

# *The Brotherhood Of The Rose*



By  
Prime Mover



**It was 10 am, and Richard Black, editor and chief of the Evening Trumpet, was involved in yet another argument with his star reporter, Louise Lane. The reason this time: her latest investigation seemed to be going nowhere, and he wanted to take her off it and put her on a story that was just breaking. She had violently disagreed.**

# The Evening Trumpet

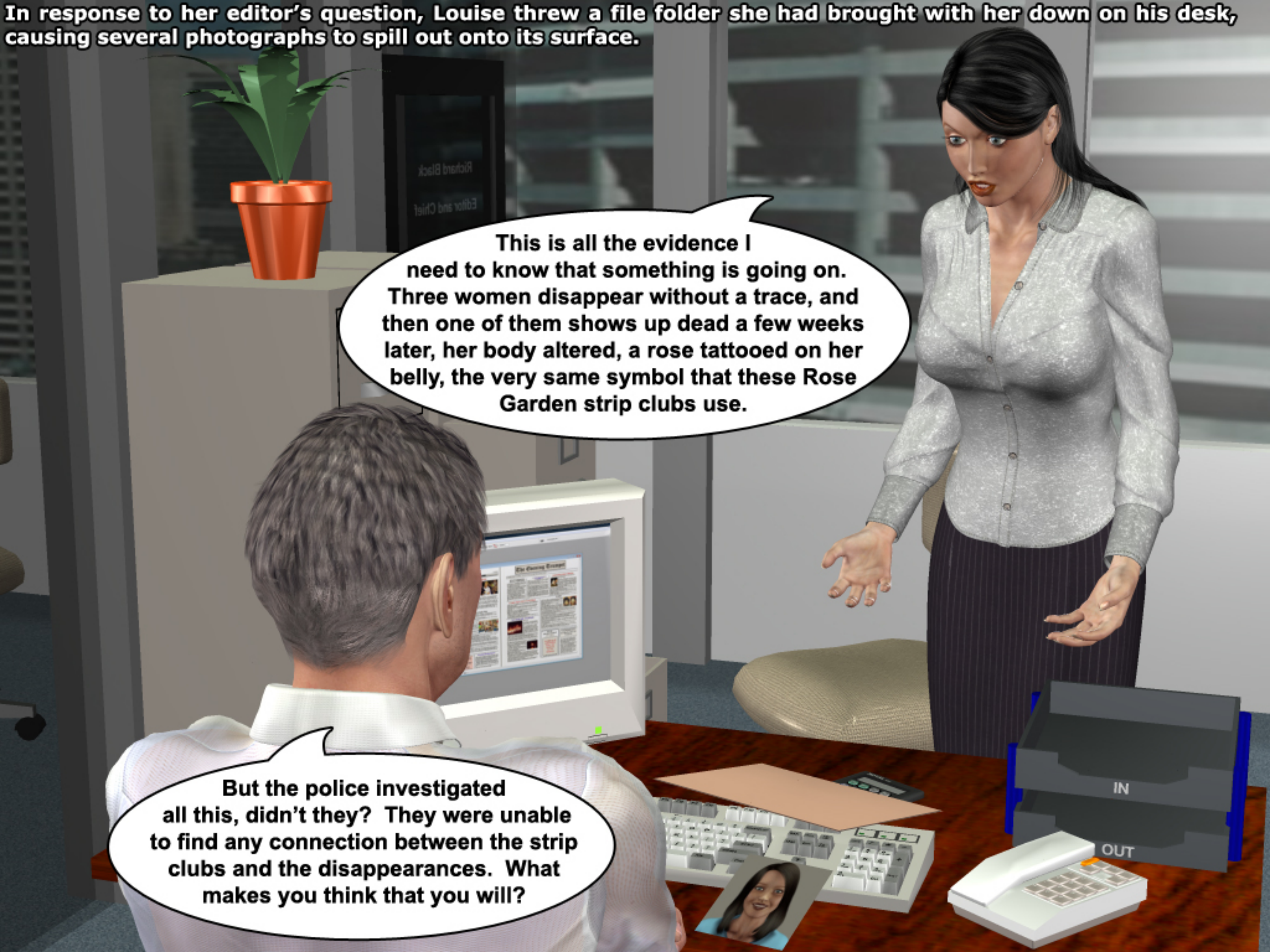


**You can't take me off this. I know there's something here. All my reporter's instincts tell me so.**

**But that's all you have, isn't it, your reporter's instincts. In all the time you have been on this, have you uncovered one piece of hard evidence?**




**In response to her editor's question, Louise threw a file folder she had brought with her down on his desk, causing several photographs to spill out onto its surface.**



**This is all the evidence I need to know that something is going on. Three women disappear without a trace, and then one of them shows up dead a few weeks later, her body altered, a rose tattooed on her belly, the very same symbol that these Rose Garden strip clubs use.**

**But the police investigated all this, didn't they? They were unable to find any connection between the strip clubs and the disappearances. What makes you think that you will?**





I can't explain it, Chief. I just have a hunch, and you know my hunches usually prove to be right.

That's the only reason why I've let you stay on this story as long as I have, but now I'm starting to think that you're staying after these strip clubs not because you have a hunch, but because of the way you feel about strip clubs in general.

**Louise's distaste for strip clubs was well known, she had even won an award for her articles exposing how women were treated at one particular club (now thankfully out of business).**



# The Evening Trumpet

**Oh, come on, Chief.  
You know I'm more professional than  
that. It's no secret that I think that  
these clubs demean women, but I  
would never pursue an investigation  
like this just out of spite.**

**Maybe not  
consciously, but your feelings on  
the matter may be clouding your  
judgment.**



**Louise realized that her arguments were not working, and that if she wanted to stay on this story, she would have to make a deal.**



**I'll tell you what ...  
Give me another two days.  
If I don't uncover anything,  
I'll drop this story and move  
on to whatever else you  
want**

**Allright.  
Two days, but not a  
moment longer.**

**Thanks, Chief.**

**Richard smiled as Louise turned and left. He almost hadn't agreed to her proposal, but anything was worth it to get her out of his office, and who knows, maybe ... just maybe ... she was on to something. It was worth losing two days to find out.**



**Louise knew that if she was going to dig up any new leads on this story in the next 48 hours, there was only one place she could go, so she left the newspaper offices and made her way to the nearest Rose Garden strip club.**



**If Louise hated all strip clubs, then she hated the Rose Garden most of all. They were the closest thing one could find to an international strip club franchise, with clubs all over the country and in other countries across the world, but, she reminded herself, that was not why she was there. There was something going on here, and she was going to find it.**





**When Louise entered the club, she found what appeared to be just your average, run of the mill strip club. In the dim light she could see several scantily clad women with overlarge breasts gyrating on elevated stages as obviously intoxicated men ogled them and stuffed money in their g-strings.**



**She made her way to the bar and attracted the attention of the bartender who came over to her, a cocky grin on his face.**



