

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N: So Mi!

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So Mi lets her tongue slip out for a moment, wetting her lips in a display of both anticipation... and trepidation. On the one hand, she'd be lying if she said she hadn't fantasized about things like this over the years. Though, more often than not her fantasies involved grisly bodily harm over sexual conquest. This was fine too though...

Still, part of her can't help but be a little wary all the same. Then again, that's why V is here, she supposes. Glancing over to make sure the man is indeed still present, So Mi is gratified to see him sitting in the chair off to the side, a smile on his face as he gives her an indulgent nod. A King upon his throne... and her to be his entertainment for the evening.

That might offend someone else, but for So Mi... it's precisely what she needs to be quite honest. She needs something to ground her. She needs someone between her and...

So Mi's eyes turn back from V to the room's third occupant. Rosalind Myers stands in the center of the room, bound up in such a way that her arms are dragged behind her back and up into the air where they're chained to the ceiling. On top of that, she's wearing a sensory deprivation hood that covers up her features while the rest of her body remains naked and exposed.

She knows its Rosalind though, even with the hood. She knows because she watched from the cameras as V had prepared the President of NUSA for this moment. Restraining her, binding her, putting the hood on her. So Mi had watched it all from another room, too nervous to do any of it herself.

On the one hand, she needed this. She knew she needed this. It was... closure. On the other hand, So Mi doesn't think she would ever be able to go through

with it if V wasn't present. Even if Myers begged her to do it, So Mi still thinks she might chicken out.

But V... V's presence made it easier. She was here to entertain him... that was all there was to it. And considering just how much she owed him, So Mi didn't mind being entertainment. Even if V would disagree with that sentiment, it didn't change how she felt.

Finally moving, So Mi makes sure to put a certain sauntering strut into her steps as she walks away from Myers and over to the table on the other side of the room. The faux leather getup she's wearing creaks a little bit as she strides over. Armlength leather gloves, thigh-high leather heeled boots, and of course a leather corset that pushes up her tits.

Her new body is relatively close to her old one, and she'd never been overly well endowed in the chest department, but she likes what the corset does for her. Its an understated outside effect, as opposed to just getting a modification that gives her big tits instead.

The black panties she has on are the only part of her ensemble that aren't faux leather. The whole outfit put together is a dominatrix made manifest and So Mi has to admit, there's a certain... satisfaction to dressing like this. To being the powerful woman in the room for once. Myers is helpless before her...

Reaching down, So Mi runs her hands over the... torture implements laid out for her. A variety of whips and paddles and she gets to choose which to use on Rosalind. With the older woman's full consent at that. How... delightful.

So Mi's hand passes over the bog standard paddle and instead lands on a cat o' nine tails instead. She lifts up the multi-tailed whip, biting her lower lip as she gives it a flick. Yes... this will do. This will do perfectly.

Moving back over to where the President of NUSA awaits her, So Mi considers Myers for a long, long moment. Rosalind doesn't know what she's waiting for of course, just trembling and quivering in anticipation of what's to come. And V... V

isn't going to rush her. He's content to sit and watch, not interjecting in the slightest.

Finally, So Mi comes to a decision. Maybe it's impulsive. Maybe she doesn't fully think it through... but V's presence gives her the confidence she would otherwise have lacked in this moment. Stepping up behind Myers, So Mi reaches out and drags the zipper on the back of the older woman's hood upwards, until eventually she can pull the sensory deprivation hood off entirely.

Freed from her blind and deafened confines, Myers blinks rapidly for a moment even as So Mi circles around to the front of her, letting the older woman see her. When she finally registers her presence, Rosalind's eyes widen in shock... she clearly wasn't expecting her.

"S-So Mi..."

So Mi's face scrunches up at that. She almost wishes Rosalind would have called her Songbird instead. As triggering as that would have been, it at least would have been on brand for the bitch of a woman. But to call her by her actual name *now* after decades of pretending like she didn't have one...

With a snarl, So Mi brings the cat o' nine tails down on Rosalind's naked tits, causing the NUSA President to cry out as the multi-tailed whip rakes across her chest.

"You don't call me that. You call me Mistress or you don't speak at all. Do you understand me?"

Whimpering, Rosalind nods.

"Y-Yes, Mistress... sorry Mistress. P-Please, let me make it up to you."

The bound woman's eyes flash a moment later... as she tries to send So Mi eddies. Contemptuously, So Mi bats away the financial transaction in cyberspace while also flicking her wrist in meatspace again, sending the cat o' nine tails raking across Rosalind's tits for a second time.

As the blonde cries out, So Mi steps up and grabs her by a fistful of her short hair, snarling even harder.

“You don’t get to decide how you make everything you’ve done up to me, bitch. You think I don’t know what kind of pervert you are by now? You think V hasn’t told me? I’m not about to extract my pound of flesh from you in the way that helps you get off, you dumb cunt!”

Rosalind whimpers, eyes downcast. Seriously... to find out that the President of NUSA, formerly the CEO of Militech, had a secret fetish for financial domination... it had been both amazing to learn and extremely, extremely frustrating.

