

In Aww

I watched the girls – my girls – make their way through the throngs of shrieking adoring fans. In fact they'd been here at the concert hall preparing most of the day, but as far as the crowd was concerned they'd just been dropped off in their signature pink-leopard-print limousine. It got the crowd amped up just seeing them come in, each dressed according to their particular persona. Personae I'd created for them myself years ago.

There had been four of them when I'd picked them out; my intention had been to create a nicely rounded circle, each with a niche but none of them the alpha. Then not long after their first major venue Nae had taken seriously ill – genetic condition, nothing to be done for it – and so I was left with three, a triangle that couldn't be balanced without setting two for the foundation and one for the apex. Disappointing, but I'd made it work. I'd been little more than a boy myself at the time, but even then I'd understood the need to be practical in laying my plans.

Now here my plans were. The girls of Aww.

As I quietly made my way backstage towards their dressing room, I laughed again to myself at the consternation I'd caused a generation of grammar fiends for feeding the ignorance of young people who were, thanks to my girls, clueless about the distinction between “awe” and “aww”. When I'd named them, I'd thought it would be a cute little double entendre, but now going on seven years later, I'd realized that I'd just redefined the spelling.

My gift was better-suited to deep reconditioning, but still, I was competent enough to at least convince their bodyguards that I could be trusted to go through security and be left alone. My girls were so trusting of these men that they didn't even bother closing the dressing room door all the way, so I let myself stand in the doorway and take them in, blocking my presence from their senses so I wouldn't be interrupted.

Closest to me was Ru, already at work in front of the mirror to remove the makeup she'd worn for her brief appearance for her fans and apply the touches for tonight's performance. She was the princess of the group – almost literally, called Lady Ru by her fans – forever dressed in ostentatious attire and conducting herself with the poise and grace of royalty. She was the shortest and thinnest of the group, and never quite filled in as I'd expected. (At one point I'd nearly sent her to get implants, but I decided I had enough other girls out there in the world with braggable chests that allowing one so petite would add variety. I was glad I'd held back.) Her hair was in its usual elaborate array of braids, her finger and toenails painted with what I knew was at least partially real gold.

Next to her, already peeling off a blue spandex jumpsuit, was June. Born Joon, I'd decided to Americanize the spelling and pass her off as the group's Korean American member, and boy howdy had she grown into it perfectly. The full bust, dyed blonde hair and sparkling blue eyes of an American starlet, with the grace, voice and dynamite caboose of the best of her Eastern ancestry. As I watched that blue spandex become a pool on the floor, I let out a low whistle at the sight of her nakedness. The last time I'd seen her like this was when I was putting

the band together. We'd both been teenagers at the time, and while she'd certainly been attractive (that was the point, after all), she'd still been a girl. Now, she was all grown up.

Hard as it was to pry my eyes off of her, my ears insisted all their own at the sound of the apex herself. Born Mangjol Ye-Jin, one of my first tasks reprogramming the girls' families was to give her a more marketable name, something that rolled off the tongue and lended itself to her character.

Sin.

There was no use wondering what might have become of her had I not intervened in her life; now she was Sin, in name and in word. The group's Bad Girl, she was renowned for her long legs and short temper as much as for her love of excess and ease of access. That last was mostly mythos; while they didn't know it and in fact often advertised to the contrary, my girls were saving themselves.

For me.

"Which one of you brainless bitches threw away my hat?" There's my Sin, same old salty demeanor I'd hard-wired into her all those years back.

June giggled even as she cupped her breasts, as if trying to prod them into a still-perkier position. "Sin, you know we didn't throw it away. You probably just lost it – again."

Sin sneered. "Oh yeah? Well tell that to my makeup case Ru left behind in L.A. last month."

Ru didn't even bother glancing at Aww's leading lady as she pursed her lips, checking to see the glittery purple lipstick she'd applied was to her liking. "You left your things in my bathroom. I'm not responsible for packing for you."

Sin unzipped her garment bag, seeming not to even hear the reply. "Hang on – the whole damn wardrobe is changed? Who had the big brass balls to authorize this without asking me! I'm the lead singer – nobody changes wardrobe without first informing me!"

Ru shrugged. "You'd think you'd be used to people picking out your outfits for you by now. What difference does it make?"

June just giggled again, preening at herself in the mirror as she did her hair.

