

# 'B' IS FOR BIMBO

*By Dee Dee Perri*



*ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS*

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**A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL**

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## **B IS FOR BIMBO**

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### **~ Prologue ~**

“What’s going on? Arto? Arto? Three... NO! Make that—,” Zoff was getting impatient. “Oh Nova!” he cursed. His hands pounded his thighs in excitement. “Looks like Time Central just emptied the whole garage!”

The tri-dee holographic images that filled the security capsule showed a cloud of ‘down-time’ tracks all converging on the same temporal slice. He leaned back to get a better look at what had become a complex maze of lines. The brilliant red ribbons that represented ‘Temporal Teams’ spat down and intersected the primary timeline (drawn in blue) in what looked like a random pattern. The earliest crossing was about mid-twentieth century, and the latest lapped near the three quarter mark of the same century. In his ten years with the Temporal Service he’d never seen more than two probes within the same five hour shift. And now... a hundred plus, and some of them large temporal agent teams... and all running concurrently! He spun in his lev-chair when the sound of the Greev Generator came on line with a nasty whine. “Arto?” he said between gulps. Fear made his voice quiver.

There was only one reason the Greev Generator would be activated: the plasti-steel capsule in which he sat was being jerked into quantum non-space, non-time. All communication with the outside universe terminated at that instant. The holographic image was now but a frozen memory of what had been reality. “Arto?” he said again as he continued to look at the silent Noid.

Arto compressed his bloodless lips in what could be easily mistaken for a human reaction, but was surely just a behavioral artifact included as part of his code to make his human counterpart feel more comfortable. The plasti-steel and silicone Noid needed far, far less time to process data than his human counterpart, yet even it paused before answering. It opened its mouth to speak and then closed it, as if focused upon a dense data stream that had erupted unexpectedly— and it had. Finally, ten seconds after his human coworker had queried him, it spoke. “Reentering real time-space... Now.” The whine of the Greev Generator waned slowly and then abruptly re-engaged.

None of the communication screens activated! No signal from any of the thirteen solar systems, 35 human inhabited planets, and hundreds of moons were received. It was as if none of the 4.8 trillion humans in known space existed. “SPACE!” snarled the terrified man. “Say something, Arto! What in the quark happened?”

The iris-less gray eyes widened as humanoid lids blinked and the thin lips pressed even tighter. “Temporal accident, sector one point zero-thirty-seven, segment one-nine-six-three point ten point...”

“Okay, okay ah- October, 1963... Earth prime.”

“Ancient republican nation state, ruler assassinated...”

“Nova!” cursed Zoff Bafa. “Lay your even credits it was one of the Experimental History twits. Okay, Arto, how bad is it?”

“We are now in a temporal paradox, Zoff. Our habitat was created by entities that *never existed* with technology that *never existed*...” As to add the weight of visual evidence, a tri-dee holographic image of the outside world clicked into existence. Youngstown, an old, pre-space village of nearly two-million souls should have appeared. But instead of buildings and a bustling humanity, a forest of ancient hardwood trees loomed darkly over the security capsule. “I have ordered out null-probes, Mr. Bafa.” Suddenly the tri-dee switched to a high altitude view. The mega-city of which Youngstown itself was but a small sector, the city of The Greater-Ohio Valley which ranged from the northern shore of Lake Erie to the Wheeling south shore of the Ohio River, simply did not exist. Indeed there was virtually no sign of human habitation except outside the timeline; the War of the Two Brothers didn’t happen.”

“Space! So how could the ‘*Not War*’ kill our timeline?”

“Time, Mr. Bafa. I need more time to correlate...”

“Speaking of time, Arto. We’re on internal power now. How long do we have before...”

“No problem.”

“Good.” The man looked relieved. “Then we can run a mission?” The Noid remained mute. “We can fix this, can’t we, Arto? That...that’s why we existed. A buffer, security for our timeline.”

“Too many unexamined variables, Mr. Bafa. Perhaps in a few standard e-hours or so...”

“Well...” Zoff pulled at his chin. “I shall just take a stroll outside then, Arto.”

“No, Mr. Bafa.”

“Huh?”

“We don’t *exist!*” The noid’s voice hissed the word *exist*. It didn’t have to explain to the human the consequence of exiting the capsule now.

“But...” The man stuttered to a halt as death, real death, loomed. They were already dead... Ghosts... existences... entities outside the physical universe. In spite of the image outside the capsule, they remained in the space between space. The man’s face grew sober. “How long Arto... until we lose power?”

“A long, long time, Mr. Bafa. We are still well within mission parameters.”

~oOo~

“Mutants,” said the Noid in his emotionless, flat voice. “After the War of the Two Brothers, ten’s of millions of mutations appeared in both the human and other biological gene pools. Most were nonviable and died without reproducing. But some...”

“I remember that!” Zoff said with some pride at his historical aptitude thus exhibited. “There were the... ah- Mutant Wars, early twenty-third century.”

“Late twenty-first,” corrected the Noid. “And they weren’t exactly wars. More like a series of massive witch-hunts conducted by the ‘*Alphas*’. Before the so called ‘wars’ were concluded, millions of altered humanity were... murdered. It was a very one-sided exchange, Mr. Bafa. A real horror.” The noid paused to give his words more weight. “The mutations produced by the War of the Two Brothers, nearly a century earlier, that resulted in the wholesale slaughter of those eventually affected by the Mutant Wars in the next century, created a concern. It was a fear, if you like, of the application of the genetic sciences to the modification of life forms. You follow me thus far, Mr. Bafa?” When the man nodded his head in the affirmative, the Noid continued, “In the new timeline, no such ‘fear’ or caution was experienced. Radical new biological weapons were created. Eventually...” The Noid’s voice died.

“Hmm.” Zoff pulled at his face. “You sure of that, Arto? It’s hard to believe that they simply killed themselves with biological weapons.”

“Sorry, Mr. Bafa. Given that the race was composed of only Alpha males and females in the new timeline... The outcome seems certain.”

“What do you mean *only* Alpha...” The horror bloomed anew. It was inconceivable to imagine a world filled with those unstable creatures. For the last five centuries, only a few Alpha males had been bred, and these for the most dangerous, usually terminal, occupations. And the Alpha females... “You’re saying...” His voice quivered uncontrollably.

The Noid looked surprised, or at least as surprised as its circuits could simulate. The human was obviously not a historian. “All the subspecies from Beta to Omega-3, Mr. Bafa, were an eventual outgrowth of the initial mutations created by the War of the Two Brothers, of course.”

Now Zoff Bafa understood exactly why Temporal Central had required a human in the security team. The Noid was a thousand times smarter and a million times more reliable, but the artificial intelligence was linear in its thinking- not ‘fuzzy.’ The machine had identified the ‘why’ but not really the ‘WHY’ humanity had self-destructed. The Alpha prototype was simply too erratic, too unstable to hold the power created by its own technology. The urge which had led countless humans (Attila the Hun was but a typical Alpha) to sweep a bloody path across Earth Prime was simply incompatible with the raw power available in the twentieth-second century. It was probably one-too-many Hitlers, another prime example of the Alpha type, that had led to the termination of Earth Prime habitation. “No Zetas to provide wisdom, Arto. No Betas to draw off the Alpha’s cathartic energies. They could only focus on their minor *racial* differences. Or was it religion, Arto? Perhaps differences in governmental forms or resources— Alphas didn’t need much of an excuse to begin killing each other! Arto, a world filled

with Alphas and a technology to kill by the billions...” He waved his hand toward the Noid. “It was their nature to hate and kill, Arto. The only things they were really good at.” He dropped his chin and closed his eyes. “I need to think, Arto.”

~oOo~

“We really must begin the mission, Sir.” The Noid’s voice was filled with simulated concern for the human.

“I know,” murmured the man. But his eyes continued to have a far-off look. He was obviously distracted.

“Grief?” queried the Noid.

“Yes... yes, of course. Trillions died...”

“Never were, not died.”

“Whatever!” growled the man. “They *existed!*” He turned and faced the Noid, “What are my chances, Arto? Can I save humanity?”

“It is better that you think so, Sir.”

“That bad, huh Arto? Yeah.” He’d gone down time before in a different body in order to do his job, but he’d never gone with an Alpha host.

“Half life of a sim-consciousness, Mr. Bafa, is about eight thousand hours. And long before your function degrades to that level...”

“Yeah, yeah, I know. Too many glands secreting too many hormones. Blind urges to kill and mate—I’ll become a regular ape-man. What about survivors of the temporal teams that could augment my resources considerably?” Temporal agents were the best of the best. Bright and wonderfully adaptive. Zoff hoped that the Noid would give him some good news for a change.

“Most likely gone, Sir. The backlash effect would have...”

“Enough!” groaned Zoff. It was bad enough he’d be dumped into an Alpha body that in time would dissolve his matrix. It was worse that he’d go down time without artifices to an age in which the tools he’d need would have to be cobbled together from inadequate materials. But it was far, far worse to realize he’d be *alone*. A Delta in a world of Alphas. He shuddered. To save humanity he’d have to replicate at least a few of the very mutations that a nuclear war had inadvertently created. Finally, he squared his shoulders and spoke. “Let’s do it, Arto!”

“Goodbye Sir. And, may I say for the Noids that should have been, good luck.”

## Chapter 1

Zoff, now Reed Brown, a.k.a. ‘Brownie,’ sat in a dark, noisy room filled with Alpha males and a few Alpha females. A quick check of the host’s memories cued Zoff that this was what was known as a ‘bar.’ The tremendous wealth of information stored in the host’s memory, which would help Zoff adapt to the new situation, told him that this was a place in which the primitive Alphas ingested alcohol (which depressed the

oxygen supply going to the brain- go figure!). More importantly, however, was that it was a 'pickup bar.' These thoughts and others were shuttled to the back of 'Brownie's' consciousness at the moment. Less than thirty seconds from making the transference into the Alpha host, poor Zoff was tasting for the first time incipient 'lust.' A blond female wearing heels attached to her feet clicked past his booth. The artificial musk that wafted into the host nostrils sent an electric tingle down the new Alpha male's back finally lodged in its crotch— now Zoff's crotch as well. Zoff's host had grown a 'woody'... a hard-on! Scrambling to his feet, Zoff stumbled toward what his host's memories said was the 'john' or primitive waste deposit site. The first concrete thought that formed in Zoff's new brain was, *Eight thousand hours— I'll never last half that long!*

As he flung open the door to the room marked 'Men', the stench of Alpha male musk, testosterone-rich urine, and a mixed assortment of raw manufactured chemicals slapped Zoff in the face. He turned to retreat when a reflection off the far wall caught his attention. Shuffling forward, ignoring the stink, he glared at the primitive Alpha male image that mocked his every movement. A thick thatch of muddy-brown hair sprouted from the top of his skull. Brown eyes sat on both sides of a nose that was both long and narrow... Thin lips only partly hid the mouthful of teeth. There was no doubt that this was a classic Alpha male, a square chin jutted out above a thick neck and broad shoulders. A lopsided grin formed on the beast's mouth as Zoff squared his shoulders and clenched his fists— a regular tri-dee Alpha-action figure. All muscle and glands and only a modicum of neural tissue. Just then another Alpha male entered the waste site. Zoff turned and looked...*up*.

The monster was a full head taller, with arms that made Zoff's look like twigs. The man grunted as he pushed past Zoff and headed toward the fixture attached to the wall, a urinal, his host's brain told him. He turned to leave, only to be met by three more creatures entering the small room. Each was at least as large as the first. By the time Zoff had made it back to his seat, his visual analysis of the other males in the bar had confirmed his assessment of the situation: Reed Brown was a... shrimp, a wimp... at least relative to the average Alpha male. That was some compensation. Zoff headed back, to what his host would have referred to as his 'pad', alone. The latter was probably normal for the 'little' nerd that worked for Radio Shack. All and all it was a relief for Zoff. He had now less than eight thousand hours to save humanity. Finding companionship, a mate, at the bar would have only made his impossible task even more impossible. Still, he couldn't help noticing his raging hard-on and the Alpha cardinal desire that loomed in his Delta consciousness.

~oOo~

A transmogrifier, in Zoff's timeline, could be as small as a grain of white rice and operated off of ambient light. But the parts available to Zoff in this era were anything but small. Using a model URC-42XXB00 television remote control 'box' and three AAA batteries for power, the necessary components were squeezed in tightly in a space 12 cm long and 4 cm deep. The whole thing weighed almost one and a half pounds- a bit heavy for a TV remote control. The batteries would probably have to be replaced after only a few hundred operations. But that was the good news. There wasn't enough power at maximum in this system to generate the chromosome configuration for a

Zeta or even a Delta. Induction of that many additional chromosome pairs would require a lot more power. But it was a start. The frequencies were set for the simplest manipulation of them all, a simple Beta.

“BROWNIE!” a gruff male voice bellowed from the next room.

“Huh?” Zoff turned just in time to see a harried man entering the work room. It was his boss, the manager of the Radio Shack store in the mall. “Boss?”

“You get that VCR working yet?”

“Um—“ Zoff stammered. He’d forgotten.

The man was on the heavy side, even for an Alpha male of his age. Incipient high blood pressure made his face normally red, but at the moment it was scarlet. “Jesus, Brownie! That’s my mother-in-law’s machine,” He said, as if that information somehow explained the urgency of the need.

“Right, Sir...”

His boss glanced at the TV remote control in Zoff’s hand. He jammed a thumb over his shoulder toward the VCR setting on the work bench. “Get the dang thing fixed before four. Got me?”

Zoff stared at the transmogrifier held loosely in his hand and then back at the man’s face. “Sir?” he said as his finger lingered over the ‘on’ switch. He was of two minds at the moment. As a Delta he knew he would need to eventually test the device. Yet to do such a thing to anyone, even an Alpha was... distasteful. The idea jarred his most basic sense of fair-play, of human concern.

But the Alpha body he wore was of another mind set entirely. It wanted to press the button! Revenge? Hostility? Or just lust for power? The small LED mounted on the upper surface of the remote control winked on as his finger pressed down on the button.

His boss, Harmon Murks, stood there as if turned into wax. The device hummed, and the fine, blue, almost translucent rays that sprang from the device touched and then seemed to pass through Harmon Murks body. In an instant the form blurred, multiple images replaced the one distinct form as the body threatened to shift into null-space. For one horrible moment, Harmon Murks was as naked as the day he was born. It was not a pretty sight!

Zoff screeched and flung the transmogrifier away. The device fell to the floor. It did not hit with the clatter of plastic against bare concrete but with a wet SPLAT! Zoff shoved his burnt fingers into his mouth to make more bearable the pain. The reek of smoldering plastic rose up in a sickening cloud as Harmon Murks returned to normal. The man’s nose twitched as the disgusting odor of charred plastic greeted his abrupt reentry to ‘normal’ space.

“Jesus, what stinks?” he growled before turning on his heels. At the door he called back to Zoff, “Brownie— four sharp!” And then he was gone.

Zoff hadn’t had time to comprehend the utter failure of his first attempt to build a transmogrifier using the elementary components available in this primitive era. He new that this failure was not good. He was not sure what the ray’s effect on Harmon

Marks would be. Little did he know that profound changes were starting to occur in his boss. But Zoff did not have time to consider this.

He hadn't even removed his fingers from his mouth, when a low, conspiratory voice spoke from the rear entryway. "Like wow!" With a start, heart pounding, he turned and... There was a stranger, an Alpha male to be sure... No. It was...

"Davy?"

There, standing in the doorway, was Davy Lopez, the real Reed Brown's pal. They could have been twins, except Davy's skin was several shades darker due, no doubt, to his Hispanic heritage. He wore jeans and a faded blue work shirt with an array of pens sticking out of a pocket protector which bulged in his shirt. Davy adjusted the thick black-rimmed glasses on his nose as if to see better. A sly smile formed on his lips. "Holy shit, Brownie! That was... something else."

All Zoff could do was gasp, "Huh?" What had Davy seen and how much? He didn't know.

Davy pushed past Zoff and removed a pen from his pocket protector. Bending from his waist— he was quite flexible— he brought his nose to within two inches of the still smoking puddle on the floor. With the pen he poked the remains of Zoff's device, before straightening up again. With admiration in his eyes, he grinned, "Totally awesome, Dude. I thought for a second that old fat ass was going to go transparent. Jesus..." He scratched his nose and then looked back at the puddle on the floor.

Now Davy's grin reversed itself, his look hardened into a glare. "You were going to hold out on me ol' buddy. I saw the friggin' rays and that old fat ass on the fade and..." Then the sour look was replaced by a crafty gaze. "You're kidding! You almost got it!" He cocked his head and looked inquiringly at Zoff. "What we always talked about, you know..."

Zoff shrugged. In all honesty he hadn't the faintest idea of what Davy was referring to. And then, from Brownie's memories, the answer came. "You mean..." He stopped to smile. "The X-RAY machine? You know, making girls naked at the push of a button?"

"Yeah!" As ridiculous as the idea of a device to see through clothes was— a classic adolescent fantasy— it was surely safer than THIS reality. There was no way Zoff would tell Davy the truth. He broadened his grin, "Almost had him."

Davy looked concerned. "Why waste it on a dude, Brownie? Jesus, a thing like that was made for, you know chicks."

Zoff shrugged. "Still got some bugs to work out."

"Right!" Davy pushed his way toward the work bench and picked up some papers. "This is the circuit diagram?"

Zoff felt his heart stop beating. "Hey!" He snatched at the papers in Davy's hand but was too late. Brownie's 'friend' stuffed them inside his shirt. "Give 'em back!"

Davy crossed his arms, protecting the precious papers. "After I look at 'em pal. Jesus, you really *were* going to keep this all for yourself." He looked hurt.

"DAMN IT, DAVY!"

Davy ducked his head and shoved past Zoff. “Like I said, we’re partners, and this partner is going to take a long look at...” He was out the door and gone.

It wasn’t the Delta consciousness inside Brownie’s body that yelled, “I’M GOING TO CUT YOUR FRIGGIN’ HEART OUT, ASSHOLE! SON-OF-A-BITCH!” A nearly impossible task- saving humanity- had become substantially more difficult now.

~oOo~

The parts had cost Davy almost thirty dollars, which put a real dent in his wallet, but he was certain it was worth it. Considering what had happened to Brownie’s device, he’d tripled the gage of the wires, added a two-inch thick aluminum heat sink to help dissipate the waste energy, and replaced the triple A batteries with a hefty power supply that could put out a hundred times the current of the triple A’s. The whole thing, when done, covered the kitchen table. It was neither small nor pretty, but it was a damn sight more likely to be ‘smoke free’. To make it portable, he reassembled it in his sister’s hair dryer. Hell, just under five pounds it was still a wonder to be hold. Now to try it, thought Davy. He sat there in deep thought before picking up the phone and punching in the numbers. “Brownie? Meet me at Hooters over on Grand Ave. What?” He laughed. “We’re going to try out your thingy where it counts.” He jerked the phone away from his ear. Ol’ Brownie was having kittens. “Six o’clock or I go it alone-Pal.”

~oOo~

Harmon Murks was at dinner with his wife of five years, Edina. It was only a few minutes past five, precisely the time they normally ate. He held his fork up to his mouth; the pot roast was dripping with gravy, just as he liked it, but he could not put it in his mouth. There was nothing wrong with the meat nor his appetite, but for some reason he couldn’t bring himself to eat. He just held it there, all the while staring into nothingness.

“Honey?” his wife said, voice laced with concern. “Are you... all right?”

“Huh?” His eyes refocused on the fork as he eased it back to the plate from where it had come. “No... I mean, yes, I’m fine.” He thought for an instant. Gads, he *did* feel fine! Energy surged through his body. Sales had been terrible the last month at the store, but that hardly seemed relevant at the moment. There was a *wickedness* in the air, a sweet, wanton *wickedness* like he’d not felt since he and Edina had honeymooned in Hawaii. “I guess I’m just not hungry, sweet-pie.” That was a lie... of sorts. He was hungry, but the food... It was like Edina had asked him to eat rock and twigs. The pot roast and mashed potatoes were about as relevant to his ‘hunger’ as... “I... I need to get back to the store.”

Edina looked contrite. “The inventory?”

“Yeah,” he lied again. “Quarterly report, Hun-bun.” He rose from the table. “I’ll probably be home late sweet ‘em’s, don’t wait up.” He didn’t wait for her reaction. He normally went back to the store in the evening, yet for some undefined reason this afternoon he felt guilt.

In a few minutes, he arrived back at the mall. As he entered the store, the clerk, Walter, shoved a portable video game out of view. “Evening, Mr. Murks.”

Harmon blurted out, “Well, you’re looking...” He cut himself off in mid-sentence as he blushed brightly. He’d almost said ‘very delicious’. That would never do! He took a deep breath. Walter did look... yummy? Perhaps like the pot roast *should* have looked. The lines drawn taut underneath the young man’s suit stimulated the *hunger* that was not to be confused with pot roast. That wickedness in the air... Mr. Murks’ thoughts ground to a halt. “Ah... er... ah... you look very... *busy*.”

“Yes, Sir... Busy,” the young man replied with growing concern. He began frantically to look for something, anything, to do.

“Ah... er— yes. I’ll be back in the office if you need me, Walter.” It was a very flustered man that turned and fled toward the tiny office in the back. He’d never felt exactly this way before.

~oOo~

Zoff didn’t know the first thing about driving an automobile. He did know that the mass of steel, glass and rubber weighed hundreds-of-thousands of grams and that even at a modest velocity it could crush and destroy mere flesh. And worse, it was unguided, a simple missile that had to be directed by hand and eye and imperfect mechanics. Reed Brown knew how to drive, but the communication between Zoff and ‘Brownie’ was anything but certain. Zoff tried to let his mind go blank even as his heart hammered in his ears. The host was able to control the vehicle, but only as long as Zoff didn’t interfere. The car lunged backward and struck a truck setting behind the apartment building with a sickening crunch. Hands flew automatically and the rod that rose up from the panel to the right was moved to the ‘D’ position. Gravel shot out from behind the car as it lunged forward, scraping the side of the building before gaining the center of the narrow road.

All Zoff knew was that he had to escape. Youngstown was no longer a site from which he could work; Davy had destroyed that option. If Davy had actually built a transmogrifier... The authorities would soon be attracted to the resulting mess. If he were to save humanity, he must retain his freedom of action. Flight was the only choice... but where? He looked down at the odometer, the gauge showed 23 miles per hour (whatever that was) as they entered the narrow strip of highway marked ‘interstate’, whatever that was as well. Zoff estimated the mass/velocity interaction and concluded that 23 of these miles per hour was quite fast enough. Other automobiles began to go past at far greater speeds. Some sounded a warning signal... blowing their horns, and the drivers, as they passed, gestured vigorously with their hand... possibly a universal greeting. Zoff rolled one hand into a fist, with the middle finger stiffly raised. He returned the greeting. What was the old saying? When in Rome...

