



## AN INTOXICATING MINDSET

“I hope you can explain yourself Miriam, for your sake. It’s been weeks since your team last reported a success, let alone a breakthrough. And your pet project is starting to cost us...dearly...so unless you’ve got something more circumstantial to say besides the usual excuses...” \*TSK\* Trailing off into silence at the unmistakable sound of a tongue clicking in venomous frustration bouncing around the spacious interior of a futuristic laboratory. The only man in the room takes on a domineering stance; folding arms across a flat chest while lean shoulders straighten with confidence before a platinum haired woman whose animosity for him was clearly televised across a glowering visage twisted into a dark glare. Balling dainty fingers into trembling fists as she struggles with the urge to just land a straight punch right across the arrogant man’s sunglass totting mug, knowing full well she could not because of the sheer gap of power between them.

For all the smarts and wit she possessed, *Miriam Ashcord* was still nothing more than a mere asset to the Company. A worker to be ordered around and a wage slave made to heel before her superiors if she hoped to see her next paycheck come in without unforeseen ‘complications’ to mess it all up. And even if she despised it, the man before her was one such individual. Taking up a cushy spot overseeing the Research and Development department where Miriam herself operated under with a team of her own...an established network of trusty colleagues and resources *Damian Retcher* had been doing all he could to undermine and dismantle ever since taking up the position. For the two held between them a grudge to end all grudges, a flame that had been stoked since the two had first met all the way back in college.

Hampering the scientist’s work mattered little to Damian, not when it meant he could pick at Miriam like an incessant child. Bothering her so as to ruin her focus, disrupting the workflow in an effort to stall progress and overall being a major pain in the researcher’s side. All in the name of revenge for the self-perceived humiliation she had put him through in the past when the two were not staff and manager but rather, fellow students studying under the same course where, come the end of their final year project, Miriam had been judged the semester’s best. An ideal for everyone else to model themselves after and a position Damian had remained staunchly opposed to all these years later, thinking himself the better choice despite knowing full well he’d lost fair and square. Overlooking the two, competitive years they had shared together in favor of giving in to the blind hatred that had kept him going all these years into the future until their sudden reunion in the most unexpected of places.

And now, after all these years simmering in the grudge he held against Miriam, the spiteful Damian had leaped upon the chance to lord over her and establish their proper places in reality the moment he took notice of his nemesis’ presence in the Company as a ‘lowly’ research head leading a project that took some of the most heftier chunks when it came to their budget. And as the new overseer in charge of every little thing that went on down at R&D, something this biased could not be allowed to continue. Or at least, to Damian’s snobby mind of course.

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Because ever since he had suffered from that humiliating defeat at the hands of Miriam who had no real intention to boast about something that, in her eyes, mattered little in the grand scheme of things unlike Damian, who would've behaved in an insufferably annoying way just like he was doing now. Except with the powers afforded to him via a managerial position the befuddled scientist still could not believe her superiors had willingly handed over to someone so inept, years of scientific progress and breakthroughs were about to be destroyed. All to satisfy the overinflated ego of a conniving weasel she had quickly grown to despise with all her being, finally deciding to make a stand for herself after months of having to endure her new boss' antics and whatever his lying tongue had spewed out to get the board to turn against her. "I know how hard it is for you to understand certain things in that non-existent brain of yours Damian so cut your shit out and listen; a project of this scale isn't something you rush. Involving science and tech you do not want to get wrong...so you go back out there, and you tell the heads what's really going on with not a single one of your disgusting lies in there. Or so help me I'll do something about it myself. I've just about had it with your...*childish* nonsense!"

A nasally laugh would be the only response Miriam would get out of her enemy, spurring the scientist to turn on her heel and walk toward the center of the chamber where a custom made stasis vat had been built to house the volatile experiment she and her team had been working hard to perfect under orders from above, punching buttons across the terminal connected to the device until a shrill beep and the loud venting of cryogenic fumes would interrupt Damian's pretentious show as the man turns his head up to look at what all the commotion was about. Especially when the bright fluorescent lighting that kept the squeaky clean lab illuminated begins to darken, as if the contents of the vat being exposed to the open was starting to mess with the nearby electronics.