They bickered back and forth as I watched them do their makeup and set out all their accessories. They got ready in the nude – I'd made them comfortable being naked around one another long ago – and unfathomably, I almost couldn't wait to see them dressed. But damn, they were beauties. I'd kept track of my investment from afar, but up close, they were more than just the air-brushed pictures and carefully-maintained physiques they sold to the world as Aww. They were my girls.

"Good evening," I said after releasing the sensory block. I was unaccountably nervous, not at worrying my programming would hold (which it obviously had, just from the way the girls conducted themselves publicly). No, my apprehension was at whether or not my meager skills I'd possessed at a sixteen-year-old when I'd programmed them would keep them up to my more evolved twenty-three-year-old standards.

The girls froze for a moment in shock at the sound of a man in their dressing room; Ru even threw an arm over her chest, while Sin and June both just put their hands on their hips feistily.

Then they recognized me, and all hands went down casually to their sides. Ru lowered her eyes in cordial deference; June smiled brightly like I was an old friend; Sin eyed me like I was her prey for the night. “Good evening,” the three said in unison.

I stepped into the spacious dressing room, closing the door behind me. “You really are so lovely,” I said, admiring them. Ru folded her arms behind her back to thrust out what she had to offer as June bounced giddily on her heels at my praise.

“Thanks, handsome,” purred Sin, stepping forward to interpose herself between me and the other girls. Her grin only grew more mischievous as I took one of her teardrop breasts in each hand and gave her a good feel. How it took me back.

But re-living my youth wasn’t why I was here.

“Tell me, do you girls remember me?” If my programming had held, they shouldn’t.

Sure enough, one by one they shook their heads. “No sir, I’m afraid we don’t,” Ru said softly, the princess deferring to a stranger.

“I made you,” I said, pulling her against me by her tight rear end. Without my saying a word, she closed her eyes and puckered her purple-painted lips. I kissed her, remembering the first time I’d tasted these lips, then hesitantly released her.

“Made us? Like, what do you mean you made us?” June asked.

“I made you,” I repeated, turning to face her. I took a seat on the counter and patted my lap; June was perched there in an instant, wriggling her broad bottom against me enticingly. “I remember when I first saw you, you were barely old enough to fuck. You were in the process of applying to schools in the states for pre-med, but... that wasn’t your look.”

She giggled, putting a hand to her chest. “Who, me? I hate sitting around reading and being lame! I just want to see the world and have one endless party! How could I go to college?”

I took a little suck at her nipple. “Sure, now. This is a better fit for you. Sometimes I wondered if there’s a you underneath all this that knows it’s an act, or if it really does go all the way down. I guess it doesn’t really matter though, does it? You’ve done very well for yourself, much better than you would have in medicine.”

“If you say so!” She pulled my face back down to her breast as Ru came and straddled both of our legs, nestling in alongside her bandmate.

“What about me, sir? If you please, tell me how I was made to be as I am.” Her soft voice was music even when she wasn’t singing, and entirely unconcerned about the nature of the question she was asking. Thanks to my programming they trusted me completely, and were incapable of resenting my manipulations.

“Ru, dear, you were the easiest by far. A simple thing to take a starry-eyed teenage girl doodling anime-inspired princesses on every page of her notebook and give her the chance to become her own obsession.”

She smiled thinly. “That sounds very gracious of you, sir. You are kind to have given me this new life as my fantasy.”

I pinched her butt, enjoyed the satisfyingly undignified squeak of surprise. “Not just your fantasy, sweetie.”

“Yeah, and I suppose I was on my way to becoming an astronaut when you changed my life,” Sin cut in snidely. “Make space, sluts.”

Accustomed to cooperating with the pushiness of their leader, Ru and June hopped off of my lap and made space for her. Sin stood in front of me, looming large and looking down at me. It was an act, I knew, just her carrying out her programming, yet still I wasn’t a man who enjoyed having a woman try to intimidate him. A little mental pressure in her pleasure center, combined with a little physical pressure in the form of my index finger gently tapping her clit, and I was treated to the sight of this leggy 5’10” goddess sinking to her knees, gasping at the sudden and inexplicable orgasm.

As it subsided – slowly, I made sure – she looked up at me with those smoldering eyes, almost an accusation. Still my little bitch queen. “You, Sin... you’re bad, and I don’t explain myself to bad little girls.” Ru and June both tittered at seeing their leader jibed so casually.

“So what, you want me to suck your dick while I’m down here?” she asked. Her tone said she’d die first, but her programming said that if I even started a nod she’d have it in her mouth in a heartbeat.

“Yeah, ya gonna fuck us?” June asked, just as Ru was asking, “would you like us to pleasure you, sir?”