The city quickly disappeared and was replaced by rolling, empty landscape. The latter was a greater novelty to Zoff than the quaint ‘city’ had been. Every so often massive shacks appeared. Some were red, but most were the color of sun-bleached wood and had the smell of fecal matter. Zoff retreated to the rear most regions of the host’s

brain, as far away from the olfactory sensory centers as possible. Where ever they terminated their journey would have to be up to the host now.

The trip didn't last long. In less than an hour they entered another city. The sign said 'Salem, population 16,374'. Sometime in the last few minutes the road had dwindled into 'alley-like' narrowness. And they were there, where ever 'there' was. Zoff was abruptly flooded with Brownie's memories. This wasn't the 'pad', it was *home*. And the memories swelled with sadness. Brownie's Mom and Dad— dead. The house/store closed and devoid of life. The host plucked a key from a hidden spot near the rear entrance and in a moment they were inside.

The back-most room was a large work area. Along one wall were electronic machines that Zoff recognized from his brief time at the Radio Shack workroom. The large device on the counter had to be an analog oscilloscope and next to it a power-supply. On the opposite side of the room, machines for cutting and shaping wood and metal. Scattered about were old or damaged appliances and parts. The sight obviously caused the host some pain; they strode into the next room. Bolts of cloth with a number of machines for working the material, there a cutting board and over there a sewing machine. Tears blurred Zoff's vision as Brownie remembered his mother. The body resumed its forward progress. To the right and left, storage. 'Halloween costumes' said one box, 'toys' claimed another. All together, too much to take in. The host continued forward into the final and largest room. A glass counter at the rear with an ancient cash register setting on top. And in the room... *stuff*. A wild, unorganized jumble of things both new and old. Racks of costumes, knickknacks, tools and even a moose-head. And so much *dust!* A fine layer covered all. The place was utterly abandoned since the funeral.

Through the dirty front window Zoff could see the street outside and the small store fronts across the way. Painted across the window (in reverse of course) were three words... Zoff stared for a moment trying to read what it said. "The... Anything... Store." How appropriate, he mused. This was the right place to be; the host had served him well. Yes, here, alone, he could take on the challenge of saving humanity. He turned toward the right and began climbing the stairs that led— he plucked from his host's mind— the living quarters above.

~oOo~

Davy was growing increasingly impatient. Where was Brownie? He gripped the handle of the hair drier and aimed it at one of the Hooter girls. He itched to try it. He looked over his shoulder toward the door. Still no Brownie. The clock over the bar to his left said 6:15. The waiting was killing him.

Finally his fingers pushed down on the trigger as he thumbed back the trigger lock. A slightly green- not blue like before- almost invisible beam leaped across the room and attached itself to the well stacked blond, who instantly froze. At a blink of an eye, her clothing became translucent! Davy grinned as he thought to himself, 'a-bit-of-the-all-right!' Her boobs looked all 'squished' from the now transparent bra, but before he could complete the thought she vanished with a muffled *Saaap!* Holy Shit, he thought as he jerked back into his chair, eyes wide and heart racing. He'd killed her or some-

thing! The transmogrifier spun out of his hand, hitting the table with a clatter. The beam lanced across the room and was reflected by the mirror on the opposite wall. The now brighter greenish beam of 'light' gobbled up two more of the customers before ensnaring Davy. In an instant: *Saaap! Saaap!...Saaap!* Davy heard none of these. Nor did he hear the whining that began to sound from the transmogrifier as it continued generating the signal. The sound grew louder and louder, until it was an ear splitting screech. Patrons and employees of the Hooters Restaurant fled the building.

The machine screamed until— BLAAAT! The device melted into a puddle. An instant later— POOF— The Hooter girl stood bemused and disorientated at precisely the same spot on which she'd disappeared. Three more figures returned in quick succession. Somehow, in the ensuing chaos, Davy made his way out of the restaurant and disappeared down a side street. The whole way he was muttering to himself, "What in the hell was that all about?" He was lucky to be alive! One thing was clear: he had to find that son-of-a-bitch Brownie!

~oOo~

Harmon Murks was staring at the inventory list before him on the computer monitor, but his eyes were not really coding what they saw. Indeed he was almost certain that he'd gone insane. Perhaps if he just ignored what was happening and focused upon these numbers he could... But the image just wouldn't go away. He felt... *like he was turning into a GIRL!* But that was silly, of course. Besides, he thought to himself, he didn't even 'know' exactly what that would feel like— right? What would it really be like to be... well, Edina? He knew her as well, better for sure, than he knew any other woman. And yet he did he *really* understand her? He put his hands to his face. Was the skin smoother? Were the lips fuller? He pushed back his chair and hurried into the restroom behind his office.



When he flipped on the light he fully expected to see a middle-aged, all-too-familiar face, staring back. Pudgy with fat lids that made his eyes appear small, hard, and calculating. The dark stubble that lurked just under the surface made the fat cheeks look dirty. For a moment there was a sense of relief. And then a queer feeling ran an icy finger down his spine. He grabbed his crotch. *He could feel a female birth canal forming...*

“Mr. Murks?” Walter called out.

“Huh?” Harmon jerked with a start and then yanked the door open.

“All right to close up now?”

The sound and the sight of the young man who’d just entered the short hallway hit Harmon like a rogue wave at the beach. But instead of cold, wet salt water cascading down his body, a sweet excitement bloomed from deep inside. That queer *wickedness* that had been haunting him all night surged. The vagina that was not yet a vagina twitched in anticipation. His heart hammered in his ears as he fought this *female* desire to simply throw himself into Walter’s arms. “Y-Yes,” he managed to stutter as he felt his manhood dissolving.

“You all right, Mr. Murks?” Concern marked Walter’s features. Head cocked slightly to one side he moved toward the older man.

“Y-Y-Yes,” Harmon stammered as his knees threatened to give way. Blood rushed to his face and neck as he began to sway uncontrollably before pitching forward. The opening between his legs was a certainty now. Wet lips waited with eager anticipation for...

“Boss!” the young man yelped as he caught Harmon in his arms.

It was like being thrown into one of the blast furnaces that were ubiquitous to the city of Youngstown. Like pig iron, he was being transformed by the extraordinary heat into... The young man screeched when Harmon threw him to the hallway floor. Walter fought back but his strength could not match the manic passion that obliterated all conscious thought in Harmon. One hand gripped the young man by the throat as the other hand fumbled with the boy’s zipper.

~oOo~

Davy searched everywhere he could think of for Brownie, but with no luck. Finally he stopped at a convenience store; he was hungry. As he made his way toward the rear, where the hot-dogs were kept, he pushed past a woman. She was neither particularly young nor attractive, but, when she turned, he saw she was holding a... His mind went blank. Rapture filled his every essence. He stumbled to a halt, heart in his throat. Though the words were only *words*, the desire was overwhelming. He gushed, “Say that’s a really, really, really cute *baby!*”

The woman gave him the kind of glare that most women would give to a strange man. Face hardened, but with a fake smile, she said, “Thank you.” Hurriedly she turned to the man at the counter and shoved a few items across. “How much?”

Davy couldn’t be put off that easily. All thought of food had been replaced with this burning desire to hold that *BABY!* “You mind if I hold her-him... whatever?” he said. There was an unfamiliar whine in his voice, a plea of desperation. It was like suddenly

finding oneself totally *incomplete*. Like waking up without ones arms... Or worse. If the Devil had appeared at that moment, Davy Lopez would have sold his soul for one sweet moment of bliss. His gut lurched when he realized that it wasn't to be. For an instant he thought of offering the woman money...

With her back toward him, she didn't respond. She hurriedly swept up her change, pulled the baby closer, and headed to the door.

Frantically, Davy turned to follow. "Really? Can I? Just... just for a second?"

The woman didn't just leave the store, she fled! Davy stood there openmouthed. He was consumed by a hunger like he'd never known before. An emptiness like the void of deep space.

"Buddy?" growled a voice behind him.

"Huh?" he said as he spun around, confused and suddenly very lonely.

"You got a problem, Mister?" The clerk glared at Davy.

The desire to hold the baby, *any baby*, didn't wane. But embarrassment and confusion slowly brought Davy back to some semblance of control. He shrugged. "Where are your hot-dogs?" he said lamely.

~oOo~

Walter remained limply sprawled across the cold floor. His eyes were open but blank. All that indicated that he was still alive was the slight movement of his chest. CHEST! The young man's torso, now hairless, was that of a young boy... or girl. The loss of mass was equally evident in his shoulders and now hairless arms. Acorn-sized nipples, fat and soft, sat upon slight, fleshy mounds, incipient breasts where no hint of breasts had been a few minutes before. Harmon continued to suck on the shrinking penis like one might do having reached the very bottom of a milk shake. Finally satiated, Harmon flopped back and rested his body against the cool wall. His fear of impending 'womanhood' was now but a crazy nightmare.

Finally he pulled himself into a standing position. He flexed his shoulders before placing his hands on his hips. He felt awesome! Strength and vitality, the very essence of manhood coursed through his body like the water in a river at flood stage. He could hardly wait to return home to Edina. Even the fleeting notion of *her* caused his member to thicken. A quick glance in the mirror confirmed what was obvious: he, Harmon Murks, had never looked better! Hormone driven confidence... He looked down at Walter. "WAKE UP! NOW!"

"Huh?" mumbled the young man. His eyes shot open, but there was no anger there, only confusion. He pushed himself up on to one elbow. "Jesus! W-Where are my clothes?" He blushed brightly. "And... what happened?" He hadn't anymore than said this then his memory came back. "Hell!" he yelled as he scurried backward like a crab. "Y-Y-YOU RAPED ME!"

"Really, Walter?" Harmon turned and resumed dressing. "Who would ever believe you, hmm?" Harmon Murks didn't wait for Walter's reply. He turned and strode out of the store. The last sound he heard were confused whimpers.

## Chapter 2

The events of last night had done much to raise Zoff's spirits. It was obvious that his host had resources that made Zoff's impossible task, well, merely improbable. But more importantly, Zoff was convinced that Reed Brown, his host, now understood the general nature of Zoff's mission. Also, he, Brownie, had perhaps grudgingly given his tentative support to the effort. Thus it *might* evolve into a true cooperative effort and not, as was usual for a sim-consciousness in a host, a battle royal.

When Zoff awoke the next morning, he made his first attempt to open up a dialogue with the Alpha male he was inside of, Brownie. "You see, as a Delta... well I'm inclined to be rather less visceral. Less... physical than is the case with your standard Alpha. I mean, I don't mean to degrade your, you know, more base...er— animal needs. Oh! I don't mean it at all like it sounds, Brownie." He grumbled with frustration. "If there was *only* some way we could communicate..."

Zoff looked down through Brownie's eyes as his hand started moving randomly across the dusty glass countertop in the store. He gasped, "NOVA!" For there, written on the counter, was a simple sentence. Just precisely something a young Alpha male might say.

'So when do we get laid?'

"Okay...okay, you want laid? You got it! But first you must help me. I need better components for..."

The hand moved and wrote one word: 'Internet.'

"Huh? Let me get a writing tool and some...er— paper," Zoff said to himself and Brownie.

~oOo~

"Hi, Sis."

Davy's sister blinked as if she didn't believe her eyes. "That's really YOU? I mean..." She looked at her wrist watch and then back at him in concern. "It's only nine a.m. and... you said you'd be here at nine..."

Davy grinned. "Told ya I'd come over and give you a hand."

She rolled her eyes and then stepped aside to let her brother enter. "What's it going to cost me, Sport?"

"Jesus, Sis. You make it sound like..."

"When doesn't it cost..." She stopped when she saw the hurt look on her brother's face. "Sorry." She shrugged. "Sometimes I think the whole world's against me, Davy..."

"Still haven't heard from Frank, huh?"

"That asshole!" she winced. Being a single parent seemed like too much. Though not having Frank around was decidedly an improvement. "I can't believe you're actually willing to baby-sit little Jimmy!"

“Yeah.” Davy tried to appear slightly bored, but it was difficult. “Where’s the kid?” His palms were sweating and his heart skipped a beat at the thought of holding little Jimmy.

“Oh, you’ll know soon enough,” she laughed. “The formula’s in the fridge. Remember to heat...”

“Dang it, Sis, you make it sound like I don’t know nothing.” He made shooing motions with his hand. “Get, get... and enjoy.”

She gave him a quick kiss on the cheek. Her eyes were wet and sparkling. “I’ll not be long, promise.”

“Naw, Sis. I’ll hold the fort all day if you want.”

This made her suspicious, but her concern was quickly dispelled. “Noon? Can you hold out until...”

“Get!”

Thirty-seconds later, Davy stood over the crib looking down. Little Jimmy, all pink and baby soft, was asleep. It was a transcendent moment for Davy. It wasn’t necessary to pickup or even touch the sleeping infant. A deep, pervasive sense of peace... *completeness*... swept over him. So strong were the emotions that tears, real tears, began trickling down his cheeks. He’d known the concept of one being so happy that one could cry, but such a thing had never happened to him before. The minutes stretched into almost a half an hour, and still he hadn’t moved or barely breathed, until... His nephew stirred and opened his blue eyes. Like a powerful laser, that look lanced Davy’s heart. An odd fluttering sensation started in his stomach and clawed its way up and into his breast. “Hey, little guy,” he murmured gently. He carefully lifted the child into his arms. It was now nine-thirty, and Davy would never be the same again.

~oOo~

Last night had been a night to remember. Edina said she’d be bowlegged for a week, but there was a delighted sparkle in her eyes. Frankly, Harmon was at least as delighted as Edina in his newly magnified virility. But still... it was like waiting for the other shoe to drop. Would Walter make a fuss, and in what form would it take? Harmon didn’t have long to wait. Walter called before Harmon left for the store that morning. The tone of the kid’s voice was threatening, even before the money was mentioned. If Edina hadn’t been nearby he would have used the B-word: blackmail!

It was probably a setup, Harmon realized. Why else would Walter want to meet him at Walter’s own apartment? A tape recorder, perhaps even a video camera hidden somewhere? The new confidence created by Harmon’s surging manhood probably accounted for his willingness to take the risk. He felt omnipotent as he stabbed the doorbell button with authority.

The door opened a crack, a security chain stretched taut and then abruptly stopped the movement of the door. From the darkness Walter’s voice said, “Just hand the money...”

Harmon didn't answer. He threw his shoulder against the door... once, twice, and then, with a splintering sound, the security chain was ripped from the door. Walter squealed and ran for the bedroom. Silently Harmon followed.

Walter stood, back to the wall, quivering all over. Eyes bulging in their sockets, he mewed like a kitten. "Please, I didn't mean nothing, Mr. Murks."

There was decidedly something wrong with his voice. Sweet Lord, realized Harmon, the boy had become so... effeminate! It had been evident last night, but it was as if the process, once begun, had continued. The man cowered as Harmon approached.

Harmon thrust out one hand and grabbed the boy by the front of his shirt. As he twisted the material... "What?" There were definite boobs there. The size of apples. With a simple jerk he ripped the shirt open and recoiled. Reddish brown nipples big enough to fill Harmon's mouth curled into wrinkled anticipation— or at least that was Harmon's perception. He leaned over and engulfed an entire breast with his mouth before biting down savagely.

What happened next was but a blur to Harmon. Several minutes must have elapsed before Harmon realized what he was doing. He was sucking at Walter's penis, now hardly more than a nub. Harmon was conscious of the surge of energy he was still drawing on... He pulled back to look at Walter. Again he was in that semiconscious state like last night, though unlike last night, there was almost nothing of the 'man' that remained. One would be hard pressed to prove that the hermaphrodite had ever been male. The face had undergone a change. Full lips bloomed above a small chin. The face was oddly attractive, almost compelling. Then Harmon laughed. "Don't ever threaten me again... Sweetheart!"

~oOo~

Davy was rocking back and forth in the rocking chair. Little Jimmy, cuddled in his arm, was mewling like a contented kitten as he sucked at the nipple. Davy felt so complete, and it was all so... natural. Yet there was a small, buzzing disquiet in his mind.

Blood hammered loudly in his ears. He couldn't breath! For a moment he just stared at the little mouth chewing at *his nipple!* He began to giggle. It was both uncontrolled and crazy. How in the hell... He pulled Jimmy away. The child complained, but not vigorously. Davy batted his eyes in an attempt to bring things into focus, but he continued to giggle hysterically. There hanging at the tip of *his nipple* was a blue-white bead of *MILK!*

"Oh my God, oh my God!" moaned Davy as he hurriedly carried the baby back to its crib. He had no recollection of any of this. Last thing he remembered was going to the kitchen to get the formula. He laid Jimmy down and tucked him in. Still fascinated with the baby, but now more concerned with what was happening to himself, he grabbed his chest with both hands. The one breast was flat, empty. The other... He could still feel some milk inside. "No," he said softly. Then again, louder, "No, no, no!" He hung there at the edge of screaming. The baby whimpered and Davy's insides turned to mush. Somehow, some way...ol' Brownie was responsible, of that he was sure!

~oOo~

Zoff was explaining to himself, or rather to his host, the magnitude of the task. “Now there are over thirty-four known subspecies of Homo Sapiens...” He paused. “I mean in the original timeline. That’s not the problem. Betas breed extremely well... If you know what I mean. They have a fitness ratio about six times the Alpha norm. Though they’re hardly the solution we’re looking for, well... Beta originally meant something like Bimbo, you know” *B is for Bimbo*. Anyhow, they have an extra chromosome pair that’s a bit unstable. There is about a twenty percent chance of a mutation per live birth. Do you follow?”

On the monitor appeared, “Are Betas always female?”

“Well, yes, I mean, generally. The male Beta, you see, well that’s a creature of a whole different color. Kind of a vampire. But much worse, understand? A regular nightmare with no up side. Don’t worry, no way are we going to make one of them.” He looked at his hand resting on the computer keyboard. “I never said that all the subtypes were beneficial...” When no response was made, he continued. “Most of the useful subspecies can be generated just from the offspring of the Beta.”

Brownie’s hand typed, “How do they mate?”

Zoff laughed, “With vigor.” Then he waved his hand. “Okay, I know what you really meant. They’re kind of like the universal donor group. They can get it on with all groups. Viable offspring usually result. Yes, I can read your mind— Alphas too.” He continued, “Anyhow, my Noid estimated...”

He stopped as the hand tapped the keyboard, “What?” After a second passed: “Noid?”

“It’s a kind of a super-computer. Anyhow, here’s where the problems arise. In the next hundred years, say five generations, my Noid estimates a ‘needed’ sub-pool of one billion...”

The hand reacted instantly, “That’s 10,000,000 per year!”

“Well, taking into account natural growth, geometric progression... A few million in the first decade working largely with Betas should be possible.”

“And zero thus far— lots of luck,” the hand typed.

Zoff grimaced. “I didn’t say it was going to be a stroll on Mars or anything.

“I got an idea,” the hand typed.

“I’m listening.”

“When do we get laid?”

Oh brother, thought Zoff, a one track- Alpha male mind.

“As soon as the rest of the components arrive by UPS.”

~oOo~

It was hardly a surprise when Walter failed to show up for work that night. Harmon had anticipated that possibility. When the last of his day clerks went home, Harmon was alone into the shop. What happened next was also *not* a profound surprise. It was about five minutes before closing and what should be the last customer for the night had just left. Harmon was busy examining the register when a woman entered. “Yes?” he said with his best store keeper smile firmly affixed to his face. “How can I help...”

The ‘girl’ wasn’t a girl at all. It was Walter in a dress, with makeup and the works. It was probably the wig that had completely fooled Harmon. His professional smile was replaced by a smug, superior grimace. “Looks good on you, Waltie.”

Walter looked like he was going to cry. His eyes were bright and his pretty forehead wrinkled in tension. “Harmon!” he said in a shrill voice. He began digging through a large purse he was carrying.

Harmon laughed. “Sweetheart, if you think I’m going to let you work here...”

Harmon’s face froze in horror as Walter extracted a large hand gun from the purse and pointed it at him. He waved the gun back and forth. “Get... get in the storeroom.”

“Hey, we can come to some sort of—”

“SHUT UP!” Walter was waving the gun like a madman, which of course he probably was.

A few minutes later, Harmon was shackled to a water pipe that ran the length of the ceiling. While the cuffs were cheap rip-offs of real cop cuffs, to Harmon they seemed real enough. The metal bit into his wrists. Holding his arms straight over his head was going to get old fast. “Okay, okay. You know where the money is, Walter. Do we have to play these games?”

Walter didn’t respond. Instead he yanked down Harmon’s pants and underwear. He then took Harmon’s cock in his hand. “Now turnabout is fair play.”

“What?”

Walter didn’t bother to answer; he began to suck Harmon’s cock.

At first startled, Harmon just hung there silently. Slowly, as the sensuousness of Walter’s mouth stimulated Harmon’s cock, the man’s face relaxed. Some punishment, he concluded.

Walter was certainly dedicated and rather talented. His ministrations soon brought Harmon to climax. Harmon made a delighted groan as he came. He looked down at the still bobbing head and laughed. “You are a strange one, my dear.”

Walter sat down on the floor, mouth hanging open. “Nothing happened!”

“For Christ’s sake, Walter, what in the hell did you expect to happen?”

“T-To reverse what you did to me.”

Harmon began to laugh uncontrollably. “Jesus, you are a dim wit, Walter. Whatever gave you the idea that I did... whatever... to you. I mean, it’s not, you understand... possible.”

“Yes it is.”

“Well then, try again, Walter, I’m willing.”

The effeminate creature bobbed his head. Yes, he would try and try until...

But rather than succeeding, it was like the continued contact with Harmon was simply completing the transformation. ‘His’ ministrations became ever more and more sincere. Finally it was done. Nothing was left of Walter’s maleness except memories.

In the intervening minutes, *her* skin had grown pale, almost translucent. Her eyes, yellow and her eyebrows white. Quivering with sexual excitement, she stripped out of her clothes and threw the wig to the floor. Hair, like white silk, flowed down to her shoulders. The same white silk formed a triangle between her legs. There was no evidence of manhood left. All was pale white, with translucent ‘pink’ highlights. She guided the rigid manhood that again rose from between Harmon’s legs into her new, pink-gated vagina.

Harmon was becoming a man of tremendous sexual capacity. In spite of the fact that Walter was now utterly and completely female, Harmon continued to draw from her that indefinable essence, that raw sexual energy.

~oOo~

Sara Lopez’s eyes widened in surprise. “Twice... in one day?” She looked at her wristwatch, it was almost eleven. Then she motioned for Davy to come in. He just stood in her kitchen, befuddled for a second. “What’s wrong?” she demanded.

“I need a drink, Sis,” he said as he pushed past her and went to the shelf over the sink. He pulled down a bottle of brandy.

“Here.” She handed him a glass. “Take a load off your feet.”

Davy collapsed onto the chair, filled his glass, and gulped the contents down.

“Hold it, Davy. Before you drink yourself into oblivion, what’s up? Maybe I’ll need to join you, huh?” She pulled the bottle away from him. “Okay, start!”

“Brownie.”

“Explain?”

“He developed this... device.”

“Yeah, right,” she answered sourly. Brownie and Davy were always making ‘things’ ever since they were kids. “So?”

“It... it works.”

“Great.” she said without much enthusiasm. “What does it DO?”

