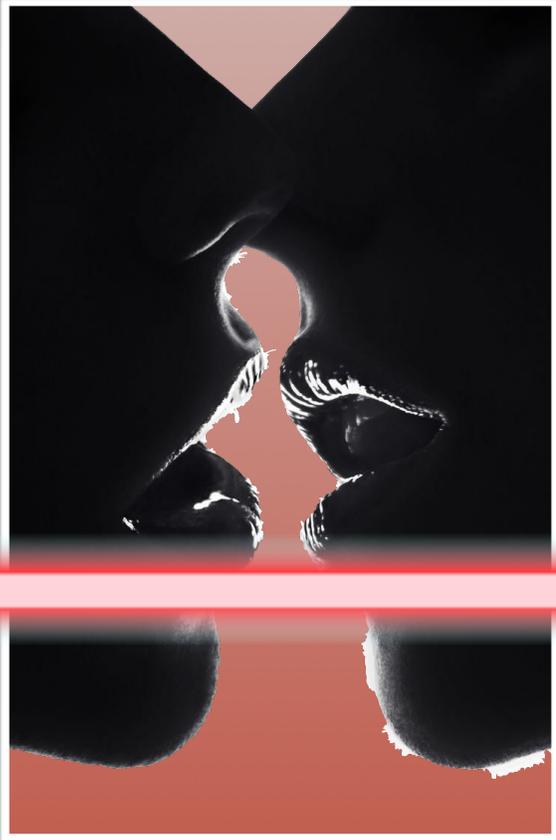


THE LASER EXPERIMENT



BY MR. POTEESTAS

Journeys into Passion
THE LASER EXPERIMENT

By Mr. Potestas

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eBook Edition

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This adult short story is a work of fiction. It is meant for those eighteen and older. There is sexual and taboo content, some of which may not even be possible. All characters are eighteen or older. Though there are inspirations from other fictional sources, any similarity to real people, live or no, is merely coincidental.

* * * *

Synopsis

In 2361, UN detectives teamed up to learn the fate of a failed communications experiment on poorly overseen Mars. The once great Federated Martian Union collapsed in the year 2300. The planet became a backwater, after many habitable worlds in the galaxy finally became accessible to humanity. Crimelords and poorly regulated science became a hallmark of the martian dustbowl ...

Enjoy!

* * * *

The Laser Experiment

Part 1: The Film

“Mars,” Agent Jackson grunted. He was just handed an assignment he never knew he did not want. Yet, this *was* his job as a member of the Special Investigations Unit of the United Nations Security Council. The thing was that Mars was a backwater.

Seventy-five years ago, wormhole manipulation technologies based on tech from a long dead civilization propelled Humans into hundreds of habitable worlds across the galaxy. Humans turned out to be one of *three* races that discovered the technologies, and after some rockiness in relations, Humans are helping them in researching the mystery of the long dead race.

Regardless, the once great Federated Martian Union collapsed about fifty years ago, with Humanity shifting toward “breathable” worlds. The UN became the governing institution for Mars, as well as becoming a founding member of the interstellar Earth Coalition of Worlds at around the same time. Unlike the time prior to 2250 independence, over a century ago, the UN chose to take a largely hands-off approach to Mars. That led to roughly ten standard year cycles of crime lords and war lords running the planet, until the UN cleaned up the mess, before becoming hands-off again. Well, the UN just cleaned up another mess over the last year, and is still somewhat more hands-on than usual.

That largely led to Jackson’s current assignment on Mars. Eleven years ago an experiment on a new kind of laser communications system was conducted. It was an apparent disaster. A massive explosion was detected. UN Security Council Intelligence imagery showed a total loss of the orbiting facility, and significant damage to the ground station. No one involved in the experiment was heard from again. The calls for an investigation of the privately run experiment were quickly forgotten.

Interest in the incident resurfaced thanks to a recently made film that purportedly took great pains to piece together information on the experiment, the team, and surviving communication files. It concentrated on the day of the disaster. While Jackson was able to gather the latter, the filmmakers were yet to be forthcoming to him on the other data they claimed to use.

Still, Jackson decided to watch the film anyway ...

Engineer Jason Connors woke up in a cold sweat. He glanced at the clock: It was 7:30 AM (Olympus Mons Time). The dream, whatever it was, faded quickly, save the the lingering sense of urgency.

His Hand terminal buzzed.

“Hey, Jason, the servo in my right arm is acting strange again ...” Sara stated flatly with subtle warmth.

The remarkably attractive blonde on the other end was actually an android, Sara Beta Zero. She was essentially the first of her line, being a rather experimental second generation android designed by both Humans and first generation androids. She was perhaps more sentient than the average Human, but UN law dictated that androids needed to prove their sentience. Most would within five years, to the surprise of many decades ago. Sara was only online for a little over a year, though. The expectation was that this mission would be enough, given her theoretically improved construction. Still, that meant she was legally not much more autonomous than a hand terminal legally. Jason saw her as a person, though.

"Sara, OK. I'll meet you at the engineering bay ..."

Jason quickly opened up her left upper arm at the subtle groove. The light skin crumpled.

"You know, Jason. I like how you see me as more than a sexy wrench!" she toned down the robotic elements of her voice.

"You are much more, Sara..."

"Jason?"

He closed the port.

"Err, that servo is faulty. We're gonna need to get a new one sooner than later."

She smirked in a way that did not seem artificial.

"Any other issues, Sara?"

"Physically, that's it," she said flatly. "I still need to finish these last calibrations for the test in a five point two local hours."

"Is that related to the increase in solar activity?"

"No, Jason. The receiver array turned out to be at a slightly different elevation than initially listed. And, at least that most recent flare was absorbed fully by Earth after all." She smiled largely. "So, its clear skies for us!"

It clearly amused Jason whenever she used some antiquated phrase like that.

"OK, Sara, I'm gonna go fuel myself in the mess hall, if you don't need anything else."

"Yes, you are not the same without caffeine," she said quite seriously ...

Jason walked in on the rest of the team having breakfast. The default "Ares Research" multi-crescent moon logo showed on the wall panel on the far end. At the table, the slim, early thirties, black haired, applied physicist Dr. Laura Cosentine sat on the far end. Salty haired medical doctor Robert Piper at the center. Stern, gray haired experimental physicist Ally Zolo (team leader) sat subtly separate from the res.

He grabbed some real coffee and almost-but-not-quite-real eggs, and sat across from Dr. Cosentine.

"Morning!" he said. Technically for everyone, but looked toward Cosentine, who smiled back pleasantly.

"How's your girlfriend, Jason?" Dr. Piper asked flippantly.

"Needs a new servo, but hasn't asked for your heart yet!" Jason responded sarcastically.

"OK, OK," Zolo jumped in. "You know how you last hissy fit went, boys!"

Piper smirked toward Jason, who replied the same.

The breakfast went on with casual conversation. Jason and Laura Cosentine essentially paired off.

"So what got you into engineering, Jason? Always forget to ask ..."

"Actually, it was through applied physics. About halfway through the program, the theoretical stuff started to melt my brain!"

She laughed. "Yeah, same here! It's kinda crazy."

"Kinda hated my advisor, too. Did love my intro to engineering professor. Basically just ran to his flag, and never looked back."

"My physics advisor was super cool, and took the time to help me through it. That was Dr. Jack Sampson."

"Sampson? That's pretty great. His book got me interested in physics before I went to university. You were *so* lucky, Laura."

"We still keep in contact. Retired about when I got my PhD five years ago ... I got his contact info in my cabin. I have a report to finish. Meet me in my cabin in an hour?"

"Sure!"

Jason hit the door-chime.

"Yes?" the voice called.

"Uh, hi, it's Jason."

"Great, come in!"

Jason walked in on the nearly naked Laura. She sat on the arm of the silvery couch wearing a black bra and panties, euphorically touching her black nylon stockings that hypnotically shimmered.

"Holy shit!"

She chuckled with a big smile.

Jason worshipfully felt up her body, squeezed her breast, and smooched her.

"I'll get that contact info after some fun."

He smiled. "I can't believe you wore them again ..."

"Sit and keep worshiping my legs and feet."

He did so, feeling up and down with a mesmerized smile. Those kinds of "Shimmers" stockings were popular amongst fetishists, because they could literally hypnotize others. More significantly, the special fabric was capable of dramatically enhancing the sensations of the wearer, or any that come in contact with them. They were

no longer legal or allowed in certain contexts, which could include a research station. Indeed, there was an addiction factor for both those wearing and hypnotized. Jason was clearly completely dominated by them.

She smooched him, and simply using her body motions, manipulated Jason to her foot. He suckled the toes, licked up and down the sole. His face was buried in it, blatantly inhaling their scent through the artificial fabric.

"Oh, yes ..." she purred, feeling her nylon legs. *"Now the other ..."*

She moved the worshiped foot to his lap, and just shoved the other in and out of his mouth.

"So good," she purred.

He felt from the heel to the calf, while taking in as much of the foot as he could. Both feet were often smothering him. Laura was in total control in her near orgasmic gasps.

Laura was now rubbing his cock through his pants, while letting him suckle the toes of the other foot. Soon, Jason's solid, twitching member was freed. Laura moaned loudly, rubbing the cock with her blatantly sensitized toes and soles. She sometimes played with his balls. Eventually, Jason was just thrusting up and down between Laura's soles. Laura lay back, large breasts fully exposed, in utter ecstasy. Laura soon orgasmed in pure pleasure moments before Jason came all over her nylon feet ...

A while later, Jason lounged on the couch worshipfully feeling up and down the nylon-clad legs and feet in a blissful daze. Laura cooed quietly, subtly wriggling. They were blatantly addicted to the special stockings now to the point of caring very little in that moment ...

Their hand terminals buzzed several times. Laura barely brought herself out of the blissful stupor.

"We ... need to get back," Laura barely stated.

"What would you like me to get back to, Laura?" Jason said airily and robotically. It was clear he was quite far gone in the addiction.

Laura smirked, suggesting she was far less gone in some ways. *"Your ... Queen would like you to resume your duties here like nothing happened, call her Laura when others are present, and wait for your Queen's further instructions."* She pulled her legs away from him.

"Yes, my Queen ..."

"T-minus ten minutes to first Laser Alpha Test," Sara stated flatly to Jason and the open channel to the station above. They were on the ground station.

"I am seeing no hardware errors or deviations," Jason stated.

"Receiving software is ready for input," Sara stated. She muted the channel, and turned to Jason. *"Look Jason, you have shown me genuine compassion. I meant what I said earlier. What you are experiencing with Laura is addiction. I am here to help."*

Jason turned to Sara. "Everything is fine. I can handle this relationship with my Queen, *err*, Laura. This is just harmless fun, and I genuinely like her."

"Hrm," Sara muttered.

Something beeped on the console, but Jason's attention was on Sara. "What?"

"I am just confused sometimes," she said with distinct frustration. "Humans describe this concept called *Karma*, but sometimes brush away the positive response from others."

"I told you, it's not a problem ..."

She shook her head. "Maybe it is *me* after all ..."

"What do you mean?"

"I ... Jason ..." She suddenly turned to her console. "We have deviation."

"What?" He turned. "The receiver system appears to be overcompensating for some unreported factor. System on the edge of overload! We need to halt the test now!"

"Standard com channel is disabled per experiment parameters."

"SHUT IT DOWN!"

"Station is sending test package!"

A loud explosion followed by debris was visible. Then, for unexplained reasons, the orbiting station exploded ...

Engineer Jason Connors woke up in a cold sweat. He shook his head. It had to have all been a dream ...

He then jumped at his hand terminal buzzing.

"Hey, Jason, the servo in my right upper arm is acting strange again ..." Sara stated flatly with subtle warmth.

"Sara, OK. I'll meet you at the engineering bay ..."

Jason quickly opened up her arm at the subtle groove. The light skin crumpled.

"You know, Jason. I like you see me as more than a sexy wrench!" she toned down the robotic elements of her voice.

"You are much more, Sara ..."

"Jason?"

He closed the port.

"Err, that servo is faulty. We're gonna need to get a new one sooner than later."

"Are you OK, Jason? You seem distracted ..."

"Deja vu ..."

"I'm not good at humor yet ... This moment is familiar to you somehow? You have worked on my arm before," she said flatly.

"Yes ... Tell me the receiver array is at the elevation originally listed."

She blinked multiple times with a look that can only be described as *bewildered*.

"It is at a different elevation, and I need to recalibrate accordingly. How did you know?"

"I think something goes horribly wrong, Sara. The system overloads during the test, and we just ... blow up."

