I hear beeping, voices, in the distance, jubilant and celebratory as I slowly come too. I cannot feel my arms and legs, I can't move, I can't remember what's happening...

Looking around, I see a giant body hooked up to life support. I search my memories for what is going on. Try and move but nothing. Hmm, interesting.

Other giants roaming around the room, which looks like a lab, looking at screens, talking. It makes my head spin a little.

Someone suddenly looms over me. I roll to the back of the tub as he picks it up, looking down; his whole face fills my vision. I can see every tiny detail of his face.

"Harold? Can you hear me?" I hear a crackle and someone shout that they've plugged in the speakers. I'm suddenly flooded with memories. I'm Doctor Harold Wilkes, a scientist trying to crack quantum consciousness. That's my body hooked up to those machines!

"Ned, yes, it's me." I hear my voice booming through the speakers and breathe a sigh of relief.. It actually worked! I whooped with delight and Ned smiled.

"We're all extremely pleased Harold. Someone from the MoD is down to approve our funding. Whenever you're ready, we'll transfer you back in." I nod before realising that I'm a metal ball and he won't be able to see. This could take some getting used to.

"Thanks Ned, transfer me back."

The system hums and I feel the ball bearing I'm trapped as begin to thrum and vibrate before the world goes blank.

When I come too I'm still a ball bearing in a Tupperware container. Ned crosses the room quickly. It must be quite odd to talk to a metal ball bearing but he's taking it well.

"Harold, sorry, for some reason that didn't work. We're just getting some data analysis. It shouldn't be too much longer. Then we can transfer you..."

"How's my body holding up?" I notice that the beeps are regular, and I can see my chest rise and fall.

"All good, heart rate is fine, all vitals are ok, and we've put in an IV for fluids and nutrients as we've been here a few hours and we don't want any dehydration."

"Great, thanks Ned. Right, let's go again."

Ned presses the button and I feel the same as before, the vibrations running through me, my body jerking. The world goes white and quicker than before, I realise it didn't work.

"Harold. We can't do it again, not yet anyway. The guy from the MoD is here and the machines need to recharge. Your body is holding up just fine."

"Thanks Ned." I nervously wait as Ned disappears out of view. No-one else comes near me.

I hear a door open and my secretary, Sam, shows Todd Archer into the room.. My heart sinks a little. We don't get on and actually have had some rather heated arguments about my research. I know full well that we're not getting the funding if he's the one who has to sign it off.

Sam's wearing an extremely short skirt and low-cut blouse. I can see my vitals go up slightly as she flirts with Todd, and he smiles broadly as he stares at her chest.

"Mr Archer, thank you for coming down to our lab today." My voice booms out over the speakers and Todd looks around, trying to find me.

"Down here," I chuckle, and Ned peers into my container. I cannot help but shrink back. He is much larger now that I'm so small.

"Dr Wilkes, I'm sure you're meant to be in your body by now. Your lovely secretary has told me you're having some…technical difficulties," he leans back, and I sigh in relief. His breath smells of coffee and cigarettes. I am surprised to realise that I can still smell.

"Yes, that's right, but we're working hard to get everything back up and running. Iit shouldn't be too much longer. Then we can discuss funding and getting this properly dealt with."

Todd wanders off to look at the machines and Sam smirks at me before following. I confer with Ned about how my body is doing and what steps to take next.

Another scientist wanders over, her lab coat straining over her huge tits and I suddenly wonder what it would be like to get lost in them. I clear my throat as she looks at my stats, my blood pressure rises slightly as I think about her and I quell any more dirty thoughts.

"Ned, Dr Wilkes, there's definitely a problem. We need to find out what's stopping your brain allowing your consciousness back in. It could be as simple as needing a small electric shock to re-start some of the neurons in your brain. However, without you here to help, we're struggling."

Ned shrugs and winks at me, encased in this small metal ball.

"We'll sort it Harold. I'll have to turn the computer off whilst we speak to Todd. We can't afford to keep it on all the time."

"Ok, Ned. Just do what you can. Please, I can't stay like this," I hear the desperation in my voice and inwardly wince..

He nods and turns away, unplugging various machines including the speakers. I feel suddenly isolated, even though the lab is busy.

