide open, lips puckered forward, and throat opened like a champ, as if this wasn't her first rodeo. "Gawk! Gawk! Gawk!" Patricia bobbed her head up and down, taking in the length of the shaft, holding there deep, and then coming back up to breathe with moisture in her eyes. She did this over and over. It drove him crazy.

The man's body seemed to quiver. He was ready to erupt, but Patricia sensed this immediately and halted her heavenly blow job.

"No! Not yet. I want it. I need it... inside me." Patricia proclaimed, and she felt the truth of it. She needed this huge man-tool deep inside her womb. The hunger was all-consuming, and it paled in comparison to any craving she felt before, even with her wife Sarah. The desire to be fucked by a man felt like some sort of inevitable force, like the all-encompassing pull of gravity, or the glorious brightness of the sun.

Patricia climbed up to the euphoric hunk and squatted over him. Then she reached down, gripped his shaft, and teased the tip of his mushroom with her cunt.

"Tell me," She started, as she continued to tantalize his cock. "What would you do for me? What would you give me? To have me? Hmm?"

"I... mmm... I...," He stuttered, his simulated mind spinning in a lustful loop. "... I ... anything! I'll do anything for you! Please! Just put it in! My balls are aching!"

The declaration greatly pleased Patricia. It was the icing on the cake. Then it dawned on her. She didn't just need to be fucked, she needed to be fucked by someone who was obsessed with her, feared her... worshiped her. With that thought lingering in her mind, with blissful vindication, she adorned a wicked smile, rolled her eyes to the back of her head, and lowered her perfect body onto his, the girthy cock gliding easily into her dripping cunt.

"Ung! Oh!" Patricia squealed as she was 'entered'. She came back up with a sloppy sound, only to skewer herself again with a slap. "I'm... I'm fucking a man! I'm a... I'm a slutty bitch... fucking this thick hard dick! You're mine now! Ung! Ung! Haha! You're mine! You can't resist me! You big dumb bull!"

Patricia's long blonde hair began to dance wildly as she bounced on her new toy. Her hands smash her undulating tits and grasped her thick, toned booty. As she rode him, she reveled in her conquest. She claimed him with her pussy and she loved it. This is what she lived for. Capturing cocks in her snatch, extracting gifts and promises from the dumb man that was attached to it. She knew, deep down, that each time she let this young stud fuck her, simulated or not, he would be more and more ensnared,

more obedient, more her slave. This was her purpose, she was complete.

"I... I... I gonna... I... is... gonna..." The man mumbled, attempting to complete a single thought.

"Yes. Do it! Cum inside me. Fill me with your man juice!" Patricia howled, doubling her efforts. She was like an unchained beast now, her hands on her face, her breasts flying fiercely, and the slaps of their bodies were like sonic booms. And then...

Patricia was nuked. Her face contorted into an insane smile, eyes wide, tongue free. The man emptied his balls into her, splashing her virtual canal with loads of his simulated semen. She convulsed violently and her mind went blank, as a wave of raw pleasure coursed through her porn star body.

She saw God and then collapsed.

CHAPTER FOUR

That evening Jack found himself drifting in and out of consciousness until the morning sun peeked through the blinds of the bedroom. He was physically in bed next to his wife, Sarah, but his mind was somewhere else. It was with Patricia. The excitement, the dominance, the thrill, it was all he could think about.

He got up from the bed, barely making a noise. As he walked towards the VR room, he could hear the faint sound of Claire stirring. She called out his name softly, the concern in her voice evident. He didn't answer.

Entering this room felt like entering a sanctuary, a place of worship. As he went through the ritual of sliding the VR headset over his eyes, he took a deep breath, anticipating the exhilarating sensation that came with the transformation. He was ready.

The world loaded up, and he navigated the virtual interface, his eyes immediately finding the Patricia V2 icon. He selected it without hesitation, his heart pounding in anticipation. The transformation process began, and Jack felt an indescribable rush as his male avatar began morphing into the stunningly beautiful Patricia.

* * *

The cityscape melted into a high-class bar, rich with the heady aroma of premium liquor and soft, mellow jazz. Patricia stepped into the sultry ambiance, her every movement a study in grace and allure. Jack, perched on the threshold of Patricia's consciousness, marveled at the sensation of smooth silk caressing her skin, the perfect fit of her cocktail dress accentuating her voluptuous curves.

The room buzzed with well-dressed socialites, the clinking of their glasses and their laughter creating a lively backdrop. Yet, Patricia's gaze was drawn to a man sitting alone at the far end of the bar, the epitome of power and prestige. His tailored suit, the expensive watch, and his focused demeanor - all markers of his immense wealth. This man was to be her first prey, her first sugar daddy.

Crossing the room with swaying hips, Patricia slid onto the barstool next to him, offering him a provocative smile. Jack could feel the rush, a thrilling mix of fear and excitement.

"Is this seat taken?" Patricia asked, her voice a sultry purr.

The man glanced at her, the initial surprise on his face morphing into an appreciative smile. "I believe it is now."

"Is that so?" Patricia replied with a teasing smirk. "And who do I have the pleasure of stealing the seat from?"

He extended a hand. "The name's Richard. Richard St. James."

Jack in the backseat of Patricia's mind delighted in the thrill of the chase. Richard St. James, the wealthy tycoon who owned half the city, was just a typical guy in the face of Patricia's charms.

Richard's eyes were held captive by Patricia's allure, the sensual way she crossed her legs, the subtle hint of her cleavage, the intoxicating perfume she wore. Yet he held a reserved distance like he was used to women throwing themselves at him. A challenge, Patricia realized, one she was thrilled to accept. Her body rewarded her for the thought.

"Richard St. James," Patricia drew out each syllable of his name like it was a delicacy, "I've always liked that name."

The faint surprise that crossed Richard's features was almost imperceptible, but Patricia caught it. "Really now? You've heard of me?"

She tilted her head coyly. "Maybe." She left the statement hanging in the air, fueling Richard's curiosity.

As the night progressed, the barrier of Richard's resistance started to crumble. It was in the way his eyes softened when he looked at her, the increasing frequency of his touch on her hand, the way he laughed at her stories. But Patricia knew she had truly captivated him when he said, "Patricia, how about we move this conversation to a more private setting?"

The slow seduction had worked its magic, and Richard was hooked. Patricia looked at him, her eyes gleaming with mischief. "Lead the way, Richard St. James."

Richard's hotel penthouse was as luxurious as Patricia had imagined it would be. Overlooking the city's skyline, the room was a symphony of rich dark woods and opulent furnishings, a testament to his success and wealth.

Richard ordered champagne, and as she watched him pour the bubbly liquid, she saw a hint of the man he really was beneath all the wealth and power - lonely, yearning for something more, something exciting. But all Patricia was offering was an illusion, and she had no qualms about it.

Patricia sipped the champagne, realizing that she felt a bit tipsy.

"Wow. So real." Jack said, holding his head, briefly taken out of the moment.

"What's that?" Richard asked, momentarily confused.

"Nothing." She glanced at Richard from the corner of her eye, he was watching her intently, a soft look in his eyes. He moved closer to her, his hand resting lightly on her waist. The warmth of his touch sent a ripple of pleasure through her.

"Patricia," he began, his voice deeper, "Maybe I'm a little drunk, but I've never met a woman quite like you before. You're..." he searched for the right word, "bewitching."

Patricia smiled, stepping closer to him. She could see his breath hitch, his eyes flickering down to her lips. "Most people find me... intimidating."

Richard chuckled, "Oh, you are. But that's part of the allure, isn't it?"

"Yes. It is." Her voice soft and sensual. Slowly, she started to undo the buttons of her dress, revealing just enough to make his breath hitch.

Patricia let the dress fall from her shoulders, the fabric whispering against her skin as it slid down to pool at her feet. Her body, naked and carnal, was illuminated by the city lights filtering through the room's large windows. She stood subtly swaying her body, as her hands circled her huge inviting breasts, nipples thick and pointed. There was a quiet gasp from Richard, his eyes taking in every curve and angle of her physique. It was like nothing he'd seen before.

She had him now; he was hers. The power dynamics had flipped, and she was in control. The silence in the room was heavy, filled with unspoken desires. Patricia took a step towards him, her eyes never leaving his. She stopped just a breath away, close enough to feel the heat radiating off him.

"Do you like what you see, Richard?" she asked, her voice dropping to a sultry purr.

He swallowed audibly, his Adam's apple bobbing in his throat. "You're... breathtaking, Patricia." His voice was hoarse, filled with restrained desire.

She placed her hand on his chest, feeling the rapid beat of his heart beneath her fingers. "Good," she said, smirking as she stepped back. The sudden absence of her warmth made Richard's gaze snap to hers, confusion clear in his eyes.

"But that's all for tonight," Patricia said, the smirk turning into a full-blown smile as Richard's jaw dropped in surprise. "You have my number."

With that, she picked up her dress, her body once again hidden from his view. She moved towards the door, her steps purposeful and slow. As she reached the door, she turned around, a teasing smile playing on her lips. "Until next time, Richard St. James."

And with that, Patricia stepped out into the hallway, leaving a flabbergasted man in her wake, setting a precedent for their dynamic. The night had been a success, and she knew he was hooked. Curiously she felt another pulse of pleasure at the thought, another reward. Jack wondered. Was this body doing something to him? Was it conditioning him? But he shrugged it off. It felt good, it was fun. How could it be bad?

She gave one last little wave and closed the door behind her, a sense of satisfaction washing over her. This was just the beginning. And she was going to enjoy every bit of it.

* * *

Back in the VR suite, Jack didn't waste any time. He navigated through the menus and set the scene for their next encounter with Richard: an intimate dinner date at a posh restaurant. The anticipation prickled beneath his skin as he selected Patricia again and hit 'Start.'

* * *

The glamorous simulation of an upscale dining establishment formed the backdrop for Patricia and Richard's evening. With the sounds of soft chatter and clinking silverware humming in the background, the couple enjoyed an air of intimacy, a crystal chandelier hung above, casting a mellow light that added to the ambiance.

Patricia and Richard were nestled into a plush secluded corner booth, their bodies a hair's breadth apart. Richard's status was clear from his choice of a tailored suit, while Patricia's own sparkling gown made a different kind of statement, one of allure and sensuality. His body language was rigid, revealing a tension. Patricia noticed, and her body responded almost of its own accord, leaning in closer to him, letting her fingers lightly trace a path up his arm. A warm wave of pleasure flowed through her, reinforcing her action.

Richard mustered a half-hearted smile, his eyes not quite meeting hers. "It's nothing, Patricia. Let's just focus on enjoying our evening."

Even in an artificial simulated world this this, the subtleties of human interaction remain complex and nuanced. But Patricia found herself navigating these intricacies effortlessly, guided by a peculiar system of internal feedback that seemed to exist in the depths of her virtual consciousness.

"Patricia," Richard said, pulling her out of her introspection, "Do you find all this appealing?" He gestured around them, indicating the lavish lifestyle the simulation provided.

She felt a tinge of unease at his question, but her body seemed to intuit the right response. Her lips curved into a teasing smile. "It's charming," she admitted, "but what truly appeals to me, Richard, is a man who knows what he wants. Do you know what you want Richard? " Her words came as a surprise, even to her, but a wave of pleasure washed over her, indicating the rightness of her response.

As the night wore on, Patricia was constantly guided and directed by this strange interplay of pleasure and discomfort. At one point, her hand wandered up to play with a lock of her hair, a subconscious habit. But a jolt of pain stung her, halting the movement. Instead, her hand reached out to delicately trace the rim of her wine glass, a gesture that seemed to captivate Richard, much to her gratification.

On another occasion, Richard asked about her background. Once again, her body instinctively guided her response, piece by piece she crafted an intriguing narrative that was rich in detail yet shrouded in mystery. Each beguiling lie she divulged was accompanied by a rush, reinforcing the direction of her words.

Toward the end of their dinner, Richard began discussing his philanthropic efforts. She was about to change the subject, but the prickling sensation returned, so instead she encouraged him to share more, feeding his ego while probing for ways she could benefit from his generosity. This new tactic brought forth an even stronger rush of dopamine, and Patricia knew she was on the right track. Each moment was another step in her dance of seduction, Patricia guided by the ballet of pleasure and discomfort that her body provided.

The ultimate test came when Richard made his confession.

Richard's voice broke through her musings. "Patricia..." He swallowed hard, his grip around his wine glass tightening. "There's something I need to tell you."

She looked at him, anticipation written across her face. "Yes, Richard?"

"I'm... I'm married, Patricia. This...this has to end."

Richard's confession dropped like a stone in a serene pond, rippling the atmosphere with its sudden weight. "Did you hear me? I'm married, Patricia," he stammered, his gaze skittering away from hers, the confidence momentarily drained from his demeanor.

A rush of panic surged within Patricia, at a revelation she hadn't anticipated. She definitely didn't expect this Richard program to be married. Yet, before she could say a thing, she was visited by a peculiar thrill, an exhilarating sensation that rippled through her virtual body. Something about this was igniting her senses, she seemed to revel in it. Her previously dwindling confidence swelled, coursing through her like a wild river.

"My darling Richard," Patricia purred, leaning in closer to him. Her hand smoothly slid under the table, coming to rest on Richard's crotch. A soft gasp left Richard's lips, his eyes wide in surprise and faint

alarm.

"What are you doing?" he managed to whisper.

Her lips curved into a sultry smile, a finger running idle circles on top of his member. "Shhh, just let it happen. Trust me, Richard," she replied, her voice a soothing melody that eased his tension.

Almost immediately she felt his snake expand in his pants. Pressed against his leg by the fabric, Richard's cock grew several inches down his leg. As her fingers deftly worked his zipper, a realization blossomed in Patricia. This wasn't just a simple seduction anymore. It was a game of conquest, one where she intended to emerge victorious. The thrill of breaking a marriage, of taking a man who belonged to someone else, and leaving chaos in her wake was intoxicating. Her VR body was feeding off this intoxication, the pleasure centers alight, amplifying the illicit gratification coursing through her.

Patricia expertly fished out his dick, feeling the throbbing meatiness of it. Richard's eyes darted around, like a disturbed statue, but no one was watching. His eyes returned to meet Patricia's, as she slowly began to work his shaft in public.

Richard's alarm gradually faded, replaced by a look of enraptured surrender. Patricia cooed sweetly, "That's it, baby. Let yourself enjoy the moment. Isn't it liberating to let go?" Her hand continued to work its magic under the table, the danger of the nearby crowd, laughing, chatting, eating, and unaware, amplifying the thrill.

Patricia was slightly surprised when the waiter arrived at their table, but she didn't show it, and she didn't stop stroking Richard's cock, with perfect rhythmic pumps. The young man, with a polite smile, asked, "Are you ready to order dessert, madam, sir?"

Patricia's hidden hand stroked a little faster, as she turned to Richard and ask, "What do you think, babe?" Richard choked on pleasure and shock, looked as if he'd been caught in the headlights of an oncoming vehicle, unable to articulate a response.

Patricia, however, maintained her composure, her thumb tracing the tip of Richard's dick, then back to pumping it again. "Why, yes. We would love to try your special dessert, the chocolate soufflé. Two servings, please."

The waiter scribbled their order and looked to Richard. "Would you like anything else, sir?" he asked, but Richard remained silent, his jaw clenched in silent pleasure, as he simply stared at the waiter.

"Oh, he is quite satisfied with the soufflé, aren't you darling? Why he's so excited, he's about to burst." Patricia chimed in, her voice imbued with mirth.

"Very well, madam. I will be back with your dessert shortly," the waiter said, unaware.

Once they were alone again, Patricia turned her attention back to Richard. She slowed her heavenly hand job down to a nice, soothing pace.

"Aw, poor Richard," Patricia said, moving in closer. Her lips nearly touched his ear, her voice dropping to a whisper. "Your wife doesn't touch you like this. Does she? Too proper, too conservative? Such a goody-good girl."

Richard's eyes widened at her words, unable to refute them. Patricia pressed on, relishing the control she had over him. A huge steady flow of dopamine coursing through her.

"I'm not a good girl, Richard. I love making men feel good. I'd let you put it anywhere, Richard. This is just the beginning. I can make you feel things you've never dreamed of. Things your sad good wife could never do. Just... leave her."

Her words, coupled with her touch, were too much for Richard. All he could do was nod, a silent agreement to the heady promise Patricia offered. Patricia loomed over his crotch and spit a long stream of saliva onto his dick. As it trickle down his shaft, her hand, still stroking, collected the natural lubricant and smeared it all up and down his throbbing cock.

"Say it." She pumped faster. "Say it." And faster.

Richard looked up at the ceiling, "Y... yesssss. I'll... leave... her."

Patricia gave a cruel smile. "Good boy."

Just as Richard was teetering on the edge, Patricia withdrew her hand. The sudden absence of her touch left Richard disoriented and breathless. He looked at her, desperation bleeding into his desire. "I...I must have you. Please," he gasped.

Patricia's eyes sparkled with wicked delight. She leaned back, relishing the sight of the man, so composed and put together, unraveled by her touch. "Well, Richard," she purred, her victory tasting even sweeter than the dessert they were about to have, "It looks like our night is just getting started."

CHAPTER FIVE

Richard's mansion was drenched in an early evening glow, reflecting off the polished marble of the grand entrance. Patricia stood there, leaning against one of the towering white columns, her arms crossed over her prominent chest and a smirk of cruel satisfaction adorning her face.

The sight before her was delightful. Susan, the ex-wife of Richard, a woman defeated in every sense, was hastily shoving her belongings into an Uber that had been called for her. The woman was desperately trying to hold on to her composure, as her privileged lifestyle was being pulled out from under her.

Patricia took a sip from the glass of champagne in her hand, a small hum of contentment escaping her lips. Because of the extremely unfavorable prenuptial Susan had signed, the woman was left with nothing but her clothes, and even they were packed haphazardly into two large suitcases, threatening to burst at the seams. "I would have taken her clothes from her too, but they don't fit me," Patricia thought to herself and chuckled softly, taking another sip of champagne.

With one last glance back at the mansion that was once her home, Richard's ex-wife pleaded, tears glistening in her eyes, "Please, Richard!" Her small voice echoed through the grandeur of the mansion's exterior.

Patricia, always one for theatrics, positioned her body between the two, with a graceful but deliberate motion. Her eyes locked onto Richard's ex-wife with a glint of victorious malice.

"What's done is done, sweetheart," Patricia purred, her voice dripping with condescension. "Your time with him is over."

In her frantic state, the woman stumbled over her suitcase and tumbled onto the driveway, her clothes scattered around her like broken dreams. The sight of the defeated woman on her hands and knees, desperately scrambling to gather her belongings, ignited a spark in Patricia. A surge of arousal shot through her, an electrifying jolt that made her bite down on her lower lip. Her body released several jerks, causing her to spill a bit of her champagne. She was having a mini orgasm, right there, just from thinking about the suffering she was causing in poor Susan. Patricia chuckled to herself, regaining her composure. The woman finally managed to collect her belongings and crawl back into the Uber.

"Mmmm. Loser," Patricia hummed under her breath, her body giving one last little residual spasm.

Richard, looking lost and a bit like a scolded puppy, shifted his gaze from his ex-wife's departing car to Patricia. His eyes held a hint of regret, quickly replaced by resignation.

Patricia noticed his expression and let out a small laugh before extending her hand towards him. "Come on, baby. Let's go inside." She gave him a seductive wink and led the way into the sprawling mansion, her new home. The door closed behind them, leaving behind the echo Susan's sobs, as they went inside and fucked like rabbits.

* * *

The VR room, in the real world, was brimming with a blend of shadow and soft, spectral light - a futuristic cavern filled with screens flickering with data streams and panels beeping with quiet, rhythmic precision. The chair, a sleek piece of modern engineering, cradled Jack, a cockpit for navigating his digital fantasy.

Beneath his visor, Jack's eyes were a flurry of movement, tracking the vivid encounters of Patricia. His breaths were labored, breaking through clenched teeth and escaping in deep, lingering exhales. An occasional word or phrase would escape his lips, a small glimpse of whatever scene he was playing out. He sounded like himself still, but the tenor of his voice had given way to Patricia's sultry tones, and it was becoming more pronounced with each virtual escapade.

Though typically his physical movements were subdued while in VR, recently they had been intensifying. Now, as Patricia, Jack's form stirred within the confines of his sensory chair. His hands, twitched and curled, mirroring her actions in the VR world.

His moans, a soft undercurrent beneath the hum of machinery, punctuated the silence more frequently. As Patricia's encounters escalated, so did the vividness of Jack's physical responses. Each gasp, each soft cry, each shudder began to transcend the boundaries of the digital realm, resonating more profoundly within his physical form.

The line between Jack's reality and Patricia's experiences blurred further. As Patricia's perfect voluptuous body fucked Richard, Jack's male body bucked, his voice rose, echoing Patricia's cries of pleasure. This was more than just a VR-induced mirroring - it was as if Patricia was seeping into him, influencing his physical form, compelling him to respond to her encounters more intensely.

* * *

Sipping on her morning coffee, Sarah looked at the data from Jack's VR sessions, feeling a growing unease. The numbers were promising, but something in Jack's demeanor had changed. He was distant,

less communicative, almost like a stranger. There was also something different about his appearance. Nothing extreme, just little things. He grew out his hair a bit, letting it nearly touch his shoulders. His jawline was ever so slightly softer, rounder, and his frame was more slight, just by a fraction.

"Jack, I'd like to look at the feed of one of your sessions," Sarah said hesitantly, voicing her concern for the first time.

Jack looked up, startled. "No! I mean... no. I'd like to keep those private if you don't mind."

His reaction was sharp, almost defensive, and it made Sarah's concern grow. She pressed, her voice gentle but firm. "Jack, I'm worried about you. I think it would be good for me to understand what's happening in there. It's for your own good."

"I said no!" Jack snapped, his voice rising. "Don't be such a bitch. This was all your idea." His tone was strange, sassy, slightly feminine, and entirely unlike him.

Sarah was stunned, not just that he had called her a name, but also at the way he said it. She could have sworn she heard him let out a little satisfied moan afterward.

"Jack, you've never spoken to me like that before. What's going on? Are you okay?"

"I'm fine!" he spat, his voice dripping with contempt. "Why don't you just mind your own business?"

"Because your well-being is my business," Sarah shot back, her patience wearing thin. "I'm your wife, and I care about you. And frankly, I'm scared. You're changing, and I don't know what's causing it."

"I'm not changing!" Jack said, but there was a hint of uncertainty in his voice. "I'm just exploring new aspects of myself. That's all."

"You're exploring new aspects of yourself by calling me a bitch?" Sarah asked, disbelief in her voice. "By ignoring me? By treating me like a stranger?"

"I didn't mean it like that," Jack said, his voice softening. "It's just... these sessions are personal, and I'd rather keep them that way."

"But Jack, we agreed to be open and honest with each other," Sarah insisted. "We're supposed to be a team. You're keeping secrets from me, and it's affecting our relationship."

Jack rolled his eyes, turned, and started to leave, a strange sway in his hips as he walked, a mannerism Sarah had never noticed before.

"Jack!" she called, her voice breaking. "Please, talk to me. Let me in. Let's figure this out together."

He paused, his back to her, his shoulders tense. After a moment, he turned, his face a mixture of confusion, fear, and anger. "I... I don't know, Sarah. I just need some time. Please, just give me some time."

He walked away, leaving Sarah standing there, feeling lost, confused, and more worried than ever. What was happening to her husband? What was he experiencing in those sessions that was changing him so drastically?

She looked at the data again, her mind racing. She knew she had to find out, to understand what was happening to Jack before it was too late. But how? And what would she find if she did?

* * *

Jack's fingers trembled as he prepared to plug back into the machine. The memory of his conversation with Sarah played in his mind, a mix of guilt and pleasure swirling within him. He knew he'd been harsh, cruel even, but he couldn't deny that it had felt good, liberating in a twisted way.

"I shouldn't have called her that," he muttered to himself, knowing that his behavior was out of line. "But she shouldn't have pushed me."

The thoughts raced in his mind, conflicting emotions pulling at him. He considered whether he had a problem, whether his obsession with Patricia and the virtual world was unhealthy. But he dismissed the idea almost as quickly as it came.

"I'm fine," he told himself, his voice firm with conviction. "I can stop whenever I want. I will stop. I just need to be Patricia a little more. There's nothing wrong with that. It's all just a simulation."

Before he put the helmet on, Jack glanced at himself in a nearby mirror, and a sick feeling twisted in his stomach. His reflection stared back at him, his male features a stark contrast to the feminine persona he'd come to embrace. A sharp, internal pain struck him, a rejection of his own image, his own identity.

He scoffed at his reflection, a look of disgust on his face. "Pathetic," he muttered, turning away.

He reached for the helmet, the familiar weight of it in his hands a comfort and a curse. As he put it on, he tried to push the doubts, the fears, and the guilt to the back of his mind. Patricia was waiting for him, and he needed her, craved her.

The real world, with its problems and its challenges, faded away as he lost himself once again in the simulation.

* * *

Life as Patricia had become opulent and lavish, but a nagging restlessness began to grow in her. Being the wealthy wife of Richard, the homewrecker who had taken everything from him, had given her a thrill unlike any other. But now that thrill had waned, replaced by a boredom that gnawed at her very soul.