"H-Hey! W-What're you up to?! Stop it!" A mocking scoff, just like all the non-answers Damian had frustrated her with, would be all she had to give in response to the man's panicked query. Keeping her attention focused solely on the unwinding assembly as the major components of the containment vessel spins upward into the ceiling with heavy electronic beeps signaling the safe disengagement of heavy duty locks while futuristic anti-gravity generators would keep the device she had been working on for so long now suspended in the air, catching the spastic glow of flickering lights across its polished, metallic surface before reaching out without any hesitation. Earning another panicked bluster from the man she had almost forgotten was in the room with her after finding herself enraptured by the simplistic beauty of her own creation. "Didn't you hear me?! I said stop whatever the fuck it is you're doing!"

"I told you, didn't I? I'm taking matters into my own hands. You said you 'wanted results' right? Something words just can't measure up to? Well I'm giving it to you...now sit tight and enjoy the show alright?" Ignoring the horrified look on Damian's face, Miriam reaches out to close the last few inches between her fingers and the ice cold metal. Taking it into the warmth of her palms with the slightest of shivers from the biting frost that permeates her palms milliseconds after removing the object from its invisible cradle, inspecting the harmless looking thing with analytical eyes while all the noise

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from her immediate surroundings grow muffled and incoherent. Taking in the sleek metal that composed the organic make of what appeared to be a silver choker with no discernible quality about it besides an immaculate polish that could not be dirtied in anyway possible even as curious fingers run over the circumference, leaving not a smudge or fingerprint behind that only added to the surreal effect it had over Miriam's mind. As if she was holding something that wasn't there at all, an illusion displaced from reality with the only thing that granted her some measure of relief being the subtle pull of gravity tugging on her wrist. *'For something so small to cost so great a fortune...'*

Unable to help the sigh of disappointment that slips out of her upon closer inspection of the strange device born from the labors of her team, the silver haired woman begins to stalk her way back toward a still hesitant Damian who had all but lost the snark he had carried himself with earlier at the sight of the woman approaching him with what he could only assume was a volatile gizmo that hadn't even made it past the testing phase if the reports he had skimmed over in the past were accurate enough, backing away in apparent fear for every step Miriam took towards him. Earning a twisted look of glee from the scientist who, after months of unnecessary stress that had eaten into her performance at work, was clearly enjoying the act of scaring the one who had brought all this upon himself...



“My, my. Why so scared? It’s just a tiny little thing! Look, I’m even holding it with my bare hands! You look like you’ve seen some really bad things Damian~ Come on, didn’t you say you wanted a closer look?” With his back against the wall, the panicking man would reach for his pockets. Rifling through them in an attempt to call for help despite the debilitating effect the prototype had displayed over electronics in an indeterminate range. Making for quite the terrifying spectacle that made Miriam look like a vengeful specter risen from the grave, approaching amidst a flickering light show that only intensifies the closer she gets toward her target. Leaving him with nothing to fend for himself besides his own two arms and whatever else he might have left to say to get the scientist to stop whatever it was she was about to do to him. Spouting off incredulous claims the likes of which would not have sounded the least bit true, even to third-rate thugs with no literacy in the English tongue. “I-I...I have a gun alright? Come any closer and I’ll-” *\*K-CHAK\**

A loud sound cuts Damian off mid-sentence, opening his eyes with an accompanying flourish of rabid arm movements as if he had hoped to ward off whatever it was Miriam had done. Only to snap his neck forward upon

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realizing what the sound had come from as wide eyes focus on the silver band secured neatly around the scientist's dainty neckline while flickering lights would stabilize themselves as if the interference had vanished once the cold object had found comfort around a live host's warm flesh. The madwoman hadn't intended to slap it on him after all...but if that really was an untested device... "What the hell do you think you're playing at Miriam? Are you trying to get us both killed?!"

If he had asked her that a few weeks ago, then of course she would agree. But something about wearing it made her feel...good. Really good. She wasn't sure if it was the cool metal resting against her neck or the fact that the neural connections were causing sparks of undeniable euphoria to go off in her mind, but this wasn't bad, not bad at all. If anything, it only made her more daring, more assertive. Unafraid to say what she wanted in spite of her clear insubordination being enough to get her fired. But after so long of having to endure Damian's tomfoolery and the fact that this rat had somehow managed to turn the board against her work despite them being the ones who had asked her to finish it in the first place...there was just too much wrong with that to sit idly by and let them do as they pleased any longer, and as a pleasant tingle runs down her spine. It seemed the collar too was in agreement with Miriam's thorough assessment.