“Don’t know,” muttered Davy.

Sara rolled her eyes. Needless to say, if one doesn’t know what a thing *does*, how can one determine if it *works*? But such was *not* the logic of men. “So? What’s the problem?”

“It d-did something to me.”

She let more concern appear in her expression and voice. “Exactly what?”

His face bloomed beet red. He grabbed the bottle out of her hand and poured another stiff shot. He threw it down, sputtered and coughed, then slammed the glass down. He opened his mouth as if to speak, gasped, and then said, “C-can’t. Too embarrassing.”

“Right.” She groaned in disgust and frustration before shrugging. “So, how can I help you Davy?”

“You gotta help me find Brownie.”

“Brownie?” she laughed. “Easy. One of the gals at the hair dresser’s told me this morning.”

“What?”

“Brownie’s back at his folk’s place on State Street.”

Davy leaped to his feet. “Sis, you’re a life saver!” And he was out the door in an instant.

~oOo~

Davy burst through the back door of the store, catching Zoff/Brownie at the work bench. Without preamble he erupted with a plea for help. “That thing d-did something h-horrible to me!” he said as he broke into tears, waving his arms about frantically.

“Whoa!” exclaimed Zoff as he slid off the stool.

Davy retreated backwards sobbing. He flinched when Zoff grabbed him by the shoulder and then collapsed against his friend’s shoulder.

“It’s okay,” murmured Zoff as he patted the Alpha male’s back. “There, there.” Hot, wet tears were flowing on to his shirt; the heat and wetness attested to Davy’s sincere need. Finally the sobbing waned. Davy’s hands no longer gripped his shoulders as tightly.

It took another ten minutes and a couple of stiff shots of whisky before Davy was calm enough to speak. Even then he wouldn’t look his friend in the eyes. Staring off to a point above Zoff’s head, he recounted everything that had happen after he’d left the Radio Shack the afternoon before.

Finally Zoff interrupted Davy. “Can I see?”

Davy blushed brightly and then slowly began to unbutton his shirt. Dark brown nipples the size of silver dollars dominated small, A-cup sized breasts. The chest was utterly hairless, though otherwise normal. Davy poke one of the nipples with a finger. “I have to, you know, *milk* them ever couple of hours.” He said milk like it was a thing of horror. “I don’t know how big they’d get if I didn’t.” He traced a finger along faint, blue lines that rose near the surface of the mounds. With two fingers he squeezed one of the nipples and a bead of blue-white milk appeared and then dribbled down his chest. “Y-You can do something, can’t you?”

“For starters,” began Zoff, “you need a good night’s sleep. Take the back bedroom.”

“Come on, Brownie. I can’t sleep like this. You’ve got to help me now.”

“It isn’t that easy, Davy. And it’s not as bad as you make it out to be.”

“Easy for you to say,” Davy replied as he re-buttoned his shirt.

“Look, Davy. One, you are *not* going to turn into a broad. This...er- milk thing need not have happened. If you’d just kept you’re nipple out of the kid’s mouth. A couple of days you’ll dry up. A week and you’ll be like new.”

“Really?” Davy scrunched his eyebrows together. “So how do you know all this stuff, Brownie?”

“Tomorrow. We can talk tomorrow, Davy. I’m exhausted.”

“What about two?”

“Huh?”

“You said *one* I wouldn’t turn into a dame, so what’s two?”

“If I tell you that, Davy, neither of us will get any sleep tonight.”

“Shit!”

### Chapter 3

If Zoff had expected to get a full night’s sleep, he had been overly optimistic. Davy came crashing into the front bedroom at the first light of dawn. The reasons for his agitation were all too evident. A pair of cantaloupe sized breasts were straining the white tee-shirt to the ripping point. Nipples thrust like sharpened pencils against the milk-wet material. Davy was screeching something Zoff couldn’t understand. Zoff blinked and groaned as he slowly pulled himself up into a sitting position.

“Look, see?” concluded Davy. With every gesture, the heavy globes bobbed and swayed. It looked as if he were going to start crying again.

“They’ll go down, Davy, trust me. Two or three days.”

Davy sobbed, “Brownie, how big...”

Zoff shrugged, “I don’t know— big. Just don’t, you know, do anything.”

“Like hell!” exclaimed Davy. “I’m going to get one of them human milking thing-a-bobs like my sister had.”

“And you’ll stay pumped up that way forever pal. Look, if you leave it be, in a few days you’ll dry up. In a week or so, they’ll be almost down to normal.”

“Almost?”

“Well, smaller.”

Davy groaned as he started to turn back to his bed.

“Wait,” Zoff ordered. He was already awake. It was time to resolve things with Davy. “Sit,” he ordered as he patted the bed. “I need to tell you everything. About the future, the human race and... What kind of wonderful human you are.”

“What are you talking about?”

~oOo~

Harmon had made himself breakfast; Edina was still in their bedroom- probably crying. He continued to play with his food. He hadn't swallowed a bite and, it seemed, he wasn't about to anytime soon. The smell of the eggs was beginning to sicken him. He pushed the plate back in alarm. It had been almost two days since he'd eaten. That was enough to cause concern. Needless to say, his total lack of appetite didn't match what was happening to his body. He planned to buy new clothing this morning. Shirts for sure— his neck had grown at least two sizes— and new pants. His waist had shrunk several inches. He looked at his reflection as he dumped the eggs down the garbage disposal. What was not to like about the changes that were happening to him? The chin, a bit more rugged looking, and the eyes brighter. Just then he noticed Edina's image behind him. “Hun-bun?” he said as he turned. His anxiety waned as he saw her eyes. She was in control again, though her eyes were still red.

She was pulling at a lock of her hair, holding it before her eyes and studying it carefully. “It... it really is pretty, isn't it Harmon?”

“Yes, Dear.” Overnight her hair had gone from dark brown, almost black to a shiny, satiny white, just like Walter's. It was totally unexplainable, but attractive. “You don't look old, Hun-bun.”

“Perhaps I should see a doctor. Something like this...”

“Yes, of course.”

He turned away to mask his growing concern. More than hair had changed that night. It was obvious that she and Walter might soon be all but sisters. He'd 'fed' on her last night as he had on Walter. Each day he grew stronger, more powerful. They, the 'girls', grew weaker, as if he were sucking them dry. That was a horrible image. He still loved Edina, nothing had changed that.

~oOo~

Walter was dying, of that he... no, *SHE* was sure. She'd thrown up the food she'd forced down this morning. Hunger clawed at her vitals. What little flesh she had was wantonly squandered on her swollen breasts and heart-shaped bottom; the rest was stretched taut against bone. Her bones were even weakening— they were thin, frail, almost bird like. Her eyes formed huge globes above sharply etched cheeks. Sexy like a high fashion model pushing her body to the very edge of death... except for those out of proportion breasts and ass. She finished removing her clothes and wrapped a terry cloth towel around her waist, just covering her pink nipples. She was at the end of her rope, and there was only one more thing that made sense to try. She walked to her front door, stepped out into the hallway, and then pulled the door shut.

She sashayed to the door across the hall and knocked. When no answer was made, she pounded and pounded.

“Oh, thank heavens,” she simpered when the door opened.

The man's eyes widened and then widened more, as his worried frown faded into pleased, curious surprise. "Yes?"

"I hate to be a bother but... Well, I seem to have locked myself out."

"Oh, that happened to me once. Please come in, Miss." He stepped back hurriedly. As she entered, he closed the door behind her. "The phone is over..." He never had a chance to finish his statement.

Walter's bath towel fell silently to the floor. The man's eyes widened still further as they tried to focus on her face. "I lied," she simpered as she lifted her breasts up with her palms. The man looked torn between fleeing and attacking. Walter took matters into her own hands as she reached into the man's bathrobe and found his rapidly growing member. Dropping to her knees, she engulfed his penis with her hot, wet and very, very hungry mouth. He did not resist.

~oOo~

Davy sat, huddled in the bed, swollen breasts resting on his crossed arms. "But... but you said I wasn't going to turn into a female, so how come I can get pregnant, huh?"

"Okay, one more time: It's a very, very successful tri-sexual arrangement. There are dozens of subspecies that make 'eggs', that's the female of the species. There are even more that can provide sperm. You have neither capacity now."

"Neither male nor female," Davy replied in a faint voice.

"Now you're getting it!" Zoff said with a smile of relief. "In my time, an egg carrier, 'females' as you'd call them, has her egg fertilized by one of the sperm carriers. Then, if she's lucky..."

"Don't go any further."

"But Davy, the Mu make important contributions, in addition to carrying the fetus. By becoming a Mu you are doing something truly important."

This caused Davy to groan and curl into a fetal position. Zoff sat there, stroking Davy's back. It was amazing how poorly Davy was taking it. "For one thing, you make a genetic contribution to the fertilized egg too. In fact, only a Mu can generate the highest sub-specie types. It's true."

"Great," snarled Davy. "Just fucking great!"

"Well, it is! And you sure don't have to worry about having fun. Pregnant females are going to go nuts over you."

"Swell," Davy's muffled voice answered. "I'll be real popular."

"And of course, you already know the 'joys' of Mu-der-hood. Mu's make the best of parents, trust me. In fact, we had a special day to celebrate, Mu-ders Day."

"Okay, I got the picture. Now fix me. No tits, no kits."

"Sorry, Davy. I came here save humanity and humanity *needs* Mu-ders like you."

Davy leaped off the bed and ran for the door. Stopping he turned and raised his hand in that salute Zoff had seen before when he drove down from Youngstown, fist clenched with middle finger extended toward the ceiling. "GO TO HELL! I AIN'T GOING TO BE A MU-DER!"

"Oh, Davy," groaned Zoff. Why was the Mu being so difficult, he wondered. Something would have to be done, at least a temporary measure to protect Davy from his residual Alpha male biases. But what?

~oOo~

Walter's phone call had been mysterious to say the least. Harmon went to her door and then did an about face, to the apartment across the hall. He tapped the door only once and it sprang open. Walter stood there beaming. She never looked more radiant or alive. Golden streaks now wove in and out of the otherwise satin-white hair. Her cheeks bloomed with pink highlights.

"Well, don't just stand there gaping," she said. Her voice had a lilting, musical quality as she reached out and took his hand in hers. There was surprising power in those slender fingers as she pulled him into the apartment. She kicked the door shut with her foot and led Harmon to the rear. "In there," she ordered while adding an emphatic nod of her head.

Harmon pushed the door open with a finger and started to peek inside. Impatiently Walter shoved him the rest of the way in. There on the floor, next to the rumpled bed, was... "My God, Walter, where did you ever find—"

"Find nothing," she grinned impishly. "I made, transformed, fed on..." She put one foot under the inert form and rolled the hermaphrodite on to his/her back. "Look familiar, Harmon?" When he didn't answer immediately, she said, "He looks like I did after the second time we fooled around."

Harmon turned and looked at her. "You did this?"

She licked her lips as she crossed her arms. "It was like one of them horror movies, Harmon. Like I was a vampire and the sap here my lunch. Anyhow, I thought I'd save you the best part." She nodded toward the small, limp penis that hung over the nearly formed birth canal.

Harmon stood there transfixed. Before him he could see nearly endless possibilities. Certainly this was the end of his career as a mere manager of a Radio Shack. He eased down to sample the offering. "Yes, Walter, you did good."

"Thanks... Boss."

~oOo~

"Oh my God!" exclaimed Davy's sister when Davy entered her apartment. His breasts hadn't grown that much in the last hour, still little more than large melons, but Davy's warning over the phone hadn't been enough to adequately prepare Sara for the reality. A giggle that edged over toward the hysterical challenged the evidence. "No

WAY! You have to show me, buddy,” she ordered her brother. “Because nobody grows breasts in one day.”

Davy shrugged and pulled his tee-shirt off over his head. That shut her up. The silence was deafening. Finally she poked an exploratory finger at one boob, then hefted another one with her hand. “Where are the scars?”

“Scars?”

“Damn it, you’ve got to have scars for an implant or something.”

“Take a close look, see these veins, and this...” He gave a squeeze and milk trickled out. Some fell on the floor and the rest dribbled down Davy’s stomach.

Sara wiped a bit of the milk off with her finger and put it to her mouth, “It’s *milk!*” she gaped. “This isn’t happening, this is impossible. You were just here last night.”

“As I told you over the phone... this...”

“Have you seen a doctor yet?”

“Come on, Sis. What’s a doctor going to do that you haven’t already done: look, gape, and then run lab tests.”

“Lab tests, that’s good,” echoed his sister.

“Well, according to Zoff...”

“Who?”

“Rather it’s a *what*, I suspect. Some kind of futuristic human. Jesus, Sis, let me sit down and I’ll explain everything.”

Just at that moment, Jimmy cried out from the bedroom. Reflexively, the breast that was already ‘leaking’ spurting milk.

“I saw that,” gasped Sara. “You squirted milk!”

“It’s a long, long story, Sis. Get Jimmy and I’ll start somewhere near the beginning, okay?”

When Sara returned, she took one look at Davy’s face and knew what he wanted. Holding the baby in her arms, she looked down, “You’re not serious.”

Davy gulped. “It would help. Sis, it wouldn’t be the first time... me and Jimmy...”

“That’s...” She looked blank, lost for words. “*SICK!*”

It looked like he was going to cry. Davy, her brother, cry. “Not the first time...,” she muttered and then handed him her son. The look on Davy’s face, pure joy and eager anticipation. “Okay, I guess milk is milk.”

If there was a climax to exceed this, it was beyond Davy’s experience. The moment Jimmy’s mouth twisted around the nipple a thrill swept up and down his spine, and then the milk ‘letdown’. Like an itch that needed scratching, a sneeze that finally arrived after long anticipation, and an ejaculation after an hour of love making, tension flood out of his body in one massive surge. “OH GOD, SIS... I NEEDED THAT!”

She sat and watched Davy and Jimmy for a few minutes. It didn't seem fair to break up this. Finally Davy's eyes opened. His pupils were a bit dilated, his cheeks flush, but otherwise fine.

"Go on," his sister prompted.

"Well, I'm not male or female. Zoff say's I'm what they call a Mu, a kind of third sex. I got twenty-five and not twenty-three chromosome pairs, and... Well, pregnant females are going to want to put their fertilized egg inside me. I carry the fetus once it has been created in a woman."

"No way. I mean like how?"

Davy raised his eyebrows. "I never thought to ask."

"And how do they get out, you know, the babies?"

"Don't know. Geez, Sis, you sure ask good questions."

She rolled her eyes. "Okay, start from the beginning..."

~oOo~

Harmon entered the tavern in spite of the protest by the young man who had been mopping the floor that the establishment wouldn't be open until two o'clock. Behind him trailed three very, very attractive blondes. Harmon looked around and liked what he saw. The large runway split into three stages, each with nearly thirty chairs that crowded the brass rails that marked the edge of the 'dance stations'. The banner above the sumptuous bar at the rear proclaimed that only the most beautiful women in northern Ohio appeared daily at the Half-way Inn. "Right!" he grinned before turning back to the young man with the mop, "Where is your boss?"

The man stopped and leaned on the mop handle before answering. "In the back, but he don't want to be disturbed."

"We'll see about that." Harmon and his entourage swept toward the rear.

"Hey! You can't do that," yelled the man as he dropped his mop and sprinted after them.

Without turning, Harmon called out, "Walter, take care of that."

"My pleasure." She stopped and turned, sweeping her halter top off to expose her extraordinary breasts. She murmured as she hefted the pair with her palms, "Make my day, sucker."

The man stumbled to a halt, "Huh?"

"That will do just fine," she said as she let her boobs fall. One hand grabbed the man by his belt, the other yanked down his zipper. "Bring it out or I'm going in to fetch it, baby."

"You some kind of nut lady?" But when he grabbed the hand that held him by his belt, he had a rude shock. He was no wimp, but the lady was surprisingly strong. With one hand she lifted him off the floor and threw him down with a loud thump. Before he could react, she was on his crotch in a flash. Out came his cock and... "Oh God!" he

gasped as the wet, hot presence engulfed him. Resistance ceased as rapture made his muscles turn to soft, melting butter.

In the back, Harmon was holding the heavysset bald man down. The man was already naked when they entered, so all that was needed was... "Come on, Edina, you know what to do."

His wife whimpered, "Harmon? It don't feel right." She looked at her husband, her eyes pleading. She'd never gone down on a man, not even Harmon. "It ain't right Harmon. A man asking his wife to do something like *this!*"

"DAMN IT!" Harmon roared, "SUCK THE MOTHER-FUCKER!"

She was crying copious tears, but at least she bent to her task. In a moment a profound change came over his wife. What had started out as a tentative, whimpering compliance became more enthusiastic. Harmon, for an instant, felt a wave of possessiveness as his pristine and proper wife began to make animal noises. Her head began to twist and gyrate as she devoured the man's cock. Harmon let go of the now flaccid body and turned to the young, naked woman that cowered in the corner. "My Dear, " he said, "I am your new boss. I want you to do for me what you were already doing for your former employer."

The redhead's eyes were as big as hubcaps. They widened further when a most astounding cock exploded from the man's crotch. "What ever you say, Mister..."

"Murks. Just Murks." He tossed back his head and laughed. Things were definitely looking up!

~oOo~

"You don't really need to do this," whined Davy.

"Hold still or I might cut your ear." The scissors went snip-snip again. Davy's sister took her hands and ran them through his hair. "There, about all I could do." She held up a mirror.

Davy's eyes narrowed. He had bangs now. He cocked his



head, turning from side to side. "It's all... shaggy."

"Yeah, well... a lot of gals are wearing their hair short. Come on, strip."

"Jesus, do I have to?"

"The bra will feel good, trust me. Too much weight to carry around au-natural."

Davy gibbered meaninglessly throughout the whole process. "Jesus," he moaned when she pulled him in front of the mirror. "I hardly know me."

"Yeah, not with those udders, Davy. Hold still, I'm going to do your eyes."

"Huh?"

"Watch what I do, okay? You got to learn how."

"Is this *really* necessary?" he whined.

"You want a job over at Kathy Sue's or not?"

He gulped. "Well, I mean..."

"Look, no day care is going to employ you lookin' half male and half female."

"*Whatever*," groaned Davy. A chance to be a wet nurse, well after the health department certificate was obtained, would not be like work at all. "Sis?"

"Uh-huh?"

"Thanks. I really mean it."

~oOo~

Zoff had been working nonstop ever since the UPS man had made his last delivery that morning. With the new components, the latest version of the device would fit nicely into a ball point pen. More importantly, he'd figured out why the last device had failed so miserably: One percent resistors! What was he thinking? The concept of ninety-nine percent accuracy— well, it was after all only the twenty-first century. A design that avoided the need for resistors and a few more improvements and one could surely get it right. His thoughts were interrupted when the rear door flew open. It was Davy in a dress! Just as abruptly, Davy slammed the door behind him and peeked out the back window before turning around.

"I... I just had this really incredible thing happen... There are a bunch of women," he said rapidly.

"Whoa, slow down." Zoff stared at Davy trying to take into account the superficial but none the less remarkable effect his new costume had on Davy's appearance. Davy might be a Mu, but he certainly could readily pass for a normal Alpha female. "Like your outfit, by the way."

"Yeah, right," stammered Davy. But his excitement still threatened to bubble over. "Sis's idea. Anyhow, I got this job over at Kathy Sue's Day Care and... Well, that's not why I'm here. Anyhow, you know how you said that pregnant women would flip over me?"

"Yes." Now Zoff was a bit concerned. "Go on."

“She wasn’t pregnant or anything that I could see, but one of the girls that work for Sue, Jenny something... I mean it was like she couldn’t keep her hands off me. And I’d been there only an hour or so.” Davy puffed out his cheeks and let out a long breath of air. “I mean, nothing like that has *ever* happened to me before. Now Jenny, she’s, well, real cute, and married too... I mean, it wasn’t like she was into gals or anything because at first she was real worried, you know, thinking I was a gal and...” He ran out of breath. He gasped and hurried on. “Anyhow, she like starts in on me with her playing the star-struck teenager and me the hot mega rock star. I mean she’s giving me this wide-eyed hungry look and her hands got no control and can’t keep off me and then... She got a hold of my cock! I mean, you’d thought she had the brass ring at the circus or something. And next thing I knew we were back behind the barn getting ready... You know, I can still get it up? To make a long story short, me and Jenny hadn’t *really* started anything when Kathy Sue found us. Like I figured that the job was instant toast, you know? There I was, cock out, skirt up with, Jenny trying to sit on it. But, Jesus...” He just stood there gasping for a couple breaths. “Then first thing I know Kathy and Jenny were fighting over who got skewered. They were pushing and shoving and pulling hair, a regular cat fight. And before you know it, one of the mothers who’d come to pick up her kid— I didn’t get her name or anything— dang if she didn’t do-the-do!”

“And?” Zoff leaned forward in anticipation.

“I swear, Zoff, it was like my pecker got longer and longer until it threatened to pop out of that woman’s throat. She put up one hell of a wail.”

“And?”

“Jesus, Zoff! I was friggin’ sacred. I started running and... I ran right back here. All three of them dames were chasing me and baying like coon dogs.” He stopped to peek out the back window before turning back. “What’s it mean?”

“Did you use protection?”

“What?”

“Damn it, Davy, you might have got yourself pregnant.” Davy grew pale. “Look, they can’t help themselves. A Mu puts out these pheromones. If the woman is in, say, her first month to eight weeks, the effects are potent as hell. How else do you think Murders are made, anyway?”

“I didn’t know... You didn’t tell me.”

“Did you feel a strong sense of suction? Like drinking from a straw, only with your prick?”

Davy gaped and then nervously shrugged. “I don’t know. Jeez, I was just excited, you know, all this attention and...”

“You’d know, trust me. So you were lucky this time; it’s a new world for you, Davy. You’re going to have to learn a word that Alpha males of this era don’t know.”

“What’s that?”

“NO. That’s N-O. No more trying to get laid for you. You want laid, you’ll get laid... and that’s spelled P-R-E-G-N-A-N-T, understand? The shoe is on the other foot now.”

“Wow!” Davy’s eyes were big. “You said protection.”

“Yeah, an ordinary rubber *might* do, but a plasti-steel cap would be more sure. Davy, those women will *want* you to have their baby.”

“Yeah? How do they know that I’m a... Mu? I mean, Mu’s don’t even exist now, except for me. And you had to come here from another timeline to create me.”

“Nobody ever solved that riddle in my time, and they sure haven’t even thought of it here and now. Like I already said, pheromones or even maybe something in the electromagnetic spectrum, hardwired in the brain. Anyhow, you’re on the other side of the double standard now, Davy.”

“Think I can go back to work?”

“Yeah, but you’re going to have to deal with love sick women today and tomorrow and... until you’re pregnant! So you’d better learn to say ‘no’ real fast or get ready for Mu-derhood. Oh yeah, one more thing...”

“More?” Davy groaned.

“Be careful with males.”

Davy rolled his eyes. “Like that’s ever going to happen.”

“Whatever, old sport.” Zoff looked at Davy thoughtfully. “If you bond with a male...”

