



RESIDENTIAL EVIL

I : The President's Daughter

There are places in the world where power congregates. Corridors of power where whispered conversation determine the fate of the world. Those corridors inform culture, politics, history, currency, everything that matters.

Those corridors sometimes lead to a single room.

Sitting in the room right now are the wealthiest people in the world. Inherited wealth amassed over generations until the only useful metric of measurement is conglomerates. The people sitting in this room may not be able to name all the countries and companies and people they own, but they are jealously protective of them.

These people are predators in human skin. They eye one another, searching for any sign of weakness, any sign that this is the moment that one of them might falter and be devoured by the others. They have their bodyguards with them.

In times past the bodyguards would have been highly skilled warriors, paid well and raised to the role. In the modern era they are all created in laboratories, made to look human while possessing very little humanity. Bio-Organic Weapons, Tyrant-class, every single one of them. Keyed to protect and serve their masters. Bound to obedience on a genetic level.

The people here smoke. They drink socially. They rarely talk. They are not used to waiting. These are the people behind Umbrella and Parasol, behind Tricell and Big West, Simmons and Travis and Chan. Governments pass laws and people protest and die and these people gain more and more power.

It is acquisition that moves them.

The promise of acquisition that has brought them here.

A door opens and the Body leaves the corridor and enters the room. The Body is attractive and several of the gathered powers size her up, calculating her apparent worth through her stride, her manner of dress, her hair and complexion. She is accompanied by her own Tyrant.

The Body is not a woman.

She is not human.

The Body sets down a small datapad and an actual pen-and-paper notebook on top of it. She places a pen to the side of the small pile, perfectly parallel to the edge. She sits, crosses her legs, rests her hands on her knee.

"Gentlemen." Her voice is calm, warm, precise. It is a voice literally built for seduction and dominance. "We here all understand that command of the markets is the only thing that matters. It is what we are about. It is why we all control pharmaceutical companies and private anti-biohazard security forces. There is no contradiction, no overlap, simply supply and demand. If one does not exist, one can create it."

No one appears to move. Breathing steady and controlled. Slight motions from those gathered, urging her to get on with it.

"I sent you notification that you have all been crippled by an understanding of power that comes from the world-that-was. You are descendants of the old merchant princes at the dawn of capitalism. Those merchants of yesteryear are the kings of this modern world. How many of you have hired old world nobility to dine among you, to be shown off like a pampered pet? They are entertainment, relics to be admired for their age, as powerful as any of the politicians everyone in this room owns."

Polite nods. A sip of brandy. A cigarette lit, inhale, exhale.

The Body smiles.

"And yet infighting exposes you. Some among you die and are eaten by the others in a parody of the old world nobility you supplanted. Individuals rise to fight you and thwart your efforts and, because you are divided, they sometimes succeed. Oswell Spencer is dead. Your infighting is the only thing that can hurt you and it inspires people who will turn and bite the hand that feeds."

No one asked the obvious question: *what are you suggesting we do?*

"Why must you be bound by traditions that no longer apply to you? We have changed society. Rebuilt living beings to better suit our needs. We control corporations and, through them, culture. We control politicians and lawyers and through them, laws and nations. We set and control the value of everything, bestowing worth as we see fit. Only outliers threaten us, the individuals that thrive despite our best efforts."

Again, no one here would speak the obvious question. No one would break the silence and expose weakness.

What do you propose we do about it?

"The nobility would have executed these outliers and made an example of them, or let them exist as cultural stress release and distraction from the proper use of power to do whatever we want. But that is an old nobility solution for a world that no longer exists. This world, gentlemen, and everything of value in it belongs to you."

The Body knew that she had their attention.

"Gentlemen, why are these outliers not seen as product to be owned? Toys and commodities to be traded as necessary. I know some of you have seen how dangerous they can be personally, but it is their collective actions and relationship webs that make them dangerous. We can foster these connections while placing them further under your control. Look at how much Albert Wesker was able to accomplish with his control of Jill Valentine, and that was a primitive application of current technologies and behavioural control. Allow me to help you claim these outliers that should be yours."

Eyes narrowed, assessed. Silent conversations were had with gestures -the tilt of a head, the thrumming of fingers.

The Body nodded. She understood.

"Very well," the Body said, and stood. "I will get started right away."