After all, imagine if she had known that even a decade ago? What she could have done with that information... fuck, she might have had Rosalind under her thumb instead of the other way around.

But the past is in the past. And for the first time in a long time, So Mi’s future looks bright. So she can’t really complain. Not when she could be moving forward into that bright future instead.

With that in mind, So Mi lets go of Rosalind’s hair and steps back, observing the whimpering blonde for a moment. Then, she begins to circle her, strutting around in her high heeled leather boots.

“Ass out.”

To her credit, Rosalind instantly obeys. So Mi rewards her by delivering a blow with the cat o’ nine tails to the jutting ass, one that makes Rosalind squeal.

From there, she continues to shout commands while striking the helpless woman’s body with the multi-tailed whip. Tits, ass, back, front, thighs, hips, even the pussy. Nothing is safe. Nothing is sacred. After all, how can it be? Nothing of So Mi was ever sacred to Rosalind Myers. She was expected to give up pieces

of herself time and time again, to slowly but surely wither away, all for this bitch's ambitions.

And now look at where they were. Where had all of Rosalind's plans and schemes led her? Here, with So Mi... and V.

A shiver runs down So Mi's spine and she suddenly stops striking Rosalind. To be fair... even now she's so fucking weak willed it's not even funny. After all, she hasn't spilled a single drop of the NUSA President's blood after over a dozen strikes. Rosalind's body is criss-crossed with red welts slowly budding up from her skin and she'll probably have bruises tomorrow, but So Mi hasn't broken the skin anywhere. She'd held back, even now in a position of absolute power over her former tormentor.

... Fuck this. With a furious scowl, some of her anger directed at herself, So Mi throws the cat o' nine tails aside and strides past Rosalind, ignoring her entirely for the moment to walk right up to V. The impressive man arches a brow at her questioningly as she approaches, but So Mi doesn't bother explaining herself... she knows in this moment he'll go along with whatever she asks of him.

Reaching up, she unlaces her corset, freeing her tits from their confines. Then, she leans forward, putting her chest in V's face as she fiddles with his pants. His hands come up to cup her breasts at her silent invitation and after a moment he brings his mouth to a nipple to begin to suck.

So Mi moans, her sensitive body shuddering in response. She might be in a Gemini now, but it frankly feels more human and biological than her previous state back when she'd been chromed to hell and back and connected to the Blackwall.

Full Body Conversion or not, she felt alive in a way she never had under Myers. And it's all because of this man in front of her. So even as he plays with her tits, So Mi extracts his cock from the confines of his pants and begins to stroke him to full mast, getting him nice and hard.

This continues for a couple of minutes but once she has V erect, So Mi pulls away, leaning back for a moment out of his reach. Then, she turns and backs herself up, climbing up into his lap but in reverse. His hands immediately move down to her hips to help her steady herself, while So Mi holds V's cock with one hand and pulls aside her underwear with the other to give access to her dripping cunt.

An instant later and she's sinking down V's cock, impaling herself on the man's dick. A low, throaty, wanton moan leaves So Mi's lips as she does this, a full body shudder going through her Gemini in the process. She might have turned the sensitivity on her FBC up a bit, but to be fair... she'd learned that trick from the others, heh.

Regardless, it feels really good sliding down V's cock, sitting on his dick and in his lap. Leaning back against his chest, So Mi reaches back to run a hand along his opposite cheek as she lays her head on his shoulder and moans into his ear.

In response, he brings his own hands back up to her breasts again, this time around from behind. He gropes and squeezes her chest, making So Mi mewl happily all the while.

Finally she starts to move, gyrating her hips around on V's cock and sliding up and down his dick an inch or two at a time. She's enjoying herself immensely doing this, just having some fun with V... while Rosalind watches.

So Mi is all but ignoring the older woman at this point, leaving her to wallow in the lingering pain from the cat o' nine tails and also the simple fact that she's far from the most important person in the room right now. In fact, she's not even the most important woman in the room.

For a time, So Mi just enjoys V's dick and the knowledge that Rosalind can do nothing but stare at them. But eventually... eh, she builds up the courage to bring the other woman back in as an active participant.

As she rides V, So Mi makes eye contact with Myers and smirks.

“Feel free to try to ‘apologize’ your way, bitch.”

Rosalind’s eyes light up with a bit of hope and then they light up with the blue of a financial transaction as she tries again to send So Mi eddies. So Mi, of course, immediately bats the transaction away without accepting it, scoffing pointedly.

“Too low.”

Instantly, the President of NUSA tries to send her more. So Mi once again rejects it though.

“Pathetic.”

Another sum, this time even bigger. Another rejection.

“Is that all your regret is worth, you stupid cunt?”

Rosalind whines in the back of her throat, throwing out another, even bigger number. And So Mi rejects it the same as all of the others, the same as she’ll reject every transaction Rosalind tries to send her no matter how obscenely inflated the number gets.

After all, it’s not about draining the other woman’s bank accounts for So Mi. It never will be.

No... it’s about putting the NUSA President in her place... and making sure she knows *exactly* where they both stand with each other. Now... and forevermore.

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A/N: Remember to Vote, leave a Like, and let me know what you think!