**What can I get you, beautiful?**

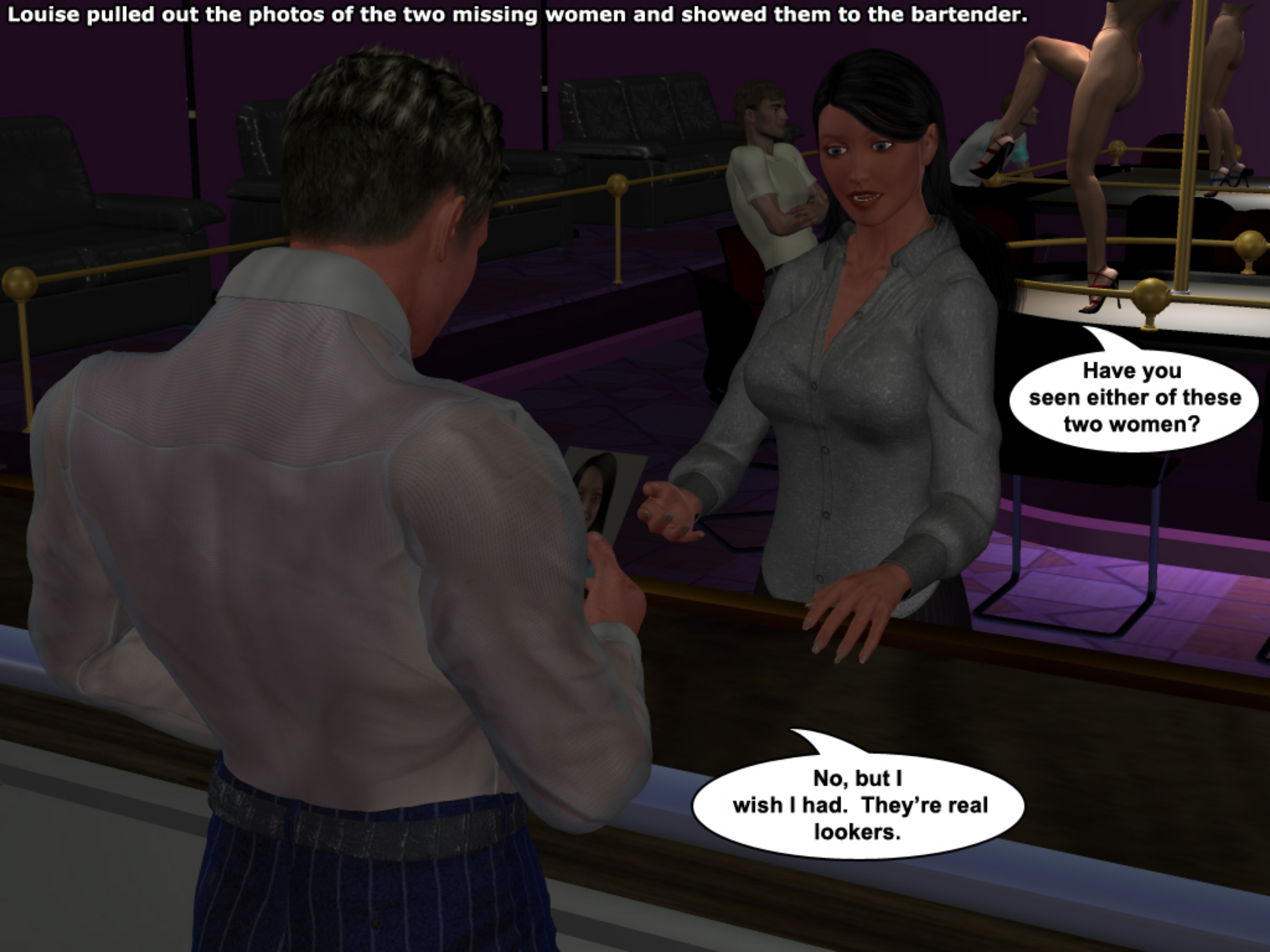
**I'm Louise Lane from the Evening Trumpet. I was wondering if you could answer a few questions.**

**Anything for you, sweet cheeks.**

**The bartender's patronizing manner was starting to get to her, but she made sure to keep her outward demeanor businesslike.**



**Louise pulled out the photos of the two missing women and showed them to the bartender.**



**Have you  
seen either of these  
two women?**

**No, but I  
wish I had. They're real  
lookers.**



**Louise hadn't expected the bartender to recognize the women (or tell her if he did). Her questions were just an excuse to buy some time so she could take a look around. As she did so, she spied a dimly lit hallway leading off from the back of the room. She walked around the bar to take a better look and found that the hallway ended in an imposing door marked MEMBERS ONLY. She motioned to it.**



