

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N: Rosalind gets exactly what she desires.

-x-X-x-

Its just more proof that they're in her cyberware. Rosalind is sure she was managing to hide her true reactions to everything. In fact, she'd almost been able to hide her arousal from herself, instinctively and subconsciously suppressing how turned on she was getting and ignoring it with a certain aplomb.

However, being called out makes it impossible for her to ignore anything at this point. And with V's 'assistant' looming over her, promising to do untoward things to her, Rosalind can't stop the uncharacteristic whimper that escapes her lips.

Oh god, she's so fucking screwed. Then again... she's already screwed anyways, isn't she? How many times had her Songbird been pivotal in keeping her ass out of the fire since she became President of NUSA? How many times had Rosalind leaned on her Songbird to survive the cutthroat world they found themselves in?

And all this time... she'd been killing her. Inch by inch, slowly but surely, she'd been ruining her Songbird, until eventually the Netrunner had no choice but to flee from her to save her own life.

Arousal wars with shame and embarrassment, but as Rosalind's thoughts turn to the damage she'd done to her Songbird, the war becomes... inconsequential. In the end, arousal wins out... or maybe it's just that for the first time in a long time, President Rosalind Myers allows herself to be ashamed of her actions enough to feel like she's deserving of... punishment.

"Please..."

The word slips out through pursed lips, her entire body frozen in her chair. Next to her, the masked woman leans in all the closer with a chuckle. V continues to watch on the monitor.

“Please what, Madame President?”

Shivering, Rosalind licks her lips.

“Please... t-take care of me.”

That’s all she needs to say. Consent given, the masked woman, who Rosalind *knows* isn’t really there, slides her ephemeral hands down from Rosalind’s shoulders to her chest. A gasp leaves Rosalind’s lips as she feels the hands begin to knead her breasts through her jacket, top, and bra, her nipples going rock hard in no time at all.

F-Fuck she’s a mess.

This is proven mere moments later, when the masked woman slides a hand further down Rosalind’s body, to her lap. She slaps Rosalind’s thighs to make her open up her legs, and then she does just as she offered earlier. She sticks her hand down Rosalind’s pants and begins to feel her up.

She’s so fucking wet. She’s goddamn sopping. Rosalind’s eyes close tight as humiliation and shame course through her... but neither holds a candle to how fucking turned on she is right now. Her hips buck against a hand that can’t possibly be real... and yet it feels real. It feels good.

All the while, V is watching from the monitor. Staring at her like she’s an insect. Like she’s nothing but the scum beneath his boot.

“Care to join us, V?”

W-What? Rosalind’s eyes blink open just in time for a very different, very masculine hand to suddenly grab her by the jaw. Her eyes go from simply

opening to widening and bugging out as she stares up at V, seemingly in the flesh, looming over her.

Chair pulled out from her desk, he stands in front of her like he's teleported or something. He hasn't, of course. This, just like his companion, is a mere projection. Right here and now they've completely proven Rosalind's theory right... none of this is real. They're not really here.

... Does that make this more humiliating or less? Rosalind can't say... and for some reason that's even more of a turn on.

With his grip on her jaw, V hauls her out of her chair and up to her feet. His partner's hands remain on her body, one on her chest and the other between her legs, all but fingering her cunt. At the same time, V leans in and kisses Rosalind domineering, pushing his tongue past her lips and into her mouth where he wrestles her tongue into submission.

Eyes fluttering shut, Rosalind moans at the overstimulation. To be taken like this in her own office... in the center of her power. She was so... so *weak*. So *foolish*. So *pathetic*. Rosalind writhes, her legs feeling a little bit like jelly as she lets herself succumb... as she lets herself submit.

Until quite suddenly, V disengages from the lip lock and his partner's hands leave her body. Rosalind finds herself spun around and pushed backwards where she catches herself on the edge of her desk, panting heavily. For the first time, neither of them is touching her. Nobody has their hands on her. She's free.

V... sits in her chair. Not just her chair, but the President of NUSA's chair. He sits down and even brings up a foot, resting it on his opposite knee as he watches her imperiously. His partner drapes herself over the back of the chair, of what might as well be a damn throne. They both watch her.

"Strip. Make it sexy."

Rosalind blushes. It was humiliating to be treated like some... some joytoy. And yet... and yet, she does as she's told. Her body begins to move to music only

she can hear, swaying back and forth. She doesn't move too fast; she doesn't want to appear too desperate... even if all three of them know that she IS desperate all the same.

Her jacket goes first. Then her top. Leaving her bra untouched, she goes for her pants next while kicking off her boots. All the while, she continues to dance. All the while, she sways and bumps and gives V and his partner quite the show.

At some point, V's partner pulls out his cock and begins stroking it. He's rock hard by the time Rosalind stands before him completely naked, even her bra and panties gone. She presents herself to him and waits for him to give her the order. She's expecting him to put her down on her knees where she can show her submission in the oldest way known to women.

Imagine her surprise then when V doesn't bother with that. Instead, he stands up and grabs her by the waist and pulls her in close, his thick hard cock brushing against her taut abs. Rosalind moans... it feels so real. HE feels real. Even if it's all just in her head, even if she knows none of this is technically actually happening, she can't help but bask in it anyways.

For a second, she thinks V is going to kiss her again. But no... they don't have that sort of relationship. The first kiss was to establish dominance. Anything more would be gratuitous at this point.

Instead, he spins her around and pushes her forward with one hand while the other hooks under her hip. The end result is Rosalind's hands smacking palm-down on her desk as she falls forward with a gasp, her ass jutting out in the direction of V's cock.

