

Magic Pearls

Novus Peregrine

Lisa was a little bit anxious as she waited for the doctor. But only a little bit. She'd thought this through, come in for a class and consultation already, and had *mostly* gotten over her embarrassment over what she was here for. The fact that she'd already met the doctor that would be handling the procedure, and the fact that Doctor Elise had outright admitted to having the 'Magic Pearl' implants Lisa was here for herself, really helped cut the embarrassment down. Even so, the...intimate nature...of the implants, meant that it was somewhat difficult to *entirely* do away with the embarrassment. Combined with the idea of needles in such sensitive bits of her body being just a *little* scary and she honestly felt she was doing pretty good with just a 'little bit' of anxiousness.

Thankfully, she didn't have any longer for that anxiousness to build. There was a brief knock of warning on the door, followed by Doctor Elise entering and closing the door behind her a few seconds later. The doctor was just as beautiful as she had been the first time they met. A statuesque blonde with hourglass proportions that might have made everything worse...if Lisa wasn't fully aware that she herself was a 'bombshell.' Lisa wasn't as *classically* beautiful as the platinum blonde doctor. But she was well aware that her shorter 5'4" frame made her chest look considerably bigger than it actually was. Not to mention that, as Sasha was fond of saying, Lisa had an 'ass you could bounce a credit off of.' Combined, she'd never had any trouble turning heads, which left any thought of inferiority to the doctor's model-quality looks dead in the water. Thankfully. That sort of thing really wouldn't have helped the situation.

"Hello again, Lisa! So, you're finally here for your implants? No last-minute questions or modifications?"

Managing a smile for the other woman, Lisa shook her head.

"No. I'm happy with what we've discussed. And I'm as ready as I think I can be..."

Doctor Elise smiled.

"There's always a bit of nervousness. That's perfectly normal, dear. Heck, I'm a doctor myself, and I was *still* nervous when they did mine. I assure you, though, that the process is quite painless and perfectly safe. The only known side effects are ones we've already discussed. And the only required recovery is the three-day healing period after the initial install. That *can* be a little uncomfortable, given some of those side effects. But they tend not to kick in fast enough to cause problems for most people."

Lisa nodded. They'd been over this a couple of times already. Not being able to pleasure herself for three days sucked, particularly with the increased libido that the implants were known to cause. But, at least initially, it was mostly a placebo effect. She'd get through it. And afterward...she pushed that thought away, again, not wanting to blush horribly in front of the doctor.

"Alright, if you're ready, please take the gown off and get into the chair. Legs in the stirrups. Just like for your exam."

Now trying not to flush with arousal instead of blush with embarrassment, Lisa quickly shucked her medical gown, already naked underneath. The chair took a tiny bit of effort to get into, being a bit more complex than one she might see in her gynecologist's office. Those chairs, after all, didn't have straps all over to hold you still. Said straps made this chair feel rather more perverse, even if Lisa knew the reason was entirely safety related. Jerking while in the middle of the implant procedure would be one of the few ways for this to go wrong, after all. And given the sensitive bits that would be involved, flinching would be a hard to suppress and instinctive response.

Once Lisa was situated as best she could be, doctor Elise matter-of-factly began strapping her down. The vast majority of those straps were around her pelvic region, with a few more framing her breasts in a lattice of their own. It was, given Lisa's personal kinks, embarrassingly arousing...but doctor Elise didn't comment. In fact, Lisa was grateful that the doctor had already talked her through that bit, freely informing her that most people ended up aroused...and that it actually just made things easier. After all, for the most important implant to go in, Lisa actually *had* to be aroused. The doctor would just end up stimulating her until she was, if she wasn't there already.

"Alright. Nothing pinching? You'll be stuck for a good hour or so while all the connections are formed and tested. So best say so now if anything is uncomfortable."

Lisa shook her head, not trusting her voice at the moment. Thankfully, that was apparently good enough for the doctor.

"Excellent. Let's take care of the easy pair first. That honestly tends to help things along for those that get the full set."

The doctor spent a minute or two arranging a tray, including a trio of odd-looking syringes. Gloves were put on and alcohol pads opened. With a last confirmation from Lisa, the doctor began. Each of her nipples, already quite hard from the slight chill of the room and her arousal, were wiped with the alcohol pads. Then, another pad replaced the alcohol. As it swept over her nipples, they became disconcertingly numb.

"As discussed, the numbness will last for the full three days. It helps people remember to keep any fooling around to a minimum. If it lasts more than three and a half, call us and we'll bring you in for a neutralizing agent. That virtually never happens, though."

