

The air vent creaked beneath Clover's knees as she crawled her way through its length, trying to ignore the unavoidable sight of Sam's wobbling in front of her. "Urgh, Sam, can you hurry up? I feel like we've been crawling for daaaays."

"We're almost there," said Sam, her radar emitting a reassuring ping. "Just a little further and we'll be right above the computer lab."

Alex coughed. "Remind me why we need to reach the computer lab again?"

Sam sighed. "Because *that's* where they're programming the mind control beam they're using to control all the school's students."

"Oh. That makes sense. And why are we in a vent?"

"Because if we just walk in, they'll zap us with the mind control ray too."

Clover rolled her eyes. "Couldn't we have just crept in through the window?"

A moment of silence passed. "No," said Sam, without further explanation.

For several more minutes, they crawled on without speaking, the pinging from Sam's device growing louder with every meter they moved. As was, Clover couldn't help but noticing, the groaning of the vent. It was almost as if it hadn't been designed to hold the weight of three people. Or something.

Finally, Sam came to a stop. "Okay, girls, this is it," she said, pointing at the grill beneath her feet. "All we have to do is drop down, smash the ray gun, and escape before anyone notices. Any volunteers?"

Neither Clover nor Alex were quick to respond. Fortunately, the vent had its own idea of who should be heading down:

*Ping!*

"Er, Sam, was that your radar...?"

*Ping!*

"I don't think so. It sounded more like a—"

*Ping!* The entire vent shaft dropped by a foot.

Sam swallowed. "—like a piece of metal popping out of its—"

With a tremendous groan, the vent collapsed. The spies screamed as they dropped into the room below them with a crash.

Pushing herself up out of the debris, Clover rubbed her head and looked around. Dust filled the air and choked her when she tried to catch her breath. Hacking it up, she sat up with a frown and rubbed her head. Urgh, why did they have to keep trying to sneak in through vents?

A couple of coughs from nearby told her when Sam and Alex were. "Are you guys okay?" she called.

"I'm fine," said Sam, the dust clearing to reveal her face. "Just a little bruised."

"Me too," said Alex. "Urgh, my butt's gonna be sore for a week."

"Let's smash that stupid ray gun and get out of here," said Clover, forcing herself to her feet. "Come on, it's gotta be around here somewhere."

She scanned the room. The computer lab looked exactly like they remembered it... if you ignored the block of space at the end of the room which had been cleared to place a large, tripod-mounted ray gun. "...Like there."

The three hurried over to inspect it. "This has gotta be it, right?" asked Alex. "What do we do now? Just snatch it and run?"

"I have a slightly cleverer idea," said Sam, hurrying over to the attached laptop. "If I can reprogram the device, I can set it to reverse the effect next time it's used." She started typing away, biting her lip in concentration.

The sound of stomping feet drew Clover's attention to the door. "You might want to hurry up," she said. "Somebody's coming!" Shadows danced behind the glass of its window.

"I need more time!" said Sam. "Just—just try to find a place to hide." Picking up the laptop, she darted under a desk and continued typing.

Alex and Clover shared a look before hurrying for cover themselves.

A moment later, the door swung open, and a very familiar face walked in.

Beneath the desk, Clover rolled her eyes. *Of all the people we could have stumbled into. Why did it have to be her?*

"Urgh, I can't believe the teacher sent me to the computer lab," said Mandy, "like, what kind of punishment is that anyway?"

Clover resisted the urge to snort. By the sounds of it, Mandy was the next guinea pig for the mind control ray.

Speaking of...

Ambling up and down the room, Mandy finally came to a stop beside the device itself. “Hey, what the heck is this?” she asked, picking it up and turning it around. “Some kind of hairdryer? I wonder how you turn it on?”

Aiming it at the far end of the room, she pulled the trigger and—*Zap!* A beam of light flew from the gun’s tip and turned one of the posters on the wall into a mass of fading pixels. Clover’s heart started to pound—what exactly had Sam’s reprogramming done to it?

Mandy stared at the gun’s steaming tip. “Oh! I get it. It’s, like, one of those fancy flashlights. The ones you’re meant to aim at planes.”

