

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 the 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 seem 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 need 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 work 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.