"Not even a second after you think you're safe and you go back to being a snarky little coward barking away as if you matter. Oh Damian...did you seriously think that was it? Oh we're not done here, not by a long shot." Clearly aggravated by Miriam's pinpoint deduction of his cowardly behavior, Damian seemed ready to get confrontational now that he had become emboldened by the idea that the cheeky woman had probably been mouthing off in an effort to scare him. Reminding himself that he was dealing with some random kook of a scientist who had been running around in circles without any luck in finishing this fashion accessory of hers for the idiot up top who had commissioned the project. Thinking a firm slap on the face to be a justifiable act for the shame she had put him through yet again. *'That stupid face of hers is gonna be so red she won't dare go outside for a good week or two! That'll teach this stupid bitch for thinking I scare easy!'* Left to fester in a mental Hell of his own making, something dark had flipped on within Damian's psyche, turning the angsty man toward a path of violence where unthinkable acts like abusing others just to get his way were now open and free to partake in. Turning said slap he had envisioned within his mind into an even more risky maneuver as an open palm swiftly balls itself into a fist. Knuckles flaring white as they flew towards Miriam's cranium in a blur. Attesting to the crazed fervor that had consumed Damian's mind when it came to proving, once and for all, who the better amongst them truly was. Even if it meant losing his job and so much more in the process.

*"Kneel..."*

Unfortunately for Damian however, the man was about to feel the full force of the aforementioned repercussions far sooner than anticipated once a softly spoken word formed from Miriam's lipstick coated mouth had sent him crashing to the floor mid-swing, redirecting his momentum when knees had

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folded in against his will. Punching the smooth metallic floor beneath them with a reverberant shockwave that makes an idle coffee mug sitting on one desk quite a distance away bounce into the air before a cry of pain drowns out the clatter of chipped ceramic scattering all over...

With his knees throbbing and his knuckles enveloped in the fires of agony, Damian would be left clueless as to what had struck him down. Finding himself unable to rise back up to full height when his body from the waist down would fail to comply with his will, glued tight to the floor while his upper torso flails and buckles in on itself from the experience of punching solid metal without restraint or protection. A sight that leaves Miriam amused as she remains still just out of arm's reach from the imperiled man, serene eyes cleansed of the mild craze displayed earlier now relishing at the sight of her enemy's writhing form while pricked up ears would etch the vocals of agony into a blissful mind. Smiling from ear to ear as if nothing was wrong and her boss hadn't just obliterated his own fingers against the floor after failing to land a punch meant for her, failing to connect the sudden loss of control over his legs to the smug woman towering over his humiliated self. Possessed by an unnerving aura the likes of which Miriam had not displayed until now as if the seething contempt she held for Damian had overtaken her now that he was in such a sorry state in comparison to his gloating self seconds before now... "S-Stop staring and g-get help! S-Shit! I think I broke my fingers!!!"

*"Broken? What's broken? You're not seriously telling me a weak hit like that's enough to make you all teary eyed are you? As far as I can tell, those hands of yours look perfectly fine. See for yourself..."*

Uncontrollable rage should have overcome Damian upon his plea for aid being met with another one of Miriam's ridiculous ramblings. But a sudden clarity would instead draw the man's furrowed eyes downward to gaze upon his hands as if they were alien to him, flexing callused fingers in wonder before clenching them together. Gaining a rabid quality to spastic movements as shakey arms slap against unresponsive legs while flinching every so often as if the simple act of doing so caused him pain. The absence of which only seemed to cause the manager more duress once it all comes together within his dimwitted mind;

The sudden loss of control over his legs. The inexplicable healing of broken fingers that had left only the phantom remnants of mind numbing agony behind like a fading memory...all of it had started moments after Miriam had placed that accursed thing around her neck! "You're behind this! Do you have any idea what you're doing? Let me go right now before I let the rest of the board in on this! So unless you wanna kiss this gig goodbye, you'll do the smart thing..."

