


What's on the schedule for today?

Huh? You don't know? Our guest tripped her kill switch again so we're doing synaptic maintenance and heuristic diagnostics.

Crap. My *favorite*. Looks like I lost out on the pool as well. Who do you think won?

Oh. I don't go in for that sort of thing but I assume it was Mark or Jeff.

Yeah, probably. Hey, is he in there or what?



Is it really possible that Marauder could just hop bodies even after he's dead? I'm just not comfortable using these bim-bot shells. Everything is so... soft... and jiggly...

Well, yes. It's the only place *she* could have landed. There's no other living creature for a mile larger than a roach.

Bill, if it makes you that uncomfortable then you can log out and call someone else in to do this work. These are the remote android shells posted for this site. It doesn't matter what they feel like just try to act like a professional.



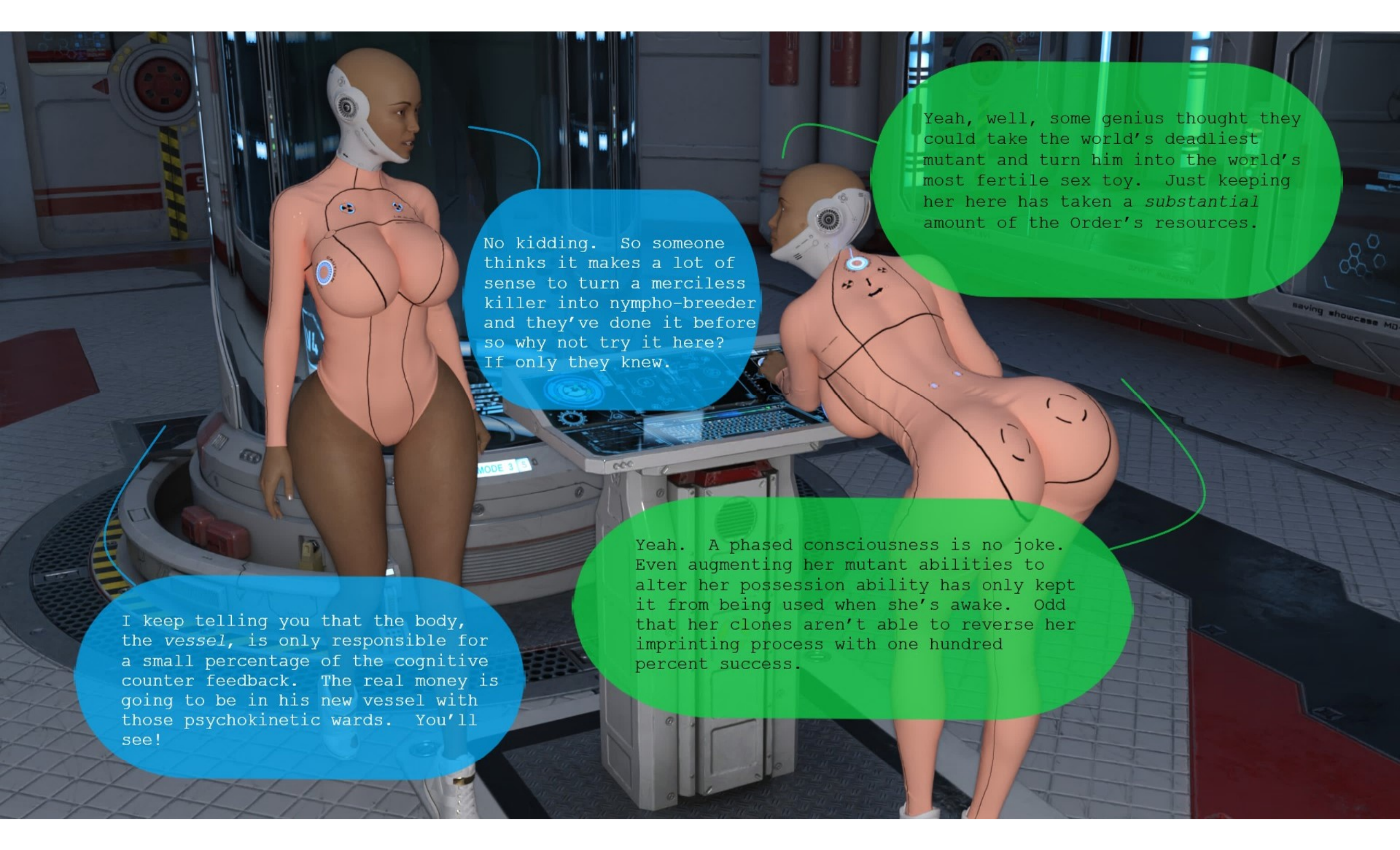
Harry-

My name is
Harold, Bill!

Harold- I'm not trying to get out of doing the work! I'm just saying that it's a little distracting, that's all. Besides I'm sure someone up there would have me repurposed into breeding stock like this one here if I stopped doing my job.

Bill. Please. You know how important *Virtilia* is, and if there are any more set-backs with this project you know they're going to start blaming us. The sooner we finish recalibrating our guest, the sooner we can get *Virtilia* and the sooner we can forget about this project.

Fine, whatever you say! It's been over five years and he's still fighting the programming that would take weeks for a human to cave into and months for the average *mutie*. It's *him*... it's not the program.



I keep telling you that the body, the vessel, is only responsible for a small percentage of the cognitive counter feedback. The real money is going to be in his new vessel with those psychokinetic wards. You'll see!

No kidding. So someone thinks it makes a lot of sense to turn a merciless killer into nympho-breeder and they've done it before so why not try it here? If only they knew.

Yeah. A phased consciousness is no joke. Even augmenting her mutant abilities to alter her possession ability has only kept it from being used when she's awake. Odd that her clones aren't able to reverse her imprinting process with one hundred percent success.

Yeah, well, some genius thought they could take the world's deadliest mutant and turn him into the world's most fertile sex toy. Just keeping her here has taken a *substantial* amount of the Order's resources.

Gentlemen?

Sorry, uh, yes,
Mrs. Marten?

