

Perv in The Machine

Crimson Rose

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Arriving at their destination even before the sun hinted at rising, an extremely tired Faye Hunter and her cameraman Marcus Giles entered the lobby of Reality Makers – a multi-national company on the cutting edge of the virtual reality market with their latest invention simply named The Machine promising an experience so realistic as to be indistinguishable from the real thing. Footsteps clacking across the marble floor, they approached the doe-eyed receptionist sitting behind a long glass counter that did nothing to hide the skimpy, form-fitting burgundy latex dress struggling to contain the body within, or the fact that she wore nothing beneath.

“Morning and welcome to Reality Makers. I’m Jenna. How may I help the two of you this morning?”

“Hi. I’m Faye Hunter and this is my cameraman, Marcus Giles. We’re here for a scheduled interview and demonstration with Doctor Megan Ripley.”

“Right. I believe your interview isn’t until ten so you’re a bit early.”

“We were told to show up at five to ensure we’ve had proper time to fill out some paperwork and to be cleared through security,” Faye answered.

“I haven’t been informed of any changes but let me check to see if they added a note that I may have missed. Give me just a second.”

“Sure.”

With a few taps of the screen, Jenna pulled up the guest list, located Faye and Marcus and the note attached of the change in arrival due to increased security measures that may take longer than expected. “Right, here we are. Not sure how I missed it, but someone from security should be down momentarily to... and speak of the devil,” Jenna said as a man standing well over six feet wearing a tailored uniform hinting at the chiseled body beneath stepped in through a door on the left. “Punctual as always. Faye, Marcus, this is our head of security Ian Yates. Ian, this is Faye Hunter and Marcus Giles.”

“Pleasure,” Ian said, holding a hand out first to the beautiful reported he enjoyed watching as part of his nightly television viewing routine. After shaking her hand, he shook Marcus’s with noticeable less enthusiasm. “Right this way. Apologies for asking you to come in so early, but we’ve recently implemented new security measures and we want to ensure you clear every station before you’re due to meet Dr. Ripley.”

“No problem,” Faye replied.

“We’ll start with some paperwork and then proceed through several security measures designed to ensure neither of you are bringing any unauthorized equipment in, or will attempt to smuggle anything out. To minimize the time required we’ll split you up,” Ian said as he escorted the reporter and cameraman into a side chamber where another uniformed man sat at a small table. “Faye, you’re with me. Marcus, you’re with David. He’ll make sure you and your equipment are cleared.” Not bothering to wait, Ian turned and escorted Faye out of the room, down several hallways, and into another much larger room where four other members of security sat around a long rectangular conference table with a thick folder sitting in front of one of the two empty chairs. “You may take a seat there,” Ian said, motioning towards the folder. “Please read everything before signing. Once you have, we’ll proceed to the next stage.”

“And if don’t sign?”

“Then you’re free to leave and good luck convincing Doctor Ripley to extend such an offer a second time. I’ll also add that failure to comply with every security measure will result in

you and your cameraman being escorted out of the building and permanently banned from the premises.”

“A bit extreme don’t you think?” Faye asked as she sat down and flipped the folder open.

“When it comes to the safety of our employees and the research and development taking place here, there’s no such thing as too extreme.”

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Despite her many misgivings about the wording of the documents, Faye knew she would never get another opportunity to interview the reclusive Doctor Megan Ripley, or to be the first to publicly test a Reality Makers invention again so, with some reservations, she nevertheless signed and dated the NDA as well as nearly two dozen waiver and consent forms. Closing the folder, she pushed her chair back, stood, and began stripping until she was standing butt naked in front of five men she barely knew. “I don’t like it, and I genuinely believe a woman should be the one performing the search, but I’ll allow you to do it if only to get it over with.”

“I’m sure you hear this a lot, but I’m a huge fan. I watch you every night,” Ian said as he walked around the table. Reaching out both hands, he tenderly caressed the reporter’s cheeks before slowly moving them down her neck, shoulders, and then arms as he circled around to get a good view of her naked body. Tracing a finger along her spine, he reached around and grabbed her large, gravity-defying breasts. Tweaking her nipples, he grinned as a soft moan escaped her lips.

“I-Is this necessary, Sir?” Faye asked as her nipples grew harder under the security guard’s expert ministrations.

“I’m afraid so. We must inspect every millimeter of your body inside and out. Don’t get me wrong, I want to believe you are who you say you are, but with the complexity of androids growing by the day one can never be too sure you’re fully human.”

“Inside?”

“Putting it bluntly, we’re going to inspect every orifice.”