**Oh, that leads to our Inner Garden. Only members are allowed.**

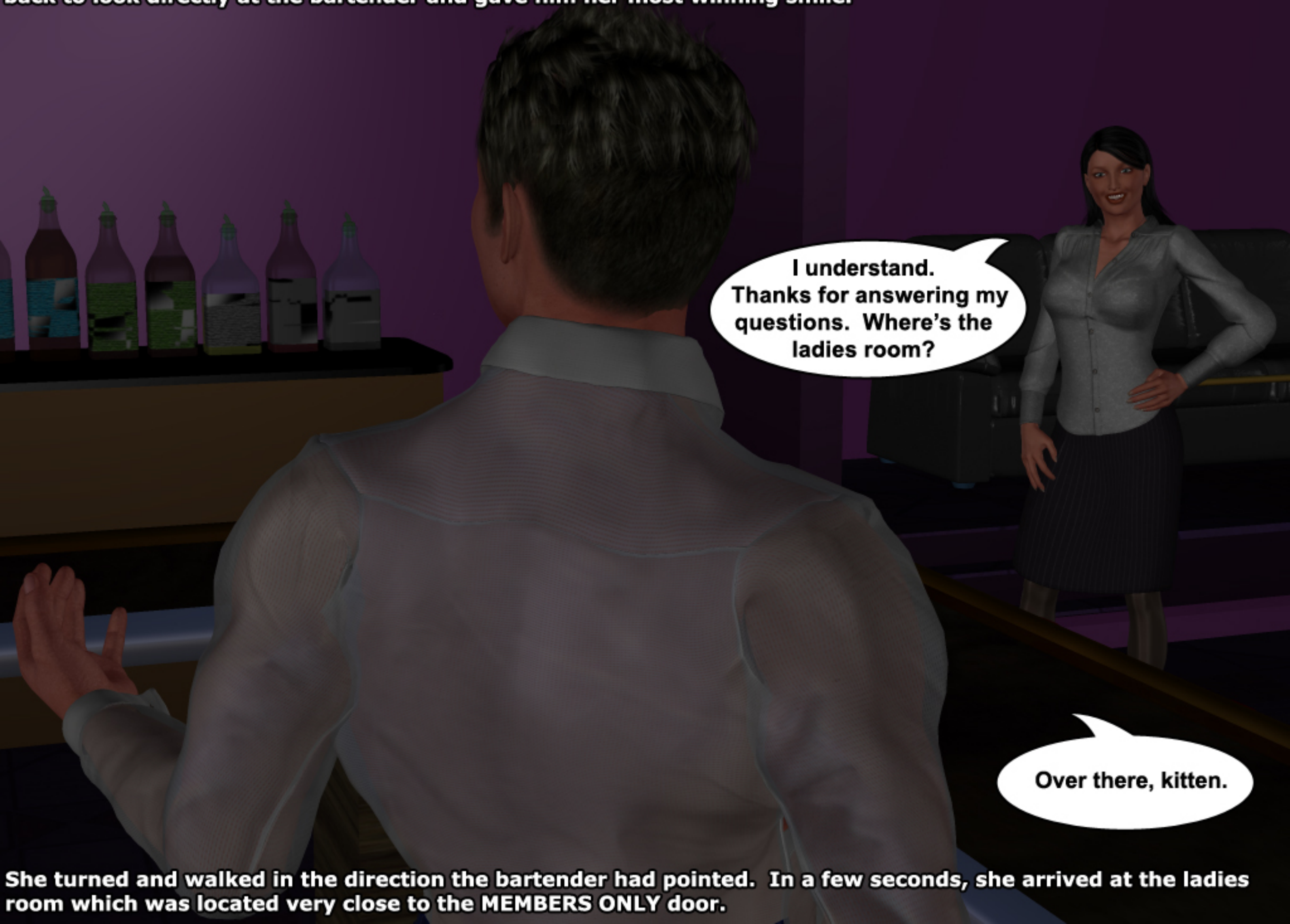
**Where does that door lead?**

**Can I take a look?**

**Sorry, sweet cheeks, but our members pay a lot for their privacy.**



**Louise knew that she had gotten as much as she would from this idiot, so it was time to go to Plan B. She turned back to look directly at the bartender and gave him her most winning smile.**



I understand.  
Thanks for answering my  
questions. Where's the  
ladies room?

Over there, kitten.

**She turned and walked in the direction the bartender had pointed. In a few seconds, she arrived at the ladies room which was located very close to the MEMBERS ONLY door.**



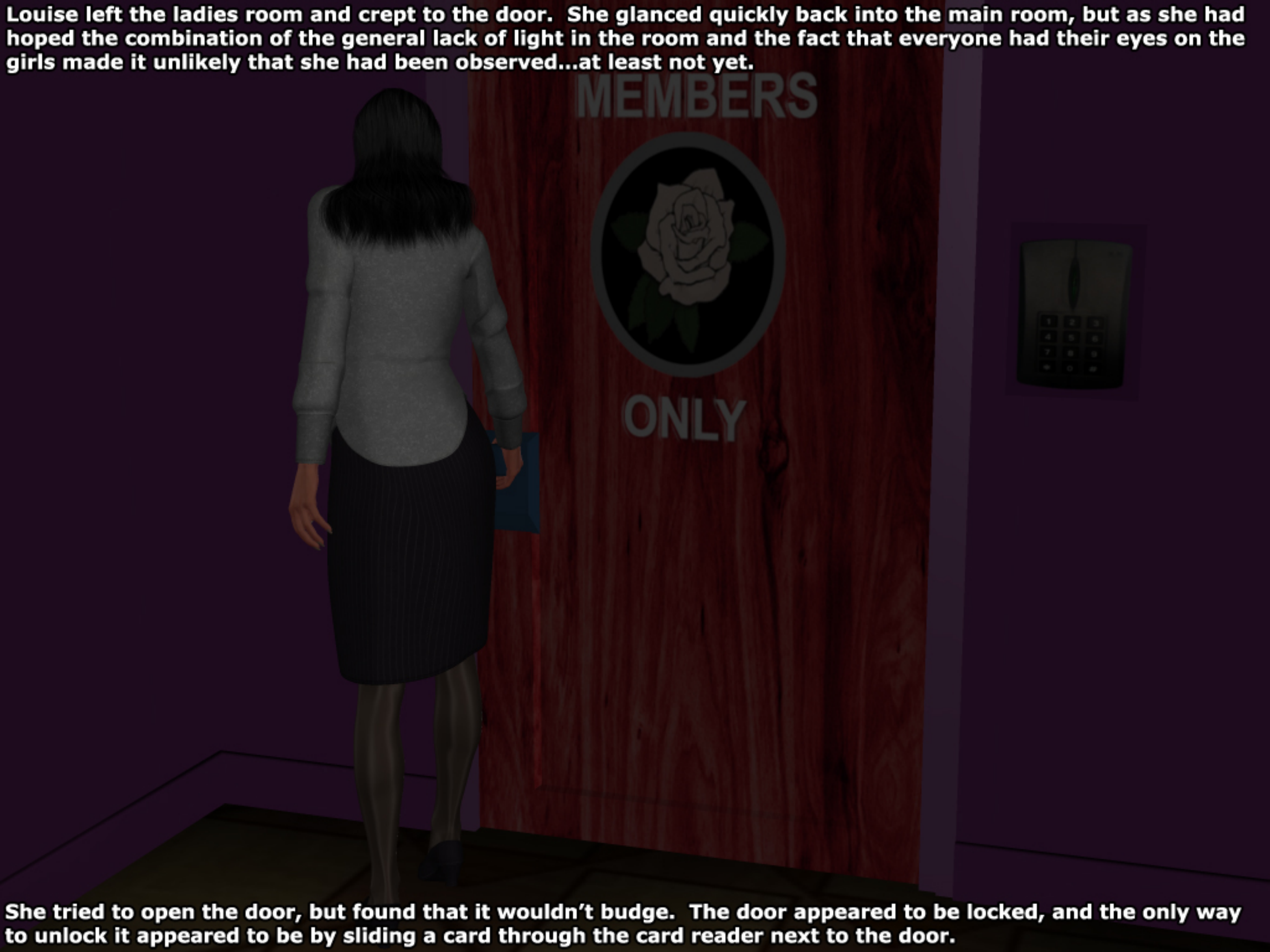
**Louise spent several minutes in the ladies room trying to work up the nerve to do what she knew she had to do next.**



**If she went to see what was behind that door and got caught and these people were up to no good, she could be in big trouble. Even if they were innocent, she could be liable for a prosecution of some kind, but she needed to see what was behind that door, so she finally decided to take the risk.**



**Louise left the ladies room and crept to the door. She glanced quickly back into the main room, but as she had hoped the combination of the general lack of light in the room and the fact that everyone had their eyes on the girls made it unlikely that she had been observed...at least not yet.**



**She tried to open the door, but found that it wouldn't budge. The door appeared to be locked, and the only way to unlock it appeared to be by sliding a card through the card reader next to the door.**