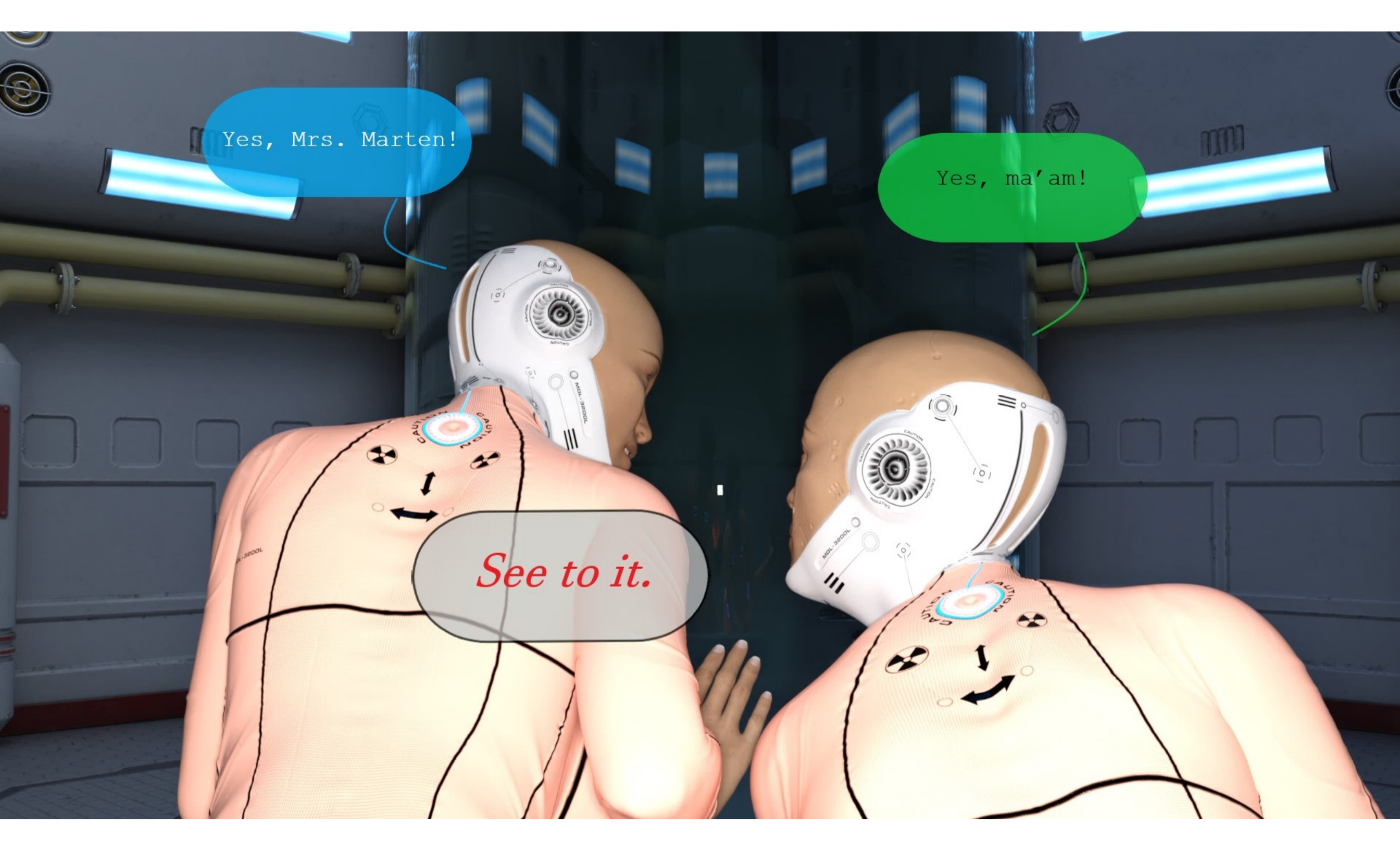
Crap... yes,
Mrs. Marten?

I would like a full report on our subject's psychological and physical progress. I will be comparing it to the modifications that Tele-Psy are making to her next upgrades. I trust your reports will be on my desk as soon as you are done here?

Yes, Mrs. Marten!

