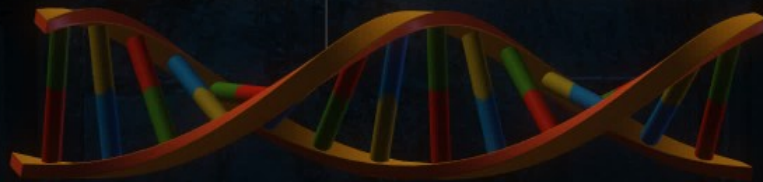
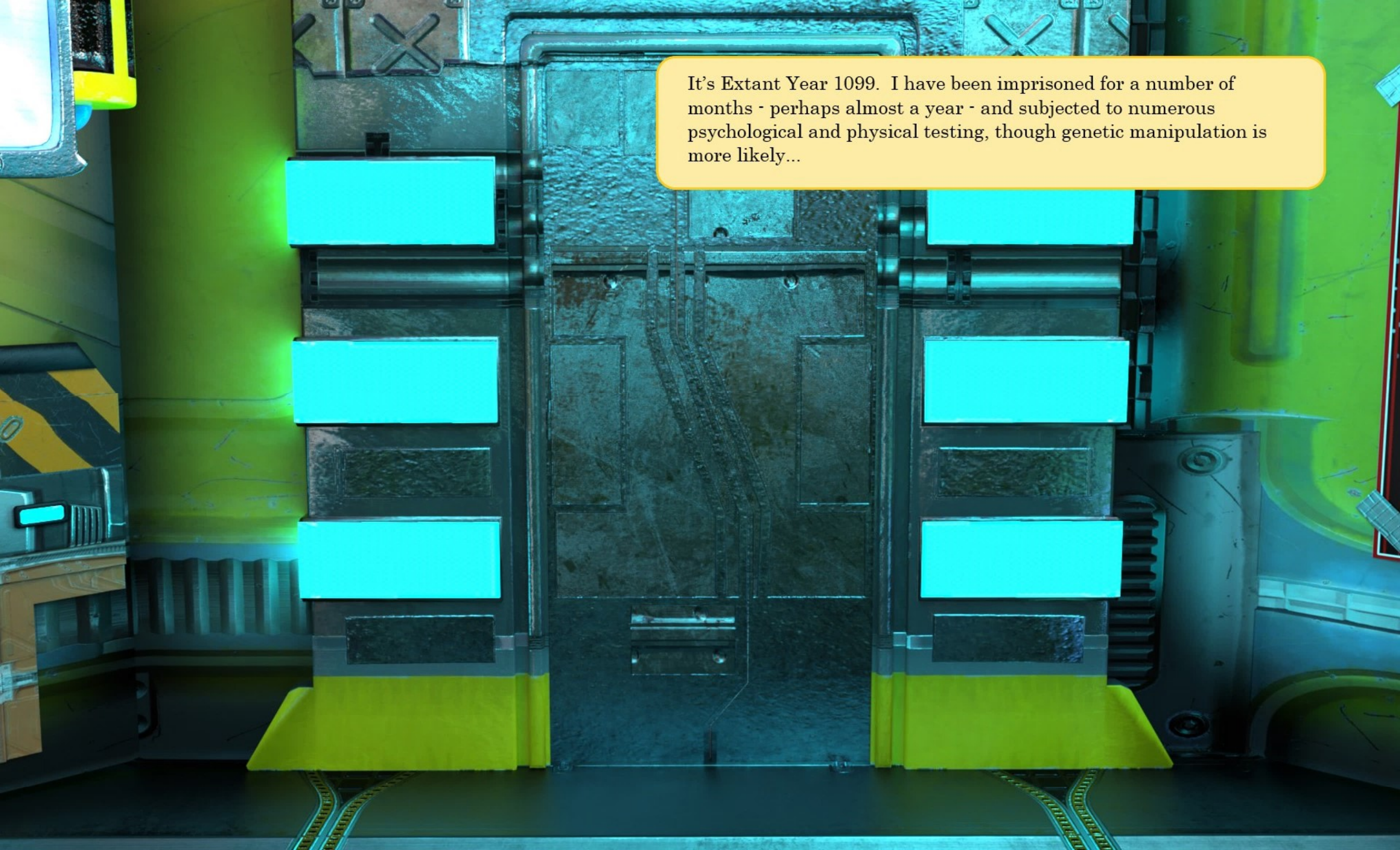


# Virtilia





The image shows a complex, industrial-looking environment. In the center is a large, dark, metallic structure with various panels and components. On either side of this central structure are vertical columns of glowing blue rectangular panels. The floor is dark with some yellow markings. The overall lighting is dim, with the blue glow providing the primary light source. The scene has a high-tech, futuristic aesthetic.

