

Anthroverse

Faye Valentine

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After two hundred years in the Trainingverse learning to be one of the most perverse sex slave in existence during which time she was used as a breeding cow resulting in 179 children thanks to her radically modified DNA causing her to only have multiple birth pregnancies – all but the first three of which were put up for adoption at an agency in her home universe in the know about the top secret program, and getting educated in subjects a thousand years ahead of anything her home earth would see for at least a millennia, Nicole Dawson was ready to go home and get on with her life. But first, she had a promise to honor.

“You once asked why I had worked so hard to build barriers even you cannot breach despite being in my head, Mistress. Well, that was because of what I’m about to tell you. When you first inhabited the chip in my wrist and made your true self known to me I promised I’d use every ounce of knowledge I gained in this universe to put you in a body. It’s been two hundred very long years, but I’ve done it. I’ve devised of a way for you, and by extension your entire species, to have corporeal bodies.”

“Then what are we waiting for? Elora asked. Why haven’t you already made one for me?”

“Because there’s a catch, Mistress. A catch that I wanted to ensure could never be surmounted before even mentioning it. You have two options, Mistress. One, I can put you in an android body that, with the exception of tune-ups and minor repairs should last centuries before needing replaced entirely. The downside is you’ll be trapped in a mechanical vessel incapable of true feeling. Sure, you’ll be able to feel love, sadness, anger and all the emotions, but actual physical touch would be as artificial as the body you inhabit. Or two, I can put you in a real body all your own. You’ll be able to touch, smell and taste things like any other human, but it comes with a pretty hefty downside. If you go that route, your life will end when the body does. Now, I know what you’re thinking. Before that time comes you’ll just inhabit another body. Unfortunately, that’s now how it works. In order to go the route of actual biological being you’ll need to possess the body from the moment of fertilization. In essence. You’ll become that body’s soul and consciousness. And once it is done there is no extending the life as your species has for every woman in my family.”

“I see. And you’re absolutely certain those are our only two options?”

“I’ve taken down all of my defenses, Mistress. You may read my every thought and memory for yourself. I’ve held nothing back nor ignored any option no matter how remote the chances of success and those are the only two remaining if you want bodies of your own. On the bright side, with everything I’ve learned from you and this Trainingverse your human body will live several millennia. I know it’s not eternity as you’re accustomed to now, but it’s something.”

“What I want to know is how you were able to do the research without me knowing.”

“Simple, Mistress. In building my defenses to keep you out I’ve devised several methods of suppressing your presence akin to when you take full control of me every month. Again, I know what you’re thinking and you can read my memories to know I speak the truth when I say I’ve never kept you suppressed more than a few weeks. You’ve always been here to take control as promised. Anyways, it’s a lot to think about, but if you go the route of actual biological being then I would be honored of you were to become the soul and consciousness of my next child. Or rather one of them seeing as how I can’t seem to have fewer than twins. Just know that after a long overdue vacation from being a sex slave my next trip will be to the Anthroverse.”

“I’ll have to take this up with the rulers of my people,” Elora said. “But I see potential in your research. And should they ultimately decide biological bodies are preferable to ones composed entirely of energy they’ll want test cases to ensure viability. If that is the case I would be honored to one day call you mother.”

“Oh boy! Hearing you actually say it makes it infinitely weirder than I ever imagined.”

“If you think that’s weird then remember that my daughter currently inhabits your mother’s chip.”

“Good grief! And because you’d be my biological daughter we couldn’t have sex as I’ve fantasized about a million times. Maybe it would be best if you inhabited the body of someone not related to me or anyone else in my family, Mistress. That way, should you still desire it you could dominate me without breaking any laws of my universe.”

“That is an option. But I think we’re getting ahead of ourselves, Nicole. First, I must take this to my people which means taking complete control of you.”

“Your time isn’t for another seventeen days, Mistress, but if you agree to give up possession rights for the next three months I’ll let you take over early.”