Sam eventually wanders back over, her eyes glinting mischievously. She picks me up, rolling me between thumb and forefinger.

"Interesting," she mutters before dropping me back in the box, bending down so I can see her cleavage.

Two more days pass, my body is refusing to let me back in. I'm getting increasingly frustrated, each time they turn the speakers on, I demand to get another opinion. Ned knows there is no one else who knows anything we don't.

"Don't lose hope."

Easy for him to say, he can walk and talk. I'm stuck like this. Sam comes over every day with her delicious, large lips pouting at me. She's never really liked me, maybe she realised how much I fancied her, but she always picks me up, rolling me around her palm with a smirk. My only human interaction... except when they put me in different machines to run tests.

Each day, I lose more hope. We've moved labs as they needed mine for more important work, Ned told me. The computer is rarely turned on so I can't communicate. To expensive…

The weeks pass, in the new lab, I'm ignored more and more as Ned is taken off my project, slowly followed by the rest. Eventually, there's three grad students and Sam left. I'm put on a shelf in my Tupperware box until one day, not even Sam bothers checking on me.

After weeks, I feel movement, and I see Sam's larger-than-life face peer at me through the plastic.

"Looks like everyone has forgotten about you. Dr Wilkes. Time for some fun."

She grins down at me. Her smile shows her megawatt teeth, I am even smaller than those beautifully pearly whites.

"You're not in charge now. I am"

She tips me out onto her hand, and I feel myself getting warmer, her hand engulfs me, I cannot believe how tiny I am in her normally delicate hands. It is always a shock that I can still feel things like heat but as I'm metal, it's bound to happen. She takes off her necklace and attaches me with a sort of holder. I bump against her collar bone as she puts the necklace back on.

I spend the day dangling between her cleavage. I feel battered and bruised as I bump along next to the mountains that are her breasts, they are huge to me, and it is quite terrifying to see them so large. They are not small anyway, but now I compare them to Mount Everest. Her strides long and assured in her high-heeled shoes. Occasionally, she'll talk to me, knowing full well that I can't reply.

"Hmmm," she says just after she eats lunch, "I like how you feel between my tits. Funny, the last thing I'd have wanted when you were human is you anywhere near my breasts but now you're just a tiny little ball, I could get used to this..."

She constantly messes with the chain, causing me to swing about until the evening. I assume she'll return me to my Tupperware box but no, she calmly walks out of reception and to her car,

Getting home, she drops her bag and walks to her bedroom. Her chest feels like it's on fire. She yanks me out of the dark between her breasts, hanging me on top of her blouse.

"I know you've always wanted me, Harold, well now you get to see exactly what you've been missing." She says seductively. I felt slightly ashamed that I'd been so obvious but thrilled too.

I see myself in the mirror, a tiny ball that wouldn't cover a nipple, which are perfectly formed when you're adult sized but to me look like large hills. She takes off her blouse and I see her black bra, pushing her tits up so I fit in the space almost perfectly, I am completely lost in the landscape of them. Sam slowly unzips her skirt; I see a glimpse of her panties. I wonder what secret depths are hidden underneath the fabric.

"Are you enjoying the view? I bet you wish you could touch me, kiss me, do what you want. I've seen how you look at me. It's so obvious, the old perv ogling his hot, redheaded secretary."

A quick manoeuvre and her bra is off, I'm dwarfed by the humongous mounds of her tits. Sam slowly drags me out of the darkness, and I watch as she unclips her stockings.

I stay on the chain, unable to move, I am excited about what I'm seeing as she sits down in front of the mirror. She slides her panties down so I can see her pussy below, it looks like a tremendous cave that needs exploring.

"I wonder if you can smell or taste anything. A shame if you couldn't."

Sam unclips me from the necklace and slowly rolls me down her body, the undulations of the rolls of her flesh and the speed bump style humps of her ribs make me feel slightly sick. Suddenly it's dark again, hot, and wet.

The thick pubic hairs scratch me as she drags me over her mound. Then wet pink flesh... I'm in front of her clit, it towers over me, and I am aware that I could be lost in those folds and there'd be no rescue mission to find me, it hits me then that no-one even knows I am here. The feeling sobers me as I try to come to terms with it.