Moments later, Lisa bit her lip as the doctor's steady hand leveled one of the three injectors that had been on the tray. It was pressed just to one side of her numb left nipple, angled inward. The reason for the odd shape of the injector was made apparent as the wide flare of material an inch above its thick needle was putting out a scanning field. Lisa was an environmental tech, with only basic first aid certifications, so she had little idea *exactly* what any of the symbols flashing on it meant. But she certainly knew what it was for in a general sense. She'd done her research at least that well. It was, she knew, doing a detailed scan of the nerve ending in her nipple and areola. Which was important for what was about to...

The injector 'pinged' and the doctor triggered the injection. There was a slight pinch as the slightly thick needle plunged into numb flesh, but the bindings prevented Lisa's instinctive flinch from accomplishing anything. And, despite the pinching sensation, the numbness went deep enough to prevent any true pain. The needle stayed in place for several long seconds as a semi-liquid material was

injected just behind her nipple. It was carefully positioned away from anything critical...while being as close as possible to as many nerve endings as could be contrived. The needle withdrew, but the doctor kept the injector in place, her eyes on the scanner for nearly ten minutes. She was watching, Lisa knew, the nanite compound she'd just injected build the actual implant Lisa was here for. Well, the first of three she was here for. Finally, the doctor seemed satisfied, withdrawing the injector and picking up another.

"One down. And nearly perfect too. Eighty five percent initial nerve connection and more than enough material left for it to grow into the other fifteen percent over the next few hours. Let's see if we get as lucky with number two!"

Luck, Lisa felt twenty minutes later, had very little to do with it. Doctor Elise had managed even better numbers, by two percent, on the second installation. Given that her research had indicated barely 60% was enough for the procedure to work, and 75% was considered exceptional, Lisa suspected that the doctor was incredibly good. Which was *very* reassuring, considering that the woman was now resting between Lisa's wide-spread legs with the final injector at her elbow. This time, Lisa was blushing, as the doctor had more than just a quick numbing wipe in hand. Lisa's arousal had faded considerably during the two initial implants. Not completely, since she couldn't forget what those implants were *meant for*, but enough that the gorgeous blonde had calmly declared she was going to need a bit of 'preparation.' Which was why there was a small vibrator in the woman's hand...

"Well, here we go. I do apologize dear, it is a *bit* mean to work you up then numb you, but it is important."

Lisa whimper-moaned at the thought, even as the doctor rested the toy just above her clitoris and turned it on low. The doctor's movements were an odd combination of sexy-as-heck and professional as she carefully prodded around the bundle of nerves, varying the speed of the toy, learning what made Lisa tick. Then, even as Lisa closed her eyes to moan, the follow up sensations came *fast*. The sudden swipe of a numbing cloth, the press of the toy into her drooling pussy to keep her aroused despite the loss of sensation, the press of the injector...

Ten minutes later, it was over. The doctor beaming at her.

"Even better than the others! Not that such is unexpected, as the nerves here are tighter placed. Still, 94% is exceptional! The implant will likely have enough extra material to extend into some auxiliary nerves around the rest of your genitals, even without the booster your scheduled for in a month! Very lucky, I assure you. I've had the full range of boosters myself and can tell you that the auxiliaries were a much bigger boost to the overall fun than I'd expected."

Lisa...was stuck somewhere between incredibly happy and *super* frustrated. Particularly knowing that she wasn't allowed to finish what the doctor had started until the three-day healing period completed...

Lisa tried not to squirm in anticipation as she input her implant codes into Sasha's smartcom. Her almond-eyed, mocha-skinned best friend and frequent lover was busy doing the same to Lisa's own smartcom...and in a moment they'd be making the final commitment to their plan. The two of them

both loved space-fairing life, enjoying their various jobs on space stations and ships over the years. Yet, even on a station like Arcturus III, which had nearly 3,700 residents, there *was* a single problem both of them had run into.

Compatibility.

Specifically, sexual compatibility.

It wasn't that either Lisa or Sasha were overly particular when it came to attraction. Both were bi-sexual, with Lisa leaning a bit more hetero where Sasha was very nearly pan-sexual instead of just bi. For short term flings, it wasn't *that* hard to find the occasional lover. No, instead of attraction being the issue, it was *kinks*. Specifically, it was the fact that both of them were switches. True switches, who could and did genuinely flip-flop between being quite thoroughly dominant and quite meekly submissive depending on their mood. If they'd been either dominants or submissives, it might have limited their potential dating pool somewhat. But being both, *desiring* both in a partner, was much worse. Start with a relatively small community, cut out those who were pure doms, pure subs, or uninterested in that dynamic at all. Now, from that even smaller community...try to find one who was willing to move around with you in the style nearly all spacer employment trended toward.