With nothing to say in response to those empty threats, Miriam would saunter over toward the closest data terminal with nothing but a faint sigh to give. Logging into it before shifting her focus back toward the helpless man kneeling before her with that arrogant look still plastered over his pale visage. A look that only makes the vindictive flame of vengeance lapping away at the core of her being burn brighter in

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anticipation to see it give way to utter despair once she had thoroughly drilled the fact that there was no way out of this mess into his head. And if anyone were to blame, it would be none other than the idiot himself for thinking he could keep fooling around without consequence. “For someone who managed to worm their way into a managerial spot, you’re not too bright are you? Tell me; what do you even know about this little ‘pet project’ of mine?”

Globules of bubbly spit spatter across the floor inches away from Miriam’s right heel, spawned from the foul mouth of an ignorant Damian who clearly had no interest in answering his nemesis’ question. “I don’t care what devil magic the suits have you working on Miriam! I want out! Now!!!”

“You ‘want out’ this early? But we haven’t even started yet! No need to feel so left out Damian~ Since you’re obviously not clued in at all, let me fill you in on things...but first. I need to gauge ; look familiar at all?” Holographic panels displaying a variety of miscellaneous readouts and reports centered around what looked to be the blueprint for a familiar object. Sporting slight modifications from the finalized version (as far as Damian could tell) slung tight around Miriam’s neck. But none of that mattered to the irate man, not when his freedom was being withheld from him by someone he could not willingly bow down to despite the inkling of dread gleaned from his suspicions about the device’s true nature as demonstrated by yet another intrusion upon his rights when words would begin to flow despite his intent to remain silent. Alluding to the terrifying level of control Miriam now held over him... “Blueprints-*ugh*-for the device?”

“Hmm...a good guess...but ultimately incorrect. The makings of a counterfeit is what this thing is, courtesy of the old scientists who used to work here before I came along to fill their vacancy. Just like you did for the old miss...ultimately, it all doesn’t matter anymore. Not when this fake’s already proven itself *extremely* useful. No wonder the board wanted this toy of theirs made~ Just think about it; making anyone do whatever it is you want them to with a single word...exciting isn’t it?” Seeing Miriam smile the way she did while praising the Company’s twisted invention was in stark contrast to the reserved if cold woman he remembered taunting this entire time. Sure, her morals weren’t exactly in the right place even before this mess, but looking at her now? It was like her beliefs had been tampered with by an insidious influence...no doubt originating from the very same corrupt device currently slung around her neck. One that offered its wearer a disgusting level of control over others.

And if he didn’t get her to see reason soon, Damian was afraid she might never take it off at all. Hell, forget taking it off, what would she do with that thing? At this point, he had to do anything to stop her, even if it meant eating into his pride... “M-Miriam. Look, I-I’m sorry alright? For everything! But that thing you’ve made, it’s messing with your head. You have to take it...off...”

The mere suggestion of removing the collar sends the scientists into a fit of laughter far more authentic than the amused giggles from before. A series of melancholic notes dripping with malevolence until an

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empty sigh brings an end to Miriam's manic display, drooping shoulders straightening themselves before that fake smile returns once again. "You? Sorry? What, exactly, do you think I am Damian? A clown to make you laugh? Some gullible paper pusher who'll listen to every single thing you say? Oh right...you do...*you all do*...and that's all the more reason for me to keep this thing on. Sorry to disappoint~" "Miriam wait! You're making a mist-agh!"

Before Damian could do much else, a stinging pain centered around his cranium sends him tumbling to the floor without notice. Regaining control over numbed legs just to flail and kick around on the floor like a fish out of water now that there was no longer a need to keep him pinned through vocal commands, not when agonizing pain the likes of which the hapless man had never felt before had flooded his entire being after spilling forth from his skull. A sight that would've made Miriam squeamish had she not fallen under the intoxicating influence of the mysterious collar.

But now that her physical being had been connected to the device, all manner of dark thoughts and twisted vices had wormed their way into the scientist's weakened psyche without effort. Fueling itself via the suppressed thoughts harbored by the formerly pompous Miriam who wouldn't have had it in her to subject those who had wronged her to the level of suffering Damian was going through right now. And with each terrifying scream and maddened thumping of frantic arms smashing themselves blue and black against the sturdy floor, that meek if noble side of her would shrink away little by little the more she began exercising her will against who she could only see as an annoying rat right about now. Not a man, not a fellow human being. Just loose ends to be tied up so she wouldn't have to deal with it anymore. "Yes...shred your voice box for me Damian...feel it; all the frustrations you've put me...no, everyone else through just because you were too immature to ever get over losing to a girl...now that I think about it again...wouldn't it just be better if there wasn't anything to fuss about? No competition...just cooperation...and since you just despise seeing me do my job...how's about you give it a try? Being *me*, I mean~"