I seem to have retained my sense of smell and taste as she pushes me onto her pussy lips, which are like small hills. I look up and see her smirking at me.

I taste her sweet juices as they drip onto me. Sam moans loudly as she pushes me onto her clit, rolling me over her sensitive flesh. I feel her quiver and shudder, which feels like an earthquake to me now, before a flood of pussy juices coat me. She pushes me inside her cavernous pussy with her finger, it's pitch black in here and her huge fingers grip me as she pumps her fingers inside of her. She presses me against a bumpy part of her pussy, I realise it's the g-spot and I feel her pussy clench me tight. She moans and grunts through her orgasm before she removes her fingers and the earthquake feeling happens again. I drip out of her on a wave of cum and she picks me back up and her giant eyes look me over appreciatively.

"Hmm, that's probably the first time you've made a woman come." She wipes me down before clipping me back onto the necklace and getting ready for bed.

The next morning the sun bursts through her windows. She wakes slowly stretching. I watch as she gets dressed in running gear, before she places me inside her sports bra, the sweat is dripping onto me like a rainforest monsoon. I bounce up and down in the bra as she goes running, her tits bounce me up and down and the sweat has me rolling around on the chain, the run seems to last a lifetime. I am extremely relieved when she eventually gets back and gets undressed. Again, she does a slow striptease for me in the mirror. She rolls me all over her body, I feel every little bump, raised hair follicle and mole. It's a landscape I never thought I'd get to see, so whilst I'm grateful, I also wish I was back in my human body.

She eventually gets bored and clambers into the shower, with me back on the necklace and turns the shower on. Hot streams of water cover her, and she washes me as well as the titanic breasts that I'm stuck between. She unclips the necklace and with the water from the shower head on blast, she pushes me into the humongous opening of her pussy, the jet focused on her clit as she fingered herself again with me trapped in the cave that is her pussy. I get pushed about inside her and I feel like I'm being waterboarded. The water pours over me, mixing with her juices. She brings herself to an orgasm and the force of her cum and the jet of water force me out of her pussy. She catches me before I fall and chuckles to herself as she clips me back on the chain and turns the water off.

"Hmm, you're doing better than I expected at helping me orgasm. I'm glad I took you out of that boring lab. That's no life to lead, being stuck in a boring Tupperware container, nobody caring about you. At least here, you get a chance to make a difference," she cackled as she threw my words back at me. I'd said these at a conference years ago about this invention, I wanted to make a difference to the military. I thought I could change the world. Instead, I turned myself into a ball bearing, the world's smallest sex aid.

As she dresses, she takes me off the chain again and I worry that I'll be left on the side all day.

Instead, she clips me to a nipple piercing, one I didn't even notice, during the few times she's stripped in front of. I don't blame myself, there was a lot to take in, her body is the size of a whole country to me now. There's a lot of ground to cover.

"Look at you, attached to my nipple. I'm sure somewhere dear old Doctor Wilkes is getting a thrill about this."

Then I'm covered by the dark material of a lacy push up bra, the gel in the bra is cold and thick. I am squashed up to her skin and her large erect nipple as I am rubbing against her. Her nipple is triple the size of me, and I am dwarfed next it.

I'm encased in darkness; I have no idea what's going on. I hear a vague click of a door closing and assume we're leaving her house. At least now I don't roll around all over the place, squashed as I am against her magnificent breast. There is nothing for me to do except wait and see what today will bring.

I hear voices as she walks into the reception, stressed and urgent. I recognise Ned. Have they realised I'm missing?

"Sam, we need to know exactly where Harold is? He's not in the lab! It's urgent we get him back in the machine now. You were the last person in the lab yesterday, we know you left with him, where is he?"

"Ned, calm down, he's in my office. I'll go and grab him." Sam walks into the office and hands something over to Ned; I assume it's an ordinary ball bearing. A decoy...my heart sinks even further. She has never had any intention of handing me back. I really had hoped she would have had her fun and let me go. I was totally wrong about her.

"Don't worry Harold, we'll have you back in no time. The machine has been fixed and we think we can get you back!" Ned shouts excitedly. I want to cry out and shout that it won't work, but no-one will ever hear me, trapped as I am in Sam's bra.