Difficult was, to say the least, something of an understatement. Which is how she and Sasha, friends since their early teens, had eventually stumbled and fumbled their way into their current...relationship? Neither of them had a clue what to call what they were. More than friends, frequently lovers, yet less than girlfriends. While there was plenty of sexual attraction between the two of them, they just didn't click with each other on a romantic level. Instead, they'd become some sort of odd, best-friends-with-a-whole-lot-of-benefits. They could easily satisfy each other's kinks, sometimes flip-flopping between dom and sub roles inside a single session, let alone a single day. And that level of compatibility on the sexual front had only done yet more harm to their attempts at other relationships. After all, they ended up comparing the not-quite-right lovers that were usually the closest they could find, to a near-perfect fit.

Three months ago, after Sasha had been the latest to break up with a lover and fall back into Lisa's arms...or back between her legs, really...they'd finally decided they'd had enough. After the tears were done with, they'd sat down and talked it out. Neither of them were going to look for anyone again, not for a long bit at least...and possibly only together. That last was a long-term solution they were seriously considering, but it would take the right person. In the meantime, they'd decided to say 'fuck it' and commit to a more long-term understanding between them to enjoy their sexual compatibility.

The result had been *amazing*. With a longer-term commitment between the two of them, they'd been able to try out all sorts of fun and kinky things that had been impractical before. Adventures into exhibitionism, roleplay, orgasm control, and a shipload of other kinks. All of which had eventually led to today. The day they were going through with the wild plan they'd come up with a month back. One that, even now, they could both feel scratching that combined dom/sub itch in a way that was perfect for a pair of switches.

With smirks on both of their faces, they each handed the other their smartcom back. Smartcoms which both now contained the encrypted keys for *the other girl's* Magic Pearl implants. Sasha and Lisa had gotten the exact same set of implants done, on the exact same day, by Doctor Elise. Only an hour

apart from one another. Three of the 'Magic' nerve-controlling implants that were now grafted to their strongest erogenous zones. One implant for each nipple, a third for their clits. Each one of the tiny implants was capable of all sorts of might-as-well-be-magic interaction with those nerves. Feeding them sensations of vibration or the wetness of a swirling tongue? Bread and butter functions. *Interrupting* sensation, so that any attempt to get off would fail as their most sensitive bits refused to feel anything but numbness? Equally possible, at least with the versions of the implants that they two of them had chosen.

And they'd just given each other the encryption keys to their implants. With the agreement that they wouldn't use the controls for their *own* implants for any reason other than locking them down during times it would be dangerous to get distracted. Since each of them could read the logs of any commands given, they could police each other...though neither expected to need to. The idea of both *giving up* and *being given* control, at the same time, was too potent an appeal for both of them to want to spoil it anytime soon. For now, though...

Sasha was the one that got the first command in. Lisa gasped as one of her nipples felt like it was being dipped in ice, even as the other felt like hot wax was being dripped on it. Her eyes rolled for a moment as she gasped in pleasure, already more than turned on enough for the unexpected sensations to be nothing but fun. Muscling through the sensations, she smirked at Sasha and entered her own command, grinning in delight as she watched her friend keen, a phantom tongue circling around her clit without ever quite touching...

Tonight, they would compete as they learned. Tomorrow, the real fun would begin...

Lisa gasped, wobbling for a second at her station as a sudden heat blossomed between her legs. She bit back a whimper as, exactly ten seconds later, the general sensation of heat was replaced by the feeling of a teasing tongue circling her clit. She wanted, instinctively, to reach down...but she knew there would be nothing there. The sensations were entirely the result of her implants...as were the similar false-tongues that sprung to life moments later, tracing the boundaries of her areola. Her eyes darted around, making sure no one had noticed her gasp and sudden distraction. Thankfully, she was alone for the moment. Though that likely wouldn't last. Not if she stayed at the central environmental hub.

Taking action quickly, Lisa grabbed her tools and noted the most important service tag that was flashing on the board. She quickly marked it with her ID, then pushed off from her console. She could finish her paperwork later, the tunnels offered more safety from prying eyes. Her steps were *almost* steady as she made her way to the appropriate service entrance. Like all the service ways, the ceiling was low enough that, despite not being overly tall, she still had to duck. In fact, she was lucky as, just when her knees felt like they were going to give out, she found the cross-link she needed and it proved to be even lower. The excuse to go to her hands and knees was welcome and she did so with a relieved whimper-sigh, crawling onward even as the tongues teasing her areola moved inward, shifting to phantom mouths suckling at her nipples.

