

Dark Music



A. Scott



An "Adult TV" Novel



Mags, Inc/Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction; any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

For more, visit reluctantpress.com or magsinc.com.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet

We need *your* help! We spend several hundred dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain.

Mostly, though, we just want to be able to keep offering this service to our authors and our readers.

Report stolen books by using the contact form at reluctantpress.com or call us at 800-359-2116

Thank you.

Dark Music

By A. Scott

Robin's Story: The Kidnapping and Transformation

Robin Rutledge ran six miles of a ten-mile run. She was resting out of the corner of her eye she saw a man and woman walking toward her.

"Can I help you?" Robin said.

"Yes, are you Robin Rutledge?"

"Yes I am, is there a problem?"

"No, we just wanted to make sure we had the right person."

She felt a prick on her arm and darkness covered her. She was quickly moved to a clinic where the medical staff placed her in a bed and placed earphones on her ears. The

recorder began to instruct her on how she was to behave as a slut and an exhibitionist.

IV's were placed in her arms and powerful chemicals flooded her body as she slept. A machine was placed over her breasts and a suction device began to pull her nipples up into the voids.

As she slept, she was being changed from the inside out to reflect the woman she was to be.

Number 1 watched the naked female. He spoke to her as if she could hear him. "You are about to be transformed into a magnificent specimen of womanhood. You should feel honored, my dear. We only accept the prime as they will make the best platform to build on, but you can't hear me now. When you wake you will realize that your life has changed and you are now a slave to our every whim." Touching her body ever-so-gently, he envisioned the finished product."

Later, Number 1 returned to her bedside. He noted that her skin color had begun to change to a soft warm brown. The machine had been removed; he observed the nipples that now extended more than an inch from her breasts.

"Almost perfect," he thought. "A little longer and fatter, I think. The skin color is almost right, now, for the face."

The surgeons worked to get her facial features just right. Her eyes were given a mongoloid fold and cartilage was added to her cheeks to reflect her Asian heritage.

Nanobots inserted in her IV solution altered her hair color to jet black; increased her breast size to 38DD. Memory blocks put in place inhibited her ability to remember

her past life. The computer inserted new memories to replace the ones she would lose.

Robin's brain slowly brought her out of the chemically-induced darkness and she heard a voice far off in the distance.

"It's time to wake up, dear," a sweet voice said.

Robin Rutledge's vision slowly improved and she looked to the left and her right. She saw the IV's in her arms and wondered when she was taken to the hospital.

"Where am I? How did I get here?"

"You were in an accident Xawn. We will be pulling the IV's out tomorrow. Would you like something to eat?"

"I am hungry."

"We will have to start you out slowly, but you will be back on solid food by tomorrow.

The soup tasted great and the Jell-O was fantastic.

"Thank you very much, the dinner was perfect."

"Time for sleep, Xawn. We'll see you in the morning."

"They have called me that name twice now. Why are they calling me Xawn?" She drifted off to sleep, but she heard a seductive voice talk to her, telling her about her new world. "What new world?" she thought as she fell into her dreamless world.

The Search for Robin

Her husband searched for Robin for hours, tracing her normal run. He found her cell phone and her cover hidden under some bushes.

He called the police and they combed the immediate area for clues. They found footprints but little else. She was placed on the missing persons report.

Thirty-six hours later, he got a phone call that they had found her fifty miles away in New Jersey. She had been in an auto accident and had been identified by her personal items in the car. The body was burned beyond recognition.

"I don't believe it," Bill said to the officer. "It's not possible. I have her cell phone in my hand. I looked at the last pictures she took. You didn't even look to see what she last saw.

"There was a video of two individuals walking toward her. She stopped and dropped the phone. I guess they missed it when they kidnapped her.

"I can deliver them to you tomorrow if you wish so you can verify what I have discovered."

"We would like to see them, Mr. Rutledge. They might shed some light on this mystery."

Bill decided to retrace her steps that day once more. He used the video cameras that dot the running path to see if anything was amiss. At Mile Two he saw her running past. Then shortly afterward, a blue Ford was seen on the adjacent road following her progress. At Mile 6 it showed it stopped and two individuals getting out. It was a man and a woman in jogging clothes. It then showed them returning with a woman they helped into the car.

"It's Robin, it has to be," he thought. "Lord, let this prove she was kidnapped and is still alive."

