

Bimbo Beauty Contest



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By Mina Black

Smashwords Edition

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First Edition

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Bimbo Beauty Contest

My name is Christie, and I'm doing my best as I stand up here with the other girls. There are five of us now, five potential winners. With a big, cheerful smile on my face, I flash my white teeth. I keep scanning the crowds before glancing nervously at the judges.

One woman, two men.

I don't know their names. Theoretically, they should know mine. It's probably on a little piece of paper or maybe glowing up from their tablet computers. My heart is pounding in my chest as the announcer continues to speak. I only catch little snippets.

"Ladies and gentlemen, it has been an incredible evening, but it is time to crown our winner," he says.

Everything has happened so fast, but my heart is pounding now, and I want him to get it over with. Everything is riding on the decision made by those judges. What are they going to say? Do they like me? Will they decide that I am the prettiest, most feminine girl up here?

Even as the announcer speaks, I make sure to turn my body from side to side. I'm like a piece of meat on display, something to be purchased. I know that. I know that it doesn't matter what I think.

Sure, I had to give a couple of answers, but those didn't really count. No one in the audience is really interested in my perspectives on global affairs or what my plans for the future might be. Instead, they want to see my best, prettiest smile. They want to know that I'm happy, that I'm cheerful, that I'm a good girl!

For just a second, I glance downward. I have on black high heels, a red shimmering dress, and there is a diamond choker around my neck. That's what the judges would call it, anyway. In reality, I know exactly what I'm wearing. A collar.

Denise put it on me. She wanted me to remember my place. It's a little bit too tight, just a little bit. It isn't painful, but it's impossible to forget.

The choker doesn't come with a padlock. Then again, she doesn't need one.

"And the winner is," says the announcer.

I don't flinch, in third place, we have," the announcer says, letting his voice trail off, "Jenny!"

Right away I turn to the redhead standing next to me. We hug. We pretend that this is good news for her. Out in the audience, different people are clapping.

Jenny and the announcer have a couple of words together. They say something, something about how she did a really good job, how she made some great friends, how she has been so grateful for this experience.

There are four of us now, four potential winners.

For a second or two, I hold my hands behind my back. This probably isn't very good showmanship, but the decision has already been made, right? I cross my fingers, and I look up at the bright lights. They glow like angry stars, glaring down at the four remaining contestants.

I got this far, that should be good enough, but it isn't. Unless I win, I won't get those dollars. And even if I can't go back to my old life, I can still try to do something else, right? After all, I'm a beautiful young woman. Maybe if I worked really hard, I could go back to school and get a degree or something.

Of course the idea of sitting through all of those classes again makes me want to puke, but I could do it.

Where would I go? A community college? Would I have some teacher offer to give me a good grade if I go down on him? Or maybe if I went to university, all of the frat boys would stare after me. I would walk through the halls, and it wouldn't even matter what I wore. They'd smile and smirk, thinking about how good it would be to squeeze my ass, rub my breasts, or maybe kiss me.

Some of them would decide that I would make a good girlfriend. I might be a couple of years older than them, but they wouldn't care. They'd want to show me off. They'd want to see me as I look up at them with nervous anticipation.

No.

If I win, I'm going to work hard, and I'm going to get respect. I'm going to show everyone that it doesn't matter what I look like on the outside.

Those thoughts burn bright behind my pretty face, but that's not what I need to do right now.

"And in second place, we have Amy!" Again, there's another round of applause as everyone watches. She is standing two girls away from me. Amy jumps up and down, she rushes toward the front of the stage, and she starts talking with the announcer. The conversation seems to be the exact same thing he and Jenny did just a minute ago.

It doesn't matter.

I just have to win; I just have to be patient.

Amy is escorted off of the stage, and now it's just the three of us.

Swallowing, we look back at one another.

One of the other girls takes my hand. She squeezes nervously as she closes her eyes.

The announcer opens up an envelope, he checks the text written on that neatly folded piece of paper, and the three of us close our eyes. We know that this will

change everything. This will mean the difference between victory and defeat.

* * *

I wasn't always like this.

