

PATRICIA

V2



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 hitches. 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—her face twisted in grief—clawing her way up Sarah's body.

"I had a family," she sobbed, her fingers leaving red welts on Sarah's skin. *"A daughter. You knew her."*

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, the women 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.

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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 empathy—the last shred of goodness—was ripped from her.

And then— She collapsed.