The sensation wasn't *quite* the same as the real thing, since there was no physical movement of her flesh. But it still hit the nerves and her brain the same way. Added to the sheer situational arousal and she was already riding the edge of an orgasm...but somehow she doubted it would be that easy. She

and Sasha had both discovered that first night, to their mixed horror and delight, that the implant model they had chosen could outright halt an orgasm from happening with a little calculated micro-shock. It was unpleasant, though not painful, and something about it interrupted an orgasm as it was about to hit. If that watchdog feature was turned on, Lisa wasn't going to cum until Sasha wanted her to...and that might not even be *today*. Let alone *right now*. This was, after all, the third time today this had happened...

Whimpering in the isolation of the tunnel as she crawled onward, she hoped that maybe this time she'd actually be allowed to finish...

Sasha grinned down at her smartcom as she snacked in the break room. While she had initially wanted to browse through her daily feeds, those thoughts had been quickly forgotten when she'd unlocked her com and realized she'd left Lisa's implant control menu open. Her best friend had been almost entirely calm, almost bored looking from the numbers. And that just wouldn't do!

That won't do at all, sweetie! I think you've had just about enough time to recover from this morning. Now it's time to play again.

Sasha bit her lip and crossed her legs as she tapped the first control, choosing the simple 'warming' sensation that the two of them had decided on as a signal. Just in case it was a *really* bad moment, they would give ten seconds of warning for the other girl to prepare...or to lock the controls for safety. When the ten seconds of warning past, Sasha picked the first sensation of the session, going for a teasing trace around her lover's clit by a phantom tongue. She hummed and ate a handful of her snack crisps, shifting as her own arousal built a bit, imaging Lisa helplessly squirming. Possibly somewhere public. With an evil grin, she added to the teasing with a pair of tongues tracing her friend's areola...then simply sat back to watch the other woman's numbers climb a bit.

The implants said Lisa was moving now, which probably meant she was trying to get somewhere more private. Perhaps, this time, she'd actually let her friend cum? She'd consider it. She waited for almost a minute, letting Lisa get a bit of privacy...then switched the tongues on her tits to nipple play mode. After another few moments of consideration, she grinned. Yes, this time, she was going to make Lisa cum, whatever she was doing. Whether she wanted to or not. Switching to 'vibrate' mode, the only mode where the implants actually took *physical* action. She set the vibration of Lisa's clit implant to a moderate setting and took manual control.

'Tap tap, hold. Tap. Tap tap, hoold. Tap, tap, tap, hoold.'

Sasha manipulated the duration of the vibrations, guiding her friend through a series of valleys and near-peaks. After five minutes, she glanced up at the clock and realized her break was almost over. Wickedly, she turned off everything for nearly thirty seconds, letting Lisa think it was over...

Then she powered *all three* implants on to a continuous, strong, vibration.

Lisa swore, the tool she'd just raised over her head nearly hitting her as she dropped it. There was no time to think about the near-miss, her clit and nipples practically on fire as they vibrated madly. Biting down on her lip to keep her moans from spilling out, Lisa hung on for dear life. Her mind went fuzzy, time blurring as she half hoped she'd be let off the hook...with the rest of her desperately hoping to cum. 'The rest of her' got its way a few moments later as she desperately shoved her knuckles into her mouth, stifling her orgasmic cry as she was forced through a powerful climax...and not let down on the other side. Her eyes rolled back in her head, she slumped forward, her vision going just a touch white at the edges...

And then it was mercifully over. She lay panting, blissed out. That had been *amazing*. Though...she was definitely going to have to pay Sasha back for the near black-eye she'd almost gotten from that spanner. That, however, was for later. For now, she had to work out how to stop being a puddle-of-goo...and get back to work.

Lisa gleefully watched her lover's arousal levels gradually rise from merely turned-on to dripping wet as she explored some of the more esoteric functions of their shared implants. When she idly let her hand drift between her legs, she noted from the damp patch on her panties that she was, herself, in a similar state. Of course, Lisa was relaxing at home on her day of...whereas Sasha was currently womaning her console in flight ops. It was late night, which meant flight ops was minimally staffed and unlikely to see more than one arrival an hour at best. Which meant that Sasha couldn't justify locking down her implants...leaving herself open to Lisa making her squirm. Secretly being pleased by her best friend, while surrounded by strangers and coworkers. Potentially having eyes on her at any given time, while gradually growing nearer to climax...but unable to actually cum, even if she thought she could get away with it.