Clover had a bad feeling about what was to come next. Her spy instincts told her she had to act, to knock the gun out of Mandy’s hands or something, but the sheer fact it was *Mandy* made her hesitate.

Laughing like a child, Mandy spun around and fired off the ray gun wildly, vaporizing desks and chairs and even the odd monitor, seemingly without noticing. And just as Clover thought things couldn’t get any worse—

*Zap!* “Hey-!” The beam slammed into Sam, who didn’t even have a chance to scream before vanishing in a flurry of pixels.

Clover’s eyes went wide; her jaw dropped. “S-Sam?” she whispered. “S-S—!”

The ray gun’s beam caught her before she had chance to finish, instantly striking her with an unbearable bolt of ecstasy. She screamed and arched her back and wailed at the ceiling, unable to keep her eyes from rolling back in their sockets and her tongue from lolling out of her mouth.

She fell back, but instead of striking the floor, she dropped: down, down, through an endless, sparkling abyss. Her vision went black.

When her sight returned, she found herself sitting in a tiny white chamber, like a cubicle in the mall’s changing room. Forcing herself to her feet, she looked around, heart pounding. What was going on? Where was she?

Three white walls and a matching floor and ceiling surrounded her. The remaining side of the cubicle was translucent, a window back into the world: she could see the computer lab, even Mandy. For some reason, everything seemed so much larger.

Heart thudding so hard it hurt, she spun around. “Alex? Sam? Where are you?”

“I’m over here!” cried a voice from her left.

Clover ran to the wall and put her ear to it. “Alex?” she cried.

“I’m here!” repeated Alex. “I’m in a little white room... And I can’t get out. I tried some judo on the walls, but whatever they’re made of, it’s really strong.”

“So long as you’re okay,” said Clover. She spun around. “But what happened to Sam?”

“I’m here too!” said Sam, voice coming from Clover’s right. “I’m in the same situation. I think...” She paused. “I think the gun might have accidentally, um, uploaded us into the computer...” She trailed off.

Silence filled the air. The digital air.

“*What?!*” cried Clover.

“How is that even possible?!” cried Alex.

Before Sam had a chance to answer this very pertinent question, something enormous appeared in the window of their cages. Clover squealed—she felt like a mariner looking over the edge of her ship and seeing the eye of some gigantic kraken.

The giant came to a stop looking in on them. “Hey,” said Mandy, cocking her head in confusion, “what’s this?”

Clover wanted to scream. Of all the people who could possibly have interfered with their mission, why did it have to be *Mandy?!*

“Oh my, like, God,” she said, leaning in and looking in on them with those enormous purple eyes of her. “There’s, like, three little dolls on screen. I wonder what you can do with them?” Grabbing the laptop’s mouse, she wiggled it round experimentally.

Clover’s heart started to pound. “N-no! Stay away!”

She shouldn’t have tempted fate, because a second later the cursor flew past her like a falcon diving to catch a fish out of the water. She squeaked and threw herself to the floor. “Stay away from me!”

Outside the laptop, Mandy burst into laughter. “Oh my God, this is so much fun. ...It helps that you look a lot like Clover.” Snorting, she swept the mouse from left to right, forcing Clover to the ground in an attempt to avoid the cursor flying over her.

Hands over her head, Clover squealed. “Stoop!”

As if Mandy had heard her pleas, the pointer stopped. Opening an eye, Clover looked around. Was it gone? She took a chance and stood up.

She’d barely straightened her body when the cursor slammed into her ass with all the force of an angry bee. “Aii! Hey!” Spinning around, she blinked to find herself staring at a menu. ‘Clover,’ it read.

The cursor stopped flying around. “Hey, what’s this?” said Mandy, leaning in closer. “Clover...? Oh hey, you even had the same name as her. That’s *such* a funny coincidence. What else does it say? Adjust settings? What settings?” She clicked.

The little menu unfolded like a Jehovah’s witness’s pamphlet, revealing a long, long list of options and sliders, one so long it stretched far beyond Clover’s window.