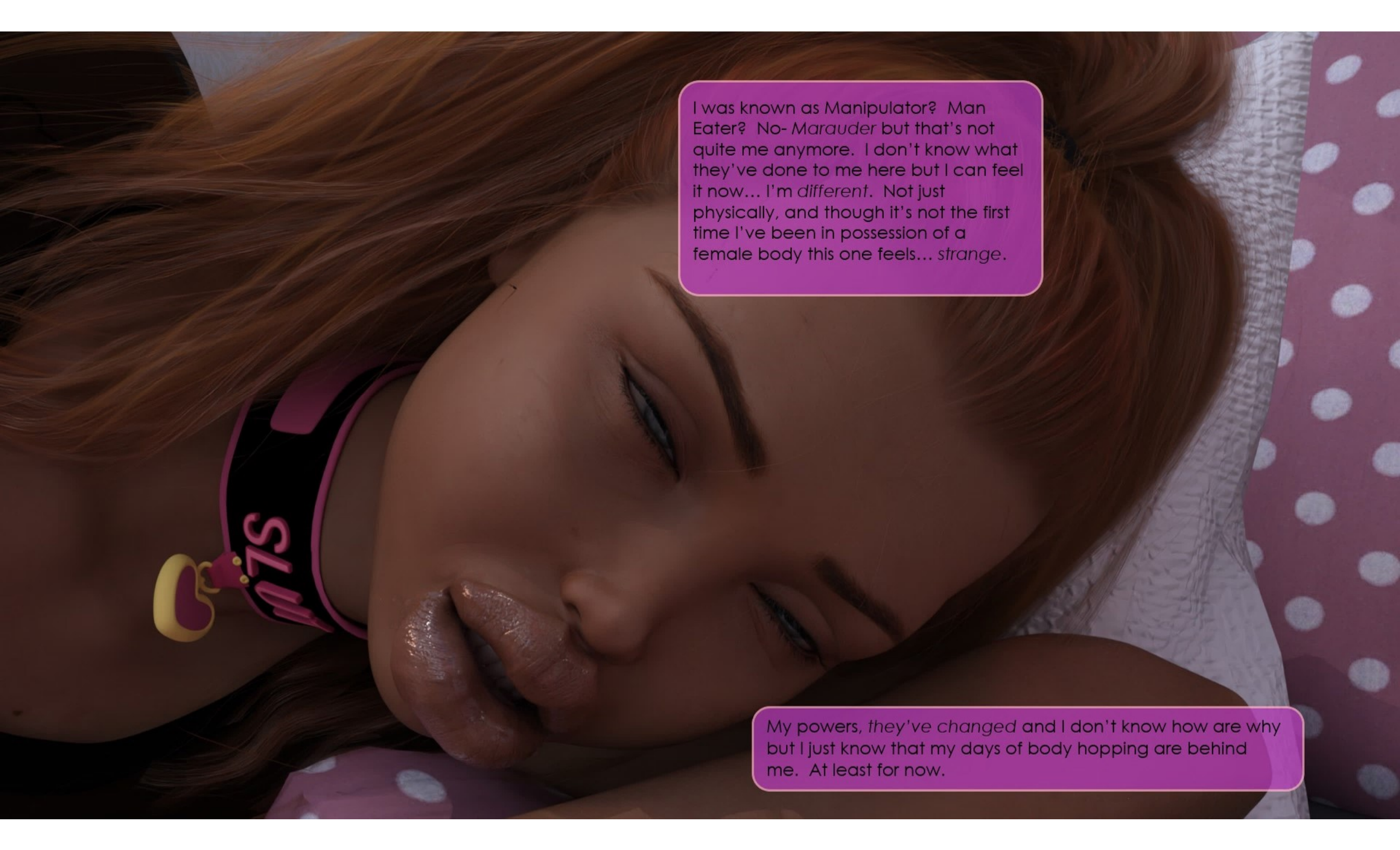
Yes, ma'am!

See to it.






It's Extant Year... after 1099, I know that for sure. I've been imprisoned for so long now I've lost track of what year it is. But this is the first time I feel like a cloud has lifted and I can think straight again.



I was known as Manipulator? Man Eater? No- *Marauder* but that's not quite me anymore. I don't know what they've done to me here but I can feel it now... I'm *different*. Not just physically, and though it's not the first time I've been in possession of a female body this one feels... *strange*.

My powers, *they've changed* and I don't know how are why but I just know that my days of body hopping are behind me. At least for now.



I know I've done some horrible things in the past but it was always for the *greater good*. *Someone's* greater good. Now I'm beginning to realize that this *place*, this *prison*, it wasn't just meant to hold me- it was meant to mold me into someone *else's* greater good.

What the *hell* is in my mouth??



Gum. How pedestrian.

My mouth feels so odd... my lips are obviously inflated and I can't help but to keep chewing this stupid sugary sweet *bubble gum!*

There! The vanity.



Aaah!


Wha- my voice is so high and soft. Lusty even but- what the hell happened to my hips? They're huge! And- that... that tattoo it's... like... when I touch it... like... I'm touching my soul...



I have to stop. It must be the key to my powers but I have to stop and continue investigating.



Damn. These are some serious **MILF** hips, it feels like my body is writhing or gyrating on its' own no matter what I do!



Incredible. Of all the women I've inhabited none have ever looked so... *perverted*.

There are mirrors everywhere in this room. My room. I want to see what's going on, why this body is so... *electrified*... I can feel it humming along like it's... *powering up*.



Oh, God. No.

I look like a complete prostitute. What's this collar I have? "Slut"?