“Not just yet,” I said as they slipped in under each arm. “You see, I didn’t come to bang a few hot Asian sluts.”

“What’d you call us? We’re not just some fetish bimbos – we’re fucking Aww, asshole,” Sin said at my feet.

I smiled at her, stroking her cheek. “Right you are. And I believe that means you have a show to do soon, doesn’t it?”

“Only if you don’t need us here, sir,” said Ru. June just started kissing my neck.

“I need you to be you.” I patted Ru and June’s bottoms to prod them into moving, which they did reluctantly; Sin, I helped to her feet by grabbing a nipple in each hand and tugging upwards. Another small orgasm, just to keep her ego in check – hard to be bitchy to someone who’s made you come twice from touching you with his fingertips for a couple seconds. “So c’mon, let’s get you dressed for your big show.”

The girls understood my meaning. Getting dressed meant waiting to be dressed – and undressed, if I so chose. The women I programmed these days usually had more complex layers of behavior imprinted on them, but a job this old reflected the limited skill set I’d possessed as a young man.

Aww was here to obey. With personality, but obey regardless.

“They don’t have the right outfits for us,” Sin complained as I had them each lay out the attire in their garment bags. “I had this bad-ass blood red dress, but now... what the hell even is this thing? And since when do we wear matching outfits? I don’t dress like these nobody’s for a good reason.”

“Yeah, we haven’t worn matching outfits since, like, 2010!” exclaimed June.

I waved away their concerns. “Well let’s try them on, see what we’re working with, eh? C’mere, sweetie, let’s get you ready.”

I suppose I should clarify that like most men, it was usually more my preference to be taking clothes off of beautiful women rather than putting clothes on them. This was an exception, however. Like I said, I wasn’t here to screw hot Asian chicks. Today was special, and like most special occasions, it required special attire.

I started with June. Her uniform for the day was all spandex. The leggings were in black all the way up until the butt, which was neon pink. Her ass was bigger than I’d anticipated – a genuine Asian booty – and it took us some doing to tug the stretchy fabric into place. The bright color only made it stand out all the more.

Her midriff was exposed, calling all the more attention to her chest – which was pretty much custom-made to call attention to itself. I’d been nervous that my tailor would disappoint me, but it fit just like I’d specified. The oval cut out of the center was just right – it exposed as much of her tits as was humanly possible without being technically pornographic. I suppose a fraction of an inch of her dark brown areolas were visible next to the pink spandex, enough that no doubt when her fans zoomed in on the pictures of today’s concerts, they’d just be able to discern them and imagine more.

“Oh gosh, do you think I’m over-doing? I love showing off my boobs, but... is it too much?” she said, squashing her breasts together in the mirror. From her tone, the idea of it being too much was tremendously exciting.

I had to tug it back into place to get her nipples back out of sight. She was supposed to be sexy, not whorish. “Just right, Junebug. Just right.”

As she admired her reflection, I moved on to Ru. While the outfits looked the same superficially, there were significant differences. For starters, instead of spandex leggings, she had a pair of knee-high black leather boots. Lacking the bust to pull off a top like June’s, I’d instead picked out a tight-fitted pink blouse. The fabric was sheer enough that up close, I could just make out the dark buds of her nipples. From any distance, however, the fabric was too shimmery to do more than merely tease at their existence; the eyes would never be sure if they saw them or just thought they saw them.

Finally, it came with a pair of pink vinyl booty shorts that highlighted her other asset, leaving her pert ass cheeks peeking out the bottom and just barely concealing the top of her crack. A zipper ran all the way from front to back between her legs.

“Thank you for these very fine garments, sir. I am pleased to be dressed as you wish me to be.”

“Don’t slather it on too thick there, princess. Now let’s take a look at our fearless leader.”

Sin scowled back and forth between me and her outfit. By now she’d had plenty of time to see how it differed from her bandmates’ while still being on theme. Like Ru she had tall black boots, though hers were glossy and ended in four-inch stiletto heels. A mouth-watering length of perfectly toned thigh separated them from a brief skirt that would flare out with every spin and twirl. It could have been briefer without being too scandalous, but going down to mid-thigh as it did, it was still enough to show off a bit of pale thigh between hem and boot.

The underwear was crotchless; she’d have to be careful not to get too close to the edge of the stage.

Her top was a pink vinyl corset so tight it took both of her bandmates and I working together to lace it properly. Sin didn’t have the breasts of June, but she was no Ru either. They heaved with every breath she took, bulging out the top of the garment almost obscenely, if obscenity was possible from someone so beautiful.