To be honest, I didn't really think about beauty pageants or what they represented. Sure, I went to a couple of college classes where one feminist professor or another would go on and on about the objectification of women. They would talk about how beauty pageants served to subordinate females in society by emphasizing physical appearance over intellect.

"And that's the really fascinating thing about this dynamic," one of them had said to our class, "Women are given the opportunity to excel and advance via ambition and determination, but we offer another prospect. Instead of telling women, the way we tell men, that their decisions really matter, we offer this other opportunity." She shook her head, clearly disgusted by this idea. "But don't get me wrong, models can do very well for themselves. Actresses, singers, any female entertainer who wants to succeed must be physically attractive. That becomes the emphasis. For the most part, men can get by even when they are homely. The same isn't true for women."

Did I agree? Disagree?

Frankly, I didn't really care.

Gender dynamics didn't matter to me. I was only in college to get my engineering degree. I wanted to help build new pieces of technology. The subjective elements of society and how people interacted really didn't seem important to me.

Of course, that was before I made Denise angry.

We were partners.

Together, we oversaw a single lab team at one of the country's most lucrative corporations. As partners, we had this incredible budget, and we could do almost anything we wanted.

I was naïve.

At first, I believed that the executive Board who put us in charge really wanted us to work together. I thought this was going to be collaborative. But then I got a hold of an email Denise sent to the board.

It was simple. It was a declaration that she had done all of the work, that she had organized all the key breakthroughs, that our potentially world changing technology was her responsibility.

When I looked up that email, I couldn't believe it. You see, I really had believed that the science mattered the most. I didn't want to think about the politics or the office infighting that had destroyed so many other potentially groundbreaking projects.

After all, what we were doing seemed almost like something out of science fiction.

The mathematics alone had taken thousands of man-hours, but we had done it. We had developed a new kind of technology, something that would bypass artificial intelligence and nanotechnology.

You see, we had developed a new kind of energy, one that could actually be used and manipulated to modify any organic material. We could replicate plants or other soft tissues. We could take a regular person and change him or her completely.

The sick could be healed. The broken could be repaired.

Or take it even farther. In theory, we could change people. We could make someone taller or faster, stronger or more attractive.

It felt like we were invulnerable, right up until that moment when I read the email.

Denise wanted to steal all the credit. She wanted the board to believe that she had done this all on her own. Sure, she acknowledged my “minimal contributions” but it wasn’t enough. How many late nights have we spent at the laboratory, working together? How many times have we skipped meals or sleep altogether because we wanted to solve one problem or another.

That’s why I wished I had printed up the email; I wanted to tear it apart. I wanted to destroy it and throw every scrap of it into the garbage. Or better yet, I could burn the damn thing.

Instead, I got onto my computer, and I started typing. I wrote another message to the board. Unlike Denise, I wasn’t about to make a mistake of playing politics. Instead, I wrote a clear, well documented memo. In it, I discussed the different processes we had developed and how I had to come up with the most important concepts.

Denise was a skilled manager, I acknowledged, and she could handle people very well. After all, when it came to handling the time cards and making sure all the laboratory technicians got paid on time, she was brilliant. But when it came down to the real science, the concepts that would make most researchers run for the door, that was me. That was my work.

In very clear terms, I told the truth.

Denise was smart. She added a lot to the laboratory. Getting this far would have been more difficult without her assistance, but these discoveries didn’t belong to her.

After I finished writing up the email, I stared at the screen. There were all of those little pixels put together into letters and the letters formed the words, and I was so angry. It felt like I needed to break something.

As a high-level researcher, I had my own office, but that’s not where I was working, and that’s not where I was typing up this memo. On the contrary, I was down in the lab, and someone must have seen what I was doing.

Someone must have warned Denise.

Rather than get up and walk away and get a cup of coffee to settle myself, I sent to the email out. Once it was gone, I wondered if I had made a mistake. But no, I deserved credit. Finished with that, I decided to go get something to eat.

Theoretically, Denise and I were supposed to have met up for dinner. We often did that.

I would outline some different possibilities, different strategies or tactics we might use against some particularly vexing problem, and she would sit there and nod her head. Occasionally, she would ask a question, some insightful, some idiotic, but we would work together, and then we would to come up with a solution.

Not tonight.