It's Extant Year 1099. I have been imprisoned for a number of months - perhaps almost a year - and subjected to numerous psychological and physical testing, though genetic manipulation is more likely...



If you are receiving these mind waves, it's most likely because you're a mutant. If you didn't know already it's because the humans have hidden your heritage from you.


. If you're like most of the mutants out there you've come to realize that the humans treat you like an inferior... or they are trying to wipe you out.



The Extant are those of us who are free mutants who survived the Great Collapse that the humans brought upon us all.



We fought back and demonstrated our superiority over the humans as well as the sovereignty of any mutant.

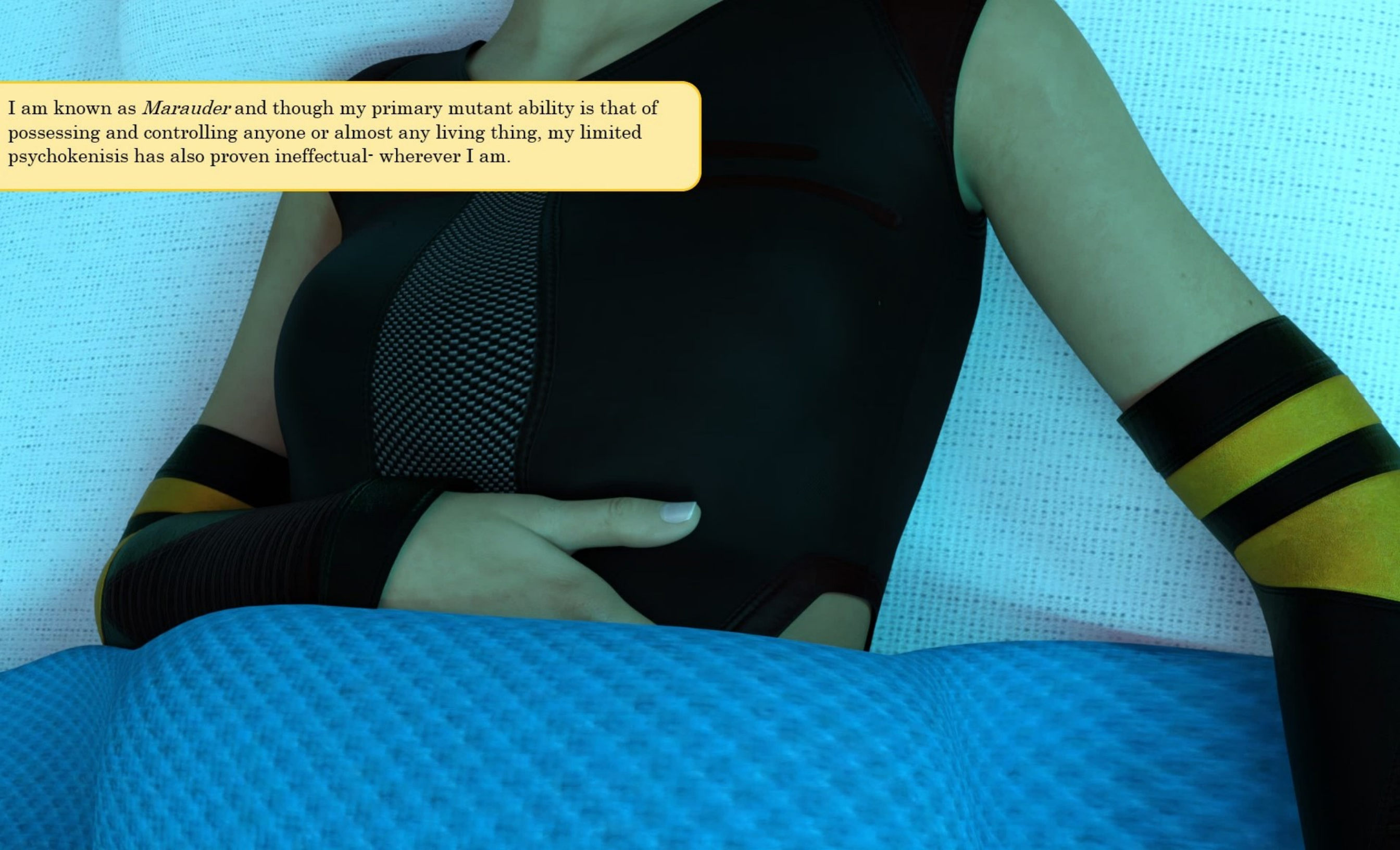


I'm a member of Mayhem, a group whose devotion to the mutant cause dates back from before the Great Collapse and I am no longer free.

