

AZURA

Emily Sinclair

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Every superhero needs a code name – Clark Kent is Superman, Bruce Wayne is Batman, Dinah Lance is the Black Canary, and I am Paige Parker, or Azura as the city of Metrobay was about to know me. Unlike Superman who gained his powers from the sun, or Batman whose superpower was money, my abilities were forced upon me by a clandestine group I knew little about and trusted even less. Using technologies I never knew existed, they genetically modified my body into the perfect weapon. They turned on genes that had lain dormant in humanity for millions of years – triggering increased speed and strength to go with a supernatural rate of healing to make even Wolverine jealous.

I was under constant surveillance, locked in my prison with Alice - a fellow captive turned lover during months of grueling training that would prepare me for my new life outside of the compounds concrete and steel walls. Though I could have killed every last person that kidnapped and abused me, though I could have easily escaped any time I pleased, they kept me in check by a series of bombs implanted throughout my body. Cross them, and I die. It was that simple. Try to remove any of the micro-explosives and the rest would detonate scattering my atoms to the four winds. For now, I had no other choice but to do as they demanded.

Woken from a deep sleep and the arms of my lover, I was called into one of many conference rooms. I walked past several other captives and frowned, knowing the fate in store for them, and powerless to set any of them free. Entering the conference room, I took a seat at the oval table and waited. A screen flickered to life showing the silhouette of a man.

“Have you picked a name for yourself?” the man I had come to know as the Boss asked.

“I have. My new name is Azura.”

“Very good... Azura. I have your first mission. I assume you’ve heard of Scott Cody.”

“I have.” Everyone knew of Metrobay’s most notorious film producer. Accused of making some of the most hardcore porn of all time – including more than six dozen sadomasochism and snuff films, he never once saw the inside of a prison cell due to the hardline tactics of his legal team as well as evidence that had a way of disappearing.

“We have it on good authority that he is in the process of making another of his films and you’re going to see to it that he is finally brought down.”

“And how exactly am I going to do that?”

“By starring in the movie. If it turns out to be another of his hardcore films then the authorities will have all the evidence they need to bring him to justice.”

“And if it’s not?”

“Then we’ll keep trying until we get what we need.”

“So, let me get this straight, you kidnap me from my home, force me to undergo genetic manipulations that should have killed me, trained me to be a deadly weapon and all so I can star in a damned porno? Tell me you’re kidding. Please tell me this is another fucking joke!”

“No joke. You’ll bring down Scott Cody, or it’ll be the last thing you do. Once your powers and abilities have been fully field-tested, then we’ll talk about other endeavors, but for now you have to start at the bottom and work your way up. Please return to your home and get some rest. Your mission will start first thing in the morning. And remember, all it takes is a push of a button to annihilate you.”

“I haven’t forgotten,” I scowled at the screen. “It’s the only reason you’re all still alive.”

“And that attitude is exactly why you can’t be trusted with anything more serious than bringing down a petty criminal.”

“Attitude? ATTITUDE! Come out of hiding and I’ll show you attitude you fucking coward!” Pushing my chair back into the wall with enough force to crack the concrete, I stormed out of the conference room and back to my *home*. Alice was gone – no doubt on her rounds tending to the new arrivals and recently injured, so I went to the bedroom and sulked.

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I don’t remember falling asleep, but when I woke it was still night and I was in an unfamiliar place. Jumping out of bed, I looked down at a slip of paper attached to the ring through my left nipple. Removing the paper I read it.

Azura,

You are at the Metrobay Motel room 11. This will be your home for as long as it takes to complete your mission. There is a credit card as well as all relevant forms of identification in the purse on the stand next to the bed. You will change your appearance to match that of your new driver’s license before leaving the motel.

You are to have no contact with anyone from your former life. Remember, we are watching you at all times and will kill former family and friends you attempt to contact. For their safety and yours stick to the mission. And if we feel you’re wasting time in the hopes of remaining free we won’t hesitate in setting off the explosives coursing through your body.