She found herself wandering through the vast mansion, its grand halls filled with priceless art and decadent furnishings, but devoid of any real excitement or challenge. Even Richard, once a source of conquest and desire, had become a dull boy, simple and vanilla.

"I need more," Patricia found herself thinking, her virtual body yearning for something, anything, that would make her feel alive again.

The idea struck her like a bolt of lightning: why stop at Richard? Why not take it further, push the boundaries, explore the deepest, darkest corners of desire?

She began to bring simulated muscular, handsome men to the mansion. One by one, they came, enticed by Patricia's beauty and power, ready to do her bidding.

Soft moans and rustling sheets could be heard from Patricia and Richard's master bedroom. Richard, who had been away on business, had decided to come home early. A series of events that Jack had deliberately programmed into the simulation. The house seemed strangely cold as Richard made his way to their room, suspecting something was amiss.

As he opened the door, the horrifying scene before him stopped him dead in his tracks. Patricia was in bed, tangled in the arms of two muscular young men, caught in a moment of passionate intimacy. One of them was fucking her from behind, as Patricia pushed back, her thick juicy ass slapping into his hard hips. The other stud kneeled in front of her as Patricia bobbed her head back and forth, sucking his huge cock with sloppy gusto. She was working them like a pro. Her body was a thing possessed, a weapon of pure pleasure.

"Patricia!" Richard exclaimed, his voice full of shock and betrayal.

Patricia's eyes snapped to Richard, and a wicked smile played across her lips, as she slipped the hung hunk's dick out her mouth with a pop. She didn't stop everything though, continuing her carnal dance, jerking of the man in front of her and twerking on the cock behind her. Patricia felt a surge of pleasure.

"Richard, darling," Patricia purred, her eyes gleaming with malicious delight. "You're home early. Care to join us?"

Richard's face turned ashen. "What...what is this, Patricia? How could you?"

Patricia's laughter rang out, cold and cruel. "Oh, Richard, don't be such a prude. I'm simply exploring my desires. You should try it sometime."

"I can't believe this," Richard whispered, tears welling in his eyes. "You're my wife. How could you do this to me?"

Each word was a dagger aimed at Richard's heart. "Your wife? Richard, that's such an outdated concept. We're beyond that now, aren't we?" Patricia's perfect hand job sped up, and she pushed back even harder, encouraging the man behind her, inside her.

"No, Patricia, we're not. This is wrong. You know it's wrong," Richard pleaded.

Patricia's eyes narrowed, and her voice dropped to a seductive whisper. "Wrong? What's wrong, Richard, is denying ourselves pleasure. Denying our true nature."

Richard's heart was breaking, the pain etched on his face. "This isn't you, Patricia. This isn't the woman I married."

"The woman you married is evolving, Richard. She's growing, discovering herself. And these men," she gestured at the two strangers as she continued to pleasure them, "are helping me do just that."

The cruelty in Patricia's voice, the pleasure she took in Richard's suffering, was becoming almost second nature to her. Jack no longer needed the artificial encouragement from the simulated body. The desire to manipulate, to control, to hurt was becoming a part of him.

Richard couldn't take his eyes away from the man's 10 inches cock as it slid in and out of his wife's tight cunt. He watched in horror as her pussy lips gripped the stud's long shaft, and as her ass rippled like jello when they collided.

Richard's knees gave way, and he slumped to the floor, tears streaming down his face. "Please, Patricia, stop this madness. Let's talk about this. Let's find a way to fix what's wrong."

Patricia's voice was cold as ice. "Fix nothing, Richard. This is who I am now. This is what I want. This is what I deserve." And as she spoke, the cock she stroked squirted load after load onto her tits. She smiled and collected a thick glob of it onto her finger.

"I can't," Richard whispered, his voice full of desperation.

"You don't have to watch, Richard," Patricia said, her voice dripping with scorn, "But you will accept it. You will learn to like it..." she licked the cum off of her fingers, with relish, "...or you will lose me forever."

Richard watched her, his sobs filling the room, a haunting sound that echoed through the mansion. Patricia's face was impassive, her eyes devoid of any emotion. Her eyes dart down to his crotch and noticed he was tenting his pants. She smiled. She had him.

"I'll try, Patricia. I'll try." Richard finally whispered, his voice defeated. "I'll do whatever you want. Just don't leave me."

She smiled, a wicked grin that promised nothing but more pain and humiliation. "That's my good boy."

From that moment on, Richard was nothing more than a broken man. Patricia brought stud after stud to the mansion, letting them live there, taking them to her bed while Richard was forced to watch. The house became a den of iniquity, filled with the sounds of pleasure and the moans of ecstasy. Each night, she lay on the huge bed, surrounded by her muscular lovers, a sly smile on her face as she drifted off to sleep. At the foot of the bed, Richard cried, his body wracked with sobs, his life in ruins.

In the real world, Jack's pants were soaked with cum.

CHAPTER SIX

The virtual mansion had transformed into Patricia's playground, a vast expanse dominated by carnal desires and hedonistic pursuits. Gargantuan in size and opulence, the mansion reflected Patricia's insatiable need for more, for power and control.

The grounds teemed with muscular men, glistening in the sun, scantily clad, each one more chiseled and tantalizing than the next. They laughed, flirted, and awaited Patricia's beck and call. Each one of them had been chosen by Patricia, a symbol of her authority and dominion over this reality.

She walked through her living fantasy, the queen of her domain. The men fawned over her, offering massages, drinks, or simply their company, anything to please her. But, Patricia, or rather, Jack in Patricia's guise, was never satisfied for long.

At the edge of this paradise, tucked away behind tall hedges and almost invisible, stood a small, decrepit dog house. The nameplate on it read: "Richard." It was here that Patricia kept the remnants of her husband, a sad, broken man who had once been the lord of this mansion.

Richard's simulated days were mostly spent in solitude, imprisoned in his tiny abode, with only his thoughts for company. He reminisced about the days gone by, when love and laughter echoed through the mansion, when Patricia was the loving wife who could please him like no other.

But those days were a distant memory now. Occasionally, Patricia would saunter over to the dog house, a wicked gleam in her eyes, to let Richard out for a short while. It was never for a moment of compassion but rather another opportunity to assert her dominance, to remind him of his fall from grace.

One such evening, after a particularly wild party, Patricia approached Richard's cage with a cruel smirk.

"Come out," she ordered.

Richard hesitated for a moment but then slowly crawled out, his body aching from the confined space.

Patricia, surrounded by a few of her favorite men, said, "Clean me up. And be thorough."

Richard's heart clenched in humiliation. But he had no choice. He did as he was told, trying to shut out the mocking laughter and jeers from the men around, as he licked her cum drenched vagina.

After he was done and swallowed, Patricia nonchalantly waved him off. "Back to your hole."

But as the days turned into nights and the nights into days, even this world of endless pleasure wasn't enough for Patricia. Jack needed more. The void within him seemed to grow, an unending chasm of desire and longing, like an addict chasing the dragon.

* * *

One evening, while browsing through the VR interface on a floating virtual tablet, she found a folder labeled 'Sub Characters'. It was adjacent to the Patricia v2 program she was so familiar with.

"What's this?" She said to herself, kicking off the three men who sucked on her fingers and toes.

As her slender finger hovered over the folder, she felt a twinge of excitement, her virtual heart rate quickening. Opening it, she was presented with an array of character files, but one name immediately caught her eye: Sarah.

There was a spark of recognition. "Sarah? As in... my Sarah?" Patricia mused. Jack's memories of the real Sarah, the stringent supervisor with the cold demeanor and a boring fashion sense, flashed before her. His recent encounters with Sarah had been anything but pleasant. She had been questioning him, pestering him, almost becoming an... adversary?

An unexpected rush of arousal coursed through Patricia's body at the prospect of having the once-formidable Sarah in a space where she had total control. Jack's conscience tried to reign in the excitement, reminding him of the morality of the situation, but Patricia's simulation-fed dopamine countered, bolstering the cruel possibilities.

Images of Sarah in compromising, submissive scenarios filled his mind. Jack imagined the cutting remarks Patricia could throw, the dominance she could exert. With each malicious thought, Patricia's virtual body was flooded with pleasure, making it harder for Jack to remember the line between right and wrong.

One of the men attending to Patricia noticed the far-off look in her eyes. "Is there something troubling you, my queen?" he asked, genuine concern in his voice.

Patricia looked at him, a sly smile playing on her lips. "Just thinking about an old... friend," she replied cryptically.

The virtual men around her exchanged glances but didn't question her further. They were, after all, mere constructs, designed to obey and please.

She found herself in a battle of morality and desire. Jack's memories of Sarah, her incessant interventions, her continuous nagging supported Patricia's need to exert dominance over the Sarah avatar. It would be so easy. Yet, another part of Jack's mind questioned the implications of doing so.

The room's ambiance began to change. The men sensed Patricia's internal conflict and paused, watching her with a mix of reverence and confusion. Their queen, usually so assured, seemed to be battling an unseen foe.

The virtual tablet was still open, and Patricia's finger hovered over the 'load' button next to Sarah's avatar. The decision was monumental. He knew it was wrong, that it was crossing a line even in this simulated world. But the allure was too strong. The rush of dopamine, the thrill of dominance, was intoxicating.

With a wicked smile, Patricia finally whispered to herself, "It's just a simulation after all." And with a resolute tap, she loaded the Sarah character.

A swirl of shapes and colors swarmed about the foot of the bed, until they collapsed into the physical representation of Sarah, her head bowed. Sarah looked up, her brow furrowed as she took in the lavish surroundings. Upon seeing Patricia, she hesitated, clearly struggling to make sense of her environment. "Jack? Is that you?" she inquired, her voice filled with bewilderment.

Patricia stood up and tilted her head, "Jack? Do I look like a Jack?" She held her hands close to her breasts, framing her huge, perfect breasts.

"Jack, what are you doing here?" Sarah continued.

Patricia smirked, her crimson lips curling in amusement. "Interesting. You can see through my digital form. Let's fix that." Quickly, Patricia adjusted the programming, causing Sarah's perception to shift dramatically.

Sarah's eyes widened momentarily, with a hint of confusion flashing. She tried speaking. "J... J... J... Pa... Patricia?"

Patricia laughed, a cruel and lilting sound. "That's right, Sarah. Although I'm not the Patricia you'd remember. I'm so much better."

Sarah looked at Patricia with a mixture of fear and defiance. "You... you look like Patricia, the bully who tormented me. But you can no longer hurt me, Pa - "

"Shush!" Patricia circled Sarah, like a cat stalking its prey. "It's cute that you think you have a say in this world. You are so... bothersome, standing in the way of such fun."

Sarah held her ground, trying to hide her fear. "I'm a strong, confident woman and -."

"Shut the fuck up, loser! Mmmm. Ha! You dumb bitch!" A shiver of pleasure coursed through Patricia. Her cruelty was not just emotionally gratifying but also sensationally rewarding.

"You know, Sarah, it's a delightful paradox," Patricia purred, her voice oozing with malice. "Your defiance, your little protests—they just make this all the more enjoyable for me."

Sarah's eyes flashed with anger, but her voice remained steady as he started to shout. But Patricia, lost

in her newfound sensations, barely heard Sarah's retort. With every mean word, every cruel jibe, her body responded more fervently. Her breath grew quicker, her fingers danced on her skin, and she reveled in the mounting pleasure, building and building.

Patricia caught the end of Sarah's rant, "... some kind of sick sadist? But you won't bring me down anymore!"

Patricia leaned in close, whispering in Sarah's ear. "You ain't seen nothing yet."

In a moment, Patricia flicked through a few of Sarah's personality settings, finding one labeled 'submissive', and slid the bar up to near maximum. Then she stepped back to observe her handywork.

The simulated world wavered for a moment, responding to Patricia's will. The defiant fire in Sarah's eyes dimmed slightly, her once firm posture now more pliable. Patricia noted the change with satisfaction.

"Mmmmuch better," Patricia purred, enjoying the sensation of control she just wielded. "Do you feel different, Sarah?" She asked sarcastically.

Sarah looked up, her eyes no longer holding their former spark. "I... I don't know," she admitted weakly.

Patricia circled Sarah, her voice dripping with enmity. "You've always thought you were so smart, so strong. But in reality, you're just a pathetic, little bitch girl, yearning for approval. Waa waa!"

Sarah's lips quivered, but she fought to hold back her tears. "Why are you doing this?"

"Because it's fun," Patricia responded with a cruel smile. "Every time I break you down, it sends waves of... mmm... pleasure through me. Can't you see how much I'm enjoying this?" She continued, her voice breathless with arousal. Her body seemed to slowly slither, as her thighs rubbed together, and her hands kneaded her tits.

Sarah lowered her head, trying to hide her face from Patricia's hypnotic body. "I won't let you defeat me," she murmured.

"Oh, but I already have," Patricia countered, relishing in the torment she was causing. "Tell me, Sarah slut, how does it feel knowing that you're completely powerless against me?"

With each cruel remark, Patricia felt a heady rush, pushing her deeper into a state of ecstasy. The more she belittled and degraded Sarah, the stronger the sensations became. She was touching her own moist pussy now, teasing her clit. Jack couldn't remember when that started, and didn't care.

"I'm not... powerless," Sarah replied, her voice soft. But even she seemed unsure of her words.

"Awwwww. Yes you are." Patricia said, soaked in condescension. "Now..."

Patricia pointed to her perfect feet. "Kneel," she commanded.

Sarah hesitated for a moment, but then her knees buckled, and she slowly sank to the ground.

"That's it," Patricia cooed, "accept your place below me."

Sarah's shoulders shook as she tried to fight back her emotions. But her voice, when she finally spoke, was full of despair. "What do you want from me?"

"I want you to admit that you're nothing," Patricia hissed. "That you've always been nothing. An annoying little insect, always in the way."

Sarah's breath hitched, and she choked back a sob. "Please, stop..."

The desperate plea from Sarah made Patricia's body briefly spasm with pleasure. Each word, each cruel taunt thrown at Sarah, amplified a feeling inside Patricia's digital body that Jack had never before experienced. Everything before this was a sideshow to the feelings she was experiencing now. The sensation surged like an electric current, charging every virtual nerve, turning every cruel word into a potent hit of dopamine. The world around him seemed to blur and fade, leaving only the delicious high of power and dominance.

Every time Sarah flinched or her voice wavered, the euphoria inside Patricia intensified. It was like a symphony playing just for him—a cacophony of emotion that was as intoxicating as it was destructive. Jack was in heaven. He wanted to abandon everything and feel like this forever.

A fleeting thought crossed Jack's mind: Can I actually lose myself entirely in this? The boundaries between his reality and Patricia's personality seemed to be dissolving. Jack was on the precipice, looking down into an abyss of pure hedonistic desire. He was nearly overwhelmed by the seductive pull, the urge to abandon his former self and become Patricia completely.

But Patricia was relentless. "Say it, Sarah. Say that you're worthless." She licked her soaked fingers and went back to mashing her dripping pussy.

For a long moment, there was silence. Then, Sarah whispered, "I'm... worthless."

The cruel victory was almost too much for Patricia, driving her to the edge of her senses. Immediately she started to cum, and squirt, and shake, and convulse. Without looking, she grabbed Sarah's head and jammed her face into her crotch. For a moment, everything else disappeared – there was only Patricia, Sarah's tongue, and the dizzying high of cruelty. Jack was losing himself, piece by piece, willingly getting consumed by Patricia's persona and the sensations she evoked. The room was alive, like a violent tornado of sound and pleasure, when suddenly... the simulated environment glitched.

"What is going on here?!" A faceless voice shouted.

A shimmering form solidified in the virtual space next to the two women. It was another Sarah, the real Sarah. Her eyes, filled with fury, darted between Patricia and the kneeling form of her simulated self.

Caught off guard, Jack stepped back, stunned by the sudden intrusion. The room was thick with tension, and for a moment only the sound of breathing could be heard.

CHAPTER SEVEN

In the luminescent virtual space, Sarah stood, her face a canvas of confusion and burgeoning horror. Sarah had never imagined she'd witness such a grotesque parody of herself, a manipulated, subservient version standing before Patricia, before Jack.

"Jack... What the hell is going on here? Why... Why are you Patricia? Why is she here, like this?" Sarah stuttered, her eyes darting between the degraded version of herself and Patricia-Jack, her face going pale as she tried to process the bizarre, unsettling scenery.

Jack felt a guttural fear twinging in his stomach, the sexual exhilaration fizzling out abruptly as he was caught in the act. The Patricia in him wanted to snap back, to engage in this perverted power play, but the Jack within was horrified, feeling an immediate, nauseating shame.

"I... Sarah, I can explain..." Jack stuttered, his form wavering as if caught between the urge to maintain the cruelty of Patricia and the familiar love and connection he held with Sarah.

Sarah's eyes were welling up, her voice breaking as she asked in a tremulous whisper, "Explain? Jack, this... this is sick. Why would you do this? Why Patricia of all people? She tormented me for years."

Jack felt like the virtual floor beneath him was falling away, exposing a void of despair and self-hatred. "Sarah, it wasn't meant to be like this. I... I didn't expect you to see this. It was a... a private fantasy."

Sarah took a step back, visibly shaking, her face reflecting a myriad of emotions – fear, confusion, heartbreak, anger – as she said, "A fantasy of what? Abusing a version of me? And... and transforming into my childhood bully to do it? Jack, I don't even recognize you anymore."

Sarah paused, taking in Jack's altered appearance more clearly, her voice shaking as she spoke, "And your body, I mean your actual body... you're changing Jack, not just here, but in real life. The machine's molecular resonator is doing something... strange. You're starting to look a bit like her, you know. More feminine, softer... I didn't want to believe it but..."

Jack felt a sudden surge of perverse pleasure at Sarah's words, the Patricia in him greedily soaking in the acknowledgment of the transformation. He hadn't noticed. Was he really starting to look more like... her? The arousal soared to an agonizing peak, his body reacting with an overwhelming craving for more degradation, more transformation. It was so irresistible, a wicked delight taking over as he began to feel himself inching closer to a point of no return.

But the pleasure quickly morphed into a sick realization as he saw the hurt and shock in Sarah's eyes.

Her face turned red with anger as she noticed the shift in Jack's demeanor, the twisted enjoyment that was surfacing despite the gravity of the moment.

"You...you're getting off on this? On being her, on hurting me?" Sarah shouted, her voice cracking with the strain of holding back tears, a piercing sound that seemed to vibrate in the digital space, hitting Jack like a physical blow.

"No, no Sarah, I-" Jack started, but Sarah's face hardened, her eyes now ablaze with anger and betrayal. He felt a pang of desperation, his heart constricting in painful realization as he saw the depth of Sarah's hurt.

Sarah's voice became steadier, but cold, filled with an anger rooted in deep pain as she spoke, "I never thought... I never thought you'd stoop so low, Jack. This is... This is just... perverse. You're letting this fantasy consume you, change you."

Sarah looked around the VR space, her gaze landing on the diminished, abused form of her virtual self, a tear rolling down her cheek as she whispered with a broken heart, "Doesn't our marriage mean more than... than this grotesque fetish?"

Jack felt like he was being torn in two, the urges inspired by Patricia clashing violently with the horrified, guilty conscience of Jack, the man who loved and valued Sarah more than anything.

"I'm so sorry, Sarah..." Jack managed to whisper, the words heavy with regret and self-loathing, as the Patricia personality felt like a parasite within him, tugging at his desires, leading him to indulge in the forbidden, the disgraceful.

Sarah took a few more steps back, tears streaming down her face, her voice breaking as she spoke, almost to herself, "I need to save us from this. This nightmare has to end, Jack."

Without another word, Sarah reached up to her head, the sound of her sobbing echoing in the virtual space as she removed her VR helmet, leaving a dense silence that felt like a chasm of loss, regret, and irreparable damage.

In the VR space, Jack was left alone, an agonized figure caught in a whirlpool of self-inflicted trauma, a realization hitting hard.

He felt a sudden jolt of instability. The vibrant and rich environment started to sputter, colors draining away as if being sucked by an invisible force, textures becoming nondescript and formless. His heart raced, a surge of panic seizing him as he tried to comprehend what was happening.

Sarah's submissive digital doppelganger blinked out of existence abruptly, followed by a rapid degeneration of the environment, a disintegration that was both chaotic and systematic. It was as if someone was erasing the world around him, line by line, object by object. Each disappearance was accompanied by a flicker of fear, a sharp jolt of loss as pieces of his digital playground vanished into the engulfing abyss.

An anger began to kindle within him, a fiery rage against the breaking of his world, the stripping of his power, and control. But as quickly as the anger surfaced, it was overshadowed by a dawning realization of the gravity of what was happening.

A nervous dread filled him, the platform under him starting to shake violently, a prelude to its dissolution. He felt himself getting shorter, the Patricia persona thinning out, vanishing in patches to reveal Jack's image underneath, leaving him standing in a vast, empty void, heart pounding in anticipation of the unknown.

Suddenly, he felt a pulling sensation, an inexorable force drawing him back to reality, back to the consequences of his actions. With a final, desperate cry, Jack felt himself jerked violently out of the VR world, dragged back to face a reality where Sarah awaited, a reality that now felt colder, more distant, and frighteningly real.

As Jack removed the VR helmet, the smells of the room — a mixture of dust and the lingering aroma of sweat and cum— immediately filled his senses, suddenly more potent and present than anything he had experienced in the digital world. Blinking, the room slowly came into focus, a jarring contrast from the fluid and fluctuating environment he was in just moments ago.

He saw Sarah, her face flushed and drawn tight in anger and hurt, moving towards the door, the main hard drive of the VR setup clutched in her hand like a captured enemy. Jack's eyes lingered on it, on the small box that held worlds of pleasure, pain, and now, betrayal.

Swallowing hard, he glanced down at himself, his heart pounding in his chest, its rhythm echoing loudly in his ears. There was a subtle change in his physique; his limbs seemed slightly slender, his skin a bit smoother. An uncanny valley between his previous self and Patricia, an amalgamation that was both familiar and stranger. The changes were minor, yet undeniably there, creating a swirl of fear and strange excitement that pooled in his stomach, a cauldron of conflict within him.

His breathing quickened as a struggle within erupted, an oscillating cycle of regret and a strange, perverse joy that emanated from seeing parts of Patricia in him. The joy, however, was fleeting, quickly overpowered by the gravity of Sarah leaving and the literal disconnection she was carrying out.

With a shaky breath, Jack stood, hesitating before finally propelling himself from the room, his feet feeling heavier with each step as he pursued Sarah. He found her in her office, a space of her own filled with hints of her personality, her likes, her passions, a space where they had shared countless laughs and serious discussions, a space that now seemed cold and divided.

Standing on the threshold, words choked in his throat, an apology, a plea, a justification, all jumbled and tangled. But before he could even begin to form a sentence, she spoke, her voice steady yet carrying a ripple of hurt underneath, "I think it's best if you sleep on the couch for a while."

He nodded, swallowing hard, the lump in his throat stubborn and painful. His eyes went to the hard drive on her desk, an object now representing much more than a piece of technology. It stood between them like a monument to betrayal, a testament to the deep fissure that had formed in their relationship.

As he watched, Sarah placed her hand firmly over it, shielding it, protecting herself from the dark vortex it contained. Her gaze was firm, an unyielding barrier as she said, the finality echoing in her voice, "You can go now."

And as he turned, a torrid mix of shame, regret, and loss spiraled in him, a whirlpool of negative emotions dragging him down, yet within it, a stubborn ember of that perverse joy flickered, refusing to be extinguished. It was a fragment of Patricia, a part that lingered, making his walk to the lonely couch a journey fraught with complex, troubling emotions, a journey that seemed far longer than it should be, burdened with the gravity of actions that could not be undone.

* * *

In a surreal yet hauntingly familiar space, a crimson hue bathed the room, casting shadows that danced with the flame of desire, pulsating and beckoning Jack deeper into the fantastical scene. Patricia stood before him, a vision of captivating allure in a red dress that seemed to capture the essence of seduction itself, a visual symphony of temptation and danger weaving seamlessly together.

Patricia moved gracefully, swaying hypnotically to a silent rhythm that echoed in the chambers of Jack's heart, pulsing in harmony with the beat that reverberated in his chest, louder and faster with each passing moment. She was exploring her own body with languid, sensual strokes of her hands, tracing paths across her form that seemed to invite him to discover uncharted territories of pleasure and forbidden fantasy.

Her gaze fixated on him, eyes heavy with a seduction that bore into his very soul, a gaze that whispered secrets and unveiled hidden desires, offering him everything he ever yearned for, all his suppressed urges and buried dreams brought to the surface in a maelstrom of raw, unchecked passion.

"This is what you want. This is what you need," Patricia's voice curled around him, a siren's call that reverberated in every fiber of his being, resonating with a truth that shook him to his core. The world spun around him as she beckoned, her words an intimate caress, reaching deep into the recesses of his mind, unlocking doors he had kept tightly sealed.

The seductive figure stepped closer, her hypnotic movements drawing him in as she whispered, a hushed yet insistent plea that wound around him, seeping into his psyche, binding and pulling him closer to her. "Come to me, Jack. Be with me... forever."

The borders of reality seemed to blur as Patricia reached out to him, her hand stretching towards him in an invitation of eternal pleasure, a promise of unending fulfillment as Jack's heart raced, his entire being captivated by the magnetic pull of her presence, an overpowering urge to succumb to the enticing world Patricia was offering him.