I wasn't interested in playing nice with her, nor did I feel like pretending I cared about her feelings.

As far as I was concerned, this was war.

So I got up, I left, and I had a pleasant dinner. Mexican. I enjoyed some enchiladas with lobster filling. And when I was done, I went back to work. For many others, that means sitting at a computer or dealing with paperwork. For me, I would run some more simulations.

For the most part, we were done with our new machine.

Some might say that running additional statistical models would be a waste of time, but I wanted to be absolutely certain this would work. After all, if I was going to take credit for the creation of our new device, I needed to be certain that it wouldn't blow up in my face, literally or figuratively.

Tired after a long day and happy with my dinner, I stepped back into the lab, unsurprised to see that it was dark. I trudged down a long corridor door, and the glass walls were all dim. At this hour, I expected everyone, Denise included, to have gone home. They didn't work as hard as I did.

Then again, those other people all preferred the company of others to the work. For me, I could lose myself in those equations and in math. Solving the puzzles of molecular chemistry could keep me occupied for weeks if not months.

I didn't worry about reading or watching movies, playing video games or anything else.

I would eat, I would work out, I would sleep, and I would work. Nothing else seemed all that important. Just being very good at my job.

Did I get lonely?

Not really sure to be completely honest.

I didn't think about it.

But everything is different now. Now, I'm not known for my brain. Now I'm known for something else entirely.

But anyway, I pulled out my key card, and I swiped it in front of the reader. The small red light next to the door turned green, and I turned the handle. I stepped into the laboratory, and I reached out for the light switch.

Before I could push the button, someone grabbed me by my wrist. I was pulled forward, my momentum throwing me off balance until I slammed into one of the workbenches. The air was knocked from my lungs.

"You stupid, stupid man," she said. "Did you really think I was going to let you get away with this? I've been nice to you. I let you take some of the credit. But I'm not going to let you take all of it. This is my company, and this is my project. You just work here."

I tried to push myself away, but she had her hand on my scalp. She pulled on my hair, making me stay. At the same time, she kicked out with one foot, knocking the back of my knee. Disoriented, confused, I didn't know how to fight back. I didn't know what I was supposed to do.

Sure, I had watched a bunch of action movies like everyone else. I've seen those stars get thrown against walls and beaten up, only to come back stronger than ever. But that wasn't me. I was just a regular guy, and she caught me completely off guard.

That's why I hardly resisted even when she jabbed the tip of the syringe into my neck. She pushed the plunger down, distributing some kind of drug into my body.

Then Denise stepped back.

Braced against the bench, I didn't know what I was supposed to do. I stood up, I turned around, and I looked at her. "What, what is going on?" Even as I spoke, I held one hand over the side of my neck. I could feel it, that small puncture site. "What you think you're doing? When the board hears about this..."

"They're going to be very impressed with me," she said, interrupting and finishing. "I'm going to jump this project ahead by several years. And you're going to help me."

Tentatively, I stood up straight. My lungs ached, and it felt as though I had been knocked around pretty badly.

It didn't help that I was looking back at Denise.

I was taller than her by a couple of inches. I was bigger and I was probably stronger as well. She had a petite frame, and she looked even smaller in that little black dress with dark gray tights. She was wearing flats, and she had her hair tied back into a simple ponytail. Her dark eyes blazed, however, and I understood why this woman could intimidate so many of the men throughout the company.

“What, what do you want?” I asked, doing my best to keep my voice from trembling. I lost that battle.

“Isn’t it obvious?” Denise asked. She walked up to me, and she jabbed me in the chest with two fingers. I lifted my hand, and I blinked, and I tried to grab her wrists, if only to push her back, but I missed. That’s right. Somehow, my fingers brushed through the empty air, and that’s when I realized my tongue felt fuzzy, my legs seemed too weak, and just standing there seemed to require extra effort.

“What’s wrong, Christopher?” Denise asked me, placing her hands on her hips. “Are you feeling a little bit groggy? Are you starting to feel weak?”

“You gave me a sedative?” I asked, doing my best not to slur my words. I had to sound coherent. I had to sound like I knew what I was doing when dealing with this woman.