“Bond???”

“Fall in love, whatever... If that happens, all bets are off.”

“Like?”

“You don’t really want to know.”

“Try me.”

“You’ll be helping him to get you pregnant.”

Davy glared at Zoff. “What *ever* that means,” grumbled Davy.

“It means you’d be a lot safer here, that’s what it means.”

## Chapter 4

If one had been from the Twentieth Century, each of the four men clustered around the observation window could have been movie stars of the leading-man-type. Each were ruggedly handsome specimens of manhood. Broad shoulders and small waists that formed perfect triangles, muscular limbs that would have made a classic Greek male sculpture look anemic. Each had that special something in the face and in the look of their eyes that would inspire confidence in lesser men and weaken the knees of women. But it wasn’t the Twentieth Century!

Humans of the Twenty-Ninth Century would have readily recognized these individuals as *Alpha males*. Indeed, they were perfect examples of what careful breeding and highly creative genetics could produce. They were simply the most perfect specimens the human race could produce of that almost-extinct subspecies, Alpha types. *How-*

*ever*, the observation window they clustered around wasn't located in the now vanished Twenty-Ninth Century, but in the *Twenty-Third*; and the four men were decidedly unhappy with what they'd found in that era!

These Alphas were traveling back in time to keep their Alpha ancestral line from dying in the Twentieth Century. Zoff would have been very displeased to learn that his mission to get rid of Earth's Alphas and replace them with less hostile subspecies was now in even more jeopardy. Suddenly one of the Alpha's realized that something was new in their timeline that they did not expect. The Alpha's most hated enemy.

"Vampires!" The one named Max was filled with disgust. "What went wrong? There are more sub-humans in this Twenty-Third Century timeline than when we began our journey in the Twenty-Ninth Century! And Vampires!" His lips curled back in rage. "Millions of the filthy creatures... They even have a representative on the Solar Central Board," he groaned. "On a board dominated by weak, disgusting Zetas!"

"I don't know what happened, Max," the redhead retorted. "They were already here when I 'up-timed' to this century."

"Are you sure you got rid of all the Time Agents sent back to wipe out our Alpha ancestors?"

"Every damn one. Do you want to see? I have all of them in 'stasis.'"

Max shook his head no. He realized that he should be pleased. Up to this point the operation had gone down perfectly. Time Central was gone... totally destroyed! No longer were there any Temporal Police that might object to what they were doing. Every last TC agent that might have impeded their operation had been reduced to data held safely in stasis. They had the *only* temporal vehicle in what was now a truncated timeline. The termination of the timeline was 'fixable,' but the *purpose* of the operation had been temporally defeated: *To save the universe for ALPHAS... THE REAL HUMANS!*

"We must go back and *fix it*. Whatever went wrong *is* fixable. Lester," he nodded to the redhead, "Do you have temporal-spatial coordinates for when these vampires first appeared?"

Lester nodded slowly. "The records show the vamps first swarmed out of Youngstown on Earth Prime, about 2007. Whenever the problem is, it started in late 2005 or early 2006, based on—"

"Close enough. It must be the work of someone other than an agent— we've captured all of them. We must go back to this time and kill the early vamps, and the scum responsible for wiping out the Alphas. With temporal communication out, someone will have to go there in person. Any volunteers?"

Suddenly Zoff's mission to save Earth from the Alphas was even more dangerous than before.

~oOo~

By early evening, the inhabitants of the Half-way Inn had given up completely upon appearing to be a normal, somewhat rowdy, strip joint. Harmon's following had swollen to over twenty, with an additional fifty souls in various states of transmutation into

sexual vampires like Walter. Harmon and his 'girls' had made pigs of themselves at first, but the bounty had exceed even their appetites. The many half 'eaten' tidbits, still looking more like hermaphrodites than the lovely blondes that surrounded Harmon, languished about the tavern. They were perhaps being saved for a late night snack or breakfast, though Harmon felt like he'd never feed again. It was obvious that moderation was a learned behavior, one which he would have to reacquire. The second obvious point was that the Half-way Inn would soon not be able to house the lot of them. The small town of Canfield nearby might have to be absorbed. Needless to say, more than a few of the new 'sisters' had kit and kin there. Harmon's thoughts were broken when Edina nuzzled into his armpit. "Happy, Hon-Bun?" he asked her.

"Mmm, yes," she purred like a fat little kitten. The feasting had been particularly good for her. All trace of that leanness had vanished and, the feeding had brought out a previously hidden sexuality that Harmon appreciated. "Harmon?"

"Yes, sweetums?"

"There are some bad men at the bar."

He laughed. "Bad? They don't know what bad is, Hon-Bun. They bothering you?"

"Uh-huh."

Harmon rose from the couch and stretched. His muscles clicked, his joints creaked. He'd grown powerful in the last few days. Far more powerful than he'd ever thought possible. Early this evening he'd lifted the front of a pickup truck as if it had been a lunch pail. "Bad men, huh? Baby, they don't know the meaning of *bad*."

~oOo~

Little did Harmon realize that the 'bad men' at the bar weren't like any men he had seen before.

"Oh, Space! I hate traveling through wormholes, Max!" Lester's disgust for his surroundings was obvious on his face. "When we get done here, I'm going to puke for a week. I HATE VAMPS!"

"Hold on, I think I see his highness, Lester. Kill the head and the snake dies." Max was much calmer than his companion.

"Snakes? Snakes are okay, but these vermin... They make Dobian cockroaches look good enough to fuck. You want me to—"

"No hurry. Just back me up. I need to talk to the top slug before we wipe them out. HEY, YOU! FARBIAN WORM! NUBCLACK GAK-DRIBBLE! ASSHOLE!" Max yelled over the noise. He motioned for the approaching man using his index finger.

"Sir?" Harmon answered. His face was relaxed as he tried to hide his incipient rage. To Harmon's eyes, the customer was just a jerk being a jerk, who'd probably had too much hooch. Harmon figured he'd just throw the idiot through the heavy steel fire door in back (with it still closed of course). That was the nice thing about supernormal strength, Harmon mused; even a big fellow like this rowdy customer is no sweat.

"Who's your maker, asswipe?" Max was beginning to enjoy taunting Harmon.

“Huh?”

“Oh Space! Don’t you know anything? Beta males aren’t born, Fucknose— They’re made! So who in *Space* made you?”

That caught Harmon by surprise. None of the terms rang a bell: Beta male? And being *made* was a strange concept to someone who could still remember his mother and father. Perhaps someone or something had done this to him, he wondered. That made as much sense as anything. How else could he have gone through so many changes in the last few days. He turned his attention back to the large men at the bar. “You have me at an advantage, Sir. I have absolutely no idea of what you speak.”

“Really?” The large, well formed man thrust out a square chin and looked thoughtful for a moment. In a softer voice, he said, “I’ll give you precisely one minute to tag your maker, or else...”

Harmon folded his massive arms across his chest. He imagined squishing the man’s skull like a ripe tomato. He felt no fear of the man nor of his companion. Probably any one of the girls could handle the both of them without help. Certainly Walter could; she’d already eased closer and now stood by Harmon’s side. The question puzzled and excited him, though. “Maker? I have no idea of what you are talking about, Mister.” It was obviously not what the man wanted to hear.

“Fifty seconds!” called out Max. From inside his heavy overcoat, Max pulled an 1851 ball and cap, five shot Naval Revolver. The enormous metal weapon would have scared most men, but not Harmon.

Harmon grinned as he looked into the 54 caliber muzzle. “Well?” He said sarcastically. Perhaps he shouldn’t have grinned. Perhaps if he had shown *some* fear, things might have ended differently. But then again, maybe not.

“Time’s up, vamp!”

BLAM!

The room instantly filled with the bitter, acrid smoke characteristic of burnt black powder. Ears rang from the explosion, and all conversation stopped. In a normal establishment, customers and employees would have started screaming and running for the exit. But these weren’t exactly ‘normal folk’ any more. Most just leaned forward, trying to see through the smoke; they were merely *interested*. Harmon stood there, unmoved, for two very long seconds. It was a testament to his strength. But finally he toppled backwards, like a falling giant redwood, with a loud crash. Walter lunged at the man but was brought up short as the great, gaping muzzle engulfed her nose. She froze. Now everyone froze. Curiosity had been swept away and replaced by raw *fear*. One could taste it in the air.

Max smiled. “Silver bullets, you know.” And then he turned and ambled toward the door. His partner, holding a strange, futuristic looking weapon, covered the now silent mob as his partner made his way out of the tavern. Until Max disappeared from view, no one moved. Finally, as Lester slipped out as well, the crowd became animated again. Dropping down by the fallen body, Edina quivered for a few seconds. Then she began to wail. It was the only sound in the tavern, other than the slap of the front door

closing behind Lester. An era that had just begun that day, the era of the Vampire, had ended almost as quickly as it started.

~oOo~

Max sniffed the night air. "Petrol-chemicals." He looked up into the night sky thoughtfully.

An antsy Lester looked back at the tavern they had just left. "What was that?"

"Oh," Max paused without looking back, "it's just the idea that all those stars, planets... They're empty. No Humans there at all... *Yet.*"

"Yeah, right." Lester looked back at the tavern. "Whatever. It doesn't seem right, Max. You know..."

"What's eating you?"

"Leaving all those vamps back there... alive." He swung the sub-atomic particle weapon off his shoulder and back into the ready position. He looked at Max as if for permission.

Max ignored Lester's silent request and returned his gaze toward the night sky. Max knew the vamps, without the Beta male, were essentially harmless. They would continue to 'feed' off the locals, but they could no longer breed. There would be no new vampires. In time, each and every one of the vermin would be destroyed by an inflamed populous who would no longer tolerate their continued existence, once the novelty and/or fear wore off. It wasn't that issue that excited his friend, probably mere blood lust. Finally, he simply muttered, "Enjoy."

Lester spun about on his heels, eyes glowing with animal delight. Dropping the weapon down into the ready position, he blew away the front door and reentered through the hot ash of the wreckage.

In an instant, vamps came pouring out every orifice in the building. The flat slap and whine of Lester's weapon became a continuous 'blaaaaat,' as he went to full automatic. Max moved off the steps and down to the parking lot, both to escape random particle beams that were now flailing out in all directions and the tumble of frantic vamps and near vamps as they tried to flee. Lester was having himself a wonderful time, that was for sure. Max couldn't help but smile, as one vamp fell, sliced in half through the gaping hole that had been a door, and tumbled down the steps. He came to rest at Max's feet. He stepped away to avoid getting blood on his shoes. Off to his right, he saw several naked creatures disappear into a drainage ditch, apparently unscathed. Most would not be so lucky.

Four minutes later, Lester exited the building. He had a big, lazy grin on his face. "Thanks, Max, I needed that."

"Whatever," Max replied. "Come with me, pal, play time is done. We have work to do. There's someone or something out there with a transmogrifier, and its ass is moon dust. Lets get back to that hick town..."

"Youngstown."

“Yeah, whatever it was. We must turn that place inside out until we find the crud...”

“Yeah, what kind of twit would ‘make’ a Beta-male anyway. Space! That’s just illegal!”

Max only laughed. Illegal, he thought, how amusing. They’d wiped *trillions* of Beta males and their vampire offspring from the fabric of time-space. “Yeah, Les, making Beta males is bad news. It’s a regular capital offense, and we’re the judge, jury and...”

“Executioners.” Lester smiled as he finished Max’s thought for him.

~oOo~

Zoff felt incipient lust as he watched Davy descend the back stairs carrying a cup of hot tea. The translucent gown clung to Davy’s swollen breasts before dropping away to the Mu’s ankles. The shadowy body underneath moved with a sensuousness that was neither male nor female... pure Mu. The face had softened, the beard vanished, and the lips had swollen into a Mu-ish pout that was... hungry. But Zoff was a Delta, not an Alpha. With Delta-like control, he allowed his Alpha male body to enjoy the growing tension without allowing it to exercise its intent. “Thanks, Davy,” he said as he took the cup from the Mu’s hand and savored Davy’s exciting musky odors. “What do you think?” He pointed at the devices lying on the counter.

“They’re what I think they are?”

Zoff nodded yes.

“Why so many?”

Zoff shrugged. “They’re all prototypes. Just trying different designs.”

“Any of them work?”

“Hopefully all of them. Perhaps none of them...” He shrugged, a typical Alpha mannerism. “Each time I’ve been able to reduce the size somewhat. See this?” He held out what appeared to be a plastic bead on a thread. As Davy reached out for it, Zoff jerked it away. “No, don’t touch it. The heat from your hand would trigger... er- should trigger a transmogrifier ‘event’. Eventually I’ll be able to rig the trigger so that the action will be delayed for hours.”

“Why?”

“Just an idea I have. I could distribute these devices right from this store. Attach them to hats, anything. But I couldn’t very well have them activated while the customer was here. But I have found a way to slow down the process, up to several hours.”

“Whatever,” responded Davy as he yawned. He was tired and he knew from experience that the Delta could talk for hours if encouraged. “I’m going to bed, Zoff.”

~oOo~

The last thing Ralph Graves remembered was stopping at the Inn. The new sign that announced that the Half-way had become a nudie bar hadn’t entered into the de-

cision at all. No, it was his bookie, who liked to work out of the Inn, that he'd stopped to see. Travis owed him big time, though if Ralph had been honest with himself, Travis was still way-ahead of him in that department. Still, football was football. Ralph's thoughts ignited like straw in a flame. *What in God's name was he doing here...naked so as to freeze his bottom off, in a... ditch!* The naked female in his arms quivered in the chill, and they both tightened their mutual embrace for warmth. Ralph's mind locked up and threatened to go to black again as he felt *his titties* squish against hers.

"Holy shit!" The bitch moaned as she wiggled tighter. "I...I...I'm so f-f-friggin' c-c-cold, Ralph!"

Ralph's eyes flew open as he shoved *her* away. "TRAVIS!"

"Jesus... Who'd you think it w-w-was," stammered the pale-skinned blond through chattering teeth.

Ralph leaped to his feet and started climbing out of the trench. Travis yelped, "Where you g-g-going?"

"To get my clothes." He staggered across the parking lot toward the gaping hole where the front door had once been. Clothes meant keys. And keys meant car. Somehow, if he could just leave, this nightmare would end. Reverend Ralph Graves liked to make an occasional bet, but he wasn't a sinner. He'd done nothing that would deserve this kind of punishment. Maybe it was a taste of Hell, a dream from God, a message. He'd had enough. "Please, Lord, I'll never gamble again!"

As he stumbled into the tavern, the scene that greeted his eyes was one of absolute terror. The place had become a butchery... bodies, or rather parts of bodies, lay tossed here and there. Great pools of blood were everywhere, and the smell was the stench of death. He wasn't the only one still moving. As he bent over the first pain-wracked body, all thoughts of his personal discomfort disappeared. "I...I am Reverend Graves," he said after dialing 911. "There is a very, very serious problem at the Half-way Inn. We need ambulances... a large number of them."

~oOo~

Walter was running scared. She'd made it to the truck route on foot. It was not an easy task, considering the moonless night and the wild undergrowth of the untamed woods. But she'd made it nonetheless, and with her semitransparent dress and sumptuous figure she'd had no problem hitching a ride on a big rig heading toward Akron. It hadn't taken the trucker fifteen minutes to screw up his courage enough to cut the chatter and slip a hand under her skirt. Not that she had any 'hunger,' but the man's incessant groping, the fingers in her crotch that were worrying and rubbing her clit, was helping to draw her mind from the horror she'd seen tonight. One thing she'd learned, rather graphically, was that she wasn't immortal. Death had come to so many tonight. By morning she'd be long gone from the monsters that had come murderously into her life. She shifted in the seat, making the trucker's efforts easier.

The man removed his hand, grabbed the gear shift, and downshifted as he turned off into a rest area. The truck hadn't more than come to a stop, engine still throbbing, when the man climbed into the rear cubby and wordlessly motioned her to follow.

What the hell, Walter thought before responding to the obvious demand for sex. The trucker would be much easier to deal with once Walter's 'change' was completed. Besides, the man had already pulled his cock out.

It was all a blur, a scene that had grown too familiar over the last few days. She waited for the jolt of the man's 'essence'; it was the most addictive drug she'd ever experienced. Suddenly, her anxieties from the horrors of the evening waxed into new *fear*— something was terribly wrong. It was a cock in her mouth, hot, throbbing, and slightly salty, but... nothing more! The man pulled her off the now hard rod and held her in the air as if she weighed almost nothing. Walter squirmed and tried to get away, but she was no longer super-strong. The male member entered... *entered* her! Muscles responded where none had been evident before, as her descending weight forced the thick knob of flesh ever deeper inside her. *This wasn't at all what was supposed to happen!* Walter's identity, which had been swamped by the events of the last few days, his identity which had been melted by his continued close proximity with Harmon Murks, came flooding back to the surface intact. It was male! It was terrified! "Noooo," he whimpered as the flesh inside his body grew slippery. He threw back his head to yell; the trucker simply engulfed one boob in his mouth and sucked. The trucker began to thrust more vigorously; Walter's cries only seem to excite him more. *This wasn't at all like it had been but a few hours before!* Still, it was nourishment. Could Harmon's death be the reason for his loss of power, wondered Walter.

~oOo~

This was big all right, realized Sheriff Pratt. If he handled it right, he'd be famous by seven o'clock that morning and a household name by the time the national evening news was broadcast. He just had to avoid doing something stupid, and his next election would be assured, assuming he'd still want to be a small time county Sheriff when this was done. All the local TV stations had already sent news crews, and he'd heard some national network news teams had been spotted coming in at the Youngstown and Akron airports. Just then a chopper with the CNN logo swept overhead. One of the deputies waved it off from the parking lot while bellowing with a bull horn at the air crew. Jesus! The twits had tried to land right in the middle of the crime scene! Bodies, or rather parts of bodies, lay scattered everywhere. It was worse than 'Nam, and the butcher shop atmosphere hadn't ended in the old tavern by a long shot. His boys were swamped, and with the crowd that was being drawn he'd have to ask for assistance from the other police units in the area. YPD were already on their way. Gads, this is exciting, he thought.

A local reporter was yelling from behind the barricade, trying to get his attention. The Sheriff gave the loud man his best 'cop' look and started to turn away. What the hell, the election was only a few months away. He spun on his heels. "Yeah, Banks?"

"They say it's another Jones' Town. Is that right Sheriff?"

A cult mass murder? He hadn't a clue. "I'll let you know." He gave a knowing look to the reporter, as if the man was on to something. "As soon as possible, Mr. Banks." He nodded as if to say the Tribune was going to owe him something later. "A regular

exclusive.” He paused, thought about it and then said, “More than thirty dead.” He turned and hurried back to the tavern and his deputies.

~oOo~

It had taken Max and Lester almost three days to track down a precise spatial-temporal coordinate that contained the temporal anomaly that had spawned the *vamps*. More importantly, the same temporal anomaly had threatened their goal of an exclusively *human* timeline— that is, a timeline of Alpha humanity without the sub-species that had so corrupted modern life in the original timeline, like the *vamps* would have done under Harmon Marks. Down time tracking gave them an advantage that no opponent could easily overcome, though it had its costs. For one thing, they could not reoccupy a temporal moment that they had already visited. Though the safety mechanism of the time machine could be overridden, neither Alpha was willing to risk either absorption or the other possibility, which was unthinkable.

Standing at the Radio Shack where Harmon was accidentally transformed to a vamp by Zoff’s faulty device, Lester said, “I’m sure a transmogrifier was used on that creep between two-fifty-five and four-ten on the sixteenth. Here, at the store, within thirty meters.”

“So? We’ll just watch him until it happens, and then we’ll have the down-timer right where we want him.”

“You can try if you want, Max.”

“What?”

“Look, we’ve been all over that time slice. I don’t have three minutes anywhen in that window that is entirely safe. Sooner or later we’re going to trip over ourselves.” Max paled, allowing Lester to continue. “So we can go further down-time or up-time, where we have a lot more openings and spaces where we have not been yet.”

“Then we’ll do it the hard way. Who do we have?” He held up one hand and counted with his fingers: “First, the wife; second, he had two or three clerks... We’ll check them all out.”

“They were customers,” interrupted Lester. “And then there are other employees from nearby stores, and security guards and... Well, it could have been someone just passing by in that temporal segment, a random zap and then gone! It could have been anyone who was within thirty meters of that store over a seventy minute interval!”

Max just glared, “Give me a window.”

“Two days back, the nineteenth. We haven’t been there at all.”

“Right. You check out the Vamp’s employees, family, and friends, and I’ll start working the mall. Meet back here in ten minutes, in this temporal segment. Got it?”

“Max? We only got one temporal vehicle.”

“Well, we’ll do this linearly then. We’ll go back to the nineteenth together and meet here at the mall in the evening, at closing time— nine o’clock— when we’re done.”

“I get the temporal vehicle?”

“Yeah, why not? Lester, be careful with it. It’s our only way back to the Twenty-Third.”

Lester rolled his eyes. The idea of being trapped in the ‘late middle-ages’ forever was awful. “I’ll be real, real careful Max.”

## Chapter 5

Zoff cringed as the Mu Davy read the morning paper aloud. Less than ten thousand meters north of them some Alphas went on a rampage and slaughtered an unknown number of their own. At least thirty, Davy reported in his increasingly silvery voice. He was still growing into his Mu-hood. Zoff took one look at the grainy black and white picture of the Half-way Inn on the front page and shoved the paper back into Davy’s hands. He wanted to say, “What else would you expect in a world full of Alphas?” But he didn’t. It was no wonder to him that the world was going to end in less than two hundred and fifty years unless he, Zoff, flavored the population with billions of more humane, less violent forms of humanity.

He froze as a man looked into the window from the alleyway. Fear and hope sent twin chills up his spine. “Davy? Could you get me some... coffee?” He waited until the Mu left the shop before opening the door.

There was absolutely no doubt in Zoff’s mind that the man looking in at him was an Alpha— an Alpha from *his own era*. At almost seven feet tall and in absolutely perfect physical condition, there was simply no one in this era that resembled him.

“Yes?” Zoff said lamely as he looked up at the man, now on the rear stoop in front of the open door. Was he an agent, someone returned from Zoff’s century to tell him that all was well? That he could go home, mission accomplished? It hardly seemed likely. Perhaps he was a fugitive like himself, trapped down time... A potential co-worker, a helpmate who...

The Alpha’s look shifted from puzzlement to surprise, “You’re a...a Delta!” he said in Zoff’s native English.

Zoff stepped back in surprise. This creature was indeed of the Twenty-Ninth century, or at least from a nearby era. “How?” He sputtered, also in English.

“The way you move your head when you talk.” The man moved forward. “May I come in?”

“Yes, of course.” Zoff stepped back. “You’re from Time Central, right?”

The man looked around before answering, “I’m Lester. Who are you?”

“TC Security, outlying buffer system...”

Lester laughed. “You had us baffled. Who’d ever thought a melon-head Delta could have nearly started a vamp infestation?”

Zoff began to panic when he heard the Alpha use a slur for Deltas. “Melon-head?” He stumbled back toward the bench, “You’re *not* a TC agent!”