Ned attempts to find consciousness in a plain ball bearing five times before screaming in frustration. Or so Sam tells me. I cannot see and everything is muffled between the heavy flesh of her tit and the scratchy fabric of her bra.

"Let's go and see how your body is coping, shall we Harold?"

It is suddenly very bright as she strips off and I can see my prone body on a bed, still hooked up to life support.

"Oh, look at you, you're practically wasting away," she chuckles. I watch as she climbs on top of me, rubbing her nipples all over my body. Despite myself, I begin to feel aroused, my vitals jump up slightly.

She laughs at the fact that she's got me to turn myself on and I watch as she lowers her tits, holding me between her fingers as she rubs her nipple all over my face, opening my mouth slightly and shoving me and her nipple in. I feel it harden as I'm surrounded by my own mouth, the saliva musty and dank. She slides me around my lips, groaning as her nipple gets harder. She then lifts my gown and sees my flaccid cock. She laughs at it before she climbs on top of me. She pushes her pussy into my face, which makes me furious that she's humiliating me in this way but there's a feeling of jealousy deep inside. Why couldn't she have done this to me when I was in my own body? Her teasing of me is hard to watch, but she is enjoying herself so much. My mind is conflicted, and I wonder how much of this she had planned and how much is just pure spontaneity.

She grabs my cock with her hand and pushes it between her tits. My cock looks like a huge tower to me, and she uses her tits to make me hard and jerk me off. My vitals are all over the place as I rub against my own cock, my humiliation is complete. She grabs her tit and pushes me into the tip of my own cock. Swirling me around and around the giant head. Just when I think it couldn't get any worse, she puts my cock in her mouth, giving me a blow job that would have had me blowing in an instant under normal circumstances. Her tits rub against my prone body, and I can see my boulder-like balls as she plays with them as she continues to wrap her mouth around me. Her pussy is leaving juices all over my face, I wish I could lick them and lick her out, she tastes so good, and I am left out in the cold. She gets bored eventually, probably when she realises that I might not be able to come, or maybe before she finds out that I can and end up with a boatload of hot white cum in her mouth. She jumps down, and starts to get dressed, not before she pushes her own nipple and therefore me into her mouth. Her teeth are like rocks and her tongue is rough as sandpaper, as she licks and sucks. I can taste her morning coffee and recoil at the taste of myself, it overpowers me, my vitals drop back to normal again as my cock goes down back to flaccid and she covers my body back up. I look down, you wouldn't know she'd just tried to force an unconscious body to do a 69 with her. She chuckles as she takes me out of her mouth, and leans over my body again, clearly tempted to put me back in my own mouth.

I'm saved by the fact that I hear the door open, and Sam jumps off my body, swiftly stuffing her breast and me back in her bra.

"Say goodbye to your body. I get to keep you forever now; they'll never be able to get you back." Sam cackles as she walks away.

Sam walks quickly from the lab, but I don't know where we're headed until there's a bright light and I see myself reflected into the mirror of the ladies bathroom. She stands there, admiring herself in the mirror and I see me at the end of her bumpy, hard nipple, a cold shiny ball attached to the perfect dusky rose bud.

Sam's fingers squeeze her nipple hard and moans softly. She unclips me again and I wonder where I'm going now. I am still reeling from being switched with a plain ball bearing.

Hopefully, Ned will realise.... Will he know that Sam has taken me?

It's too much to take in and I feel myself spiralling into despair. I have to keep it together; my body is still alive, so I know there's a chance... I just have to be patient and hope. Someone will figure it out eventually, surely.

Whilst I've been lamenting my new life, I'd barely noticed that Sam had pulled her panties down. I was once again facing her pussy, looking like a large black hole that I'm destined to get lost in. I hear a click. Slowly she twirls me round and I realise that I'm attached to a piercing on her clit. Her pussy smells sweet and fresh.

"Right where you've always wanted to be, Harold. Have fun." Sam laughs as she pulls her panties back up and I'm encased in fabric, shutting all light out. I rub against her clit slightly as she walks, and it's obviously turning her on; I can taste her juices smearing onto me.