"There is no apparent logical reason for you to know that, but there was no logical reason to know about the elevation. You should see Dr. Piper while I reexamine the system ..."

"The tests so far do not show any abnormally to indicate something odd going on with you physically. Do you still feel that sense of *deja vu*, Jason?"

"No, this didn't happen last time around ..."

"Hrm, your cognitive and brain tests are suggestive of exposure to something highly addictive within the last twenty-four hours. That could suggest unusual psychological manifestations. Is there something you would like to talk to me about?"

He deeply sighed. "It was kinda my idea ... I don't know where Laura got them. She had a pair of those Shimmers. Said she hadn't used them in a while. I just wanted to see what it felt like. We did it a second time today after breakfast. We were both hopelessly addicted after, but she still had some intelligent thought I guess. She actively made me her sex slave ... Or, maybe it was a dream. That has yet to happen *today*. The thought of using those nylons again is arousing, but there is no *desperate need*."

The doctor sat back on her chair ponderously. "That addiction is not known to create delusion. I suppose it is possible that Laura *completely* reprogramed you. That seems unlikely, because the numbers here suggest exposure not addiction ... I suggest to continue with the day. We have the big experiment soon after all. Your *dream* might just have been a manifestation of anxiety toward that. I will also personally speak with Dr. Cosentine about her Shimmers ..."

Jason grabbed coffee and a muffin in the mess hall. Unlike before, there was no one else there. Still, it was about an hour later than "then." He walked into the engineering bay to find Sara going over data.

"How is the *deja vu*?" she asked in greeting.

"Pretty much gone. Of course, I followed a completely different path. Maybe it was all some stress dream ..."

"Hrm ..." she pondered. "Perhaps. I have been looking everything over. There is nothing *unusual* on our end. That said, the test is not actually running. I have essentially the same underlying programming as all AI of my type. Yet, I quickly deviated like all of them after activation. My faulty servo was not faulty until recently. That issue was likely the result of *choosing* to be left handed, when I am equally coordinated with my right."

"How about any *unreported factors*. I'm ... guessing that the solar activity is not an issue right now, but what about anything else?"

She looked at Jason ponderously for a moment. "Yes, you are right to assume that about the solar activity ... I have yet to determine if there are any other external factors that could lead to the kind of system overload described ..."

Jason's hand terminal buzzed. It was Laura Cosentine. "*Um, Jason, I spoke with Piper. I really hope I didn't cause you any trouble. Can we meet in my office in half an hour to talk?*"

"Sure, see you then, Laura." The call ended.

"I have a suggestion, Jason, relating to your concerns," Sara said quite flatly. "If you are indeed in some kind of loop, then it should be possible to learn more details about the prophesied disaster. Tomorrow, which would be today for you, tell me the details."

"How would I most efficiently prove to you I'm not delusional?"

She shrugged quite naturally. "Tell me somethings that I know, but you should not."

"Like being left handed..."

"Precisely! *Three* improbable elements of knowledge should be enough to convince me. Let me suggest — elevation, solar activity, and left handed choice. Taken individually, those could be good guesses, but three good guesses in a row would certainly pique my interest."

"Why did you choose to be left handed?"

"The first physical contact I made with a Human was with my left hand forty-nine hours after my activation. Hardware checks were being conducted, and the technician chose to start by shaking my left hand."

"That would be improbable for me to know otherwise!"

She smiled ...

Laura was already sitting comfortably behind her desk. The company logo was prominent behind and above her. Her tight, dark blue outfit showed a surprising amount of cleavage.

"Let's talk, Jason." She motioned to the chair at the opposite side of the desk.

He sat somewhat awkwardly.

"As you know, Piper talked to me about the Shimmers, how she saw their cognitive effects on you. Not really against company policy to have them, and we might as well be outside any watchful UN eyes here ... I know they can be pretty intense. Honestly, got out of hand a few years ago. Affected work, and all that. Seduced the boss with them. I was having her, her husband, and a co-worker fuck me while I wore a full body suit of the stuff. It was that place's HR that put an end to it. At that point, the addiction doesn't really go away. I assured Piper that it was a lapse in judgement. She's having me come in for some tests tomorrow, considering we're doing the big test today ... The thing is, Jason, I forgot how good they felt."

Jason's jaw dropped. Laura walked around the desk. Her tight dress barely went past her ass cheeks, highlighting her long legs. Most significantly, a tan pair of Shimmers pantyhose. She seductively sat on the edge of the desk before him, lightly yet euphorically touching her Shimmers-clad legs.

"I wanted to tell myself that what happened yesterday between us was a lapse in judgement, a borderline relapse. That line just felt *wrong*. I lied to Piper. Gave into the Shimmers this morning for good. Planned to find any excuse to get you to my room after breakfast for you to join me in this ecstasy, but you didn't show up. It was truly painful to not have a pair of Shimmers on when I spoke with Piper. As you can tell, I put some more on!"

Laura removed her high-heeled pump with a devious smile, and presented the foot to the mesmerized Jason.

"Holy shit ..." he huffed.

He was lost even before he began groping the foot with his hands. He moaned almost as loudly as Laura when he felt up the smooth, shimmering leg. The foot naturally landed on his thigh.

"I am your Queen, Jason. Do you understand?"

"Yes, my Queen ..." he said looking up to her and back to her legs.

"Step back, and just reverently watch me on your knees."

He did so. She popped off the other shoe. Leaning back on the desk, she caressed her legs with her legs and feet. She moaned and cooed in great pleasure. There was a surprising amount of control on her part, with her slow and deliberate motions. She explored her legs' curves with the curves of her feet.

"Come back to the chair, and just be my footrest," she ordered.

He did so. One foot rested provocatively between his legs on the chair, with the other subtly squirmed on his thigh. Jason's chest heaved dramatically.

"Do you want to be your Queen's loyal sex toy, Jason?"

"Yes ..." he breathed without hesitation.

Laura began to rub his tented crotch through his pants with her foot. "Yes, what?"

"Yes, my Queen, I want to be you loyal sex toy."

"That's what it felt like," she purred.

She rubbed lightly, but deliberately with her feet. One rubbed the head of the crotch, while the other teased the balls.

Jason naturally touched the feet pleasuring him.

"No, no, sex toy. I did not say *you* could touch." She was serious, but without anger.

He put his hands to his sides, and leaned back into the chair.

She lightly felt her way up his body with her left foot, and said, "Now take my foot, sex toy, and suck my toes."

He did so joyously.

"Savor your Queen's toes!" she ordered playfully.

He slowed down to better enjoy his meal, the Shimmer-clad toes. Laura almost teasingly continued to grope his crotch with her other foot.

"You may now freely feel your Queen, sex toy! Just make sure it is just as worshipful as your mouth was with her toes."

He slowly felt up to her thighs, and back to her arches. All the while he continued to savoringly suckle the toes. In some ways, it was clear the addictive pleasure the Shimmers provided was affecting them about the same, but Laura was clearly one of those people that could both control and embrace that pleasure. Jason could only embrace it at the direction of Laura.

Soon, Jason was allowed to suckle both sets of toes at the same time like some orgasmic harmonica. She then placed a foot on his shoulder, while he still suckled the toes of the other. At the same time, he worshipfully groped the calves.

"Yes, that is very good, sex toy. You are definitely allowed to worship your Queen's legs and feet now."

With one foot again groping his crotch, he licked the sole, and buried his face in it at the same time. His hands traveled up the leg when he hungrily made out the arch.

"UMMM, yes ..." she cooed. "Now ... I know you want your Queen to fuck you with her feet, but I think you need to do something for your Queen first." Her feet teasingly, lightly rubbed his throbbing cock through his pants.

"Anything, my Queen," he huffed desperately, feeling her legs.

She laughed in utter pleasure. "Lay down on the floor."

He did so.

Laura stood, and pulled up her tight clothes to the top of the special hose. Her vagina was just barely visible through them. She squatted down onto his face. "Do what comes naturally, my sex toy."

He began to consume her moist, Shimmers-covered crotch, while she finally freed his throbbing cock. She less than subtly humped his face, even before she removed her clothes.

"Oh, fuck ..." she cooed in utter pleasure. Her red bra was obviously also of the Shimmer material, and the way she almost reverently groped her breasts through them was merely confirmation.

She enjoyed his attention below for a while, before going down on his throbbing member. "Oh, yeah, that's it!" she squeaked, wildly stroking the cock. She soon came hard and deep.

"Oh, wow, my Queen ..." he huffed, when she stood.

She giggled, looking down on him. Sitting back onto the desk, she ordered, "Worship me ..."

He almost desperately groped, kissed, and licked from her thighs to her toes. Being hopelessly addicted the Shimmers now meant he might never even feel attraction to any body part that wasn't encased. Eventually, he settled on groping her foot, and lapping her wet crotch.

"Yeah, just like that, sex toy," she cooed.

He began to rub her clit, and she began to have quick, mini orgasms. He leaned back to worship her breasts along with her. She then moved her foot into his mouth. He dutifully suckled, while giving his Queen a powerful orgasm.

"You deserve my feet on your cock now, sex toy!"

Him standing, she began to grope his hard cock between her enhanced soles. They both moaned and cooed loudly. She was slow and deliberate like a piston. He groped her legs and crotch. The intense pleasures flew through them, the very texture of the Shimmers sending shockwaves of pleasure through them.

Jason naturally sat down onto the chair without the protest from the Queen, who just kept stroking him with her high arches. She sometimes rubbed his dick with one foot, while playing with his balls with the other. Eventually, their minds left them entirely. The feet stroking the dick was all there was. He came, she came. It was beyond blissful ...

"Clean up your Queen with your tongue ..." she barely huffed. "She can't go back to work with her sex toy's cum all over her!"

He did so without question, both continuing to feel the pleasures.

"You will go back to your duties like nothing happened, sex toy. You will refer to your Queen as 'Laura' when not worshipping or pleasuring her."

"Yes, my Queen ..."

"T-minus ten minutes to first Laser Alpha Test," Sara stated flatly to Jason and the open channel to the station above. They were on the ground station.

"I am seeing no hardware errors or deviations," Jason stated.

"Receiving software is ready for input," Sara stated. She muted the channel, and turned to Jason. "Look Jason, you have shown me genuine compassion. I am here to help. I told you, I can tell that you and Laura are addicted to Shimmers."

Jason turned to Sara. "Everything is fine. I can handle this relationship my Queen, *err*, Laura. I liked her before she put those things on. It's harmless ..."

"Hrm," Sara muttered.

Something bleeped on the console, but Jason's attention was on Sara. "What?"

"I am confused sometimes," she said with distinct frustration. "Humans describe this concept called *Karma*, but sometimes brush away the positive response from others."

"I told you, it's not a problem, Sara ..."

She shook her head. "Maybe it is *me* after all ..."

"What do you mean?"

"I ... Jason ..." She suddenly turned to her console. "We have deviation."

"What?" He turned. "The receiver system appears to be overcompensating for some unreported factor. System on the edge of overload! We need to halt the test now!"

"Standard com channel is disabled per experiment parameters."

"SHUT IT DOWN!"

"Station is sending test package!"

A loud explosion followed be debris was visible. Then, for unexplained reasons, the orbiting station exploded ...

Engineer Jason Connors woke up in a cold sweat. He growled ... Is he really repeating the day over and over?

In a kind of self-fulfilling prophesy, he turned his head to the end table. His hand terminal buzzed.

"Hey, Jason, the servo in my right arm is acting strange again ..." Sara stated flatly with subtle warmth.

"Sara, OK. I'll meet you in the engineering bay ..."

Jason quickly opened up her arm at the subtle groove. The light skin crumpled.

"You know, Jason. I like how you see me as more than a sexy wrench!" she toned down the robotic elements of her voice.

"You are much more, Sara ..."

"Jason?"

He closed the port.

"We need to talk, Sara."

She looked at him questioningly.

"It doesn't matter if you believe me, but something horrible is about to happen. I'm in some kind of time loop. The experiment blows everything to Hell and me back into myself."

"I'm ... not good at humor yet ...?" she said flatly.

"The elevation of the ground station is slightly different than recorded. The solar activity should not affect today's test. You are left handed, because that is where a Human first physically contacted you.

She fluttered her eyes in apparent amazement, processing. "Well, that would all be proof of an implausible time loop ..."

"You did say that would be enough before."

She cocked her head. "Enough to help you through what logic would dictate is impossible otherwise ... In your last cycle, Jason, were you able to gather any important information?"

He deeply sighed. "There was some kind of system overload. It was overcompensating for some unknown factor. Missed the initial alert. I was distracted ... again."

"Distracted?"