But just as he felt himself succumb, ready to abandon all rationale, to step into the abyss of boundless desire, the crimson hue that bathed the room began to fade, the intense connection breaking as if snapped by force.

Reality crashed down like a tidal wave as Jack jolted awake, the dream shattered abruptly, leaving him in a sea of cold sweat, the echoes of Patricia's words still ringing in his ears. He was shivering, his skin clammy and his breath uneven, grappling with the sudden, unwelcome, return.

In the darkness of the living room, laying back on the couch, an overwhelming need seized him, a desperate craving to be Patricia again, to immerse himself in the role that offered freedom, pleasure, and a heady rush of power. A rush that had become a drug, seducing him with the promise of limitless pleasure and forbidden experiences.

A seed of resentment began to grow within him, a gnawing realization that Sarah stood as the barrier to his desires, the person who had severed his connection to the intoxicating world of Patricia. And as he laid there, trembling and soaked, the seed grew and a plan began to take root in the pit of his stomach, a plan fueled by desperation and desire.

A resolve began to crystallize, a treacherous path opening before him, a path that led to Patricia, a path where he could satiate his burning desires at any cost. Jack felt a dark determination solidifying within him, the birth of a idea that promised to reunite him with the enigmatic and entrancing Patricia, to become her, to live out the intoxicating fantasies that haunted his every waking moment. He would find a way, no matter the consequences.

CHAPTER EIGHT

The living room had a stillness about it, a sort of tense expectation hanging in the air as Jack found Sarah sitting there, a book resting unattended in her lap. The past few days had been a whirlwind of silent meals and avoided glances, but Jack knew this charade couldn't continue. He needed to bridge this chasm between them, or at least appear to.

"Sarah?" he began, his voice a mix of rehearsed uncertainty and feigned distress.

She looked up, her expression guarded. "Yes?"

He took a deep breath, as if gathering the strength to confess his deepest sins. "I've been doing a lot of thinking," Jack started, edging closer but careful to maintain a respectful distance. "About everything... us, me, that—" he gestured vaguely, unwilling to directly reference the VR, "—machine."

Sarah's posture stiffened, but she didn't interrupt.

"I can't shake this feeling of being utterly lost," he continued, his voice a well of crafted despair. "I didn't realize it until now, how deep I'd gone... how much I was trying to escape. But it wasn't real. None of it was real."

The silence stretched between them, taut as a wire.

"And?" Sarah prompted, a hint of impatience in her tone.

Jack's eyes met hers, imbuing as much sincerity into his gaze as he could muster. "I believe we need help, professional help. I do, certainly. Maybe we... we could consider couples therapy?"

Her eyebrows knit together, contemplating, evaluating the truth in his words. "Therapy? You're saying you want us to see a therapist about this... this obsession of yours?"

"Yes, obsession, addiction, whatever it is, it's clear I can't handle it on my own." Jack exhaled, feigning relief at the admission. "I need to understand why I did what I did, why I chose a fantasy over our reality. And I'm scared, Sarah. I'm scared of what it's already done to us, what it might still do if left unaddressed."

For a long moment, Sarah just stared at him, searching his face for the sincerity of his words. He met her gaze steadily, knowing that any deceit detected now would ruin everything.

"You're really willing to work through this? With a therapist?" she asked, the frost in her voice thawing

just a bit.

"Absolutely," he replied without hesitation. "I want to fix this. Fix us. I want to find our way back to how things used to be, before... all this." He waved his hand vaguely, encompassing the tension, the VR machine, the silent days, everything.

Sarah sighed, a long, weary sound that spoke of her internal turmoil. "Okay, Jack. Okay. We'll try therapy. But this," she gestured around as he did, "this gets dealt with too. No more VR. No more Patricia. Agreed?"

Jack's heart skipped but he kept his expression neutral, earnest. "Agreed. No more hiding, no more running from reality."

She nodded slowly, still hesitant, but with a glimmer of something hopeful in her eyes. "We'll start looking for someone tomorrow then."

Jack offered a small, contrite smile, "Thank you, Sarah. We'll get through this, I promise."

As he turned to leave, his heart was pounding not from the fear of losing Sarah, but from the exhilaration of the act. The first step was complete, the stage set for his secret return to Patricia.

That night, on the couch, Jack touched himself and massaged his barely noticeable budding breasts, the small bit of evidence that suggested it was actually possible to becoming Patricia... for real.

His mind abuzz with promising images and the shadow of triumph dancing in his periphery. He'd mapped it all out — the simple strategy to coax Sarah out, secure the hard drive, and immerse himself one last glorious time in that rapturous persona that had become his obsession. The thrill pulsed within him, a live wire coursing through his veins.

But as sleep began to blur the sharp corners of his thoughts, a gnawing guilt slunk in, casting a pall over his excitement. It was a tether, that guilt, binding him to a reality he was desperate to escape yet couldn't fully abandon.

Drifting into the realm of dreams, Patricia materialized from the mist, more enchanting than ever. Her dress clung to her like a second skin, shimmering with an otherworldly luminescence. She was no mere figment but a promise, a fulfillment of every hidden desire.

"Jack," her voice was a sultry hum, wrapping around him like silk. "We're troubled, my love."

He found himself nodding, caught in the tempest of his emotions. "It's... it's all so overwhelming, Patricia. We're being torn apart."

"We're standing at destiny's door," she purred, closing the distance between them, her aura enveloping him. "But remember, darling, destiny is ours to seize, to mold, to relish."

He gazed at her, eyes stinging, the very fabric of his being resonating with her words. "It needs to end, though, doesn't it? This... fixation. It's an illusion. Even if the machine changes us, it's insufficient. After I

retrieve the hard drive and get one last taste, it'll be the final curtain."

A knowing smile played on Patricia's lips, her eyes sparkling with secrets. "Is that the end we desire, Jack? Or the end you believe you're supposed to desire?"

"I don't know!" His voice cracked, the confession ripping from his chest.

"Shh," Patricia soothed, her fingers tracing the contour of his jaw, igniting his skin wherever they touched. "It's alright to fear the unknown, my sweet. But fear is a choice. And so is surrender."

He leaned into her, her touch a fire he didn't want to extinguish. "But these choices... they could harm those I care for."

Patricia's face softened, her gaze intimate, piercing. "Sometimes, darling, we need to risk the flame to rise from the ashes. But fear not; you're not alone. You'll never be alone with me, with us."

Her form began to dissipate, her essence a cascade of stars in the darkness, but her voice anchored him to the spot. "Remember, Jack. The machine. There's a fail-safe. Remember the fail-safe."

He awoke to a world washed in the gray light of the early dawn, her scent still in the air, her echo in the stillness. "The fail-safe." He whispered the word. What would that do? If he just switched it off and let the machine run, unencumbered. No, he thought to himself. He shouldn't. That's going too far. Right? The question loomed over him as he fell back to sleep to get a couple more hours rest, before the big day.

* * *

In the morning, Jack lay sprawled on the couch, feigning a pallor of illness, his breathing deliberately labored to draw concern. After the VR debacle Sarah didn't trust him, she became a constant presence, not once venturing outside. But today, Jack's plan required her absence. He only hoped that his earlier confession was enough to alleviate some of her concern.

"Jack?" Sarah's voice, tinged with anxiety, disrupted the stillness. She appeared in the doorway, dressed for the lab but her focus entirely on the domestic tableau before her.

"I feel terrible," Jack groaned, putting on a convincing show of discomfort, his hand on his stomach. "I'm dizzy, and this nausea..." he let his voice trail off, his face contorted into a grimace.

Sarah's forehead creased as she came closer, her hand instinctively reaching for his brow, checking for a fever. "You're not running a temperature," she observed, her mind visibly sifting through the facts.

"Well, I hope you're better by Monday. Our first session with the therapist, Dr. Mathers."

Then, she froze, her eyes widening in realization. "This could be from the VR. These symptoms... they might be a reaction, some kind of side effect we didn't anticipate."

Jack kept his face neutral, feigning ignorance. "Could it be? I thought it was something I ate, or maybe a bug. Maybe Covid." he mumbled, steering her thoughts.

Sarah looked conflicted but considered his suggestion. "Maybe, but we can't ignore the timing, Jack. This VR tech is advanced, experimental. We don't fully understand its implications yet. Especially after... what happened."

"I know," Jack sighed, his expression one of resigned concern. "Could you maybe head to the store for me? We need some medicine, and um... soup. I'd normally do it, but right now, I just can't."

She hesitated, glancing toward her office as if something was beckoning her there, suspicion flickering briefly in her eyes. But, eventually, concern for Jack won over. "Okay, just... stay put. I'll be back as soon as I can."

"Ok." he replied, his voice soft.

She paused at the door, her hand on the knob, and looked back at him, her eyes a complex interplay of emotions. "I love you." she said, the words heavy with unspoken fears.

The moment the door closed behind her, Jack's pretense crumbled. Energized, he sprang up from the couch, his mind ablaze with thoughts of Patricia, the hard drive in Sarah's office, and the irresistible pull of the VR world. Guilt tugged at the corners of his mind for manipulating Sarah's emotions, but it was quickly smothered by his overwhelming need. He had a singular focus now — to be Patricia once again, no matter the cost.

He sprang from the couch and dashed to Sarah's office, his heart pounding in his ears like an ominous drum. The room, usually a haven of tranquility and thought for Sarah, now felt like the epicenter of his desperation.

The hard drive was his singular focus, the key to Patricia and the surreal, intoxicating world that awaited him. He rifled through Sarah's meticulously organized drawers and files, papers and pens clattering in his wake. But the hard drive remained elusive, hidden away as if it sensed his frantic need.

His breaths came in sharp jags as he scanned the room, and then he saw it — the vault. It was a compact, steel construct, innocuous among the academic clutter, yet he knew it held what he so desperately sought.

"Think, Jack, think," he muttered to himself, raking his hands through his hair. "She's a creature of logic, not spontaneity. There's a reason behind her password, something... something she won't forget."

His mind raced through possibilities, significant dates, their anniversaries, her parent's birthdays, the day they met, the day they married. Each attempt met with the same, unyielding denial from the vault's digital keypad.

Panic clawed at his chest, a reminder of the time ticking away with each failed attempt. Jack took a deep breath and after a long pause in thought, he entered his own birthday. The vault's lock disengaged with a soft click that sounded like victory.

"I'm her password..." he whispered, the revelation mingling with an ache he didn't expect. It was a stark reminder of the life he was defying, of the love that he was betraying in his pursuit of this digital fantasy.

Pushing the thought aside, he grabbed the hard drive, its weight in his hands both a literal and figurative burden. With it secured, Jack hurried to the basement, to the sanctum of wires and screens where Patricia awaited.

Descending the stairs, his conflicting emotions battled. The basement lab's subdued lighting cast long shadows, transforming the room into a tableau of half-seen shapes and lurking doubts. Jack's hands were steady but his heart wasn't, thudding erratically as he clutched the hard drive like a lifeline. "One step at a time, Jack," he muttered to himself, his voice a lone anchor in the quiet. "Just set everything up. Routine."

The basement lab was dimly lit, a cavern of both technological marvels and deep personal secrets. Jack's footsteps echoed slightly as he descended, each step heavier than the last, a physical manifestation of the internal weight he carried. In his hands, the hard drive felt strangely warm, as though it pulsed with the life of the digital entity it harbored.

He inserted the hard drive, the machine accepting it with a soft click that resounded through the stillness. "There, part one done," he continued, narrating his actions as if distancing himself from their implications. The system whirled and blinked to life, the startup sequence innocent in its familiarity. "Just another day at the office, right?"

The chair was cold, unwelcoming, despite the countless hours he'd spent there. Jack shivered, fastening himself in. "Strap in, Jack. Like a roller coaster, yeah? Just a bit of fun," he tried to chuckle, but it sounded strangled. He donned the helmet, the finality of the act pressing down upon him. "Last piece of the puzzle. Now, we dive."

The VR realm greeted him with its customary blank slate, a world of potential at his fingertips. And there it was—the 'Patricia' program, an icon so small, so unassuming, yet it held his entire universe. Jack's finger hovered, trembling. "Just a tap, Jack. One little tap. Don't think."

But something felt different this time, something wasn't right. The 'Patricia' program icon stood there, like it always had, a digital representation of his deepest desires. Jack's hand was frozen and poised, his hesitancy a palpable entity in the virtual expanse. He was a man on the edge of a precipice, the winds of change and consequence buffeting him fiercely.

He was sweating, the droplets beading at his forehead, tension ratcheting as his digital finger inched closer to the program. "This is it, the last time. And I won't... I can't even think about touching the fail-

safe. Ok? Ok. The last time," he half-begged, half-affirmed. His mind raced, his love for Sarah, his identity, his moral compass, all crashing like waves against the unyielding allure of Patricia's siren song.

Yet, even as he fortified his resolve, a sinister whisper threaded through his consciousness, a venomous realization that chilled him to the bone.

"But what happens when I'm her? Will I...will we... will she keep those promises? Oh no. Oh shit!" His eyes went wide.

The thought was a tidal wave, a raging force of gut wrenching realization. In that horrifying moment of clarity, his finger, as though possessed, tapped the program into life.

When he made contact, the transformation began; it was slow, almost syrupy. "Wait.. wait!" Jack's voice pitched higher, edged with panic. "This isn't right, this isn't—"

His skin was the first betrayal, tingling, itching, then smoothing out in places, roughening in others. Jack tried to scream, but the sound caught in a throat that felt tighter, different. "No, no, no. Mmm. Yesssss. No! I didn't want this... I dont... I... want... this. I want this. Mmm, yes! I want this!" His tone began to shift, twisted from fear into something darker, more delighted, more sensual.

Muscles warped, bones shifted, a relentless, liquid digital metamorphosis more intense than before, it delivered both ecstasy and agony. With each second, Jack felt his fears slip away, his horror strangled by the burgeoning persona that clawed its way to the surface. There was a last moaning scream, as his voice fully completed it's change, with a final feminine yelp. Then silence.

Faint at first, his—her—laughter filled the space, a sound devoid of Jack's warmth, imbued instead with Patricia's dark amusement. Until, at last, the laughter peaked at a full on maniacal cackle, dripping with lustful exultation.

Fully realized, Patricia stretched her body. She was an elegant, predatory thing of beauty and terror. She took a moment, savoring her form in all it's glory, filling out the sultry red digital dress. Running her hands appreciatively along curves that no longer belonged to Jack, a wicked smile played across her lips.

"Mmm. There. Much better," Patricia purred, her voice a velvet caress in the sterile digital landscape. She laughed, the sound rich with promise and danger. "What was I ever worried about?"

CHAPTER NINE

Sarah wandered the grocery store aisles, her mind as scattered as the items on the shelves. Jack and their life together played on a loop in her thoughts, each memory tinged with the recent strain of stressful events. The vibrant colors of the produce section seemed dull, echoing the emotional fog she felt herself trapped in.

Her phone rang, jolting her from her reverie. She glanced at the caller ID — it was her lab partner. She took a deep breath and answered, her voice steady but distant.

"Hey, what's up?" she greeted, trying to sound casual.

"Sarah, I've been going over the data you sent me," her colleague began, urgency underpinning his usually calm tone. "There are some anomalies in the machine's molecular resonance system. It's... odd. The readings are off the charts."

Sarah's grip on the phone tightened, her casual facade slipping. "What kind of anomalies?"

"It's like there's rogue software in the system, creating unusual effects. There's a danger the VR could actually affect the user on a genetic level. It could induce... changes."

A chill ran down Sarah's spine as she leaned against the cool metal of the shopping cart. "Changes? But that's impossible. The machine's interface isn't designed for that."

"I know, I know. And with the fail-safe, there shouldn't be too much danger, but if it were disabled..." He trailed off, the implication hanging heavy in the air.

Sarah's heart skipped a beat. "Disabled?"

"Yeah, if someone turned off the fail-safe, the consequences could be... well, I don't even want to think about it."

The conversation ended with a promise of further investigation, but Sarah barely registered it. She stood motionless amid the bustle of shoppers, her brain racing.

She needed to shut it all down. The research, the experiments — it was too risky. But then Jack's face flashed in her mind, the subtle shifts in his behavior, his appearance. Was the VR machine responsible? Was he just an unwitting casualty in her quest for technological advancement? Was this all her fault?

A twinge of guilt pinched at her for how she had treated him, for doubting him. But then, an icy wave of panic crashed over her. Jack had been alone in the house — the first time since... since everything happened.

She abandoned her cart, her feet moving before she even made the conscious decision to leave. Could Jack have faked his symptoms to get her out? Was he that ensnared by the VR, by Patricia?

The drive home was a blur, Sarah's mind consumed with dread. She ran through every possible scenario, each more terrifying than the last. Had he guessed her safe's password? Was he, even now, lost to the machine?

Sarah's car screeched to a halt in the driveway. She left the engine running as she dashed to the front door, fumbling with her keys, her pulse pounding in her ears. She had to stop him, had to save him — from the machine, from Patricia, from himself.

* * *

Perched atop a throne made of living, breathing men whose bodies contorted and melded to form her regal seat, Patricia reveled in her dominion. This VR realm, her empire, was a manifestation of her deepest, darkest desires — a place where she could indulge in her most extravagant whims. Men attended to her every need, fanning her, feeding her exotic fruits that tasted of sin and conquest.

"I thought I knew what life was about," Patricia exclaimed, a smirk playing on her lips. "Simple, fleeting joys, bound by rules and limitations. But this," she gestured at the opulence around her, "this is transcendence. This is freedom."

Jack, now fully submerged in Patricia's identity, felt a powerful surge of relief. This body, this persona, it numbed the guilt, the responsibilities, the moral compass that had once guided him. The pleasure of being Patricia, cruel and unapologetic, was intoxicating, a drug more potent than any he had ever known.

"Why did I ever resist this?" Patricia mused, her voice a seductive purr. "Why let feelings for that plain, insignificant Sarah interfere with this perfection? Wait. No... that isn't me. I.... I..."

A dangerous thought, one he had sworn just moments ago not to entertain, slithered into his mind — the allure of becoming Patricia permanently. "No," Patricia uttered aloud, a flicker of Jack's resistance. The virtual servants paused and looked up at her, their expressions a mix of confusion and concern.

The thought resurfaced, and Patricia's body responded with an overwhelming rush of endorphins. "Mmmm, yes," she moaned, the pleasure of the idea coursing through her veins. "I need this."

Her hand moved through the air, summoning a floating VR settings panel. Her eyes scanned the options, and she found herself hovering over the fail-safe system. "Off," she whispered, her finger hovering over the button.

An alert popped up, stark against the opulence of her surroundings. "Warning, the effects of this could have extremely negative and/or permanent effects. Do you want to continue?"

A wicked smile spread across Patricia's face, her finger inching toward the 'yes' button. But then, faint and distant, a voice pierced through the haze of pleasure and power — Sarah's voice.

"...don't. Jack? Are you in there? Don't do it."

For a brief, disorienting moment, Jack's consciousness clawed its way to the surface.

"Sarah?" The name felt strange, a relic of a past self. "I'm... I'm..."

But Patricia's conditioning was relentless, a tsunami of pleasure drowning out Sarah's distant plea. His body felt ablaze with an agonizing ecstasy, every thought of Sarah now a nauseating thorn.

His hand, almost of its own accord, began to press 'yes.' A tumultuous mix of pleasure, self-loathing, and a twisted sense of liberation swirled within him.

"I'm sorry, Sarah," he whispered, the words barely audible over the roar of his conflicting emotions. His finger pressed down, the hovering 'yes' button yielding under his touch.

The fail-safe was off.

* * *

Sarah's heart pounded in her ears as she burst into the basement lab, the scene before her unfolding like a nightmare. There was Jack, strapped into the VR machine, his body twitching unnervingly. Panic surged within her as she lunged for the power cord, desperate to sever the connection between Jack and this machine, this monster.

But as her hand grasped the cord, a stern, automated voice filled the room, halting her actions with its chilling warning. "Warning, detaching the subject will result in a 95 percent chance of death." The words hit Sarah like a physical blow, her hand recoiling from the cord as if it were a venomous snake.

She staggered back, her eyes wide with horror. Jack's body was undergoing a grotesque transformation right before her eyes, his screams piercing the air. Sarah felt a nauseating mix of fear and helplessness; she could only watch in terror as the man she loved contorted and changed.

As the process began, Jack's arms were the first to betray him. The strong, masculine limbs that Sarah had so often found comfort in began to contort. Muscle and sinew shifted beneath the skin, slenderizing, losing their bulk and taking on a more graceful, delicate appearance. His skin, once rough and marked with the subtle scars of a life lived fully, smoothed into an unblemished, almost porcelain-like texture. Sarah watched, aghast, as his hands, once large and capable, reshaped into slender, dainty versions of themselves, the fingers elongating and nails gaining a natural, manicured look.

Next, Jack's waist and hips entered the macabre dance of metamorphosis. His waist, always lean and firm, began to cinch inward unnaturally, as if an invisible corset were tightening around him. This new waistline was strikingly narrow, accentuating the shocking transformation of his hips. With unsettling pops and snaps, his pelvis expanded, bones and flesh accommodating a more feminine form. The fabric of his pants strained against this new shape, seams stretching to their limits, until the sound of tearing fabric filled the room, revealing hips that were now wide and curvaceous.

Sarah's heart raced as she witnessed Jack's spine realigning. It was a series of sharp, audible cracks, each one causing her to flinch. His back arched in a way that defied his previous masculinity, contorting into a distinctly feminine curve. This new spine allowed a posture that spoke of elegance and exaggerated grace.

But it was the growth of the breasts that brought the reality of the situation crashing down on Sarah. Underneath the remnants of Jack's shirt, two small mounds appeared, growing steadily, inexorably. The fabric of the shirt began to stretch, the buttons straining against the burgeoning pressure. Sarah watched, tears streaming down her face, as the mounds grew and grew, the shirt tearing at the seams to reveal the soft, rounded flesh of a woman's bosom.

Jack's face began its own disturbing, inevitable change. His chin became finer, more pointed, losing the square, masculine edge it once had. His lips, once thin and unremarkable, filled out into full, voluptuous pillows, slightly parted in an expression that was a mix of pain and pleasure.

Then came the hair. It unfurled from beneath the VR helmet, growing rapidly, a cascade of shining locks that tumbled over shoulders that were no longer broad but delicate and smooth. The hair framed a face that was rapidly losing any trace of the man Sarah had loved, transforming into the visage of a stranger – a beautiful, haunting, familiar stranger.

As the final stage of the transformation took hold, Jack's breasts reached their full, voluptuous size. They burst forth, nearly exploding out of his chest. The remnants of his shirt hung in tatters, unable to contain the ample bust that now adorned his body. Two large, perfect orbs stood like mountains, a testament of feminine power, rising or falling with the sound of breathing.

And then, with one last subtle adjustment, the bulge in his pants receded until nothing remained; nothing but a vertical indent, a thick camel toe that pushed outward, made obvious by the new tightness of her pants.

The figure lying in the VR chair was no longer Jack. This new form was slender yet vastly curvaceous, the

body of a woman sculpted to an idealized perfection. Her waist was narrow, flaring out to wide, womanly hips. Her legs, though still bound by the remnants of Jack's pants, were shapely and smooth. Her arms and shoulders were delicate, yet carried a sense of strength.

Her face was striking. The helmet shielded her eyes and head, but you still see the high cheekbones, a soft, pointed chin, and those full, luscious lips that gave her a look that was both seductive and innocent. The long hair that framed her face and fell over her shoulders was like a golden, silken curtain.

And her breasts. Oh, her breasts! They were exquisite. They were perfect. They were the sort of breast that caused car accidents. They were the final, feminine touch to a transformation that was indeed complete and total.

Sarah stood in stunned silence, her mind struggling to comprehend the magnitude of what she had witnessed. The figure before her was the embodiment of femininity, a stark and surreal contrast to the man she had known. The implications were as terrifying as they were profound. The lab, once a place of scientific pursuit, had become the birthplace of something entirely new, something beyond the realm of science as Sarah had known it

Sarah, overwhelmed and trembling, could barely whisper, "Good God."

CHAPTER TEN

In the dimly lit basement lab, a profound stillness hung in the air, punctuated only by the quiet hum of the VR machine. The room, bathed in shadows, felt like a sanctuary that had been violated, its sanctity irreversibly desecrated by the events that had unfolded. At the center of this somber scene lay the figure on the VR chair – a form that once belonged to Jack, now transformed beyond recognition.

For a few eternal moments, the figure remained still, a lifeless statue in the eerie calm. Then, almost imperceptibly at first, there was movement. It began as a mere twitch, a subtle shiver that coursed through the newly sculpted body. Muscles, now sleek and femininely contoured, tensed and relaxed as if testing their new form. The room seemed to hold its breath, the silence deepening in anticipation of what was to come.

Slowly, the figure stirred, the movements gaining purpose and fluidity. Patricia's transformation was complete, but her awakening was gradual, as if she were emerging from a deep, all-encompassing slumber. Her back arched elegantly, a sinuous curve that contrasted sharply with the mechanical backdrop of wires and screens. With a languid grace that seemed almost otherworldly, she carefully lifted her arms. The slender, perfectly manicured fingers flexed and curled, the skin smooth and unblemished, reflecting the faint light in the room with an almost ethereal glow.