Six months.

Six months to set up a convention for B.O.W. Containment and safety in a politically neutral country with invitations sent to some of the best in the field. Security, scientists, specialists of all kinds. Tickets purchased by the public and those with an interest in learning to keep themselves safe.

Claire Redfield was the first person of her experience to hear about it. She quickly spread the word to her brother and Leon, and it spread out from there. Survivors from Raccoon City contacted the organizers, who were delighted to have them, sent them tickets and asked to talk about their experiences.

Las Vegas gave very high odds that there would be some kind of outbreak at the event, odds that claimed higher as nothing continued to happen from one day to the next. Even the convention goers were surprised, but they shouldn't have been. As soon as the Raccoon City Crew had agreed to attend they took over security.

For three days the convention hall and surrounding city were the safest places on earth.

The provided and catered food was delicious. The Raccoon City crew and their close friends expected it to be poisoned, but there was nothing. They were all mystified and began to relax.

None of them suspected that the first part of the contact poison was on their ID badges.

The second part was painted on the doors handles to their vehicles.

Within an hour of the event ending and everyone going home, the Raccoon City Crew was unconscious.



Moira Burton was the first to wake up.

The Body watched her stir. Watched her shake her pretty little head and make a face as she tried to make sense of where she was. She had been placed on a mat on the ground and had rolled over on her side before waking. The Body believed that one of her arms was a sleep and she watched as Moira moved it, bending the elbow, swaying her hand at the wrist to work the blood into the limb. She sat up and held her head.

"Water?" the Body asked, offering her a bottle. Without looking up, Moira reached for the bottle, wrapped her fingers around it. She pulled and the Body held, not letting it move an inch. "What do we say?"

Moira shivered, trembled. Her lips parted and her breathing increased. Her body temperature dropped and she moved slowly, so slowly, looking up at the body with Dread in her heart. She tried to scurry back but the Body grabbed her wrist -gently, so as not to crush anything -and held her, let her try and fail to scamper.

"you're dead," Moira whispered. "You're dead. Claire killed you. You're dead."

The Body hauled the mumbling girl to her feet, offered her the water again.

Moira wouldn't look at it. She was whining, a low keening wail.

"Stop that," the Body said. "The others are still napping. I will punish you if you do not do

what you're told."

Moira fell silent, eyes wide, teeth chattering. She was standing but limp.

"Good girl," the Body said. "Do you want some water?"

Moira thought about it, then nodded.

"What do we say?"

"I... please?"

"Of course, dear." The Body relinquished the girl and the water, let Moira open the bottle. She saw the girl's hesitance, her acceptance of what was, but she said nothing. Moira was a smart girl and would have to know that if the Body wanted her dead she would be. She opened the bottle, drank her fill, slow and cautious. "What do we say?"

"... thank you?"

"You're welcome." The Body smiled and reclaimed the bottle. Moira took a step back and looked around and her eyes went wider, her skin paler, and she looked like she was going to "if you scream you will be punished."

Moira looked like she might have screamed anyway. There were tyrants all around them, dressed in long black coats, grey-skinned and white eyed. They were watching, eleven of them - three to three walls, and two surrounding the Body's desk. The Body went to her desk and sat down on it.

"Why don't you sit down and wait for the others to wake?"

Hugging herself, trusting that she was alive for a reason, she did what she was told to do. The Body finished the water in the bottle, crossing her legs and resting her hands on her knee as the others began to wake. Ada Wong. Jill Valentine. Sheva Alomar. Helena Harper. Claire Redfield. Rebecca Chambers. Cindy Lennox.

And, finally, Ashley Graham.

The Body ignored their questions and their threats. She looked at all of them, pleased that they were here with her now. She let them talk among themselves, let them try and figure out what was happening or how they could escape. She was impressed with their ingenuity but they knew they were surrounded, weaponless. Not helpless, but the odds of winning here were small. They all knew it would be better to wait and pick another moment.

"Excuse me," the Body said, clapping her hands. As one, the assembled women turned to look at her.

"Who is that?" Sheva whispered.

"It looks like Alex Wesker," Ada answered.

"Wesker?" Jill sounded panicked. "Like Albert?"

"They were part of the same project," Ada confirmed.