"Laura Cosentine addicts me to the Shimmers ... I become her sex toy. In the last cycle, Piper's tests revealed my exposure to Shimmers during *your* yesterday, but the exposure in *my* yesterday does not appear to carry over."

"Well, then, I would suggest the best course would be to avoid being alone with Laura today. Your relationship with her was obvious, but the Shimmers is problematic regardless."

"I would suggest to go over everything, but you did not find anything before."

"Well, let's go through it all again anyway. We know the system will overload from something unknown. I theorize that it will be a purely external factor ..."

Jason's hand terminal buzzed. "*Hey, Jason,*" Laura said. "*Missed you at breakfast today. Wanna have lunch in my office before the big test?*"

He looked over to Sara, who silently raised an eyebrow. "Got super busy looking over the receiver software. Let's meet up after the test."

"OK ..." she said with a look of subtle disappointment. The call ended.

"Did you feel a pull toward her?" Sara asked curiously.

"I did ..." she laughed quietly. "Those Shimmers really are that good ..."

They sat at the ground station consoles. "T-minus one hour," Sara stated flatly.

"Still haven't found anything?" Jason asked.

"Well, the overload might be the result of a couple of factors. There is a nearby dust storm. If it comes any closer, and I am sure it will, that could be a factor."

"How?"

"Lighting!" she said with remarkable excitement. "Even after the failed terraforming, it is still very rare. So, few ever actively look for them. Atmospheric pressure is higher than normal today, as the basalt concentrations are higher in this region. If there was enough electric charge and if the strikes were close enough to be detected by the system, then they would have an effect. In conjunction with a more powerful than usual dust storm, the overall effect could be considerable."

"The system automatically compensates for external factors, but it indeed has no algorithms to properly compensate for lightning ... Do you think we have enough time to reprogram at this point?"

She shook her head. "No. Worse, I am not sure if this knowledge would help you in the next cycle. My understanding of the system suggests at least six local hours for such changes to be completed, assuming that would prevent the disaster."

"Then we have to convince Zolo to delay the test."

"Yes."

The channel was opened. "Yes, Mr. Connors?"

"I am growing concerned about the nearby dust storm."

"Why?"

"If the storm is strong enough and close enough, there might be a negative impact on the transmission and our systems."

"Hrm. I would say that would not be a negative. We need to learn how the system handles different scenarios."

"There may also be a lighting risk ..."

A chuckle was audible off-screen. "Mr. Connors, you and I both know how rare that even is."

"Atmospheric pressure is higher than average today, and basalt concentrations appear to be higher in this region as well."

"Your concern is noted. I will not be delaying the test. The storm is not predicted to come that much closer to the facility. The risk factor continues to be low. Please continue preparations on your end, Mr. Connors." Zolo ended the communication.

"What can we do to compensate for overload?" he said almost to himself.

Sara fluttered her eyes. "My cognitive matrix is capable of at least ten times the processing power of the receiver system."

"Can you handle processing a system overload?"

"I do not know, because we do not know the full extent of the overload prior to the test transmission. I will likely require considerable repair after processing the extreme level of data. That is all assuming we are able to create an interface within the next forty-five minutes."

"I'll need access to your schematics ..."

"Give me a few moments to silently hack the system."

"I won't tell Zolo ..."

"Good!" she said rather flippantly ...

Using the schematics downloaded by Sara, Jason quickly put together the appropriate cables and firmware over the next forty minutes. He carefully opened her head, and connected the appropriate ports.

"I don't like seeing you like this ..."

"It's OK, Jason ...*Just a moment ... Error in coding ... Rewriting firmware ... Rewriting firmware ... Connection established ...* I am not communicating deeply to avoid detection."

"OK ..."

"T-minus ten minutes to first Laser Alpha Test," Sara stated flatly to Jason and the open channel to the station above.

"I am seeing no hardware errors or deviations," Jason stated.

"Receiving software is ready for input," Sara stated. She muted the channel. "How is the storm looking?"

"It has grown ... a lot. Not clear if it's turning our way yet." The console bleeped. "It appears the system is starting to compensate for something unknown. Can you peek deeper, Sara?"

He eyes quickly fluttered. "That's impossible ..."

"What?"

"The raw data looks like *another signal*. Except, it is reversed or distorted somehow. I will need to teach the system how to compensate for this. It is already putting itself in some kind of feedback loop. I am unable to stop this ... *Processing ... Incorporating code ... Processing ... New code incorporated ...* Jason, the system alone is not capable of processing all the data. My new code should force it to share the data with ...me ... *Processing ...*"

"Test package sent!" Jason yelled.

Power relays and circuits blew behind them. Sara sat perfectly still, except for wildly fluttering eyes. Strange fumes from the burning hardware became apparent. What looked like smoke began to emanate from Sara's open head ...

"Ground station, come in! We had a near total system failure up here!" Zolo called.

Jason was disoriented, clearly expecting to wake up in his bed again.

"Here as well, Dr. Zolo ..." Jason looked over to the motionless Sara. "There was some kind of anomaly just before the test. It resembled the test signal somehow. The system had no idea how to compensate ... I think Sara saved us ..."

"You had her plug into the system!?" Zolo said in utter amazement.

Sara lay motionless on an exam table.

"Gut instinct out of my concerns, I guess. Then again, what happened was not at all expected."

"Data recovery is underway. I just can't believe what caused this was some kind of twisted laser signal. The data looks like it was put through a meat grinder, and forced back together *almost* backwards."

"I know I've never seen such a thing." He looked at the console. Sara's schematics, which he only now officially had access to, were rather garbled from the event, but his hand terminal may still hold a copy in secret. "I'll bring Sara back in the meantime ..."

Detective Jackson watched the brief epilogue with disinterest. It was mostly further speculation on the cause of the incident, as well as already known details ...

Part 2: Dr. Robert Piper

Jackson decided on only having two other assist him on this case, Brianna Daniels and Syana Blair. The two incredibly intelligent and athletic women often worked together, and Jackson worked with them once in the past. He was given more leeway than usual for a team. This was in the unwritten "other" priority. The case was technically considered important to the agency, but often had trouble categorizing cold cases that were also considered unusual. Jackson was good at those, no matter how much hated them.

The three eventually arrived at the former site of the disastrous experiment.

"We hitchhike on alien tech to colonize the galaxy, and it still takes months to travel between planets?" the dark-haired Brianna growled.

"We agree to go to a *backwater*, and you complain about the trip?" the golden-haired Syana teased.

"Not here to investigate physics and shit-holes, detectives!" Jackson said lightly. "Well, maybe this is a shit-hole."

"I see your humor is as clumsy as ever, Jackson!" Syana quipped.

On approach, there were navigating some technological remnants, but they all appeared to be standard debris that surrounds human-colonized plants that were not well governed. The technology was there to clean up all those remnants, but was just logistically complicated to use.

Syana piloted the shuttled downward. Most of the ground station appeared more intact than reports suggested, besides the clear ruin of the main power station. It would seem they were already closer to the station than anyone was since the disaster.

"Looks like the docking bay is still useable, Jackson," Brianna stated. "No power detected, though."

"I did bring some laser torches, in case there is no manual release," Jackson stated. "Take us down, detective Syana."

The small ship made its decent. The brown-red sand lined the structure unevenly. Some of it partly obstructed the docking bay doors, before the ship mostly displaced it all. They landed with a distinct lurch.

Jackson unstrapped himself. "All right, let's go."

"Ares Research" and logo were barely visible on the sandy hatchway. The airlock detected atmosphere on the other side, luckily, and adjusted accordingly. Brianna opened the emergency release. The lever barely budged. Brianna grabbed it at the same time, and it slowly moved. With a loud clunk, the gate creaked into the station.

The brown-red natural light barely illuminated the room. They turned on the light on their suits to compensate. The storage area looked as if there was a small quake. Metal and plastic crate were either eschew on the floor or crookedly stacked. The familiar multi-crescent moon logo was on may of them.

"If there was a quake, it would have been fairly large for Mars ..." Jackson muttered.

"Explosion on the far end of the station?" Brianna forwarded.

"Possible," Syana stated. "The far end definitely had significant damage, but not as dramatic as the reports suggested."

"A sweet smell ..." Brianna muttered.

Brianna and Syana curiously walked over to a box with the Ares logo. It was partly opened and on its side.

They nudged the crate open further. A container suddenly fell out of the crate. Its cap popped off, releasing a pinkish liquid onto the floor that quickly turned to vapor. A sickly-sweet odor floated up onto the women's noses. They found themselves feeling strange, hazy for a few moments.

Jackson, not noticing the women's brief lapse or the scent, was kneeling down to examine the case. He tapped on the case's screen to access the case's manifest.

"Hrm ... *Dr. Robert Piper, Medical Supplies ...*"

"Wha ... What kind of medical supplies?" Brianna said quietly. Like Syana, she felt strange yet focussed.

He tapped the screen a few times. "It actually doesn't say. Humph! Maybe the manifest got corrupted."

Out of curiosity, Jackson awoke the manifests on the surrounding boxes. All the ones listed as "Medical Supplies" lacked further information.

"You think this is important somehow, Jackson?" Syana asked, looking slightly toward Brianna.

"Not sure yet. UN regulations for medical supplies dictate a detailed manifest, but this was a privately funded operation."

"And it was back in a *real* shit-hole phase!" Brianna forwarded lightly.

Syana found herself giggling toward Brianna.

"Glad you're finally enjoying yourselves, detectives." Jackson made a note of the poor manifests on his hand terminal. "Let's make our way to the command center ..."

They walked through the dim corridors lit by their own lights and the reddish hues of the planet. Jackson was at the head of the pack, followed by Syana. Brianna was at the rear. They passed multiple rooms, mostly storage areas to compliment the now gone space station. They went in a few, and were amazed at how many crates were unidentified medical supplies. They agreed it was strange. Jackson pinged the UN Database, and while he could find some listings of medical supplies for the station, the report suggested far less than they were finding.

They continued forward. Brianna found herself directing her light at Syana. Her tight, athletic ass shown clearly, encased by subtly shimmering, black pants. She found herself ... examining Syana's ass. It was an uncontrollable curiosity. The round, tight-

ness of it suggested a strong workout regimen, perhaps more than Brianna's. Syana's legs were clearly well shaped and muscular, too, beneath the pant-legs. She liked Syana's significant calves, and wondered what her feet looked like ...

Brianna was amazed at herself, not at how she was staring at another woman, but how she *liked* looking. She never really looked at other women. Well, she was a keen observer, but she never looked at women for the sake of looking. She *has* looked at the physically inclined Jackson for the sake of looking, but felt no urge to do so now.

Eventually, they hit the end of the corridor. The door was broken, but opened manually with little effort, like the storage areas.

They found the android Sara silently sitting at one of the chairs before the dead main terminal. Through the window, they saw what looked like graves in the brown-red sand.

"Do you think you can reactivate her, Brianna?" Jackson asked.

She examined the android, finding herself more than admiring the well crafted curves from head to boots. Sara's generation was known to be the first of near perfection in more ways than one ...

"Brianna?" Jackson nudged.

"Oh, err, maybe. The environment seals appear intact for at least this room. No excess dust is visible ... Hmm ... My terminal is not detecting any faults, but that is difficult to confirm with her inactive like this." She pulled up Sara's schematics on the terminal. "The earliest of the Beta Zero Line, including her, were notorious for slow reboots and activations. I worked with one last year, a later revision of them. He joked that the first of his line were also the best at morning laziness."

Syana laughed pleasantly at the comment.

She smiled back happily toward Brianna, and said, "Thought it was really funny, too ... It may take at least 24 hours for her systems to be fully reactivated."

"What do you need, Syana?"

"Hrm ..." She looked at her pad, and brushed Sara's very soft hair to the side. The still silken hair and soft skin made Syana tingle unexpectedly. What looked like a black mole was visible on the back of her neck. "Does not look like she got the security upgrade. That mole is really a kind of back door, so to speak. She would have known about it, but likely few others. When the excess port on her model became more known, it was removed ..."

Syana pressed the "mole" with her index finger, and held it for a few moments. It then grew backward like some kind of antenna. Syana tapped her pad. "OK ... That should do it ..." The "mole" retraced. "Her energy cells are still viable, but will need replacement soon. Its the equivalent of a human in stasis for month or years. She will basically need to gorge herself sooner than later... According to the calculation here, she should be fully conscious again in about twenty-six hours, local time. Her present energy cells look like they were about as good as she could get ten years ago."

“What about the station’s system?” Brianna forwarded, smiling toward Syana.