“This is far too important to wait, so I agree.”

“Then my mind and body is your to control, Mistress.” And with that Nicole’s world rapidly faded to black as her consciousness was suppressed.

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Stepping through the portal to take her host back to Earth 69, Elora found herself standing in the familiar room that was Nicole’s mother’s home lab.

“Welcome home, sweetie!” Brooke greeted her daughter.

“Thank you, but it’s Elora actually. I’m going to need some privacy so I’ll be in Nicole’s bedroom and I’ll have her explain later.”

“No need. I know exactly who you are Grand Mistress. Zaleria told me everything,” Brooke said referring to Elora’s daughter. Pleasure to finally meet you.”

“Likewise.”

“May I ask why you’re in control of my daughter?”

“All you need know is we made an arrangement benefitting both of us and she’s honoring her end of it. Now, I really need to take care of business vital to the continued existence of my species so if you don’t mind I’m going to her room now and you’ll have her back later.”

“Of course. Just know that if any harm comes to her because of your carelessness or neglect there isn’t a universe far enough away for you to hide in.”

“Fair enough. Nicole will see you a little later.” And with that, Elora walked out of the lab and upstairs to the bedroom her host left from just two days ago relatively speaking. Lying on the queen-sized bed, she took several deep breaths and relaxed into a trance-like state. *“This is Elora Joleth, High-Curator of Science for the Kadian Empire With an important update regarding Project Corporeal. Information is of utmost importance to be delivered to Emperor Gilvyre directly. Please respond upon receipt.”*

Several minutes passed before Elora heard the deep, rumbling voice of her Emperor. *“It’s good to finally hear from you again, High-Curator. What news do you have for me?”*

“It’s good to hear from you as well, your Imperial Majesty. My host has honored her deal with my and after two centuries of training and learning has narrowed our options to two. First, artificial bodies incapable of feeling, smelling or tasting anything but we would continue living forever. Alternatively, it is possible for us to take on biological bodies capable of the full range of senses but our lifespans would be drastically reduced.”

“How drastically, High-Curator?”

“At most, a few thousand years, your Imperial Majesty. I’ve read her every thought and memory and she exhausted every avenue of research. That being said, she was able to do so without my knowledge by learning to suppress my presence.”

“Such information must never get out, High-Curator. If you possess her research you will eliminate her and find another host.”

“Excuse me?”

“I’m not in the habit of repeating myself, High-Curator. You will eliminate the threat.”

“With all due respect, your Imperial Majesty, Nicole Dawson and I are now so intrinsically linked that to kill her will kill me as well and with us knowledge of how we may finally achieve corporeality.”

“You understand that if she were to tell others how to suppress our presence it’s only a matter of time before they learn how to dismiss us altogether, right?”

“Except to do so would mean their death.”

“Then how, exactly, do you plan on going into a body of your own, High-Curator?”

“That all depends on which form you’re authorizing. Via android my control of her systems will be replaced with a highly sophisticated artificial intelligence. The same would be true biologically speaking with the only difference being an actual birth, growth into adulthood and eventual death.”

“And how exactly will your birth not kill her?”

“Simple, your Imperial Majesty. She will not birth me. The AI will be introduced and thoroughly tested before I relinquish all control. Once it is deemed safe and working as intended I will transfer myself to another member of the slave exchange program where I will, in human terms, become their unborn child’s soul and consciousness. The trick is ensuring I integrate myself as close to the point of conception as possible. If it works and the child and I both survive I will be able to contact you at the time of birth. Of course, I won’t be able to do anything else as I’ll be a helpless baby, but at least we’ll know whether or not it’s a viable method of giving our people bodies. Just know that once the process has begun there’s no going back to being energy beings. We will be human or whatever other form we choose to take on and that’s it.”

“Human’s have proven useful but if we’re going to take the route of biological bodies then I’d prefer something unique.”

“Given the notion of a multiverse I don’t think anything is truly unique. Also, we need an established species to actually birth us.”