Her back instinctively arches even as she looks over her shoulder, biting her lower lip.

"Eyes forward."

Rosalind jerks and does as she's told, staring at her monitor. V isn't there anymore, the 'call' seemingly gone from the screen. Because he's 'here' now,

even if he really isn't. Of course, it's harder and harder to remind herself that this isn't real when she feels things like V's rock hard cock pressing against her from behind.

To be fair, their night together in Dogtown had been real. Where she'd tried to seduce V for purposes of controlling him, only to get the tables so thoroughly turned on her that her head was still spinning days later. Maybe that was why she was more susceptible to all of this. Or maybe she was just done pretending.

A wanton, throaty moan leaves her lips as V finally thrusts into her from behind. His cock punches deep into her drooling cunt, making her gurgle happily and shudder in pleasure. Not like there's anyone who can hear her right now except for V and his partner. Nobody else in the room, nobody outside of the room. They're locked down, completely and utterly. The place is fully secured.

Or it was supposed to be anyways. The man fucking her still got in, even if he was only in her head. And so did the masked woman he was teamed up with. Who was she, anyways? A Netrunner of no small skill, that much was certain... but beyond that, Rosalind didn't have a clue who's face lay beneath her mask. She-

S-SMACK!

"Focus."

Rosalind squeaks as V suddenly spanks her. Her, the President of NUSA, being paddled like a naughty... blushing at the thought, she nevertheless does as she's told, focusing back on the moment. How V knew she was getting lost in her thoughts, she has no clue... but she can understand his ire over it all the same.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

The sound of flesh slapping against flesh fills the room as he drives in and out of her from behind. Rosalind can't help but moan as she clings to the edge of her desk, shuddering and quivering all the while. Her pussy walls clench around his

cock, spasming sporadically, and her cunt gushes and drools all over the floor of her office.

One of V's hands falls on her shoulder, fingers curling over it as he fucks her even harder. It feels amazing... but at the same time, it's missing something. She wants more. She wants... Rosalind flushes as she realizes what she truly wants.

"Something on your mind, Rosalind? Something we can do to... improve this experience for you?"

V's partner, the woman who had held a nonexistent blade to her throat, suddenly appears at Rosalind's side, her reflective mask staring her down. Rosalind stares back for a moment... before shamefully giving in.

"Y-Yes. I want... I want you to t-take more from me."

V grunts at that, letting out a derisive scoff as he continues to rail her from behind.

"Not sure you have much pride left to take, Myers."

No, she really doesn't. Her pride has been thoroughly destroyed by this encounter... and she's enjoyed every last second of it. No, she wants...

"N-Not my pride... my... eddies. Make me... g-give you more money."

Putting that desire into words is the most embarrassing thing she's ever done and considering Rosalind Myers is currently bent over her desk being fucked from behind by a mercenary who ordered her to striptease for him, that's saying something. Still, she gets the request out all of the same, shivering as both V and his partner go still for a moment and process that. It's the woman who speaks, ultimately, her tone somewhat incredulous.

"You want us to... make you pay us more? That's what gets you going?"

Rosalind doesn't dare meet her eyes, or rather, doesn't dare look at the mask as she instead hangs her head and nods helplessly. Only for her head to snap back up, a gasp leaving her lips, when V spansks her ass again a moment later.

S-SMACK!

“Do it. Send another half a million eddies Myers, or I stop fucking you right here and now.”

Rosalind doesn't have to be told twice. Her hands are already on her desk after all. Her fingers fly across the keyboard and she authorizes the transfer as soon as possible. Since its from here, her office, it goes through instantly... another five hundred thousand eddies gone, just like that.

In return, V fucks her more. He plows her silly. Meanwhile, his partner gets into it too. Calling her things like their 'submissive bank account' or 'money slave', or Rosalind's personal favorite... their 'paypig'.

She cums harder than she's ever cum before after paying them that extra money. And when V orders her to set up an account for them with unlimited withdrawals, she does that too while promising to keep the eddies flowing even as she squeals at the top of her lungs and creams herself.

Finally, at long last, V lets loose. He cums inside of her, painting her walls white and filling her womb with his seed. Rosalind shrieks, shudders, and then collapses to her knees, face down on her desk, her thighs still shaking and spasming and trembling.

When she finally manages to get herself under control and lifts her head... she's alone. Not a single goodbye. Not even a threat to kill her if she fucked around and found out. Just... nothing.

Rosalind's trembling fingers move down between her legs to feel at her sensitive, swollen pussy lips... but there's nothing there either. Just her own sopping wet cunt and overflowing fluids. Not a single ounce of V's cum comes slopping out of her, as to be expected.

And when she checks her neck... no cut. No blood. Fully blemish-free unbroken skin.

In the end, the only evidence of their presence is when she checks and sure enough, she did in fact transfer three million total eddies to the account V gave her, as well as setting up a new account under her authority for him and his to draw from whenever they wanted.

It hadn't happened... but at the same time, it had. It had all happened, even if ninety percent of it was in her head. Which meant Hansen really was dead. Her Songbird really was out of her hands for good. But at the same time, there was still a chance that Rosalind would get to see her again... even if it was on her knees wearing nothing but a collar while she begged for forgiveness.

Slowly rising to her feet, Rosalind begins to get dressed. By the time she's done doing so, her mask is back in place and the woman who eventually steps out of the office is NUSA's cutthroat President Myers once more. And she imagined that she would remain so... for as long as it served V's purposes.

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A/N: Remember to go back and VOTE!