That made Lester laugh. “When was the last time you *ever* saw an Alpha at Time Central? Let alone functioning as a TC agent.” His smile twisted into a glower. “You

and your Delta kind had us set up for extinction, melon head. You regulated our birth rate almost to zero..." He advanced toward Zoff. From his pocket he withdrew a small black box. "Do you know what this is, lowly Delta?"

Zoff stumbled back, looking for some place to run, looking for something to use as a weapon. "A Return Unit?"

"Right!" The Alpha pointed the device at Zoff.

"But there's no *there* to return too!" Zoff found himself next to the table full of transmogrifiers.

"Right again!" Lester sneered. Zoff knew that the Return Unit would separate him from Brownie, his host body. Then Zoff would soon vanish into the void, into the terminated timeline that he had come from originally.

Zoff hit the man with the beam from one of the transmogrifiers he grabbed off the bench, but it was already too late. Reed Brown crumpled like a rag doll as the Zoff *sim* winked into null space. An instant later, Lester, hit by the transmogrifier beam, also winked into null space. At the same, moment Davy returned, cup of fresh coffee in hand.

All Davy saw was Brownie crumpling to the floor. He screamed in surprise. Suddenly Lester reappeared with a loud 'POOF!'

For Lester, there had been no subjective time between initiating the *sim*-return signal and *his own* reentry into norm-space-time. If he'd known that Zoff had gotten a shot off with the transmogrifier, he could have figured out why this woman was suddenly standing before him. He lunged at the woman, preparing his tremendous frame, highly skilled in hand-to-hand combat, to fling her aside, perhaps killing her in the process. She was but incidental to Lester's mission. All Lester wanted was to finish the job on the Delta Zoff, thereby keeping Lester's line of Alphas from being ended.

Reality, however, had changed. Lester's lunge was more that of a toy poodle going for the throat of a Golden Retriever, a mouse attacking a cat. Davy's Mu body, at a hundred and fifty pounds, absorbed what had been initiated as a killing lunge with but a backward stagger. Lester's mass had been reduced to less than ninety pounds. And the killer's hardened muscle had been transmogrified into the soft, rounded contours of a pure bimbo Beta. Lester's new, shapely breasts weighed more than the slender arms and tiny hands that still attempted to perform their murderous damage on Davy. The new Beta tumbled to the floor, tangled in clothing many sizes too large. Limbs were trapped in sleeves and pants. Lester struggled to extract himself from what felt like a net that had been thrown over him. Still unaware that he had been changed, he struggled and managed to stand. From Lester's perspective, Davy had grown to enormous size—an amazon now. She move toward him. He flinched and stepped back, losing one shoe in the process.

He retreated with a shuffle as he tried to untangle his hands from the shirt sleeves. He needed the disrupter in his pants pocket more than ever. Even as his hands came free, he stumbled on the now extraordinarily long pants. These same pants dropped to the floor as he staggered backwards. In his wake he left the useless pants and his other shoe. His underwear puddled at his ankles. These he kicked off, so that he was

mobile again. In the three long seconds since the amazon had appeared, Lester lost the last remnants of his killer instincts. His plan warped into fear and then warped again, this time into nothing but *escape!* Without shoes, without pants, but with a shirt that hung down nearly to his ankles, the four foot-nine inch Beta turned 'her' round, sumptuous rear and fled the building.

Davy stood there, slack jawed, and stared at the retreating figure. What had that been all about? The Mu watched the running figure, until it disappeared down the alley, before closing the door. "What-eeveeer!" Davy said as he turned, still mystified, back toward his friend. "What happened?" he said, as he saw he was obviously unhurt and now easing himself into a sitting position on the floor.

"Huh?" Brownie looked around in a daze. "Where am I... Jesus! How'd I get here?" And then his eyes locked on Davy. "Do...do I know you?" He pulled himself to his feet.

Davy had now fully turned to face who he thought was Zoff. Hands on hips, he said, "So what happened? And who was the babe?"

Brownie's eyes were wide, his face curious as a half smile formed. "You tell me. I was working in the Radio Shack..." He scratched his head. "Working on some old TV one of the customers had brought in... and then I was there on the floor- here in Dad's old shop." He then pointed at Davy. "And you were standing there and..." His smile widened. "Not that I mind you being here." He looked a bit unsure of himself, "Ah- do I know you?"

"Oh brother!" groaned Davy. Brownie had returned, or rather Zoff had gone or... It was all very confusing. He looked down at his chest. He'd almost gotten used to the idea of being like this, triple D breasts and long, flowing hair. "Brownie... I'm... Davy." He blushed brightly.

"What?" Brownie's smile widened, his eyes were incredulous. "No way No friggin' way!" He stared longer. The features were right but perhaps a bit more rounded. The eyes were larger, but that could be due to the makeup. Brownie's eyes flicked down to the large breasts and then back. "Jesus, Davy, why do you want to dress like... like THAT?"

"You really don't remember anything that's happened?"

Brownie shook his head no.

"It's... Well, it's a long story, pal. You see these jugs, well, they're real."

"What?" He ogled those boobies again. The concept that those were real confounded Brownie.

Davy folded his arms under his breasts, lifting them slightly. "Lets go upstairs and have some coffee. I'll tell you what I know."

As Brownie turned and followed what had to be a woman but claimed to be... *Davy*, he listened to 'her' sweet silvery voice that was very... sexy.

"I've learned about time travel, Brownie, and the end of humanity. Unless *we* can save it."

Oh brother, thought Brownie, I must have *really* hit my head hard!

~oOo~

Brownie's eyes were glowing and his cheeks were a bit flushed by the end of Davy's tale. "Wow!"

"You think we can still pull it off, Brownie?"

"Wow!" was still his only retort. Images of him spraying the streets with a ray that turned everyone it touched into, gorgeous, sexy babes was quite a thought. "Babes? Really?"

"Beta for bimbo, uh-huh. At least, that was Zoff's plan. He wanted to create mostly Betas at first, because they would be very active and enticing and cause more peaceful humans to populate the Earth..."

Brownie held up his hands like they were guns, "Zap...zap...zap!" He sprayed the imaginary people with his imaginary 'ray-guns'.

Davy rolled his eyes, "Not *quite* like that, sport."

"Why not?"

"Give me a break! You start hosing down the town fathers and turning them into over-sexed babes, not to mention the police..."

"Zap!" replied Brownie as if answering Davy's negation.

"And then the national guard! What, do you want to be Godzilla or something? This is serious, Brownie!"

The bloom was off Brownie's cheeks now. "Okay, so what's *your* plan?"

"Well, not mine actually. Zoff thought we could use the store for starters. A few transformations at first, from here. That way we could keep a low profile until he got the bugs out of his design. Then we'd hit the road."

"From the store?"

"Sure, why not? Come Halloween, Zoff was going to integrate some of the devices in the costumes..."

"Halloween?"

"You got a problem with that, Brownie?"

The young man shrugged. "Not me, but Mr. Tice, he'll have a problem..."

"Tice?"

"Yeah. You don't know about it. My old man, when he was still running this store, got a 'personal' loan from Mr. Tice a few months back, you know, before he died. Anyhow, there was no way I could ever meet the payments and... Jeez, why do you think I went to Youngstown anyway?"

"Oh," responded Davy. "So the bank's going to take over the store?"

"No. Like I said, it was a personal loan between my dad and Mr. Tice, the bank don't have anything to do with it. Mr. Tice is going to get the whole shooting match for five cents on the dollar. It makes me sick!" Brownie stopped. His friend had a funny look in his face. "What?"

“Weell, perhaps Mr. Tice will be our first subject...”

Brownie’s eyes widened. “The President of the Farmer’s National Bank?”

“Sure, why not?”

Brownie pictured old man Tice, a bachelor, a rich tight wad that made Scrooge look generous, becoming a sexy bimbo. Who’d believe Tice was Tice if that were to happen? Who would call the loan? “Gosh,” was Brownie’s only reply.

~oOo~

“You’re Reverend Ralph Graves?” The Sheriff stepped back from the young, voluptuous woman who still huddled in the blanket one of the deputies had provided. Strands of silky white hair fell across a triangular face, high cheek bones bloomed slightly pink as the wide, yellow eyes disappeared under thick, dark lashes for an instant, only

to reappear. Those eyes had a hypnotic, sexy quality that distracted the Sheriff for a moment. “I KNOW REVEREND GRAVES AND... GOD KNOWS, YOU’RE NOT HIM!” It was all too much. He motioned for the deputy to take *her* away. It was only nine A.M., but it already the Sheriff felt like a week had gone by since the 911 call had been answered by the local dispatch officer. And *she* was the least of his problems. He turned back to the hotshot that had come up from Columbus on the Governor’s jet. “Okay,” he growled. “What is it?”

“We have to call in the FBI.”

“No way!”

“Sorry, Chief, I’m going over your head on this.”

“Chief?”

“Sorry, I mean ‘Sheriff.’” The man jabbed a thumb over his shoulder. “Those wounds weren’t produced by anything I can recognize. Looks more like a high powered



laser, but there are no burn marks.” He lowered his voice. “I think... we got some kind of alien event that happen here last night.”

“JESUS!” swore the Sheriff. “You’re full of SHIT! Aliens? No aliens put a ball into that big bastard there!” He stabbed a finger toward the remains of Harmon Murks.

“Well... That was a *silver* ball, Sheriff...”

“So? Lord save me from the fools!” The sheriff groaned as the man from Columbus scurried out of the tavern. Sheriff Pratt was losing control of the situation, and at the moment he wasn’t at all sure that was such a bad thing. Still, there was something uncanny about the female bodies, both the dead ones and those still alive. They looked more like twins than sisters. “Get me an aspirin,” he called out to nobody in particular.

~oOo~

It wasn’t the first time Max had been approached by a woman this morning. Apparently, the local Alpha females (which, thank God, were the only females in this era) found him more than a little attractive. But this one, he noted appreciatively, would have looked good even in Max’s own era. She had that quivering, ready to explode sex appeal of a *BETA*! He pulled back into the relative darkness of the access passage as his mind churned in confusion. *There are should NOT be any Betas in this era!* he thought.

He started to retreat down the dark passageway when the door from the mall opened. The Beta had followed him! It was *only* a Beta, he figured. He stood there in the shadows and let her advance. He watched her, his muscles at the ready, hand on the handle of his revolver, ready to pull and fire if need be. Long red hair framed her perfectly oval face. Fat, pouting lips glittered with shiny, wet-looking red color. A small, pink tongue poked out for an instant before returning to its home. It had been a while since he’d had sex. A month since the mission had gone into high gear. And this Beta was too enticing. Her carriage alone would have marked her for a Beta. Forget the lush cleavage that peeked out from the too-tight satin blouse or the generous hips that formed below the wasp-like waist. The long, long legs that had to be at least sixty percent of her height that sprung out from the skin tight latex skirt that ended abruptly four inches below her crotch... They were all ‘snake’ shiny from the nylons and terminated in microscopic feet encased in stiletto heels. Her gentle sway that started from the crown of her head to the mincing movements of her tiny feet was enough by itself to draw his cock rigid. And then it happened.

“Max?” she said in a husky, typically Beta voice.

“How do you know my name?” was his only reply. She clearly did not come from this era. He tightened his grip on the revolver. Were there more travelers from the future trying to foil Max and Lester’s plans to keep the Earth an Alpha haven?

“It’s me, Max.”

“What?”

“It’s Lester.”

“SPACE!” was all he could say.

“I...I got the TC agent.”

“What are you talking about?”

“It was a Delta, Max,” she said as she closed the distance between them.

Her natural charms were amplified by the natural pheromones that stormed into Max’s olfactory bulb. She touched his hand with hers. Three degrees warmer than an Alpha female, and skin so soft... Max had to fight the natural instinct to pull *her* into his arms. The desire to nuzzle her neck. Sweating profusely, Max stepped back. “Are you sure? you killed him?”

“Uh-huh.” She bobbed her head like a Beta would. “Zapped him *up* the line beyond where it existed. He’s lost in the void now.” Eyes opened wider, with extra large pupils, as her lips parted slightly and her nose flared. It was obvious that *she* wanted him as much as he wanted her. *NO!* Max ordered himself.

“A Delta... You did good, Lester.” He took another step back for safety. “And what happened to you?”

She blushed brightly. “He must have booby trapped the place where I found him.”

“Right,” Nodded Max. Lester had been *booby* trapped all right! “But that hardly explains the clothes you’re wearing.” He stared at the inviting cleavage on Lester’s heaving chest. *A Beta’s chest always seems to heave, doesn’t it?* he noted with interest.

“Oh.” Lester drew his lips into a pout. “It just... happened. I simply *had* to find something to wear...”

“Oh, Space! You really are a Beta now, aren’t you, Lester? You *had* to dress like that.” He laughed nervously. No man would ever chose to wear clothing like that. There was a lot more Beta about Lester than just physical traits, that was for sure.

“I’ll be okay, Max, as soon as you get me to a transmogrifier.”

“Don’t look at me, Lester.” He shrugged. “I’m no Noid, you know. How would I know how to build a transmogrifier anyway?”

Lester’s eyes got big. “But I simply can’t *stay* this way!”

Max Rolled his eyes, “Well, we’re done here anyway. The Delta is dead, and now the Alphas on this planet can continue thriving. We’ll get back to the twenty-third and see what can be done about your... condition.”

“They can fix me, can’t they?”

“Sure, I guess. I bet they’d have stuff like that up time. Yeah, kid, not to worry.” *Now why did he call Lester ‘kid’? Space! He was beginning to think of his partner as a... Beta sex toy. Focus!* he commanded himself. “Now where did you leave the Time Vehicle? We should get out of here.”

~oOo~

Being with Brownie wasn’t at all like being with Zoff. Zoff had always been a gentleman to Davy. There had been a certain ‘pleasant’ tension that had been building over

the last day or so when they interacted, but Zoff's Delta personality was too rational and kind too allow anything unseemly to happen. Brownie's eyes, however, couldn't or wouldn't stay off Davy's breasts. And Brownie's manners were polite like a guy was to a gal that he wanted to bed. As if politeness would lead to fucking. Well, at least that wasn't going to be a problem!

Poor Davy was depressed and confused. He missed Zoff, more than he cared to admit. Davy still did not know where Zoff had gone. Brownie, well, Brownie wasn't acting like a pal, but like a guy hoping to get lucky. It was as if he'd lost not one but two friends. And worse it was like the whole job of saving the world had abruptly fallen on his not-so-strong shoulders. Abandoned by Zoff, Brownie was proving not to be an adequate replacement. Part of Davy wanted to just run away, but then what? "Lets see what we can do for a disguise."

Brownie laughed. "Like old man Tice would ever recognize you *now*?"

"No." Davy rolled his eyes. Brownie was being such a dolt! "We don't want him to recognize me *after* the deed is done. Check out the wig and I'll get a dress, okay?" He went into the back room, where Mrs. Brown had kept the women's clothing. He pulled the door shut.

Almost instantly he found a dress that might work. He pulled it off the rack and examined it closely. The dark blue velveteen material stimulated his skin like ordinary cotton could never do. It was a wraparound that promised lots and lots of mammary gland exposure. He slipped out of the dress and unhooked his bra, dropping it to the floor. His breasts bulged heavily with milk. He hefted them with his hands.

Brownie enter the room unannounced. "Jesus!" he exclaimed. "Excuse me!" But rather than turning away or leaving, he just gaped at Davy's exposed boobs.

Worms ran up and down Davy's spine as his hands spun up and covered his nipples and turned away. "I really hate it, Brownie, when you look at me that way. Beat it!"

Drool wasn't leaking from Brownie's mouth, but it might as well have been. "They really are real! Must feel kind of funny, Davy, you know...?"

*Oh, is was Zoff when I really need him,* thought Davy as he pulled the wrap around his body. He could feel Brownie's eyes still on him as he tightened the belt. "The wig, Brownie! Damn it!"

~oOo~

The parking structure was huge. Lester had stumbled to a stop and tried to put her arm around Max's waist, but Max had repelled the movement and stepped back. "Well?" he growled.

"It was right here." She pointed in the general direction of a line of automobiles near the back of the structure. "Next to the green thingy."

"The what?" Max didn't see anything 'green'.

Lester looked as if she were going to cry. "It was a green car thingy with a box in back and..."

“Lets try another floor.”

Lester whimpered as she batted her eyes to hold back the tears. “You’re not going to be mad at me, Max, are you?”

Max’s voice was even, but it was obvious he was holding back a typical Alpha rage that threatened to burst forth at any instant. “No, why, Lester?” He gritted his teeth. “You simply misplaced THE ONLY TEMPORAL VEHICLE IN KNOWN SPACE! We’re not in the Twenty-Third Century anymore!” he screamed.

Lester began to bawl. Copious tears made black streaks down her cheeks. “You *are* mad at me,” she sobbed.

Max grabbed her by her shoulders, swung her around, and lifted her in the air. His face was beet red, his neck muscles coiled into hard knots as he began to shake her like a rag doll. “WHAT, MAD? ME? SPEND THE REST OF OUR LIVES HERE IN THIS SHIT HOLE?” Now his rage was in full flood. Lester’s screams only excited his rage further.

~oOo~

Brownie guided Davy to the side door of the bank. Guided was the right word, because Davy was blind as a bat without his glasses. His glasses were in his purse, to be retrieved after the deed was done. “You know what you’re supposed to do, Brownie.”

Brownie nodded. His eyes were fixed upon Davy’s chest. Those breasts looked like they’d pop out at any minute. No normal male could help but look at them. Of course, that was Davy’s plan. What old man Tice would remember of his assailant would be the boobs. The blond hair made Davy’s dark complexion look even darker. But it was the boobs that were the real key. “Sure. I’ll be parked out back.”

“If you’re not there, Brownie...” Davy glared at the fuzzy image of what had to be Brownie, before stumbling into the bank.

“Excuse me,” he said as he approached the first form that loomed ahead. “I need to see the President of the bank.”

“Do you have an appointment, Miss? The *president* is a very busy man.”

“No, but it is a matter of some urgency.” He batted his eyes but had no way of telling if his request would be granted. “...of a *personal nature*,” he finished in a whisper.

The man wasn’t just a clerk, he was also the husband of Mr. Tice’s sister. That fact was more than relevant to obtaining his current, underpaid position. He pulled his eyes grudgingly away from the woman’s bosom. Her blank stare showed not the slightest hint of intelligence. Her unfocused gaze and the mountain of flesh that rose, quivering on her chest caused him to suppress a grin. The clerk began to think that old man Tice wasn’t the pillar of the community he pretended to be. Perhaps there could be a promotion lurking, the clerk thought, if he could take advantage of this new knowledge. “I’ll take you to his office, miss,” he said as he took her by the arm.

~oOo~

“You’re not going to believe this, Sheriff.”

Sheriff Pratt didn’t respond immediately. After what he’d been through this morning, he’d believe just about anything. He put the half-eaten hamburger down, wiped his mouth, and looked up at the deputy. “Shoot.”

“Got a call from the Captain over in Youngstown.”

“Go on.”

“Boss, you’re not going to believe this.”

“Hell, Burkowitz, what is it?”

“There’s this security guard over at the mall. He heard this woman yelling and he came on the run. A guy was attacking this broad and... Well, the short of it is, after he disarmed the dude, you know what he found?”

“No Burkowitz but I’m sure you’ll tell me eventually.” Sheriff Pratt grumbled.

“An 1851 ball-and-cap naval revolver! SILVER BALLS! RECENTLY FIRED!”

“HOLY SHIT!” Exclaimed the sheriff.

~oOo~

The man led Davy to a room in the rear of the building. The blinds were drawn, and only one small lamp was illuminated. There, literally in the dark, the man left Davy. Three minutes passed, then ten minutes went by and still no Tice. Brownie was probably going nuts sitting outside, not that Davy wasn’t developing a bad case of the jitters as well. The longer Davy waited, the more quickly he wanted done with this operation. He eased the transmogrifier out of his purse. With his fingers he checked to be certain that he was pointing it in the right direction and continued to wait. Someone loomed in the doorway, Davy tightened his grip on the device.

The figure had already slipped silently into the darkest corner of the room and sat down. “Yes?” the voice said.

“M- Mr. Tice?”

“Yes?” The voice was wary, cautious.

Now was the moment! Would the damn thing even work? The last time, in the Hooters Restaurant, didn’t go so well; that was how he’d become a Mu. Davy assumed that the ray would make Tice into a bimbo, but without Zoff, the selection of the device had been but a random one. Suddenly Davy *knew* that this wasn’t going to work. “I- I’m sorry to take your time, Mr. Tice.” Davy tried to hurry for the door, but all he managed to do was trip and sprawl. The device shot out of his hand. He groped for it frantically, found it, and again stumbled for the door. *What a disaster!*

A hand grabbed Davy and spun ‘her’ around. Davy’s finger pressed the button and... NOTHING!

## Chapter 6

“I’m not cut out for this sort of thing,” Davy muttered as he slid into the car. His heavy, black-framed glasses sat cock-eyed on the bridge of his nose. The device was still in his hand. “Damn thing didn’t work. And it wasn’t Tice either! It was the clerk, and he grabbed my tits and played banjo on my nipples and...” He started to sob.

“Jesus!” Brownie put the car into gear and pulled away from the rear entrance to the bank. “You don’t have to, like, cry, do you?”

Without Zoff Davy felt utterly useless, weak, and dependent. He pulled off his glasses to wipe his eyes. There was something *wrong!* He blinked back the tears and stared. The world was going into focus. “Brownie!” he gasped, eyes wide. Brownie wasn’t a blur anymore. He shoved the glasses back on, the blur returned. He removed them again. “Ooh...”

“Huh?” Brownie gave Davy a quick glance. Rich, jet-black hair was leaking out from under Davy’s blond wig. He jerked his eyes back to the front just in time to avoid hitting a large trash container. He slammed on the breaks, turned and stared at the transformation taking place in his car. Davy’s lips bloomed into a fat, juicy pout as his upper torso shrank and his legs lengthened. In seconds, Davy’s head hardly reached Brownie’s shoulder. There was now more than enough room in the top of the dress—not that the boobs had shrunk much, but Davy’s chest and shoulders were but slender memories of what had been a more masculine frame.

Brownie’s eyes met Davy’s. The face was classic Hispanic beauty. Her...*her* eyes were large, deep, brown orbs with coal black centers. Thick, black lashes fluttered below narrow, sharply arched eyebrows. There was nothing of Davy’s natural features that remained. The nose was still prominent, but thinner and slightly turned up at the end.

“Davy?”

“I’m al-alright... Brownie.” The last was said with a sensual, honeyed tone, the vowels slightly drawn out. “I feel sooo...”

“What?” Brownie yelped. “You think maybe I need to take you to a doctor or something?”

A low growl rose from the back of her throat. She reached inside her now loose dress and fondled her sensitive and milk-free breasts. “Get me home...”

“Huh?”

“Jesus, Brownie!” she gurgled as she kneaded her breasts with both hands, legs scissoring and lips quivering.