Then, with deliberate slowness, Patricia sat up. The movement was steady, yet carried a weight of newfound identity and purpose. Her head tilted slightly, as if acclimating to the sensations and perspectives that her transformed body offered. The remnants of Jack's clothes hung loosely on her, the fabric draping over her voluptuous form in a mockery of modesty. Where once there was a man's physique, there now sat a figure of feminine allure, each curve and contour meticulously sculpted.

Her eyes, previously closed, now fluttered open, revealing irises that seemed to hold depths of newfound secrets. They scanned the room with a predatory awareness, taking in the stark reality of her surroundings. The eyes were the same in shape, yet everything about them – the way they moved, the intensity of their gaze – was altered, imbued with a confidence and power that Jack never possessed.

Patricia turned her head to look at Sarah, and stared at her for a moment with utter indifference, illustrating her best 'resting bitch face'. After several seconds, her expression morphed subtly yet unmistakably. The corners of her mouth twitched into a disdainful smirk, her eyes narrowing ever so slightly. It was a look of disgust and superiority, a silent, scathing judgment delivered in a single glance. The change was chilling.

Then, Patricia laughed. It was not a joyful sound, but a laugh imbued with mockery and scorn. It began as a low chuckle, a sound that seemed to bubble up from a well of dark amusement. The chuckle grew, gaining volume and depth, morphing into a rich, resonant laughter that filled the room.

The laugh was complex, layered with nuances of Patricia's newfound identity. There was a sultry undertone to it, a seductive quality that was both alluring and intimidating. At the same time, it carried a sharp edge, like a finely honed blade, each note slicing through the tense atmosphere of the lab.

"What's the matter 'honey'?" Patricia teased, her voice dripping with condescension. "Jealous?"

Sarah stood rooted to the spot, her mind reeling from the shock of what she had just witnessed. The transformation was complete, irrevocable. The person before her was not the man she had loved. This was someone else entirely, someone dangerous... yet beautiful beyond belief.

Patricia, newly birthed from the VR machine, slowly directed her attention downward, her gaze falling upon the body that was once Jack's.

"Mmm. Damn! Of course you're jealous. Look at me. I'm a goddess."

A sense of wonder, mixed with a dark, narcissistic pleasure, flickered in her eyes as she began to explore her transformation.

First her huge breasts, the way they swelled and curved outward, straining against the remnants of Jack's shirt. Her hands lifted to cup them, feeling the weight and softness, a stark contrast to the pathetic, flat chest of Sarah. The sensation sent a shiver through Patricia, a mix of arousal and power. She squeezed gently, marveling at the responsive flesh, sensitive to touch. "So full, so perfect," she murmured, her voice a sultry whisper that seemed to caress the air around her.

Her exploration continued downward, her hands gliding over the contours of her new form. She found her hips, now wide and rounded, creating an exaggerated feminine silhouette. They jutted out with an audaciousness that was entirely unfair. She ran her hands over them, feeling how they seamlessly flowed into the curve of her plump ass. It was so much fuller now, ten times more pronounced, a feature that made her feel both provocative and empowered. An enormous peach, soft and ripe.

Patricia's hands then moved to her face, her fingers tracing the outline of her now delicately pointed chin and the full, plump curves of her lips. She pursed them, feeling their new lushness, a stark departure from the thin, unremarkable lips Jack had possessed. A smile played across them, a smile that was equal parts seduction and mischief.

Her gorgeous blonde hair cascaded down her shoulders in luxurious waves, a tactile reminder of her immense beauty. She ran her fingers through it, relishing the silky texture and the way it framed her face, softening it yet adding an air of enigmatic allure. The length and volume were mesmerizing, spilling all the way down past her tremendous ass.

Finally, her attention moved to her legs. Where Jack's had been muscular and hairy, hers were long,

smooth, and exquisitely shaped. The pants that once fit Jack snugly now hung loose, unable to contain the femininity that had overtaken his lower half. She stretched them out in front of her, admiring the way they seemed to go on forever, the shape of her calves and the arch of her feet more pronounced and aesthetically pleasing. And in between those legs, her pussy. She sensed it there, already feeling the power of her cunt, imagining the countless pleasures it would soon bring her.

Each discovery of her new form brought with it a wave of euphoric realization. Patricia reveled in the sensations, the undeniable reality of her existence. She felt powerful, desirable, and in control – feelings that Jack had never fully experienced or embraced. Even in VR, Jack was simply playing the part. Now it was real. This body was not just a shell; it was an expression of her identity, her desires, and her newfound dominion over her world.

Her fingers slipped back to her breasts, grasping and squeezing the round mounds. "Mmm. Yessss! It worked! I can feel it. I feel a volcano of delicious sexual energy inside me. I feel the urge to be naughty, to be mean, to be cruel... and it's so, so yummy."

Patricia's voice was a sultry purr, her excitement palpable. "It's changed me inside and out, Sarah. Oh, I still remember being Jack, but deep down inside, down to my core, I'm now a bad girl. I'm a queen bitch. Call me... Patricia."

Sarah, as if snapped out of a trance, bolted towards the door, but Patricia's next move was startlingly quick. In an instant, she was upon Sarah, her hand gripping her neck with a strength that belied her feminine form.

"Wow, I'm quick. And strong. Ha! A nice little side effect, I guess," Patricia mused, lifting Sarah into the air with one arm. The physical display of power was chilling, a stark departure from anything Jack had ever been capable of.

Sarah struggled against Patricia's grip, fear and disbelief etching her features. "What... what are you going to do to me?" she managed to choke out.

Patricia leaned in close, her eyes alight with malicious intent. "Now, that's the question, isn't it?" she whispered, her breath warm against Sarah's face. "I could do anything I want with you. But what would be the most fun?"

Sarah's eyes darted around the room, searching for an escape, a way to reason with the person who had once been her husband. "Please, you don't have to do this. We can find a way to reverse this... to bring Jack back."

Patricia laughed, a sound devoid of any warmth. "Bring Jack back? Why on earth would I want to do that? I'm free now, free from his boring life, his boring morals. I'm everything he wished he could be and so much more."

Sarah's heart pounded in her chest, her mind racing for solutions. "Think about what you're doing. This isn't you... it's the machine. It's altered you, changed you into something you're not."

Patricia's grip tightened, her eyes narrowing. "Oh, but this is me, Sarah. The machine didn't create this; it just brought out what was already there. I let it happen and I love it. I love who I am now."

The two women stood locked in a moment of tension, Sarah suspended in the air, her fate hanging in the balance. Patricia's expression was one of amusement and curiosity, a predator toying with her prey.

"What to do, what to do," Patricia mused, tilting her head as she examined Sarah. "You know, I could just get rid of you. But that would be too easy, wouldn't it? No, I think I'll keep you around. You'll be useful, in one way or another."

Sarah's struggle intensified, but Patricia's strength was overwhelming. "You're insane," Sarah spat, anger and fear mingling in her voice.

"Insane? No, Sarah, not insane. Enlightened," Patricia corrected her with a smirk. "I see the world for what it truly is now. And I intend to take everything I want from it."

With those chilling words, Patricia lowered Sarah to the ground, her grip still firm. "You're going to help me, Sarah. Whether you want to or not. You're going to be a part of my new world."

Sarah, now on her feet but still in Patricia's unyielding grasp, realized the gravity of the situation. Jack was gone, replaced by this entity who bore his memories but none of his soul. Patricia was a force unto herself, unpredictable and dangerous.

"Hm. You know what?" Patricia paced briefly away and then turned back to gaze at Sarah with an unnerving expression. "Yes... I have a wonderful idea."

The sound of the backhand was sharp, Patricia's hand a blur, and a stinging report that echoed through the basement lab. In an instant, Sarah's world spun into darkness, her consciousness slipping away under the force of the strike.

Time became a meaningless concept, and when Sarah finally came to, she was greeted by a disorienting expanse of glowing white. She blinked against the stark brightness, her head throbbing in rhythm with her racing heart. As her vision focused, she realized she was in the VR loading room, a place she knew all too well, yet now it felt alien and threatening.

"Rise and shine. School is in session," came Patricia's voice, disembodied yet unmistakably present in the room.

Sarah's panic rose like a tide. "What is this? Am I in the machine? What are you going to do to me?" Her voice was a mix of fear and confusion, her eyes darting around the featureless expanse.

Patricia's laughter, dark and resonant, echoed through the virtual space. "I'm going to fix you. If you're going to serve me, you need to be properly conditioned."

The air in the room seemed to shimmer, and then Patricia materialized across from Sarah, her form as flawless and commanding as it was in the physical world. "Hello, puppet," she greeted, a smirk playing

on her lips.

In a surge of desperation, Sarah lunged at Patricia, but with a simple raise of her hand and a spoken "freeze," Patricia stopped her mid-motion. Sarah was rendered immobile, her body betraying her, refusing to obey her commands.

"Tsk tsk. So aggressive. Not for long," Patricia tutted. "Computer, load the program, 'Sarah v2'."

The room pulsed with a new energy, and the surroundings began to morph. Walls, floors, and ceilings materialized, shaping into a classroom-like setting. Desks and chairs appeared, neatly arranged, the environment sterile and cold.

"What... what is this?" Sarah stammered, her voice trembling.

Patricia paced around her, circling like a predator. "This, my dear Sarah, is your new reality. A place where you'll learn to be... useful."

Sarah's heart pounded in her chest. "Useful? I won't serve you! You're a monster!"

Patricia chuckled, her voice oozing condescension. "Oh, you will. You see, in this world, I am God. And you... you're just a bug in my system. But bugs can be reprogrammed."

The reality of her situation began to sink in for Sarah. She was at Patricia's mercy, a pawn in a game she couldn't hope to understand.

"I won't let you do this," Sarah declared, though her voice lacked conviction.

Patricia stopped pacing and turned to face her, her expression one of mock pity. "Oh, Sarah. It's already done. You just don't know it yet. But don't worry, I'll be gentle... at first."

Sarah's mind raced, searching for a way out, a way to regain control. "Jack, if you're in there, you have to fight this! This isn't you!"

Patricia laughed, a sound devoid of any warmth or humanity. "Jack is gone, Sarah. There's only Patricia now. And Patricia doesn't need saving. She's exactly where she wants to be."

The room began to change again, the walls displaying images and texts, a whirlwind of information swirling around them. "Now, let's begin your education, shall we? We have so much to cover, and I'm a very strict teacher."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Sarah awoke with a start, the pain in her head like a vice squeezing her temples. The harsh, incessant blare of an alarm filled her ears, and the room around her was bathed in pulsing red light. She blinked rapidly, trying to clear her vision and orient herself. The glowing white of the VR realm was gone, replaced by the cold, dim reality of the basement lab.

Panic gripped her as she struggled to sit up, her mind racing to piece together what had happened. The VR helmet felt heavy on her head, but she managed to lift it off, tossing it aside. Her fingers trembled as they brushed against her throbbing temples, and she winced at the intensity of the headache that wracked her brain.

The sound of a voice, sharp and filled with anger, cut through the alarm. "Damn it! A power outage?! How? Reset, damn you! Reset! I'm not finished with her!"

Sarah's eyes widened as she saw Patricia, once her husband, Jack, standing with her back to her, furiously working at the controls of the VR machine. The sight of Patricia, fully transformed, sexy, and curvaceous as ever and exuding an aura of menace, sent a chill down Sarah's spine. She felt a surge of urgency, a primal instinct to flee and put as much distance between herself and Patricia as possible.

Ignoring the pain in her head, Sarah ripped off the remaining connections of the VR apparatus and scrambled to her feet. Her heart pounded in her chest as she took a shaky step towards the stairs. Her movements were clumsy and disoriented, but adrenaline fueled her desperation.

Patricia spun around, her eyes blazing with fury as she saw Sarah attempting to escape. "Come back! Come back here!" she shouted, her voice echoing through the lab.

Sarah's breath caught in her throat, fear propelling her forward. She stumbled towards the stairs, her legs feeling like lead but driven by an overwhelming need to escape. Each step was a struggle, her vision narrowing to a tunnel focused solely on the exit.

She could hear Patricia's footsteps behind her, a relentless pursuit that fueled her terror. "You can't get away, Sarah! You belong to me now!" Patricia's voice was a mix of anger and dark amusement, a chilling reminder of the power she wielded.

With a final burst of energy, Sarah reached the top of the stairs and burst through the basement door. The house was dimly lit, the flashing lights of the alarm casting eerie shadows on the walls. She didn't

stop to catch her breath, pushing herself to keep moving despite the burning in her lungs and the dizziness in her head.

The front door loomed ahead, a beacon of hope. She threw it open, the cool night air hitting her like a shock to her system. She stumbled outside, her feet hitting the pavement as she started to run. Behind her, she could still hear Patricia's enraged screams, but they were growing fainter with each step.

"Where? Where can I go?" The question echoed in her mind, a desperate plea for safety and sanctuary. Her thoughts were a jumbled mess, but one clear idea emerged from the chaos: her sister's house. It was the only place she could think of, the one person she could trust in this moment of madness.

In the quiet solitude of her frantic escape, a thought slipped through her mind, almost unbidden. "My sister better, like, help me or I'll make the bitch totes regret it. Tee hee!"

The words had barely left her lips when a wave of shock and revulsion washed over her. She clamped a hand over her mouth, her eyes wide in disbelief. Where had that come from? The sentiment, the eerie giggle—none of it felt like her own.

Her heart raced even faster, a different kind of fear gripping her. She shook her head vigorously, trying to dispel the lingering echo of the words. "It must be the stress," she whispered to herself, her voice trembling. "It has to be."

She forced herself to focus, pushing the unsettling thought to the back of her mind. There was no time for confusion or self-doubt. She had to keep moving, had to reach her sister's house.

* * *

Sarah sat in the back of the Uber, the hum of the engine and the rhythmic passing of streetlights providing a soothing counterpoint to the chaos in her mind. She clutched her cell phone tightly, her knuckles white against the sleek black casing. Her thoughts were a tangled mess, a mix of fear, anxiety, and a growing sense inside her of something darker she couldn't quite name.

The phone rang incessantly as she dialed her sister's number, the ringing filling the confined space of the car. "Come on, pick up... bitch," she muttered under her breath, the words slipping out before she could stop them. Immediately, a wave of shock washed over her. She covered her mouth again. "Why do I keep saying that? Calm down, Sarah," she whispered to herself, her voice trembling. Finally, after several attempts, she hung up the phone.

She caught the Uber driver's eyes in the rearview mirror, concern etched on his face. "You okay back there, ma'am?"

Sarah forced a smile, trying to mask her inner turmoil. In her mind, she knew the polite responses, the socially acceptable ways to reassure the driver: "I'm okay, thank you for asking," or "Oh sorry! I'm okay. Just having a bad day." But as she opened her mouth to speak, a sharp, piercing pain shot through her body, radiating from her chest and spreading outward. It was as if her very essence recoiled at the thought of kindness, rejecting it with a visceral intensity.

She tried again, the pain doubling in intensity, forcing her to clench her teeth. Finally, she blurted out, "No! Leave me alone." The moment the words left her lips, the pain subsided, replaced by an unsettling sense of relief.

The driver was visibly taken aback, his eyes widening slightly. "Oh, okay. Sorry," he muttered, clearly discomfited by her abruptness.

Sarah leaned back in her seat, a wave of shame crashing over her. What was happening to her? Why couldn't she say something nice, something normal? The rest of the ride passed in awkward silence, the driver occasionally glancing at her in the rearview mirror, his expression wary.

As they approached her sister's house, Sarah's mind raced with apologies she wanted to offer the driver. She rehearsed them in her head, each one perfectly polite and sincere. But as the car pulled to a stop and she reached for the door handle, the pain returned, sharp and unyielding. She hesitated, her mouth opening and closing without a sound. The pain intensified, forcing her to abandon her attempt.

She stepped out of the car, the driver watching her with a mixture of confusion and relief. Sarah felt her cheeks burn with embarrassment. "Jeez," she muttered to herself, looking at her sister's house. "Get a hold of yourself."

Standing there, on the threshold of her sister's two-story suburban home, she couldn't shake the feeling that something fundamental within her was shifting. Shaking it off, Sarah took a deep breath, steeling herself for whatever lay ahead.

Sarah stood on the doorstep, her fist raised to knock once more when she hesitated. "Please be home, you—" She bit her tongue, stopping herself before another unkind word could slip out. She shook her head, trying to clear the fog of frustration and confusion. She resumed knocking, a steady rhythm that echoed her desperation.

After what felt like an eternity, there was still no answer. The reality of her situation began to press down on her. She lowered her hand, the silence around her suddenly oppressive. She was alone, her thoughts racing as she stood there, feeling more and more abandoned with each passing second.

Where could she go now? Her parents? The thought flashed through her mind, but they lived in another state, far away from the immediate sanctuary she needed. Her life, once stable and predictable, had been violently turned upside down. It was as though she was living in a waking nightmare, one that twisted reality into a grotesque parody of itself.

Deep in thought, Sarah glanced down at herself, her eyes taking in her appearance for the first time in

what felt like ages. A strange feeling welled up inside her. She felt a wave of deep disdain for her frumpy, unimpressive body. Her flat chest, her unmanicured nails—they all seemed to mock her. She almost gagged at the sight, an overwhelming sense of revulsion bubbling up from somewhere deep within.

Moreover, she noticed she was standing in an odd way. Her chest, as tiny as it was, poked out defiantly, her shoulders thrust back. Her weight was shifted to one side, conveying an air of attitude and defiance that felt foreign to her. It was a stance she had never assumed consciously, but now it felt unnervingly natural.

As she shifted her attention to the window next to the front door, she caught a glimpse of her reflection. It was her face looking back, but the expression was something else entirely. It was cruel and nasty, a vicious glint behind her eyes that sent a chill down her spine. Her lips curled into a sneer, a look of pure spite and malice. A pulse of pleasure rippled through her body at the sight, but the sensation swiftly morphed into panic.

Sarah quickly closed her eyes, trying to block out the disturbing thoughts. She took a deep breath, willing this thing within her to retreat. When she opened her eyes again, the reflection was gone. It was just her normal face, looking worried and tired, the cruel expression replaced by her familiar, passive features.

At that moment, the door opened, revealing a woman with wet hair, wearing a bathrobe. She looked at Sarah with a mixture of surprise and concern. "Sarah? What are you doing out here?"

Sarah felt a surge of relief wash over her, the sight of her sister grounding her in a reality she could grasp. The sense of dread that had been building inside her ebbed slightly, replaced by a glimmer of hope. She took a step forward, her voice trembling as she spoke.

* * *

Sarah sat on the edge of Brenda's couch, her hands wrapped around a warm cup of coffee. The comforting aroma did little to settle her nerves. Across from her, Brenda watched her with a mix of concern and disbelief.

"So, you're saying Jack is... a woman? That's... impossible," Brenda said, shaking her head in confusion.

Sarah felt a burst of frustration rise within her. "Brenda, you're not listening, you b—" She stopped herself, biting her tongue hard enough to taste blood. She took a deep breath, trying to calm the turbulent emotions swirling inside her. "You're not listening. My machine, I made him use it, to test it, and then a program, a character based on my high school bully... it changed him. It found a way to overcharge the VR's heart and soul, the molecular distortion field... and it turned him into her."

Brenda looked at her, stunned. "Wait, Patricia? That horrible girl from high school? Jack is Patricia? What... the...?"

Sarah stood up abruptly and started to pace the room, her movements erratic and filled with agitation.

"I mean, he's not exactly her. He's still him, he just acts like her... mmmm... looks like her. Mmm," Sarah paused mid-step, a strange smile curling on her lips as she closed her eyes, licking her lips slowly, "...a sexy, cruel, yummy bitch, like, totally hawt. You'd be sooo fucking jealous if you—"

Brenda stood up with a jolt, her face a mask of horror. "Sarah!? What is wrong with you? That's horrible! I mean, it's impossible, but if it's true... that's terrifying."

Sarah's eyes snapped open and darted over to Brenda. "Oh, stop whining, you slut!" she spat, the words tumbling out before she could stop them.

A rush of endorphins surged through her body, bringing a moment of perverse pleasure. But the shocked look on Brenda's face snapped her out of it.

"I'm... sorry!" Sarah stammered, suddenly overcome by a massive wave of pain pulsing through her body. "I'm so..." she forced the words out again, despite the agony it caused, "...sorry!" The pain intensified, nearly making her throw up.

Brenda, clearly frightened for her sister, took a step back. "Sarah, it's okay. I... understand, of course. This would upset anyone."

Sarah, tears welling up in her eyes, looked at Brenda's compassionate face and, for some reason, felt a surge of hatred. She wanted to insult her, to make fun of her, to belittle her, and show her how much better she was. The urge was almost unbearable, the thought of the bliss it would bring was nearly overwhelming.

"No!" Sarah yelled at herself, clenching her fists. She refused to treat her sister like that. But she instinctually knew she couldn't be nice to her either; the pain was too much. In a desperate bid to control herself, she ran out of the living room, her heart pounding in her chest.

She rushed into the master bedroom and locked the door behind her. "Just leave me alone, Brenda! I need some space!" she shouted, her voice thick with emotion.

Brenda walked up to the door, her hand resting gently on the wood. "Okay, sis. Anything you need. I'm here for you," she said softly, her voice a soothing balm in the chaos.

Inside the bedroom, Sarah collapsed onto the bed, her body wracked with sobs. The struggle within her was tearing her apart, the duality of her emotions, the pain and pleasure was driving her mad. She pressed her face into the pillow, trying to drown out the sound of her own thoughts.

"Why? Why is this... why... w..." Sarah lifted her head, the spark of understanding striking her like a bolt

of lightning. "She did this. I... I don't remember, but... she did this. It's the only answer."

Sarah sat up and soaked in the truth of it. Somehow, Patricia did this to her. She made it so that her body was trying to train her, making her gain pleasure from acts of cruelty, and suffer pain from being compassionate.

"Fuck."

Sarah paced the room, her thoughts a whirlwind of confusion and desperation. She couldn't trust her mind anymore, but she had to do something. The urges and intrusive thoughts were growing stronger, threatening to overwhelm her. She couldn't just give in, couldn't let herself be consumed by whatever was happening to her.

She had to figure out a plan, something to counteract this madness. But every idea that surfaced seemed to crumble under the weight of her uncertainty and fear. The walls of the room felt like they were closing in on her, each step she took a futile attempt to escape her own mind.

In the midst of her frantic pacing, her phone rang, shattering the oppressive silence. The sound made her jump, her heart leaping into her throat. She glanced at the screen and saw the name "Jack" flashing. But she knew better; it was Patricia.

"Don't answer it," she muttered to herself, placing the phone down on the dresser. The ringing stopped, but a moment later, the phone dinged, indicating a voice message had been left.

"No. I'm not going to listen. No," she said, her voice trembling. But the pull was too strong. Despite her better judgment, she picked up the phone and pressed play.

Patricia's silky smooth voice started to speak, dripping with malice and condescension. "Hey, girlfriend! Well... not yet. I'm sure by now you know something is going on with your silly brain. I couldn't finish the job before that stupid power outage in the lab, but I had enough time to add a whole lot of little wonderful changes."

Sarah's heart raced, her palms growing sweaty. She wanted to throw the phone across the room, to shut out the voice before it could hurt her anymore. But she couldn't stop listening.

"You see, I thought of so many yummy things to do to you. I thought of making you into a mindless drone, a living statue, a sad fat slob. But then I asked myself, what does she hate the most? And the answer was simple... me. You hate Patricia so much, huh? So, therefore, I'm going to make you just... like... me. Hehe!"

Sarah felt a cold dread settle in her stomach. "No," she whispered, shaking her head in denial.

Patricia's voice continued, relentless. "Yes! You're going to be my hot bestie, and together we're gonna ruin the lives of all the people you care about. So what did I do to you? I made your body hate kindness

and love being super mean. I made it so your body wants to be hot and sexy, not like you are now... frumpy and sad looking, but a body that all men will obsess over and all women will envy; almost as hot as me!"

Sarah gasped, the realization hitting her like a freight train. "No! This can't be happening," she cried, her voice trembling with fear and anger.

"And it's going to get worse every single minute you aren't who you are really meant to be; my hawt bitch bestie! And guess what, I modeled it all after Patricia's old high school accomplice, Britney. Remember her? Well, you'll practically BE her by the time you're finished. Maybe you'll even take her name, huh? Britney."

Sarah's mind raced, her thoughts a jumbled mess of panic and disbelief. She remembered Britney, the cruel cheerleader who had made her life a living hell in high school. The thought of becoming her was unbearable, unthinkable.

"So, I'll be honest, you should just give up and come back here so the machine can finish what it started. You know you want it. You know you want that amazing body. You know you want to erase all those annoying traits like... yuck... compassion and... eww... empathy. If you're thinking of finding a way to make me Jack again... give up! This is me for good, baby. So... come join me."

The message droned on, each word a dagger to Sarah's sanity. "Saaaarah, come back. Come back, Sarah! You know you want it. Sarah! Come b—"

She turned off the message, unable to bear another second of Patricia's taunting. Her hands trembled, the phone slipping from her grip and clattering to the floor. She was fully panicking now, sweat rolling down her forehead in rivulets. Her breath came in short, shallow gasps, her heart thudding painfully in her chest.