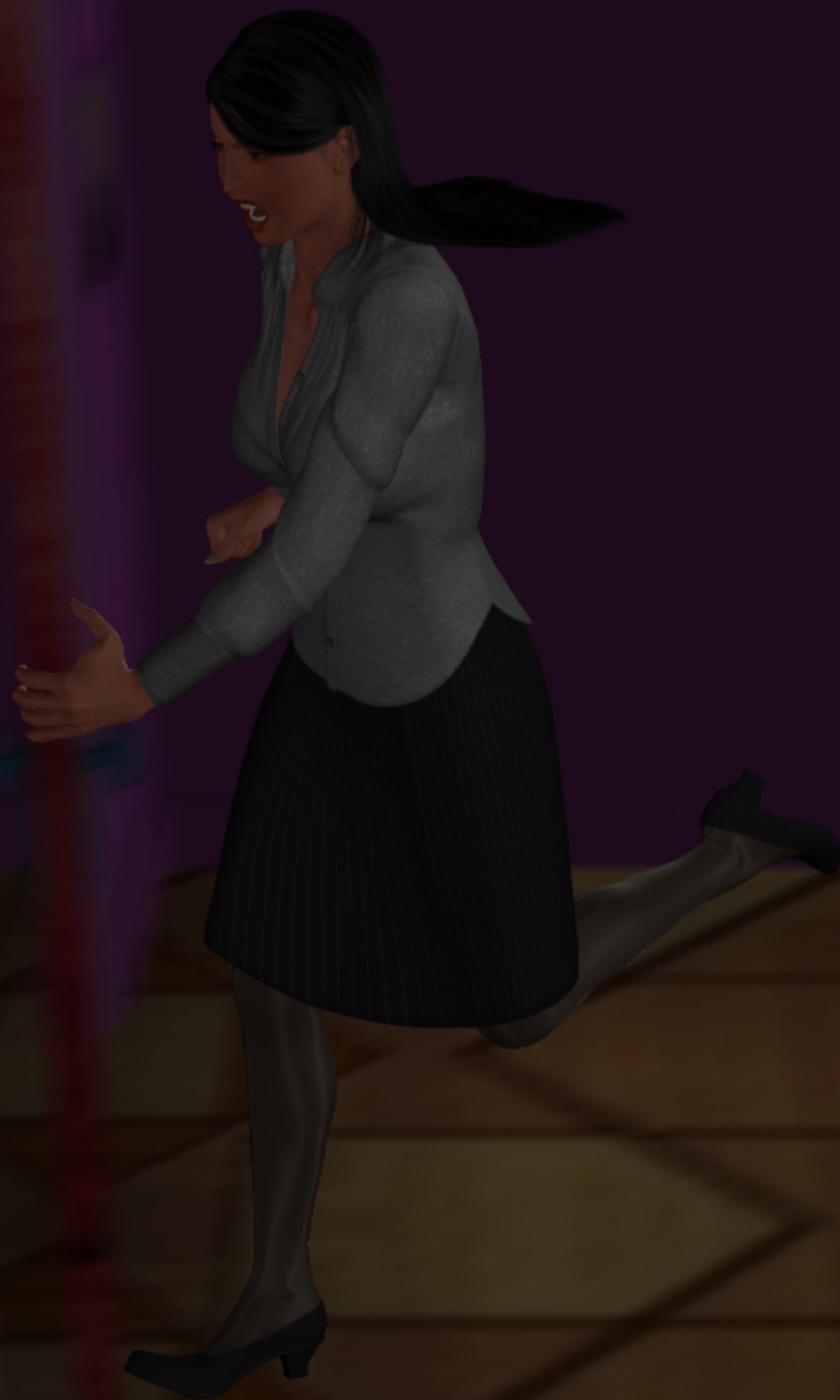


**Louise was just starting to contemplate her next move when she heard a mechanical whine followed by the sound of a bolt being released. She ran back to the ladies room, reaching her destination just as the MEMBERS ONLY door began to open.**



**Peering out of the slightly opened ladies room door, Louise watched as a man exited the member's area and entered the main room.**





**Louise knew what she had to do. She waited as long as possible, then she lunged for the closing MEMBERS ONLY door, managing to grab a hold of it just before it was completely closed.**



**Very quietly, Louise entered the member's area. After checking to make sure she was alone, she took a look at her surroundings. What she saw disappointed her. After all the images her imagination had conjured up about what she would find in the member's area, the room she found herself in was almost a carbon copy of the one she had just left.**



**Suddenly, the lights on the main stage came on, followed by the sound of voices approaching from the area behind the curtains. She ran and took cover behind the bar, just as the curtains parted and three figures emerged.**



**As she was in the dark and the stage area was lit, Louise was reasonably certain that the new arrivals could not see her while she got an excellent view of them.**



**Two of the figures on the stage were rather unremarkable men dressed in suits, but she would only notice that later, for at the time she could not take her eyes off the third figure.**



**What she saw was a woman with the largest breasts she had ever seen, perched on a pair of impossibly high heels. At first Louise thought she was naked, but as the figure stood there, gazing at one of the men with a look of predatory lust in her eyes, she began to notice that she was wearing some kind of transparent suit with extended from her neck down to her feet.**



**As she continued to observe this remarkable woman, Louise realized, to her horror, that although she had obviously undergone extensive plastic surgery, she could just make out the features of one of the two missing women in her heavily made up face.**



**The two men on the stage began to talk. Louise pulled her attention away from the woman and began to listen carefully.**

**Anything serious?**

**Well, Mr. Thompson,  
here she is. I hope she lives  
up to all your expectations.  
We're sorry about the delay.  
We had some minor security  
problems and had to shut  
down for a while.**

**Oh, no.  
Everything was dealt with  
most satisfactorily.**





**The man Louise now knew was named Thompson, began to feel up the woman who seemed to be enjoying every second of it.**

**She currently responds to Rose 177, but you can change that to whatever you want.**


**Well, she certainly seems to be everything that I wanted. What is her name?**

**I want to name her Barbie.**

**A very popular choice, Sir. We can do that now. The final bonding is all that's required before you can take her home. You know what to do.**



**Thompson stepped away from the woman and then addressed her in a low but firm voice.**

A man with short blonde hair, wearing a dark blue pinstripe suit, a white shirt, and a colorful patterned tie, stands with a small white rose pin on his left lapel. He is looking towards a woman with long, flowing red hair, whose back is to the camera. The background consists of red curtains.

**Rose 177,  
it's time to look at  
the rose.**



**The woman began to stare intently at the lapel of Thompson's suit jacket where Louise noticed he had placed a small pin. After a few seconds, her eyes took on a far away expression as she continued to concentrate on the pin.**








**Very good.  
Now listen to me very carefully.  
You are Barbie. You are my slave.  
You desire nothing else. You have  
never been anything else. You  
shall never be anything  
else.**



**The woman, now named Barbie, looked up from the lapel pin and began to stare directly into Thompson's eyes, a smile now on her face. She began to repeat back what he had just told her. With each word she said the smile grew wider and wider.**

A man in a dark blue pinstripe suit, white shirt, and patterned tie stands on the left. He has a small lapel pin on his jacket. A woman with long, wavy brown hair and a white choker with a green gem stands in the center. She is looking towards the man with a wide smile. A third person's shoulder and arm are visible on the right.

**I am Barbie.  
I am your slave. I desire  
nothing else. I have never  
been anything else. I shall  
never be anything else.**

**Good girl.  
Now you may wake  
up.**



**Barbie blinked a couple of times, and for a brief moment she had a confused expression on her face, but then she caught sight of Thompson and her face lit up. She let out a squeal of happiness and ran into Thompson's arms.**



Oh, Master.