The Hospital

The nurse's voice woke her, "Good morning, Xawn, it's time to get up." She looked at her arms and the IV's were gone. She felt much better. "We need to get you on your feet and walking as soon as possible. Here's your breakfast."

Robin ate everything and wanted more.

“Are you ready to sit up?”

“I guess so, but I think I will need some help.”

“Of course, Xawn, the first time is always the hardest. Now let’s just sit on the side of the bed, shall we?”

Robin struggled and with some assistance, she was able to sit on the side of the bed. “Thank you for your help.”

“That’s what we are here for, Xawn. Let’s put those feet on the ground and do some walking, OK?”

“I’ll try.”

“Here we go. One, two, three, up you go.”

She was now upright and taking small steps. “I have to go to the bathroom.” She was led to the bathroom and allowed to sit down on the seat. She felt herself explode as her bladder emptied.

She pulled the cord and the nurses came in and helped her up once more. “I’m not normally so helpless. I can run ten miles a day, you know.”

“Yes we know, Xawn, but for now let’s settle for this floor, shall we?”

“My balance seems off and I want to tip forward all the time.”

“That’s normal for a woman with breasts as large as you are carrying, Xawn. You will need to find a new center of balance. That will take a couple of days I’m afraid.

“That’s enough for one day, Xawn, lets get you back to bed.”

She lay down and was very tired from her labors.

“You need your rest.” A needle was pushed into her arm and she fell asleep.

She awoke on her own and needed to go badly. Sitting up and attempting to navigate the ten feet between the bed and the bathroom looked impossible. Hanging on to the side rail, she made it just in time. She heard noise on the other side of the door.

The door was opened and three nurses looked at her.

“You should have called for help, young lady. You scared us half to death.”

“Sorry, I had to go. It was only ten feet for goodness sake.”

“You are still fragile and unsteady on your feet. Please take it easy, for our sake.”

“I promise. Now would you please close the door and allow a woman some privacy?”

She smiled at herself as she sat there. “I can do something by myself.”

She stood up and immediately noticed her center of balance had shifted dramatically since she was admitted to the hospital. Slowly, she made her way back to her bed.

Looking at the nurse, she said, “What have you done to my breasts?”

“We enhanced them according to the dictates of the Corporation, and we have extended your nipples at the same time. You will find that they are very sensitive now. Reach up and play with your nipples, Xawn.

“Aren’t they beautiful? Feel them, dear, lift them with your hands, feel their weight. Play with the nipples, experience what sensations travel through your body.”

Unable to resist the commands, she touched her nipples. Suddenly she experienced waves of sexual pleasure travel through her body and reside in her pussy. She creamed and climaxed over and over.

“See I told you, Xawn, you have been altered. You are now more sexually responsive than you were. Also, I think you will find your thought processes have changed in the last few weeks.”

Robin slowly returned to normal and shuddered at the sexual response she had triggered. “Why have you done this?”

“It is our job to transform ordinary females into extraordinary ones for the Corporation. We create the toys for them to play with when they are here.

“Our creations want for nothing. They are cared for and pampered night and day. You will soon discover the need to conform and obey the commands of those around you.”

As Robin was listening to this, she thought, ‘This is all wrong. I have to get out of here. They have made me into a freak. I have to get home to my kids and husband.’”

Even as she was attempting to form her thoughts, strange concepts and ideas began to infiltrate her conscious mind.

She could hear the voices talking to her all the time. They were telling her all she would need to know about living here and fitting in.

Confrontation

Bill showed the police the video evidence and they tried to convince him that it might not have been her. They showed him the physical evidence that she was dead. They all but said that he had killed her and disposed of the body later.

Afraid that he might be charged in her death, he backed away from making any more accusations of foul play. The Captain who talked to him last scared him. It

was almost as if he wanted to scare him off the investigation of Robin Rutledge's disappearance.

An Education

"Right now you need your sleep. Listen to the voices and suck on your friend until morning, Xawn." Accepting the penis in her mouth, she started to suck it. She drifted off to sleep with voices whispering to her, challenging her.

Robin Rutledge awoke and she heard a man and a woman talking. Their voices seemed far away. Her husband must be looking for her by now. How long had she been unconscious? Where was she? Why was she in the hospital?

She opened her eyes and the bright sunlight made her blink. For some reason she knew she was naked. She should have been upset as she never liked to expose herself at all. Now it didn't bother her; matter-of-fact, she felt comfortable being naked.

"We want to welcome you to Never Never Land. Here you will perform your duties and obey our every commands without question.

