Not wanting to contradict her previous orders too quickly, Ariel gave Becka some time to finish the dishes as she considered what to do next. She had several experiments worth repeating, or testing for the first time. The question was, who to get for test subjects.

She had been bending her morals a lot today. Still, she wasn't quite ready to just go and abduct any random stranger off the streets for her experiments. For these kinds of experiments she would feel more comfortable doing them on someone who deserved it. Perhaps she could…

- Top result found: Gold Diggers

- Description: Hot Gold Diggers found out and fucked…

A grin slowly spread across her face as she considered it. The chip was right, of course. It was always right. The perfect subjects for her experiments would be other gold diggers doing just what Becka used to do.

“Oh, Becka…” she called out to her new slave and original test subject. “Why don't you come over here and take a seat for me.”

The moment she called out, she heard the sounds of dishes being moved about stop. A moment later, Becka walked out from the kitchen, sitting at the table across form Ariel.

“Yes, Mistress.” She responded once she had taken her seat, her face still showing a level of adoration that she figured must be a lingering effect of the lipstick she had used at first. Theoretically, the collar should have stripped Becka of her free will entirely, but she supposed the chemically induced love could not be overwritten mechanically.

“I think it's no secret that you are a gold digger at this point.” Ariel began bluntly, pausing to see Becka nod in agreement before continuing. “That means that you deserve what I've done to you. Doesn't it.”

There was another nod. She didn't really have to go through this. It was clear that Becka would agree with her, and would obey her even without the need for an explanation of her reasoning. She couldn't help herself though. Maybe she was still justifying it to herself in some way, but that was unlikely. The chip gave her this idea. The chip was never wrong.

She blinked a few times to clear the fog from her mind. What was she doing again? Right, giving her slave instructions. “Do you have any friends, or family who are also gold diggers?” she asked her eager slave after a short pause.

“Yes, Mistress. Three. They are-” her voice cut out as Ariel raised a hand to signal for her to stop. She didn't need to hear the life stories of these women. The less she knew about them beyond the reason they deserved what was coming to them, the easier it would be on her conscience to experiment on them.

“Call them. One at a time, and tell them to come here.” She instructed. “Promise them money, or whatever else will motivate them to show up”

Becka nodded obediently, and smiled slightly. “Of course, Mistress.” she replied, getting up and walking out of the room. Ariel had no idea where exactly Becka had left her purse, but she imagined her phone must have been in it and that was where she was going.

Walking back downstairs into her lab, Ariel went on a hunt for something she could use to subdue the women who would soon be paying her a visit. After all, she doubted they would just agree to come down into her lab to be experimented on. Eventually, she settled on a silver lipstick with a knockout agent in it. No lasting effects, unexpected delivery method. Perfect.

It wasn't too long before the first guest arrived. Upon hearing the bell, she took the lipstick and applied it to her lips. Similar to the first lipstick it adapted to her own genetic code and became dormant for her, and would now give the full knockout treatment to the next person it came in contact with.

She opened the door with a smile, ready to welcome her first guest. She didn't actually know what story Becka had told any of them. She wanted to know as little as possible. Why though, she wasn't entirely sure why it mattered to her consceince. She wasn't doing anything wrong. She was doing what the chip told her to. The chip was always right. She must obe-

“So, you're the charity case then?” The tall, platinum blonde woman with clearly artificial tits, plump lips and designer sunglasses, looked down at her with an expression that could only be read as contempt. “Don't know why she thinks I can help you find a rich man. Unless that trashy nerd getup is hiding the best fucking body, you wouldn't even make it in a strip club. Not without some serious surgery.”

The original plan had been to surprise her with a kiss and drag her back down into the lab right away, but Ariel found herself paralyzed by incredulity. The woman shoved her way through the entrance, leaving Ariel to close the door and follow behind her. If she had to, between herself a Becka she could physically restrain the woman long enough to knock her out. The evidence a struggle would leave, however, might cause her next guests to become suspicious.

“Strip.” The woman said in the infuriating tone of a command. “I need to see just what kind of canvas I'm working with here.”

As much as she just wanted to punch the smug bitch in her almost certainly surgically enhanced face, she had the experiment to keep in mind. She could handle a little ridicule for science. She shrugged off her lab coat, then pulled off her shirt. She wasn't going to take her bra off, though. She didn't have any real reason for modesty; the bitch would see her goods soon enough, but she wanted it to be on her own terms.

She was only halfway through removing her jeans before an annoyingly sharp and musical series of knocks pounded on her door. “Don't worry about that now, doll.” the woman said as she walked towards the front door “That's just the help. Somehow they had the wrong times but I set them straight. You really can't trust Becka for anything.”

She felt her heart drop as the door opened. She turned around and saw a short redhead with a curvy body and seemingly exaggerated tits… that actually looked like they might be natural, and a pink haired bimbo; there was no other good way to describe her, walking into the room lead by the blonde bitch.