I can hear voices as she continues down the corridor, too quiet to hear complete sentences but I definitely hear her asking for Todd. Oh great, Todd the young, sexy accountant, 6

feet tall, with a well-trimmed beard and lots of visible muscles. He and Sam had been flirting for months and I wondered how long their affair had been going on. I feel even smaller thinking of how I used to make eyes at Sam, like I ever had a chance with her. Me, the aging professor with her, the gorgeous, young, red-headed secretary. I feel sick at how obvious I must have been.

"Todd, come on. Who's going to find out that we're fucking in the office?" I hear Sam purr, I'm practically drowning in her juices now, she's that wet, she rubs her legs together as she walks, and I bump and rub against the sensitive skin of her clit.

"Sam, we have to be careful, just because your boss isn't around anymore, doesn't mean mine isn't either." Todd argues softly. Sam chuckles, she knows full well that she'll win him around, she uses the same voice she used to use on me to get time off from the lab. It is persuasive, yet sexy. Firm, yet soft.

"Oh Todd, you know you want to. How about you check out my new piercing, I got it just for you."

"I can see it later, I have work to do, Sam. Come on let's get some lunch," I hear footsteps retreating before Sam wolf-whistles. The footsteps stop and there's a gasp as the footsteps come rushing back.

"Sam, put them away, we're in the middle of the corridor," Todd hisses.

"Make me, come with me and I'll let you play with them before I put them away." Todd groans in frustration, having seen Sam's breasts up close, I can understand the dilemma he's in.

We are suddenly dragged down the corridor, and I hear the faint whirring and clicking of the machinery that is currently in my lab. Sam is going to have sex with Todd, in my lab! On top of my equipment! I don't even know how to feel, and I don't get much chance to hear them kissing and moaning.

Todd strokes Sam's pussy through her skirt. I feel his fingers push me further against her clit and the large folds envelope me almost completely, I suddenly feel grateful for the piercing I'm clipped to, or I'd be lost forever. She moans as he rolls me around, the sensations sending a tsunami of juices over me. It starts to get lighter as they strip off and suddenly, I see Todd. He's stood in all his naked glory, his cock as big as a boat to my tiny size. He is a lot bigger than I remember and he looks like a Greek god next to his Greek goddess. They suit each other, how I never saw it before, I'll never know. I was too wrapped up in my work, never noticing what was going on around me until it was too late.

His giant-like face looms into my view, I am fascinated by how large everything seems like his fingers that are as large as reach out to stroke me.

"Sam, this piercing is hot as fuck. I can't wait to feel that sliding over my dick. It's turning me on just stroking it."

"I know, I got it with you in mind." Todd's face approaches and I see a massive tongue flick out and hit me full force, his saliva mixing with Sam's juices. He licks up and down, pushing his tongue deep into her dripping pussy. Sam moans with pleasure as he pulls her closer. I wonder which way is up currently. I've been rolled around and turned over so many times, I've gone dizzy.

I see every giant hair on Todd's face, every eyelash, and every part of his skin as Sam grips onto his hair and forces him to eat her out more intently.

"Lie down," he growls and I'm facing the ceiling before I even have a moment to register. Todd buries his face back into Sam's wet, hot pussy and I am pushed around by his tongue until I begin to feel a vibration running through me. Todd moans as Sam comes, her shouts and moans splitting the air in the silent lab. Todd laps up all her cum as it drips over me and her pulsing clit.

Todd looks up, his chin brushing past me, "That good enough for you?" he smirks and Sam chuckles.

"It'll do for now; but I have an idea. Let's fuck in front of the old man?" She laughs harshly and Todd is hesitant.

"Can he see or feel anything?" he asks cautiously, and Sam shakes her head. Todd is clearly not sure about fucking in front of a decrepit old scientist, but Samantha's excitement is infectious.

“No, he can’t. Come on, it’s the thrill of getting caught with none of the actual risks. No-one has been in here for ages!”

Sam leads Todd over to the table where my increasingly frail body is lying. They kiss, tongues sliding together, stood next to me as their hands squeeze and touch each other. Sam moans as Todd takes her nipple into his mouth and Todd grunts as Sam grabs hold of his hardened cock and strokes his shaft. There is no escape for me as Todd puts his hand back on to Sam’s pussy and starts fingering her. I’m bounced around as he rubs her clit and brings her to the brink of another orgasm.