“I look so…” She searched for the word, turning to see herself from one angle after another in the mirror.

“Skanky?” suggested June.

“Much like a prostitute?” suggested Ru.

“Both of you go fuck yourselves,” Sin shot back. “I think I look… fucking hot as hell. And you two look like you’re trying to be me. It’s perfect.”

“Perfect,” agreed June as she smiled at the reflection of her cleavage.

“Perfect, sir,” echoed Ru after a little pinch at her nipples to get them fully hard.

The door to the dressing room opened, and the sound of the audience in the sold-out venue went from remote to very present. “Twenty minutes to show-time,” said the stage hand who’d opened it. Professional though he was, his eyes couldn’t help but stray between my girls for a moment. I know how he felt – I couldn’t decide where to look myself, they were all so gorgeous. He excused himself only after sparing me an envious glare.

I couldn’t hold that against him either.

“So here you are,” I said to them. “The girls of Aww.”

“I can’t believe you didn’t wanna do us before the show,” June said, sounding disappointed. “We looked really good tonight.”

“You look better like this,” I reassured her. “You see, before, you were just three young, beautiful women. Mouths and cunts and tits and asses, just like any of a million girls out there, any one of whom I could have my way with whenever I felt like it.”

“So then why don’t you, if you’re such hot shit?” asked Sin. The other girls gave her reproachful glances, but she just pressed her attack. “What, if Mr. I-Can-Bang-Anyone-I-Want can bang anyone he wants, why come sniffing around our dressing room? Especially if he’s not going to bang us?”

“Oh I am, Sin. I am. In fact, come with me. Let’s get to it.” Without more than a questioning glance to one another, the girls of Aww fell in line behind me as I left the dressing room and started down the hall. I wasn’t interested in dealing with any lookie loos, so I made sure to block the sight of me from the people we passed in the corridors on our way to the stage. The girls strutted like the starlets they knew they were, effortlessly arrogant. The concert staff scurried out of their way as if they were royalty.

We proceeded right up to side-stage; I kept the girls back so the crowd didn’t catch a glimpse and get impatient. I could see all their back-up dancers and miscellaneous concert crew out across from us on the far side of the empty stage, and blanketed us from their sight as well.

There they were, tens of thousands of fans. Young women who idolized my girls, who’d sell their right arms to possess a fraction of their talent, their celebrity, their sensuality. Young men who’d sell both arms and maybe a leg or two for a glimpse of their bared beauty, much less a taste of it firsthand. No, for those men, that was only a fantasy, not something that could ever actually happen. More than one tabloid had run some variation of “Aww Shucks” headline as yet another rich beau was shot down by one of this selective trio.

This was why I was here. This was why I’d planted this seed all those years ago as a horny teenaged kid with a dream of taking a world-famous k-pop group and making them his own. Sure, I could’ve gone and had my fun with any old group – plenty of options that were famous enough and sexy enough to satisfy any man. This wasn’t just about banging celebrities, either. That had its charm, and I’d no doubt do so again (and again) in the future.

Everything these girls had was because of me. Their money, their fame, their fandom, even to a degree their beauty. (Let’s face it, a group of young celebrities surrounded by personal trainers, nutritionists and handlers fared better than any normal girl could.) These girls were the living breathing incarnations of my gift.

With a mental command to the stage manager, the show started. The opening beats of one of their biggest hits, “Belong To Us,” started playing. It wasn’t the usual version, but one I’d had specially edited for just this moment – plenty more pauses for dancing and playing to the crowd. As the sound of Aww filled the venue, their fans went wild.

The girls, having been programmed, went nowhere.

“You first, princess,” I said, turning to Ru.

Beyond us, the lights and smoke of the show started, and the backup dancers began to perform as I lowered the zipper on her vinyl shorts. I got it down about halfway, pink zipper dangling between her legs, and even Ru’s tight little butt was enough to part the form-fitting shorts. I snapped my fingers and gestured; June and Sin didn’t seem sure who I was commanding, so they collaborated in dropping my pants and licking up and down my cock so I was wet enough for the task at hand.

Dubbed singing – not even lyrics, just a rhythmic sort of doo doo doo – started playing in the girls’ voices as I took my k-pop-star slicked cock and shoved it into my k-pop-star’s ass. Ru gasped at the sudden fullness, relaxing herself as best she could as I started fucking her ass.