Reading them, Clover swallowed. Some of the options were pretty reasonable: ‘Name, Age, ‘Height’, ‘Weight’, and so on.

Others were less so:

“Bust Size?” read Mandy, eyes wide and incredulous. “*Butt size?!*” Her jaw fell. “What kind of program *is* this?!” The mouse’s cursor strayed dangerously close to the second option; Clover winced, restraining the urge to cover her ass.

At the last second, the cursor pulled back. “Can you really change all of this stuff?” asked Mandy. “Some of these options are so, urgh, perverted.” She looked around. “I wonder who set this up, anyway... Urgh, I hope none of those nerds made a doll of me.” She shuddered and stood as if to go.

Clover swallowed. It sounded like the worst danger had passed.

“On the other hand, I might as well have some fun while I’m here!” Giggling, Mandy threw herself back into her seat. “After all, it’s not like I often have three stupid dweebs like these at my mercy.” With a laugh, she seized the mouse. The cursor shot upward.

Clover couldn’t tell exactly what was happening next, but all a sudden, the little room in which she lay flew sideways and slammed into something with a crash. Thrown off her feet, she gasped to see the wall to her right dissolving, revealing the panicked face of Sam.

Something slammed into the left of the box with a thud, and the wall vanished to reveal the face of Alex, face pale with shock.

The giant face of Mandy loomed over them, mouth split in an enormous grin. “I wonder what I should do with you dweebs first.” She swung the mouse back and forth, forcing all three of them to dodge. “Hmm, maybe I’ll start by getting rid of those stupid clothes. Why are you in these stupid latex catsuits anyway?”

She dragged the cursor over them, catching all three of them in a box, and selected the clothing option of the menu this produced. Scrolling down, she unchecked everything.

Clover squealed as her spysuit and everything else on her person broke into so many pixels, forcing her to cover herself if she wanted to retain her dignity. Besides her, Sam and Alex cried out and struggled to do the same.

“Oh my Gawd,” cried Mandy, “I can’t believe it actually made you naked. Jeez, what kinda perverted game is this, anyway?” She bit her lip and aimed the mouse at them again.

Seeing it fly towards her, Alex squealed and tried to dodge, but all she succeeded in was throwing herself back into Clover, which promptly knocked *her* back into Sam. She grunted as the three of them landed in a pile, wincing at the feeling of the nipples stabbing into her back and the fat cheeks resting in her groin. “G-get offa me!” she cried, pushing Alex away.

Mandy burst into laughter. “Oh my Gawd, whoever did your voices really captured your personalities. Clover, you sound like a scared piglet, just like the real you!”

Clover bit her tongue. The last thing they wanted to do was provoke her.

Alex, struggling to stand, accidentally jabbed Clover in the sex.

“Nn~! You bitch!” cried Clover.

“What was that?!” snapped Mandy, expression darkening. The cursor grabbed Clover by the hair and yanked her back to her feet. “What? Aren’t you stupid dolls enjoying this? Well, let’s see if I can make it more fun for you.”

Clover winced.

Opening the clothing menu again, Mandy worked her way through it and giggled as she came to an option that clearly pleased her immensely. “Let’s see how much you like *this*.”

Clover closed her eyes. *Please don’t let this be too embarrassing.*

*POP.*

Swallowing, Clover opened her eyes and looked down.

And squealed at the bright red orb that had replaced her nose. Raising her hand, she gave the tomato-looking thing a tentative squeeze and squealed as it emitted a sharp, pointed *squeak*.

But what Mandy had done to her nose was nothing compared to what she’d done to the rest of Clover’s body. She found her hair puffed up and curly, her torso wrapped in a stripey dress that terminated in a ridiculous, puffy skirt, and her feet clad in a pair of the largest shoes she’d ever seen. Like her nose, they squeaked when she walked, daring her to ever attempt to be serious again. “What the hell is this?!” she demanded, forgetting where she was for a second.

Mandy burst into laughter. “Oh my Gawd, Clover. It’s like you’ve finally found an outfit that suits your personality.”

Clover stomped. It made a squeaking sound. “Change me back!”