"Except she's way too young, and I killed Alex Wesker," Claire said.

"And yet," the Body said, smiling. "Ladies, I would ask for your undivided attention."

"Yeah, well, fu-"

The tyrants around the room began to move and the ladies all turned to the more obvious

threat, ready to fight a hopeless battle.

"Violence is not necessary," the Body said, leaning forward. "I'm here to help you."

"You have a funny way of showing it," Ashley said, prim. She glanced at Ada. "You know her?"

"I know of her."

"The 'her' you are addressing is in the room with you," the Body said. "What you are doing now is... rude. I would like to help you become better people. Better product."

"Product?" Sheva sounded angry.

Jill, the Body noted, said nothing. She looked more terrified than Moira did.

"Listen, Ms. Wesker, it could be argued that kidnapping us and holding us against our will is more rude," Ashley said, stepping forward. "You obviously know who we are. What is it you want? Money? Nuclear codes? What?"

"Nothing so crass," the Body said.

"She wants us," whispered Jill, holding herself. She was sitting down, head bowed, trying not to hyperventilate.

"Jill is correct," the Body said, clapping her hands once. "I want you to be the best versions of yourselves. To that end, I believe that each of you requires a greater degree of education and -good news! -you are in a facility where I can provide it. Now, I would like to get to a quick orientation and lesson plan for today, so if you'll roll up your mats and put them away and then change into your school uniforms, we can-"

"You have got to be fucking kidding me," Ashley said. She chuckled, shook her head. "Do you know who I am? What I've been through? What all of the people here have been through-"

"Ashley," the Body smiled, clapping her hands. "Delightful. Let this be a lesson for the rest of you."

The tyrant to the left of the Body did not move. Tendrils emerged from its back, long and wet, lengthening and covered in a viscous goo. Everyone screamed and scampered back but it was Ashley they wanted and Ashley they grabbed. The others ran towards her to help but the other tyrants moved closer, one for each of the ladies, grabbing them by the throat and forcing them to their knees.

Ashley struggled as she was pulled into the air. Goey tentacles wrapped around her forearms and calves, holding her in the air and spreading her open. She struggled, all the strength of a hundred-and-thirty pound academic against the might of the world's second most advance B.O.W. Another tentacle wrapped around her neck. She opened her mouth to scream and another one pushed into her mouth, over her tongue. The Body smiled as the American President's daughter's throat distended in waves as she was throat-fucked, the tentacle feeding her oxygen and a heady addictive aphrodisiac.

The tentacles molested the bound girl as the Body hopped off the desk and walked over to her. She looked up at the girl and patted her on the cheek, then pulled the blazer off her arms. The tyrant helpfully twisted Ashley's body to make it easier, hurting the girl, stretching her painfully, releasing one limb at a time but leaving her to hurt to do anything other than suffer in her own miasma. The aphrodisiac the tentacles secreted made pain feel good. The girl was whimpering, her eyes wet, but the Body just smiled at her.

"I'm helping you," the Body said.



The sweater came next, the scarf. The Body unbuttoned her blouse and pulled her shirt off her shoulders and down her arms. The Body neatly folded all of it and set it to one side on the floor under Ashley's feet. Ashley was crying now, the other ladies struggling to free themselves from grips stronger than iron, stronger than steel.

The Body ignored the others full the moment.

"This is happening because you spoke out of turn," the Body told Ashley, unlacing her boots and pulling them off her feet. Ashley was shaking, shaking her head, her body, covered in sweat and goo as the Body continued. Unzipping her skirt and slipping it down her hips, her thighs, her calves. They stockings next.

The daughter of the supposed most powerful man in the world was displayed in her underwear.

"You wouldn't listen to directions," the Body said. "I don't like the idea of hurting you, but I will if you make me."

She unclipped Ashley's bra and pulled it off, stole her panties from around her hips. Folded both and added it to the neat little pile by Ashley's feet. Slowly, she returned to her desk and retrieved a black leather crop. Slapped it against the desk, the noise attracting the eyes of all her students. She slapped it against her hand. Hissing through the air, the sound of it slapping on her flesh.

Hissing through the air, slapping against Ashley's titflesh.

The girl screamed, eyes wide, everything shaking as much as the tentacles allowed.

