

THE ISLAND



As time went on, Adrian grew bolder. He began experimenting not only on his Hispanic female employees but on other people within his circle as well. Part of this was necessity. Recruitment of local Caribbean women had slowed considerably after rumors of disappearing young women began spreading throughout the archipelago.

Rebecca, his trusted American accountant, had followed him through his corporate years and remained by his side until the island was completed. Now fifty years old, she lived comfortably on the island, enjoying the retirement she felt she had earned while watching Adrian's increasingly extravagant projects with detached amusement. Unfortunately for Rebecca, Adrian had begun viewing her as a wasted resource. The efficient, no-nonsense accountant who had once been indispensable no longer served any purpose in his private paradise. In his eyes, she lacked the beauty that made the younger employees useful to the resort's guests. So Adrian devised a new role for her.

THE ISLAND



Rebecca had no intention of undergoing any procedure. Unlike many of the island's employees, she understood very well what kind of experiments were taking place behind closed doors. As a result, Adrian had to be more creative. One evening, her food was drugged. While she slept, teams of researchers carried out a groundbreaking rejuvenation procedure. The treatment rewrote her body from the cellular level. By the time it was complete, her genes and physiology had been transformed into those of a plump twenty-five-year-old Afro-Latina woman of Dominican ancestry. Adrian had designed every detail personally. As much as Rebecca had been careful not to gain a pound and followed a strict regimen combining diet and yoga, her new self would have a naturally busty, plump figure, with shorter bones and fat settling easily on her hips, thighs, and chest regardless of lifestyle.

Adrian felt her new jawline before waking her up. "Rebecca, look at you, you're perfect. No more balancing books from now on, only balancing your round tits and fat ass as you carry drinks, haha!"

THE ISLAND



On top of the age reversal and genetic redesign, a full mental rewiring was performed on Rebecca. It was a major improvement over the crude techniques previously used on subjects like Estefania. Rather than reducing the subject to a confused, docile animal, the new procedure was capable of constructing an entirely new personality while preserving intelligence and social skills. When she finally woke up, she spoke fluent Spanish in a warm, sensual voice, far removed from the nasal, businesslike monotone she had used for most of her life. More impressively, she no longer seemed to remember being Rebecca at all.

When questioned about her past, she described a childhood spent in a picturesque Caribbean village, followed by a turbulent youth in the poorer neighborhoods and brothels of Santo Domingo. The memories flowed naturally, complete with names, places, and emotions that had never existed before the procedure. She insisted her name was Catalina.

THE ISLAND



Adrian spent the better part of an afternoon questioning her on the terrace of a beachfront villa.

Catalina sat across from him, sipping fruit juice as the ocean rolled quietly behind them.

"How are you enjoying your new life, Catalina?"

She smiled.

"Muy bien, señor Adrian. La isla es muy bonita. La gente también."

"You don't miss your old life?"

She frowned. "¿Mi vida vieja? No entiendo." "Before you came here." Catalina shrugged.

"Santo Domingo... trabajo, hombres, problemas. Aquí es mejor."

Adrian nodded, pleased.

THE ISLAND



Adrian considered the experiment his greatest success so far. Altering a body was becoming routine. Altering a mind was something else entirely.

Catalina was assigned a new role on the island. She welcomed guests arriving by boat, worked as a masseuse in the spa, accompanied visitors during their stay, and occasionally dressed up in kinky outfits to entertain the guests. The transformation had given Adrian exactly what he wanted: an attractive, personable employee with no memories of her former life and none of Rebecca's professional ambitions.

For the most part, the new identity held together remarkably well. Catalina seemed perfectly content discussing music, fashion, local gossip, and the daily life of the resort. She spoke only Spanish and a few words of broken English, which most guests found charming. Yet the procedure was not perfect. From time to time, fragments of Rebecca resurfaced without warning.

THE ISLAND



While organizing a guest's belongings, Catalina would occasionally find herself staring at a financial document, suddenly understanding every figure on the page despite having no idea why. Sometimes she would wake from a nap with the vivid memory of herself as a white lady in her 40s. The episodes rarely lasted more than a few minutes. During them, a deep sadness would come over her, especially considering her current life as a poor Dominican lady who sometimes felt like a glorified escort. She would find herself crying without really understanding the reason. The dreams felt intensely personal, yet she could not explain why. The researchers monitored these incidents carefully. Although the implanted identity always reasserted itself, traces of Rebecca clearly remained buried somewhere beneath the surface. Adrian was unconcerned. If anything, he found the phenomenon fascinating. The old personality appeared to be fading a little more each month. The memories resurfaced less frequently, and when they did, they felt increasingly distant, like scenes from someone else's life.

THE ISLAND



Most of the time, however, Catalina was a cheerful and popular presence around Eirene. Guests remembered her infectious laugh, her constant smile, and her ability to make even the most demanding visitors feel welcome and often aroused. Whether she was greeting arrivals at the marina, serving drinks by the pool, accompanying guests during the evening, or working at the spa, she seemed genuinely happy with her life on the island.

Adrian sometimes had the privilege to spend a night with her, and after sex he'd find himself lost contemplating the perfection of her mocha skin, gently turning lighter on her palms and soles, and darker on her aureolas. Her generous breasts, apparently fully natural, and which thighs altered her body language in a way that was hard to believe.

He sometimes felt bad for having erased Rebecca's identity from her mind, but he'd tell himself she was much happier and younger like that.

THE ISLAND



Eventually, Catalina's mental issues seemed to subside. Brain scans showed a much more limited brain activity in certain areas, compared to a relatively high activity in visual areas. She was very attentive when it came to outfits, hairstyles and liked getting her new black hair dyed frequently, depending on the role she had to play. One day she might appear as an elegant hostess with long chestnut hair, welcoming guests to a gala dinner. The next she could be wearing a neat black bob while assisting in the spa, or a blonde mane while entertaining visitors at a beach party.

Her success paved the way for many more cases of young women who got not only their bodies but also their identities rewritten according to Adrian's desires.