“Urgh, like, no? Who do you think you are to demand anything, you stupid doll? In fact, why don’t I change you some more?” Jabbing Clover in the breast with the cursor, Mandy selected two options in particular and swept the sliders all the way to the far end.

Clover didn’t have time to see exactly what Mandy had done, but she didn’t have to wait long to find out: a moment later, she felt a terrible pressure in her backside and her chest. Looking down, eyes wide, she watched as—with a terrible *boing*—they exploded in size, swelling into a quartet of ridiculous white balloons that looked like they’d been taped onto her body. Squealing, she struggled to grab them and forced them back no, but it was a futile effort. Not least because each time she squeezed it struck her with a jolt of pleasure so strong she almost collapsed. “Nnn~!” Also, it made them squeak.

“Turn them back!” she cried, struggling to catch her breath.

Mandy ignored her. “Hmm, now that I’ve dealt with *your* clothing, I wonder what outfits I should pick out for you two...?” Alex and Sam shriveled as tapped her chin in thought. “Ah! I know...”

The cursor slammed into Sam’s butt and opened up her menu. Her form flickered, and just like that she was dressed like the sluttiest nurse in the world. “You can’t be serious!” she cried, looking down at herself in horror.

Smirking, Mandy turned her attention to Alex. “As for you...” Alex squealed as the cursor jabbed her in the breast.

With a series of pops, a set of tight, skimpy lingerie appeared on Alex’s body, accompanied by a matching pair of cat’s ears.

“Really?” cried Alex, squeezing her eyes. “A sexy cat outfit?” She looked over her shoulder. “Hey, but where’s my tail—?”

*Pop.* Alex squeaked and went a deep shade of red.

“Ahahaha!” High above, Mandy burst into laughter. “Oh my Gawd, you three look so much better like this. If only I could dress you like this in real life!”

Clover struggled to cover her chest. *Urgh, how much worse can this get?*

As if Mandy had heard her thoughts, she stopped laughing to frown and tap her chin. “Hey, I wonder what else I can do with this program...”

Clover squealed as the cursor approached her again. Digging into her engorged cleavage like a hot dog into a bun, it scrolled down her options until it reached the one labelled ‘personality’. “Wow,” said Mandy, “you can change their behavior too?”

*Click.* The menu expanded to reveal a long list of personality traits. Everything from ‘friendliness’ to ‘aggression’ to ‘intelligence’ to ‘libido’.

Naturally, Mandy's eyes went straight to the last two options. "Wow, this really *is* a perverted game," she said, as if Clover hadn't already been turned into a clown with Z-cup tits. "I wonder what'll happen if I raise *this*."

It was as if someone had held a lighter to Clover's sex. A terrible flame, sticky and lurid, washed through her form and set her mind ablaze. Blushing, she slammed her legs together and did everything she could to avoid giving in to the desire to slam her fingers between them with some vigor.

Despite her efforts, Mandy clearly saw what she was trying to hide. "Oh, so it *does* do that." She giggled. "Well, there's no reason for Clover to enjoy this alone. Why don't the rest of you have some fun too?"

The cursor flew. Alex and Sam squealed as their own pussies caught fire.

Mandy burst into laughter. "Oh my Gawd, you three are *such* sluts. Now, I wonder what will happen if I...?"

Clover, having screwed her eyes and bit her lip and forced her hands behind her back in an attempt to keep them out of her sex, didn't notice what Mandy was up to until it had taken effect.

The first thing she felt was an explosion in her brain, as if a reaction deep inside it had suddenly gone critical. Lurching back forward, she threw back her head in a wild scream of ecstasy, unable to bear the pleasure coursing through her any longer. It felt as if her brain were pouring out of her ears.

With a wild moan of desire, she threw herself at the first thing she saw: the prone forms of Sam and Alex, curves still spilling out of their ridiculous outfits.

"C-Clover!" Alex squealed as Clover's face crashed into her, burying her head between her legs and sticking her tongue deep into the dripping cloister of her pussy. "Nn~! G-get~!"

Mandy clicked a few times, and Alex's eyes rolled back in their sockets. With a moan, she slumped and lay there twitching as Clover ate her out. "Nn~!"