~oOo~

Mr. Tice’s brother-in-law made it back to the teller’s window before the transformation had begun. “Old man Tice is going to have a fit,” a coworker said to him in a stage whisper as he walked by.

“Sorry?”

“Your hair!” When the man failed to respond, the other clerk quickly added, “You need a hair cut.”

“Oh.” His brown hair was indeed lapping his collar. How odd, he noted. Even as he removed his hand, his hair began to slither across his shoulders and then cascade down his back; of this he was not aware. The other clerk stepped back, eyes wide, and then hurried away, looking over his shoulder with an expression of growing amazement.

His body began to flow into the new pattern. The shrinking torso was quickly engulfed by the now-too-large suit. The sleeves drooped well beyond his hands as his pants began to slip down his hips. It was like suddenly finding oneself on a powerful, mind altering drug. What was happening couldn't be happening. Rather than feeling fear, it was more like amusement— or at least for a few moments. Now wallowing in a mass of clothing that covered him like a large tent, he giggled as he tried to find his hands. In the process he tripped over his pants and flopped noisily to the floor.

By this time, the other clerk had returned, dragging along the assistant vice-president. Two customers were already looking across the counter at the unfolding spectacle and muttering to themselves in low, concerned voices. “My God!” said the vice-president as he rummaged through the clothing, looking for the ‘man’ inside. He, like the rest of them, thought that this was some kind of prank. The man gasped and jerked his hand back when it had encountered what could only be a... *breast!* And indeed there was a breast, actually two breasts, inside that mass of clothing. In a moment, both tumbled out of the open shirt and hung there in plain sight for all to see. Perfect, upturned globes with peat-brown nipples that wrinkled in the air. Hurriedly, the vice-president looked away.

Rich brown hair framed a pixie-like face. Wide brown eyes considered and then reconsidered the situation, before looking up at the faces above. The face twisted, contorted, and then...SCREAMED!

~oOo~

The sheriff would have screamed, in rage, but he realized that it would do no good.

The government man stood with a brace of FBI muscle around him. “Let me get this straight, you're saying...”

“Yes. It's *now* a matter of *national security*.”

Sheriff Pratt glared, “I got thirty-four homicides... nine badly injured, and two hundred-seventy-million people looking over my shoulder. Not to mention that CNN is...”

The man was stone faced. “It's no longer a local matter; it is *no longer your concern*.”

“But—” Sputtered the Sheriff.

“If you are going to be difficult, Sheriff, we are prepared to deal with this without you.”

“DAMN RIGHT!” he roared back. “FUCK YOU AND THE HORSE YOU RODE IN ON!”

The government man turned. “One word, one leak, and you’ll find yourself in a federal mental facility. Got me?”

“You... you just can’t...” The sheriff’s eyes were bulging in disbelief. This was America, after all!

The government man let out a long sigh. “I just knew he was going to be difficult. Bud, you know what needs to be done.”

“What?” roared the sheriff as he tried to pull his gun from its holster. A sharp pain lanced into his shoulder as the pressure injector delivered the tranquilizer.

~oOo~

The transformation into a Beta had been somewhat easy for Davy because of his earlier transformation into a Mu. That is to say, it wasn’t entirely novel for Davy to have the fundamental rules of the universe abruptly and profoundly altered. The first time he’d seen a baby, as a Mu, the never-too-much-to-be-held impulse, the transcendental need to nurture, was, in its own way, a more dramatic alteration of his basic Alpha-male world view than *this!* The Beta impulses were but the inverse of Davy’s desires as a young Alpha male. A decade of continuous, rabid ‘horniness,’ a tidal wave of lust triggered at puberty that was *never* adequately met... That thought drew a wry reaction from the new Beta as she squirmed on the car seat. If he’d not had his hand, he would have never survived those years. There were, she knew, precisely only three times he’d actually fucked and only once had he, Davy, been really satisfied. She withdrew her hands from her sensitive breasts. It would be *different* now. Want laid, get laid! Davy didn’t need a mirror to know that she was drop-dead sexy, all she had to do was look at Brownie. Of course, it was Brownie! He was easy. She twisted the rear view mirror to look at her face and found, thank God, a beautiful stranger staring back.

“We’re here!” Brownie exclaimed as he pulled the car to a jarring halt behind the store. In an instant he was around to the passenger side to open Davy’s door. Nose flaring, cheeks bright, and pants bulging in the front, he was the ‘perfect’ gentleman. He extended his hand as if to help Davy from the seat.

“I’m *not* crippled, you know,” Davy said as she rejected the hand. *Yeah, it’ll be a lot easier to be a Beta;* the realization rang in Davy’s mind. Sensuality flowed seemingly in every crack and crevice of this body— and that’s the way it felt from the *inside*. Her eyes were drawn to the bulge in Brownie’s pants like Brownie’s eyes were drawn to her breasts. A vivid anticipation lurked in her loins, a certainty that today she’d have more and better sex than the sum total of her previous life. That no matter how poor a lover Brownie might prove to be, she could guide and inspire him to fantastic accomplishments. Brownie continued to hover there. “I need time to... to pull myself together, Brownie. Why don’t you just go inside?”

Brownie felt his lip quiver as he look down at the most gorgeous, sensuous woman he’d ever seen. She was better than his best wet dream gal. Even those small, dark hands that lay quietly now in her lap were fuck-able. If she’d just touch him right now, he was sure he’d cum, then and there! Her scent bloomed rich and oddly hot, her chest heaved as if she were fighting back an uncontrolled desire to do to him exactly

what he wanted to do to her. Damn if he didn't have an urge to just take her *immediately*. Right in the alley where old Mrs. Bloomhorst could see from next door and enjoy. It was one of the hardest things he'd ever done. Wordlessly he turned and entered the shop.

Davy adjusted her dress. The unfettered breasts were quite unlike those she'd carried this morning. Un-bloated with milk, they were far more *elastic* and sensitive in an entirely different manner. Sparks seemed to travel directly from the nipples to her *cunt*. That thought brought Davy up short. She'd never had a cunt before, an opening, a channel to her heart. As if in response, a moist quiver announced *exactly* the length and breadth of that new dimension of *her* body.

A new realization loomed into awareness: an egg! Like Zoff had said, Betas were voluntary ovulators. They made the fetuses that Mu's would carry. That was one good reason they had such a high *fitness ratio*... whatever that meant! The shock of detecting that waiting egg sent a mixed emotion coursing through Davy's new body. *Why do I ovulate? Oh God, I'm not ready for this! There's too much yet to do! Old man Tice, for example. The mission— Pregnant? Pregnant?* Abruptly, Davy closed and locked the door. Things had really gone into the shitter all right. The Beta side of Davy wanted to go inside the store and make a baby. The echo that remained of the Mu also liked the idea— and the Alpha male who had been Davy for twenty-two years gave a whole new dimension to horny. Was she horny enough to deliberately get pregnant? Finally Davy unlocked the door and entered the store.

“Brownie?”

Brownie swept down stairs carrying a bottle of red wine and two glasses. “Yo!”

“What's that for?” Davy looked at the wine and then back to Brownie's face.

“Well, you seem kind of tense and I just thought...”

Davy pulled her large dress tighter around her, arms under her breasts, shoulders slightly stooped as she put herself into a defensive position. It was partly to protect herself from Brownie, but mostly to thwart her own Beta lusts. “We... we have to talk, Brownie. And I *just* talk!”

“Sure.” Brownie's face carried no emotion as he poured two glasses, nudging one across the counter behind which Davy had taken refuge. “Rough transition, huh?”

Davy brought the wine glass to her lips carefully and somehow managed to take a sip without spilling it. The taste flared with more intensity than she had known as a *he*. “Good,” she murmured as she swung her heavier, more rounded butt onto the stool, clutching her dress with one hand and the wine with the other. “If we fuck,” she announced, “I get pregnant. You got that, Brownie? It's not like I *might* get pregnant, old sport... I definitely will!”

“Go on...” Brownie waved the idea away like chasing a fly. “You're just scared, Davy.” He threw back the wine and poured another glass for himself. In an instant, he drank that and poured yet another.

Davy watched in growing horror. “Why are you doing that? Jesus, Brownie, you're going to get drunk.”

“Naw. I’m just preparing myself for you to say no. I ain’t never seen a women that I wanted as much as I want you, Davy.” He threw back the drink and just as quickly poured himself another, while holding her gaze. His face flushed slightly; he wasn’t a heavy drinker. “You... of all people got to know how... tough this is for me. Jeez, I want you so bad I’d...”

“Risk getting me pregnant?”

“Yeah.”

“It isn’t a risk, Brownie. It’s a fact.”

Brownie finished the bottle and looked at it dolefully. “You don’t really know that for, Christ’s sake!” He stumbled away. “Oh, it’s the story of my life.”

The Beta wanted to help poor old Brownie, the Mu wanted the baby... Only the Alpha male was terrified of the consequences. And he was still in control. For now. “Where are you going?”

“To get another bottle!”

~oOo~

“There is *nothing* wrong with her.” The young Iranian doctor at Salem Memorial Hospital shrugged, hands out, palms up. “In fact, she is in remarkably good health.” He didn’t need to say she was also the sexiest broad he’d ever laid an eye on— medically or otherwise. There wasn’t a male in the emergency room that would have disagreed with him. “Of course, we’ll keep her overnight for observation.” He looked down at the woman. The tranquilizers had put her into a twilight-sleep. In spite of his training and his professionalism, Dr. Sabbadera wanted nothing more that to keep her nearby, though a hospital bed wasn’t exactly his idea of the best place.

The people from the bank stood around in some confusion. Nobody knew who she was or, perhaps more impor-



tantly, what had happened to Mr. Tice's brother-in-law. Memory had a habit of altering to fit one's view of the 'possible.' By now, the transformation of Henry Twitterbark into a lush female hadn't 'really' happened. How the young woman had obtained his clothing was a mystery. Why she'd collapsed into a 'fit' was yet another, but neither fact was outside of known possibilities. Indeed, someone had seen Mr. Twitterbark take a young, rather well endowed woman into the back of the building about twenty minutes earlier. The woman was part of a mystery, but one that *was* possible to understand without changing one's world view— people just don't transform into another sex!

Henry Twitterbark hung somewhere between sleep and consciousness. He didn't remember exactly why he was at the hospital, what snatches of memory he had were too confused, too improbable to have been real. He drifted in and out of full awareness as they rolled his body down the corridor and into a private room. He'd all but convinced himself that this was some kind of 'explainable' situation, until the orderlies lifted his body and swung it onto the bed. The *certainty* of breasts lolling across his chest, the *certainty* of wobbly mounds swaying momentarily in his field of view... He started screaming again.

The world went away moments after a sharp sting was felt in his arm.

~oOo~

"It isn't possible!" gasped the doctor. "This woman..." He stared at the x-rays that were illuminated from behind. "She has no intestines. The whole digestive track ends at the stomach."

"Hmm," muttered the doctor at his side. "Just like the murder victims we examined from Canfield."

"But how does she live? I mean..." The man stammered and then gave up.

"That's why they're here, of course." The two doctors turned around to face a massive man. His bald head gleaming in the harsh laboratory light. "Excuse me gentleman, I'm Colonel Smyth. You'll be working for me for the duration."

"Duration?" the first Doctor asked.

"Nobody comes in or out without my approval. What we have here is the single biggest event since the invention of fire."

"Pardon me?" The two doctors said in unison.

"Aliens, gentleman. Advanced life forms, awesome technology... It's damn exciting, yes? Anyhow, you'll agree what we have here is... odd? No guts; what exactly do they eat? Can we keep them alive? We need to figure this out." The odd man sprung on his heels and was gone.

"I think we just got drafted, Jones."

"Yeah, and I don't even like Toledo."

~oOo~

Brownie was drunker than a bee in a bowl of mead, but that hadn't killed his erection and it was no excuse for what he was doing to Davy. She'd fought him something awful, until he'd pinned her to the floor and spread her legs. And then the fight went out of her. Just as he'd hoped it would. She was as hot to trot as he'd hoped. Wild, viscous love making followed bouts of yet wilder, hotter sex. No way she'd be able to claim that he had raped her... not now... not ever!

The view from below Brownie's body was another thing entirely. YES she wanted it now! YES she drew him deeper and deeper inside, clawing at his back with abandon, voluptuous thrills sweeping up and down in seemingly endless waves. But... the Alpha male inside Davy was *pissed, horrified, and scared!* The next round of climaxes dulled the fear, muted the horror, and only solidified Davy's desire to *get even*.

A few minutes later, Brownie lay asleep on the floor. He didn't even awake when Davy rolled him over, drawing Brownie's still semi-erect penis from her birth canal. The discharge of cum oozed and then trickled down her leg. "Ugh," groaned Davy as she fretfully wiped at the mess and then flopped down beside Brownie on the cold floor. She let her mind drift inward until it found the egg. It wasn't an egg any longer. It hadn't been an egg since the first time they'd had sex. It was the beginning of new life, a human being... her baby. The Mu trilled. Davy groaned, "Oh brother." There was no question that she was pregnant, nor any doubt that she'd keep the baby. But damn it, she'd been raped. It wasn't 'her' choice to be... *pregnant*. She lay there staring up at the ceiling for a while and contemplated the future. This was decidedly not the best way to save the world. *Damn Zoff... it is as much his fault as it is Brownie's*. And then an idea appeared. At first only a brief glimmer, a faint uncertainty. It became obvious... once fully formed.

Davy wrapped herself in the dress and padded to the rear of the store. "Yeah," she murmured as her hands flicked through the components on the bench. "Yeah, life's a bitch, ain't it?"

~oOo~

Lester was a Beta, but he wasn't stupid. Max called it a lack of impulse control; not stupid, just impulsive. It had been easy enough to talk her way out of the situation when Max was arrested in the parking structure. She gave the cops a fake name and promised to come down with them and file a complaint against the 'would-be rapist'. Cops wanted to believe a sweet young thing like 'her' anyway. And flirting came second nature to a Beta. Max went along with that well enough, as he should. It was better to have one on the outside than both on the inside. They let her go with a promise to come back when they called her fake phone number. Lester missed the feds, by not more than five minutes— lucky for her.

And then things began to unwind. Suddenly she was alone, really alone. Max disappeared as if into the ground. The local cops, even the ones she'd flirted with earlier, acted like someone had blanked their brains. Lester was pretty sure *that* wasn't possible in the late middle ages. There was only one thing to do, find the Time Vehicle and

go up time to get reinforcements! She'd wait until after the mall closed. The parking structure should be empty, which would make her search easier for a ball of 'lint' about the size of her attenuated fist. The Vehicle should have enough intelligence to avoid getting squished by one of those 'automobiles'. If Max hadn't acted so male, he'd still be with Lester!

~oOo~

The device whimpered painfully. It was just like the one Davy had built in Youngstown. The one that transformed his life into a new form. "SAAAP!" Brownie's sleeping form vanished into null space. Like most Betas, Davy's impulse control was nonexistent. The vengeful Beta would soon find out how Brownie liked them apples. "POOOOF!"

Brownie lay there for a few moments, certainly none the worse for wear and totally oblivious of having vanished from the temporal continuum for a few seconds. He got up on his elbow and looked around. He licked his lips and smiled. "I was afraid that this had been a dream."

Davy walked toward him, swaying sensuously. In a husky, honeyed voice, he said, "Lets go to bed, big boy."

Brownie's face bloomed, "You're not mad or *anything*?"

Davy shrugged and then lifted her breasts in her hands. "Let's say I'm... *anything*, yes?"

Brownie wrinkled his brow for a second, confused by the answer before his face resorted to giddy expectation again.

A few moments later, after Brownie stripped and climbed into bed, Davy stood there, still dressed. She pursed her full lips and then started to remove the dress. "How do you feel about babies?"

"Huh?"

"I'm pregnant, Brownie."

"No way. How would you know, anyway?" His face had grown serious.

Davy shrugged, causing her now unencumbered breasts to dance wildly. She let the dress fall to the floor. Now completely naked, weight on one foot, knees slightly bent, she asked, "Do you like what you see?"

"Of course. Come here and I'll show you how much."

"So it's all right? You'll love me even when my tummy looks like a beach ball?" She held her hands lightly over her navel and abdomen.

"Jesus, you're nuts! Sure. Gosh, even if you are pregnant, and I'm not saying you are, pregnancy is... beautiful, you know? JEEZ!"

"Okay, it's your funeral."

"What? Funeral?"

Davy wormed into the bed, pulling the covers over both their bodies, and nuzzled into Brownie's willing arms. Her Beta flesh was hot with excitement and the air reeked with Beta pheromones.

“What do you mean, funeral?” There was just a hint of concern in Brownie’s voice.

Davy began sucking Brownie’s ear lobe as she guided his hand toward her expectant breast. And then, as she felt Brownie’s cock throbbing against her thigh, she cooed, “Ooh, you’re a Mu now.”

“What?” he mumbled as he began to suck on the offered breast. After a few seconds he pulled back abruptly. “You... you used one of those...*things* on *ME*?” His voice had started out as merely incredulous and climbed into terror.

“Way cool, huh?” Davy said with a smirk and a giggle.

Brownie threw the covers back. His prick was already standing as he scrambled out of the bed and staggered toward the door, backwards. “Y-You wouldn’t!”

“But I did... A Mu.” Davy squirmed sensuously in the bed. “You know pregnant females just *love* Mu-ies.”

Brownie giggled hysterically. “What are you talking about?” he said as the color drained from his face and his eyes widened in disbelief. He whimpered in a tiny, frightened voice.

Davy sat up, letting the covers fall away. Chest heaving in that delightful way Betas have, she smirked, licked her lips in a most sexually suggestive manner, and then said, “What goes around, Brownie, comes around.”

Brownie bolted to the back bedroom, his flight marked by a loud rumble of bare feet on hardwood. The door slammed shut. A lock clicked into position with a brassy finality. Davy rolled over on her back and examined the ceiling, a grin slowly growing on her sexy face. Had it been the right thing to do? She didn’t know. As a *rape* victim, what she’d done to Brownie, the rapist, offered the potential of revenge, sweet revenge indeed, if she could impregnate the impregnator! Satisfied that she need no longer *be* the hapless victim now, she closed her eyes and went quickly to sleep.

## Chapter 7

Henry Twitterbark awoke while the night nurse was in his room, sometime after midnight. He pretended to be asleep until she left and then he went into the small bathroom and ripped off the paper gown they had put on him. Between the small mirror and a careful direct examination of the body he now possessed, there was no doubt as to what had happened. The *how* was beyond comprehension. Tomorrow the questions would begin. Perhaps he’d demand to see his wife. But then what? If he handled it poorly, he’d find himself in the state ‘fun-house’ near Canton. And if they believed him... Somehow he didn’t see his marriage being of the stuff that could handle this. And did he really want to go back to the bank? To a dead end job kissing Tice’s ass? He giggled; well at least Tice would want to kiss his sweet behind.

The solution was simple. Split in the middle of the night, or pretend a total loss of memory. A queer excitement swept over him. Life hadn’t been that great before. Now a well stacked babe with excellent gams, one could make something with these asset. Maybe marry someone with dough, real money, and then...

~oOo~

“I still can’t get over it, Davy.” She stared at her ‘brother’ with more than a trace of envy. Davy was gorgeous. He... no, *she* stood there, sipping her morning coffee. The push up bra was entirely unnecessary, noted Sara. Her ‘new’ sister had ample cleavage without the efforts of this artificial device to entice the most insensitive of males. The halter top stopped well above her bellybutton, and there was a long sensuous line of female torso that dropped down to the wasp-like waist. The ordinary stone-washed, blue jeans, micro cutoff shorts looked as if they’d been painted on, and they certainly covered very little. Her mound of Venus was clearly evident through the tight material at her crotch. The four inch platforms brought her up to almost five feet. She was one hot little bitch and... whorishly dressed. “The clothes?”

Davy’s smile would have melted the strongest heart, particularly if it were male. There was something simple, uncomplicated in those eyes. “You like them?”

“Well, to be completely honest...”

“Yes?” A bright smile followed.

Sara could hardly say the truth, that Davy looked like a common whore. Or an uncommonly beautiful whore, anyway. It was as if she wanted to broadcast to the world that she was a sex-toy. Instead, Sara grinned. “They’re fine, I guess. But maybe you and I should do some shopping later. I’ll give you a hand until you get used to being... like this.”

“Gosh, thanks, Sis.” She looked at herself. “You’re right. It’s got no... zing.”

Inwardly Sara groaned. *No zing? Round ass cheeks sticking out of the bottom of those shorts?* Perhaps Davy’s taste in female clothing would prove to be hopelessly tawdry. She decided to change the subject. “Are you sure you don’t mind taking care of Jimmy for the day?”

“Mind?” Davy sat her cup down and walked over to her sister. “Can I hold him now?”

“Sure.” This Mu thing had certainly made a difference in Davy. Though why he’d decided to ‘go all the way’ hadn’t been explained. She noticed how Davy took Jimmy from her arms. It wasn’t at all like before. Davy had been awkward to the point of uncomfortable with Jimmy when he was a male, but decidedly *not* so now. She stood up as Davy began to coo to Jimmy. “Well, if the two of you are okay, then I’m off.”

“Good luck on your interview, Sis.”

“Thanks, Davy.” She started to leave. “You know, I always loved you as a brother, but I think I will love you even more as a sister.”

“Gosh, Sis,” she smiled. She couldn’t wait until her sister left. Finally the outside door closed. “Okay, big guy,” she said to Jimmy, who was still asleep. “Let’s go see Uncle Brownie.”

The big turd had locked himself in the back bedroom and hadn’t moved since last night. But sooner or later he’d have to leave his haven, to piss if nothing else. And Davy wanted to be there when it happened. She would never forget that night in the 7-

11, after he'd just become a Mu, when he realized how powerful the mother-feelings were. Suddenly she heard the boards in the hallway squeaking. "Okay, on to plan two."

She turned as Brownie entered the kitchen. "Coffee?"

Bleary-eyed, he almost made it past Davy and Jimmy. "No I'll get it my own—" He froze. His mouth gaped open.

"This is Jimmy." Davy smiled sweetly as she held the infant out. "Sis's brat."

He tried to move past but his eyes remained fixed on the baby. "This is crazy," he moaned.

"What is?" Davy replied mischievously with a false innocence. "Sis needed a sitter for the day, and I volunteered."

He groaned again, "You bitch!" But there was little force in that expletive, as he carefully wiped his hands on his jeans and then held them out as if to take the baby from her arms.

Davy stepped back. "Hey, not so fast. You really want to hold him?"

Brownie's eyes were big; a sloppy, helpless grin had formed on his face. "Y-Y-You know I do."

Without another word, the transfer was made. So that's what pure joy looked like? Bliss crumpled and then smoothed out Brownie's face as he unconsciously took the nearest chair and sat down. He stared into the sleeping infant's face. The juices were flowing now, hormones, the full chemistry of the Mu. Finally, she quietly left Brownie with his new fate and returned to the workshop downstairs.

~oOo~

"Has Sis left?"

Brownie nodded yes.

"How did it go with Jimmy?"