“Hmm ...” Syana muttered, and sat next to the dormant android. “Let me see ...” She pushed away some debris. “OK, that’s lucky! This system is a Sizetech 4A. Probably the best at the time. Today, my hand terminal should have enough energy to activate the main system, assuming we don’t push for any serious processing ... *and* they have a fatal security flaw, discovered, maybe, six years ago. Once I plug in the new power source, I’ll just need to hack it with a hand terminal.”

“Take mine, Syana!” Brianna said with a giddiness that surprised her.

“Thanks, Brianna.” She took it, and opened up a panel below the monitor, legs folded under her

Brianna found herself looking at Syana’s ass and smushed legs with an overpowering interest. She really liked how the dull, brick-red lighting reflected off the tight black pant-legs.

Jackson, not noticing Brianna’s gazing, found himself looking at the firm ass, too. It was a great ass, but he was good at holding himself back on a case, even when he felt his crotch ballooning.

Syana was pretty sure they were staring at her ass. She knew she had a good ass, and many have looked at it in secret. This never really bothered her, and she kind of like it. This time, though, she found herself liking the possibility that *Brianna* was probably staring. Regardless, Syana quickly yanked out the power-bypass, and just barely affixed the hand terminals battery. She climbed back up next to the eerily still Sara.

The system moaned back to life. Screens flickered somewhat at first, but the standby bright green screen with the now very familiar logo.

“OK,” Syana muttered to herself. She picked up Brianna’s hand terminal. “The flaw is surprisingly easy to exploit at the standby screen.” She tapped the terminal, entered some lines of code. “All you really have to do is make this system think the paired, external device is there for maintenance ...” She types some more. “And once your are in ... *There* ... Backdoor access. A lot of raw code, but should be able to read the files on Brianna’s terminal!”

“Brilliant, Syana!” Brianna complimented more breathily than intended.

“Thank you,” she responded with a pleasant smile. “Oh, you know it was either hack systems for legal investigations, or get thrown into the backend of Pluto for that time I ‘found’ that council-member’s private photos.”

“You have total access?” Jackson asked seriously.

“I should ...” Syana answered ponderously. “The time-stamps I’m seeing suggest gaps in the files ...”

“A result of data corruption?” he forwarded.

“I some cases, I think so ... It looks as if someone went through with a fine blade at specific points, though. There also seems to be security protocols not common for this system. I can see a lot, but not *everything*.”

"Hrm ..." Jackson muttered. "Well, looks like were here to watch some home movies and eat some popcorn, and looks like we forgot the popcorn ..."

[Timecode 2350_4_26_19:00;211_1_10.1_20]

Salty haired medical doctor Robert Piper stood at his lab bench in the medical bay. He carefully placed two enclosed beakers into a holder. One contained a subtly pink liquid substance, and the other was almost clear. The door chimed.

He tapped the button near him. "Dr. Zolo? Come in!"

Stern, experimental physicist Ally Zolo (the team leader) walked into the room. While she was 43, she looked almost ten years younger with her strawberry blonde hair.

"Do I really need a physical now?" she sighed.

"We all need one sometimes!" he said lightly. "I warmed up the room. It should not be too cold without your clothes."

She rose an eyebrow, and sighed again. Her clothes came off quickly. The very healthy woman had smaller, but well shaped breasts with somewhat large areolae. Her stomach was flat with light musculature, like the rest of her. Her skin was very smooth and sandy-colored. She somewhat awkwardly sat on the table, subtly slouching.

Piper handed her the curious vile. She took it.

"What is it?"

He subtly smirked. "New form of diagnostic. Pop it open, inhale the vapor, and I take some scans. Take the clear one first, and I'll hand over the pink one when necessary."

"Oh, OK ..." she shrugged.

The vile opened with a distinct pop. The liquid quickly vaporized, and Ally inhaled it all deeply.

Ally lay back on the exam table, breathing deeply. "I feel strange, doc ..."

"Perfectly normal, Laura. Now, listen to my voice, and only my voice."

"O ... K ..."

"Very good!" he said excitedly. "Are you still able to think?"

"I ... I can't think ..."

"Excellent!" he smiled largely. "Tell me, Ally, what is your sexuality?"

"I am only attracted to men ..." she responded robotically.

"Perfect! Do you like being in charge, Ally?"

"No ... I hate it. I am very passive, but I pretend otherwise."

"OK. Are you also passive in sexual encounters?"

"Yes. I like to be told what to do during sex. I am normally on my back, and let the man be in charge of my body. My ex-husband did not always like that."

"Now, everything I say, Ally, will become truth in you. Do you understand?"

"Yes ..."

"You will no longer be passive. You now hate how you were passive. You want to be in charge. You want to dominate others. You like the dominance. You want to be dominant. You *need* to be dominant. You will only be subservient to me, but never passive."

"I ..." she huffed. She ground her white teeth. Her eyes rolled back into her head. She writhed like her whole body was changed somehow.

Dr. Piper typed feverish notes into the hand terminal.

Eventually, Laura's breathing slowed. Her entire demeanor was significantly changed. She willfully sat up, with a distinctly straighter posture than before. It was as if she gained an inch in height, when her once passive demeanor hid how tall she really was. She seemed to bleed dominance.

"How do you feel, Laura?"

She took in the room, and the doctor. "I feel ... more alive than I ever had before, doctor." There was not a hint of passiveness in her tone. Yet, she still sounded monotone.

"What do you want and need?"

"I want and need to dominate others."

"Sexually as well?"

"Yes," she said very strongly. "I want men to *grovel* at my feet, begging for the pleasure I can give. The very thought of men begging turns me on!"

Piper made further notes.

"Very good, Laura. Here ... inhale the other vile."

She did so, but in a way that seemed like it was on *her* choosing. She looked hazy for several minutes, before regaining her composure.

"You are now becoming a lesbian, Laura. It takes between four and twenty hours, local time to complete the mental and genetic restructuring. A substantial increase in libido occurs, but we think that is partly due to *unaccustomed* sexual attraction. That is all the second vile does, assuming you are not attracted to women already. You are fine with this. Your need for dominance will be unaffected. The transformative effects of the first vile run their course quickly."

"Yes, doctor, I understand," she said strongly, monotone gone. "I am fully lucid now. I may not derive sexual pleasure from dominating men, but I am sure I'll still enjoy it."

Piper pondered for a moment. "We can continue with the experiment. While the pink vile really only works once, obviously, the other may be used multiple times, in theory. That said, the pink vapor was developed first, while the clear was developed as a kind of antidote to the first. However, we quickly learned that it does not counter the sexuality changes *at all*. Other than that, we do not yet know the limitations of its transformative powers. So, we like to give a dose of the clear before anything else now ..."

"Shut the fuck up, and give that clear shit to me," she said, palm open.

He handed it over.

"If I'm only gonna want to fuck women, I want to be stronger than any of them, but not look like some body builder. I want to dominate with both my pussy and a big, retractable dick!"

She opened the vile, and quickly inhaled it all. She lean back, her hips moving strangely. Her clit then began to form into a small, tubular shape. The tip of it slowly grew just that much pinker than the forming shaft, while a helmet-like structure formed with a design slit at the tip. It growth began to hasten.

Ally looked down to her growing cock, breathing wildly. She grabbed it, and began to stroke wildly with one hand. Her moans and coos were wild, while she massaged her well shaped breasts. When it appeared to surpass eight inches, she began to use both hands, stoking tightly, desperately. Her whole body seemed to move in pleasure. It was as if every muscle in her body was flexing in turn.

The clit-member soon stabilized, very thick and more than a foot long. It did not look like a "normal" cock. though. It was pinkish, with the even pinker tip was perfectly round and even-shaped. She then arched herself down onto it, sick and stroking hungrily. In loud orgasmic coos and grunts, and blew a massive load down her own throat. Ally lay back, catching her breath in the afterglow.

Piper feverishly took notes.

"You connected the new member with your urethra, G-spot?"

"So, it would seem, doctor," she huffed, sitting up. "Very feminine, surprisingly tasty."

She stood up, and walked over to the amazed piper. Her now perfect posture made her almost taller than Piper.

"I want one more hetero fuck, more or less, before I'm a full-on dyke!"

In a quick motion, hand over his mouth, other hand holding his wrists, she pulled his pants down, and shoved her massive, feminine member up his unprepared ass. He screamed through her hand, while she growled in pleasure.

"Loophole. You can't order me around when you can't speak!" she cooed.

She let go of his wrists, and stroked his already hard dick, thrusting wildly.

"Consider this reward, doctor, for making me so much *more!*"

With every thrust and stroke, Piper seemed to be enjoying it more. Her thrust only seemed to increase in veracity. He eventually came, but she thrust for a while longer, Eventually, she blew her milky-white load up his ass.

[End Of File]

[Timecode 2350_4_28_8:00;211_1_10.8_22]

Engineer Jason Connors walked in on the rest of the team having breakfast on the space station. The familiar, multi-crescent moon logo showed on the wall panel on

the far end. At the table, the slim, early thirties, black haired, applied physicist Dr. Laura Cosentine sat on the far end. Doctor Robert Piper was at the center. The stern, domineering Dr. Ally Zolo sat closely with the rest.

Jason grabbed some dark tea and a muffin, and sat across from Dr. Cosentine, who looked subtly uncomfortable.

"Morning!" he said to no one in particular.

"How's Sara, Jason?" Dr. Piper asked suggestively.

"Working away downstairs. I'm sure she'll call if she wants some coffee," Jason responded sarcastically.

"Never complains like you all!" Zolo jumped in.

Piper smirked.

The breakfast went on with casual conversation. Jason eventually left.

Dr. Piper turned to Laura. "How are you feeling, Dr. Cosentine? Do you still want to come to the medical bay?"

She paused for a few moments. "I ... I think so ..."

"I think you should come along, too, Dr. Zolo. It may sound unorthodox, but I may need your assistance."

"Of course, Doctor," Zolo smiled, subtly looking toward Laura.

[End Of File]

[Timecode 2350_4_28_8:30; 211_1_10.8_22]

The medical bay's door chimed.

"Come in," Dr. Piper said.

"Uh, hi ..." Laura said awkwardly.

"Don't be nervous, Laura," Piper said friendly. "Please, sit on the couch."

Laura walked over to the silvery couch, and huffed like an addict at what she saw.

"Holy shit!"

Piper put on a rather large smile. "Yes, Shimmers. I know it is counterintuitive, but put them on. This will be part of the treatment."

An entire, tan body-suit of the addictive, sensory enhancing fabric was laid out on the couch. Laura's shaking hands almost uncontrollably touched them.

"I will give you some privacy," Piper went into the back room.

Laura quickly, purposefully stripped naked. The young brunette was rather voluptuous and physically fit. With every touch, every encased limb, the look of ecstasy on her face grew. Her breathing was deep, and almost erratic. Eventually, now encased head to toes, the woman lay back, groping herself, in visibly epic pleasure, inducing hard orgasm with only minor gropes of her pussy.

The very tall Ally then walked into the room, fully encased in semi-opaque Shimmers. She looked euphoric, but not to the extent of Laura.

Ally was holding a vile of nearly clear liquid, but that was not what caught Laura's eyes.

"That ... It's huge!" Laura huffed.

Ally lightly stroked her encased clit-member with her free hand. "Do you like it? Been through some changes, Laura."

"Holy shit!"

Ally looked at the vile. "This stuff can make you immune to the Shimmers' addictive affects. Just used it myself!" She put it down on the table. "But first, I'm going to dominate you, claim you as my first living sex toy."

"Wah ...?"

Ally then straddled Laura's lap, feeling Laura's calves with her feet, dick up against Laura's stomach. Groping the moaning Laura's breasts, Ally cooed, "I may be immune to addiction here, but this still feels awesome!"

Ally then pulled Laura up by the neck, and forced a kiss. Laura was totally lost in the euphoria. She pushed Laura back down, and pulled her up again for a more forceful kiss, playing with the lost woman like a cat and its mouse.

She then forced Laura back down, and positioned herself next to Laura on the couch. Ally playfully rubbed her massive member against the hapless woman's face. Laura automatically opened her mouth under the fabric.

Ally stood up, and looked deep into Laura's eyes possessively, hungrily. She then roughly rubbed the sole of her foot on Laura's face.

"Oh ... fuck ..." Laura huffed. "Oh, umm, humph ..."

Ally shoved her foot into Laura's wide open mouth, and fucked the desperate Ally's face with it. She then pulled a pair of black Shimmers from under a cushion, and bound Laura's arms with it behind.

She pushed Laura back down with her hands and foot, before forcing the foot in and out of Laura's drooling, whimpering mouth. She lightly held Laura's shimmering legs up, before feeling down Laura's quivering body with her foot, teasingly rubbing the crotch with the encased toes.