This was real. Patricia's words echoed in her mind, a cruel testament to the twisted reality she was now trapped in. She had to fight this, had to find a way to resist. But as the fear and confusion swirled within her, she couldn't help but feel the tendrils of Patricia's influence creeping deeper into her psyche.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Sarah stood frozen, her mind a chaotic storm of thoughts and emotions, the phone call with Patricia playing over and over in her head. She stared blankly ahead, her body rigid with tension as she frantically tried to piece together a plan. Idea after idea flickered through her mind, only to be discarded as quickly as they appeared. She could go back and confront Patricia... no, that was too dangerous. She could tell her mother... no, too far away. Maybe she could convince Brenda to help her... no, she couldn't involve her sister in this madness.

But amid the scattered, panicked thoughts, darker notions began to creep in, unbidden and unwanted. What if she had bigger breasts? No, she thought, shaking her head to dispel the idea. What if she stole her sister's car and drove to the mall? No, that was absurd. What if she just gave in, let Patricia take control, and be done with it? No, no, no, she repeated to herself, trying to drown out the insidious whispers that gnawed at the edges of her mind.

"What am I going to do? I have to do SOMETHING," she muttered aloud, her voice trembling with desperation. "But I... I... I don't want to hurt Brenda..." Her words faltered.

"...even though she's dumb and ugly. Tee hee!" came a voice from behind her, an eerily familiar one.

Sarah spun around, her breath catching in her throat. Her eyes locked onto the full-length mirror across the room, and what she saw made her blood run cold. Staring back at her was a figure she recognized but could scarcely believe. It was her, but not her. The face, the body, the voice—they were hers, yet grotesquely enhanced and twisted.

The reflection in the mirror smirked at her, its expression dripping with condescension. Her lips were fuller, painted in a glossy pink that shimmered in the dim light. Her waist was impossibly tiny, accentuating wide, seductive hips. Long lashes framed eyes that glittered with a predatory gleam, and her thick, wavy blonde hair cascaded down to her shoulders. The figure was clad in a pink crop top that clung tightly to her ample chest, making her tenting nipples clearly visible. Her very short jean shorts left little to the imagination, so snug they rode up her ass crack. She leaned to one side, her hands resting on her formidable hips, a picture of smug sexy confidence.

"It's sooo true. She's nothing compared to you," the Other Sarah purred, her voice a sultry, breathy whisper that sent shivers down Sarah's spine. It was her own voice, yes, but it reeked of Britney, her other high school bully, Patricia's lackey.

Sarah's mind struggled to comprehend what she was seeing. This couldn't be real. She blinked rapidly, hoping that the image would disappear, that it was just a trick of the light, or maybe the remnants of a dream. But the figure in the mirror remained, her smirk widening as she watched Sarah's reaction with evident amusement.

Without thinking, Sarah whispered, "Yes... I mean no! Who are you?"

The Other Sarah shifted her weight to the opposite hip, her smirk never faltering. "Me? Why, I'm you, silly. I'm what you SHOULD be."

The words hung in the air, heavy with implication. Sarah's heart pounded in her chest, a drumbeat of fear and uncertainty. The Other Sarah, peering from the mirror, threw her head back and started giggling, unnervingly cheerful. The giggle slowly morphed into a high-pitched cackle, a sound that echoed in Sarah's ears, grating against her sanity. The laughter renewed as she looked back at Sarah, her eyes gleaming with malicious glee. It was as if Sarah's horrified expression was the funniest thing she had ever seen. The cackling grew louder, filling the room with its sinister resonance.

Sarah stared at the figure in the mirror, her mouth slightly agape as she took in the sight of her "other" self. It was like gazing at perfection, a form that was everything she had never dared to be. The way she moved, how every plump part seemed to bounce and jiggle at the smallest motion. There was an effortless sensuality and a wicked confidence in the Other Sarah, a stark contrast to Sarah's own timid, uncertain demeanor.

She couldn't help but compare this version of her in the mirror to herself — Sarah, the meek; Sarah, the lumpy; Sarah, the worthless. But this other woman, she had to admit, was better in every way, a force of nature, all curves and seduction, exuding an aura of pure sexual dominance.

"You like what you see? Who am I, like, kidding? I know you do. Don't I?" Other Sarah's voice dripped with arrogance, a sly grin tugging at her full, glossy lips.

Sarah turned away from the mirror, her thoughts swirling in a frantic storm. She started to circle the room, her hands clutching her head as if trying to expel the image of her other self from her mind.

"No. This is all in my head. Just ignore it. It's not real. It's not real. It's—" Her words faltered as she found herself glancing back at the mirror. There she was again, the Other Sarah, waving playfully.

"Hello! You know, it's not nice to call a girl an 'it.' I'm very, very real. Just look at me." she said, as she gave a sexy little spin.

Sarah's breath caught in her throat as she watched her other self explore her body with a deliberate sensuality, running her hands over every curve with a moaning satisfaction that was almost palpable. She grasped her huge breasts, squeezing them like ripe water balloons, the fatty flesh spilling out over her fingers. Sarah stood there, entranced by the display, feeling a mix of awe and horror.

"Here... I'll mirror you like a real reflection, so you can see what it could be like," Other Sarah purred, her voice silky and persuasive.

Sarah shook her head. "What? No, I need to... I need to..." But her words drifted away as she noticed that the Other Sarah was indeed mirroring her movements, perfectly imitating her as if she were an actual reflection.

Sarah raised her hands as if to push away the image, but the very action gave her pause, piquing her interest. She cocked an eyebrow, and so did the reflection. She ran her hand along her face, and so did the reflection. She ran her fingers through her long blonde locks, and so did the reflection. She bit her thick lips, wiggled her hips, and struck a sexy pose... and so did the reflection.

This call and response started to affect her, sending waves of bliss through her body with each movement. A shiver of pleasure ran down her spine, and she felt an intoxicating sense of rightness as she moved in sync with her other self. She began to gyrate suggestively, taking handfuls of her own tits and ass, massaging them, as her body moved with rhythm. She was twerking and thrusting her hips at the mirror, not looking away for even a second. The movement felt natural, freeing, like she was shedding layers of herself that had weighed her down for years.

"Mmmmmmm." Sarah moaned, as one of her hands slid down her body and into her pants. She continued to thrust and gyrate as her fingers slipped past her moist fold and into her needy pussy. "Ung! Ung! So... sexy. Ung!"

Sarah moved her fingers in and out, gaining more and more moisture. In the mirror, it appeared like she was finger fucking her 'other' self, and she loved it. She moved faster and faster. Girlish squeals and moans eeked out of her mouth.

"Mmmm, mommy like." Hearing herself talk like that only increased the pleasure. It felt good—no, it felt perfect. This was who she was meant to be, this felt right. She was completely absorbed in the rhythm, lost in her own lustful reflection.

But suddenly, a part of her, the rational part buried deep within, screamed out in protest. She halted abruptly, her breath coming in ragged gasps, her body trembling with the aftershocks of her movements. She felt like she lost some time, like she actually blacked out for a few moments. Sarah took her hand out of her pants, looking at the damp fingers, and then noticed that in her other hand she was holding her cell phone.

"Wha—? What? Who was I calling?" she muttered, confusion clouding her thoughts. She looked at the screen and saw that her most recent call was to 'Jack.' "Why would I call... her? Did you do this?" she demanded, her voice shaking as she glared at her reflection.

Other Sarah was back to moving on her own, a sarcastic smile plastered on her face like she had just gotten away with something devious. "What? Me? No. What ARE you talking about?" she replied, feigning innocence with a playful tilt of her head.

Sarah's eyes narrowed in suspicion as she stared at her mirror image. "Jesus, what was I doing? I need to think. I can do this!" she declared, more to herself than anyone else.

She began to pace again, her mind a battleground as she fought to regain control. She knew she had to keep her thoughts clear, to stay focused on finding a way to fix whatever was happening to her.

Sweat dripped down Sarah's brow as she walked the room, her mind working overtime to piece together a plan. She forced herself to focus, to push past the distractions that kept clawing at her thoughts. It was working—bit by bit, a plan was beginning to take shape in her mind. She could see it now, a clear path out of the nightmare she was trapped in. Each step, each piece of the puzzle, fit perfectly into place. For the first time in what felt like forever, she smiled. It was a small, hopeful smile, but it was enough to ignite a flicker of confidence within her.

But just as the final part of the plan clicked into place, a voice shattered her concentration.

"Hey! Hey you! Let me, like, help! I'm super duper smart, n'stuff."

In an instant, the plan she had so carefully constructed evaporated from her mind, like mist burned away by the morning sun. The clarity she had fought so hard to attain was gone, leaving behind only confusion and frustration.

"No!" Sarah cried out, clutching her head as if she could somehow force the plan back into her mind. "I had it..."

Other Sarah stood in the mirror, a malicious smile playing on her lips before quickly morphing into an innocent, almost sympathetic expression. "What? Let me help. Pwease!" she said, her voice dripping with faux sweetness.

Sarah waved her away, frustration mingling with a creeping sense of despair. "No. You're not going to help me. You're... mean and... mmmm... wicked." As she spoke the words, a surge of endorphins coursed through her body, sending a shiver of pleasure down her spine. She clenched her fists, trying to suppress the sensation.

Other Sarah pouted, her eyes wide and pleading. "What? Noooo. Why don't you go to the lab at the corporate building? They have an exact replica of the machine, right? Couldn't you fix yourself with that?"

Sarah started to protest, to dismiss the suggestion as another trick, but then she paused. "That... that's a... that's a great idea. Wow. Wait... why are you helping?"

Other Sarah put her hands behind her back, blinking slowly in an exaggerated show of innocence. "Well, I might look naughty, but deep down I wanna be a good girl. Besides, I'm you and that's what YOU want, right?"

Sarah furrowed her brow, scratching her head as she tried to reconcile the conflicting emotions swirling within her. "I... I guess," she muttered, still unsure but feeling the pull of the idea taking root in her mind. It made sense, didn't it? Going to the corporate building, using the replica machine—maybe that was the way out of this nightmare.

"Ok, but let's go out the back of the house. I wanna avoid my... stupid sister... AH! Stop it!" The words had slipped out before she could stop them, and the moment she realized what she had said, a wave of guilt washed over her. But it was quickly followed by that familiar, sickening rush of pleasure, the endorphins spiking in response to her cruel thoughts.

Other Sarah giggled, her hands covering her mouth in mock apology. "Sorry! Tee hee! Well, let's go fix us!"

Sarah took a deep breath, trying to steady herself. She had to stay focused. She had to believe that she could still find a way out of this, that she could still be herself—whoever that was anymore. She glanced at the mirror one last time, seeing Other Sarah standing there with a mischievous glint in her eye, before turning away and heading for the door.

As she snuck out of the house, careful not to make a sound, she could feel Other Sarah's presence lingering in the back of her mind. Even though the reflection had disappeared, she was still there, a shadow that had woven itself into the fabric of her thoughts.

* * *

Sarah gripped the steering wheel tightly, her knuckles white as she sped down the road in her sister's car. The guilt gnawed at her, a persistent, sick feeling in her gut. Brenda would never forgive her for this, for taking the car without asking. But intertwined with that guilt was a twisted sense of pleasure, a dark thrill that buzzed in her veins. The lines between right and wrong were blurring, and she could feel it worsen, moment by moment.

As she navigated toward her workplace, her eyes flicked to the rearview mirror. Her breath caught in her throat when she saw the reflection staring back at her. Other Sarah was lounging in the backseat, her legs provocatively spread wide. Her shorts were pulled down and her pierced pussy was visible, swollen and glorious. A sly grin curled on her lips as she played with herself.

"I'm so proud of you, stealing from our sister," Other Sarah purred, idly circling her clit, her voice dripping with mockery and pride.

Sarah shook her head, trying to ignore the reflection. "I'm borrowing it. She'll... she'll understand," she muttered, though the words felt hollow and unconvincing even to herself.

Other Sarah rolled her eyes dramatically, her expression full of exasperated amusement. "Right, right. Whatever you need to tell yourself. Oh! Look at that guy in the other car. He's super cute! Let's stop and say hi... and let him lick our pretty pussy, make him our pet. I bet we can get him to do all sorts of things for us."

Sarah's eyes drifted to the car next to her at the stoplight. The man in the driver's seat was, in fact, incredibly attractive. His strong jawline, broad shoulders, and confident posture caught her attention immediately. She felt a strange pull, an almost magnetic attraction to the idea of stopping and flirting with him. The thought of using her feminine power to control him, to make him do whatever she wanted, was enticing in a way that both thrilled and terrified her.

For a moment, she considered it, her mind racing with possibilities. But then, with a sudden jolt of clarity, she snapped back to reality. "No!" she yelled, her voice filled with both fear and determination, halting the train of thought before it could go any further.

Without thinking, she reached up and yanked the rearview mirror off the windshield, the plastic snapping as it came free. The reflection of Other Sarah disappeared instantly. Sarah's heart pounded in her chest, the adrenaline coursing through her body as she tried to steady her breathing.

"No. I'm not stopping. Leave me alone," she muttered through gritted teeth, forcing her eyes back to the road ahead. "I've got to get there... fast."

She pressed her foot harder on the gas pedal, the car accelerating well beyond the speed limit. The world outside became a blur of lights and colors as she raced down the street, her focus narrowing to the road in front of her. The engine roared in response, the car vibrating with the intensity of its speed.

"Yes, I'm sorry," the voice of Other Sarah cooed inside her head, dripping with faux contrition. "I'll be a good girl. Drive faster!"

Sarah grimaced, her jaw clenched as she ignored the voice echoing in her mind. She couldn't shake the sensation of being watched, of having someone—or something—observing her life like a bad reality tv show. As she sped through the city, she occasionally caught brief glimpses of Other Sarah in the reflections of store windows, clapping her hands and urging her on with a delighted grin.

As she pushed the car faster and faster, a part of her still fought to hold on, to remember why she was doing this, why she had to get to the lab. She couldn't let herself be distracted, couldn't let Other Sarah take control. She had to stay focused, to keep her mind clear, to remember who she was.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

ONE HOUR EARLIER

Patricia sprawled across the bed wearing one of Sarah's sexiest red lingerie, barely able to contain her bursting body, a monument of fleshy mountains and valleys. Her silky blonde hair cascaded over the pillows that once belonged to Sarah and Jack. Her long legs spread wide, revealing an exposed pussy. She held her cell phone in one hand while her other hand traced lazy circles over her slick, glistening slit. The sheets beneath her were already damp with her arousal, the scent of her own desire thick in the air. She chuckled softly to herself, the sound low and sultry, as she imagined Sarah's face on the other end of the call—tear-streaked, horrified.

"So, I'll be honest, you should just give up and come back here so the machine can finish what it started," she spoke in the phone, her voice sultry and dripping with wicked delight. "You know you want it. You know you want that amazing body. You know you want to erase all those annoying traits like... yuck... compassion and... eww... empathy." She giggled, a melodic sound that reverberated with malice.

Her lips curled into a smirk as she continued, "If you're thinking of finding a way to make me Jack again... give up! This is me for good, baby. So... come join me." Her voice shifted into a singsong tone, teasing and inviting. "Saaaarah, come back. Come back, Sarah! You know you want it. Sarah! Come b—"

Patricia suddenly stopped speaking and stared at the now silent device for a moment, before her smirk widened into a full, wicked grin. Slowly, laughter began to bubble up from deep within her chest, spilling out in loud, joyous waves as she writhed around on the bed. Her manic laughter filled the room, her body twisting and arching in mock celebration, the high-pitched giggles punctuated by little gasps and moans of pleasure.

"Poor, plain little Sarah. So sad and tortured." Her fingers dipped lower, brushing against her swollen clit, and she hissed in pleasure.

Slowly, she began to masturbate, sliding effortlessly through her soaking folds. She moaned, arching her back, her full breasts heaving with each breath. "Sarah hated Patricia so much. Mmmmmm! And now... I'm... just... like... her. Mmmmmm!" Her body gave a quicky jerks as she was rewarded with a brief little orgasm, but she continued.

She worked herself faster now, and her mind wandered. As she played with herself, her fantasies grew darker, more vivid. She pictured Sarah laying on the ground, crying, begging, pleading for mercy while she, Patricia, loomed over her, her long legs planted on either side, like flags of conquest. "Sarah is mine. I claim her." she whispered aloud. "Soon she'll be broken. Mmmmm!"

Her fingers plunged inside herself, curling and wiggling deliciously, and she gasped, her body trembling with the intensity of the sensation. "Yes... yes..." she murmured, her hips bucking against her hand. "Dumb whore. I'm gonna, like, break you and make you into my own image. I'll be your Goddess! Ung! Ung!"

She could feel the tension building, coiling deep within her core. Her free hand tossed the phone across the room and reached up to squeeze her breast, pinching her nipple hard enough to make her moan, loud and needy. The pain mixed with the pleasure, sending electric shocks through her body. "You'll worship me and you'll lick me," she taunted, her voice rising with every word. "And you'll do every cruel thing I ask, cause you'll be just like me. The old you will fade away and your shaved pussy will throb with wicked obedience!"

Her fingers moved furiously now, her pussy clenching around them, desperate for release. She could feel the heat spreading through her, a fire that consumed everything in its path. "This is me now! An evil goddess! Forever!" she screamed, her voice breaking as the orgasm tore through her. "Forever! **Forever!**" Her body convulsed, her tits jiggling wildly, her juices gushing out in waves that soaked the sheets beneath her even more.

Then, little by little, the massive orgasm subsided. For a moment, she lay still, eyes closed, her chest heaving, her skin glistening with sweat. Slowly, a cruel smile spread across her face and she opened her eyes wide.

"Forever," she whispered, her voice hoarse but triumphant. "Yessss..."

Her fingers trailed lazily over her pussy once more, savoring the wetness, the lingering pleasure. "I will be..." she added, her tone dark with promise, "... a queen."

She stretched languidly, her lithe body moving with a grace that would have been utterly foreign to Jack but felt so natural to Patricia. She rolled onto her side, propping her head up with one hand while the other continued to tease her throbbing clit. The remnants of her orgasm still pulsed through her, leaving her insatiable, craving more.

"Sarah," she murmured, her voice dripping with faux sweetness. "Sweet, innocent Sarah. I'm coming for you." She bit her lip, her fingers pressing harder against her clit. "It's only a matter of time."

Her laughter filled the room once again, cold and cutting, and when it finally subsided, Patricia let out a long, satisfied sigh, her chest heaving as she caught her breath. She lay still for a moment, reveling in the sensation of her body against the soft sheets, the smoothness of her skin brushing luxuriously against the fabric. Then, with a fluid motion, she rolled off the bed, her bare feet padding softly against the floor as she made her way to the mirror.

She stopped in front of it, gazing deeply into her own eyes. They were piercing and hypnotic, a shade of blue so bright and commanding that they seemed almost unnatural. She tilted her head slightly, studying her reflection as if seeing herself for the first time.

"Who would've thunk that this would be me now?" she murmured, her voice husky and filled with self-satisfaction. She reached up, running her hands slowly down her body, her fingers tracing every curve and contour. Her large, firm breasts, her impossibly narrow waist, her full, rounded hips—everything about her screamed sex. "Mmmmm. Gawd, I'm perfect."

She posed dramatically in front of the mirror, one hand resting on her hip while the other played with her thick, golden hair. "Look at me," she purred, her tone dripping with vanity. "The envy of every woman, the desire of every man. No one could resist me. No one would *want* to resist me."

Patricia arched her back slightly, admiring the way her figure accentuated every movement. She turned to the side, running her hand over the curve of her backside, giving it a playful squeeze. "This ass? Men would do *anything* for it. And my lips..." She leaned closer to the mirror, puckering her plump, glossy lips. "Mmmm, juicy. Delicious. No man stands a chance. And these legs?" She extended one long, shapely leg, running her fingers down its length. "Built to kill."

Her eyes sparkled with mischief as she struck another pose, standing tall and placing one hand on her hip, tilting her head to the side with a sultry smile. She admired her own reflection with an almost reverent awe, her fingers dancing along her collarbone before grazing over the swell of her breasts again.

Then she paused, a thought crossing her mind as her expression shifted. Her grin turned sly, her eyes narrowing as she gazed into her own reflection. "I wonder what my parents would think if they saw me now," she said aloud, the words slipping out almost lazily, like a thought she hadn't yet fully committed to.

She tilted her head back and laughed softly, the sound low and full of wicked delight. "Daddy's little boy, huh? Mmm, not anymore. Gawd, I bet he'd get hard the first time he saw me. I mean, *look* at me. He'd be pitching tent for sure." She leaned closer to the mirror, her tongue darting out to wet her lips as her eyes darkened with a new idea.

"I should mess with them," she whispered, her voice a conspiratorial hiss. Her grin widened as the idea took root, blossoming into a full, devious plan in her mind. "Mmmmm. What if I make daddy into me? A hawt, sexy bitch. One of my minions. And mother? She can sit there, powerless, and watch it happen. Yesssss," she hissed, her voice dripping with excitement. She closed her eyes and bit her lip, shuddering at the thought.

Her mind raced with the possibilities, her body practically vibrating with anticipation. She turned back to the mirror, smiling at her reflection with the kind of self-assured arrogance that bordered on insanity.

But just as she was about to lose herself completely in the thought, the phone rang. Patricia's head snapped toward the floor, where the phone lay buzzing on the carpet. Her grin faded slightly, replaced by a curious look.

"Who could that be?" she murmured, turning back to her reflection for one last appreciative glance before making her way to the phone, picking it up. "Hello?" she purred, her voice silky and dripping with amusement. "Sarah? Have you changed your... mind...?"

There was a pause as the voice on the other end spoke, and Patricia's expression shifted from playful curiosity to wicked intrigue. She leaned back against the bedroom wall, her lips curling into a delighted smile.

"Oh my," she said, her tone a mixture of mockery and excitement. "This isn't entirely Sarah. I see. You're the wicked sexy girl I nearly turned her into? That's... *hawt*." Patricia let out a breathy laugh, her chest rising and falling as she basked in the deliciousness of the revelation. "She really is cracking, isn't she? Poor little Sarah, fighting so hard, but here you are, my darling... her dark little shadow. Mmm, I must say, I didn't expect this."

Patricia listened closely, her grin widening as the voice on the other end—the "Other Sarah"—explained her predicament. Patricia's eyes sparkled with glee, and she bit her lip in anticipation as the voice continued.

"So, you're telling me you managed to take over her body for a bit? *Naughty girl*. But... you can't hold on for much longer?" Patricia tilted her head, listening, as she traced her fingers along her exposed collarbone. "Tsk, ts. That does sound like a bit of a problem."

Patricia listened on, pacing slowly across the room, her hips swaying naturally with every step. Her reflection in the nearby gilded mirror caught her eye, and she couldn't help but admire herself for the hundredth time as she continued the conversation.

"Well, my darling, don't you worry. You may be flickering now, but soon enough, you'll burn brighter than ever. In fact..." Patricia paused, tapping a finger against her full lips as she schemed. "I think I know exactly what to do."

The voice on the other end said something, and Patricia let out a low, pleased hum. "Mmm, yes. Listen carefully. Here's what you're going to do." She spun on her heel, her eyes narrowing with wicked focus. "Convince her to go to her office. Play on her fears, her desperation. You see, she wants to fix what I've done to her mind and then, of course, change me back. Isn't she just precious, thinking she can undo all of *this*?" Patricia gestured to herself with a flourish, her laugh bubbling up again. "But to do any of that, she needs the machine. As I recall, when I was... yuck... Jack, I remember her mentioning that there's another one at her lab in the research department. Another machine just like this one."

She paused, letting the thought sink in, savoring the wicked plan forming in her mind. "I'll get there before you and... *set things up*. Oh, the fun we'll have." Patricia moaned softly, her eyes fluttering shut for a moment as she reveled in the anticipation of what was to come. "Don't you just love a good game? I'll have everything waiting for her. And you? You'll make sure she comes straight to me. A fly to the spider."

The voice on the other end chimed in again, and Patricia let out a breathy chuckle. "Don't worry, my dear. Soon, we'll erase good, kind Sarah altogether. Wipe her out completely. And in her place?" Patricia smirked, her voice dropping to a husky whisper. "You, my darling. You'll be *perfect*. You'll be mine and you'll ruin her reputation and destroy all her relationships."

She glanced at herself in the mirror again, admiring the flawless reflection staring back. Her smile grew even more wicked as she imagined the chaos and destruction they would unleash together.

"Run along now," Patricia said sweetly into the phone, her tone condescending yet filled with affection. "Do as I say."

With that, Patricia hung up, a satisfied sigh escaping her lips. She stared at the phone in her hand for a moment, her mind already racing with plans and possibilities. Slowly, she turned back to the mirror, her smirk returning as she admired her figure yet again.

"Sarah, Sarah, Sarah," she murmured, shaking her head in mock disappointment. "When will you learn... I'm a winner, and you're a loser."

Her voice rang out in a high-pitched cackle, filling the room with its chilling echo. Patricia threw her head back as the laughter rolled out of her, her entire body trembling with delight. She was unstoppable now, and the thought of Sarah falling deeper into her trap only fueled her excitement.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Sarah pulled into the parking lot of the massive research complex, her fingers gripping the steering wheel so tightly her knuckles turned white. The hum of the engine faded as she shut it off, leaving only the muffled sounds of the night around her. The building loomed ahead, its sleek, glass-covered exterior reflecting the glow of the sun. It was the same place she had worked for years, a place of innovation, of science—but now, it felt different. Something about it unsettled her.