**The other man had been watching all this in silence, but with the bonding ceremony complete he again spoke up.**



**The small group left the stage, the unnamed man in the lead followed closely by Thompson, with a giggling Barbie hanging on to him like her survival depended on it.**



**Louise waited until she was sure that she was alone and then stood up.**



**This is monstrous.  
They've taken that woman and  
turned her into some kind of  
living, breathing blow up doll.  
They have to be stopped. I've  
got to tell someone.**





Exit  
To Main  
Room

**All thoughts of her story were forgotten. Louise knew only that she had to get out of there and quick. First, she attempted to leave the way she came in, but when she got to the Members Only door, she once again found it locked. As before, the only way to unlock it appeared to be by using a card reader. She thought about waiting like she had before, but there were no hiding places close enough to the door. She had to find another way out.**



**Even in her agitated state, Louise realized that going backstage would be too dangerous, so she went through the one other door leading off of the dance floor. This gave access to a brightly lit hallway with many doors. She worked her way down the hallway trying each door, but they all seemed to be locked.**



**Then, suddenly, she started to hear faint voices coming from behind the door leading back to the dance floor. They seemed to be getting closer.**



**In an increasing state of panic, Louise tested one door after another, until finally she found one that was unlocked. It gave access to a room that was small and dark and apparently unoccupied. She rushed into the room and closed the door behind her. Then, as the voices grew louder, she held her breath, and prayed that they would pass her by.**



**After what seemed like an eternity, the voices finally started to recede, and she could let out a huge sigh of relief**



**Louise waited a few seconds to make sure that the voices were really gone and then attempted to exit the room, but she found that the door was now locked. She had barely had time to realize that she was trapped when the lights in the room suddenly blinked on and a strangely familiar voice reverberated through the room.**



**A panel on the far wall had slid open to reveal a bank of windows. Standing on the other side of the windows was one of the men she had seen just a few minutes ago, the one whose name she did not know, but who now said his name was Cobalt. Cobalt's voice was coming to her through some kind of speaker system built into the room.**



**Despite her mounting fear, Louise summoned up what courage she had left and gave Cobalt her best expression of defiance.**



**I could care less what your name is. You had better let me out of here right now, or you'll be in even worse trouble than you already are. I'm a well known personality. Lot's of people must have seen me come into this club, and if I disappear or...turn up dead, and this is the last place I was seen, this is the first place they'll look. From what I've seen, I don't think you want the police looking too carefully at what goes on around here.**



**If Cobalt was in any way unnerved by Louise's threats, he didn't show it. He continued to talk to her in a cool, calm voice, a faint smile on his face.**

**You just let us worry about the police, and as for what you have seen, you saw only what we wanted you to see.**


**Huh?**

**Do you think that our security is so lax that a stupid reporter can just wander in to our most secure areas. We knew you were here from the moment you entered the club. We unlocked the security door for you, and staged that little demonstration in the main room just for your benefit.**





**Louise was completely flabbergasted by what she had just heard, but she tried not to let it show. She retained, she hoped, an outward demeanor of confidence.**




**Why?  
Why would you do  
that?**

**We wanted your curiosity to  
be fully satisfied. We felt we owed it to you  
because you are going to be solving two very  
big problems for us.**

**Problems?  
What Problems?**





**Well, first off,  
since you are the only one still  
investigating us, getting you off the  
case should allow us to operate  
freely again.**

**And the second problem?**

**Well, we are  
one girl short in our latest  
consignment.**



**Suddenly it all started to make sense to her.**



**The dead woman.**

**Yes...A dreadful breach in security.  
One of our lower ranking employees suddenly  
developed a conscience and tried to save the girl.  
We found them, of course and dealt with the  
problem, but the girl was found before we  
could recover her.**

**If you think it's going  
to be easy to turn me into one of  
those...things.**

**Oh, it's never easy,  
Ms. Lane, but it will happen. In fact, it's time to get  
started. I hope this initial stage doesn't cause you  
too much pain.**





**Almost as soon as Cobalt had finished speaking, a sound began to reverberate inside the room. It was unlike any other sound that Louise had ever heard. It seemed to get inside her head somehow. For a few seconds she felt more pain than she had ever felt in her life, then, thankfully, she lost consciousness...**



**Louise was having a terrible nightmare. In it, it seemed that strange people were poking and prodding her from all directions, causing pain to suddenly break out in various parts of her body, especially her breasts.**



**Eventually, the poking and prodding ceased, and the pain went away, but Louise still couldn't shake the feeling that something was wrong. Then, she suddenly remembered where she was and what was happening to her, and she awoke with a start.**



**She found herself in what was obviously a small detention cell. The room was empty except for the bed she had been sleeping on and what appeared to be a television screen mounted on a curious contraption near the head of the bed. The most striking feature of the room, however, was the far wall, which was completely covered in mirrored glass. The image she saw there was most remarkable.**



**She stood up and walked across the room to take a closer look. Her new body bore little resemblance to her original appearance. Her medium length brunet hair was now long and blond. Her B cup breasts were now the size of volleyballs. Her face had been surgically altered and covered with (she had to check to be sure) permanent makeup.**




**While Louise was preoccupied with her new body, the door to the cell opened and Cobalt and the bartender stepped into the room. The two men stood silently for a minute, waiting for Louise to notice them. When it was clear that she wouldn't, Cobalt finally spoke.**





**Louise turned to face the two men, making the best effort she could to cover her naked breasts and sex. She briefly toyed with the idea of attempting to escape but quickly dismissed the thought. Even if she could overpower the two men she saw, how many others might be out there waiting for her. No, she would have to think her way out of this one.**



**What have  
you done to  
me?**

**We've given you the  
perfect body. We have the best  
plastic surgeons in the world working  
for us, using technology far more  
advanced than anything available  
to the public.**

**Perfect body?  
Perfect for some adolescent's wet  
dream you mean.**



**In the midst of her outrage, Louise was struck by a sudden thought.**



**Hey, wait a minute.  
All this must have taken some time. They're  
probably looking for me by now. Have the police  
dropped in on you yet? If they haven't, they will  
pretty soon. Maybe if you let me go now  
they still might go easier on you.**



**Once again, if Cobalt was unnerved by her threats, he didn't show it. He simply replied to her in the same quiet genteel manner he always seemed to use.**



**They'll never go for it.**



**It has taken 3 weeks, and, yes the police are looking for you, but not anywhere near here. You see the day after you visited us, a woman looking very much like you checked into a hotel many miles away from here and then just...disappeared. That is where they are looking.**



**Why wouldn't they? As I said, she looked like you. She was driving your car. She had all the right documentation. When the police entered the hotel room, they found it full of your personal belongings and even some your fingerprints that we managed to place in specially chosen places. They have no reason to think it wasn't you.**



**Louise knew he was right. The police had all the evidence they needed to confirm that she was in that hotel room.**



**Louise looked down in despair. Her eyes fell on the rose symbol that was now emblazoned on her belly. She rubbed a hand across it to confirm that it had indeed been permanently tattooed on her body.**