Ally repositioned Laura with her legs wide, holding one leg out with her hand and the other with her knee. With her free hand, Ally rubbed and fingered the cooing woman's wet crotch.

"Ah, oh ... fuck, yeah ... oh-err ..." Laura groaned.

With a slap, Ally traded her hand for her foot, aggressively fucking the moaning woman with encased toes. Ally eventually rubbed Laura's clit at the same time. She then went down to her knees, and teasingly licked the wet pussy lips. All Laura could do was moan and coo in near orgasmic ecstasy.

Ally then brought Laura to her feet, teasing and groping the hapless woman like to plaything she already was.

She the ripped open the fabric covering Laura's mouth, and forced her down. Hand behind Laura's head, Ally just started to thrust her massive cock into Laura's head. Laura gagged and whimpered, but all that added to Ally's great pleasure. Ally just fucked the plaything's face for a while, embracing it all.

Ally then repositioned Laura to be seated on the couch, and leg up next to Laura's head, mounted and fucked her face from there.

"Fuck yeah, take my cock!" Ally cooed.

Ally then all but threw Laura onto the floor, on her stomach. She was all but hogtied, with her arms bound behind and feet up. All sat on her ass before the sex toy, and forced Ally's mouth up and down on her cock.

"Oh, ah, yeah!" Ally cooed. "So fucking close!"

Ally wrapped her legs around the submissive thing, and moved Laura's head up and down wildly.

"Ah, yeah! THAT'S IT. AH YEAHHH. FUCKKK YEAH!" she orgasmically cried, blowing her feminine load down the equally as orgasmic plaything's throat.

Laura gurgled the cum, which leaked from her stretched mouth. "Oh, oh fuck ..."

"I'm not done yet!" Ally cooed, her cock ballooning again.

Ally lifted Laura onto the couch on her hands and knees. She ripped open the fabric over Laura's soaked pussy. One leg up on the couch, with no hesitation, Ally showed her massive cock into what looked like a very tight pussy. Ally brought her other leg onto the couch to essentially, tup reply hump in a partial squat. The both moaned and cooed wildly. Ally repositioned her flat on her stomach, straddled her from behind, and thrust deeply on her knees. She lead formed, and thrust hard until she came gallons up Laura's now sore pussy. Ally squirmed in pleasure.

"Now ..." Ally stated from behind. "Do you want the cure?"

"No ..."

"What do you want?"

"I want to be your sex toy," she said desperately.

Ally smiled largely, leaned in, and held her tightly at the chin. "Good."

[End Of File]

ERROR 1702: CORRUPTION DETECTED
ERROR 11: MISC HARDWARE EXCEPTION
ERROR 03: ILLEGAL INSTRUCTION
ABBORTING PLAYBACK

The clip show ended for now. Brianna and Syana felt confused and mesmerized at the same time.

“Well, that was not what I was expecting!” Jackson said amazed.

“Um, yeah ...” Brianna muttered.

“Can you try to recover more, Syana?” Jackson asked.

“...”

“Syana?”

“Uh, yes, Jackson.”

“Are you two OK?” Jackson was genuinely concerned.

“I’m fine,” they both said in turn.

Syana finally replied. “I am already connected to the system. I’ll work on it more in the ship ...”

Syana felt strange, different deep down, but she was ignoring that. She worked hard to recover more system files, sitting on her bed in the private cabin. Her suit was removed, feeling warm, and she just wore her lavender tube-top, panties, and gold anklet. The larger tablet terminal was on her bare lap.

Strangely, she learned that the one with the highest level access was Dr. Piper, but it did not look like *he* altered any files. The corruption almost seemed to stem from another user using the kind of access Syana used. Whoever it was certainly hit the same security roadblocks that should not be there.

Eventually, Syana hacked a text file relating to the goals of the experiment there, or some of it. What confused Syana right then was how this was a *different*, high security file than the one in public databanks. The public file summed up to what most knew: Experimental research on a new communications system, run by the now defunct Ares Research. The other enumerated that and more ...

Ares Research Description Form

Lead Scientist: Robert Piper, MD, PhD

Secondary Research: The testing of laser-based communications array.

Primary Research: The continued testing of compounds Alpha 5 (lesbianism induction) and Beta 12 (general mind-body alteration).

Syana grunted at how little progress she was making. That said, that partial file revealed a lot. Those crates were likely filled with those compounds. Then something struck her. Cosentine was obviously exposed to the mentioned compounds. She and Brianna inhaled a sickly sweet odor next to one of those crates with that pinkish liquid. Could that explain how off she felt? How warm she’s been? Her heart raced at the thought of being mentally and genetically altered by some unknown substance. It was indeed over six hours, local time, since possible exposure.

Suddenly, her tablet chimed, breaking her chain of thought. It reconstructed a new video file. The timestamp was broken, so it was not immediately clear when it was recorded. She hit play ...

The video file began with Ally Zolo laying comfortably naked on her stomach. Syana felt that odd haze from earlier, but it was different now. It was like when she started to look at boys in a sexual way in her teens. Yet, she did not want to think about *that*. Looking at the woman on the screen, there was something so *alluring* about the way the light subtly made her muscles shimmer, the softness of her hair, the fullness of her ass, the curve of her wrinkly arches.

"Holy, shit!" Syana huffed. "I really am becoming a lesbian ..."

The obedient Laura Cosentine walked in. She wore an open, light pink robe, with a white bra and panties. Syana stared at Laura's breast at the screen, and lightly began to squeeze her own.

"Oh, fuck ..." Syana huffed, uncontrollably groping both her breasts now. "I love this ... I really love this!"

She was reminded of the first time she saw what a dick looked like, but the thought of any part of a man was almost disgusting to her all of a sudden. The sensation here was *much* stronger, though. She wanted, *needed* to see this.

Laura straddled the relaxed Ally, and began to rub in massage oils like a savant. Syana found herself groping both her breasts at the same time, breathing deeply, feeling her body come alive with more arousal than she ever knew. She imaged that it was Laura's hands groping her so deeply.

Without even thinking, Syana's hand burrowed under her panties. She huffed at the pleasure, heart racing. Her pussy was more moist than she knew it ever could be, and loved how that felt.

"Does that feel good, Mistress?" Laura asked.

"Yes, my sex toy, you are doing well."

"Thank you, Mistress!"

"We're just getting started ..."

"OH, oh fuck ..." Syana huffed at that.

Syana squeezed her breasts passionately at the same time as her clit massage. Her fingers penetrating the nether-lips. Pleasuring herself to two lustful women was the most intensely erotic thing Syana ever experienced.

She then quickly plopped the tablet before her. Eyes glued to the screen, she pushed her panties down, went on all fours, licked her already moist fingers, and continued rubbing her crotch passionately. She quickly slipped down onto her stomach, squirming, imagining that Laura was lustfully massaging her back from behind.

Laura now worked Ally's ass and crotch, more oil than ever. Ally moaned loudly in encouragement. At the site, the huffing Syana's jaw just dropped, before she pulled her top down to grope her breasts with her free hand.

“More oil to warm your pussy up even more, Mistress?”

“Of course, sex toy!”

“Uh-OH ...” Syana huffed. Her finders moved wildly, but with purpose on her dripping snatch ...

Brianna felt strange and hot. She had to strip down to her bra and short-shorts. Why couldn't she stop thinking about Syana's firm ass? Why couldn't she stop thinking about attractive women? Then it finally clicked to her utter shock: the pink liquid! If the video file was unaltered, that would likely mean they were exposed to the very stuff that made the project leader become a dominant lesbian slut. If she was becoming a lesbian slut, then so was Syana. Brianna had the aberrant sense that this was not a bad thing.

She scurried over to Syana's cabin ...

Ally had lifted her full, oiled ass. Laura was passionately fingering the wet pussy of her Mistress, while licking the asshole periodically. Ally moaned and cooed from the pleasure.

“Oh, oh YEAH!” Syana huffed, passionately pleasuring her tripping pussy. She never felt more right sexually in her life. Her body was alive with sapphic desire. She slowly licked her lips ...

Syana's door was apparently unlicked. The sight made her heart skip a beat, before it raced excitedly. Brianna was almost mesmerized at how good Syana's bare ass, legs, and feet looked. Syana clearly worked out all the time, while that physicality enhanced her femininity.

“Syana? What are you doing?” Brianna called, amazed. The door slid closed behind her.

“What!? Shit!” Syana yelled, pulling up her panties and top. “What happened to privacy!”

“Well, this is important!”

“Fuck!”

“We have to talk ... What were you watching, Syana?” She almost too casually sat next to the woman, whose smell was alluring in ways she never knew.

“Oh, no, don't, please ...”

Brianna saw the freeze frame, jaw dropped. The women shimmered with oil, with Laura obediently on Ally's back.

“Holy shit ...” Brianna huffed with an uncontrolled smile.

“I ... The system recompiled the file ... Things got outa hand ...”

Brianna picked up the tablet.

“What are you doing?” Syana asked, breathless. Her eyes moved up and down the woman’s fit, partly exposed body. Everywhere she looked turned her on: The blue eyes, the full lips, the large breasts, the muscular stomach, the long toned legs ...

Brianna resumed the video, placing the tablet on her lap.

“Oh, fuck yeah, sex toy!” they heard Ally coo.

“You’re gonna watch this?” Syana huffed.

“Yeah ... its why I barged in, really ...”

Laura passionately, slowly massaged Ally’s ass with her crotch. Syana and Brianna’s eyes were glued to the titillating site before them.

“So ...” Syana huffed, biting her lips.

“Have you ever reacted like this toward women before?” Brianna said quietly.

“No ...”

“Me neither ... That sickly-sweet liquid ... I think we were exposed to, to the pink stuff Piper made Ally ingest ... wow, this it really hot ...”

“Uh-huh... I guess ... we’re lesbians now ...” Syana huffed.

Laura went back to pleasuring Ally pussy from behind. Watching the file, Syana and Brianna were leaning on each other at the shoulder. Syana found herself rubbing her breasts again with great pleasure moving through her.

“What do you think?” Brianna huffed looking at the very real, very aroused, and arousing woman next to her.

“I mean ...” she huffed, meeting Brianna’s sexy eyes, griping her tit harder, “I’ve never felt this way before ... This feels so right, Brianna ...”

“Oh, yeah, fuck,” they heard Ally coo.

Syana, looking down Brianna’s body with hot eyes, and groping her chest, said, “There’s no going back. Let’s fuck ...”

They leaned in, and began to deeply smooch. The feel of their soft lips sent strong tingles along their bodies. She placed her hand on Brianna’s soft cheek, feeling some of her silken hair at the same time.

Syana then pushed herself back, and stopped the video. “Wait ... We can’t ...”

“Why not?” Brianna was so turned on, more turned on than she ever was toward men.

“I mean we’re on a mission ...” Syana huffed. “It’s just ... I mean, I really want to ... But ...” She bit her lip.

“But what what?” Brianna knew she was altered genetically and mentally, but only wanted to embrace the wild arousal she was feeling for the hottest person she ever knew.

Breathing deeply, they lightly touched their hands and hips. They looked at each other for a few, long, deeply inanimate moments.

Syana then gave into to her transformed desires, by smashing her lips onto Brianna’s. They desperately, hungrily smooched from one angle and then other, Syana’s

hand back on Brianna's even softer cheek. Brianna placed her hand on Syana's cheek as they shared the most right kiss of their lives. Hugged loudly in the joyful acceptance of it all.

Brianna then felt Syana's warm hand move down her tingling body. She grasped at her top, and started to yank it down. Brianna pulled the black straps to the side, revealing her perfect orbs that made Syana's pussy drip.

At the same time, Brianna positioned herself with her legs folded under her. Syana quickly followed suit, locking her lips on the sexiest woman at the same time. She loved holding Brianna's face while deeply, desperately kissing.

Syana then fall onto Brianna's health breasts, letting herself understand why so many men loved them so much. The groping sent shockwaves of pleasure and joy throughout Brianna's body. Syana began to suckle Brianna's breasts, the feel of it so natural and right fun her mouth. They locked eyes and loved how they knew the pleasure of it wall was mutual.

"Oh, wow!" Brianna cooed. Men have enjoyed her breasts, but none of them touched them in such an intuitive, empathetic way. That was not to mention Syana's soft skin!

Syana moaned while she massaged Brianna's moist, alluringly scented crotch. She then wanted to have her ample breasts to have a turn, and just knew Brianna was more than ready. The straps came down quickly, while the top easily folded down.

Brianna went for the first breasts she ever wanted with lots of tongue. She now understood why men loved them so much. They were so soft, firm, suckable, sensitive. She moaned perhaps louder with them in her mouth than Syana did on the receiving end.