Moaning, Clover licked and slurped thirstily, eagerly working her tongue around Alex's snatch and digging her hands tight into the surrounding thighs. Forcing her hands around them, she grabbed Alex's bloated buttocks and squeezed them too, shivering as her fingers slipped deep into their fat. "Nn~!"

A click and moan from someone nearby told her their pairing was about to become a threesome. With a squeal of lust from Sam, a pair of hands crashed into her own ass, forcing its cheeks apart to get at the delicious stuff hidden inside. Clover screamed.

Before she'd had the slightest chance to recover, a long, slender tongue slipped its way between her own lower lips, instantly striking her poor, unprepared body with a bolt of ecstasy she simply wasn't ready to receive.



“Nn~! Nnn~! Oh God~! Nnnn~!”

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Watching as her three pliant little dolls groped each other’s butts and ate each other out, Mandy laughed. She didn’t think Alex and Clover and Sam were *actually* super-gay for each other, but she could totally imagine it.

A beeping from her phone told her she was late for class. With a sigh, she grabbed her things and went to go. Just as she reached the door, she realized it might not be the best idea to leave porn running on one of the school computers. She hurried back.

As she hit the ‘x on the window, a pop-up appeared: ‘Close Without Saving? File has yet to be saved.’

“Eh, whatever,” said Mandy, “it’s not like I’m ever going to use this thing again.” She hit ‘Don’t Save’ and slammed the laptop shut. With that, she turned to go.

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Clover was still deep in Alex’s pussy when everything went dark. In a snap, their little white room was gone—instead, they found themselves floating in a void of utter blackness.

Straining against her unbearable lust, she looked up and around. What was going on now?

“Nnn~!” A scream from Alex snapped Clover’s attention back to her. Her altered brain turned sluggishly in her head—why was Alex screaming when she was no longer touching her?

Looking down, Clover soon found her answer: Alex’s limbs were dissolving. *Dissolving*. Cracking into hundreds of tiny, skin-toned squares that fluttered away on the non-existent wind and promptly vanished into nothingness themselves. She watched dumbly as the process worked its way up Alex’s limbs, turning her screams up to eleven as it ate away her pussy, before devouring her chest with equal speed. Soon all that remained was Alex’s head, her eyes rolled back, her tongue lolling out, her skin slick with sweat. She moaned one last time in orgasm, and then, just like that, crumbled into digital dust. Clover stared blankly.

A scream from behind her turn her attention to Sam, who moaned just as loudly as her own limbs faded away. Some part of Clover—some part of her brain that, though buried, nonetheless retained its sanity—pusher forward, forcing her to act. She had to do *something!*

Unfortunately, she was still a horny idiot, so all she could do was wrap her mouth around her friend’s fat nipples and suck on them hard as Sam dissolved into pixels. With every second, Sam’s screams grew louder and louder, until at last they reached the peak of orgasm and Clover struck the floor, suckling on thin air.

Sitting up, she realized her hand was tingling. Raising it, she found her fingertips already gone, an incredible sense of pleasure flowing down her arm and making her want nothing more than to stick her missing fingers in the dripping lips of her pussy.

Moaning, she lay back and watched as her toes went the same way, followed abruptly by her hands and her feet. The more it ate, the faster the process spread, and the hotter the fire it raised in her groin. Soon, she could only throw back her head and scream.

When the process actually reached her sex, shattering her dripping lips into thousands of sticky squares, Clover gasped as if a bomb had gone off inside her body. Pleasure ripped through her, impossible, unbearable, making her jerk like a poorly-strung puppet, her limbless torso bouncing on the floor as she struggled to breathe in.

Just as she thought she'd regained her composure, the process reached her breasts and turned her nipples into cyber-dust. She threw back her head in a scream so loud it hurt her ears.

Lying there, trembling and sweating, Clover watched through teary eyes as her shoulders and her neck went the way of the rest of her, leaving only her head remaining in the world. Drawing in a deep breath, she moaned. She knew she should be afraid, but all she could focus on was how *good* the whole process felt.

Closing her eyes, Clover gave in and dissolved.