

Normally you wouldn't be caught anywhere near the creepy old mansion on the hill outside of town. It's surrounded by dead and/or dying trees and seems to be under a perpetual thunder cloud. You aren't one for superstitions or the type to shy away from something because it's "too spooky" or the like, but it's just a largely unpleasant place to be.

That being said, the person who lives there is also offering a hundred dollars to anyone willing to participate in a clinical study this afternoon. For less than two hours of your time? That's a good enough deal to pull out an umbrella and make the hike up to the front gates.

So there you are, sitting in the parlor room, waiting for your hostess to finally arrive and explain what's going on. There'd been a maid at the front door to let you in and provide you with a few release forms to sign, but she was quick to assure you she wasn't the "mistress of the house." You keep trying to make conversation with her - she's just kind of standing in the corner of the room, waiting silently - but she's not having a word. Kind of a shame, given the hourglass figure she's got straining under her uniform.

Oh, well. At least you have tea to drink in the meantime. "Courtesy of the lady of the house," according to the maid. You've never really been a fan of tea, but this has a mellow sort of flavor that you can appreciate.

It's not long before the mistress of the house finally makes her appearance, and it's an explosive one. "Felicia!" A reedy voice rings out, cut off by a loud bang and the hiss of smoke following that. From the smoking doorway emerges a goblin, sputtering and coughing as she waves her hand in front of her face. "Felicia, damn you! Where were you?! I had to manage the-"

She stops dead in her tracks when she sees you, and as she takes you in, you have a chance to take her in, too. She's short, of course. You've known some goblins to be almost as tall as a shorter human woman, but she looks like she'd barely make it up to your bellybutton. Her height isn't the only typical "goblin" trait she has, though: she's absolutely *stacked*. Her outfit isn't the most sensuous one - a white labcoat with black rubber gloves nearly going up to her elbows, but her tits are all but *bursting* out, and her hips are similarly testing the fabric's strength. When you finally tear your eyes away from the pair of big, bouncy boobs she's got under her labcoat, you feel your cheeks go red at the sight of her cutely dimpled cheeks and button nose. Two glittering green eyes appraise you eagerly. You get the feeling that her wavy, black hair would be a bit unruly if it weren't for the pair of goggles on her head serving as a makeshift headband, but that's *far* from the center of your attention.

You shake your head and rise from your seat to introduce yourself. All of the sudden the tone in the room went from "job interview" to "first date," and her body language is suggestive of the same shift in priorities. She steps forward with a pronounced sway to her hips, giggling into her hand primly.

"Felicia, you didn't tell me that our *assistant* had arrived. Or that he was so deliciously *handsome*." She plants her hands on her hips as she cranes her neck to look you in the eyes. "I'm Doctor Von Gobbenstein. But *you* can call me *Veronica*." She takes one step too close, and it's with a shiver of delight that you realize she's mashed her tits up against your groin. "Believe me when I say." She winks up at you and purrs with delight. "The *pleasure* is all mine."

You're inclined to disagree, but you're also not about to argue with the shortstacked pin-up model all but titfucking you. For now, you compromise and let her know that you're more than happy to be here.

"Excellent!"

She leans back and turns on her heel, marching away from you to scramble into the seat opposite yours. Not the best course of action, but you can make do. Especially when part of the process is watching her wiggle her hips trying to hop up into the armchair she's chosen.

"So, you're here to assist me in my experiments, yes?" She smiles like a shark once she's finally gotten into her seat, and you nod in response. That's why you're here, right? Or at least it's why you came. You wonder aloud if you might *come* for a different reason, and Veronica giggles in response. "Ooh, a *healthy* libido. That's going to come in handy. Felicia!" She claps twice. "Our assistant looks *thirsty*. More tea!"

Felicia refills your cup not a moment later, and when Veronica bids you drink up, you can't very well refuse her hospitality. Hell, you'd drink the entire pot if she asked you to at this point. You almost want to suggest she put on another kettle, because you get the feeling the idea would earn you even more brownie points with Veronica.

For the moment, though, you're happy to lean back in your seat and let Doctor Von Gobbenstein explain what's going on. The experiment, she explains, is a simple one. Harmless, even. She uses a lot of big words in the process of explaining just how safe it is, but the only thing you take away from the explanation of the science behind it is that...something feels good. Apparently. You're pretty sure you heard the word "dopamine" in there a few times, and you can kind of remember that that's the thing that makes you...feel good. In your brain.

"...So that's where you come in, my dear." Veronica finally addresses you directly, and the sudden lilt to her voice sends your cock twitching in anticipatory delight. "You're here to make sure the formula I've concocted has the intended effect."

You blink at her, lowering your seemingly perpetually-refilled teacup to its saucer. Felicia is relentlessly attentive, and Veronica always seems to lick her lips whenever you take a sip of your tea, so. You keep doing it. Effect. Intended effect.

What's the intended effect again?

"Felicia, make a note of this." Veronica seems intrigued. Impressed, even, given the smile she has as she taps her fingertips together. "Subject is still capable of speech after ingesting over two dozen servings of zombonium. Anyway, to answer your question, my dear test subject..." She hops down from her seat, stepping up towards you and reaching one gloved hand up to pat your wrist reassuringly...and then squeeze your crotch greedily. "...it makes you feel *good!* Felicia!"

Veronica snaps her fingers, and it's with a heavy *ka-thunk!* that your seat leans back. You didn't realize that you were sitting in a recliner, but you're happy to deal with the sudden change. Laying back is comfortable, after all, and it makes it all the more easy to listen to Veronica as she speaks.