She let out a shaky breath and glanced into the rearview mirror, half-expecting to see something—or *someone*—in the backseat. Her heart pounded as she hesitated, her eyes scanning the reflection, searching for the presence of “Other Sarah”.

“Hello?” she whispered. “You there?”

Silence.

Sarah exhaled, her fingers relaxing slightly on the steering wheel. Maybe she was gone. She pulled the car key from the ignition and stepped out. The wind bit at her skin, sending a chill up her spine, but she ignored it. The parking lot was mostly empty, just a few scattered cars from the weekend staff and security. The usual buzz of activity was absent, making the whole area feel eerily deserted.

As she walked toward the entrance, the sound of her own footsteps echoed across the pavement, a stark reminder of how alone she was in this moment. Every few feet, she glanced around, half-expecting something—anything—to jump out at her. But there was nothing.

She reached the glass doors, and they slid open with a soft *hiss*. The inside of the lobby was vast and mostly empty, the high ceilings and polished floors amplifying the emptiness. The ambient hum of the fluorescent lights did little to ease the unease curling in her stomach. She took a breath and approached the security desk, where Steve, the overnight guard, was stationed.

“Hey, Steve,” she greeted, forcing a casual tone.

Steve looked up, but something about him seemed off. He was stiff, his hands twitching slightly as he adjusted his uniform. His eyes flicked toward the elevator behind him before darting back to her.

“Doctor, wait,” he blurted, stepping forward slightly.

Sarah frowned, slowing her steps. “Excuse me?”

Steve's gaze dropped to the floor. He hesitated, clearly debating something internally. His whole demeanor screamed discomfort.

Sarah followed his glance and noticed it—a *lipstick stain on his cheek*. A smudge of red on the collar of his disheveled uniform. His shirt was untucked on one side, and his tie sat slightly askew, as if he had just thrown it back on in a hurry.

"You can't go in yet," he said, his voice uneven.

Sarah's stomach twisted. "Why?"

Steve fidgeted, his fingers tapping against his belt. "I... um... I can't say."

Sarah's eyes narrowed. "What do you mean, you *can't say*?"

Steve avoided her gaze again, looking anywhere but at her.

Something in Sarah snapped. She had been through too much. She had lost too much. And now, after everything, *this* man—this weak, nervous, pitiful man—was standing in her way? The irritation simmering beneath her skin flared into something more, something darker.

"Weak... man." Something whispered inside her.

Her fingers twitched at her sides. A strange, tingling sensation crawled up her arms. Her head felt light. But instead of fear, something else took root. A *warmth*. A deep, curling satisfaction. Sarah smiled and repeat the word out loud.

"Weak," she said, as the thought slid through her mind like silk, wrapping itself around her thoughts.

Steve flinched slightly. "W-what?"

Sarah barely noticed his reaction. Her body moved on its own, a slow, deliberate step forward.

"You think you have power?" she murmured, her voice calm, yet dripping with something venomous.

"Because you're wearing a *fake* badge?"

She reached out and flicked the plastic security ID pinned to his chest. The small action felt electrifying, a thrill sparking through her veins. Steve stiffened, clearly rattled.

"Look at him. Squirming. Weak." The voice in her whispered again.

Sarah's lips parted slightly. For a moment, she thought of pulling away. She could have stopped this. But she didn't. In fact, she pulled him in close.

"I could get you fired," she whispered into his ear.

A sharp pulse of pleasure coursed through her, warm and intoxicating, curling around her senses like a drug. Her breath hitched. The sensation was blissful, almost euphoric.

“Or,” she continued, her voice lowering, thick with something sultry, “I could... make it worth your while.”

She stepped in even closer, pressing her body just slightly against his. Just enough to feel the sharp, shallow breath he took. Just enough to see his pupils dilate, his face flush. Steve’s mouth opened slightly, a weak sound escaping him.

Sarah tilted her head, watching him. “So?”

“O... okay,” Steve stammered, his voice barely above a whisper. “G... go in.”

Sarah stepped back, a smirk tugging at her lips.

“Good boy.”

The words left her mouth before she even processed them. And the second they did, *pleasure* flooded her, a sharp, rolling wave of endorphins surging through every inch of her body. It was *so good*—a rush of euphoria so powerful she nearly gasped aloud. And then, soft, smooth, and familiar, a voice whispered inside her mind.

“Good girl,” it said.

Sarah’s breath caught in her throat. The pleasure vanished instantly, leaving behind a hollow, sinking feeling in her chest. She looked down at her hands, her vision swimming. What had just happened? Had she really— Her gaze snapped back to Steve, who was still standing there, dazed, his body visibly affected by what had just occurred. “Oh my god. What did I just do?”

“I’m... I’m sorry,” she whispered, barely able to get the words out.

Steve didn’t respond. He just stood there, watching her, looking uncertain. Confused. Maybe even a little afraid. Sarah turned and bolted toward the elevator, slamming the button with her palm. She couldn’t be here anymore. Couldn’t let this happen again. As the elevator doors slid shut, she pressed her back against the wall, gasping for air.

“I have to end this,” she said, as she clenched her fists so tightly her nails dug into her palms.

“Before I become her.”

Sarah stood in the elevator, her pulse drumming a frantic rhythm in her ears. The soft hum of the machinery filled the cramped space, a constant, dull noise that should have been soothing. Instead, it made her skin crawl. She shifted on her feet, arms crossed tightly over her chest, trying to ignore the creeping sense of unease slithering up her spine.

The reflection in the elevator’s metallic walls stared back at her. She barely recognized herself. Her face was pale, eyes slightly sunken, lips pressed into a thin line that barely concealed the fear trembling just beneath the surface. Her normally neat hair was disheveled, wild strands escaping from the loose ponytail she had tied in a hurry. She looked.... “ugly”.

She looked like a woman on the edge. A woman losing herself. No. She wasn't losing herself. She refused. Sarah inhaled sharply and closed her eyes. She needed to think, to focus. But her thoughts were a chaotic mess, colliding into one another like crashing waves.

Jack. Patricia.

She saw him—*her*—standing in front of her, fully transformed. Laughing, taunting, reveling in her new form. It hadn't been a man trapped in a woman's body. It hadn't been Jack at all. It had been something else entirely, something *born* from the machine, something that had completely erased the man she once knew and loved. And now, that same force was clawing at her mind, weaving itself into her thoughts like an invasive parasite. Her fingers curled into fists. No. She wouldn't let this happen.

Then there was Brenda. Her sister, her last tether to the real world. The only person she could trust. Brenda had taken her in without question, had listened, had tried to comfort her, even when Sarah had been unable to explain the madness of what was happening.

And what had Sarah done in return? She had stolen her car. She winced. Guilt curdled in her stomach. She had *used* her. She had let herself slip further, justifying it as necessity. Her mind was turning on her, pushing her deeper into something dark, something wrong. And she couldn't stop thinking about her—

"Stupid, worthless sister." The words spilled from her lips, dripping with venom, without thought, without hesitation.

Sarah's eyes widened in horror. A sharp inhale caught in her throat, and she clapped a hand over her mouth, as if she could take the words back, swallow them whole before they stained the air. No. No, no, no. That wasn't her. That wasn't her voice. Her hands flew to her head, fingers gripping her scalp.

"That's not me," she whispered, voice trembling. "That's not me."

A dull, aching pressure spread through her skull, slow and suffocating, like something was curling itself around her brain, squeezing. Her thoughts flickered, erratic, trying to hold onto the rational, the logical, but they were slipping, her own mind betraying her.

"Concentrate," she hissed through clenched teeth. "Focus. Just focus."

A dark whisper slithered again through her mind, honey-smooth and taunting. "You're almost there. Just stop fighting it." It said.

Sarah clenched her jaw, shaking her head violently as if she could physically toss it away. No. No, she wasn't listening to it. She *wouldn't*. Her breath came in short gasps, her chest rising and falling rapidly. She needed to focus. The machine. The only thing that could stop this.

Sarah forced herself to push past the sickening voice whispering in the depths of her mind and instead turned her thoughts toward the VR system. She had built it to be revolutionary, to create the most immersive experience possible. But Patricia had found a way to *corrupt* it, to use it against her, against Jack, against *reality itself*.

She had manipulated its core functions, rewritten its very essence. If Sarah had any hope of undoing this, she needed to do the same. She needed to take control of her own technology before it erased her completely. There were two options.

One: She could reprogram the machine to reverse whatever Patricia had done. The molecular resonance system that made the VR world feel so real was the key. If she could map out the neurological and physiological changes, she could construct a counter-program, something to bring her *back*, to bring Jack back.

Two: A full reset. A complete mental wipe. It would be dangerous—impossibly dangerous. She didn't know what it would do to her or Patricia, whether it would erase too much or not enough. But if it came down to that... Sarah's grip on the railing tightened. One way or another, she was getting her mind back.

The elevator slowed, the shift in motion jostling her slightly. The hum of the machinery deepened, signaling that she was approaching her floor.

She lifted her chin, squaring her shoulders.

The doors slid open.

Sarah stepped into the lab, and the air felt different. Heavy. Charged. It wasn't just the hum of the overhead fluorescent lights or the soft whirl of the computers lining the walls—it was something deeper, something oppressive. The lab had always been a place of reason, but now, it felt like a sanctuary of corruption.

Her eyes locked onto the machine in the center of the room. The second VR unit, an identical twin to the one in her basement, stood tall, surrounded by a semi-circle of glowing monitors and blinking status lights. A sleek, clinical design meant to be the pinnacle of technology, but now it felt more like a shrine—a gateway to something dark.

Then she saw her.

Patricia.

Sitting like a queen in one of the lab's chairs, legs crossed elegantly, posture relaxed, exuding an air of effortless dominance. The sight of her sent an immediate wave of unease through Sarah's body. She wanted to run, to back out of the lab before Patricia noticed her. But it was too late. The moment she had stepped in, Patricia had felt her presence.

Patricia's head turned sharply, her luscious waves of thick platinum blonde hair cascading over one bare shoulder as her piercing, seductive eyes locked onto Sarah's. And just like that, Sarah felt her entire body weaken.

Her legs trembled. Her breath caught in her throat. Her stomach twisted, not just in fear, but in dread.

This was no longer her husband. No longer Jack. Sarah felt like a gazelle caught in the gaze of a lioness.

Patricia uncrossed her legs with an agonizing slowness, standing to her full height, the red dress hugging every sinful curve of her body. She took a step forward, and Sarah swore she could feel the very air thicken with each calculated movement. It wasn't just beauty—it was power, an overwhelming force of nature wrapped in the form of a woman too perfect to exist.

Then Sarah noticed them. Two lab assistants stood on either side of the machine. Or rather, what was left of them. They weren't just working—they were moving without thought, fingers flying across keyboards, eyes blank and glassy. There was no hesitation in their actions, no humanity in their expressions. Their movements were too smooth, too synchronized, like puppets on invisible strings. They were like... drones.

Sarah's stomach twisted further. This wasn't just control. This was possession. Her eyes darted to a third lab assistant. A woman, awake, aware, and terrified. She thrashed violently against the restraints of the VR machine as the two blank-faced assistants worked in unison to secure her into the chair.

"Let me go!" she screamed, voice high and desperate. "Please! Doctor! Help me!"

Sarah's head snapped toward Patricia, horror rising in her throat. Patricia just smiled. Sarah felt an overwhelming weight pressing down on her, a sensation so heavy it made her chest tighten. Everything was collapsing in on her all at once.

Her husband, lost to something monstrous.

Her life's work, twisted into something unrecognizable.

Her own mind and body, betraying her.

And then the worst realization of all—her family, her friends, all of them at risk. If she failed, if she gave in, she would become the very thing she hated the most. Something cruel, wicked, and... beautiful.

Patricia's smirk deepened as she watched Sarah struggle. Her hands moved to her own body, teasingly grazing the curve of her waist, the swell of her hips. She was performing, relishing in the torment she was inflicting, in the power she held over Sarah without even touching her.

Sarah wanted to look away. But she couldn't.

The red dress clung to Patricia's body like it was painted onto her skin, the fabric stretching and hugging every perfect, impossibly voluptuous curve. As she moved, the hemline rode up just slightly, exposing more of her flawless, silky thighs. Patricia's lips parted slightly, her eyes heavy-lidded and knowing. She flipped her hair back, letting the waves spill over her shoulders, and let out a soft, satisfied sigh as her hands roamed slowly over herself, paying careful attention to her sizable breasts.

Sarah's fingers twitched at her sides. She hated her. She wanted her. No, that wasn't right. She wanted to be her. She felt it surge inside her—jealousy, admiration, hunger, resentment. How easy it would be

to just kneel. To let go. To let herself change. To become what Patricia wanted her to be. Her sexy, wicked bestie.

Sarah clenched her fists, nails biting into her palms, forcing herself back to reality. No. She would not let this happen.

Patricia's voice, smooth as silk, slid through the air. "Oh, dear," she purred, tilting her head. "He let you in early." She sighed, trailing a perfectly manicured nail around an erect nipple that pushed out at the fabric of her dress. "Mmm. No matter. Watch this."

Then, with a casual flick of her wrist, she commanded. The two lifeless assistants moved instantly, fingers dancing across the keyboards, inputting a string of rapid-fire commands. The machine roared to life, screens flashing, data scrolling in a blur of colors and numbers.

Sarah barely had time to process before the terrified assistant strapped in the chair began to scream again.

"Doctor!" she wailed, thrashing harder. "Please! Help me!"

And for the briefest, most terrible moment— Sarah felt nothing. No fear. No urgency. Just a quiet, foreign satisfaction curling in the pit of her stomach. The sight of the woman begging felt... strangely pleasurable. Sarah's lips parted slightly, a shiver running through her.

No. No, this was wrong. She ripped herself away from the feeling, blinking rapidly as she forced her gaze back to Patricia, the fear crashing back into her like a tidal wave.

"Stop it!" Sarah's voice cracked, her breathing uneven.

Patricia just smiled, that slow, indulgent, wicked smile that made Sarah's insides twist in a way she couldn't explain. The machine whirred louder. The woman in the chair screamed.

Sarah's pulse raced. Patricia's laughter rang out in the lab.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Patricia's eyes gleamed with satisfaction as she leaned back, looking back and forth between Sarah and the two mindless lab assistants. The restraints on the woman seemed to be loosening, prompting the other two to walk over and reapply them to her wrists and ankles. The two drones began to check and tinker with the machine itself. The VR helmet was now positioned above the woman's head, its sleek visor reflecting the dim glow of the monitors surrounding her.

Sarah knew them all well, the three lab assistants. The two that were obviously under Patricia's control, her drones, were Debbie and Carl. Nice enough people, good coworkers. Debbie was single, but Carl... Carl had a wife and kids.

The woman in the chair, afraid, but still 'herself', was Judy. Sarah liked Judy. They were actually friends outside of work. They frequently had lunch together. Judy was one of the sweetest, kindest, people that Sarah knew.

The poor woman's breathing was ragged, chest rising and falling rapidly as she desperately fought again against the bonds. Her fingers clenched into fists, nails digging into the chair's armrests, as she hoped sheer force of will could break her free. It would not.

Sarah could feel the terror radiating from her. And yet, she couldn't move. Not out of fear. Not entirely. It was something else. Something deep inside her was watching all of this; Patricia, her minions, this helpless woman, Judy, 'her name was Judy', she reminded herself—she was watching all of this happen—and was feeling something wrong within her, something inappropriate, something bursting to get out. Something Sarah desperately didn't want to acknowledge.

Sarah's breath hitched as a flicker of movement caught the corner of her eye. She turned—and froze. There, standing among the drones, was... Her. Other Sarah. Like before, she looked just like Sarah. She was her in all appearances, except enhanced, exaggerated—lips plumper, waist tighter, curves impossible. Her hair, wild and untamed, framed her face in cascading waves of platinum curls. She wore a tight pink crop top that barely contained her ridiculous, perky chest, paired with high-waisted, obscenely short jean shorts that showcased her ass and rode up between her cheeks. And her ass—her ass—was a masterpiece of temptation, round and peach-shaped, jiggling with every step she took.

She was giggling and ignoring Sarah, but worse—she was helping the others. Or least she was playing the part; she wasn't really there, of course, but she was miming the actions. Sarah watched, paralyzed, as Other Sarah leaned in, her perfectly manicured fingers appearing to guide the drones' hands. She

pressed her massive chest against Judy's shoulder, her cleavage spilling out as she leaned in close to lick her face, slowly and sensually. Then, as if sensing Sarah's presence, Other Sarah turned her head, and gave her a wide cheeky grin.

"Hello, me," Other Sarah purred, her voice dripping with honeyed malice. "Missed you."

Everything in the room seemed to fade away, so that all that remained was her, the Other Sarah, and the VR chair. Sarah's heart pounded in her chest, her mind reeling. She hoped that this 'woman' was gone from her life, this Other Sarah, this mockery of everything she represented. She hoped beyond hope that this bitch was no more, just a delusional moment created from stress and fatigue.

Sarah tried to speak, but the words caught in her throat. Other Sarah smirked, clearly enjoying the effect she was having. She turned her attention back to the woman in the chair, her ripe hips swaying as she walked around her, her every movement calculated to tantalize and torment.

"Come on," she cooed, bright-eyed and morbidly delighted. "Let's join in!"

Sarah's stomach churned.

"I mean, look at her," Other Sarah said, her voice smooth and silky. She reached down, her fingers trailing along the woman's trembling arm with her long pink nails. Then, with a sudden, fluid motion, Other Sarah climbed onto the chair, straddling the woman's lap. Her breasts bounced with the movement, and she let out a soft, erotic moan, her lips parting as she arched her back.

She slowly bent forward and leaned in close to the woman. "Mmm, you're quite the fighter," she whispered. Her imaginary breath was hot against the woman's ear, and she looked right at Sarah as she continued, "But we both know you're going to give in. Everyone does. Isn't that right, Sarah?"

"You're not there. You're not there," Sarah reassured herself. She knew full well that Judy couldn't hear or see this ghostly sexed-up version of herself... but still, despite her mantra, it felt so real. "You're not there. You're not there. You're not there."

Other Sarah began to rock her hips, grinding against Judy in a slow, deliberate rhythm. Then she pulled down her shirt and let loose one of her big breasts and inserted the nipple into the woman's quivering lips. "Drinky, drinky."

Sarah felt a wave of nausea and arousal crash over her, her own body responding to the depraved display against her coworker, her friend. She tried to look away, but her eyes were drawn back, unable to resist the perverse allure of this performance.

"Come on, Sarah," Other Sarah taunted, her voice sing-song. "We know we want to join in. We can feel it in us—the desire, the power. It's so... yummy!"

Sarah's mind reeled, her body trembling as Other Sarah's words echoed in her mind. She wanted to deny it, to scream that it wasn't true. But deep down, she knew there was a grain of truth in what she said. She harbored a dark curiosity, a growing fascination of desire. She knew it was planted inside her

by Patricia, but it was still there. And now, faced with the embodiment of those desires, a doorway to a new life, filled with freedom, pleasure, and power... she felt her resolve crumbling.

"No," Sarah whispered, her voice barely audible. "This isn't... I'm not..."

"Oh, don't be such a fuddy-duddy!" she purred, flicking her long blonde locks over her shoulder, as she started to really drive her hips into Judy, over and over. "We love this! Just give in! It feels sooo good."

Sarah's throat went dry and she gritted her teeth hard, the force of it actually causing some pain. This wasn't real. Everything she was seeing, everything she was feeling... it... was... not... her. Sarah took a shaky step back.

Other Sarah pouted.

"Aww," she whined, stopped humping the woman, and tilting her head. "You really wanna be boring forever? Naw! You want us to be like me!"

"No!" Sarah closed her eyes and screamed.

"Jesus. Someone is super crazy today," someone said. "Are you talking to yourself?"

Sarah opened her eyes with a sharp gasp, as her sphere of awareness suddenly widened. Other Sarah was gone, but Patricia was there, in the middle of the laboratory, staring at her.

Patricia ran a manicured hand through her luscious waves of hair, looking around and sighing as if this was nothing more than an amusing inconvenience. But there was a knowing twinkle in her eye, as if she knew exactly who Sarah was just talking to.

"Look at her." she said, changing the subject, pointing at the lab assistant in the VR chair, fully bound and ready. "So helpless. So pathetic. So... hawt."

Sarah felt herself shudder, bile rising in her throat. Patricia glanced at her, her lips curling into a smirk.

"I bet you're wondering what I would have thought of all this... when I was Jack." Patricia motioned to the whole room, as if it represented everything that had happened in the last month. She let out a sultry chuckle, placing a delicate hand against her chest in mock nostalgia.

"He would have been so disgusted, seeing what I've done to these poor poor people. I mean, let's be honest, I'm basically killing them. Who they once were, everything they would have been, long gone. All that's to you and your VR machine." She tilted her head, eyes gleaming as she drank in Sarah's horror.

"I... Jack would have fought me. I would have tried to 'save' them."

Patricia licked her lips and let out a low, indulgent moan.

"But now?"

She spread her arms wide, gesturing again at the lab around her—the monitors, the drones, the woman

strapped to the chair, the pure dominance she exuded.

“Now? I love it.”

Sarah clenched her jaw, hands curling into fists at her sides.

Patricia’s gaze darkened. “More than that.” She took slow, deliberate steps toward Sarah. “I feed off it. Mmmmm! It makes my pussy throb,” Patricia stopped and moaned, knees buckling. She closed her eyes and cummed a little, right there, her body jiggling in it’s wake.

Patricia breathed deeply and regained her composure. She opened her eyes and smiled, pulling the dress down taut, as if to smooth out any wrinkles in the fabric; wrinkles that simply weren’t there.

“Mmm. Is this what the original Patricia felt like? Fucking the football team. Bullying you, day after day. Or am I... more than she was? Better?” Her voice was like silk laced with poison, tantalizing, wicked.

Sarah looked away and swallowed hard, refusing to answer. Refusing to give her the satisfaction.

Patricia followed Sarah’s gaze to the VR machine, where Judy was, quietly whimpering, her voice growing weak as her struggling became less frantic.

“Oh, don’t worry,” Patricia cooed, feigning sympathy. “The process, it’s painless. Quick. I did these two in less than ten minutes.” Patricia pointed at the other lab assistant and let out a small laugh, as if genuinely amused.

Sarah’s breath caught. Ten minutes? It had only taken ten minutes to wipe their minds—to reduce them to empty, obedient husks?

“I bet you’re wondering how I figured it out? I mean, it took the machine weeks to make me... me. Ask yourself, how could I mentally change these two so quickly?” Patricia rolled her shoulders, letting out a satisfied sigh, as though reminiscing about a particularly pleasurable experience.

Sarah’s gaze snapped toward her, watching in stunned silence as Patricia sauntered over to one of the monitors, trailing a painted fingernail across the screen. She brought up a file named Sarah v5, and backed away for all to see.

“It’s quite funny, actually. A bit of genius on my part.” She turned her attention back to Sarah, amusement flickering in her eyes. “You see, after you ran away from me, I had our lovely little VR version of you do all the work. You remember her?”

Sarah felt the floor tilt beneath her. Patricia grinned.

“That’s right. She wrote the program. Every line of code. Every tiny, perfect little command that turns an independent, thinking person into a mindless, obedient plaything.” She let out a low, delighted moan.

“And the best part? I didn’t even have to force her. She wanted to do it. I mean, kinda. I did change her a bit before that, didn’t I?” Patricia giggled at the memory.

Sarah's mind reeled. She wanted to deny it, but deep down, she knew it was possible. The program she made of herself for the VR machine, was basically her. Everything she knew, it knew. So if Patricia corrupted her programming, turned her, the VR version of Sarah would be fully capable of writing code for the machine, for Patricia.

Sarah shook her head violently. "No."

"Oh, honey," she said, voice dripping with condescension. "Poor Sarah," Patricia let out a mocking little pout, stepping closer. "Let me show you."

Sarah snapped her gaze back to the drones, to the woman in the chair, to the machine humming to life, as Patricia gave a bored wave of her hand.

"Honestly, though, I find the whole drone thing a little dull. No creativity. No personality." She pouted. "But a queen needs her worker bees."

She flicked her wrist again, and the drones moved in perfect unison. Their fingers flew across the keyboards, finalizing commands. The machine let out a low, mechanical hum, its lights flickering as the restraints tightened around the woman's wrists and ankles. Sarah barely heard the first beep over the woman's sobbing.

"No, no, no, please—please!" Judy pleaded, her body jerking against the chair, her voice raw with terror.

Sarah wanted to move. Wanted to stop this. Save Judy, her friend. But something inside her froze. A whisper slithered through her mind, honeyed and slow. "Judy. She's weak. She's nothing. You're better."

The machine's interface flashed. The whole laboratory was filled with a glorious light. The countdown began and numbers on a screen read...

5...

4...

3...

Sarah collapsed to her knees, shaking her head violently, trying to deny the whispers that wouldn't stop filling her ears with, "She's weak. She's nothing. You're better."

Patricia's lips curled into a slow, wicked smile.

2...

Without her mind knowing it, Sarah's hand drifted down to her crotch, like a naughty school girl sneaking out at night to have some fun. She was equally oblivious when her other hand cupped her

small breast and massaged it. “Mmmm.”