"Fine," Brownie nodded again. His face was flushed. "Nothing's the same anymore."

"You got that right, sport." She cocked her head and looked at Brownie. "Any regrets?"

"Yeah, some I guess. Jeez, Davy, am I going to, you know, grow breasts like you did?"

"You nursed him, didn't you?" Now Brownie face was beet red. "No need to answer that, I can see. And the answer is: they'll be huge, just like mine were."

Brownie began rubbing his breasts under his shirt. "You had no right..."

Hand on hips, Davy glared back. "I had every *right* and you *know* it."

Brownie changed the subject. "Um... What were you working on today, anyway?"

"Mr. Tice."

"Huh? Sorry, Davy, I'm confused."

“You won’t be the only one.” She nodded toward the bedroom. “Interested in a little R & R?”

Brownie gulped, “You mean...?”

Davy pursed her lips as she pulled off her halter and removed her bra. “You want perhaps an instructional manual?”

Brownie got out of the kitchen chair and stumbled backward. “I- I know what you want...”

“Wow, A+ for you, student,” Davy said sarcastically.

“No, it ain’t that at all. You just want to get me pregnant.”

Davy’s nose flared. “You know, Mu-ies are damn sexy!”

Brownie squealed and ran from the room. A moment later the bedroom door slammed and the lock clattered into place.

“Go figure. And me, the most fab babe Brownie ever saw.” She looked at the clock; it was only one-thirty. Perhaps if Brownie wasn’t willing to make today special, there was still Mr. Tice. Yesterday’s operation had failed simply because it had been too complex.

Davy tossed the bra to the floor and pulled on the halter top again. What had been sexy before hadn’t been half as good as this; the Beta inside approved. It wasn’t just necessary to eliminate the Tice ‘problem,’ it was a test. How in blazes could she ever expect to save the world if she couldn’t even save this little shop? Perhaps the direct approach was the best, she reckoned.

~oOo~

Mr. Tice was pleasantly surprised that afternoon as he left the bank. A very sweet young Hispanic thing approached him. Pity she was dressed like a tramp, but what she lacked in costume and taste, nature had supplemented by providing astoundingly good looks and a sexual presence like none he’d ever seen before. Tice thought it was too bad he wasn’t a couple decades younger. “Yes? May I help you?”

What followed in the next few minutes was as startling as it was unusual. Mr. Tice was a man of considerable moral judgment, aided in part by a substantial desire to keep his life free of personal entanglements— or at least here, in town, where he was well known. He was a regular pillar of the community. That was not to say that he wasn’t a man or that he had no sex life, he just kept his sexual nature remote from his habitat. Regular visits to a brothel in Lisbon had been more than adequate to care for his manly needs for decades now. And of course, getting older, the visits had become less frequent. Still, there was a powerful attraction this silly girl possessed. A sensuality unlike any he’d ever experienced. It was quite out of character for him to offer her a ride, and even more so to take her to a motel a half dozen miles out of town. But he was a man and she was, unbeknownst to him, a *Beta*.

She was no practiced whore, he discovered to his surprise. She was as charmingly virginal as she was sensuous. He and she got undressed together, she rather more easily. Indeed, she helped him out of his suit even to the point of putting his whole en-

semble on a hanger. No foreplay was actually needed; watching her young, lusty body sway as she walked across the dingy motel room carrying his suit, stretching on her toes (she was very tiny) to attach the hanger to the rail in the closet, was pure poetry. He turned and pulled back the sheets. As she gathered her clothes off the floor and carried them in to the bathroom, he lay down.

“I’ll be back in a jif,” she said as she closed the bathroom door behind her.

He waited anxiously and then relaxed when he heard the water running. He closed his eyes to hold her image fresh in his mind as he fluffed the pillow behind his head.

“Ready?” she asked as she placed something into her handbag and reentered the room.

He sat up, eyes wide with alarm. She’d put her clothes back on! She swept past him, snatching his clothes on the run. Bright daylight blasted into the dark room as he leaped for the door. “BITCH!” he yelled, whipping the door open again as she disappeared around the building. He felt like such a fool. He eased the door closed—he was as naked as the day he was born!

How could he have been taken like a wet-behind-the-ears kid? The screech of tires could only be his BMW leaving the motel, along with his wallet and house keys... He turned to call the police. “Shit! Shit! Shit!” he muttered. He was as embarrassed as he was angry. Finally, the connection was made. He opened his mouth to speak when the transformation struck. Mouth open, phone in hand, he gurgled but could not speak as the world loomed larger. Hair slithered down his back and his bones adjusted. Finally he gasped, “Modern Times Motel... route 62... help!”

His foot kicked a plastic bag as he dropped the phone. A very lacy, frilly bra fell out. He picked up and then dumped the contents of the bag onto the bed. Panties, nylons, and a tiny nylon dress tumbled out. Another shake and red shoes with high heels... A note followed. ‘I’ve given you a new life. Enjoy.’ That was all. Nothing more. No explanation! He stumbled toward the mirror. A woman every bit as beautiful as the one who had just left gazed back at him. The hair was blond like he’d had in his youth. Eyes were as blue as his mother’s used to be. Bee stung lips and a slight over bite., lashes so thick... “This isn’t happening!” ‘she’ cooed. Eyes widened at the sound of ‘woman’ that rose from his throat. The freckles that rode the bridge of ‘her’ nose and bloomed across her chest died as they climbed the white, full mounds of ‘her’ breasts, only to reappear on the stomach below. And then he knew what he had to do.

He pulled on the panties. He struggled, but he finally solved the complexity of the bra and then the nylons. The dress slithered over his shoulders and settled comfortably on his- *her*- body. He examined himself in the mirror as he drew back the waist-long hair and let it fall down his back. The skirt came only to the mid point of his thigh, and the front was cut low exposing not just his breasts but also the lacy edge of the frilly bra. A tuck here and there and... He was in love! The woman in the mirror was breathtakingly lovely. He stepped into the shoes and took a cautious stride. They’d do. He sat down on the bed and waited for the police to arrive. He’d survive no matter what she did to him— and get even too!

~oOo~

Davy tapped on Brownie's bedroom door. No response. She tapped louder. "Go Away!" came back muffled. And then there was sobbing.

"I took care of Tice, Brownie."

"I don't care."

"Aw, come on. Let me in."

"Go away." More sobbing followed.

"The breasts, huh? Brownie?"

"Yeah," the voice growled. "Several pounds each. My back hurts..." The sound of foot steps followed. The lock rattled, then puffy red eyes glared back through the crack. "You happy now?"

"Let me see."

The door open wider, and Davy pushed into the room. "Why, honey-child," she simpered. Then Davy stopped short. "Jesus, you weren't kidding... You're *huge!*"

That was the wrong thing to say. Brownie started to blubber in an uncontrolled fashion. And there was more to the change than just huge breasts; Brownie's face was forming into that distinctive 'Mu' pout. An uncontrollable thrill swept up and down Davy's spine, finally residing but not 'resting' in her groin. What Zoff had said about Mu's and pregnant females was shockingly true. Lust boiled over as if Davy had reverted to his Alpha male adolescence. She approached Brownie; he didn't recoil.

"You still find me attractive?" Brownie whimpered. Together, his two breasts were wider than he was. Each nipple was the size of small frying pans laterally, and vertically they extended two or three inches straight out.

Davy was overcome with passion and quite unable to talk.

The love making was unlike any that either had experienced before. That suction effect Zoff had described, when the Mu receives the woman's fetus, was like the most intense, vivid climax that one could survive. Needless to say, the effects on Brownie were entirely different, though certainly no less dramatic than those experienced by Davy. Something changed inside both of them at that moment. Some call it 'bonding', others love. But there was a fusion, a completeness that neither could have imagined. The love making continued well into the night, but these were only aftershocks of the profound humanity they had discovered in each others arms. Needs and a feeling of closure no other human had yet to achieve... on this timeline, when Mu's had only just been created by Zoff's primitive transmogrifier. Zoff had been right, words were entirely inadequate to describe the union formed with a Mu.

~oOo~

It was 2:12 when Colonel Smyth finally accepted the fact that his promising career had just gone 'tits-up'. At precisely 23 hundred hours, fifty-nine minutes and ten seconds, a little more than two hours earlier, the purpose of his assignment had simply

'vanished'. The security had not been breached, it could not have been! No less than *seven* layers of systems had assured that the 'man' (tissue analysis had indeed indicated that this entity was indeed genetically 'human', whatever that meant) would remain here in the Toledo facility. No less than five video camera's had recorded the abrupt and impossible escape of the target. "Back up," he said to the technician. "At the point where the subject disappears from view."

Three of the camera had recorded the actual disappearance. "There!" he ordered the technician to freeze the video. "Okay, keep stepping back, one frame at a time." What had appeared to be a recording artifact, a brief blip, was indeed a something more. And what a something! A very, very, voluptuous red head! The colonel let out a long hiss through clenched teeth. The technician only ogled the gorgeous chick that had appeared precisely three frames before the large man called 'Max' disappeared. "What's the frame rate?"

"Sixty per second, Sir."

"Three frames, less than... a tenth of a second?"

"Actually 54.54 milliseconds, Sir."

"Who in the blazes is *she*?" asked the Colonel.

"Sir?"

"Oh, nothing, Sergeant." There was no putting this off any longer. He'd have to call Washington and confirm the initial report. Damn, they'd learned nothing, except that one of the suspects had transformed into a gorgeous woman. Why had all those people died at the Half-way Inn? What kind of weapon cuts like a laser but doesn't burn? Well, at least they had the survivors of the massacre safely penned up for questioning.

~oOo~

It was a little after three in the morning as Brownie stood there looking in the bathroom mirror. Except for the slightly rounded features, fuller lips that formed an obscene pout, and the absence of facial and body hair, Brownie looked exactly like he'd looked two days ago. Well, of course there were these TITS, small watermelons with gigantic nipples. But from the crew cut brown hair, thick, bushy eyebrows and a nonsense nose down to his male muscled legs and knobby feet, he was recognizable as 'Brownie'. Anxiously he studied his belly. Was it already beginning to swell? God, what would he look like nine months pregnant? Girls had a whole lifetime to get ready for *this*, but he wasn't a girl. He laughed nervously. The zygote would be microscopic now, smaller than the head of a pin. He had to get a hold of himself or he'd go crazy.

He stumbled out of the bathroom and looked down at the figure sleeping there. "Who would have ever guessed?" he said in a whisper. Not only was the woman lying there far more beautiful than he ever imagined meeting, let alone *loving*... it was his pal Davy Lopez! The mind can only take so much, and surely this was *too much*. He continued staring for a few minutes more. He... *loved* her. Davy! He watched her breasts rising and falling, her lips, now slightly open, twitching as if waiting for *his* kiss. He felt at peace, brimming with joy and... raw terror. It was a very odd combination.

There was no possibility of sleep now. And the urge to make love appeared fully satiated. Brownie quietly left the bedroom, deep in thought. In the hours before dawn, Brownie managed to clean the kitchen before starting on the store floor-room below. Perhaps it was because he was a Mu now, or perhaps because he was a pregnant Mu— a mudder, but cleaning seemed to soothe his jangled nerves. It was the mindless activity he craved.

But he could not simply stop thinking. According to Davy, the consciousness from the future, Zoff, had said that humanity's existence was at risk unless they created literally millions of alternative humanoids. But what precisely had they accomplished to date? In a week, the following: Davy was a bimbo; he, Brownie, was a pregnant Mu; and if Davy was right, Mr. Tice was yet another Beta-bimbo out there somewhere, probably pregnant by now. Even a Mu could see that they weren't off to much of a start.

An impulse, a thought, a... *feeling* caught Brownie's awareness. It was like he could actually sense the nub, the tiny mote of cells that was his child... *his child!* It might not have mattered that much to Brownie whether or not humanity lived or died in the distant future. But somehow the presence of his baby changed everything. He realized he wanted to succeed, to save humanity. Brownie began to clean even more briskly as a plan began to unfold. Too bad he'd never *known* the man from the future, this mysterious Zoff. But his efforts should not go unrewarded! Brownie was both father and now Mu-dder to the child, and that child's world *shall not die!*

He hurried to the back of the store where the boxes of inexpensive costumes were stored. The clock on the wall said four A.M.

## Chapter 8

Waking as a sumptuously endowed Beta was still a shocking experience. Davy rolled over on the bed, expecting to find Brownie. He discovered instead that she was alone. She curled and stretched luxuriously, running her hands across her still novel form. The echo of the male that Davy had been delightedly enjoyed the sensual sights and feelings that flooded in this new Beta form. Davy jerked up in the bed, heart hammering, loins quivering... she was as *horny* as she'd been that night before Brownie had raped her! Yesterday, when she'd drawn old man Tice into her trap, and even last night when she and Brownie had made love... This not to be ignored, all consuming need to 'play', to screw... whatever it was or however it was best described for a Beta, *had not been there!* Pregnancy? Yes, perhaps that was the answer. When she was pregnant she had returned to a level of sexual need more in keeping with Davy's frame of reference *But now she wasn't pregnant!* Davy suspected that her IQ had dropped some fifty points since Brownie has assumed her pregnancy. More likely, Davy's lack of impulse control had returned to such a level that thoughtful consideration of what the next hour might bring, let alone the next day, was inadequate to suppress her need for instant, immediate sexual gratification. Such is the life of a Beta.

Davy flung back the covers and rushed into the bathroom singing “A girl’s got to have fun...”

Minutes later, a scantily clad Davy was strutting, swinging her hips and butt wildly, down States Street, the main drag in town. The midmorning sun sparkled in her raven black hair as her wide, sexy brown eyes scanned the nearly deserted street for some... fun! That was going to be a challenge, all right. Somewhere in mid-career she stopped in front of the Ye Olde Towne Coffee Shoppe. There were men there! Old men, middle aged men, young men, boys, farmers in town to buy supplies, merchants having breakfast before opening their small shops, cops with their donuts... It didn’t matter. Davy flung the door open and sashayed in, eyes scanning the opportunities. She went up to the counter and climbed onto a stool, her bright red panties lapping the edge of the leather stool seat. “Coffee, Frank,” she called to the man. He, like every other man in the room, was devouring her with his eyes. “How’s it hanging, Frank?” She licked her lips expectantly at the guy Davy, as a he, used to take classes with. Poor Frank, he hadn’t the slightest chance against a volcano like her. Davy could tell what was going to happen. First Frank, then...

~oOo~

“Pledge, what you got there?” the fraternity’s pledge master asked sternly.

“S-S-SIR?” the pledge sputtered before putting the large cardboard box down. One always said Sir to a brother. He was nervous because it was the pledge master, and that was one brother at the beginning of Hell week that a pledge didn’t want to offend. “SIR, YES SIR! THIS IS A PRESENT FROM THE DELTA’S SIR!” He shouted in his best Hell week voice. One always shouts when spoken to by the brothers, especially facing the beginning of Hell Week.

“A present from our Sisters of Delta Delta Delta, pledge. They will be known by they’re full name, not ‘Deltas’,” he growled.

“SIR! YES SIR! DELTA DELTA DELTA!”

The pledge master looked at the note written on the box and grinned. “Open the box, scum.”

“SIR! YES SIR!”

The pledge master looked inside. There were a bunch of nylon dresses, junk jewelry, nylons, and other women’s things. A second note, laying on top simply said, “From the Sisters of triple D to the pledges of Sigma Nu. Enjoy Hell Week.” The pledge master smiled the kind of smile only a pledge master can smile. He stood up and glared at the pledge. “Well, what are you still doing there?”

“SIR? SIR!”

“Assemble the scum in the basement, pledge!”

“SIR! YES SIR?”

The pledge master groaned at the pledge’s stupidity. “Our sisters’ gift, pledge!”

“SIR?”

“DO I HAVE TO SPELL IT OUT FOR YOU, WORM?”

“SIR! NO SIR!” The pledge gulped and scurried with the box of dresses down the stairs.

The pledge master tugged at his chin thoughtfully wondering who’s idea this had been. Dressing the pledges in ladies clothing the night before Hell Week began was *ingenious*. Yes, it had to be Millie or Patsy... He’d invite the Delta’s over for a pre-Hell Week party. Yes, that was a splendid idea! They could see and enjoy their ‘gift’ to the Sigma Nu fraternity.

~oOo~

“Where have you been?” Brownie scolded Davy when she returned to the store some time after noon. Davy’s outfit had a rumpled quality, as did her long back hair and smeared makeup, that suggested much about her recent activities. Had Brownie been an Alpha male, he would surely have been jealous, especially considering their intimate coupling last night. But Brownie was discovering that jealousy wasn’t the way with Mu’s. Perhaps being a member of a tri-sexual family unit was a moderating influence. Perhaps that Davy might get pregnant by a male wasn’t inappropriate or unhealthy to their union. Indeed, it was at one level *necessary*, since without a male Davy could not fertilize the fetus that Brownie so desired to take from her. Still, Brownie was a little upset.

“Me? What about you? You were already gone when I got up,” asked Davy.

“I went to Kent State to deliver some of Zoff’s ‘buttons’, the last thing he worked on before he died,” answered Brownie.

“Why?”

“It was just an idea. I saw an opportunity. There was an article in the paper about fraternities at KSU. Since this is the start of Hell Week for the Sigma Nu’s and...”

“What’s Hell Week?” asked Davy.

“Hazing frat pledges or something. Anyhow, the details don’t matter. I dropped off a whole bunch of the devices sewn into the fabric of some cheap dresses your mother intended to rework and sell here, before she died. I got rid of the whole box. Cool, huh?”

“Which devices?”

Brownie shrugged. “The button thingies. You said that guy Zoff made them and I... Well, gosh, Davy, we haven’t done anything yet to save the world!”

Davy rolled her eyes. “He was just experimenting. You know, trying to make a device that wouldn’t just zap. Something that would work real slow so we could sell them here. They were probably Beta generators you gave to the frat.” She shrugged. “Hopefully they won’t do anything at all.”

Brownie looked discouraged. “Hopefully they won’t work? I thought we were supposed to use these transmutifiers to change people into different subspecies...”

“How was I supposed to know you’d get all fired up to do the *do*. Frankly, Brownie... She stopped and stretched sexily. “I think this whole thing is hopeless.”

Brownie glared, hands on her hips. “So you’re just going to fiddle and fuck and let the whole world go to Hell, huh?”

Davy batted her big, brown eyes slowly before responding. “I don’t think I have the... focus anymore. For, you know, saving the world. Give me a break, Brownie, I’m just a Beta!”

Brownie stood there frustrated, still glaring as the svelte figure swaying on her extra high heels and in her tight dress. She realized that you can’t fight a war with bim-bos. And that’s exactly what Davy was now, unfortunately! Well, he could continue alone if need be. He looked at the show room window. Maybe the Kent State thing failed, he mused, but... he would soon open the store. He had his baby’s future to think about, after all. ‘Damn silly Betas, who need them anyway?’ he thought.

~oOo~

“I feel so damn silly,” Bill said through clenched teeth and at a very low volume. If one of the brothers even thought he’d spoken, it would have been twenty push-ups. That would be difficult enough normally, but in this five-sizes-too-small, nearly transparent powder blue dress— that would be just impossible. Most likely it would tear and then he’d spend the rest of the evening not only in a dress but in a torn one to boot, his ass hanging out or worse. The panty hose threatened to work down again; he could feel it wiggle but he dare not move to stop it. And the wig, provided by the brothers, itched like a son-of-a-bitch. He was even afraid to wet his lips for fear of smearing the bright red lipstick. Parker had done just that and now the poor bastard, as a punishment, had his nose painted with lipstick. He looked like a clown. The pledge master, hands behind his back, had just finished his inspection of them. Bill’s worst fear was that Sally Thorp was going to be there at the party. Just then, Willie nudged him with his elbow. He swung his eyes toward the left, without moving his face, of course.

His worst fear was confirmed; the Delta girls were coming through the front door and into the large party room. There was Sally! He cringed. If she recognized him, the jig was up. Hell, she thought he *was* an upper class frat man, not a lowly freshman pledge. Three month of work to impress her would all be blown to hell, unless she didn’t recognize him. By this time next week, he figured, he’d really be a ‘brother’. Her eyes slid over in his direction. He froze, waiting for her to notice him. She looked away and then was off with some of her sisters. Bill relaxed slightly. Through still clenched teeth, he said to Willie, “You have to help me, bro. Keep Sally off my back tonight, okay?”

Willie giggled a light, drawn out, little girl giggle. Just then the pledge master growled, “At ‘em, scum. And be real ladies tonight, got it?”

The rest of the pledges scattered, most heading over to the Delta pledges who were gathering across the room. The sound system crushed the quiet and, in an instant, a party, with beer and all, was in full storm. It was the last party before Hell Week. Bill turned awkwardly in his high heels to face his friend who, like him, hadn’t moved. There was something terribly odd about Willie’s facial expression. “Are you all right?” he asked with concern in his voice.

Willie, at 6'2", looked like a sausage stuffed inside the red chiffon dress. And those feet must have been killing him, trapped in shoes ready to split. But his face... An insipid grin made all the more strange looking by the liberal application of fire engine red lip stick. And the eyes! THOSE WEREN'T WILLIE'S EYES! As if to confirm Bill's suspicion that all wasn't well, Willie giggled again. The "tee-hee-hee" simper was an octave too high, and his gestures, hands to his lips, were utterly feminine. "Come on, Willie, you're scaring me now. You don't have to be so much in character for this charade."

Willie's only reaction was to adjust his dress, an impossible task, and run fingers through his wig. Then, in a falsetto voice, he said, "I-I'm feeling really, really... sexy! Tee-hee-hee." He began to bat his eyes at an alarming rate as he took off across the room toward the punchbowl and the 'brothers'. This was not at all something a pledge should do the night before Hell Week. His friend's stride, awkward at first, shifted magically into a flowing, sultry sashay that took on a remarkably feminine quality. There was no doubt that his friend had flipped out, gone over the edge or worst.

Bill, no longer worried about Sally, hurried to the pledge class president. Maybe Gordy could intercede. He looked back and there was Willie in the middle of the pack of brothers, head back, laughing in a shrill girlish voice. It was odd to Bill that nobody was reacting to the pledge's actions. He reached out and grabbed Gordy by his arm. "Gord-" He started to say, and then snapped his mouth shut. "Oh, excuse me, Miss." He stumbled back. It was, or rather had been, Gordy. He wore the same black knit dress that Gordy pulled from the box earlier. Even as the 'girl' turned her face toward him, the features that had been Gordon Smith wrinkled into a doll with an upturned nose, blooming green eyes, and lips that could have sucked cement through a straw.

Whatever was happening to Gordy wasn't *exactly* what was happening to Willie. Gordy was transforming right in front of Bill's eyes into a fantastic babe, but 'he' was still Gordy. "Yeah Bill? There's a blob-blem?" Gordy swelling lips made mush out of his words.

"Yeah," repeated Bill as Gordy's chest erupted. In the absence of a bra, the nipples were sharply evident through the dress that was now thrusting forward, the knit material pulling apart to give a glimpse of the white and pink flesh underneath.