"We will work on your physical beauty and bring you up to our standards. We demand perfection and we will get it in everything you do for us, is that understood?"

"Yes, I understand."

The reality is that your mind is telling you that what they are saying is the truth.

Something deep inside is telling you that it is a lie and that you should reject it. Your gut feeling has become dominated by another more powerful need to comply with your masters. You are forced to listen to and accept what they say as the truth.

You have freedom, but the freedom you have been given is human bondage. You are a slave to your sexual needs and the needs of your patrons. You can do anything you want as long as it is within the parameters set by the Corporation.

It controls what you believe and who you are. You can be nothing more than what they will allow you to be.

“It’s time to get up now, dear, we have lots to do. You need to get used to your new body, Xawn.

“You will have to regain your balance point, Xawn; we enlarged your breasts to fit our image. Later on, you will notice other changes that will enhance your self-esteem.”

Number 1 watched the subject leave the room. “Do you think she is ready for the next phase?”

Number 2 said, “Let’s see what happens when she comes back. We have been getting reports from our contacts in the Police Department that her husband has been gathering evidence to prove his wife was kidnapped. George had to threaten him with an investigation that he killed his wife to shut him up.

“We slipped up. There were video cameras present and they recorded our every move. She also videoed us with her cell phone, capturing Isadora and Luther as they stalked her and captured her. They even have video of them putting her in the car.

“I’ve been assured that the evidence will quietly disappear and any proof of what happened will vanish. The husband has been showing pictures of Isadora and Luther around town. They like to party and are not shy. Someone will come forward and ID them if he keeps looking deep enough.”

Number 1 said, “It looks like we are going to have to remove him from the community. Start following him and lure him into a trap. I think I have an idea that just might

work. If this works we can rest easy and get on with our lives.”

Robin tried to think straight. Her mind was in turmoil and it took all her effort to think rationally. Why did her body react to her touching her breasts that way? Her body ached as if she had spent a lot of time in the gym. Her pussy was sensitive, as was her anus.

She reached down to check her pelvic region and as soon as she touched her clitoris, she ignited again.

The nurse came in looking down at her.

Robin said, “What have you done to me? You have made me into a freak. There’s not a part of my body that I can touch that I don’t have an orgasm. It’s like I’m a walking sex bomb.”

“You were supposed to be like you are Robin. You were designed to enjoy sex and please those who want to use your innate abilities.”

“I want to go home to my family.”

“You are dead, Robin. You died three weeks ago in an accident and your body was mutilated. They identified you from your purse and rings.

“You have no life other than what you have here. What you want is irrelevant. Only the corporation counts here. They pay your salary and keep you healthy.

“It’s time for you to get dressed and begin to mingle with the other girls. Follow me, please.”

Robin followed the nurse to the dressing room.

“Select the clothes you are going to wear today. Whatever you select will be more than adequate, I assure you.”

Robin looked through the drawers and the closets. Everything she found was too sexy or obscene as it would expose her privates to the world.

“Select your underwear, Xawn, and do it now,” a voice told from inside her head said. “That’s right your name is now Xawn, not Robin. The only thing you have to do now is look pretty and take care of the customers. No deep thoughts or analysis. It is easier to only think of simple things. Complex ideas or arguments will give you a headache from now on.”

Robin looked around her. She felt surrounded and outnumbered, even though she could see no one but the nurse.

“My name is not Xawn, it’s Robin Rutledge. I live at 19006 South Elm. My phone number is 459-8765. My husband’s name is Robert.”

“Very good, Robin, now comes the education.” Just then she heard and felt a sonic wave that shook her to her core.

“Now, who are you?”

“I am Robin Rutledge.”

“Wrong, you are Xawn. You are a stripper in the club and a sex worker on the floor.”

“Now, who are you?”

“I am Rob...” She felt a high-pitched sound enveloping her. It invaded her soul.

She said, “The pain, it is all consuming. It’s going to drive me mad. Stop it, stop it please.”

She heard a voice say, “I can make it stop. All you have to do is forget your past life and accept her new one.”

The voice continued and it carried a message. “Submit, submit, accept our authority and there will be no more pain.”

A Lead

Bill received a phone call at 1:30 AM on Thursday morning. "Hello," he said.

"Bill Rutledge?" the female voice asked.

"This is he," Bill answered.

"I have information about your wife, but I must meet with you in a secluded place of my choosing. My life would be in danger if I were seen talking to you."

"Where and when?" he said.