She threw her head back, and she laughed. “Something like that,” she said, and then she did something I could never have expected. She reached out, and she grabbed me by my wrists. She pulled me forward, and I stumbled after her, feeling a little bit like some little kid getting dragged along by a babysitter.

She walked me deeper into the lab. “This is going to be hard for you to understand, but I’m not all about the science. I’m not just interested in staring at beakers or lab reports. I care about a lot more than numbers on a screen.”

“What do you care about then?” I asked, panting as I tried to keep up. Just following this woman felt a lot like surviving a marathon.

In fact, I was so focused on breathing and standing upright that I barely asked my question. Just as importantly, I didn’t pay any attention at all to where we were going inside of the lab. We passed different workstations, benches and counters.

“I care about success. I care about getting what I want. I care about winning,” she said, and that’s when she stopped. She pulled me forward, however, and she stepped behind me. Before I could turn around to face her, she had her hands on my shoulders. “And you’re going to help me with that, Christopher. We are going to demonstrate to the board that I won’t be stopped. We’re going to show them that I am the kind of employee who will do anything to succeed.”

I finally noticed what was in front of me, a long, glass tube. It was shaped a little bit like a coffin, just as large. Inside, there were a dozen different electrodes positioned at different points. Underneath them, there was a sliding table. It was already pulled out and ready. Not only that, it had been retrofitted with some new additions.

“No.” I said that single word, but it was too late.

Denise had already made up her mind, and she shoved me forward. I landed on my back, and I tried to move, but she was already at work. She grabbed my right wrist, and

she brought it down near my side. She slid my wrist into the restraint. She pulled the medical binding tight, securing of the restraint with a simple buckle.

I lifted my head for a second.

The world started to spin around me. The laboratory became a blur of white and gray, computer screens glowing and the ceiling tiles overhead. I closed my eyes, I inhaled and exhaled, doing my best to regain some sense of equilibrium. It didn't really work.

"Settle down," she said. She grabbed my other arm.

Instantly, I knew that this was important. If she restrained my other wrist, I would be utterly trapped. I tried to kick out with my feet, to push myself back up. I had to shove her away and free my other wrist.

She grabbed me, she forced my hand down, she wrapped the bond around my arm, and then she cinched the restraints tight. She secured it with another buckle. There. It was done.

It only seemed to take a few seconds for her. For me, it felt like I had been struggling for a long, long time. From there, she strapped down both of my legs.

"Theoretically, we could do this with you fully dressed, especially considering the most recent statistical simulations. But I'm more interested in seeing what this does to you. I want the complete documentation," she said.

Those words drifted, sounding like they came from far away.

Finally I snapped out of my reverie when she snipped into my clothing. That's right. She had a pair of scissors, and she started to cut through my pants.

Locking up, desperately afraid that she would cut me, I stayed perfectly still. She finished with my pants. She went for my shirt. She popped off the buttons. She shredded my clothing, stripping away everything I had until I was completely naked. She even took off my shoes and my socks.

Last, she pulled off my glasses.

"You won't be needing these," she said, only to shrug. "Well, you won't need them assuming this works. For all we know, the machine is going to turn you into some kind of gelatinous blob." She shrugged again. "Oh well!"

"No, please don't do this, Denise. Please, I will tell them whatever you want me to say. I will tell the board everything. I will tell them that you came up with the idea, the fix for all the problems!" I was babbling, but my lips barely moved. It was so hard to string any coherent thoughts together, but I tried to, I tried so hard!"

Denise wasn't interested in listening to me. She was already back at the computer. She started to type in the command sequences.

“You know what your problem is, Christopher?”

Because she was talking, I decided to try to engage with her. “What? What is my problem?” I sounded almost desperate, pathetically eager to hear her side.

“Your problem is that you worry too much about the science. You forget all about the people. People are what really matters. Learning how they work, learning how they think, learning how to control them. Like tonight, I knew that you are going to come back here, and I knew that you would be alone. Silly, stupid boy. It’s a good thing that won’t last much longer.”

“What are you talking about?” I asked, my voice stammering. My heart pounded in my chest, but then she finished typing in the command sequences. “You’re about to find out,” she promised. She almost sounded coquettish.

She hit the enter key, and the command sequence began to run.