**I see you have noticed the tattoo. Beautiful isn't it. It is the symbol of our organization, The Brotherhood of the Rose.**

**We are an ancient sect, and over the centuries only the best and brightest have been allowed membership. We have always provided many services for our members, but the service you stumbled upon is relatively new, the needed technology only becoming available recently. You will be only the 217th Rose we have created.**



**Reacting to Cobalt's last comment, Louise submerged her fear and despair and once again looked Cobalt straight in the eye, a look of defiance on her face.**

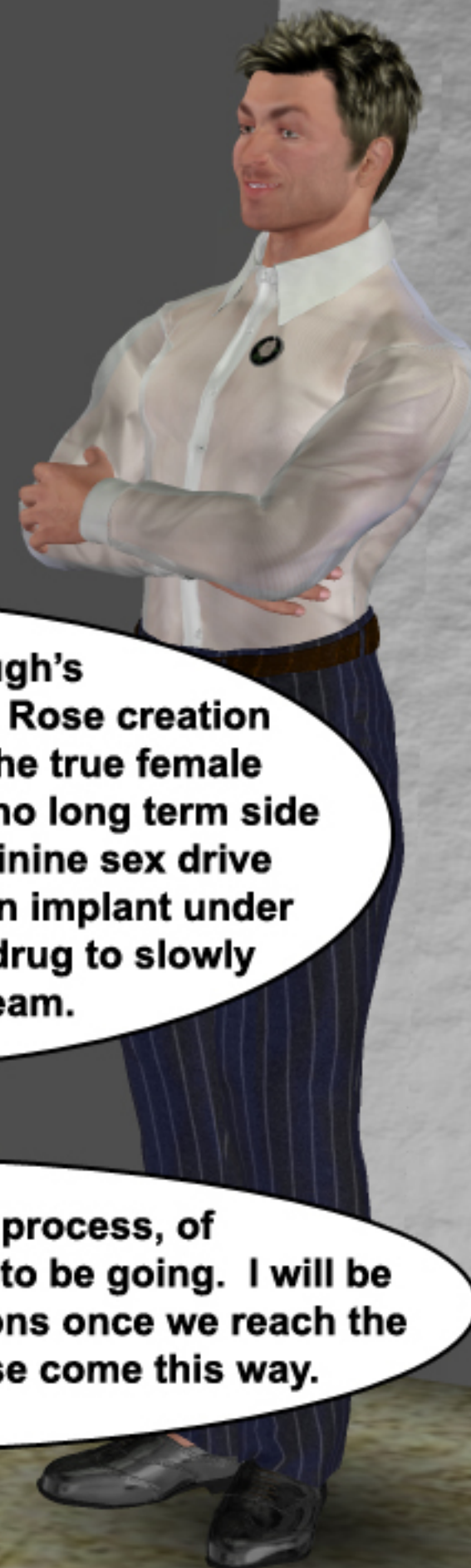


**Listen, Mac.  
You might be able to make me  
look like a blow up doll, but if  
you think you can make me act  
like one, you've got another thing  
coming.**

**I'm afraid we're going  
to do exactly that, Ms. Lane. In fact, the  
process has already started. Don't you  
notice how aroused you feel?**



**For the first time, Louise realized that she was incredibly aroused, more aroused than she ever had felt before in her life.**



**One of the breakthrough's that led to the perfection of the Rose creation process was the invention of the true female aphrodisiac. It is harmless, with no long term side effects, but it increases the feminine sex drive many times over. We inserted an implant under your skin that is allowing the drug to slowly enter your blood stream.**

**The drug is only part of the process, of course, which reminds me, we need to be going. I will be happy to answer more of your questions once we reach the training room. If you would please come this way.**

**Cobalt made a motion toward the door, and the two men parted to allow Louise to exit the cell.**



**Louise walked very slowly out the door, but then when she was clear, she suddenly made a break for it. She had decided that she needed to try and escape. She may not make it, but she still had to try. She was starting to realize that these men might be able to do what they claimed. She had to get out before they turned her into a brainless bimbo.**



**Strangely, neither of the two men tried to stop her. They just watched her run away with smiles on their faces.**



**Louise was not able to run very fast. The impossible heels that her feet had been locked into, forced her take tiny steps, and she was constantly distracted by the bouncing of her humongous breasts. She had barely gone 100 feet before a man caught her from behind and grabbed hold of her.**