"What the hell are you going on about you psycho bitch! Just stop! Sto-*aaghhb~!*"

"Ah there's your true, rotten little self again. You didn't give a shit about me back then, about anyone else for that matter. So what'd you think was even gonna happen once you start putting on the 'holier-than-thou' attitude? You get bitten...and my bite is...*particularly* contagious..." With a renewed plan in mind for her former oppressor and the fading remnants of her conscience being spirited away into the increasingly shadowy depths of her mind, there would be nothing to hold Miriam back from carrying out the first of what was now a multi-stage revenge plan to get back at everything she had endured thus far ever since leaving a cushy university life.

And as the bewitching collar picks up on its mistress' intent. A final, drawn out roar from Damian would reach ear piercing levels before fading away with an accompanying bang as the man falls limp and silent



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to the floor of the lab in an unmoving heap. Arms and legs splayed outward like a fly swatted out of the air before it even knew it's fragile form had been bashed into pulp, fingers stuck in a scrunched-in pose evocative of a beast's raking claws. An alarming display that would make anyone assume the worse had happened; that Miriam had done the unthinkable...

Only for a sudden burst of movement from Damian to shatter those assumptions as the man rises up into a seated position with eerie swiftness and a disturbing lack of energy. Doing so as if the hand of a puppeteer had pulled him upward against his will, an apt description considering the deathly pallor of the man's visage and the disturbing lack of 'light' to be seen in darkened eyes devoid of will and energy. Mirrors into a soul stripped of its ability to say or do anything on its own; a blank canvas the likes of which could satisfy Miriam now that she had fallen this far to the collar's corruption, delighting in the sight of her nemesis reduced to being nothing more than a braindead lump of flesh for her to do with as she pleased. Made possible with a simple thought... *'If the suits up top consider this an inferior product...I can only imagine what the real thing is like. But even then, maybe they're all just short-sighted fools...they should consider themselves lucky they'll have me to look after them from now on~'*

“What’s a good name for someone like you...ah! *Toy* sounds like a great title to go by! What do you think *Toy*? It is a good name, is it not?”

“It is a good name, Mistress, *Toy* is very happy with it!”

“Hmm...I’m not sure. You’ve been very dishonest with me ever since we met...if you want to show me just how happy you are, you’re going to have to demonstrate your honesty with actions, not words. And I’ve got just the thing in mind; masturbate for me if you’re really happy with my gift *Toy*~”

In a sickening display, Damian, or what was left of him after the literal mind-melting experience he'd been put through, wastes no time in carrying out Miriam's twisted order. Dropping his pants right where he sat with no apparent shame before immediately laying his hands over a phallus that had sprung to full mast despite the previous lack of stimuli. Stroking with the fervor of a madman attempting to reach climax as quickly as possible, all while Miriam would snort before bursting into another fit of laughter. Spurring *Toy*'s efforts even further as if he was trying to make her laugh even harder despite the blank look on his face attesting to the cold, hard truth that there really wasn't much of the former bully left within the flesh and blood vessel.

And even if there had been, the immense humiliation from this degrading display. The terrifying powers displayed by an unapologetic Miriam who had arguably resorted to this because of his own goading in the first place would've been enough to leave the man in a state of shell shocked fright if he could even comprehend emotion in such a state.

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But Miriam wasn't done toying with her enemy, far from it in fact. And as lean lips curl into a venomous grin, the vindictive woman begins the final step in ensuring the utter ruination of Damian now that his body and mind had been broken so effortlessly. Usurping both with nothing more than the supernatural powers of science the likes of which no one on this Earth save for a select few had ever witnessed before in their lives. "A fine display Toy...but I think we can kick things up a notch hm? Humor me while you keep playing with yourself; who are you?"

"T-Toy...manager of the R-Research and De-"

*"Wrong...you're a part of Division 3...a part of my team...is that clear?"*

Scoffing at the less than satisfactory sigh Miriam would have to accept as the best answer a despondent Damian could cough up in response to her query. The domineer continues with her work, walking a small circle around the still masturbating man with mocking eyes cast down at his sorry self. "Next question; are you a man or a woman?"