I picked up the purse from the nightstand and dumped the contents on the bed. Credit card, driver’s license, birth certificate, and social security card along with an assortment of makeup. There was also a key I assumed was for the room and another slip of paper with more intimate details of my new body. Picking up the driver’s license I studied the photo for several long minutes. The body was easy to change, but the face could be tricky. My new height was five feet ten inches – a full five inches taller than my normal self. Weight; 130 pounds. Not bad, only an increase of ten pounds. With new measurements of 36d-24-37 I was bustier with a slightly larger behind than normal, but still proportionally sexy.

The body changes were done in a matter of minutes, but the face, hair and eyes took nearly an hour to get perfect. My natural brown hair was replaced with black, my green eyes turned blue and my lips became significantly fuller giving me what my now ex-boyfriend would lovingly call ‘cock-sucking’ lips.

The dress I was dropped off in was now several inches shorter and at least a size tighter, but at least it still covered everything. Putting everything back in the purse, I left the motel room and locked the door behind me. If I was going to begin my career in porn, I was going to need the appropriate clothes for the job and so I spent the rest of the night going from one store to the next buying as much as I could, charging the most expensive items I could find to the credit card left for me. *Fuck ‘em*, I thought as the bills piled higher and higher.

Not everything I bought was intimate, however. I knew what was expected of me and running around in a dress and heels, while sexy, was far from practical. Going back to the motel room, I took off the dress and put on a black catsuit with navy blue trim and a pair of black tennis shoes. Leaving my hair black, I changed my eyes to brown and the rest of my facial features enough that no one would ever recognize me. Not that they would have. Azure Price did not exist outside of the compound. At least not yet, and I did not want to take any chances of getting caught before I had a chance to complete the mission. It was nearly three in the morning

when I once again stepped out of the motel and onto the streets of Metrobay. Under the pretense of going for a late night jog, I jogged in the direction of Carnal Cravings Studios – Scott Cody’s place of business and the best place to begin my search for evidence. I was hoping to find something without having to do porn, but I wasn’t going to hold my breath. Anyone smart enough to escape justice for so long was not going to leave anything incriminating lying around for just anyone to stumble upon.

But then again, I wasn’t just anyone. Making sure no one was around, I picked up speed, going from a light jog to a thirty mile an hour sprint in a matter of seconds. And in minutes I was nearing my target. I could see the building approaching fast and slowed before I ran right through the front wall. It was dark save for a light in the front and secluded at the end of a dead-end road with a thousand acres of field on one side and three hundred acres of forest on the other. To my surprise there were more than a dozen cars in the parking lot meaning the place was occupied despite its appearance. And considering the work that went on here it made perfect sense.

Ducking off to the side of the building, I grabbed the small mirror I bought from my purse and changed back into Azura Price in case anyone inside asked for identification. Unzipping the top few inches of the catsuit to reveal some major cleavage, I walked up to the front door and gave it a pull. To my surprise it opened and I stepped inside.

“Can I help you?” A woman asked from my right.

I looked over at her – a bored-looking, pixie-haired woman in her thirties, and smiled. “I’ve never done anything like this before, but I’d like to get into porn,” I replied.

“Well, you certainly have the look for it, but why do you want to get into porn?”

“I need the money, and I love sex. Do I need any other reason?”

“We only do hardcore fetish porn here sweetie, perhaps you better try another studio for your first time.”

“I like hardcore,” I said truthfully. I didn’t before my change, but thanks to Alice I now enjoyed being fisted and tied up while being fucked hard. She also got me hooked on the idea of gang bangs though I had never done one. “And there are no other studios around so, here I am.”

“I see. And what hardcore stuff have you done?”

“My girlfriend fists me. And I’d like to do a gang bang.”

“I see. Well, we can put you through a test shoot, but I can’t guarantee we’ll use you for anything else.”

“Fine with me. All I’m looking for is a chance to break into the business.”