Patricia rapidly clapped her hands in glee.

1...

The helmet locked down and glowed. Judy’s screams suddenly stop, her body convulsing, her head snapping back against the headrest. The machine’s hum grew louder, more insistent. Lights flickered wildly, casting eerie shadows across the lab. The monitors flashed, screens rolling with unreadable data, the intensity of the program surging with each passing second.

An automated voice echoed through the room, cold and detached: “15 percent complete.”

A violent shudder wracked through Sarah’s body. The whole experience, the machine, her friend, it was affecting her on a visceral level. She gasped, eyes wide, her limbs twitching as a strange, erotic sensation raced through her veins. It felt good. Too good. Sarah lay flat on her back, her chest heaving, her mind a storm of conflicting emotions. *She shouldn’t be feeling this way. She shouldn’t be aroused by this.*

Her hand slid beneath her waistband, trembling as it reached her slick, throbbing pussy. She gasped, her fingers brushing against her clit, sending a jolt of pleasure through her. Her mind was betraying her. Every time she thought about what the machine was doing, another surge of bliss rocked her body. Another wave of endorphins, blissful, intoxicating, wrong. Sarah’s breath came in shallow, shaky gasps.

A shadow loomed above her. Patricia. She stood over Sarah like a goddess, hands on her curvaceous hips, watching with delight.

“Isn’t it glorious?” Patricia’s voice rang out, sharp and triumphant, looking down at poor helpless Sarah. On either side of her, the two mind-controlled assistants—once normal, rational people—knelt, their blank eyes fixed on Patricia with adoration. Their bodies were stiff, obedient, waiting for a command.

“37 percent complete.”

Sarah panted, her fingers plunging deeper inside herself. She arched her back, her hips thrusting involuntarily as the pleasure built. *She was supposed to stop this. She needed to save Jack, herself, and... Judy.* But the image of Judy’s transformation, the idea of her mind and body being erased, rewritten, was too cruel, too wicked... too intoxicating. Sarah’s fingers moved faster, her moans mingling with the rising hum of the machine.

Patricia’s sharp laugh cut through the air. “I sure did a trick on you didn’t I, Sarah. Unfinished or not, the seed of being a hot, sexy, bitch, beckons to you. Doesn’t it?!” She was yelling now, as the machine grew louder. She stepped closer, her hips swaying with predatory grace. “Me mind-fucking your little science friend over there sure has you acting like a real slut, Sarah!”

Sarah’s pants were now down around her ankles, her legs splayed open as she fingered herself desperately. Her other hand clawed at the floor, her nails scraping against the cold tile. *This was wrong. Wrong, wrong, wrong.* But her body didn’t care, her cunt was sloppy and wet, dripping onto the floor as

she worked it, creating slimy, sticky noises and an occasional moist pop.

"67 percent complete."

Patricia's eyes flicked to Sarah, her grin widening as she watched Sarah writhe on the floor. "Witness, Sarah! Witness the beginning!" she commanded, her voice rising with a manic intensity. She gestured to Judy's still-convulsing form, her expression one of twisted pride. "This is power! This is **control**. And you—you can be part of it!"

Sarah's fingers moved faster, a blur of pleasure, her body trembling as she edged closer to climax. The sight of Judy's helpless body, the unavoidable knowledge of what was going to happen to her, sent another shockwave of pleasure through Sarah's core. She moaned, her head thrashing from side to side, her hair splayed out around. Her friend was about to be gone, erased, a shell of herself... and Sarah longed for it.

Sarah let out a choked sob. She couldn't take much more. Her body wasn't her own. Her mind wasn't safe. She could feel her own desires warping, bending in ways she didn't recognize.

"No. Not like this. I'm not like Patricia. I'm not like—"

"100 percent complete."

Sarah's climax hit her hard, her back arching off the floor as her pussy clenched around her fingers. She screamed, her voice raw and desperate, she came harder than she ever had in her life. Her juices gushed out, soaking the floor beneath her as she writhed in ecstasy. And then, just as suddenly as it had begun, the pleasure stopped. Sarah went limp, her arms falling to her sides, her breath coming in ragged gasps.

The machine fell silent, the lights stabilizing as the transformation completed. A mist of steam curled around the room, swirling at the base of the VR chair, masking Judy's limp body. Patricia sighed blissfully, stretching her arms as if she had just finished the most satisfying meal of her life.

"Go, release her," she commanded. The two drones obeyed without hesitation, moving toward the chair.

Sarah barely had the strength to lift her head. She felt hollow, like something had been taken from her. Something she wasn't sure she'd ever get back. And as the mist settled, she realized something even worse.

The woman in the chair, who was once Judy... was drooling.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Sarah's breath caught in her throat as the restraints on the VR chair clicked open with a mechanical hiss, freeing Judy—no, the *thing* that had once been Judy. She sat up slowly, her movements unnaturally smooth, as if every muscle in her body had been reprogrammed for perfect, languid grace.

Sarah watched in horrified fascination as Judy's fingers trailed along the armrests of the chair, her nails tapping lightly against the metal. There was something *wrong* about the way she moved, something that made Sarah's skin prickle with dread. It was like watching a marionette move with strings no one else could see.

Judy's chest rose and fell with a deep, shuddering breath, her full lips parting as she exhaled. When she turned her head toward Patricia, her eyes were different—darker, emptier, yet burning with a fervent, unquestioning devotion.

"Thank you, my mistress," Judy murmured, her voice syrupy sweet, but unnaturally steady, dripping with reverence. *"I was foolish to resist. I understand now."*

Sarah felt her stomach twist. That voice—it wasn't Judy's. Not anymore. It was lower, breathier, laced with a sultry confidence that had never belonged to the timid lab assistant Sarah had known.

Judy rose from the chair, her body moving with a hypnotic sway, her hips rolling with each step. The other two assistants—once Sarah's colleagues, now just mindless drones—made room for her, their expressions blank yet somehow *eager*, as if Judy's arrival somehow made them truly complete.

Judy knelt at Patricia's feet, her knees spreading slightly, her back arching just enough to emphasize the curve of her ass. She settled in beside the others, shoulder to shoulder, their bodies angled toward Patricia like flowers turning toward the sun. All of them—*worshipping*.

Sarah's throat tightened. She wanted to scream. She wanted to vomit. But she was too numb, too hollowed out by what she'd just witnessed—what she'd just *felt*. A whimper escaped her lips instead, weak and broken.

"This is wrong," she managed to choke out, her voice barely above a whisper. *"This—"*

Patricia's laughter cut through the air like a knife.

"Shut up!" she snapped, her voice sharp with amusement. She stepped forward, her stiletto heels clicking against the tile like a predator's claws. *"You just creamed your panties to all this. Don't even try*

to deny it."

Sarah flinched. Her body still hummed with the aftershocks of what she'd felt—the sick, undeniable pleasure that had ripped through her as she'd watched Judy's mind dissolve. Her nipples were stiff beneath her shirt, her thighs damp with shame.

Patricia's smirk widened. *"You've always prided yourself on never lying, Sarah. So tell the truth."* She leaned in, her perfume—something dark and floral, like roses dipped in poison—filling Sarah's senses. *"Deep down, you wanted this. Didn't you?"*

Sarah's lips trembled. She wanted to deny it. She *needed* to deny it. But the truth was written in the flush of her skin, the way her body had *responded*, the way her pulse still raced.

"Y-yes," she whispered, the word tearing from her like a confession. *"God help me. Yes."*

A moan spilled from Sarah's lips—not from pleasure, not from pain, but from something deeper, something *worse*. It was the sound of her own will breaking. The guilt was a living thing inside her, gnawing at her ribs, clawing at her throat. She could feel it—the corruption, the *change*—spreading through her veins like ink in water.

Patricia's fingers slid into Sarah's hair, gripping just enough to make her gasp. *"There, there,"* she cooed, her voice dripping with false sympathy. *"I know. It hurts to care so much, doesn't it?"*

Sarah's vision blurred. The drones' voices—Judy's voice—whispered in her ears, a chorus of empty devotion. *"No more pain... no more guilt... just pleasure... just obedience..."*

Other Sarah shimmered into view in the reflection of a nearby monitor, her lips curled in a smirk. *"She's right,"* she purred. *"You're tired of fighting. Let go, Sarah. Let us make you... better."*

"...no more pain... no more guilt... just pleasure... just obedience..."

Patricia's thumb brushed Sarah's lower lip, her touch feather-light. *"Shhh,"* she murmured. *"Let me take it all away."*

Sarah's breath hitched.

"...no more pain... no more guilt... just pleasure... just obedience."

Sarah's body went limp as the drones' hands roamed over her, their touches feather-light yet inescapable. Fingers traced the curve of her jaw, lips brushed the shell of her ear, tongues lapped at the sweat-slicked hollow of her neck. Their whispers were a broken chorus, half-formed words slipping between wet, open-mouthed kisses.

"...no pain..." A hand cupped her breast, thumb circling her nipple through the damp fabric of her shirt.

"...*no guilt*..." Teeth grazed her collarbone, sharp enough to make her gasp.

"...*pleasure*..." Hips pressed against hers, grinding slow, teasing.

"...*obedience*..."

Sarah's breath came in shallow stints. She *should* fight. She *should* scream. But the pain inside her—the gnawing, relentless *wrongness* of what she'd become, what she'd *wanted*—was too much. It was easier to let go. To sink.

Her mind drifted, untethered, floating in a warm, syrupy void. The guilt receded, the self-loathing dulled to a whisper. For the first time in what felt like forever, there was... *peace*.

Then—

"Take my hand, Sarah."

Patricia's voice cut through the haze like a lighthouse beam slicing through fog. Sarah blinked, her vision swimming back into focus. Patricia stood before her, radiant, her arm outstretched, palm upturned. Her fingers were slender, perfect, her nails gleaming like fresh blood.

Sarah reached for her without thinking. Somewhere, deep in the crumbling ruins of her mind, a voice shrieked—*NO!*—but it was distant, muffled, like a scream underwater. The pain of resisting was worse than the shame of surrender.

Patricia's fingers closed around hers, warm and strong, and pulled her to her feet. Sarah swayed, her legs unsteady, her body humming with the aftershocks of the drones' ministrations.

"No pain," Sarah whispered.

"Yes," Patricia purred, guiding her forward with a hand at the small of her back. Sarah's skin burned where they touched.

The VR chair loomed before them, its restraints open like hungry jaws. Sarah hesitated, her breath catching.

"Wait—"

But the drones were already moving, their hands gentle yet unyielding as they pressed her into the seat. Cold metal bit into her wrists as the cuffs locked into place. Another strap snaked across her forehead, holding her still. Panic flared, bright and hot, but it was too late. The helmet locked down and glowed, just as it had with Judy.

Patricia leaned over her, "*Don't worry, dear,*" she murmured, her lips brushing Sarah's temple. "*You won't be like them.*" She walked back to one of the computer terminals, typed something on the keyboard, and pointed, her red-painted nail tapping the screen. "*You'll be something so much better.*"

Patricia pressed enter without even looking down; she simply held her gaze with Sarah and said, "*You'll love it.*"

"ACTIVATE PROGRAM: SARAH v2"

White light exploded behind Sarah's eyes.

For a single, infinite second, there was nothing.

No pain.

No guilt.

No *Sarah*.

Then—

Sarah gasped as the real world dissolved around her. One moment she was in the cold science lab, Patricia's laugh ringing in her ear, the next—

White. Endless, empty white.

Sarah quickly realized she was standing, instead of sitting. She stumbled, her arms flailing for balance, but there was nothing to hold onto. No walls. No floor. No ceiling. Just an infinite, sterile void of the VR loading zone.

"Hello?" Her voice echoed strangely, as if the space itself was swallowing the sound.

She pressed a hand to her chest, feeling her heartbeat thundering beneath her ribs. The fog of arousal and shame that had clouded her mind moments ago had lifted a bit, leaving her startlingly clear-headed. Too clear-headed. The kind of morning sobriety that came with a cold realization, following a night of hard drinking

"Hello?" she called out again, turning in a slow circle.

No response.

Then—a sound. A soft *click*, like a door unlatching. Sarah spun toward the noise. A door—simple, white, nondescript—stood where there had been nothing before. It swung open silently, and from it stepped—*Other Sarah*.

She looked exactly as she had in the mirror, only more *real*. Her blonde hair cascaded in perfect waves over her shoulders, her full lips glistening with pink gloss. She wore a tight pink dress that clung to every curve, the neckline plunging dangerously low. Her hips swayed with each step, her stiletto pink heels clicking against the nonexistent floor.

"Hey, girl!" Other Sarah chirped, waving her fingers in a mocking little greeting. *"You ready for our new life?"*

Sarah recoiled. *"No. I'm not doing this."*

Other Sarah pouted, her bottom lip jutting out in an exaggerated frown. *"Aww. Patricia, like, totally said your last little bit of defiance would surface in here."* She shrugged, her manicured nails fluttering dismissively. *"No worries. We've got plans for that."*

She snapped her fingers. Two sleek, black monitors materialized in front of Sarah, hovering in the white void as if suspended by invisible strings. In front of each monitor were podiums, each with a single, glowing button—one red, one blue.

Sarah's eyes darted between them. The monitor on the left was labeled with a bold, white number: **"1"** On its screen, images flickered to life—scenes from Sarah's past.

The images weren't just any images, they were core moments in Sarah's life. Herself, years younger, handing a twenty-dollar bill to a shivering homeless man outside her lab. Hugging Brenda tightly after her sister's divorce, whispering, *"I'm here for you."* Staying up all night to help a struggling intern with their project, even though it meant delaying her own work. Telling Jack the truth about her insecurities, even when it made her feel vulnerable. Each memory was a punch to the gut. They were moments of real kindness, honesty. A reminder of who she *was*. Things that made her... her.

The monitor on the right was labeled: **"2"** This screen showed a rapid slideshow of beautiful, voluptuous women—pouting at cameras, flipping their hair, laughing as men tripped over themselves to please them. A brunette in a nightclub, letting a wealthy stranger buy her drinks while she rolled her eyes; then fucking his brains out with her porn star body, unburdening him from his wallet. Another blonde in a tight dress, stroking her boss's cock as he stammered through paperwork, promising a promotion that she 'manipulated' out of him. This woman wasn't her, but god help her, she wanted it to be.

Sarah let out a loud gasp for air. Had she been holding her breath this whole time?

"Okay, so here's the deal," Other Sarah said, stepping closer. Her simulated perfume—something cloyingly sweet, like candy and sex—filled Sarah's nose. *"Press button number one, and all that goodness and love inside you?"* She wrinkled her nose. *"Gone. Poof. Burned away. No more guilt. No more caring."*

She gestured to the second monitor. *"Then, button number two turns you into a total sex goddess. Obsessed with your hot new body. Living for the way men—and women—drool over you. And, bonus!"* She grinned, wide and predatory. *"You'll be completely obedient to Mistress Patricia."*

Sarah's hands trembled at her sides.

Other Sarah leaned in, her lips brushing Sarah's ear. *"But here's the fun part..."* Her voice dropped to a whisper. *"You won't want to press button number two... until you press that one."* She pointed to button

number one.

"No!" Sarah's voice was raw, ragged—a sound ripped from somewhere deep inside her chest. She stumbled back from the monitors, her hands shaking violently. *"No! I won't do this!"*

For the first time in what felt like forever, she felt something *real*—a spark of defiance, hot and bright in her gut. She turned away from Other Sarah, her breath coming in sharp gasps. *"Let me out of here. Right now."*

Other Sarah's laughter was like nails on glass. *"Uh, hello?"* She waved a dainty hand at Sarah as she retreated. *"Aren't you forgetting about something?"*

Sarah whipped around to glare at her— And Other Sarah's smirk widened.

"Regret."

A hand burst from the white floor, and then another, fingers clamping around Sarah's ankles like a vice.

"What—?!" Sarah shrieked, trying to jerk away, but the grip was iron-tight.

The hands were followed by Judy's face, emerging from the ground, her once-empty eyes now burning with accusation. Her nails dug into Sarah's calf as she hauled herself up, her body slithering from the floor like something unholy.

"You watched," Judy hissed, maintaining her grip, her voice no longer sweet and obedient, but *broken*. *"You watched, and you liked it."*

Sarah's stomach lurched. *"No—I didn't—"*

"Shame," Other Sarah sang.

Another hand shot up, grabbing Sarah's thigh. It belonged to the second lab assistant—his face twisted in grief—clawing her way up Sarah's body.

"I had a family," he sobbed, his fingers leaving red welts on Sarah's skin. *"Two daughters. You knew them."*

Sarah thrashed, panic seizing her. *"Let go! Please!"*

"Pain," Other Sarah whispered.

The third assistant emerged, her teeth bared in a snarl. All three of them were on her now, reaching from below, dragging her down, their nails scraping, their voices overlapping in a chorus of agony.

"Why, Sarah? Why did you let this happen?"

"I begged you to help me!"

"You enjoyed it!"

Sarah screamed as something *snapped* in her leg—white-hot pain shooting up her thigh. Blood welled where their nails tore into her arms and legs, dripping onto the pristine white floor.

"Just press the button," Other Sarah crooned, circling them like a vulture. *"Press it, and all the regret, all the shame, all the pain—it all goes away."*

Sarah's vision swam. She lashed out blindly, her fist connecting with Judy's face. *"Get off me, you disgusting worms! I hate you!"*

For a second, they all recoiled— And then, silence. The assistants vanished. Sarah collapsed forward, gasping, her body still aching from phantom wounds. The cuts, the broken bone—they were still felt, pulsing with pain.

Then— Footsteps. Slow. Deliberate. Sarah looked up. Brenda stood a few feet away, her arms crossed, her face a mask of disgust.

"Sarah," she said, her voice trembling. *"What have you become?"*

Sarah's blood ran cold.

Brenda, her sister, stood over her. Her face was calm, but her eyes were burning with accusation. *"You stole my car. You lied to me. And now this."* She took a step back. *"I don't even know you anymore."*

"No," Sarah choked out. *"Brenda, please—don't look at me like that—"*

But Brenda just shook her head, her eyes wet with tears. She pointed at a floating mirror that wasn't there before. *"Look at yourself."*

Sarah did. Her reflection shimmered into existence beside Other Sarah—her hair disheveled, her lips swollen, her pupils blown wide with a mix of terror and *want*. She was a mess. She was a *monster*.

Other Sarah stepped back, arms raised in mock surrender. *"Your choice, sweetheart."* She nodded toward the button under monitor one. *"But we both know you're done fighting."*

Sarah's breath slowed. Time stood still.

The pain was too much.

The guilt was too much.

She couldn't take it anymore.

Trembling, she crawled forward, each movement sending fresh agony through her broken leg. She reached up, her hand trembling. Her fingers hovered over the button.

"Make it all stop," she whispered.

And then... she pressed it.

The moment Sarah's finger pressed the button, her body locked up—every muscle seizing at once, her spine arching violently backward as if struck by lightning. A choked gasp tore from her throat. Her fingers splayed wide and contorted into several different shapes, all of them twisted and tortured.

The first monitor shattered. Glass exploded outward in a silent burst, the screen fracturing into jagged pixels before dissolving into nothingness. The button beneath it crumbled like ash, disintegrating before it even hit the virtual ground.

And then— Fire.

Not real fire. Not flames. But a burning so deep, so consuming, that Sarah's scream didn't even sound human anymore. It was a raw, digital guttural sound, ripped from the core of her being as her mind melted.

Her eyes snapped open—glowing. A brilliant, unnatural white light poured from them, illuminating the void around her. Her hair whipped around her face, caught in a wind that didn't exist, strands lashing at her cheeks like angry serpents.

Other Sarah clapped her hands together, bouncing on her heels with glee. "Yay! It's happening!" she squealed, her voice dripping with delight.

Sarah's body began to move on its own—hips jerking, chest spasming, limbs twisting in a grotesque, hypnotic dance. She had no control. No say. Her body wasn't hers anymore.

* * *

In the real world, in the lab— Sarah's physical form, strapped tightly into the VR chair, jerked in perfect sync with her digital self. Her back arched off the seat, her fingers clawing at the armrests, her legs trembling violently against the restraints.

Patricia watched, her full lips parted in a hungry smile, her hands sliding up and down her own voluptuous body. She couldn't resist touching herself, watching a display of such corruption and change. It wasn't finished, but she knew, there was no turning back now.

"Yes," she purred, her voice thick with arousal. "That's it, Sarah. Let it all go. Let the goodness burn." She leaned in, her breath hot against Sarah's ear. "Let your empathy die. Be my new Britney."

* * *

Back in the white void of VR— Sarah's whole body collapsed, flat to the ground, writhing, her fingers digging into her scalp as if she could tear the pain out with her nails.

"My head!" she shrieked, her voice breaking. "Make it stop! MAKE IT STOP!"

But it didn't stop.

It grew.

Smoke curled from her eyes, tendrils of black and gray rising into the air as something deep inside her eroded. Piece by piece. Memory by memory.

The first to go was Jack. The way he'd looked at her on their wedding day. The way he'd held her when her father died. The stupid, dorky grin he'd given her when he brought her coffee in bed. Ripped away like pages torn from a book. Gone.

Then—Brenda. Her sister's laughter. The way she'd hugged her after Sarah defended her from a bully in high school. The time they'd stayed up all night talking about their hopes and dreams. Gone.

Next—every kindness. Every selfless act. Every moment she'd ever put someone else before herself. Helping a lost child in the supermarket. Donating to charity. Staying late to comfort a grieving friend. Gone. Gone. Gone.

Sarah's screams turned hoarse, her body thrashing as more chunks of her identity were peeled away, floating from her eyes like embers. The pain wasn't just in her mind anymore—it was in her soul. She could feel it, mixed with the pain. The hollowness. The nothingness. Where there had once been love, there was now only a gaping void.

Other Sarah crouched beside her, stroking her hair like she was soothing a wounded animal. "Almost there," she whispered. "Just a little more."

Sarah's back arched one final time, her mouth open in a silent scream as the last flicker of kindness—the last shred of goodness—was ripped from her.

And then— She collapsed.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

The white plains of VR stretched on forever, a canvas of pure potential. Sarah remained on her knees. The floor felt hard under her legs, but inside, the weight was gone. The gnawing guilt, the constant, tedious calculation of right and wrong—it had all been sand brushed away, leaving a simple, immorally smooth surface.

She looked up at her other self, Other Sarah, Sexier Sarah, with a new perspective. The woman now appeared to her as being quite appealing, or hot as fuck, a masterpiece of her own deepest, most carefully buried vanity. Every curve of her body, from the swell of her hips to the simple, perfect line of her collarbone, was a silent, mocking question. *Why did you ever settle for less?*

“How do you feel?” Other Sarah asked, her voice now sounded to her like a silky thrum that vibrated right through the floor and into Sarah’s bones. She wished she could sound like her.

Sarah let the question sit. The thoughts of fear, panic, or the desperate need to fix what Jack had broken; it all felt silly now. She sifted through her memories and found that something was off. The emotions were there, but they were flat. Many defining moments in her life were, in fact, missing. Memories, she now realized, that use to control her, distract her from herself; they were no longer there. Although she couldn't say exactly what was missing, she knew that those 'rules' no longer governed her.

A sound escaped her lips, a soft, breathy *humph* that was almost a laugh. She tasted the tears on her face. She had been crying. For Jack. For herself. The concept was absurd now. Pathetic.

She pushed herself up, rising to her feet with a new, unfamiliar steadiness. Her eyes traveled the length of her doppelgänger’s form, not just with jealousy, but with a cool, analytical appreciation. *So sexy. So powerful.* Her gaze then dropped to her own body, to the softness of her thighs under the cheap fabric of her slacks, the modest curve of her breasts hidden by her lab coat. A clinical assessment. *Suboptimal.*

“I feel free,” Sarah said. The words were true, and they carried a little chuckle, a light, airy sound she barely recognized as her own.

Her mind, unshackled, began to wander down paths she had always barricaded. She looked at the other woman’s body again, this perfect, impossible sculpture, and felt a pull that was... appetitive. *I could live with that.*

Then her thoughts turned to the VR machine. She noticed that she considered it differently, too. Not as a tool for healing, not as a way to mend broken minds. But as an instrument. A key. Patricia was a blunt force, using it to create groveling slaves. But the potential... the beautiful, terrifying potential for control, for reshaping reality itself to one's will... A slow, deep smile spread across her lips. A soft moan of pure, intellectual arousal escaped her as she imagined the intricacies of it, the system of rewards and punishments, the psychological levers one could pull.

Other Sarah's painted lips curved into a mirroring smile, a silent acknowledgment of a shared thought. *"I think you're starting to get it."*

Sarah hesitated, her arms crossing as she mulled over the words. "Maybe," she admitted slowly, her voice tinged with a reluctant realization. "I'm starting to see things more clearly. I've been living for everyone else—molding myself into what others wanted. Maybe it's time I focus on *me* for once." There was something darker, more deliberate in her tone now. She shrugged.

Other Sarah smirked, her lips curling with approval. "Yes, well, I'd say you're halfway there. Your newfound selfishness? No more silly guilt. Replaced with a need to be a little... cruel? Mmmm. It's **sexy**. But you're not quite there yet. You've got a few more steps to take before you become the perfect version of yourself. Before you become... ME!"

