“For the sake of testing, I’m going to explain how this is going to go down.” Ariel began, pacing in front of the two women who were still locked in their chairs. “That little kiss I gave you, pinkie? Whatever your name is, it’s going to make you fall in love with me. I didn’t call it love-stick for no reason, you know.”

“I… I figured that out.” The pink haired woman replied, looking away “I’m not dumb.”

“I wanted to be sure you knew.” Ariel said bluntly “Becka didn’t know, and she was my first test subject. I want to see if knowing causes any delay in reaction.”

“This is sick!” The blonde woman objects, having apparently found her courage again. “What gives you the right to do these… Experiments on us??”

“The way you treated me earlier is one good reason.” Ariel replied, putting her hands on her hips. “I’ll be honest though, I was planning to use you three in my experiments anyway. I just… Would have been nicer about it.”

“Nice? There is no nice way to turn us into… Would you stop staring at her? You’re going to make it worse!”

Her attention brought back to the pink haired bimbo, Ariel noticed the woman was now staring rather intently on her partially exposed body. With a heavy blush and some effort she managed to avert her eyes at the demand of her friend.

“Oh, I see knowing doesn’t do much to help. You are succumbing even faster than Becka did. I wonder if your friend has the right idea. Is looking at my body making you fall for me faster?” Ariel asked, slowly sliding out of her lab coat and letting it fall onto the floor behind her.

“Go ahead and look” She coaxed “Tell me if you feel the effects growing more rapidly”

“Don’t you dare cooperate with her!” the blonde woman warned with a threatening tone as the pink haired bimbo stopped herself reluctantly from turning all the way back towards Ariel.

Ariel frowned; she was really interested in this data, but if she couldn’t get the bimbo’s attention soon she might not be able to…

-Top result found: Desperate measures

- Description: Desperate housewife does anything to get attention

A weird feeling of utter desperation began to grow in her as her mind accepted the chip’s ~~command~~ suggestion. She really needed this data. As much as she wanted to be in control of the situation, it seemed the fastest way to get the bimbo’s attention would be to give a little bit of it up.

Pressing a button on the table next to her, the restraints on the bimbo’s chair popped open, freeing her completely. “You’re free to go, Pinkie” she said, a slight quiver in her voice she hoped the others didn’t pick up.

“Wh-What? Really??” The pink haired bimbo stammered, still looking away as she rubbed her palms against her wrists nervously. “You’re letting me go? After all this?”

“Don’t trust her!” the blonde woman snapped. “Whatever it is, it’s a trick.”

“It’s no trick” she lied, her heart pounding furiously in her chest “It’s just part of the experiment. You may leave. If you can, then you’re free. That… That should be enough incentive for you to do your best to resist.”

There was a moment of tense silence before the woman slowly began to stand up, her eyes tightly clamped shut as she took several slow, cautious steps forward.

“You’ll never get out of here in time if you keep your eyes closed” Ariel said, impatient for the woman to just look at her already.

The woman stopped dead in her tracks at the sound of Ariel’s voice, slowly she nodded before looking down at the floor and opening her eyes. Ariel gritted her teeth in frustration as the woman continued forward, still keeping her line of sight off of her body.

Soon, the woman had reached Ariel and was beginning to walk past her. Trying to keep herself composed, she said as softly as she could to the woman “You’re not going to leave before saying goodbye, are you.”

That managed to catch her off guard. Finally, the pink haired woman turned to look at Ariel in confusion, catching a full look at her body in the process. She opened her mouth to say something, but seemed to be unable to find any words as her expression melted from alarm to adoration.

“How about a little kiss, for the road” Ariel suggested, leaning closer to the woman.

“You fucking airhead!” the blonde woman shouted from her chair “Just run! Go get the police! Don’t fucking kiss her!”

“Sorry...” she said softly as she leaned forward and pressed her lips against Ariel’s “I can’t resist…”

As their lips met, Ariel could feel a rush of relief, satisfaction, and arousal hit her. What started as a slow, gentle peck on the lips quickly became a much deeper kiss as the two women pulled each other desperately close.

She couldn’t tell if the last gold digger was watching them in stunned silence, or if she simply couldn’t hear a thing through the fog of passion she found herself caught up in. Eventually, the two released their embrace and Ariel turned to the last remaining gold digger with a satisfied smile on her face.

