

PATRICIA

V2



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 come 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. "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 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.