"The Paramount Motel on Second Avenue, Room 314, 7:00 PM tomorrow. Be alone and no recording devices."

"I'll be there. Will I need to bring any money, or are you really concerned about her safety?"

"Bring ten thousand dollars and we'll call the deal sealed."

"7:00. I'll be there, you had better be legit."

Lessons In Her New Life

"The pain is too much, you win. I accept your supremacy in my life. I will not fight you any more. Take it away."

All at once, she felt at peace. The pain was gone and for the first time in days, she felt comfortable with who and what she was.

"This is very important, Xawn. Should you want them to stop what they are doing to you, use the word 'Reindeer' from now on. Co you understand?"

"Yes."

"You are welcome to use our body shop or hairdresser any time you wish. Also you can go as you are, naked, or you can put some clothes on. The choice is yours. What

would you like to do? Don't forget to practice for your debut Wednesday at the Shamrock Club. You want to be at your best, you know."

"I think I would like to get dressed now. It would be more civilized, I think. I need some new clothes. Is there a store here?"

"That would be Mollies. It's down two levels and to the right. You can't miss it."

"Do you think I am pretty?"

"What gives you the idea you are not beautiful, dear?"

"I look in the mirror and I see a plain person who is not special, nor appealing to men."

"Trust me, Xawn. you are the most exotic women we have here. I don't know of any man, or woman, who would not prefer you to someone else. Now, let's get you down to the beauty shop so we can perfect you, shall we?"

Captured

As a safety precaution, Bill drove to Patty McAdams' house to drop off an important package for her to hold.

Pulling up to Patty's house, Bill knocked on her door. She opened the door and with a surprised look on her face, said, "What are you doing here, Bill?"

"I need your help, Pat. I'm going to meet an unknown woman at the Paramount Motel in an hour. I don't know what to expect, so as insurance, I have prepared this box to go to the State Police if case I disappear or am killed in an unexplained accident. It has copies of all the evidence I have gathered in looking for my wife. I don't trust the local police, so please give it to the State Police should something happen to me."

"I will do that, but are you sure you should go through with this meeting?"

"I have to, she may have something very important to contribute to finding her. Thank you for helping, I'll see you later this afternoon."

Bill pulled into the parking lot of the motel. There were only a few cars there. He went up to room 314 and knocked, He heard, "Come in."

There sitting on the bed was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Her breasts were enormous and it was impossible to tell where she was from.

"You are prompt that's good. Take off your clothes."

"Why? Don't you trust me?"

"Not as far as I can throw you. Do it now or I walk."

Seeing no alternative, he took off his clothes. "OK, what's next?"

The door to the other room opened and he fell like a stone as the needle entered his body.

"You took your sweet time," she said as she looked at her partner.

"I did my job didn't I, so don't complain. Did anyone see him come up here?"

"The security cameras are off and the place is deserted. We should be safe. Let's get him in the car. You drive his and follow me.

"We'll leave it in the north end of town. It will be months before it will be discovered; by then it will be stripped clean. Be sure to wear gloves anyway."

Bill woke up in a hospital. He felt drugged and lethargic. Strange thoughts were running through his head and his arms and legs felt like lead.

The nurse came over and said, "You're awake. It's about time. You were in a terrible accident and we were afraid you wouldn't make it."

"What happened?" he asked as he drifted back to sleep.

"Don't forget to go shopping for some clothes. Don't be afraid to ask for advice from the clerks. That's why they are there."

Number 2 said, "I think we won. She is a strong one. We will have to keep an eye on her; I don't think her other self has totally given up yet."

Number 1 said, "She will be a nice addition to our stable. Her independence could make her a favorite among the membership."

A week later when Patty had not had heard from Bill and her attempts to contact him failed, she took the letter and box to the State Police Head Quarters as she was requested to.

An Education Continues

Deep inside her brain, Robin knew she had lost a battle, but the war was still possibly winnable. All she had to do was bide her time and take advantage of the situation.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we bring you Xawn for her first time. Let's have a big hand for Xawn."

Xawn heard the music start; she walked on stage and began to take her few clothes off for the audience. The more clothes that came off, the hotter she got. It was like she was super sexy.

She let the music take control and she took her costume off one piece at a time. She liked being naked but she also liked having people watch her as she undressed.

The cheers and adulation thrilled her and she wanted more.

Xawn was put through her lessons and the programming kicked in to allow her to advance in her skill development.

Robin was becoming the whore they wanted her to become.