Her bandmates each took one of her hands to give her something to lean against as she struggled to keep her petite body upright.

The crowd was roaring, many of them chanting for Lady Ru by name as I flooded her insides with my cum. “Make me proud,” I said softly into her ear as I bucked her forward onto stage. She transitioned impressively into a little strut. Almost as an afterthought, she improvised a move that allowed her to zip up the shorts behind her, which should be adequate to stop any of our leakage from dribbling down her thighs.

As Ru began to sing, I mentally commanded myself back to hardness. (Why more men with my gift don’t spend more time conditioning themselves and less reducing women’s brains to oatmeal, I don’t know.)

Next up was darling June, who had been squatting in front of me in anticipation – and waiting patiently for what she’d been programmed to know was her turn. I let her start with her mouth (the dear girl caring not at all for where it had just been) but soon, as Ru’s voice hit the deepest note she could reach in her solo, it was time for the tits that had been calling to me in magazines and youtube videos for years. I groaned as she wrapped them around me, engulfing me completely. When we’d first met, she’d been unable to do that. She was more than ready now.

Next to us, without stepping on stage, Sin performed her carefully choreographed portions of the dance routine just for me, her body moving with perfect accuracy and impossible feminine fluidity, waves of dark hair rippling around her shoulders.

When I came, I was barely able to keep it from spurting out onto stage.

June gave a triumphant giggle at her success, and I didn’t detract from her buzz by giving any credit to the assist. I had to give her a mental nudge to get rid of the mess as she flounced out onto stage with Ru as her big verse started. What to the crowd would look like she was patting her heart, then her lips to blow kisses was in fact her surreptitious way of scooping the cum off her chest and slurping it into her mouth before each kiss.

She began to sing, merry and melodious as ever.

Sin never stopped her dancing. I had to come up behind her and place a firm hand on her back as she was coming up from a bend and snap to keep her where I wanted her. I was hard again in seconds. I might’ve been even without my gift.

“If you’re gonna fuck me, you should know I’m not on the pill,” she called back to me over the roar of music. Somewhere, a sound tech was diving for the button to mute her microphone as some in the crowd puzzled over whether they’d heard what they thought they’d heard. Most were too deafened by the shrieks of fans around them to even guess at it. Most.

I knew my girl Sin wouldn’t even care. Where most girls had shame, I’d given Sin an extra layer of bitch for anyone stupid enough to get in her business.

I slid into her in one slow, smooth thrust. She was plenty ready for me, just as she had been all those years ago when she’d demanded I take her virginity, after a little help from my

programming. The same programming which ensured that I was the last guy to be in here, no matter what the paparazzi had been lead to believe was true.

“So what?” I yelled back over June’s bubbly voice blasting on the speakers.

“I just thought you should know you could knock me up. Wouldn’t be much good to you then, would I?”

I almost came right then. Damn, I’d put this off just the right amount. “Make quite a story though, wouldn’t it? ‘Bad bitch boasts baby bump, braves bearing brat’?” I squeezed my hands against her hips to hold her up as her knees weakened and her pussy clenched around me, as if trying to produce that exact headline right that second.

I fucked her to the rhythm of her own song as her bandmates and their backup dancers worked the crowd into a frenzy for their leader. I caught both June and Ru glancing at us backstage, smiling at the sight of their bossy number one bent over and fucked by their biggest fan.

It was through force of will that I kept going as long as I did. They flipped her microphone back on to begin her solo verse, the top notch sound equipment editing out her heavy breathing as it had been designed to do (intended for dancing more so than its current source, but it still worked). I swear, when she opened up and started to sing, she was a hundred percent spot on. No one would think she was arched her cunt at a veritable stranger, getting fucked double-time to her own words.

“Oh baby baby, I got you now...” began the verse. That’s what pushed me over the edge. I held her just long enough to give her exactly what she’d asked for and released her hips. She stumbled forward onto the stage at the unexpected lack of support, but righted herself as she cleared the speakers. I beamed at her as she forewent the usual dance steps that accompanied the verse, her thighs clenched together to hold in as much of my present as she could beneath that skirt.

I tucked my cock away and watched the rest of the show from side stage, transfixed by their musical and technical perfection as much as by their beauty. As they began their final song (an upbeat song June had written called “We Do Like We Do”), I made my exit, wiping the encounter from their minds as I set out to beat the traffic.

As I started up my car, the speakers were still playing the track I’d been listening to when I’d come in. Their first chart-topper – “In Aww.”

I had been then, and I still was.