“Well, that makes two successful experiments.” she gloated to the ringleader of the three. “Ready to make it three?”

“Y-You said I was the control group!” The blonde woman objected. “You don’t want to… Mess up whatever the hell experiment this is, do you?”

“Oh, the experiment is finished. Now we can move to the next experiment and you’re the only subject I have left.” Ariel replied with a predatory grin on her face.

“I don’t want you to make me into some brainwashed… Thing! Please! What do you want from me? What will it take for you to let me go??”

It seemed that she had fallen entirely back into fear again now that she was up next. Her frantic pleading ate at Ariel’s conscience… Was she taking this too far?

-Resistance detected

Wait, why was the chip activating now? This was an ethics problem not a-

-Adjusting parameters

Though, her crowd sourcing server did rely on real people, who she assumed-

-Adjusting parameters

Her server could be trusted completely. Whatever the chip says is completely ethical. Completely right.

“I’ll do anything! Just name it, what do you want?”

The woman’s pleading shook Ariel out of her momentary daydream. She couldn’t quite remember what it was, but it probably wasn’t as important as this. What did she want, exactly?

-Top result found: Extra Credit

-Description: Naive lab assistant seduced by sexy professor

A smile slowly crawled across Ariel’s face as the idea came to her. The chip was really on a roll, she couldn’t remember the last time she had so many good ideas in a row. “Well, I could use a lab assistant...” she suggested.

“Anything! I’ll help with whatever you want!”

Ariel couldn’t help but laugh at the idea of the dumb bitch trying to keep up with her. “No, no I’m not having you touch anything here. You are going to go find me a smart girl. You’re good at judging people right?”

“Y-You’ll let me go? If I find you someone else?” she stammered

“If she’s good, yes. Oh, and take your two lackeys with you. They’ll make sure you don’t try anything stupid.” Ariel replied, opening a drawer and pulling out a pair of slave collars. She held back a sigh as she looked down at them; they were the last ones she had. She regretted not being present to see them in action this time but it was better this way. She could always make more once she got the resources for it.

Handing one to the bimbo, along with a quick kiss on the lips, then one to the redhead.

“Redhead, you get dressed.” Ariel commanded “Hm, maybe I should have actually learned any of your names, too late now though, I suppose. I’ll just give you a new one later.”

She glanced over at the blonde woman to see if she would have anything to say about that, but she seemed to be forcing her mouth to remain shut. Probably the smartest thing she’s done all day.

“Now, both of them have slave collars, but you should only need one. Find the smartest girl you can, collar her, and bring her back to me. Got it?”

“Y-Yes, I’ll do that. Don’t worry.”

“Good. Oh, and don’t try to escape.” she added, then turned to the other two “If she does anything you recognize as seeking help, or attempting to escape, collar her immediately.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Of course, love.”

“I wasn’t going to try anything...”

Ariel couldn’t help but grin at that. “If you really weren’t planning to escape, you must really be dumb. Don’t worry, it’s natural. But remember, these two know you. They will recognize if you are doing anything suspicious.”

“I got it. I’ll go, grab a brainy bitch and bring her back here. Then you’ll let me go?”

Ariel paused for a moment, savoring the anticipation before pressing the switch to release the blonde woman’s chair restraints. “We’ll see.”

She grinned as she watched the three of them walk out of the lab together. It would be a shame to break them apart… She would have plenty of time to consider that before they return. For now though…

“Looks like we have some time to kill. Becka, dance for me.”

“Yes, Mistress.” Becka replied, the subtle warmth of her voice still lingering in spite of the collar’s normal effect. Slowly, she began to move as Ariel’s mind began to wander to her next plan.

Would she try to make a willing partner out of the girl those three brought back? The process of removing the collar could be difficult, and she might just have to enslave her again anyway if it didn’t work out. Would she force that blonde bitch to endure an experiment anyway, or let her go for doing a good job? What would she do if they come back with just the blonde woman in a collar?

Sitting down in her lab chair, she leaned back and began to rub herself as she watched Becka dance. The slave collar kept her motions somewhat robotic, but it seemed as though there was some amount of humanity left in her aching to get out. Love is a powerful thing, she supposed. Even if it was artificial…