“I want to feel that piercing slide around on my cock. I want you to cum on my dick. Turn around,” he commands, and I am faced with the cold steel of the metal sides of the bed. Todd bends Sam over and I see his cock nudge her entrance before he plunges into her. She screams and flops forward on the bed. I am horrified that they are actually having sex over my prone, practically lifeless body.

Sam is being pounded hard by Todd. He pulls out, twirls Sam around and props her against the bed before driving into her again and again. From my spot on her clit, I am fascinated by the sight of his gargantuan cock going in and out, coated with her juices and glistening each time it emerges. I can hear the sucking sounds it makes as he slams into her pussy, and the slaps of his balls on her ass. The moans from both of them begin to echo around the previously sterile environment, and I find myself praying that someone walks in on them. I never would have thought Todd was up for fucking in a lab.

I’m being scraped along occasionally and bouncing around. Todd presses down on me, so it goes dark and then flicks and plays with Sam’s clit. This seems to drive her wild and within minutes she’s begging to cum. He slams into her one last time, and I feel liquid pouring over me, waves of cum shoot all over the place. She’s come all over his dick just like he wanted. Todd fucks her hard as his own release comes and they both cry out with the intensity of their orgasms.

Sam can barely hold herself up, Todd grabs one of the blankets off the bed and lays it on the floor before pulling them both down for a rest.

They lie together, in post-coital bliss. I’m dripping in cum and juices but there’s not a lot I can do about it. Sam turns over and strokes Todd’s cock lazily, but it turns him on again and soon I feel his fingers bumping against me. I realise that I can feel every groove and dip of his fingerprint and he’s got a small chunk missing from his thumb. I can feel Sam getting aroused, her clit gets ever so slightly harder with Todd’s touches and then he climbs on top of her, nudging against me. I hit the tip of his dick as he strokes it around Sam’s entrance and clit, and he groans. I feel pre-cum squirt on me, the tang of salt mixes with the sweetness of Sam’s juices. Oh great, I think, they’re going to go at it again. Like bloody rabbits, these two!

Todd settles over Sam, and his dick slides into her pussy easily. I graze and bump over the ridges of his cock and Todd moans loudly as I do so. It feels so strange. The skin is so soft and yet I can feel his hardness as I roll around on top of him. Sam shrieks in pleasure as Tod fucks her, harder this time. Todd suddenly stops, he’s noticed that my vitals have jumped up slightly.

“He knows we’re here, Sam. The old codger is getting turned on!” I hope this means they’ll stop in disgust, but I should have known better. Sam laughs and Todd joins in, thrusting in and out of her, faster and harder. I’m bumped about and the sensation is causing me to get dizzy. The beeps and whirring noises clearly don’t put them off. I feel Todd go even harder and his cock throbbing underneath me. Sam’s clit begins to pulse as they climb higher and higher to their climax. Juices smother me, churning together. The taste is indescribable. I hear the beeps get quicker and quicker and wonder what what’s happening. The screams Sam emits, I am sure will be heard by someone and I brace myself for them to be discovered, naked and writhing around on the floor, next to my bed.

Todd flops down on top of her after they come and Sam laughs at the weight of him, it crushes me into her, and I feel suffocated. Todd pulls himself out of her and gets up.

Sam eventually rises and I watch as she pulls her panties on, and I'm once again shrouded in darkness. The smell of sex is overpowering, If I could gag, I surely would have done. This is just torturous, and I wonder how long Sam is going to do this to me. Sam and Todd have another long, slow kiss judging by the moans, Todd cupping her pussy through her skirt again before heading back to his office.

Sam walks down to the toilets, and I find myself hung over a giant toilet bowl, like I'm on the edge of the hoover dam, watching as her pee sprays down. She wipes, the toilet roll like a giant blanket and pulls her panties up again. The mixture of sweat, cum and pussy juices is heady.

Sam walks back to her desk. I hear her voice talking. It takes me a second to realise she talking to me.

"Did you enjoy that; how did it feel knowing that I was fucking Todd over your body? I found it so hot, I'm sure you got covered in more than my pussy though right? You got a good close up of Todd's dick, it looks good doesn't it? I love having him inside me, just like I like having you on me, having to watch as I'm being fucked and played with by a proper man. You're nothing now, Harold. You are my jewellery. You belong to me now, and I can do whatever I want to you."