The table to which I was strapped was automatically pulled into the tube. It all seemed to happen so fast. The tray stopped with a lurch, and I looked out at the world from behind the glass curves.

Somehow, I couldn’t believe it. I couldn’t believe that I was actually inside of the machine.

Turning my head from side to side, I looked back at the different electrodes. They were aimed down at me, suddenly wicked from this angle.

Little sparks began to dance between the different parts of the machine. They jumped from side to side, moving as the device powered up. I had witnessed this sequence 1000 times, but I never imagined I would be on the receiving end.

“Denise! Denise, you can’t do this!”

I didn’t know if she could hear me or not, but I did my best to shout, to scream through the glass.

Having preprogrammed to the device, she walked over to the side of the machine, and she held her hands behind her back. She leaned forward, and she smirked to down at me. She said something.

I couldn’t quite make it out.

“Please, don’t!”

“You’re going to be a very pretty girl,” she said to me.

What?

No. I didn’t hear her right. I couldn’t have possibly heard her right.

But then the machine started, and the electricity didn’t simply shoot back and forth above me anymore. Now that special, perfectly calibrated energy field splashed along

my body, and I closed my eyes as I thrashed back-and-forth, desperate for an escape I would never find.

* * *

Quick stabs of pain flashed through my body then disappeared almost immediately. Tingling spread through my skin. Hot and cold, tired and energized, I didn't know what I was supposed to feel. I really, really wanted to shut my eyes, to clamp them closed and pretend I was somewhere else, but I wouldn't do that. At least not at first, I lifted my head, determined to be brave. Maybe this was just a guy's bullheadedness. I couldn't tell. But as I watched, red and orange waves of light spread across my body. At the same time, I could feel it. There was warmth and heat inside of my eyes. The temperature kept fluctuating, shifting from chilling to searing. When I saw my hand start to shrink, my fingers becoming small and willowy, that I had to look away. At first, I stared up at the glass over my head. That's where I saw some reflection. My eyelashes had grown longer, and my cheekbones seemed to be shifting, moving higher.

Terrified, I closed my eyes, and I started to whimper.

It kept going and going, one second into the next. I could feel it in my toes, the arches of my feet, my ankles, my shins, my knees, my waist, everywhere. Then I started to feel something right between my legs. It was happening to my penis and my scrotum.

What was it?

At first, it felt like my scrotum was cold, as though it was shrinking, receding into my body. No, that couldn't be right.

What was she doing to me? That was the question

I could barely articulate it.

This felt so much like the moments of a roller coaster. You're terrified as you are thrown from side to side in your harness, and the world blurs by, everything is so fast, and you can't feel your stomach. People around you are screaming. The sensations overwhelm you, and then it comes to a stop.

But this ride kept going.

Gritting my teeth, I tried not to make any sounds. But then, I kept moving my lips. I was begging the universe to be kind to me. I was hoping for some kind of miracle, some random thing that would make all of this go away.

It could just be a nightmare. Even as I could feel this extra weight building on my chest, I kept hoping that this would be something like a dream. I would wake up. Or maybe I was in a doctor's office, and he had administered some kind of new medication. I could handle that. I could deal with those difficulties.

But every time I cracked my eyes open, even just a little bit, I could tell that this was real. I could feel the cold table underneath my naked back. I could feel the restraints against my ankles and wrists every time I tried to move.

But there was no escape.

At one point, I turned my head over the side as I looked out through the glass, and I found Denise standing there. She was smiling at me.

She actually had the gall to lift up her hand and wave at me. I narrowed my eyes, and I tried to throw myself free, but there was really no way for me to break those restraints. I wasn't strong enough, and she had done a good job. She strapped me down thoroughly.

I could only wiggle and writhe helplessly as the machine continued to work.

Finally, I arched my back, I opened my mouth, and I tried to shout.

Instead, the only thing that came out was this high pitched, girlish scream, like something you'd expect to hear from a teenager. But wait. What?

* * *

The waves of light stopped. The machine finished the sequence.

Eyes closed again, I just took quick, desperate little puffs of air into my lungs. I didn't know what I was supposed to do even as Denise undid the front of the machine, and she pulled me out.

"Well, this looks like a complete success," she said.