This finally got Gordy's attention. He looked down and giggled. One hand still holding a beer, the other grabbed a boob and squeezed. He looked up in surprise at Bill. "I-I-think we have a blob-blem, Mission Control."

Bill agreed as he backed away. Just then, across the room, someone shrieked a girlish sound of delight. It was Willie! He now fit the tiny dress he wore. A lot of the guests began to laugh. Another shriek, this one of alarm, ripped out from the other side of the room as yet another pledge discovered something entirely wrong with his body. Bill looked at Gordon and Gordon returned the look. In spite of the changes that had already happened to the pledge president, he hadn't lost his composure—yet. A born leader, he yelled, "PWEDGES, ASSEMBLE AND FOLLOW ME!" With that, the pledge class, most as yet unaffected, milled about in confusion and then scurried from the room.

In the basement they reassembled. Willie was the worst of the lot. Not only had he become a babe, there was little of his mental core left either. Had someone not pulled

him along, he'd probably still be upstairs flirting with his brothers. And the way he was looking at some of the guys, Bill included, was not like a pledge brother should look. Gordy had led the retreat to the basement, but his leadership days were fast running out. His speech and mannerisms were already entirely feminine, and his personality was rapidly catching up with the other changes. She looked around in desperation, "Bill, you seem okay..."

"I think so," Bill said cautiously.

"Get the bus, you're driving." Another wave of change occurred. He got this wide-eyed, hungry look. Suddenly he turned and headed back up the stairs.

"Gordy? Where in the hell are you going?"

"Oh, upstairs. Tee-hee-hee! There's a party going on..."

"Somebody grab him! I'll bring the bus around back. Jesus, someone call the hospital and tell them we're coming."

Pete was at the phone. "What do I tell them?"

"Jesus Christ, I don't know! Tell them we're all turning into babes!"

~oOo~

Going to the hospital had been a mistake. Bill still sat in the driver's seat of the old school bus with the engine still running. By the time they got to the hospital, four of the pledge brothers had gone totally fem, and the rest look exactly like a bunch of frat guys in dresses. Not only hadn't the doctors and nurses at the hospital *not* examined them, the nurse at the desk called the cops. Some 'prank', mused Bill. Of the total fems, only Gordy had come back to the house. Though 'her' motives were clearly to return to the party. Unlike Willie, though, Gordy still knew she was 'Gordy', except she didn't seem to care. Getting 'laid' was momentarily more important than dealing with the 'fact' of the transformation. Bill couldn't understand it.

The last of his pledge brothers climbed out of the bus. A couple went inside the frat house as if nothing had happened. Most, like Bill, were too disturbed to do anything more than run to their respective dorms. Bill didn't know about the rest of them, but, for him, his frat days had come to an abrupt end. How could one deal with Hell Week after a night like this? Whatever he thought he knew about reality had been sorely tested. Willie, his best friend, was some kind of over sexed bimbo now!

A full breast eased down on his shoulder, "Huh?" He started to turn his head only to have some babe cover his mouth with her lips, her tongue thrusting hotly into his mouth. Now 'she' was pressing against him for all she was worth, kissing and rubbing and groping for his penis. Bill broke free and tumbled from the bus. The 'hot' babe looked as if she were going to follow. Bill kicked off his high heels and ran into the early evening darkness.

~oOo~

Brownie was brushing Davy's long black hair. Both of them still tingled from their love making. *Love making!* It wasn't sex as much as a sweet, lingering, sensual *being*—

totally satisfying! For all Davy's faults as a Beta, her and Brownie's intimate moments more than amply made up for the Beta's sluttish impulses. Trisexuality was unlike normal Alpha bonding, what Brownie knew his entire life until now. But Brownie wouldn't trade places for what they had now. Still, the future boded ill. "Davy?"

"Hmm?" Davy's slender back was straight as an arrow, but her eyes, half closed, and her lips slightly parted showed how much she was enjoying having her hair brushed. The touch of Brownie's fingers sent contented tingles across her flesh. "Love?" she purred like the kitten she was.

"Tell me more about Zoff."

Davy's eyes closed tightly as if to shut out the question. "Why, Bee?" She'd started calling Brownie Bee during their love making this evening. "Leave well enough alone, okay?"

But Brownie couldn't. "How many different human types did Zoff say existed?"

Davy opened her eyes, rolled them in desperation, and then twisted on the bench in front of the mirror so as to face Brownie. "Jesus, you don't give up, do you, Bee?" She shrugged. "I don't remember exactly. Like twenty-something maybe."

"And Betas? Are they always female?"

At that Davy blinked. "Mostly, but male Betas are a real nightmare, some kind of parasite. They don't breed like female Betas. They make sterile, empty clones. They're like... vampires."

"They *drink blood*?"

Davy laughed. "According to Zoff, that would be an improvement."

"Oh." Brownie's voice was small, concerned. "Then all the forms are not necessarily good."

"You got that, Bee. The Alphas are who Zoff was trying to keep from controlling Earth. That's why Zoff focused on creating female Betas. They're safe. That's one of the reasons I was uncomfortable, you know, when you told me about using the little thingy things. What if you turn people into bad subspecies?"

"With the stuff I took to Kent State?"

"Yeah. Zoff didn't trust those transmogrifiers. Too unstable or something. There are a lot of potentially 'bad' humanoid forms... way more than the good."

"Gosh! Then..." Brownie blinked as he thought about the frat boys and what could go wrong.

"Yeah, male Betas aren't the only bad news."

"Can we fix those button-sized transmogrifiers?"

"I don't even understand how the Mu-maker works, and we both built one. Did you take a close look at the circuit diagram?"

Brownie nodded yes.

"Well, it shouldn't work. Hell, some of the wires don't go no where..."

~oOo~

Bill slipped into his dorm room unnoticed. The senior setting at the front desk when Bill entered the main entrance of the dorm had looked up at him and then back to the textbook he was reading as if a male in a transparent blue dress was an everyday event. The building itself was all but deserted, since tomorrow was Saturday and the beginning of Spring Quarter break. Those that hadn't already left for home or vacation were probably out on the town getting drunk. With creatures on the loose like Willie, a lot of guys were going to get 'lucky' tonight, that seemed self evident.

The image that greeted Bill as he closed the door to his room would have, a few hours ago, sent him around the bend. But not now, not after all he'd seen tonight. A young woman in a blue, transparent dress stared back at him. A very ordinary looking woman. The substantial nose and brown eyes sat upon a face that was all too familiar— It was himself, reflected in the mirror! He was feminine but hardly a sex pot like the others. The line of his chin, softened only slightly, and his lips only a bit fuller... But it was a face even his mother would have recognized. That was not to say that she was ugly, simply plain. He fingered the large button at the back of the dress and let it drop to the floor. Fist-sized boobs that were perfectly symmetrical stood out from a chest too shallow to be male. He blinked in surprise... There were no nipples! It was like looking at a Barbie doll's featureless plastic bumps. A queer concern prompted him to wiggle out of the panty hose. The empty void between his legs was both hairless and absent of *any* genitals! A lip-less slit unlike any he'd ever seen opened grudgingly to his exploring finger. And there was little feeling— a mere slit of skin. There was no sexy thrill at all. He stumbled, like a sleepwalker, naked down the hall toward the front desk.

The senior looked up with annoyance at being disturbed in his studies. "Yeah, what?"

Bill blinked back the threatening tears. "T-T-There's something terribly wrong..." Bill held his hands away from his side, palms facing forward.

If Bill's nakedness or his odd physical aspects registered, they made no impression on the young man behind the counter. "What seems to be the problem, buddy?" His eyes abruptly widened, his cheeks colored. "LINDA! HOLY SHIT, SOMEBODY'S GOING TO SEE YOU LIKE THAT!" He spun around the counter and grabbed Bill by the arm, dragging 'him' into the office.

Linda? Bill looked down at his body as the senior dragged him into the small, dark office. Where little featureless knobs had been were replaced by somewhat larger 'breasts' complete with knotted, wrinkly nipples— and a lot more. Suddenly awash in 'Linda' sensuality, her cleft was now wet with anticipation. She guided the male's hand to her groin. He didn't need any encouragement, though he continued to blabber about her coming into the dorm absolutely naked. Bill silenced the voice with his mouth.

Moments later, the young man thrust deeply into Bill. Frantic fucking soon brought the man to climax. A hot flood of his sperm surged into Bill's cleft. They lay there panting in the dark for a few minutes, he still inside Bill. His hand played with 'her' nip-

ples. In confusion, Bill just lay there allowing the illusion to continue, though he was certain that something entirely ‘new’ was about to unfold. A queer restlessness worked inside. Sperm met egg. Fertilization took place, of that he was certain.

“Hey?” the man said, his voice sounding distressed.

“What?”

“Something’s wrong with your breast, honey?”

“Like what?”

“Jesus!” He sat up as he continued to grope her ‘breasts’. Where the hell are your nipples?” He tried to stand up but Bill pushed him back as he climbed onto the man’s resisting form. Strength bloomed where none had been before. Bill pried the man’s legs apart with one hand as he gripped the man’s throat with the other. The man fought back, twisting and squirming. He then jerked, quivering in great spasms as Bill’s sharp *prick* sliced into the point where the man’s legs joined together.

*PRICK?* Bill’s head whirled as his breath came in gasps. With a violent lunge, he speared and *entered* the man’s body cavity. At the third thrust, a fertilized egg was ejected into the newly made opening. A flood of cum-like fluids followed. In seconds, the newly impregnated man ceased to struggle. A wave of euphoria and then quiet, deep sleep followed.

Bill returned to his Barbie doll form, stumbled back to the dorm room. He was exhausted and confused. He— she— was a *female* now, of that she was sure. Next month, when she ovulated again she’d be more selective of the mate she chose. She hadn’t become Linda, who ever she was. No, she’d drawn the image directly from the male’s mind. She could have *any man* with the ability to become his dream woman! She took a last look at the plain, ordinary woman in the mirror. She let a grin slowly slip across her face. Compared to her, Willie and Gordy were perfectly ordinary broads.

Zoff was right about some of the subspecies being more dangerous than others...

## Chapter 9

The man pushed open the door to the jangle-jingle of a small mechanical bell mounted directly above his head. His first impulse was to turn around and leave the late nineteenth century building; the store was filled with junk. A large, dusty moose head glared down from the wall in front of him. Cheap costumes hung on a rack along the wall below the dead beast. That is, he thought of leaving until he spotted the clerk who emerged from the rear of the shop. His heart skipped a beat as his palms instantly started to sweat. He closed the door behind him, glad that he’d responded to the impulse to stop. The sexiest woman he’d ever seen gave him a smile that threatened to make him drool. “Can I help you?” Davy said with a promise in her eyes that implied more than any man could hope for in this lifetime.

“Hi!” he blurted out as his mind went numb. He searched for something to say as he tried to draw his eyes away from those sweet tits, cleavage that went a mile deep— round, high jugs that danced *the* dance. When he did finally manage to look her in the

eye, that sensuous, wildly sexy gaze flustered him even more. Mouth open, he just stood there like a complete dolt.

Her bright, sexy voice chirped, "You're our first customer."

"Magic," he gasped as he jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "You're sign said..."

"And we have an 'opening day special', a love potion that we guarantee will make you irresistible. Guaranteed!"

He eased back on his heels, the first bloom of lust waned enough for him to laugh. "Guaranteed?" He no more believed in magic than he did Santa or the Easter Bunny. "What kind of..."

She winked, as she pulled the small bottle out from under the glass case. "Drink this and... well," she tittered, "I can't promise that I'll be able to keep my hands off of you."

With that the man blushed as his cock hardened. He couldn't believe his ears. He could almost taste her tit in his mouth. "You're not suggesting that if I were to..."

"My friends call me Davy," she said as she came around the counter, her hand extended. "And I promise you, one sip of this and you won't believe it."

"How...how much?" he asked as he fumbled with the wallet.

"Three hundred."

That stopped him. "That's a lot..." He looked at the sweet young thing that was within touching distance, the heaving chest... "And if it doesn't work?"

"Oh, but it's guaranteed." She grinned. "Or I'll return the money immediately." She crossed her arms, squeezing those sweet boobs together.

*Was she worth \$300? Yeah!* He handed her his credit card as she handed him the small bottle. "Ma'am, if I had a product like this to sell, I'd be a millionaire tomorrow." He gave her a knowing wink as he slugged the drink down.

~oOo~

"Sometimes, Davy, you... disgust me!"

"Bee?"

"Jesus, how could you... Okay, I'm sorry I keep forgetting you're just a *Beta*."

Davy was still fussing with her hair as she caught Brownie's eye in the mirror. "Well, he did leave happy. And we sure can use the money, right?"

"That wasn't exactly the plan, Davy, and you know it."

Davy grinned. "I zapped him as he was leaving."

Brownie's mouth flew open. "You didn't!"

"Yep. See, I did just what you wanted, except I had my fun too. Anyhow, with any luck, he'll never figure out—"

Just then the door banged open and a strange looking person entered. Somewhere inside the oversized business suit was a sexy, frightened woman. "You gotta help me!"

she pleaded as she hung on to the top of her much-too-large pants. The pant legs trailed behind her.

“Ma’am?” Davy responded, not missing a beat.

“Y-Y-You did this t-t-to me?” she shrilled at the edge of hysteria.

Davy gave the transformed man her most sincere look of concern. “Ma’am? I haven’t the slightest idea of what you are talking about.”

“The spell!” the girl yelped as she struggled out of the oversized jacket and let the pants drop to the floor. “LOOK!”

Both she and Brownie looked at the woman thus exposed. “Perhaps she needs, er—something to wear?” interjected Brownie, as she turned and went upstairs.

The transformed customer gaped open mouthed as Davy held up a sexy, Beta-like dress. “Cute, huh?”

The man fled, leaving his pants, suit jacket, and shoes still lying on the floor. “Whatever,” muttered Davy as she pickup the clothing and removed the wallet.

~oOo~

“What did the Sheriff have to say, Davy?” Brownie asked when she returned from the police station. “You didn’t... do anything to him, did you?”

“Hm? Oh no, not that, Bee,” she said as she continued to repair her makeup. “Who’d ever believe such a preposterous complaint anyway?”

“That’s *not* what I meant, Davy.”

“Oh? His wife isn’t very understanding.”

Brownie slapped her forehead with her palms in exasperation.

“Anyhow the sheriff himself is going to be a lot more ‘understanding’ in the future.”

“DAVY!” he exclaimed, eyes even wider than before.

Davy grinned. “I used the Mu-maker. Shouldn’t do anything to his body, unless of course he allows a pregnant woman to get near him...”

“YOU’RE CRAZY!” Brownie gaped at his lover. How could she do that to the sheriff OF ALL PEOPLE!

~oOo~

“Who’d ever thought we’d still be in business after three months?”

Brownie looked up from the bank statement; they had over twenty-eight thousand dollars in savings. Not exactly a fortune, but then this wasn’t about money. Already his tummy was beginning to swell. “Hmm,” he said, distracted for a second. “The sheriff called, he wants you to go over to the fund raiser with him tonight, Davy.”

Davy grinned. “He’s such a sweetie. Too bad he might not get reelected. Still, his work with the children in town has been exemplary. That reminds me, you did go see the doctor today, didn’t you?”

“Dr. Sabbadera? He thinks I’m doing real fine. Of course that’s to be expected, me being a Mu and all. How could I not be doing well? Oh, and he’s pregnant too now, by the way.”

“Figures. Who’s he living with?” Davy loved to gossip.

“An Alpha male— go figure! Anyhow your idea of converting the hospital staff to Mu’s was a stroke of genius, Davy. Everybody there is now so... sensitive, helpful, especially the doctors. And many of them are pregnant already.”

Just then Rickee sashayed into the store. Five inch heels brought the sexy blond almost up to five feet even. Her costume was pure Rickee, in a one piece, latex pants suit with the zipper running down almost to her navel. Ripe, round breasts stood out from a freckled chest and belly. Long, slender legs exploded from the micro-shorts in which the suit terminated. “Hi guys.”

Rickee was rapidly becoming a millionaire again— Rickee had been Richard Tice! She was designing and manufacturing women’s clothing, or more specifically *bimbo* clothing, since most Alpha women wouldn’t or couldn’t wear what Rickee designed. The big surprise was how well she’d adapted to her ‘financial loss’ and physical transformation. “What do you think?”

Of course Davy *loved* the outfit. Brownie just nodded. “Yeah. Real... um— yeah, real.”

Rickee tossed back a frown. What did Mu’s know about fashion anyway? She then grinned at Davy, who’s eyes were a lot more supportive. “Business is booming, guys. And all thanks to you two. This will be the lead for my new, exclusive *Beta Line*.” She looked around, chest thrust out, breasts threatening to escaped from their latex confines. “The town sure has changed. They opened another dance joint on Lincoln Ave.”

“Jeez, that’s what, six now?”

“Yeah. And guys are coming all the way from Pittsburgh now. Things sure have changed for the better.”

Brownie didn’t say anything. For one thing, some of the changes were a little hard to adjust to— like the preacher over at the Methodist Church. Davy though it was a blast to change him into a bimbo. Still the anti-gay, hell and brimstone bible thumper, but *her* message had gotten a little crumpled by the transformation. And the clothes she wore were pure Rickee.

“What’s wrong, Bee?”

“We’re not doing enough... Didn’t you say to save the world there had to be millions of transformations?”

“So? Jeez, Bee, all you do is worry about the future.”

“In six months I estimate we have completed less than five thousand.”

“That’s a lot, Bee. Look at the town, it’s changed beyond recognition. And there’s a growing community in Youngstown and...”

Bee sat there, chin in his hands, muttering, ”Millions, we need millions...”

“Maybe you should, you know, advertise on the Internet or something.”

Bee looked up, eyes wide. “Davy!”

“What?”

“You’re... a *genius*! I could reach millions and millions...”

“Whatever,” said Davy, more interested in making sure her nails were evenly filed.

~oOo~

“Dick, what are you doing?”

“Oh, hi.” Dick pushed his glasses back on to the bridge of his nose and went back to soldering the last wire to the power supply.

His friend was looking over his shoulder. “So what is it?”

“Aw, nothing.” Dick didn’t look up as he blew on the connection; the solder hardened. “Just something I found on the Internet. A circuit diagram and a parts list. Got everything at the Radio Shack in Hollywood.”

“So? What does it do?”

Dick looked a little embarrassed. “Promise you won’t tell *anybody*?”

His buddy shrugged, “I guess.”

Dick frowned, “I mean nobody!”

“Okay already. My lips are sealed.” Now he was really getting interested.

“Well, you promise not to laugh?”

“ALL RIGHT ALREADY!” He hunched his shoulders as he bent over the device and examined it closely. “Hey, this wire right here... isn’t connected to anything...”

Now it was Dick’s turn to shrug. “I followed the diagram exactly... Hell, a lot of it don’t make sense.”

“And?”

Dick bit his lip. “The notice on the electronic bulletin board said...”

“Well?”

“You’re going to laugh.”

“No, I promise.”

“Okay,” Dick took a big breath before continuing, “well, it is supposed to produce rays that will make any gal, you know... want to...”

“Want to *what*?”

“You know...”

His pal let out a low whistle. “Oh, *that*.”

“Yeah.”

His pal started to laugh.

“Hey! You said—”

“I know what I said,” he sputtered between giggles. “You... you big dork!”

Now Dick turned a bright red. His eyes watered as his face twisted into a scowl. Greg was going to tell everybody. He'd be the laughing stock of everyone at work. As soon as the secretaries heard, he was ruined! He started to push the device away; his finger tripped the button and the machine began to sing *WAWAWAWAAAAAAA!* *SAAAP!* Greg was gone! The machine went *BLAAAT!* It too was gone, and then... *POOOOF!*

"Greg?" A doll with a really cute face, upturned nose and a rash of freckles across the bridge of her nose, just like Greg had... *She giggled.* "Huh?"

The gal looked down at her tee shirt; it was stretched tightly across breasts the size of grapefruits. The jeans had dropped and caught on her lush hips, else they would have fallen to the floor. "Gosh," she said in a high girlish voice as she lifted the tee shirt to get a better look at those breasts. "I think something happened, Dick." Now she looked worried. "Dick?"

Dick's eyes were as big as hubcaps. "Yeah. I got to build me another one of those things."

Greg grabbed her boobs in her hands. "You gotta get me back, you know, like I was."

Okay, thought Dick as his friend abruptly fled the room in terror, the machine didn't do *everything* it promised. But that was one hell of a start! He jumped off the stool and ran after his friend. "Greg, wait up! You don't want to be alone at a time like this...Greg? Wait up!"

## Epilogue

The thing about time travel, no matter how long it takes to accomplish something, you can get it done— *yesterday!* It took many months of research *up-time* to locate Max, and even longer to map out a safe escape route, given the various temporal overlap problems that existed. But *eventually* Lester freed his partner, less than a day after he was delivered to the maximum security facility in Toledo, Ohio. Colonel Smyth, of course, took early retirement shortly thereafter and spent the rest of his life searching for UFO's. The Reverend Graves and the two other survivors of the Tavern massacre were eventually released, and all eventually dropped out of sight. Needless to say, the Reverend's life style, sans GI tract, had been altered forever, but that's another story. Walter eventually became a rock-star, so her particular tastes were no problem at all. Hundreds and then thousands, and then millions of betas flooded the beaches and ski resorts, many finally settling in southern California. But that was all in the future. Strangely, having just been saved, Max was still very, very unhappy with Lester.

Lester was wearing a see-through nylon blouse and no bra. That was more than enough to cause the patrons of the dingy Akron coffee shop to drop their collective jaws and stare. "What?" whined Lester.

"Space! Everyone's looking at us... or rather at *you.*"

“Oh *really?*” Lester’s face brightened. She sat up even straighter on the bench and smiled as she played with her long, red hair.

Max groaned, “I would have thought that you would have, you know, fixed yourself... while you were up-time.”

“Oh golly, gee, whiz,” Lester tittered.

“What, they don’t have transmogrifiers up-time anymore?”

“Duh! Of course they do, silly.” Lester whipped out a peanut sized device from her purse. “See?”

“Hey, watch where you’re pointing that thing.”

Lester giggled, eyes unnaturally bright. A mischievous smile hung loosely on her bright coppery lips. “You see, Max, killing the Delta wasn’t enough.”

“What do you mean?”

“Jeez, you should have seen the guys when I got back. I guess they got caught in another wave of change and...”

“You’re scaring me, Lester.”

“Whoever or whatever caused the up-time problem that brought us down here...”

“Yeah?”

“Taking out the Delta in that junk shop wasn’t enough. The changes still occurred, and our mission to save Earth for the Alpha’s was a failure.”

“Okay, already. So lets do it right this time. Exactly who... Um— there is something wrong, isn’t there, Lester? Something you’re not telling me, right?”

Lester was still holding the peanut shaped device. An odd smile worked across her face. “There are *no* Alphas anymore up-time, Max.”

“And?” Max stood up, his face drawn and his eyes bulging.

“I... want you to have my baby, Max.”

Max never knew what hit him.

**THE END**