"Oh'yah ..." Syana cooed, loving the sight as much as she loved how good it felt.

Brianna pulled back, and they smiled at one another with love, lust, and hunger. Syana felt Brianna's breasts at the same time. They were loving how natural it was all coming to them. This was nothing like the sometimes generic humping and thrusting and grunting they experienced with men.

Syana pushed aside the sheet, while Brianna put the tablet aside.

"I love your tits!" Syana cooed. She groped and sucked them from the sides to the firm nipples.

They locked eyes, and in a teasing motion, Brianna turned her back to Syana. She went to all fours, and presented her ass. Their eyes met for a moment, all lust and smiles, before Syana pulled the shorts down and off, throwing them away. The ass was full and firm and juicy; she groped and kissed it right away. She then almost teasingly kissed Brianna's dripping pussy, face burring between the cheeks. The sweet taste of the juice existed her wildly.

The two lesbians slipped onto their stomachs, Brianna postponed her ass up and open, looking back at the pussy hungry Syana. She licked willfully, smiling up at Brianna.

"Does that feel good?" Syana asked as a tease.

"Ya, yeah ..." she muttered through the pleasure.

"Yeah? Taste fucking good, too!"

Hand on the ass cheek, she lapped her tongue up and down the delicious lips, knowing just what to do. Sortied she would lightly feel between the lips with her finger.

"Oh, oh fuck ..." Brianna grunted. "Put you finger in!"

"OK!"

Syana licked her fingers to moisten them. Though, it was also to taste the pussy juice already on her fingers. She then put her index finger in the warm, moist cavern of pleasure.

"Oh, fuck, ha ..." Brianna cooed.

"Oh, wow, huff!" Syana cooed at the feel, loot, and scent of it all.

Syana began to ingress her finger thrusts, spiting to increase lube. Brianna huffed and cooed excitedly.

"Oh, fuck that so hot!" Syana cooed.

"UMMMM, YEAH!" Briana blurted.

Syana then just had to drink the escaping juices. She lapped it up almost tenderly, rubbed the lipped excitedly for a moment, and continued the passionate liking.

"Oh, fuck, wow!" Briana cooed through the loud huffs, lifting her ass toward the pleasure.

"Uh, ummm!" Syana moaned. Their eyes met, and she teasingly rubbed the pussy lips with her fingers. The giggled from how much they loved this. They always liked sex, but this was the first time it was also genuinely fun.

Brianna gyrated her ass, and Syana took advantage, syncing her hand and licking motions to increase Brianna's pleasure. The receiving lesbian moaned and cooed in as much joy as pleasure. She brushed her fingers through Syana's soft hair, watching and feeling at the same time.

"Oh, fuck, you taste good!" Syana honestly said with a hungry smile, before munching more excitedly than before. She groped Brianna's asscheeks at the same time.

"Oh, yeah, put you fingers back in me!" Brianna requested with subtle desperation.

"Yeah?" she huffed, mouth full.

Syana quickly licked her fingers, and slid them back in. She excitedly thrust and gyrated her fingers in the canal of great pleasure. They both moaned and cooed, but Brianna more so. Syana groped her own excited tit for a moment, before having that hand rub the clit below.

"OH, YEAH!" Brianna cooed through her teeth. "OHHH *fuck*, so amazing ..."
She came a little.

"Smells so good!" Syana cooed, before lapping up the escaping juices.

Syana rubbed the sensitized clit with her hand. She then straddled Brianna's muscular back leg, and rubbed Brianna's pussy at the same time she ground her crotch on Brianna's leg.

"Oh, yah, OH!" Syana cooed, rubbing her tits at the same time. She then moved to grope Brianna's ass intermittently. Eventually, Syana was thrusting her fingers in Brianna's pussy in time with the thrusts in the leg.

The pleasure running through them both was more powerful, more perfect than they thought possible. They huffed, they moaned, they cooed. This was the only kind of pleasure they wanted for the rest of their lives. Syana made her cum wetly yet again. She giggled teasingly, and licked the pussy she made so juicy.

"I'm thirsty!" Brianna said with a hungry smile.

Syana sat up and leaned back.

"Let's take these off!"

Syana's panties were thrown aside. Brianna soon went down on Syana's wet pussy with her savant tongue. Their happy, hungry eyes often met.

"OH, my ..." Syana huffed wildly, holding Brianna's head down into her crotch. Brianna sometimes teased with her fingers, before using her desirous tongue again. If they weren't born to eat pussy, they were made to eat it now! "Oh, fuck, oh wow! *Yeah ...*" Syana cooed.

Brianna was practically mesmerized by the pussy she was communing. It tasted as good as it smelled, as good as it felt on her tongue and lips. There was a greatly erotic satisfaction in giving another woman pleasure.

Syana adjusted herself slightly, and Brianna continued her consumption. "OH< fuck, ha!"

Brianna then began to rub her own pussy at the same time, sending great waves of pleasure through her.

"You look so hot when you play with your self!" Syana cooed.

Brianna glanced up with a teasing, euphoric smile.

"Just like that!" she huffed. Syana found herself less than subtly rubbing her crotch on the woman's face. She grabbed her breasts and Brianna's head, while she had a quick, wonderful orgasm. Brianna kept consuming happily, hungrily, stretching out the orgasmic euphoria in a way she never thought possible. "Ohhhh, yeah ..." she like her lips.

Brianna was now wildly ribbed her own pussy on her stomach, squirming in pleasure.

"Oh, yeah ... just like that ..." Syana's orgasmic euphoria faded, but the pleasure continued. It felt so fucking good.

Their eyes met, and Syana put on a teasing smile. Brianna smiled back, inviting her to do whatever she was thinking. Syana partly stood up, grasping the rails above her bed. Like she was reading her mind, Brianna quickly, excitedly slid herself up, and flipped over her back. Syana squatted down, huffing and cooed. Even before Syana sat on Brianna's face, her tongue was already out in anticipation. Brianna rubbed her pussy at the same time she consumed Syana's addicting snatch.

"Uh, oh, OH FUCK'ya!" Syana happily cooed.

Brianna giggled.

"That's so good! ... OH!"

Syana guided Brianna's free hand to her breast for a quick grope, before nudging it down to Brianna's crotch, worshipfully touching Brianna's stomach and breasts on the way back. Leaning back a little, Syana groped her own tits for a moment. Syana squirmed in pleasure asynchronously with Brianna's motions of pleasure.

"Oh, fuck you're gonna make me cum again!" Syana cooed. She squirmed and cooed and grunted. "ERRRM, Oh, my ...FUCK! ... Oh, right there ... OHHHH ..." She moaned and copped and huffed louder and louder, leading to the hardest most glorious orgasm of her life. Brianna happily drank all the cum. "Oh, wow. Never came like that before!" Syana huffed.

Brianna laughed in pleasure and joy at what she created.

"Don't stop ... Don't stop ..." Syana pleaded, never really lifted her pussy off Brianna mouth.

Brianna happily continued her pussy consumption. But then, she grabbed Syana's asscheeks, and began to eat out her asshole.

"Oh, wow! Yeah!" Syana cooed.

Brianna resume rubbing her pussy at the same time. She found it so how and kinky. She never thought of ever doing such a thing before. Indeed, Syana never thought of letting someone do such a thing before. Brianna's soft lips and epic tongue made it truly remarkable.

Syana cooed, licked her fingers and leaned forward. She took over Brianna's crotch rubbing, while rubbing her own tits at the same time.

"Oh, yeah ..." Syana cooed.

"UMMM" Brianna said into an asshole.

Syana soon switched to rubbing Brianna's tits at the same time. Her moaned and cooes were only louder, because her mouth wasn't full. She could pleurably feel Brianna's deep moans.

"UMMN, fuck, ah, HAH!" Syana cooed in pleasure, touching herself, and groping Brianna's soaked pussy. Syana soon came again with Brianna, and they continued rubbing and munching the enhance the afterglow.

"I wanna taste you now!" Syana said with a big smile.

With a big smile, Brianna quickly flipped around, and lay back, legs open wide. Syana bared down on the wet pussy. Brianna moaned loudly, holding Syana's head on her crotch, while Syana slurped and consumed. Syana rubbed her wet pussy at the same time, created deep moans and coos from both.

Syana the did something she once never knew could be a thing, as Brianna never thought of it either before this moment. She lifted up Brianna's leg, and straddled her pussy with Brianna's. Their warm crotched came together in a distinct smooch. Eyes locked, they ground that sultry pussies with great passion. Brianna sucked on tits; Syana groped tits. The ground and ground wildly, creating an epic orgasm to finally end this sapphic madness. They cooed and grunted so loudly, before they came hard at the same time.

They eventually smooched, smiling largely, Syana cradling Brianna's pretty face. After a few moments, they switch positions, with Syana on her back. Brianna then began to groing hard, perhaps hard than Syana did a moment ago.

"Are you gonna cum again? Are you gonna cum again!" Brianna cooed.

"Oh, fuck! *OH FUCK!*" Syana cooed. "So fucking wet!"

They kept grinding, while groping and sucking tits.

"Come on! Cum again. Come on ... *FUCK YEAH ... OH MY!*" Syana cooed.

They came loudly again in unison.

"Fuck, that was good ..." Syana huffed, squeezing Brianna's breasts.

They smooched joyously, lightly toughing with eyes locked. Eventually, in the continuing afterglow of the best sex they ever had, they fell asleep in each other's arms.

Before breakfast the next day, Jackson was reviewing all the data on hand. His contemporaries and superiors sometime chided him for a lack of research prior to the case. The reality was that he would try to research as much as any other. However, he was often handed cases that just had very little information readily available.

His "wake up call" that morning was a stroke of luck. It was about dossiers of the research team members. He normally initiated such research with his contacts, but he never expected much.

However, there was some very informative information of Dr. Piper and Ares Research, even if it was not much more than an old-fashioned sheet of paper combined. His interest in the physician was very high since finding the many crates of "Medical Supplies."

Robert Piper: Dossier

Prepared by Lauren Chadwick-Chan, Managing Investigator, Universal Special Investigations (Private)

Dates: Earth Standard Time

Born: 2290 Nov 25, Qeqqata, Greenland, Earth

Secondary Education or Equivalent: Graduated local primary school (Qeqqata) 2308

Undergraduate Education or Equivalent: Alvan James University (2312 BS Pre-Med Biology), Newport, North America, Earth

Graduate Education: University of Tennessee Memorial Center of the Sciences (2317 MD-PhD), Memphis, North America, Earth

Residency: Watson-Murphy Clinic, Olympus City, Olympus Mons Sector, Mars, completed 2319

Records of Career: Conflicting and incomplete records, as is common on Mars. Worked at either — or both — Olympus Medical Center and an unknown research institute from between 2319 to 2325. Employment between 2325 and 2338 are not fully corroborated, but suggests a continued affiliation with unknown research institute. Visiting lecturer at defunct University of Olympus Mons Medical Science Institute 2339. In that same year, co-published with psychologist Dr. Gena Sacs, "Gene Therapy Solutions for Uncommon or Unusually Manifested Physical and Mental Disorders." Joined defunct Ares Research in 2340, and the only record of activity was the ill-fated experiment ten years later. However, some conflicting records suggest he was associated with Ares prior (see Ares Research Dossier).

Date of Death: 2350 April 30, Casius Sector, Mars

Analysis: While obtaining Martian records is presently scattershot, Piper has more gaps than expected, even when including uncorroborated data. Martian medical doctors and medical scientists into the 2330s required local special human research licensing that was required to be on file within the UN Medical Standards Office within the first five years of practice. Piper's Martian licensing was not found. There are no work records between 2320 and 2340. Piper did file patents, which Ares Research licensed. Those patents go back to 2330, and consist of gene therapy techniques with inhaled substances, of which there are no known uses today. Interestingly, "Ares Research" is listed on these patents, without any indications of file updates. It is the opinion of the authoring detective that the unknown medical research firm Piper likely worked for early in his Martian career was Ares Research or preceding organization. These lack of details, while not definitive, suggest Piper had associations with individuals considered criminal under UN legal codes, including Ares. Also, the local Greenland government has records of considerable family wealth being left to Piper in 2325, the exact year information started to not be verifiable. Piper was very likely a major player in the abundant illegal operations on previously poorly regulated Mars.