I'm going to bleed every one of these arrogant flesh-bags slowly and painfully for such *audacity*. Surely they know me and this is a clear attempt to degrade my ego by binding me to a body of such lewd proportion and capacity.

"Do you like what you see, my dear?"

Oh, baby!

What? That's not what I wanted to say... where did that come from?

I see you are discovering the *merchandise* my considerable staff have invested so much of themselves in.

SLUT



Yes, Mistress Marten!

I... I can't seem to control what I'm saying and even though I keep trying to sweep in and take this dumb broad hostage- I can only manage small steps that keep my hips moving dramatically. Why?

No... it- it's not possible that any technology can tap my mutant abilities... still... my powers-


Here's another surprise for you, darling *Vie*. I'm not some 'dumb broad', since I've managed to hack your stream of consciousness for some time now. I'm literally in your head and I'm your handler, your *Mistress*.



Oh, baby!

Your mutant abilities have been transformed!
Believe it, my dear. You are such a treasured
project, you should feel honored that we have
given you so many *miraculous gifts*.





That old identity you used for so many years is gone, now you have a new one. One that is part of the Living Order's progenitor division. Yes... you're going to work servicing 'clients' sexually with your body.

No! I refuse!

I'm sad to say that I have to go for now but I will be back to check up on you, my lovely pet! I couldn't resist from *personally* encouraging you to follow your new *life style*."



No, you're not. In fact:
Virtilia, it's practice time!

Fuck me, baby!

I'm going to kill you,
bitch!

Oh, baby!

What? What is that? What am I doing?

Oh, fuck baby!




Oh, god... it's huge. I... can't stop! My body is shoving this huge dildo inside of me... and... and... it feels great!

Fuck me!
Fuck me, baby!



Fuck me, baby!

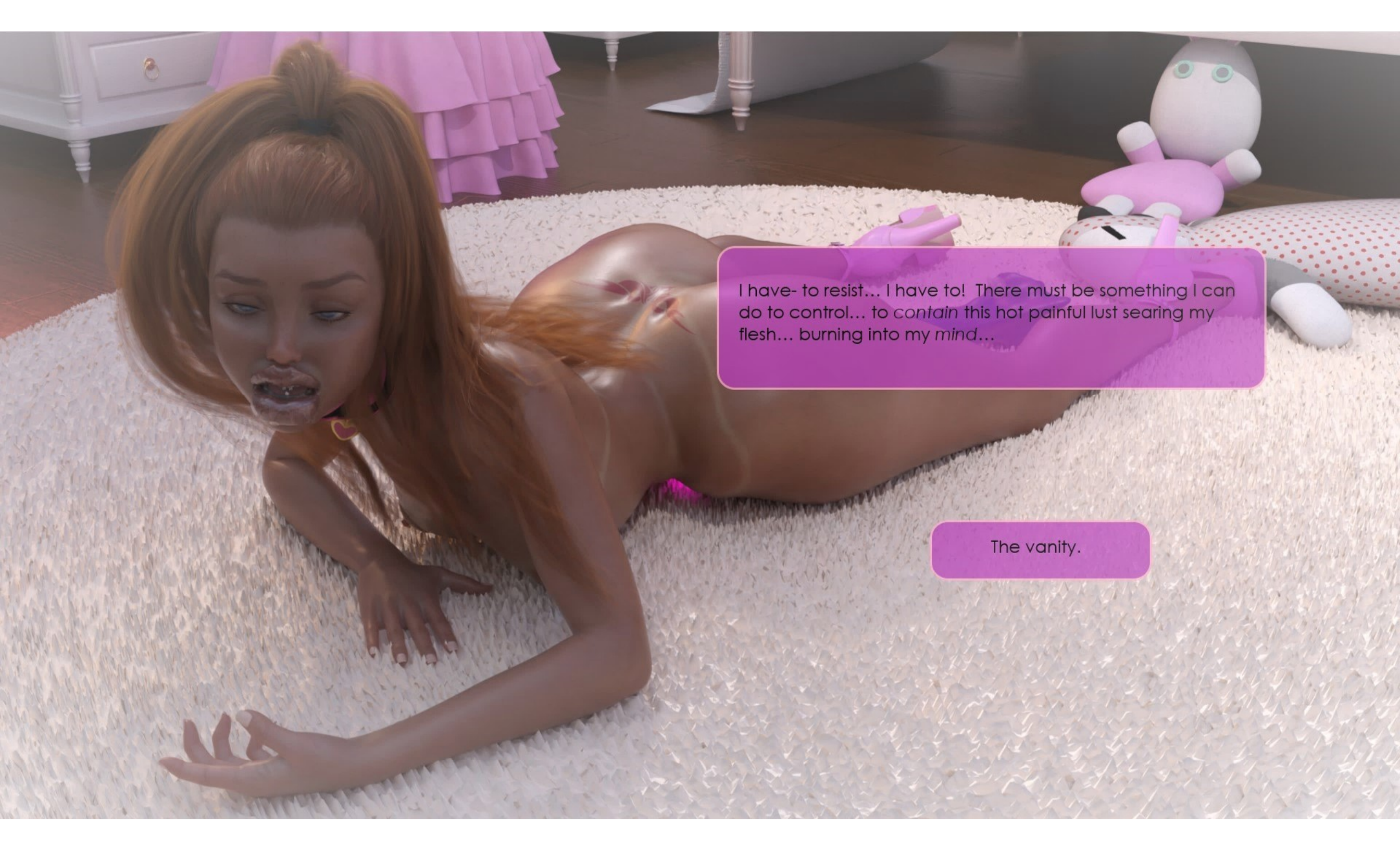
I'm rolling my hips on top of this giant *horse* cock and it's so good! I can feel my huge *twat* milking this fat dick... it... *oh god...* it's spraying my uterus with seed- *fake seed* -but it feels so *right!*



