

Simulated Submission

Crimson Rose

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“On tonight’s episode of Tech Talk we are joined by the biggest name in virtual reality. Winner of the twenty-seventy-five Turing Award for her work in helping to develop quantum computing, the twenty-seventy-six Millennium Technology Award for her contribution to the field of nanotechnology and the twenty-seventy-eight Kyoto Prize in Advanced Technology for creating the world’s first fully functioning bionic eye, please welcome to the stage Doctor Ellie Caine!” Host Dylan Marcus introduced his very special guest.

Although she was pushing fifty, Doctor Ellie Caine had apparently stopped aging in her mid-twenties. And though she was the CEO of Simcox – one of the largest tech companies in the world, she had no problem showing off her many blessings. Tonight, she pushed the boundaries of what was decent by pairing a cupless leather corset with nipple covers in the shape of gears that left her large breasts pretty much on display, a black gothic high waisted lace up high low skirt and knee-high boots. It was no secret she had multiple piercings including seven microdermals along each of her collarbones – tonight they were topped with interlocking gears.

Her outfit getting the exact reaction she was going for, Ellie slowly walked across the stage, giving the men and women in the audience more than enough time to snap as many photos as their bouncing thumbs would allow. Catching the host’s eye, she gave him a seductive wink before sitting to his right.

“Wow!” Dylan exclaimed. “You certainly know how to make an entrance don’t you?”

“Good thing you’re on cable TV,” Ellie grinned in reply.

“You can say that again,” Dylan said while trying desperately not to stare at the breasts she so knowingly put on display.

“For the record I’m not wearing anything under the skirt either,” Ellie proclaimed.

“Oh boy! And on that note we had better get to the interview before I get cancelled. A little nanobot told me you’ve been very busy working on something spectacularly revolutionary. Can you shed any light on that claim?”

“As a matter of fact, Dylan, I’m here to do exactly that. Virtual reality. We’ve all worn the headsets and played through various animated scenarios from porn to video games and while there’s nothing wrong with that, I think everyone here and watching at home will agree that something has long been missing from the experience. Simcox Studios had spent the last fifteen years researching, inventing new technologies, testing and designing the next evolution in virtual reality!” She waited for the thunderous applause to stop before continuing. “Traditional VR sets utilize sight, hearing and to a very limited degree touch which is fine for antiques, but the all new Simcox Simulator incorporates all five senses for a true, full-body experience. But that’s not all. Using next-gen graphics also developed in-house animated scenarios are a thing of the past.”

“I’d buy that,” Dylan said. “But how long will we have to wait before it goes from concept to production?”

“Right now,” Ellie answered. “The tech has been researched, machines built and extensively tested.”

“Wait, you’re saying this tech is available right now today?”

“Yes, but as with all new technologies it will be prohibitively expensive for all but the wealthiest individuals. But three lucky men and women will not only have a chance to be the first to test and review the Simcox Simulator, but take one home free of charge as well.” The applause and cheering lasted two full minutes before dying down enough for Ellie to continue. “For a chance to win send an email between now and August thirty-first to simulated reality at

Simcox Studios dot com with ‘contest entry’ in the subject field telling us in no more than one thousand words why you deserve to be picked. This contest is open worldwide and all travel expenses are on us.”

“Um, give me just a minute,” Dylan said, mocking texting on his tablet.”

“Take your time,” Ellie laughed. Running a finger along the gears along her left clavicle, she leaned forward and smiled at the amazed looks on the audience’s faces as her nipple covers stretched and expanded into a spider web harness bra and her corset shrank as the material was consumed by the microscopic, self-replicating nanobots gently crawling over her skin.

“That’s one way to change your outfit in a hurry,” Dylan said as he caught a glimpse of her naked pierced right nipple. He watched as the material formed a perfect circle around her areola and knew that if he did not stop it then and there she would push the limits of acceptability. “And with that we’ll be right back after these messages from our sponsors,” he said as the garment continued to morph on his guest’s chest. He got the signal they were off the air and their microphones had been muted. He leaned in and whispered so that only she could hear. “Not gonna lie, Ellie, I really like what you’re doing but we’re a tech show and not of the explicitly adult variety. God, I can’t believe I’m saying this, but please cover your nipples and keep it that way or we’ll have to end our interview early.”

“You didn’t get the memo?” Ellie asked with raised brow. “I cleared all of this with the producers and they assured me there would be an adult advisory for tonight’s show so that I could model Simcox’s new nanotech garment.”

“No, I did not get that memo. Carl! Get out here,” Dylan yelled for the show’s executive producer and man in charge of vetting guests. A few moments later a short, pudgy man in his late forties waddled out on stage, eyes going straight to Ellie’s exposed nipples. “Is what she said true? Is there going to be nudity on tonight’s show?”

“It is.”