Somehow my mutant abilities have been rendered useless, though it's possible the lack of other sentient contact is partly a means of keeping me here in this test facility.







I am known as *Marauder* and though my primary mutant ability is that of possessing and controlling anyone or almost any living thing, my limited psychokinesis has also proven ineffectual- wherever I am.



TEST SUBJECT

To escape my captors I must focus what tools I have and continually test the limits of my imprisonment without alerting my captors.

Despite their efforts to convince me to relax my guard by including trinkets like furnishings, clothing, a vid-screen and a terminal I sense that everything I do is monitored.



Case in point: my body... the one I was captured in... is long gone and though I have attempted to maintain peak physical prowess today it would seem I have just been reduced to a weak female body.

*\*Sigh\**

SUBJECT

Music changes to energetic pop-style 



My captors must be well aware of the threat I pose. But no matter the body, it only takes one moment of underestimating my will to reclaim my freedom.

Peppy  Mus  
Pop 



I'm certain most prisoners they deal with here eventually break, my only singular goal is finding the weakest link here and then breaking the entire chain.

My captors have such arrogance to think they can hold me here, one of the greatest warlords the Fellowship of Mutants has ever known. It is even likely that my captors are one of a number of pro-human terrorist groups who seek to eradicate all mutants.

*... strange...*

*the floor seems... colder than before...*



... shoes?

SUBJECT

CAUTION



*Uh?*

*Heels.*



Obvious that they offer three options, as a test to see if a shoe with a heel would bother me. It is superficial and a well pointed heel can rupture breathing passages just as well as a knife with a well emphasized thrust.



Though the tallest heels are tempting I go one option over as the studs may prove useful should the opportunity arise...






Yet, I must also consider that any opportunity will be scarce and fleeting. My captors have even found a way to dull my speech center almost completely eliminating my ability to form coherent words.

Auoo niya...



A drastic measure, by even modern standards, yet I suppose more effective in some senses compared to tongue removal, burning the voice box with acid or lobotomy.

A woman with a bald head, wearing a black and white futuristic, form-fitting outfit with yellow accents, stands in a laboratory. She is wearing a black choker with the text "TEST SUBJECT" on it. The room has yellow walls, a framed picture of white flowers, a yellow and white examination table, and a yellow chair. A "CAUTION" sign is visible on a piece of equipment in the background.

I believe I had used all three on subjects of my own amusement at some point. I should be able to remember what exactly it was I did even if it had been so long ago.



Human terrorists are one of the few who would have the resources to hold the likes of me, for any extended period of time.

If they seek to test my determination, I guarantee it is their resolve which will crumble long before my own.

It does not matter, as my captors will find my unshakable determination will be their undoing.