For the first time today, Ariel felt powerless. She couldn't give Becka any instructions without also being heard by the women surrounding her, and even if she managed to sneak a kiss on one of them, the other two would easily overpower her together right after.

“Just look at this bitch” the blonde woman berated. “Who would want to fuck something like this?”

“I don't know” the bimbo replied, giving her a look over. “Some guys will pay for surgery to get a girl to look exactly how he wants her. Might have potential there.”

The blonde bitch responded by grabbing a fistful of Ariel's hair, tugging her sharply as she spoke “Not if this how he she fucking takes care of herself!” she scolded again. Ariel could tell by the way they were talking they were speaking to her, through each-other. As though they were trying to show her that she didn't matter enough to be spoken to directly. “If her trashy ass can't even use a comb, she's completely hopeless.”

The redhead interjected at that point, “Maybe she could find someone with low standards.”

The blonde scoffed at the suggestion.. “You mean a serious freak. That what you want, freak?” she said to her, forcing her by her hair to look directly at the blonde's face. “Do you want a rich lifestyle bad enough to do some freaky shit?”

She opened her mouth to respond, but felt her hair being yanked again, forcing her to nod involuntarily.

“First thing you're going to learn, bitch, is to always say yes.” the woman said harshly before kissing her roughly on the lips. “I don't care what your orientation is. I don't care what your turn ons, or turn offs are. You are willing to… Whew… Willing to do whatever your future husband wants, or he'll dump you for a prettier, more open minded girl.”

She paused for a moment, seeming to be losing her harsh edge as she began to take more deliberate breaths. “You two give her a hazing. Let's see where her… Huh… Limits are. I'm going to take a seat.”

Ariel felt herself being rotated around sharply towards the bimbo. She had one of them down. Two to go. The bimbo grabbed the front of her bra, intending to tear it off, and mostly succeeding after the second tug. Almost out of instinct, she raised her hands to cover her breasts as she felt the fabric give out.

“Oh, don't be like that.” the bimbo said, in a harsh, teasing tone while grabbing Ariel's wrists and pulling them back down to her sides. “You don't get to have modesty in this lifestyle.”

What kind of lifestyle was this? If this is how these women acted, why was Becka so disgusted by just a simple kiss earlier today? Whatever she did though, was nothing compared to what these women were putting her through now.

As she felt the bimbo begin suckling on her breast, the Redhead filled her vision. “Let's see if you can french.” she said before mashing her face into Ariel's, and forcing her tongue into her mouth. Well, if she wanted to make it easy… that's two out of three.

After a few moments of their tongues intertwining, the Redhead finally pulled away, already looking dizzy before sliding down to her knees. Looking down at her last hapless assailant, she slipped her hands under the woman's arms, making a thumbs up gesture with her hands so that as she raised them, the discomfort of having thumbnails being stabbed into her armpits would force her to stand.

The bimbo seemed rather shocked at that. Her objections fell on deaf ears, however, as both of her friends were now completely sedated. “Sorry, change of plans.” Ariel said with a wicked grin before planting her lips squarely on those of the last dumb bitch.

She helped Becka drag the three down into the lab, where she had three chairs with appropriate restraints set up and waiting for them. She would have let Becka handle it all, but the knockout lipstick didn't last for very long and she had to ensure they were all properly restrained.

Once the three were secure, she quickly headed back up to the living room, throwing her lab coat back on, and grabbing her goggles. She could have spent more time getting dressed now. The three weren't going anywhere, but her pounding heart and thirst for ~~revenge~~ science pushed her to waste no time.

She strode into the lab, her open labcoat flowing behind her like a cape while she crossed the distance between herself and her new test subjects, showing almost her entire body to them save for what her underwear still kept private.

“What are you doing??” The blonde woman cried out in alarm as Ariel got closer to them. “W-We were just helping you, I swear!”

Ariel ignored her. Wiping her lipstick off with a napkin before applying the green lipstick from before, and grabbing a collar from the table. She stopped directly in front of the bimbo first before finally speaking. “Oh, you three will help me. You are going to help me test my love-stick.” she said before giving the bimbo a firm kiss on the lips for exactly three seconds before pulling away and walking confidently towards the redhead.

“You are going to help me test my slave collar.” she said as she put the collar around the woman's neck. As soon as it activated her eyes seemed to lose focus while her body stiffened automatically. “Strip.” she commanded, as she pressed the release button on the chair.

“Yes, Mistress.” The Redhead said flatly before standing. The two women stared at their friend in horror as she began to mechanically remove her clothes without the slightest sign of resistance. It would be a little while before the bimbo succumbed to the love chemicals, if Becka was any indication at all.

“W-What are you planning to do with me?” the blonde woman asked fearfully as Ariel's attention turned back to her.

With a wicked grin, she walked up to the blonde woman, swaying her hips and reveling in her moment of ~~vengeance~~ scientific achievement. “You? You're the control group. You get to watch.”