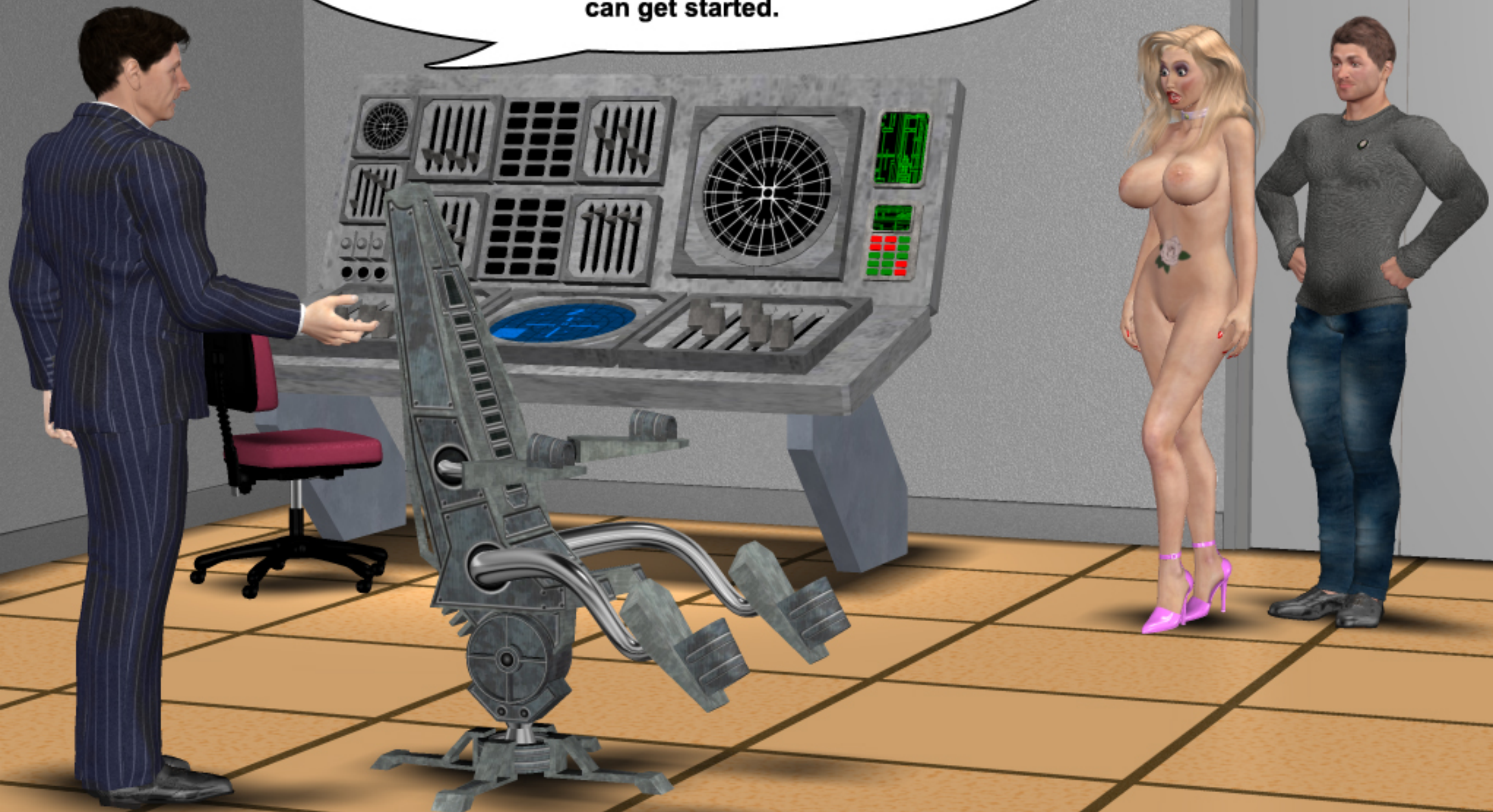


**She struggled as hard as she could, but try as she might she could not break the man's iron grip.**



**The man maintained his hold on Louise as he forcefully escorted her down the hallway, not releasing her until he had forced her into yet another small room. Cobalt was already there waiting for her.**

**Welcome back, Ms. Lane.  
Hopefully, you realize now that escape is impossible.  
Peters, if you would help Ms. Lane into the chair, we  
can get started.**



**Louise didn't hear a word that Cobalt said. Her attention was totally fixed on the sinister looking chair that dominated the room.**



Despite her best efforts at resistance, Louise was quickly and expertly fastened to the chair. Then, devices were attached to her nipples and a dildo was inserted into her sex (She wouldn't admit it to them, of course, but in her aroused state, the dildo in her vagina felt wonderful). Cobalt then walked around to the front of the chair and leaned down to talk to her.



Are you  
comfortable, Ms.  
Lane?

You  
must be joking.

Well, in any event, you  
won't be uncomfortable for long. We're about  
ready to get started, and I just wanted to give  
you some idea of what's going to be  
happening to you.



**This is our training chair.  
Actually, the scientists that invented it refer to it as a  
“conditioning based neural repatterning device”, but I  
think that’s a bit of a mouthful, don’t you?**

**I don’t claim to understand  
the details of how it works, but the concept is  
quite simple. We program the desired behavior  
patterns into the machine, and then when we turn it  
on it begins to feed these behavior patterns into your  
brain. Somehow, the machine is able to analyze your  
thoughts and detect whether you are accepting or  
resisting these ideas by scrutinizing chemical  
and electrical changes in your  
brain patterns.**

**If you accept the ideas we feed  
you, you will experience pleasure. If you resist,  
you will experience great pain, and the longer you resist,  
the greater the pain will become. Eventually, you will be  
forced to accept the programming, no matter how initially  
abhorrent it might be. Resist if you must, Ms. Lane, but I  
strongly advise you to go along with the programming.  
It is not our desire to cause you  
any unnecessary pain.**





**Cobalt gestured, and Louise's field of vision was strangely distorted as some kind of visor was placed over her eyes.**

**I think that's enough explanation for now. Any last words before we begin?**

**Possibly, but, hopefully, not for a while yet. Let's get started.**

**How about go to hell.**

**Cobalt then left the room. As the door closed behind him, the lights in the room dimmed and an ominous hum started to come from the chair Louise was sitting on.**





For a short time it seemed as if nothing was happening. Then the dildo in her vagina began to vibrate pleasantly, accompanied by a gentle sucking sensation on her nipples, courtesy of the devices attached to them. It was a wonderful sensation, helping to give her some relief from her near constant arousal, so for a few minutes she just let herself flow with it, but then she heard the strangest thing.

*I want to do as I'm told.*

*It feels so good to do as I'm told.*

It took her several seconds to realize that what she was hearing was the sound of her own voice coming out of speakers mounted in the chair. She noticed that each time the voice started speaking the devices attached to her would increase their efforts, and then they would drop back down to their normal level when the voice went silent.



Louise realized what was happening. If she accepted what the voice was saying, she would be rewarded with pleasure. Well, she certainly wasn't going to go along with that.

*I want to do as I'm told.*

*It feels good to do as I'm told.*

**NO, I DO NOT!**

**NO, IT  
DOESN'T!**





It wasn't long before the machine, just as Cobalt had said, detected her improper thoughts, and responded. The nipple clamps suddenly bit down so hard that she was certain that her nipples would be cut in two, and the dildo seemed to expand inside her sex to the point where she thought it would break her in two.

I am a BAD GIRL.

A very BAD GIRL.

The pain cycle lasted two minutes, but to Louise it seemed more like two hours. Finally, the dildo shrunk back to normal size and began its vibration again, the nipple clamps slacked off to the pleasant suction and the voice started up again.



After a brief respite, Louise tried to resist again. This time the pain cycle came quicker and lasted longer.



She realized that she couldn't take much more of this. She would need to try a different tack. Instead of actively resisting the machine, she would put up a mental block by thinking of other things: baseball, her family, anything but the voice and the persistent stimulations that were trying to bring her to an orgasm. This new tactic worked for a few minutes, but then once again the machine reacted, and she felt pain that made the previous episodes seem like bliss.



Over and over again, the pain cycles continued as Louise tried all manner of ways to resist the machine. Each time it took longer for her to recover. For longer and longer period, she found that her own thoughts mimicked the artificial voice being pumped incessantly into the room.

*I want to do as I'm told.*

I want to do as I'm told.

*It feels good to do as I'm told.*

It feels good  
to do as I'm told.

The device detected her acquiescence and increased the erotic stimulation on Louise's breasts and nipples. Simultaneously, unknown to Louise, the machine was stimulating the neurons that lit up when she thought the proper thoughts, insuring that the new ideas were burned into her brain.





I'm a very good Girl.

Good Girl...

Good Girl...

When the device determined that the new thoughts had been properly imprinted in Louise's brain, the stimulation was increased until she orgasmed.



After a brief respite to allow her to recover from her orgasm, the stimulation began again, accompanied by a new set of suggestions.

*I must obey.*

*I need to obey.*

*Obedience arouses me.*

The cycle continued for several hours. Every time Louise accepted a new set of beliefs, she was allowed to orgasm, and then a new cycle began. Sometimes she still tried to resist, but she was soon overcome by the excruciating pain.





**Some 12 hours after the conditioning session had begun, things were proceeding right on schedule. Louise was now quickly accepting each new suggestion. There hadn't been a punishment cycle in over two hours. The technician in charge of the session decided that Phase 2 could begin.**



Louise's field of vision was suddenly filled with an image of the now familiar rose symbol set in front of a rotating spiral. She tried to look away, but when she moved her head, the spiral moved with her. She realized that the image must be coming from the visor she was wearing. As time went by, the spiral seemed to draw Louise in as her synthesized voice started up again.