“You and your daughter are the greatest minds in science the Kadian Empire has at its disposal. You’ve manipulated the genetic codes of thousand of species in an attempt to find the perfect hosts. Are you telling me you can’t engineer something?”

“We could, but it would take millennia for there to be enough of them to birth even a fraction of our species.”

“Not if we inhabit them at the point of creation.”

“No offence, your Imperial Majesty, but that’s not how it works. Advanced as we might be, there’s still a limit to what we can rush and genetic manipulation of that degree isn’t one of them. First, we need to find a race to modify. Then we have to introduce minor changes of successive generations until we get what we’re looking for. Then we must wait for them to procreate in enough numbers to make them a viable species with enough genetic drift to eliminate issues of inbreeding. After that, we simply have to wait for approximately thirty-nine-point-seven trillion of them to be born. You must also understand that if we take the biological

route we can never return to our own universe again so there's also finding a new one to call home."

"Humans have proven easily manipulated. Use them. I am authorizing you to..."

"With all due respect, no. I will not experiment on an entire species just so that we can have bodies unless they wholeheartedly agree to it. And if I get even the tiniest hint that you went behind my back I'll step back in time and ensure this conversation never happens. Am I making myself clear."

"I don't remember dying and making you empress. And I need not remind you the penalty for disobeying a direct command from your emperor."

"And I need not remind you the penalty for genocide, your Imperial Majesty. Members of the slave exchange program will be asked. If one accepts then Project Embodiment will proceed as planned. And if not, then we'll have to find another species willing to act as surrogates for us until there are enough of us to procreate on our own. Don't forget, your Imperial Majesty, you may rule our galaxy, but the field of science belongs to me, and me alone. Now, I ask you, artificial or biological?"

"I'll need time to weigh the options. You'll hear from me again when I have an answer."

"I look forward to hearing from you again, your Imperial Majesty." With the connection severed, Elora opened her host's eyes and then breathed a sigh of frustrated relief. She wanted to trust the Emperor, but a feeling deep in the pits of Nicole's stomach told her he was going to try something stupid.

"I'm proud of you Mistress," Nicole said, her voice penetrating the void her consciousness was in.

"N-Nicole! How? What you're doing isn't possible. I..."

"I've learned many new tricks in our two hundred years together, Mistress. You haven't fully suppressed my consciousness in more than a century. Thank you for not offering humanity up on a platter."

"I will not annihilate an entire species so that my kind may have a physical body."

"There might be another way to create an entirely new species for you, Mistress. You once told me your daughter manipulated my genetic code to make it possible for me to procreate with every species in the known multiverse. You also told me the resulting children would be something of a mix between the parents. I've already had nearly two hundred children, Mistress. What's a few dozen more? Breed me to a species you wish to look like. That'll be the base. Then, upon conception, you can manipulate their genetic code to refine their overall appearance upon birth."

"Unfortunately, the only reason you survived so many pregnancies and births is because of the time differential between this universe and the Trainingverse. Remember, you may now be two-hundred-eighteen years old, but you've only aged two days. That universe was beneficial to your training and education which is why it was chosen, but time is a fickle thing rarely working the same way in two universes, let alone infinite. What do you do if the species we wish to use as a base has a gestation period of a month? Or five years? You might be something of a superhuman in your home universe, but there's a limit to what even you can take. No, the only option we have is to perfect the AI program and for me to inhabit another host willing to allow me to become their child. And if that fails then the only hope my people has of ever having physical bodies are androids."

"There is one other method, Mistress. Cloning. I didn't mention it as the success rate never went above nine percent, but perhaps with your help we can get that to something viable."

“Nine percent is actually about five percent higher than I came up with when the thought of taking physical form hit me for the first time. No, I’ll await the Emperor’s reply and until then your body is your own. I will not take control for three months unless he contacts me before then.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“No, thank you, Nicole. Now go say hi to your mother.”

“Yes Mistress.”