“What the hell, man? Don’t get me wrong, I’m all for nudity but we’re a show about technology.”

“And what is that top if not some seriously advanced technology? It’s been cleared with to the top of the chain. Doctor Caine has clearance to show whatever nudity she’s comfortable with up to and including full.”

As he spoke Ellie stood and the twenty-eight hundred members of the studio audience got a firsthand look at just how gorgeous she was. The longer back side of her skirt was the first to shrink. Then the front. Thinning, it became sheer enough for them to see she was not wearing anything underneath. Black lines crawling across her skin like an army of marching ants, she grinned as a belt formed around her waist that quickly extended as her boots raised to form into skintight chaps. “Panties or no?” she asked the audience. Their reply was as expected.

“NO PANTIES!” the overwhelming majority yelled in reply.

“No panties it is.”

“Show us your ass!” A female voice rang out.

Her inner exhibitionist shining through, Ellie turned around. Placing her hands on the edge of Dylan’s desk she moved her legs back while spreading her feet wider. The audience erupted in cheer and her host just stared at her hanging breasts in gape-mouthed want. Reaching back, she gave her right ass cheek five hard swats. Switching hands, she did the same to the left.

“Alright,” Dylan sighed “that’s enough. We’ll be back from break in twenty seconds so please take your seat.”

“Yes Sir.” Leaning in, she softly whispered. “I’d like to sit on your cock but I’ll settle for you screwing me silly after the show. Or during,” she shrugged as she sat in the chair to his right. “Imaging all these people watching you pump a load into me.”

Dylan had a lot to say to who had become his most controversial guest, but unfortunately the cameraman indicated he had five seconds before they were back on air. “Welcome back!” As you can see our special guest tonight has had a change of outfits. You’ll also see that she is mostly nude. Tonight’s episode of Tech Talk will contain nudity so parental guidance is strongly advised.”

“Not gonna lie, Dylan, I absolutely love being nude. In fact, if it were legal I’d never wear clothes again,” Ellie said. “Though, as you can see our patented nanotech garments wear like a second skin so it’s almost like being naked. And because I’m putting myself on display, I might as well let you and everyone watching at home know that on top of being an exhibitionist at heart, as those in the audience have already seen I’m also a trained submissive,” she said referring to the tattoo on her right ass cheek of a triskelion with the words TRAINED SUBMISSIVE written around it. “But we’re here to talk about Simcox’s all new state-of-the-art virtual reality technology, not my sex life. Though Simcox does have a line of advanced sexual aids so we can discuss those too if you like.”

“I think we’ll stick to the tech everyone here is interested in,” Dylan replied. “So, an all-new virtual reality machine? Other than it incorporates all five senses and advanced graphics what can you tell us about it?”

“Not a whole lot. I mean, I could give you all the details but that would spoil the upcoming fan testing and review. What I can say is that in order to make it an all-body experience we’ve had to expand it from a simple headset and into something more akin to a high-tech lounge chair.”

“You say you already have three working models,” Dylan said. “How many are you hoping to produce and at what price-range?”

“Right now we’re capable of manufacturing about one hundred units by the end of the year at approximately two hundred thousand dollars per unit. After the fan test and review we’ll be taking preorders and that will determine future production and pricing.” As she spoke the ends of the lace ribbon she used to keep her long black hair tied back detached and formed a band with equine ears. “Who wants to see me growing a tail?” she asked the increasingly interested audience. They reacted predictably. Giving Dylan a wink, she stood up, removed a small black plug from her purse and then leaned over with her left hand on the host’s desk. Staring him in the eyes, she reached back and pushed the toy into her ass.

The audience’s wild cheers were mixed with surprised gasps as thin filaments rapidly grew from the base of the plug until she was sporting a very realistic horse tail. What they could not see, however, was the nanotech toy expanding inside of her. Before it became too big to remove easily, she pulled it out to show Dylan, the audience and the millions watching at home that it had grown from four inches long and an inch thick to six inches long and just shy of two thick. “This particular toy will gradually increase in size until it reaches nine inches long and three inches thick, she said as she pushed it back into her ass. “How long it takes depends on how experienced you are with anal,” she said as she sat back down.

“That...that was some display,” Dylan blushed, angered that his guest was making a mockery of his show and turned on by his gorgeous guest’s stunning body and willingness to show off her sexuality seemingly without regard. “Doctor Ellie Caine,” he said, his tone indicating the interview was over. The cameras went black and he turned to her sitting next to

him. “That was by far the worst interview I had ever given,” he seethed. “I hope you’re happy for ruining our reputation and legitimacy in the tech world.”

“You’re kidding, right? Thanks to me your mediocre viewership will more than quintuple so instead of complaining you should be pulling your head out of your own ass and thanking me.” Snatching her purse from the chair to her right, she stormed off the stage and vowed to use her vast wealth to buy the station if only to fire Dylan Marcus.