It's done for now, so I'm done. *How do I know this?*
How do I know that the sperm in the dildo is fake just
by how it feels in my... *womb...?*

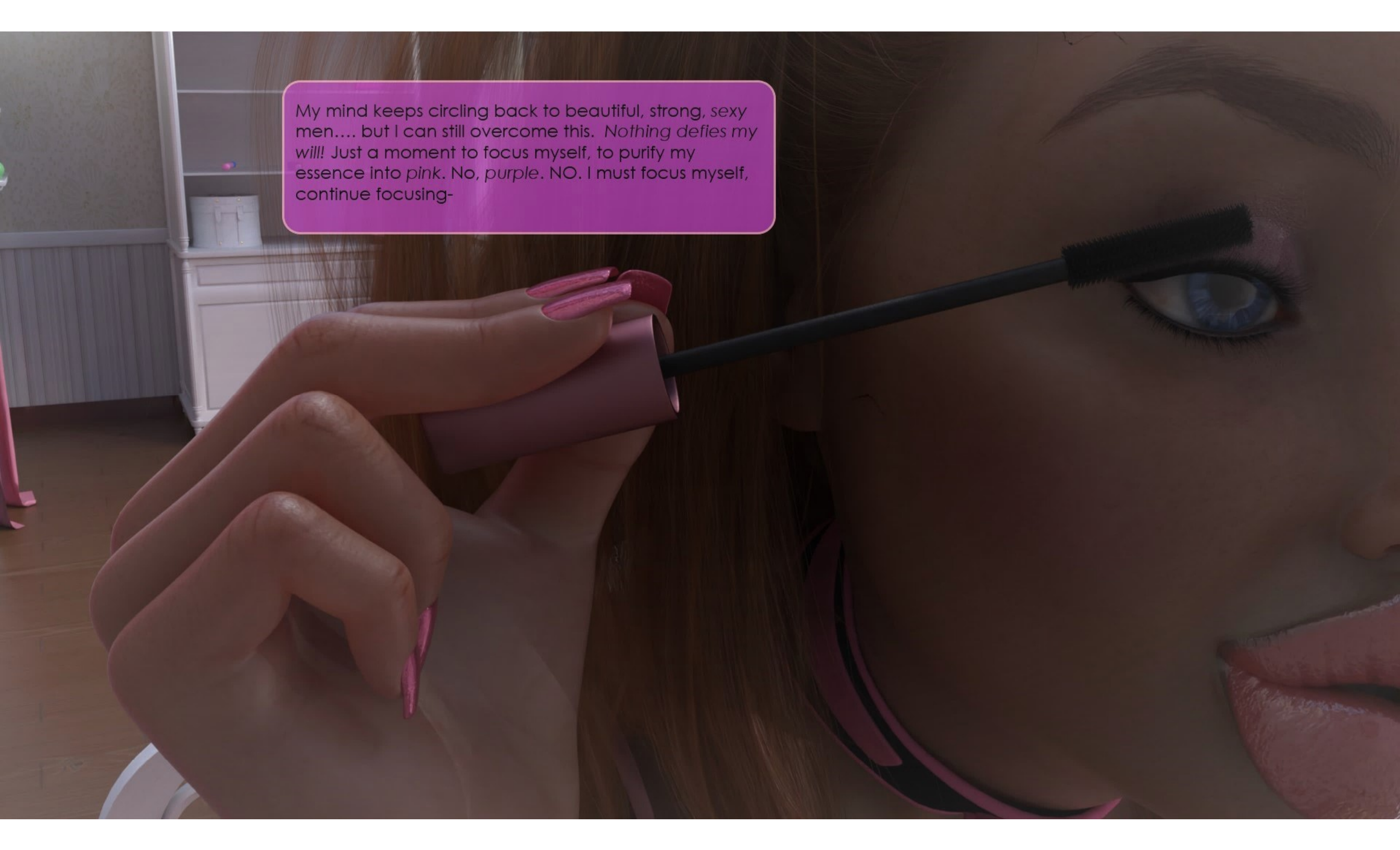
Despite all of that... I... *I need more.* I can sense my
body craving *men.* Their smell, the touch of their
unshaven face and coarse hair covering their sex as they
plunge their hard dicks *in and out* of me!

What have they done? What has become of me?


A woman with long, wavy brown hair is lying on her stomach on a white, shaggy rug. She has a pained or distressed expression on her face, with her mouth slightly open. She is wearing a dark, possibly black, top. The background shows a room with a dark wooden floor, a white dresser with a pink dress hanging on it, and a pink and white stuffed animal. A large, semi-transparent pink speech bubble is overlaid on the scene, containing text.

I have- to resist... I have to! There must be something I can do to control... to *contain* this hot painful lust searing my flesh... burning into my *mind*...

The vanity.

A close-up, dimly lit photograph of a woman with long, straight brown hair applying mascara to her right eye. She is holding a black mascara wand with a pink, cylindrical applicator. Her eyes are blue, and her lips are slightly parted. In the background, a white cabinet with shelves is visible, holding a small white box and some colorful items. The overall mood is intimate and focused.

My mind keeps circling back to beautiful, strong, sexy men.... but I can still overcome this. *Nothing defies my will!* Just a moment to focus myself, to purify my essence into *pink*. No, *purple*. NO. I must focus myself, continue focusing-

A woman with long brown hair tied up, wearing a red bikini and a heart-shaped necklace, is looking into a mirror and applying makeup. In the foreground, a hand with pink nail polish holds a mascara wand. The scene is set in a bathroom with a sink and shelves in the background.

Makeup? I... put *makeup* on engaging my Psychic Focus. This is not supposed to happen but at least I was able to gain some control over my... *desires*.

Maybe... if I can just keep that pulsing ache in my core... in my ovaries... from drowning me... then makeup isn't so bad.

The *training*. It also seemed to help. I can't believe that monster fit inside of me but... it felt so... *pure*, and the pain went away. I have to resist that *pain*. I have to resist it. *I have to find a way out of this.*