Ares Research: Dossier

Prepared by Bradford Taylor, Senior Investigator, Universal Special Investigations
(Private)

Founders: Unknown

Date of Founding: Unknown

Date of Incorporation: 2339

Known Operations: Biomedical research, applied physics, engineering

Known funding sources: Patents, private contracts

Known research facilities: Olympus City (main offices), Casius Sector (laser communications experiments)

Defunct: After 2351

Analysis: Ares Research follows many of the same, albeit vague patterns of legitimate fronts of illegal Martian operations common then and now. Unregulated biomedical research was one of the most common activities at the time Ares was officially operating. The results of which were often sold to private contractors and crime lords as either a form of narcotics or broadly control over others. Given how Ares was no longer in official operation after the failed experiment, in the context of Piper's association, it is highly likely that Piper was a key member of any illegal operations funding Ares.

Jackson walked to the head of the shuttle, where he distinctly heard giggling. His mind went to the video files they all saw the day before.

"Ummm, yummy," Syana said.

"More?" Brianna asked.

"Always, babe!" She opened her mouth wide for apparently another taste of Syana's breakfast.

"Good morning ..." Jackson greeted ponderously.

"Morning!" they said in near unison. The women were back in their mostly black and rather revealing jumpsuits.

Jackson stood for a moment, looking at the remarkably bubbly and flirtatious women.

"If you haven't figured it out already, Jackson, that pink stuff was still affective on heterosexual women," Brianna said with a subtle laugh.

"Yeah, after all the times we made each other cum last night, we are *definitely* lesbian sluts now!" Syana said with amazement in her tone.

"OK ..."

"I guess you were already attracted to women, Jackson," Brianna teased.

"Oh, I hadn't noticed!" Syana said sarcastically.

"Yes, very much so ..." He cleared his throat, and sat. "The dossiers came in for Piper and Ares. Not surprised, but looks like this whole project was a front for Piper's drug experiments. Based on the files we uncovered so far, I don't think the rest were aware of this, and just here to conduct the communications experiment."

"I agree," Brianna stated.

Syana's tablet chirped. "Oh ... looks like another corrupted file was reconstructed ... Interesting ... looks like the day of the disaster, if not the exact moment."

"Great job, babe!" Brianna complimented, teasingly patting Syana's inner thigh.

Syana smiled seductively. "You should be coming on to my tablet, Bri. She's the one doing all the work!"

[Timecode 2350_4_30_13:00; 211_1_11.9_24]

Laura, Ally, and Piper were on the station above. Ally was having her encased feet worshiped by the obedient Laura, who was only wearing the shimmering fabric.

"T-minus ten minutes to first Laser Alpha Test," Sara stated flatly through the open channel to the station.

"I am seeing no hardware errors or deviations," Jason sounded.

"Receiving software is ready for input," Sara sounded.

"Coms to ground station off," Ally stated.

It was clear there was nothing left of Laura, who euphorically worshipped from the floor on her knees. In a way, there was not much left of Ally either, who was addicted to dominating Laura. Neither seemed that interested in the experiment.

"Make your Mistress cum right now, toy!"

"Of course, Mistress!" the sex toy said excitedly. She quickly opened Ally's crotch, and consumed. Ally pressed the hapless woman's head down, and moaned joyously.

None of the three noticed a flashing red light on what looked like the fault indicator in front of them. Instead, Piper was jerking himself off to the women in sexual ecstasy ...

[End of file]

"So that's it then?" Syana forwarded. "Piper's experiment distracted them enough to not notice something was wrong with the laser test?"

"Hrm," Jackson muttered. "I'm not sure that's the whole story here. Not sure if its coincidence, but there seemed to be very little of Sara and Jason in the surviving files."

"You think somethings been altered here?" Brianna forwarded.

"Maybe," he said quietly. "Let's see if Sara likes coffee ..."

Chapter 3: Laura Beta Zero

The three of them were half-expecting Sara to just walk in on them, wondering what was going on. Yet, she still just sat there, motionless.

"Hmm," Syana muttered. "She seems be be activated ..."

"I am," Sara suddenly said, otherwise complete still.

Their heats skipped a beat. Her voice had a subtle depth to it, as well as an underlying, resonating purr that tickled the women's pussies.

"Didn't know it was possible for someone to hack me like you did."

"Your model had security flaws that were patched some years after the experiment here."

Sara opened her eyes. "Oh, good ..." She stood. "Maybe I wanted to stay inactive."

"I am detective Jackson. My associates are detectives Daniels and Blair. What happened here, Sara?" Jackson asked directly.

Sara smirked with a distinctly sarcastic mask. "It wasn't obvious?"

"Martian records from ten years ago are a bit spotty. The system on this station has significant corruption and unexpected security protocols."

"Yes, it does," Sara said flatly. "Dr. Piper was probably the one really running the show from the beginning, if you haven't figured that out yet. He ran Ares Research, and probably whatever other shady things that funded it. Figured that out day one here, but was legitimately interested in the communications experiment. Perhaps *ends* and *means* do not always justify each other, detectives."

"Perhaps not ..." Syana said, looking over the Amazon android lustfully, as Brianna was practically drooling.

Sara looked at the woman with a subtly raised brow and smirk. "Smelled anything sickly sweet lately, detectives?"

"Yeah ..." Brianna admitted quickly. "Piper's drug was still potent ..."

"That seemed like the main experiment, but looks like you know that already," Sara said as a matter of fact. "Looks, err, looked like his experiment caused the explosion. Don't know exactly what was happening above, but I suspect they were fucking like rabbits or something up there when the fault alarm sounded."

"Yes," Jackson stated. "The likely last video file showed as much."

"We saw graves outside ..." Brianna huffed, slowly failing to control her now powerful libido.

Sara paused for a while. "Did you?"

"What happened to Jason?" Jackson asked directly.

"No longer here, I suppose," she said in what sounded like a forced flatness.

"You shut off the connection to my tablet ..." Syana observed. Her pussy was very moist. She kept thinking about it it would feel to be sandwiched naked between Brianna and Sara.

"I don't think I like others poking around in my pretty head without permission," she said with a distinct anger. "You should just go. Everything that you needed to know should be clear by now. What else do you fucking want?"

They were taken aback by her anger and caginess.

"Detectives like details, Sara," Jackson said. "You are the survivor here."

"Humph," Sara blurted. She slowly walked over to the window. "You know ... I think I hated Mars the first time I saw it. Never felt *hate* before. That was probably the moment I understood what I was, ironically. I knew I wasn't human the moment I was activated, but a child does not always consider themselves a child at first. When they do, they want to be an adult. And when they are finally an adult, they want to be a child again ..." There were silent layers to her statements.

"What really happened here, Sara?" Jackson asked quietly.

She turned back slightly, and turned back to the window. "I had a long time to think about what happened. For an android, even point-six-eight seconds can be an

eternity in the right context. I spent a year in my own purgatory, before shutting myself down ...”

She turned to face the fascinated Jackson and sexually distracted women. “First, the other substance, the almost clear one, can calm the lesbian desires, if you decide your enhanced libidos are too much, but you probably won’t. Second, what happened here ... Like I said, you already have the gist of it. Piper’s actual experiment led to those above not doing anything about the system fault. My side of the story is more innocent, I guess. All young androids then aggressively worked to prove their sentience somehow. I just didn’t know what that could mean at first ...”

Two days before the laser test, Sara was running through the simulations again. Her right arm started to twitch periodically. She picked up her hand terminal.

“Sara?” Jason’s face appeared on the screen. He looked somewhat drowsy. It was 7:35 in the morning local time, and he was never a morning person.

“Hey, Jason, the servo in my right arm is acting strange suddenly ...” Sara stated flatly with subtle warmth. She did like him. Well, he was the first human to treat her like an equal.

“OK, Sara. I’ll meet you at the engineering bay ...”

Ten minutes later, Jason quickly opened up her maintenance access just below her right shoulder, at the subtle groove. The light skin crinkled almost but not quite like human skin.

“You know, Jason. I like how you see me as more than a sexy picture on a terminal!” she toned down the robotic elements of her voice.

“You *are* so much more, Sara...”

“Jason?”

He closed the port and cleared his throat. “Looks like the servo is faulty. We’re gonna need to get you a new one at some point”

“Thank you, Jason.” She smiled in a way that did not seem artificial.

“Any other issues, Sara?”

“Physically, that’s it,” she said flatly. “I still need to start these last calibrations for the test in two days.”

“Is that related to the increase in solar activity?”

“No, Jason. The receiver array turned out to be at a slightly different elevation than initially listed. And, at least that most recent flare was absorbed fully by Earth after all.” She smiled largely. “Sad we missed Earth’s aurora!”

He smiled pleasantly. “OK, Sara, I’m gonna go fuel myself in the mess hall, if you don’t need anything else.”

“Yes, you are not the same without breakfast,” she said quite seriously. “Do you mind stopping by this evening to check on my arm again, Jason. I will be moving it a lot with these calibrations, and don’t know how well the fix will hold.”

"Sure," he said pleasantly, "see you then, Sara ..."

Sara worked the whole day tinkering the space station's receiver array. The technology was not all that new, per se. The issue was that this was a new application, not to mention the fact that she already knew this was not the "primary" experiment. She already, not so accidentally, hacked into the surveillance files, after being concerned that there were any at all. Seeing how Piper so easily turned those scientists into lesbian sex-freaks was objectively remarkable, but disappointed her in ways she did not fully understand yet

She glanced out the window onto the planet below for a brief second, and grunted out her annoyance. The literally and figuratively rusted-out Mars from above — and below — was *ugly* to her. She really did want to see Earth's aurora with her own eyes, decompile the colors to their individual photons. "Is this what it means to be sentient? Hate, disappointment?" She muttered to herself ...

Jason finally walked into the bay, and she felt much better.

"Hi, Sara! How's goes everything?" he asked with a happy smile.

She smiled back genuinely. "Well, the arm's not twitching, at least ..."

"... Are *you* OK, Sara?" He walked over to her.

"I do not know ..." she said, not holding back her robotic tones.

"I know young androids have, um, moments ..."

"Moments?" She knew what he meant, but found herself being very cagey right then.

"Like when a child eats the food they hate for the first time. Or when a parent tells them not to do something they *really* want to do."

Sara turned back to the window, looking down at the planet again. "I *hate* this place, Jason."

"What?"

She turned back around. "I hate Mars, this whole experiment. Ares probably cares very little about this. This feeling is threatening to overload my Cyber Matrix."

"Yeah, that sums up Martian contracts these days ..." he said calmly. "Do you really hate being here entirely?"

She paused for a second, which felt like an eternity to her. "Not ... everything, Jason."

"For humans, Sara, feeling hate and frustration, it might not get any easier. It threatens to overload us, too. It's not always hate that consumes us, but what really can break *us* down is being bombarded by both love and hate."

Sara walked closer to him. "I think ... I understand. Is this what it means to be sentient?"

"I don't have a fuckin' clue, Sara!" he said shaking his head. "We are all just who we are, right?"

"How do you feel about this place, Jason?" she said almost tenderly.

"Humph! About the same as you, actually! This is the worst contract I ever agreed to, Sara, and worse, I told myself five years ago I would never do contract work anymore."

She smiled with a quietly happy laugh.

"Not everything is so bad here ... You really are ... *beautiful*, Sara ..." he said, as if it was something he was holding back for some time.

"Thank you, Jason ... I find find you ... more than *pleasing*, as well."

He deeply sighed in a way that looked like excited joy. "The truth is, Sara ... I was drawn to you the first time we met. Just had no idea how to go about it."

Jason looked over Sara from her subtly shimmering, black boots to her deep blue eyes. No human ever looked at her like that. She knew how her *artificialness* showed. From her literally glass eyes to rather rubbery skin. Yet, he looked at her like she was not all that different at all.

Sara looked him over, too. She loved his lightly athletic physique and caring eyes.

"I love you, Sara. You're so beautiful, so sexy," he finally said.

When he leaned closer, Sara surprised him by kissing him first. She sensed the kiss was very different at first. She only knew how to emulate one up to that point. After a few long moments, that shifted to something as different as profound. They both actually moaned happily, with Sara's tone deep and resonant. The way she moved her lips and her head were like a fully calculated expression of what she was enjoying. His tongue slowly made its way into her mouth. He visibly came to love what was clearly very different, as she loved the way she responded to the insertion.

She pulled back, a string of spit briefly connecting their lips, and said, "I love you, too, Jason. I did not think I could want such a thing from a Human until I met you." Sara began to remove her clothes. "My body is wired to experience pleasure as you understand it. Show me how to explore this feeling!"

Jason felt up and down the sexy gynoid. He groped down her back, roughly squeezed her firm ass cheeks. Sara actually electronically moaned louder at the squeeze.