The despair hits me in waves as she sits up straight and carries on doing whatever it is she does now I'm no longer there. I had hoped that she'd get bored of being in control of me, but she liked it too much. She always hated me and the fact that I was her boss. There was no getting around it. I'm doomed to be her tit or pussy adornment for the rest of my life.

There are some days that Sam leaves me at home, and she has begun to get bored of watching herself playing in the mirror with me. She only does it once or twice a week now, and as much as I want to be back in my own body, those days where she ignores me outright are the worst of my life. I am nothing to her on those days, and I am left on her bedside table as she goes to work, living her life the way she wants, whilst I'm hooked up to all sorts of drips and monitors. Those are the worst days, even worse than when she clips me to her clit and I have to watch her and Todd have sex, or see his giant fingers and tongue playing with me as he licks her out and fingers her. I constantly feel dirty, shoved in her panties with all the cum and sweat after their sessions. I am lonely. So very lonely. I have had a lot of time to think over things over the past few weeks, and I realised that I missed out on so much. My work took over my entire life, and now I'm at the mercy of Sam and her whims. She still sometimes puts me on the necklace chain, they're the better days. I can see what's going on and I feel like I'm part of the wider world again. Everyone compliments her on her unique necklace, and I feel pride that it's me they're talking about. However, I soon learn that if she gets a compliment about me, it brings up the fact that I am still out there somewhere and then the search continues. On those occasions, Sam leaves me at home so as not to get Ned thinking about checking every ball bearing he can find in the place.

I estimate that it's been about six months since the experiment, six months of me being under Sam's control and at her mercy.

One day, she's sat in front of the mirror, I'm attached to her clit and she's slowly using her fingers to stroke around me and push into her pussy. The moans coming from her are intoxicating; I have got used to watching her playing with herself in the mirror and I enjoy seeing her face contort as her orgasm takes over her body. The juices cover me, and the taste is still as sweet as it was months ago.

Sam's phone rings as she's idly stroking me through her pubic hair and she answers,

"Hello?" I hear some muffled conversation before she gasps and then smiles wickedly.

"Oh my gosh, I am so sorry to hear that. Yes, I'll be back in tomorrow, and I'll get everything arranged. Did he have any family? No? Ok, it makes it easier, at least. Thanks sir, I will of course do everything in my power to make the transition for Ned easier." More muffled talking, "Yes, thank you sir, goodbye," she hangs up the phone and beams into the mirror.

"Harold, they unfortunately couldn't put your consciousness back into your body. I can't think why. Oh wait, they had the wrong ball bearing!" she cackles as she unclips me and brings me

up to her face. I can see the gleam in her bright eyes, “Your body was failing, your vitals were dropping, and they weren’t certain they could save you. Luckily, you’d signed a waiver before the experiment to say that if there were any issues; they were allowed to decide to turn off life support in lieu of your family. So today, you were unplugged. We’ll go and see your body tomorrow.” She smiled as she licked me, her long tongue covering me as she licked her juices off me before putting me back onto the necklace.

The next day, she dresses sombrely, wearing a black dress and heels. And me, on her necklace, she said so I can see my own body and say goodbye.

She walks through the lab to the bed where I’ve been lying for the past six months. There’s my body. An empty husk. Sam bends over and kisses my cold forehead, swishing me over my face as she bends down. It is so weird to see my old self so close.

I see Ned walking towards us, his eyes are red, and he is visibly shaken. They embrace and Ned turns to look at my body.

“We tried, Sam. Oh my word, did we try. We just couldn’t get him back. I’m sorry.” Sam sniffled and nodded, pretending to be too grief-stricken to speak. She lingered for another minute before saying she had to go and see the CEO to find out what would happen to her now. Ned watched her go, barely noticing me on her necklace.

Sam laughed as she was free of the lab, rolling me between her fingers, she whispered, “There is nothing more for you here, you’ll be back on my clit tomorrow, and that is where you’ll stay,” she let go of me and I bounced down into her cleavage. Doomed forever to be in darkness.