“I assure you that isn’t necessary, sir. I’m fully human and I’d be pretty stupid smuggling something into one of the most secure locations on the planet.”

“Are you asking me to stop, Ms. Hunter? Because if you are then you can forget about that interview.”

“No Sir.”

“No what?”

“I’m not asking you to stop, sir. Please just get it over with.”

“Right to it. I can respect that.” Reaching between Faye’s legs, Ian pushed three fingers into her from behind. Gently guiding her upper body down onto the table, he then thrust four fingers into her incredibly tight ass eliciting a guttural screech from the humiliated woman.

“Uuhhhnn! W-What the hell are you doing? T-Take them out! I c-can’t... it’s too much!”

“If I pull out now, you’ll be escorted out of the building,” Ian said as he pushed his fingers even deeper. “Just try to relax and it’ll all be over soon.”

“R-Relax? It feels like you just shoved your damn hand up my ass!”

“Not quite. But you do have four fingers and most of my palm. Would you like me to fist you, Ms. Hunter?”

“N-NO!” Faye exclaimed as she watched the other four guards swing into action. Standing up, they wasted no time in stripping out of their clothes. “W-What... uhn... what are they doing? Why are they taking their clothes off?”

“So that they can help inspect your body, Ms. Hunter,” Ian said as he pushed his hard cock into Faye alongside the three thick fingers already stuffing her womanhood.

By inspect do you mean have sex with me? Oh god! Are you... uuhnnnn... are you g-going to gang bang me?”

“In accordance to the forms you read and signed we’re going to use everything at our disposal to make sure you’re one hundred percent human,” another of the guards – a handsome man in his mid-twenties with short black hair, trimmed goatee and well-toned body. But it was the man’s dick that drew her attention. “Holy shit! Oh my god!” she grunted as Ian made no attempt to hide the fact that he was balls deep inside of her. Y-You’re... uhn... you’re all so... big! I... uhn... uhn... I don’t... I didn’t sign up to be gang banged.”

“Are you telling us to stop?”

“I want to but... mmmm... I need this interview to happen.”

“So, you want us to gang bang you? To use you as our fuck dolls to ensure you’re fully human?”

“N-No! I don’t want that at all. But... but I can’t tell you to stop either,” Faye said as a dick pressed against her lips. Letting them part, she accepted it into her mouth, but instead of going deeper, he started pissing down her throat- a hand on the back of her head preventing her from pulling away.

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In a room not far from his partner, Marcus stood naked in front of seven well-built security guards. “You can clearly see I’m not carrying anything so can I get dressed now?”

“We can see you’re not carrying anything on the outside,” a guard named Nate replied. We still have to check the inside.”

“Inside? What do you mean inside? Wait! You can’t be serious! There’s no way in hell I’m letting you stick anything up my ass.”

“So, you’d rather leave and take Ms. Hunter’s chance at the interview of a lifetime with you?”

“That’s not fair! Are you doing this to her?”

“Of course. And in case you have a bad memory you did just sign documents giving us the right to use every tool and means available to ensure you’re on the up and up so, unless you’re telling us to stop then please bend over the table so we can perform the required cavity search.”

“This is seriously fucked up!” Marcus said even as he bent over the long conference table. No sooner were the words out of his mouth, then his cock was grabbed as four fingers were roughly shoved into his virgin ass. “Ghaahhgghhh! W-What the fucking hell are you doing?” he screeched, lurching forward to get away from the sudden and incredibly painful stretching only for the hand on his dick to squeeze a little tighter. Clothes dropping like flies, he glared at the stripping guards. “W-What are they doing? Why are they taking their clothes off?”

“You authorized us to use every tool at our disposal and as you can see, we come packing the biggest tools for the job. Now, try to relax or you’re going to suffer needlessly,” David said as he began stroking Marcus’ cock.

“This is... I’m not gay!”

“That’s okay. Now be a good boy and open up so they can get started on the oral inspection,” David said as he pushed his fingers even deeper into the cameraman’s back door. Spreading them as wide apart as possible, he unzipped his pants, pulled out an impossibly large cock, and then shoved that into Marcus’ ass as well.

Opening his mouth to protest, Marcus did not get more than a grunt out before it too was filled with dick. And then came the warm, salty piss and a strong hand on the back of his head preventing him resisting. Shoving back in an attempt to free himself, he felt fingers and cock slipping deeper into his ass. Lurching forward to relieve the pain in his ass, he took the other guard's dick down his throat causing him to immediately gag. Fortunately, he no longer tasted the pee. Unfortunately, his first lesson in deepthroating was being on the receiving end of an enormous cock that stretched his throat to the limit.