I didn't say anything. I couldn't.

What had she done?

As a scientist, I did my best to remain calm and rational. First off, I told myself that this machine was incredibly powerful. Whatever she had done to me, it could be reversed.

Once she slid me forward, she looked down at me. "I'm probably going to need to get you another set of restraints." She sounded smugly.

Why?

Although I didn't ask that question, I nonetheless began to move. I shifted my weight, and I pulled my arm, and she was right! The restraint could no longer hold me down because it was loose.

Was I actually strong enough to tear the restraint? It seemed unlikely, but then I looked at my hand. It was so small and dainty. I swallowed, thinking about the strength my hands used to convey.

Was that it? Was that the full sum of the transformation?

No.

“Let’s have a look at you,” she said.

She snapped her fingers, waiting for me to get up. I shifted around slowly, pulling my feet through the restraints that once held my legs down. I did the same with both of my hands, and then I pushed my fingertips against of the cold metal of the table.

“How are you feeling?” Denise asked as she moved her head up and down the length of my body.

“Fine,” I said. But my voice didn’t sound right. I tried again. Fine.” I tried to cough, to get my throat to realign itself properly. It still didn’t work. “I’m fine, I’m fine, I’m fine,” I said, turning those words into a chorus. This wasn’t right. I didn’t sound like myself.

I didn’t sound like a man...

No. She didn’t. She couldn’t have.

The disbelief slammed into me. There was no way Denise would risk that kind of transformation. There was no way she would take this kind of chance.

When she strapped me into the machine, I had implicitly assumed that she would change the colors of my eyes or maybe my height. Maybe she would try to scan for some genetic anomaly and fix it.

There was no way she would do anything this big.

But then, I was seated, and that’s when she reached down, and she grabbed my wrist. She pulled me across the length of the laboratory. I stumbled after her, my bare feet cold against of the tiled floor.

Some small part of me had an idea of what I was facing. After all, along my peripherals, I could sense the difference in my height. The world seemed bigger somehow. Not only that, I could feel the tickle of hair along my shoulder blades, almost down to the small of my back. Then there was Denise herself. She seemed taller, bigger, stronger.

Simply being a man meant that I could be physically intimidating. That had been taken away from me.

And then there were the other details. Although I don’t think about it consciously, I could no longer feel the movement of my penis or my testicles between my legs. Finally, there was that extra weight on my chest, like I was wearing extra heavy padding or something.

For the most part, I just stumbled after her.

She brought me over to the full-length mirror she kept in the corner of the laboratory.

Up until this point, I hadn't really thought about it. I had assumed that she brought it in because she was particularly vain. Maybe Denise or some of the other female technicians wanted to be able to check their hair or makeup or something.

Now I understood why she had it installed in the first place.

Childishly, I closed my eyes. "Look," she commanded.

I gave a quick, timid shake of my head.

"Look," she ordered again.

When I refused to obey, she brought her hand down against my ass. I didn't see it coming, obviously, but there is no way for me to brace myself either. I had never imagined that someone would spank me. But that is precisely what she did.

She brought her hand down hard, clapping against the curve of my ass. The pain flashed through me, my eyes opened wide, and I let out a girlish little shriek of dismay. "No! You can't do that!" I said those words, but it wasn't my voice. Oh no, it was the voice of a teenage girl.

With my eyes open, she grabbed my chin, and she forced me to look at my reflection.

My first thought: this had to be some kind of optical illusion. It was a prank or something. This couldn't really be me. I wasn't actually looking at my own visage.

The denial scrambled through my body, but I still couldn't look away. I didn't shake my head, nor did I make a sound even as my heart pounded away in my chest.

I found myself looking at a beautiful, nubile girl. She had long eyelashes, full lips, high cheekbones, neat, trimmed a little eyebrows, and long, flowing dark brown hair. Her tresses were neat and straight. They shimmered under the lab lights.

She was beautiful, I thought to myself.

Somehow, I still couldn't accept the possibility that I wasn't looking at the image of some random model. Instead, I was looking at myself.

That was me.