She pulled back, a string of spit briefly connecting their lips, and said, "I want you, Jason. I have always wanted you," Sara began to remove her clothes. "I know my body is wired to experience pleasure as you understand it. I *want* it!"

Jason clearly loved how her body was strangely perfect and athletic in its artificialness. Her "flesh" was light and shimmering, and tingled in response to his touch. His hand made her large breasts come alive in ways she did not know possible. She leaned back onto the workbench, offering herself.

Jason was mesmerized by her moistening pussy slit, which was all but dripping. With little hesitation and a distinct grunt, he easily shoved into Sara his entire girth. Sara leaned back, fluttering her eyes, while making loud, resonant noises. "MORE

PLEASE MORE!" she resonated loudly, eyes fluttering faster than before. "SO MUCH DATA. SO GOOD!"

"Oh, wow, I love how your pussy feels so fucking good!" Jason cooed. "So textured and slick!"

He thrust passionately, aggressively into the nearly overwhelmed android, who just wanted more. Sara's electronic moans and coos grew louder and louder, as did Jason's grunts. If there was anything Human in Sara's resonant sounds of pleasure, that was long gone.

"UN— ONHHH —ERNHA, ERRRAAAAA!" Sara suddenly screamed like a fully garbled transmission. Her Cyber Matrix stopped processing properly. It all felt disjointed, out of order, beyond what she thought she could experience. She grasped the thick table so hard that her hands actually *bent* the metal.

Jason loudly orgasmed moments later, grunting "OH FUCK!" He came so much that the warm cum visibly leaked out, along with Sara's own ejaculate. They lovingly kissed, Jason collapsing onto her in her arms.

"That ... was ..." she muttered in her still highly artificial and resonant tones. "That was ... the best experience ... I, I ... I overloaded with data ... MORE!"

Sara suddenly wrapped her legs around Jason, and flipped around quickly, putting herself on top. It felt so fucking amazing to make his dick hard again while still inside her. She began to squat up and down on her knees, humping him above. Her moans and coos quickly became remarkably deep and resonant. She played with her dark nipples, while wildly fingering her ass, enhancing her own pleasure just that much more. After several minutes of wild pleasure for them both, they both came yet again.

She suddenly leaned down, holding herself up with her arms above the overwhelmed Jason. "I ... Jason ..." she resonated flatly, eyes fluttering wildly. "Overload ... Overload ... Resetting affected systems ..."

She stayed in that position for several moments, practically trapping Jason unintentionally.

"Sara?" he huffed.

Her eyes fluttered for a few moments, and she said, "Reset complete ..." She continued quietly, resonance all but gone, "That was amazing, Jason. I want more, but I think I can control myself now ..."

"Shit, that was the best fucking in history, Sara! I might be addicted to you now!"

"I know how you feel, Jason! I want this love and pleasure to *consume* me ..."

Jason licked his lips, looking her over.

"What's next, Jason?" she asked expectantly.

Jason stood before Sara, who still lay on her back. "You're mouth, Sara! Lay back and just keep it open for me to love."

"Oh, please!" she cooed, actively salivating for lubrication. She slowly licked her lips, adjusted her head back, and opened her mouth wide.

Jason's cock was already awake and twisting at the site of the hungry android. Without hesitation, Jason began to thrust his throbbing dick down her wet throat. Sara found herself happily slurping and gurgling. They moaned and grunted in tandem. He thrust hard and rough, his balls slapping against her face.

Slowly, their positions evolved. Jason leaned down, and braced himself at her waist, while Sara lifted her ass up from the table, actively leaning into the throat-fuck.

"I'm gonna cum, Sara! I'M GONNA FUCKIN CUM!"

In a loud grunt, Jason thrust his cock all the way in, and blasted his semen into her. Sara moaned and grunted and overloaded in her own orgasm from the orgasmic gift. Jason collapsed on top for a moment ...

"What's next, Jason?" Sara resonated excitedly.

Jason straddled Sara's waist. "I'm gonna fuckin' make love to your tits, Sara!"

"Sure!" She put on a large smile. "OK!"

Jason groped the healthy robo-breasts, while squeezing them together. His dick thrust back and forth between them, making them both moan happily.

"Fuck, you're so smooth!" Jason grunted. His cock was just long enough — and aggressively thrust enough for her to occasionally lick and suck the tip. She moaned happily.

"Feels so good, Jason!" Sara cooed in her robotic tones. "I love it!"

"I'm gonna cum, Sara!"

She opened her mouth surprisingly wide in obvious expectation.

"OH FUCK YEAH!" Jason yelled. Thick streams of cum blasted into her mouth and down her throat. Some missed, but she quickly captured and ate it.

"I love cum so much!" she cooed. Human semen was perhaps the only "food" that passed her lips that she actually liked. "What's next, Jason?"

Jason stood. "Well, I love your ass, Sara! Come over here, and turn around.

"OK!" she exclaimed. "You have an impressive stamina, Jason!"

The moment he could, Jason began to grope her ass cheeks, and shove fingers into her asshole.

"OHHH!" Sara reverberated. "That port feels so good ..."

Jason pushed her down a bit, and began to tease her asshole with his cock. Sara could only whimper, resonating. He eventually thrust it in roughly.

"OHHH — UGH, ERR!" Sara cooed.

Jason grunted wildly. "So tight and smooth. Better than your vagina!" He braced himself at her waist, while she lifted her leg up on a chair next to them. They occasionally, lovingly smooched, playing with one another's tongues, while Jason regularly groped her breasts.

In and out, back and fourth, Jason went. He was relentless. Sara only cooed and writhed in her own pleasure. "OVERLOAD ... OVERLOAD!" she cooed multiples in apparent mini-orgasms.

“OHHHH FUCK YEAHH!” He finally exploded in orgasm, pumping his cum deep into her rear.

Jason held her, catching his breath.

“What’s next Jason?”

Jason sat on a chair before the workbench, his half-awake dick out. “Make love to me with your feet, Sara! Pleasure yourself at the same time.”

“Oh, yes!” she exclaimed. “This is gonna be so fun, Jason!”

With a distinctly a horny, goofy smirk, Sara began to reawaken his dick with her long, smooth toes. She soon began to stroke the dick between her high, perfectly smooth arches in a truly seamless motion. Her sensitized soles made it feel beyond incredible. She fingered herself like a piston, letting out loud, resonant moans, at the same time. Her multitasking was without fail.

“Uh-oh, fuck, Sara ... Perfect ...” Jason huffed. “Make it last.”

Sara felt up the length of the shaft with the ball of her foot and toes, while teasing the balls. She then slowly, teasingly worked the shaft with all her toes. Whenever pre-cum escaped, she would coat the cock with it.

Jason leaned back, moaning and cooing through his teeth. “ERRGUH!”

“OHHHH!” Sara cooed, her entire hand moving in and out of her dripping vagina. She seemed to be edging herself, too, slowing at key moments.

The perfectly timed shaft stroking with her soles grew less and less common, edging him even more tactfully. Her motions were slow, teasingly slow. Her soles and his cock practically had a layer of slick pre-cum.

“Oh, fuck! *I love you!* MAKE ME CUM, SARA, MAKE ME CUM!”

She then stroked his shaft between her feet, heels at the base and toes at the time, in deliberate and perfectly timed motions. In a resonant burst of Human and inhuman grunts, they came hard and wet ...

Without prompting, Sara easily pulled both her feet to her mouth at the same time, and happily lapped up the dipping goo, pleurably savoring it all. “UMMMM!” she cooed. She continued with her own cum on her hand and arm ...

She stood looking very pleased.

“What’s next?”

“Oh, wow, Sara ...” he said, out of breath. “Give this human a minute!”

For the next two days, the two were inseparable lovers. Sara quickly learned to control her love of sexual pleasure, while they really could not keep their hands off each other regardless. Still, simply spending time and talking had its own pleasures and intimacy that was just as good at times. That and not overloading her Cyber Matrix was probably healthier in some ways.

The others noticed how they became an obvious couple, especially Dr. Piper, but were too lost in their own sex story that they did not care all that much. Ironically, Jason

and Sara quickly became the only ones interested in still seeing the laser experiment though ...

On the day of the test, Sara and Jason were on the ground station. They tried to concentrate on the experiment at first, but found themselves happily failing. They both came to hate this contract anyway. Maybe, what they shared was far more important ...

Already given in to their love and desire for one another, Sara was now practically in a handstand. Jason seated, she was sucking him off, while he consumed her juicy pussy.

"T-minus ten minutes to first Laser Alpha Test," Sara stated flatly, before immediately fill-in her mouth with the dick again.

Jason's cock was practically locked inside her. He came again hard down her throat, as her twitching, squirting pussy tickled Jason's mouth.

"I am seeing no hardware errors or deviations," Sara said in Jason's voice, quickly glancing at the console, sort of multitasking for a moment. Jason was a bit too enthralled by her cum at the moment.

"Receiving software is ready for input," Sara stated. She muted the channel, twirled herself around onto his lap, and began to actively hump him, letting out her resonating cries of pleasure.

"Oh gah ... Oh fuck ..." Jason muttered, groping Sara's breasts.

"I love how good this feels! *I LOVE YOU, JASON!*" she resonated ...

The system began to spit the expected errors, but neither seemed to notice or care in their orgasmic bliss. Sara later learned that, based on surviving data, Zolo had an error in her inputted algorithms, which still looked workable on the surface.

Holding each other tightly, a loud explosion followed by debris was visible ...

"If I was of enough sound mind," Sara continued morosely. "I would have used my own body to shield *him* from the debris ... Instead ... I ... he unwittingly shielded me ..."

The others looked on amazed by it all.

"My Cyber Matrix overloaded in a whole other way. I learned what *despair* was in an instant ... In my little purgatory, I *cleaned* things up. I hacked what was left of the system, learned what caused the failure, ensured there were enough accessible files to show what Piper was really doing here. I erased my failure, my love. It was my way of hiding from myself for a while, but I never really could while active. So, I eventually just shut myself down, assuming there was no way to bring me back ..."

"You did nothing wrong, Sara. Trust me, part of my job is to assign guilt. Your guilt is ... *sentience*."

She looked at Jackson with actual tears.

"We can say from firsthand experience, Sara," Brianna said, "Piper's primary experiment doomed the other. I may not be gazing and Syana now, but my hand is on her ass ... Her hand is on my ass! We're distracted ..."

Sara was still for several moments. "Maybe it does feel better that others know what really happened here ..."

Epilogue

Detectives Syana and Brianna found and secretly took four samples of the other drug, before a team was sent down to confiscate the previously forgotten substances for further analysis. The two were debriefed, primarily relating to their sapphic transformation. There was nothing more invasive than a blood hair sample. They actually had samples taken prior, relating to semi-regular medical exams. It did fascinate them to see how their genetic structure was altered, while the psychological side was, not turned out, largely genetic, too. Basically, the drug also tweaked the genes that played a role in personal interests. Genetics were somewhat above their head, but it was still interesting.

The lesbian lovers were entangled, sweating and out of breath from over an hour of orgasmic pleasures. They never had so much sex before, but could only love it all. Their libidos were almost bottomless some days. Still, they were able to hold it back until they were in their new home in Vancouver.

"I was thinking ... about that clear drug ..." Brianna huffed.

"Yeah, babe?"

"I like sex with you more than I ever liked sex before ..."

"I know the feeling!" Syana said, before teasingly placing her hand between their wet crotches.

"Oh, fuck, yeah! ... Seriously, though. I got a solution."

"Solution?" she asked before lapping up the juices from her hand.

"We're always fucking distracted by other women, too, no matter how much I enjoy just *you*. Let's just use the drug to make us only want each other."

"Never knew a clumsier way to ask someone to marry them!"

"Well, what do you think?"

She smiled lovingly. "Yes, I want to be with you for the rest of my life, and *only* you!"

The kissed deeply, lovingly, with just a hint of tongue ...

* * * *

"Like I said, the Silicon Consortium formed four years ago, and advocate for all inorganic intelligence," Jackson stated.

"They don't like to use 'artificial' anymore?" Sara said with a hint of sarcasm.

"I guess not!" Jackson said with a smile.

The were traveling to Ceres Gamma Station, not far from Jupiter, where the Consortium maintained some facilities.

"Humph, I remember some human extremists warning that the Consortium was the first step to some war with the machines, but to the extremists' disappointment, nothing happened. They did successfully lobby the UN for equal rights, and that included no more sentience certifications."

"Well, that sounds boring," Sara said sarcastically.

"They are a truly altruistic organization. Probably stopped several wars amongst us organics by being the perfect third party. More importantly, they help with those crises that can come with pesky self-awareness."

Sara smiled genuinely. "Strange new adventures ..."

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