"Toy is a ma-"

*"TSK! TSK! TSK! Wrong again...you disappoint me Toy...haven't you realized yet? You're not a man, never have been in all your sorry existence...in fact, you're probably nothing more than a cheap lay...that's how you ended up serving in the wrong position! Stupid girl..."*

While the previous declaration had served to scour Toy's mind of everything that was even slightly related to his previous job, this next one would begin to show far more severe and noticeable changes affecting his physical self. A metamorphic affliction that begins with an impossibly swift growth of hair that drops down around a thinning body being stripped of its masculine mass. Leaving only the faintest layers of flesh behind to reinforce a growing level of curvature once a compliant skeletal structure follows suit. Thinning around the waistline while expanding in great swathes around a softened core, bestowing Toy with burgeoned hips straining against the hem of loosened pants while increasingly baggy clothes slump and slide downward to expose a tantalizing neckline flanked by adorably small, rounded shoulders sheathed in baby smooth skin stripped clean of any trace of body hair save for a small, well-kept patch down in a place that was in the middle of experiencing the most ungodly of changes. Leaving Toy's tanned hide peachy clean save for a thin layer of slick sweat gleaned from the warmth of arousal's flame burning deep inside of him. An inappropriate term of address by now considering how the former man's spine had caved in for a split second before reforming into a gentle S-curve that accentuates growing mounds pushing against the front of a rippling purple shirt, raging to be free while lifting the hem higher and higher to reveal the delectable tummy of a woman who knew how to take care of herself. All while the raging erection clad in waifish palms recedes past the point of no return, leaving Toy with nothing to stroke and jerk save for the painfully repressed bosom that finally bursts free of their

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restrictive prison in a display that stuns Miriam for a good second or two as she watches a pair of pendulous breasts flop around before coming to rest atop Toy's now lithe and compact torso. Moaning in an effeminate alto as her Mistress comes closer to cop a feel for herself, pinching a bright pink nipple with uncaring strength before slapping the massive teat it was attached to like a volleyball. Spurring the newborn woman to begin sliding delicate fingers up into the incredibly tight interior of a flowering vagina with gusto. Doing so with the vigor of a lustful pornstar despite the still withering length of her rejected member flailing around atop a twitchy index finger. A sight that gives Miriam a sneaky little idea as her lips open once more, glassy eyes of ephemeral magenta reflecting the big breasted woman fingering herself in front of her Mistress with no regards cast toward her waning manhood... "Toy? *Be a good girl and cum for me would you? Shoot it all over yourself*, show me just how much you love me~"

"Yes Mistress! I will! I love you! I love you...so...*Aabbn~!*"

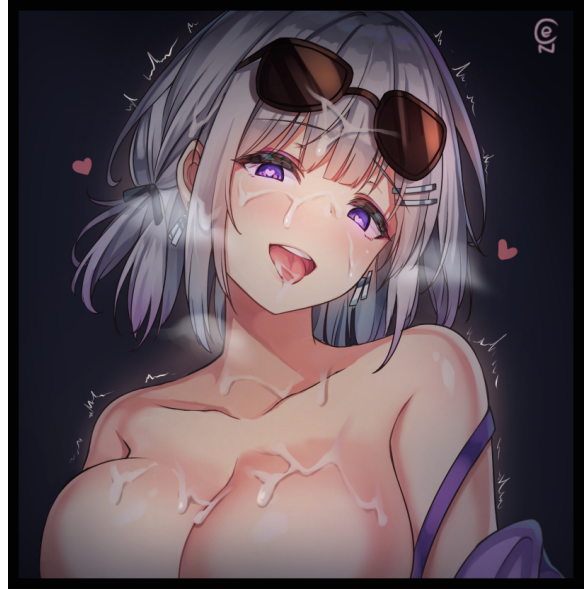
The shrill scream of a woman consumed by orgasm would tear through the cold laboratory air alongside the clear, audible sound of something wet splattering all over the floor. Accompanied by Miriam's wicked cackling at the sight of a feminized Toy raising her head skyward while a trembling hand pinches her pathetic wiener as it empties its biggest and final load in a fountain of creamy white. Releasing thick globules of bitter spunk that rain down around the half dressed female as dribblets tease aching nipples and hyper sensitive areola before dropping onto the ruined fabrics of an extravagant business suit while delicious drops pour down into an open maw framed by thick, succulent lips worthy of being wrapped around a real man's girth. All while the vestigial remnants of her former self's facial features framed by a wild, curly mane of brunette are quite literally, washed away as narrow eyes take on a foxy look to them while a flat, broad nose thins into a perfect arch set between equally mesmerizing eyes to complete the look of a wanton whore dressed in the loose, baggy remnants of one of the Company's biggest assholes to date. "Amazing...with this, there truly is nothing to stop me from making things better for everyone~ But...you don't think we're done here are we Toy? What's the last thing I said I was going to do? The fulfillment of the deepest, darkest desires your silly little self could ever dream of perhaps? Or maybe...the gift of ascension? To be something more than you could ever be?"