"Yes, for years they've *laughed* at Doctor Von Gobbenstein." Her silky-smooth voice carries an edge of hateful bitterness now, but her every emphatic word is punctuated by an equally intense pump of her hand around your cock. "Told me that my plans were *insane*. That I was a *madwoman* for following my aspirations!"

You murmur that *you* don't think she's insane, and for a moment, her hand's a bit more affectionate in its stimulation.

"Why, *thank* you, darling. But even I must admit that they were right, even if it's only in some small part." She sighs, pausing for a moment. "I suppose it *is* a bit silly to try and take over the world with a legion of zombies, even if the science behind their reanimation is sound."

...You feel like you should be a bit more worried than you currently are, but the sensation of her hand pumping your cock through your pants makes it *very* difficult to focus.

"So that's why I turned my efforts towards the living!" She exclaims, monologuing gleefully.

"The dead returning to life. That's far more work than it's worth, and they're not even obedient when you zap them alive, the ungrateful wretches! No, there's a far easier solution, my darling test subject, and *you're* going to be the first of many!"

"You see, I made the amateur's mistake of trying to reinvent the wheel," she giggles, pulling her hand away as Felicia moves in to strip you down. If her mistress is enthusiastic in her work, the maid is all business. "Why go through all the trouble of raising an army of zombies that have to then be rendered mindless when you can cut out the middle man and just turn someone *living* mindless instead? So brilliant in its simplicity that even I, Doctor Veronica Von Gobbenstein failed to realize the true way forward! *But no longer!*"

"A simple combination of chemicals, commonly available to even the laziest of laymen! And yet their effect is all the more potent for their commonality! It's likely you've felt their effect before, even! The artificial scent of flowers, spritzed daintily onto a woman's collarbone! The familiar haze of ethyl alcohol as it muddies the senses! And finally, the musky aroma of a woman's arousal! In sequence, they turn a man's mind to mush and send him staggering cock-first into whichever temptress sets her sights on him! All at once, they send his prick *swelling* and his brain all but *useless* in the face of his desire to *mindlessly obey* the first woman to claim him as her own!"

"And *you've* been guzzling the formula down by the cupful!" Veronica's giddy now, her voice wavering as she explains her sinister plan. "If my calculations are correct - and they very often are - one good cumshot is all it's going to take before you're a drooling boytoy, helpless to resist my commands!"

You've long since stopped watching her, content to lay back and shut your eyes instead. Still, when you hear the harsh *snap!* of rubber, you can only assume it's because she's pulled her goggles back down over her eyes from her forehead. "*Felicia!*" Veronica booms. "Apply *the device* to our test subject's groin while I try to think of something to shout!" Veronica cackles over the sound of whirring and sucking. "I'd shout 'It's alive,' but that would be *redundant!*"

For the most part, you've been getting jacked off for the past fifteen or so minutes, and the steady pleasure has been enough to keep you mostly satisfied. Sure, some of what Veronica's said is worrying, but...you're confident that you'll be able to sit up and make a break for it. Just as soon as no one's pumping your cock. Well, they've finally stopped! You realize that it's now or never, and with a grunt of exertion-

-you manage to sit up for all of five seconds before something latches onto your groin and starts slurping at your prick harder than anything you've ever felt or even *dreamed* of feeling. You slump back with a groan, jaw dropping as "the device" works your twitching, throbbing cock with mechanical precision. It's wet, tight, *just* the right temperature, and absolutely *relentless* in its suction.

And as it milks your cock, you feel something else begin to churn your balls. "Normally the effect would be temporary," Veronica explains, massaging some sort of cream into the sensitive - and now straining - skin of your ballsack. You can actually *feel* your nuts begin to plump up, and soon they feel so *deliciously* full that you start to drool. "But with a few adjustments - and some hands-on training - I'm certain that you'll end up *addicted* to being my personal fuck-slave! And from there?" She laughs louder than ever. "You'll be my eager assistant until the formula is *perfected!* I'll release it into the municipal water supply, begin mailing out the complimentary Von Gobbenstein male masturbatory aids, and simply wait for my soon-to-be-loyal minions to fuck themselves obedient for me!"

At this point, Veronica's just white noise. You're more focused on the merciless slurping and sucking and milking of this *incredible* machine latched onto your cock. Every second that passes is another moment of *exquisite* pleasure, the kind that makes your eyes cross, your back arch, and your balls *ache* to unload into this warm, wet hole. You feel the ecstasy creep higher and higher, all but irresistible, the best you've ever felt, and then-

You groan as you finally cum, the mechanical mouth wrapped around your bloated fuckpole slurping down every drop of cum you have to offer. You pump every drop of seed you have into its open maw, and even after your orgasm begins to fade, the device's sheer sucking power ensures that your balls are completely and absolutely *drained*. All you can do is lay back, slack-jawed and drowsy as you're wrung dry.

And after that.

...You blink. You feel good. Real good. Feeling good is good. You like feeling good. You smile dimly to yourself, because you feel good, and that's good.

Veronica presses her hands to your chest, propping herself up to get a better look at your face. She peers down into your eyes, lips pursed. "Hm. Subject is initially unresponsive following an emphatically successful evacuation of ejaculate. Test subject!" She hops down and snaps her fingers. "Stand up!"

For a second, you're too comfortable to bother. Then you feel yourself realize something. Wait, hold on. You're on the verge of something big here.

...Veronica is a girl. A really *sexy* girl.

Maybe if you do what she tells you to do...she'll touch your cock!

You stumble to your feet, grunting stupidly and gawking down at her fat, wobbly tits. You're so utterly spellbound by her rack that you don't see the widening smile on her face. When she thrusts her hands into the air and shouts, you're more interested in the bounce of her chest than what she's saying.

*"It's allied!"*