**The Rose is a symbol of my obedience.**



**Whenever I see the Rose I will obey.**





**For the next few hours, the Rose symbol implanted itself deeper and deeper in Louie's mind as her increasingly malleable mind absorbed its new lessons of obedience.**




**Louise awoke with a scream, but when she calmed down and took a look around, she found that she was back in the now familiar cell, and suddenly her experience in the training room began to seem like nothing but another terrible nightmare. Memories of the brainwashing machine began to fade away, except perhaps for the persistent image of a rose that she couldn't seem to get out of her mind.**



**But, then she suddenly realized something. She was still herself. She was still thinking. They hadn't turned her into a mindless fuckdoll. They had failed. After all their big talk, they had failed.**



**The cell door opened and the bartender entered.**



**Good morning, sweet cheeks.  
It's time for your next training session,  
but before that, there's something I  
want to show you.**

**The bartender proceeded to drop his pants to reveal his rather large penis, which was already starting to harden.**



**In her aroused state, due to the aphrodisiac, the sight of the bartender's growing penis was almost irresistible, but she wasn't going to let this bastard know it. She forced her gaze away from the cock and made herself look the bartender directly in the eyes.**



**Yes, actually.**

**Do you expect me to suck it?**

**Well, I'm afraid you're sadly mistaken.**

**We'll see, kitten.  
There's something else I want to show you. It's time to look at the rose.**





**While Louise was trying to make sense of what the bartender had just said, she suddenly noticed the rose on the lapel pin the bartender was wearing. It seemed to grow in her vision, and there was more. It was as if there was a spiral behind it, and it was spinning ... spinning ... spinning.**



**All thoughts seemed to leave Louise's mind except for the rose and the need to obey. Then, she suddenly felt a compulsion to say something.**



**I ... I see the rose.**

**Great. Now, suck my cock.**

**Yes, Master.**





**Louise proceeded to devour the bartender's cock like a hungry man who hadn't eaten in weeks. While she had never been an expert in fellatio, she found that she knew all the right techniques to use to give the bartender a first class blow job.**





**At the last minute, the bartender pulled out. Then, he came all over Louise's face. Louise eagerly drank up as much cum as she could catch, while simultaneously experiencing a tremendous orgasm.**



After allowing her a minute or two to clean herself up, the bartender led the still dazed Louise back to the training room for her next brainwashing session.

*I live to obey*

*I am only happy when I obey*

*I am good, obedient girl.*

Things went much easier this time. Louise hardly even tried to resist. She just let herself get swept up in the wonderful sensations that obedience brought.





**After the training session, Louise was fit into her transparent catsuit. It felt wonderful to her, as if she was being caressed softly along her entire body.**





**The rest of the day was spent alternately fucking and sucking the guards. By the end of the day, the rose lapel pin was no longer necessary to get her to participate.**





I am a Rose 217.

My Purpose is to Obey

I am always hot and horny and  
ready for sex.

That night, Louise lay on the cot in her cell staring intently at a monitor above her head as the lessons she had learned that day were reinforced. The training chair was no longer needed. The rose symbol was all that was necessary to open her mind so that she would accept anything she was told. When the programming cycle was finished, she was at last allowed to sleep.



**Rose 217 awoke from dreams of sucking and fucking to find the bartender already in her cell, his pants down as usual and his cock obscenely erect. She wanted that cock, but she knew she could only suck it with permission, so she got off the bed and went to her knees as she had been taught, and looked up at the bartender with lust in her eyes.**



**For the next few minutes, she was in heaven as she gave the bartender another expert blowjob.**



**Over the next few weeks, 217's life fell into a routine. Long training sessions ...**







**... followed by marathon fuck sessions with the guards.**





**As her training neared its completion, 217 started to be shown to potential buyers. She danced for them on the private dance floor ...**





... And posed seductively for them in the display room.



**Then, finally, the day came when she was to be handed over to her new master. Shortly beforehand, Cobalt made his customary final inspection of the newly finished fuckdoll. He walked slowly around her as she knelt before him, almost panting with desire, the usual expression of mindless lust on her face.**



**Thank you, Master. Can we fuck now?**

**Well, 217, you certainly seemed to have turned out well.**

**I'm afraid there's no time for that now. Your new master will be here soon. You do want to meet your new master, don't you?**

**Oh, yes, Master. I can't wait to suck his great big cock.**

**Cobalt smiled. 217 had never seen her new master's cock, but as far as she was concerned it would always be the biggest cock she had ever seen.**



**Cobalt and 217 made their way to a different room to wait for her new master. He arrived a few minutes later, and did a quick inspection of his new possession.**



**Yes. She looks great.**

**Well, Mr. Peterson, is everything in order?**

**Good. Then let's get the bonding ceremony out of the way and you can be on your way.**



**Peterson ordered 217 to rise and walk to the center of the room. He then moved so that he was standing directly in front of her. As he did so, 217 found eyes were drawn irresistibly to the rose lapel pin on Peterson's shirt.**





**When the trigger phrase was uttered, the spiral appeared behind the rose and began to spin. 217's mind emptied, and became open, ready for the bonding commands to enter it.**

A blonde woman with long, wavy hair and large breasts is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a purple choker with a small yellow and green gem. She is looking towards a man whose back and head are visible on the left side of the frame. The background is a dark, textured wall.

**I see the rose.**

**Very good. Now listen.  
You are Pretty. You are my slave. You  
desire nothing else. You have never  
been anything else. You shall never be  
anything else.**



**The newly named Pretty, lifted her gaze to meet her master's eyes, and repeated the mantra of bonding back to him. With each word she said, the man in front of her became more powerful and desirable.**



**I am Pretty.  
I am your slave. I desire nothing else.  
I have never been anything else. I shall  
never be anything else.**

**Wake up.**



**Pretty was disoriented for a moment. She looked around the room until her eyes fell on her master. He was the most desirable man she had ever seen, and an aura of power seemed to surround him. She ran into her Master's arms and began to bombard him with kisses.**



**Master. Master.  
Can I please suck your  
beautiful cock Master?  
I need it so bad.**

**Go  
right ahead if you  
like.**



**Why  
not. I've got some  
time.**



**Peterson had barely had a chance to remove his pants before Pretty pounced on his cock.**



**Sucking her master's cock was the most wonderful and fulfilling experience of Pretty's life. She worshipped her master's organ as if it was a holy object, for it had become the center of her universe.**





**When Peterson finally ejaculated all over Pretty's face, the orgasm was so intense that she almost lost consciousness.**





**A little while later, Peterson and Pretty, who wore only a skimpy bikini to cover her nakedness, made their way to the private entrance of the Rose Garden club where his limousine was waiting.**





**As the limousine drove off, Pretty's gaze was locked on her master, a look of total devotion in her eyes. In her mind there were no thoughts, no will. Only the symbol of the rose and obedience to her master**



# *The End*



**A Prime Mover  
Production**