Contemplating her Mistress' query while continuing to piston sloppy fingers into her puckered vagina, Toy would only need a few seconds to process Miriam's words before a stupid smile splits her vapid face. Ready to give the one and only answer she knew the intelligent woman would find most satisfactory. "Of course Toy knows you're not done Mistress! After all, you said you'd make me think like you. Act like you...and Toy would love to be you Mistress!"

"That's...*a very, very good girl*...you've been my Toy for barely an hour but, I think it's safe to say you've earned this graduation~"

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Producing a laugh that soon distorts with the audible vocals of a different voice altogether, the warped features of Toy would begin to shift and distort once more. Gripped by the same transformation that had turned her from gaudy man to banging babe, except this time. The final result would be something drastically different yet altogether familiar as her form begins to change, taking on a more lithe and slender configuration that retains just the bare modicum of striking curvature her bimbofied self possessed while following in line with a more sensible rule; one that emphasized natural beauty over sinful over-exaggeration as the sculpted fakes of a pornstar recedes in mass and heft to become a more attractive bosom while trading sun-kissed caramel for tender beige. Leaving Toy looking a lot less like herself...and more like the woman she had since come to idolize...a solid comparison that cements itself even more once a curly mane refines itself into a smooth head of platinum silver hair tied up into a shoulder length bob via the deformation of gaudy necklaces once slung around a petite neck cleansed of a forgotten goatee and Adam's Apple...



“If only you could see yourself right now my dear~ You look absolutely *divine!*”

“*A-Ab! B-But of course-ob!-I do...we’re perfect after all!*”

Once Damian’s old spectacles come to rest atop the cum soaked face of Miriam’s newborn doppelganger as shifting strands of hair and bubbling flesh goes dormant, the results were astonishing to say the least. For neither Damian nor Toy remained in the lab, just two copies of Miriam. With the original being distinguishable thanks only to her still proper dress code and level headed personality in comparison to her debauched double; continuing to ministrates to her own needs, curvy legs spread wide in such an open area with a head stuffed full of everything the original Miriam knew to complete her reformation into an exact clone of the vengeful maiden. Everything, from genetics down to ingrained mannerisms, had been rewritten into those of Miriam’s. Completing the mad scientist’s revenge, but only for the moment.

Because once her mind began to drift, Miriam knew full well the suits would not accept this usurpation of power. The collar had been a derivative of the Company’s original plans for a device that would give them total control over any given population, but the scientists in charge of creating the thing, a couple who knew what their bosses had planned for the invention, had vanished along with most of the plans regarding the original. Leaving only the bare minimum for Miriam and her team to come along and try their best to make something out of it. An arduous task she would see to completion as proven right here

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and now as her cold gaze comes to rest on her twin's matching eyes. Wearing the same look on her face as the same thoughts run through the both of them; this wasn't over, far from it.

With a building full of blissfully ignorant inductees awaiting absolution from their mundane lives into the conglomerate that was her newly enlightened self. The Miriam twins could only shiver in anticipation for the enjoyable work that laid ahead of them on the path to true freedom, a world where everyone could agree on one shared opinion; her own.

And with the steadily growing sound of hurried footsteps approaching the open door to the laboratory. Miriam could only exchange a gesture of silence with her nubile self sprawled out across the floor, giggling in anticipation for the work that was to come...

**THE END**

## SOURCE GLOSSARY

Image 1 by Kepra III : <https://www.pixiv.net/en/users/8259855>

Image 2 by Cenangam : <https://www.pixiv.net/en/users/4089680>

Image 3 by Chilli646 : <https://twitter.com/Chilli95480258>