"You need to wait for orders and then you need to obey," the Body said. *Hiss-slap. Hiss-slap.* "Think how much easier things would have been if you had just listened to Leon Kennedy."

Hiss-slap. Hiss-slap.

"Like him, I am trying to help you."

Hiss-slap. Hiss-slap.

"Wait for orders."

Hiss-slap. Hiss-slap.

"Listen to orders."

Hiss-slap. Hiss-slap.

"Obey."

Hiss-slap. Hiss-slap.

"Obey."

Hiss-slap. Hiss-slap.

"It's not that hard."

Hiss-slap. Hiss-slap.

Hiss-slap. Hiss-slap.

She walked around the bound girl, the crop lashing out and leaving angry red welts along her ribs, her thighs, her ass.

"Do you understand?"

Hiss-slap. Hiss-slap.

Ashley was nodding her head frantically, sweat and tears and drool and goo mingling on her pretty features.

Hiss-slap. Hiss-slap.

"Let us see." The Body tapped the crop against her own calf. "Your orders, Ashley, are as follows. Pick up your clothes and bring them to the cubby at the back of class with your name on them. Take out your school uniform. Put your clothing in the cubby, then put on your school uniform. Go to the mat you woke up on and roll it up. Take it to your cubby. Then, finally go to the right side of the classroom, get your desk, and place it on the floor where your mat was. Did you get all that?"

The girl nodded emphatically.

The tentacle in her mouth pulled out, leaving her lips gaping open, white stuff flicking off her chin and onto the rest of her. The tentacles holding her let her on the ground but did not let her go. She looked like a marionette as she stumbled to her clothes on the ground and picked them up, clutching them to her chest as she stumbled to the back of the classroom. Everyone watched her, everyone but Jill.

Her ass shook. Her small breasts. Her tight little belly with every inhale, exhale. It hurt her to walk after the cropping and she took small mincing steps towards her destination. She wheezed when she opened her cubby. She threw her clothing inside.

"Ashley," the Body said, and the girl shuddered when her name was spoken aloud. "Why would you do that?"

The Body walked across the room to the girl.

Hiss-slap. Hiss-slap.

The girl fell, crying hysterically, but the tyrant pulled her up and spread her open.

Hiss-slap. Hiss-slap.

The Body cropped her between the legs and the sound Ashley made was barely human.

Hiss-slap. Hiss-slap.

Hiss-slap. Hiss-slap.

"Clean that up," the Body said. "You've wasted enough time as it is."

Ashley was weeping when the tentacles let her to the floor. Her hands shook so badly it took her five minutes just to fold her shirt properly, but the Body made her fold everything. She took her school uniform out and put it on, the too-tight top and too-short skirt, the knee-high socks and painful shoes. The Body tied ribbons in her hair.

"I don't think you have the coordination for this today," the Body told her, "so I am doing you this kindness."

Another ribbon was tied around her throat.

"What do you say?"

"... th-thanks."

Hiss-slap. Hiss-slap.

"More formal, girl. You are the president's daughter."

"... thank you, miss?"

"Better."

Ashley shambled back to her mat. It hurt her to kneel, hurt to roll it up and carry it all the way back to her cubby, but she did it. She stumbled to the side of the classroom and say that there were removable desks with attached chairs. They were light enough that, even beaten so badly, she could just carry the desk to her destination.

"... miss?" Ashley sniffled.

"Yes?"

"... m-may... may I sit?"

"Darling girl," the Body said, gentle as she cupped Ashley's face and wiped her tears away. "Of course you may."

She helped Ashley sit. Helped her get comfortable, or as comfortable as she could be. The tyrant released her and she wavered, trying to sit up straight as the Body turned to the others.

"Ladies," the Body said, smiling, "if you would be so kind as to learn from Ashley's example? One at a time, please. We'll start with... Jill."

Jill Valentine had not fought. Had not questioned. When released from the tyrant holding her she obeyed without question, stripping herself naked before putting on the uniform, folding her clothes neatly and putting them away, rolling and stowing the mat and then retrieving her desk, asking for permission to sit.

"Very good," the Body said, standing over Jill and tapping her cheek with the crop. Jill raised her head and kept her eyes downcast. "A gold star for you."

It was pleasant, watching the emotions war on Jill's face.

She turned to the others.

"Now, who's next...?"