Lisa gasped out loud when her fingers found their way inside her own panties and gently rubbed her throbbing clit. She forced herself to stop after a few seconds, reluctantly withdrawing her fingers from her magic button. Technically, they'd agreed that masturbation, or even sex with others, was fine. At least so long as the other wasn't *actively* playing with their implants. And, of course, that they didn't use their own implants in the process. But Lisa had an idea for what she could do tonight, in an hour or so when her desperately horny friend got off-shift, and she was planning to stick to it. Grinning just a bit evilly, she set Sasha's implants on a slightly less drastic 'tease' program...and sent her a quick text telling her she wasn't allowed to cum until Lisa did it to her *personally*. She completed the message with a picture of herself in nothing but her soaked panties, lying on their shared bed and giving the camera her best smoky look.

After a few minutes to calm down from her own extreme arousal, Lisa set about getting ready for Sasha's inevitable arrival. She knew she'd need to make this *good* if she didn't want Sasha taking revenge on her in the near future...

Lisa grinned as Sasha whimpered and writhed, grinding her pussy into Lisa's leg. It was all her lover could do, given that she was bound spread-eagle to the bed, enflamed pussy bared to the world. The other woman had folded like wet paper when Lisa had ambushed her with a blindfold, slipping behind the taller woman and wrapping it around her eyes barely thirty seconds after her raggedly-

breathing best friend had entered the apartment. Poor Sasha had been constantly edged for the last hour or of her shift...and prevented from cumming at the last second no less than nine times. Now, she was so far gone that her begging had lost coherence.

Lisa had already turned off the orgasm-halting aspect of the implants, even if Sasha didn't know it yet...but the girl simply couldn't get enough friction at the moment to get over the edge anyway. Not that it would matter for long. Lisa wasn't nearly so cruel as to leave her lover hanging at this point. Still, letting her get a weak climax from humping her leg wasn't the plan. She pulled back, grinning at the whimper when she did so, then knelt between Sasha's legs. There was a hope-filled murmur as Sasha felt Lisa's breath on her pussy...and a gasp when Lisa's tongue lightly flicked her lover's clit.

Despite Sasha's obvious desperation, Lisa didn't touch her clit again, instead focusing *everywhere* else for the next ten minutes. She knew Sasha's body, knew that even the brutal tongue fucking she was getting wouldn't *quite* get the other woman over the edge. Sasha only came in one of two ways...from clitoral stimulation or having something inside her. Anything else was just teasing. Glorious, glorious teasing. Teasing that Lisa used to take the lover to the very brink...before reaching for something. She shifted her aim, letting her breath float over Sasha's clit...and rammed that 'something' home. Sasha gasped, back arching impossibly against her restraints as her favorite toy hammered into her without any warning. Already over the edge and tipping into orgasm, that peak went critical as Lisa latched onto her lover's clit and sucked, hard, flickering her tongue across the magic button as she did.

Sasha, normally a relatively quiet partner, *howled* her throat raw as the potent peak ripped through her, her entire body shuddering and spasming. It took nearly two minutes for her to come down, even with Lisa backing off to let her recover. She did not, however, remove the toy when she backed off. Instead, she waited for Sasha to begin weakly moving again, then reached down to flick that toy on 'low.' Sasha bucked and moaned at the renewed pleasure...only to be silenced by Lisa's pussy descending on her face.

"First one was free, darling~! But if you want the second, you'll have to earn it first. I'm so turned on from thinking about your helpless squirming down in flight ops."

Lisa's own moans began only seconds later as Sasha eagerly began trying to earn that second release. Her effort was so near-violent that a case of giggles threatened to disrupt Lisa's moaning. Well, that was a bit too rough for her just now...so...

Lisa reached forward to turn up the power of the vibrator wedged deep inside her friend, distracting the woman into being a bit less over-enthusiastic. She hummed to herself as she settled back a bit, reaching up to play with her own nipples. It would be a good night...and she wasn't going to stop until Sasha had passed out *at least* twice. After all, even if she didn't want Sasha to declare *revenge*, she certainly wanted to give her bestie a new competitive 'best' to shoot for.

Given that the last week had seen some of the best sex of their lives, she was already mentally penciling the both of them in for the 'booster' shots that would expand their implants. Not just the initial booster, but *all* of them, as soon as they could afford it. The Magic Pearls had been their best decision in years...

<<The End...of Part 1?>>