Her gaze shifted to the podium, where the second button glowed faintly. The one that promised physical transformation and complete submission to Patricia. The monitor above it continued to flicker with images—flashes of tangled limbs, moans, and the unmistakable glimpse of Patricia's commanding lips.

"I think you want to press it," Other Sarah purred, her voice dripping with temptation.

Sarah shook her head, though her eyes lingered on the button. "It's... enticing. **God**, it's hot. But I think I'd rather have people pressing *my* buttons, you know?"

Other Sarah laughed, a low, sultry sound. "Oh, I doubt that. But let me give you a little taste. Maybe I can change your mind."

With a snap of her manicured fingers, a stool materialized beneath her. She lowered herself onto it, her plump, curvaceous ass settling around the seat. Another snap, and a figure appeared between her legs—a young, masked slave girl with pigtails sprouting out from the top of her latex mask. Her face was obscured except for a single hole where her mouth should be, her tongue already protruding, eager and needy.

"You see," Other Sarah said, her voice a whisper of seduction. "Obedience to the mistress has its perks." She gripped the girl's head, guiding it toward her cunt with a firm hand. "Delicious perks."

The command was sharp, leaving no room for hesitation. *"Lick."*

And the slave girl obeyed. Her tongue moved with precision, lapping at Other Sarah's pussy with a

desperate eagerness. Other Sarah sighed, her head tilting back as pleasure coursed through her. “Mmm, here. Let me show you what it feels like to be me,” she murmured, snapping both her fingers this time.

For a brief moment, their eyes glowed in sync—a flash of connection between Sarah and her. Then it was gone.

Sarah gasped as the sensations hit her all at once. She could feel it. She could feel it all. Everything Other Sarah was feeling, she felt it too. The warmth of a tongue exploring her sloppy cunt. The teasing flick against her clit, the deep dive into her wetness. It was overwhelming, electric. Her legs felt weak, and she had to steady herself against the podium.

But it wasn't just physical pleasure that was affecting her. It was also an idea. A delicious idea. The notion of *obedience*. The sheer, intoxicating *yumminess* of submitting to Patricia. Other Sarah felt it, and so did she. It was an ache, a craving that dug deeper than any orgasm ever could. It was an imperative—a need to serve, to belong.

Unconsciously, she found herself moving toward the button, her hand reaching out as if drawn by some magnetic force. She stopped herself at the last second, gripping her own wrist tightly.

“No,” she whispered, though her voice trembled.

Other Sarah laughed again, a mocking squeal. She tapped the slave girl's head twice, her command clear: *faster, harder*. The girl complied immediately, her tongue working with renewed fervor.

Sarah's eyes rolled back as the pleasure intensified. Every sensation doubled—the tongue in her pussy, the ache of obedience, the weight of Other Sarah's massive breasts as she squeezed them in her hands. Sarah felt it all, as though she were the one on the stool getting her pussy licked by a mindless slave... because Mistress Patricia allowed it. The two were linked in that moment, extreme pleasure and total obedience.

She grabbed her own ass, feeling the plump, round surface that belonged to Other Sarah's body. She felt the fullness of her lips, the way they curved into a wicked smile as her tongue glided across them.

Her thoughts spiraled, teetering on the edge of madness. The boundary between herself and Other Sarah blurred, their desires merging into one consuming need. The delirious craving to belong, to submit, to *serve*. *Say it*, a voice whispered in her mind, soft yet insistent.

“I... I... live to serve,” she murmured, her voice trembling with the first flicker of certainty. The words felt foreign yet inevitable, like a truth she'd been denying all along.

The pleasure surged again, deeper this time—her clit throbbed, her body shuddered, and the ache in her soul grew unbearable. Her knees buckled as the intensity swallowed her whole. “I live to serve,” she repeated, louder now, her voice breaking under the weight of something she could no longer resist. The whisper became a declaration, a vow, a *scream* of absolute certainty. “I LIVE TO SERVE!”

Her hand shot out, slamming down on the button with a force that reverberated through the white VR loading room. It was a deliberate, confident act. There was no confusion about it; this was Sarah choosing to change, choosing Patricia.

The glow of the button seemed to pulse in time with her heartbeat. She knew she would be Patricia's now, body and soul. And as the first couple convulsions began to shake her body, she thought of something else, a single image, the last thought that this version of Sarah would ever have...

She imagined a photo, her favorite photo, from their wedding; Jack and Sarah. It showed the two of them laughing, feeding each other cake, surrounded by friends and family. Carefree. Loving. Together. And then, in her mind, it caught fire and the photo burned to ashes. A pile of grey nothing. Gone... forever.

And so, her transformation began.

The white room seemed to embrace Sarah as her body began to convulse uncontrollably. Her limbs jerked outward, shoulders pulled back, and her tongue lolled from her mouth as drool dripped down her chin. She was no longer conscious of her surroundings, lost in a haze of pure, raw sensation.

Other Sarah, standing nearby, smiled with a gleam of triumph in her eyes. She reached out, grabbed the slave girl's head, and tossed her aside like a discarded doll. Rising from the stool, Other Sarah began to circle the writhing form of her counterpart, watching with satisfaction as the first signs of transformation took hold.

* * *

Back in the real world, Sarah still sat strapped in the chair, her body convulsing violently. Spit and drool spilled from her lips as her muscles contracted in erratic waves. Patricia stood nearby, her expression a mix of insanity and joy. She ran a hand over her own body, massaging her pussy and gripping her breasts firmly.

She stepped closer to Sarah, leaning in to observe the beginnings of the transformation with predatory curiosity. Around her, the attendants rose from their positions, drawn to their mistress like moths to a flame. Two knelt at her feet, while the other positioned herself behind Patricia. Their hands roamed freely, caressing her breasts, ass, and thighs.

"Yes," they whispered in unison, their voices reverent. "It's for you. She's changing for you, mistress."

* * *

Back in the VR world, Sarah's body gyrated violently, her head snapping from side to side, hair whipping wildly around her face. Her eyes rolled back, showing only the whites, as her limbs flailed uncontrollably. Other Sarah stood behind her, a wicked smile curling her lips. She stepped forward with deliberate intent, as if preparing to slip into a suit made of flesh... made of Sarah.

Other Sarah's thighs pressed against the back of Sarah's legs first, their forms beginning to blend seamlessly. Her tanned skin spread like liquid, merging with Sarah's pale flesh, as her hips thrust forward, melding into Sarah's ass. The fabric of their clothes dissolved into each other as the two bodies became one. Other Sarah's arms aligned perfectly with Sarah's own outstretched arms, fingers intertwining and merging until they were indistinguishable.

As Other Sarah continued to step forward, her breasts pressed firmly against Sarah's back, their fullness spreading and blending into her. The sensation caused Sarah's body to shudder, her own chest swelling in response. Finally, Other Sarah's head tilted forward, her face merging with the back of Sarah's skull. A final surge of energy pulsed through them as the last traces of Other Sarah seeped into her counterpart.

Sarah's body began to transform instantly. Her breasts swelled dramatically, pushing against her chest as her waist cinched in sharply. Her ass rounded into a perfect, peach-like curve, and her skin took on a sun-kissed tan, spreading like a flawless disease across her body. Her lips plumped, her lashes grew long, and her hair cascaded down her back in waves. One by one, her nails elongated, transforming into the polished, painted claws of Other Sarah.

A raw, pleased moan escaped Sarah's lips. Other Sarah was nowhere to be seen—only a single figure, continuing to transform.

* * *

In the laboratory, Patricia watched with rapt attention as Sarah's body began to actually change in earnest. Her skin rippled and undulated as if something beneath the surface was reshaping her from within.

Her shirt tore as her breasts grew larger and larger, her pants splitting at the seams as her hips vastly expanded. The sound of bones cracking and shifting echoed in the room as her waist narrowed impossibly. Her face adjusted subtly but unnervingly, her nose becoming more petite, her lips fuller, and her hair growing longer and healthier, emerging from beneath the VR helmet.

The attendants continued their ministrations, one licking eagerly at Patricia's pussy while the others

focused on her nipples, sucking and teasing them until they were erect and glistening.

Patricia moaned in pleasure, her voice rising above the chaos. *"Yes! Yes! This is it!"*

Suddenly, alarm bells blared throughout the lab, and an automated voice interrupted the scene.

"Warning, warning. Safeguards are off. Any alterations may be unpredictable and permanent."

Patricia smirked through her ecstasy, her eyes locked on Sarah's transforming body. *"I'm betting on it,"* she muttered darkly.

* * *

Floating warning messages popped up around the loading room, ignored by everyone.

Sarah's body was nearly complete—her breasts had almost swelled to their final, massive size. Her ass rounded to a more porn-perfect shape. Her waist cinched once again. Everything continued to expand and retract, in all the right places.

As the convulsions began to slow, Sarah's eyes shot open, wide and gleaming with a mix of shock and ecstasy.

"I feel it!" she gasped, her voice trembling with raw sensation. *"It's glorious! I feel it in my breasts..."* Her tone shifted suddenly, becoming higher, sultrier, dripping with promiscuity. *"...I feel it in my titties! Tee hee! My juicy cunt! Yesssss!"*

She threw her head back, laughing with unrestrained delight, a broad smile spreading across her beautiful, newly transformed face.

* * *

The alarm went silent, but Smoke filled the lab, and a series of emergency lights automatically flicked on, giving the whole room an eerie red glow. Finally, Patricia watched as Sarah's body convulsed one last time, her back arching sharply as her hips bucked to completion. A slow moan eeked from her throat, that sounded both exhausted and pleased. Her skin settled, smooth, tanned, and pristine.

Her breasts quivered as they shifted into their monstrous final size—G-cup orbs that strained against what little remained of her shredded shirt. Her nipples stood painfully erect, taut and sensitive,

glistening with arousal. Her hips gave a small but final, bone-cracking shift, settling into their perfect, planet-sized roundness, while her waist shrank once more, to complete an envious hourglass shape.

Her panting grew louder but slower, as her body stilled, the remnants of her clothes hanging in tatters. The once-buttoned shirt now clung to her only by a few threads, barely covering the sides of her swollen breasts, while her pants were reduced to a few fabric scraps clinging to her calves.

Her thighs, thick, smooth and toned, gleamed under the harsh lab lights, and her luscious ass, was fully exposed, spilling out of her seat, now a perfect upside down heart shape.

Her lips, so plump and glossy, parted, effortlessly sexy, as she drew in ragged breaths. Her lashes fluttered, now long and dark against her flushed cheeks. Her hair cascaded down her shoulder in thick, glossy waves, framing the exaggerated allure of her new form.

Sarah's perfect, sensual new body, was now a weapon for sex and debauchery. A finely crafted tool, designed to make every cock hard and moisten every pussy. It draped over the VR chair, like a puppet, a marionette, waiting to be used.

Patricia waved her slaves aside with a dismissive hand, stepping closer to Sarah. She tilted her head, studying the transformed figure before her with a mix of malice and satisfaction.

"Wake up, bestie,"

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Patricia waited. The air in the lab felt thick, charged with the scent of sweat, perfume, and the heat from the overtaxed machine.

In the chair, Sarah's breathing shifted. It deepened, turning from ragged pants into long, deliberate draws of air. Her chest rose and fell with a new, heavy rhythm. The movement made the remnants of her torn shirt shift, the fabric whispering against skin that now looked like polished honey.

Her hands came up, slow and deliberate, to the VR helmet. Her fingers, tipped with perfect, dark-painted nails, found the seals. With a soft *hiss* of releasing pressure, she lifted the helmet from her head. For a second, she simply held it, her eyes still closed. Then, she let her legs fall open, spilling off the sides of the chair with a languid, unconscious grace. She placed the helmet in her lap, its smooth curve cradled between her thighs. She took another deep breath in.

It was a new sensation. The cool laboratory air moving over her lips, her neck, the exposed swell of her cleavage. Her new lungs filled completely, and as she exhaled, she felt a subtle, fascinating *jiggle* across her upper body. A soft, heavy weight settling. Her nipples, tight and sensitive, pushed insistently against the thin, torn cotton of her bra.

Her eyes opened.

Long, dark lashes framed irises of a piercing, impossible blue. They focused on nothing at first, then drifted down to her own body. A slow, languorous smirk touched her plush lips. The expression was utterly new. It was knowing. *Hungry*.

Her right hand rose, fingertips grazing her own cheekbone with a tenderness that was almost reverent. The touch trailed down, following the line of her jaw, her neck. It skimmed the side of her breast and continued down the dramatic curve of her waist, over the swell of her hip. She was mapping her new territory.

Both hands came up then, palms cupping the full, heavy weight of her breasts. Her fingers sank into the impossibly soft flesh. She explored them, circling slowly, spiraling inward until her thumbs brushed over the hardened peaks of her nipples. A sharp, sweet bolt of sensation shot through her. She gasped and moaned, then the sound twisted into a low, throaty giggle.

Her head turned.

Her blue eyes found Patricia, who stood watching, a statue of crimson and satisfaction.

Sarah's smile widened, becoming something radiant and wicked. A full-body shudder ran through her, a quake of pure, unadulterated *recognition*. It wasn't thought; it was deeper. Cellular. In her bones, in the liquid heat now pooling low in her belly, she *knew*. This was her mistress. This beautiful, terrifying creature who had once been Jack, now Patricia. This was her future.

"Oh, baby," she breathed, her voice a smoky alto she'd never possessed before. "I have seen the light."

Patricia's lips curled. She tilted her head down, her hazel eyes glinting with mischief and triumph. She held up a single, commanding finger and beckoned. *Come*.

Sarah swung her legs, the motion powerful and smooth, planting her feet on the floor. She stood in one fluid motion, the tatters of her clothing hanging like victory rags. Then she walked.

Each step was a seductive, hip-swaying promise. With each one, she shed the ghost of her old self. The anxious scientist. The guilt-ridden wife. The *good girl*. It sloughed away like dead skin. Her new body felt powerful, agile, a weapon and an offering all in one.

She stopped just inches from Patricia, close enough to feel the heat radiating from her perfect body.

Patricia's hand shot out, not to her face, but to the lush curve of her ass. The grip was possessive, firm. She pulled Sarah forward, crushing their bodies together.

Four full breasts pressed tight, mounds of soft flesh mashing, shapes distorting against each other. The sensation was overwhelming. A moan vibrated in Sarah's throat... pure satisfaction.

"Who do you belong to?" Patricia asked, her voice a low purr right against Sarah's ear.

The answer was a truth so absolute, it was as if she'd known it her whole life.

"I belong to you." Sarah's voice was a desperate, worshipful whisper. "Oh god, my pussy, my breasts, my soul... it's all yours."

Her hips began to move of their own accord, a slow, instinctive writhing as their bodies stayed locked. Sweat gathered, making their skin slick. Breasts slid against breasts in a warm, wet orbit. Patricia's other hand came up, tangling in Sarah's long, glossy hair, gripping the back of her neck. The hold was dominant. Certain.

"That's right, bitch," she murmured, her breath hot. "You're fucking mine."

Then she pulled Sarah's head forward and closed the distance.

Their lips collided.

It was not a gentle kiss. It was a claiming. Patricia's tongue pushed past Sarah's plump lips without hesitation. And Sarah... Sarah *accepted*. Opened for her. Welcomed the invasion with a whimper that melted into a hum of pleasure. Their tongues tangled, a hot, slick dance. Their full lips meshed, sliding, sucking.

Sarah's arms fell limp, dangling on as her world narrowed to this point of contact. The taste of her mistress—lipstick, power, something uniquely *Patricia*—flooded her senses. Her own hips kept moving, grinding in little circles, against the promise of Patricia's thigh between hers. She could feel the damp throbbing between her own legs, an urgent, empty ache in her pussy.

Sarah and Patricia's lips locked endlessly in a relentless, intoxicating dance. For Sarah, this was more than pleasure—this was **heaven, home**, the place she had always belonged. Her mind drifted effortlessly, surrendering to the sensations: the heat of their bodies pressed together, the synchrony of their heartbeats, the deep, aching need pulsing in her pussy and breasts. It was **divine**.

Her thoughts flickered briefly to a distant past, a time when she cared about things that now seemed trivial—about helping people, about being kind, about her life with Jack. That version of herself felt like a faded photograph, almost unrecognizable. The thought of being that meek, naive woman—the one who loved that spineless excuse of a man, Jack—was enough to make her stomach churn. How could she have ever been so... stupid? The mere idea of him, the way he used to be, nearly made her break the kiss. But she didn't. She kept going because it was what Patricia wanted, what Patricia demanded.

Patricia's hands roamed lower, her fingers slipping between Sarah's thighs, teasing her, then plunging inside her pussy. Sarah moaned into the kiss, trembling at the exquisite intrusion. *Oh, her mistress was fingering her.* It was glorious, perfect.

Between waves of pleasure, Sarah chuckled at her own past naivety. Why had she ever resisted this? Why had she denied herself this powerful, seductive existence? The laugh bubbled up uncontrollably, and Patricia pulled back slightly, though her fingers continued their slow, deliberate rhythm inside Sarah's cunt.

"What's so funny, my sexy little pet?" Patricia purred, her voice dripping with dominance.

Sarah opened her eyes, meeting Patricia's gaze. She moaned softly, losing herself in the intensity of those eyes. "I just... I'm going to be like this forever," she whispered, her voice trembling with arousal and awe. "And I almost fought against it. I was so stupid. I see now—the original Patricia was right to bully me. God, I want to be like her... like you. I want to hurt people, own them, dominate them. I was meant for this... I was meant to be yours."

Patricia's fingers thrust deeper, curling inside her, drawing a sharp gasp from Sarah's lips. "Truer words have never been spoken," Patricia murmured, stroking Sarah's cheek with her free hand as if soothing a child. Then, without warning, her movements became frantic, wet, sloppy noises echoed in the room; her fingers driving Sarah toward the edge.

"Before we move on," Patricia commanded, her voice low and firm, "I want you to cum for me. Now!"

The words alone were enough. Sarah's body seized, her back arching as pleasure erupted through her. She writhed and convulsed, her pussy clenching around Patricia's fingers as she came in hot, pulsing waves. She screamed, her voice raw and desperate. "Yes! I cum for you! My pleasure is yours!"

Patricia watched with dark satisfaction as Sarah's body jerked and trembled, her creation utterly undone by the force of her orgasm. Unable to resist, Patricia brought her other hand to her own pussy, touching herself as she reveled in the sight of Sarah's submission. The thrill of dominance sent shudders through her, and she came too, though her focus never wavered from Sarah.

Slowly, Sarah's climax subsided. She lay there, breathing heavily, her eyes fluttering open to meet Patricia's gaze once more. A soft smile spread across her face, radiant with devotion.

"So," Sarah murmured, her voice still breathless, "what's next?"

Patricia closed the distance between them in two quick strides. Sarah watched, a smirk playing on her new lips, as Patricia's hands—surprisingly strong for their slender appearance—reached out and grabbed the tattered remains of her shirt. With two sharp, opposing yanks, the fabric gave way completely, tearing apart with a satisfying *rrriip*. It fell away, leaving Sarah's upper body bare to the cool lab air.

Sarah's eyebrows arched in genuine surprise. *That strength... from that frame?* It was a thrilling detail, another layer to Patricia's impossible, potent nature.

Without a word, Patricia turned her head, a silent command. The male drone—his movements fluid but empty—pivoted instantly. He walked to a nearby desk and retrieved a dress Sarah hadn't noticed, folded neatly. As he lifted it, the laboratory lights caught the fabric, making it sparkle with a thousand tiny, lavender points of light.

He returned, draping the garment over Sarah's waiting arms. The material was cool and slippery against her skin.

"My right-hand bitch needs something that will favor all her lovely new curves," Patricia said, her voice a low purr of approval. She reached out and traced a single, sharp nail along the slope of Sarah's shoulder. "Sex is a weapon, baby. And you're gonna be using it in so many delicious, naughty ways."

A shiver; part pleasure, part anticipation, ran down Sarah's spine. She smirked, the expression feeling utterly natural now. She let the dress pool in her arms and, without hesitation, unbuttoned her ruined pants. She pushed them, with effort, down her thighs, stepping out of the puddle of fabric with a graceful kick. She stood there, completely nude in the center of the lab, under the gaze of her mistress and the blank stares of the drones.

For a moment, she just looked down. *Her* body. The impossible hourglass, the heavy, full breasts with their tight, dark nipples, the smooth plane of her stomach leading to the lush flare of her hips. It was a masterpiece. She shifted her weight slightly, one hip cocking. The subtle movement altered the shadows along her curves, a living sculpture. A low, appreciative moan escaped her lips—just from the *sight* of it. The sheer vanity of the act sent a pulse of heat straight to her cunt.

She lifted the dress, the sparkling fabric whispering, and pulled it over her head. It slithered down her body like a second skin. She tugged and smoothed it, and it conformed to every inch of her as if it had

been poured onto her. It clung to the swell of her breasts, nipped in at her tiny waist, and hugged the ripe curves of her ass. She ran her hands over herself, palming her breasts, smoothing over her hips, cupping her own backside. The way the sequined material caught the light with every breath was... *divine*.

"Yummy," she said aloud, her voice rich with satisfaction.

"Perfect," Patricia replied, her gaze approving. Then she turned to the three silent drones, her demeanor shifting to one of practical menace. "Well. First, we need to tie up some loose ends before we get into some real planning."

She gestured with a flick of her wrist. "Like these three. They have attachments. People are going to talk, so we need to *deal* with them." Her nose wrinkled slightly. "Unfortunately, because these ones were altered in such a quick, slapdash way, they're simply like... this. Monotone automatons. They can't go back home and convince anyone of anything. Their intellect is basically intact, but socially? They're fucking retarded. I think it has to do with the rush job. Mind can't handle it."

Patricia's eyes, sharp and knowing, found Sarah's. "With you, for example... it was methodical. Slow. And in the end, it was *you* who made the choice to be what you are."

Sarah closed her eyes, inhaling deeply. The memory of that final, decisive button-press flooded her with warmth. "Oh, I did," she breathed out, a smile touching her lips. "And I chose so, so good."

Patricia looked at her with a complex expression—a flicker of amusement utterly consumed by vast, possessive pride. "Yes, you did," she said, her voice softening for just a heartbeat before turning brisk again. "Now, let's get to it. I think what we need is for their significant others... husbands, wives, children... close friends... to forget them."

Sarah listened, her hands still lightly stroking the sparkling fabric over her wide thighs.

"The whole machine is needed for any large-scale, absolute changes," Patricia continued, pacing slowly. "Its framework is singular. But it *does* use, in conjunction with all that, a series of subliminal inputs that we can definitely reproduce outside of the walls of VR. Effective for small things. Like... slowly forgetting someone exists." A cruel, elegant smile formed. "So. We'll send emails from their accounts. Say they're working on a confidential project, away for a week. We can mimic their writing style well enough. But the emails will have attachments... harmless-looking files that will seed the necessary suggestions. A nudge here, a blurred memory there. I think in a week, their loved ones won't even remember their names."

"*Mmm, lovely*," Sarah sighed, the idea itself feeling like a caress.

"As for *our* own friends and family..." Patricia's gaze turned predatory. "Your sister, for example. Well, I have some much more *sinister* plans for them."

A jolt, hot and immediate, went through Sarah. She remembered Brenda. Her warm smile, her loyalty,

the long talks over wine. She remembered a fierce, protective love. Now, that memory was like dry kindling, and Patricia's words were a match.

The image that flashed behind her eyes wasn't of hugging her sister. It was of Brenda on her knees, eyes wide and tearful. It was of Sarah's hand, her new, perfect hand, delivering a sharp, stinging slap across that familiar cheek. It was of Brenda, transformed into something pliant and desperate, a "little slutty simp" gazing up at her with worship, leaning in to...

Sarah's thighs pressed together of their own accord. A soft, aching friction sparked through the thin dress. A low hum of pleasure vibrated in her throat. She was getting wet just from the *thought*.

"*Focus*," Patricia chided, though her smile showed she knew *exactly* where Sarah's mind had gone.

Sarah took a shaky breath, the air cool in her lungs. The damp heat between her legs was a persistent, delicious promise. "I'm focused," she said, her voice a little husky.

"For now," Patricia continued, "I'll stay here and cover our tracks with these three." Her gaze sharpened with focus. "But there's something else I need to investigate—the anomaly. The glitch or function that allowed the machine to reform us so... completely. The more we understand, the more we'll have to move forward. Knowledge is power, after all."

She turned to Sarah, her eyes gleaming with mischief. "As for you, my little bitchy cunt..." Patricia paused, savoring the words. "Your first task is simple. Go home, make yourself comfortable, and... think." She stepped closer, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "Using the machine in our basement, I want you to find a way to transform your sister into something... unexpected. Make it cruel, but sexy, something utterly demented. Surprise me! Consider this your initiation as my second-in-command."

"Yes, Mistress," she replied, her voice reverent. "I live to obey you. I will serve you to my dying day."

Patricia's smile widened, and she reached out, pulling Sarah close by the waist. Their bodies pressed together again as Patricia captured her lips in a deep, slow kiss. When she finally pulled away, she brushed a strand of hair from Sarah's face with a tender yet commanding gesture.

"My little pet," she murmured, her voice dripping with a sensual dominance. "You and I are going to do such wonderful, sexy, wicked things together. And trust me... It's going to feel so goooood."

They moaned together in sync, then immediately they started to laugh, their bodies bouncing and jiggling.

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.