*\*click\**

*\*click\**

*\*sizzle\**

*\*tap\**

*\*tap\**

*\*tap\**

*\*Beeeeeee-*

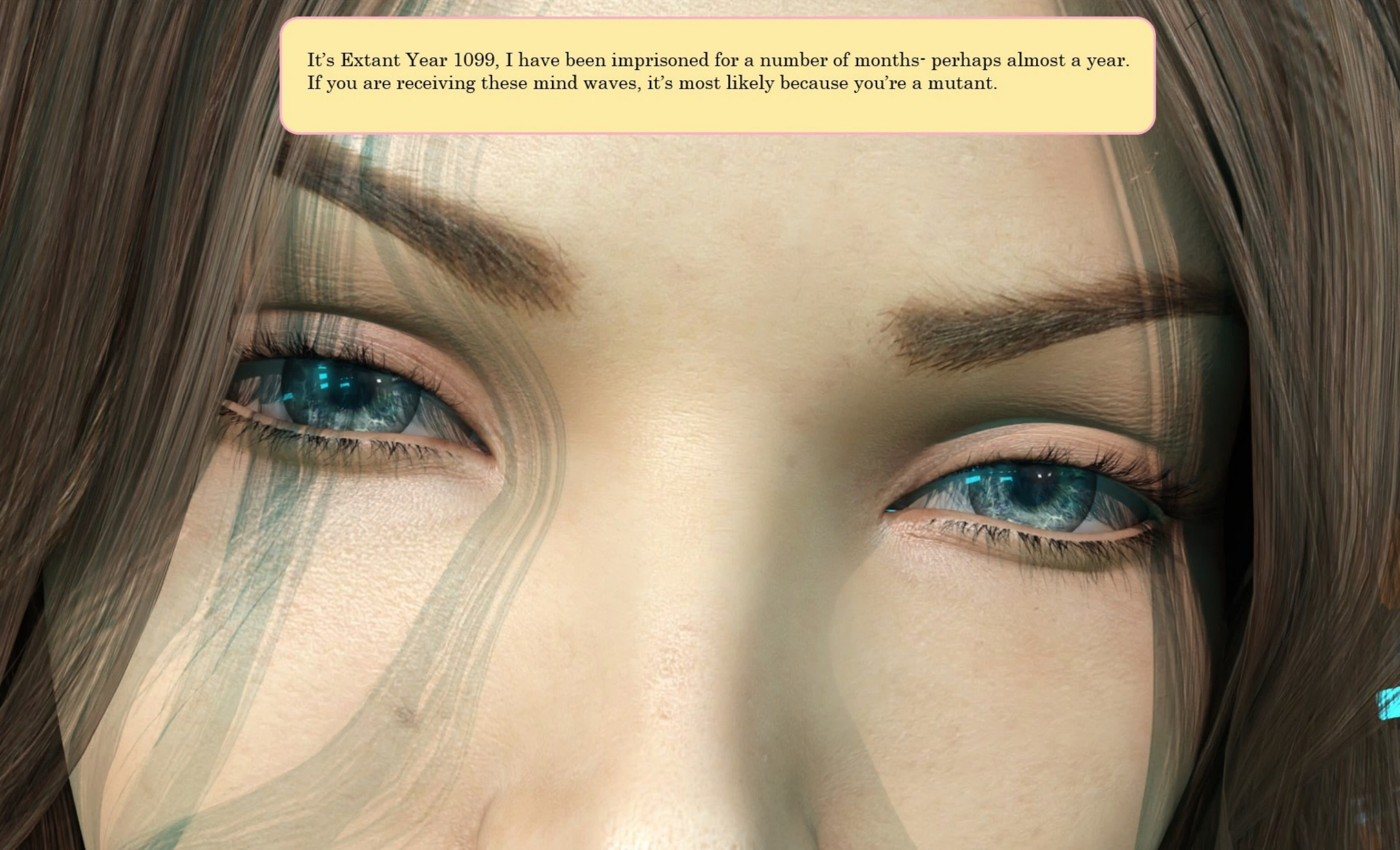


**BOOM!!!**





It's Extant Year 1099, I have been imprisoned for a number of months- perhaps almost a year. If you are receiving these mind waves, it's most likely because you're a mutant.





If you're like most of the mutants out there you've come to realize that the humans treat you like an inferior... or they are trying to wipe you out.

I am known as... uh... as... Ma- *Manipulator*? Though my primary mutant ability of possessing and controlling anyone or almost any living thing is ineffectual, my limited psychokinesis may yet prove to be returning.



Knowing that I am most likely being observed, I use the music to cover the purpose of my exercises.

Perky



Music!!



Pop




Though my body has become lighter and more flexible, my strength and toning is critical.

My hairbrush...

I am able to maintain my balance no matter what high heels my captors leave for me. I'm certain it has to do with latent mutant abilities as my balance and comfort in heels is perfect, on a psychokinetic level, no matter what.

*pink?*






The Extant are those of us who are free mutants who survived the Great Collapse. It was a war between the humans and mutants that brought about a total unraveling of the ancient nations. The Fellowship of Mutants fought back and slaughtered human and mutant alike attempting to gain control once again.

My captors believe that just because they change the color of my hairbrush that it will stop me from taking care of my luxurious growing mane.

Was it right? **Perhaps not.** It reduced the world populations to a point some say was before the Ancient Industrial Age.



I'm a member of *Mayhem*, a group whose devotion to the mutant cause dates back from before the Great Collapse and I am no longer free.

... how can you leave me like this? I need you! Please....

No doubt my captors may seek to punish me for the drastic actions *Mayhem* has taken in the past. Genocide is not an easy thing to overlook.

...I have no choice, my love... The Renegades are after me... they will not stop!

Even though my memories of such dark times are... foggy... I know that I did what I had to do... just as I must in order for me to escape this prison.



*Take me, Devon!  
Make me yours,  
I want to think of  
this night always  
knowing I gave  
myself to you....*

*My heart is yours  
Veronica, and I  
want you to think  
about this night,  
always... here is-  
uh! my love... my  
ah... cock!*

*Yes!*

*YES!*

*MORE!!!*

For some reason this show has enflamed my desire for a more...

*Intimate release...*

No doubt, my captors will take delight in watching me indulging myself...

*...just this once...*

My body *thrums* with pleasure...

Ah! Aiee... oh....!

There's something coming...  
something big...

*Fuck me,  
Devon...  
Fuck me  
harder!!*

The sensations coming from my  
sex is-

-almost  
too much!

If I just try a little  
harder I'll know...

*I'll know...*

*I'll know what it-*

*I'm gonna  
fuck you like  
the whore you  
are Veronica!!!*



Oh!!!

CAUTION

SUBJECT