"Go ahead. Touch yourself. We both know you want to," she said. She made it sound dirty and lascivious, but the curiosity overwhelmed my embarrassment. Slowly, I lifted up my hand, and I looked down at my longer nails. They were neatly trimmed, beautifully sculpted. From there, I stroked my cheek. My skin tingled.

This all felt so real.

"We both know you aren't interested in your cheeks," she said with a chuckle.

I locked my teeth together, but I refused to rise to the bait. I wasn't going to let her tease me or intimidate me. Slowly, I raised my hand up, and I looked down at my chest. I could see the mounds of my breasts. Yes, my breasts.

They were perfectly shaped. I didn't know the exact size, but they seemed bigger than I would have expected. They weren't huge or inappropriately large, but they were definitely breasts, the kinds of breasts that would attract a lot of men.

My breathing quickened. I couldn't help myself. Adrenaline flooded through my system, and I spun around. I looked right at Denise. I stamped my foot, and I tightened my fingers against the palms of my hands. My nails pushed into my skin. "Change me back. Change me back right now!"

I sounded like a princess and some cartoon movie, indignant and furious, but Denise just smiled at me. She took a step closer, which prompted me to retreat back. I couldn't help myself. She was taller than me now. I was fairly certain she would be stronger.

Back in elementary school, some random kid decided to bully me once or twice before the teachers got wind of the situation. That's how long it had been since I felt physically threatened.

"No. I'm not going to change you back, not when we still have so many tests to perform!"

She sounded cheerful, almost giddy. That's when she clapped her hands together, and she pointed over toward one of the exam tables. "Go lay down. I want to see exactly how your body responds to fresh stimulation."

Fresh stimulation? What does that even mean?

Despite my trepidation, I promised myself that I wasn't going to let fear control me. That's why I tightened my brows, and I looked back up at her. "Denise, I'm serious. You have to let me go. You have to change me back. The machine worked. That's all that counts. You can go back to the board and tell them all about this."

"I could tell them all about this," she allowed, seemingly considering my words. "Or I could just show you to them."

"That sounds like a good idea to me."

"You're just a pretty little airhead. No one cares what you think," she said to me."

"Airhead? What you talking about? I'm a scientist!"

"You know what's so fascinating about science and respect in our society? You only get it if you have the right pieces of paper. And think about it, right now you don't have any of that. No one knows who you are. You don't have a Social Security number, a bank account, driver's license, anything. Hell, right now you don't even have any clothes."

My jaw fell open.

"And think about what might happen to you if you went outside on your own. You'd be out on the streets, no one would know your name, and no one would believe you if

you tried to tell them who you really are.”

Denise seemed to think of something else. She tapped a finger against the bottom of her chin. “Oh, that would make for an interesting philosophical paper, don’t you think? With my machine, are you still the same person? Physically, you are very, very different. But now you have to wonder something else, don’t you?”

My bottom lip trembled as I started to speak again. “Did you change anything else? Were all the changes physical?”

“I guess you’re just going to have to wait and find out, aren’t you? Now come with me. We have some scans to take care of.”

I hated how vulnerable I had become, but Denise had planned for everything, so I held my hands over my chest and down between my legs. That’s when I accidentally brushed my pussy, and I felt it, this jolt of sensation.

Obviously, like so many other guys, I had masturbated a lot. I knew exactly how my shaft was supposed to feel, how to touch myself. But this time, when my fingertips barely brushed over my new slit, my body shivered, and little goose bumps darted up my arms and legs.

I nearly stumbled and fell.

“Come on,” she said, heading for the exit. “Please, something to wear first? A robe, a gown, anything?”

“Denise turned around as she headed toward the door. She paused, considering me. “Only if you promise that you are going to be a very good, well behaved young lady.”

That was something else, wasn’t it? My age. Before this, I was a fully mature, respectable adult. But as I glanced up at the mirror once again, I realized that I was probably a lot younger. She had probably given me the age of a teenager, eighteen or nineteen at best.

I could have been even younger.

Gulping, I didn’t know what I was supposed to do. I didn’t know how to deal with a situation quite like this. Sure, I was a scientist, but this seemed to so impossible. Even when I worked on the machine itself, it always seemed to so abstract. I never imagined it would be used...or used on me.

“Sure, I can get you something to wear, but you still have to say it.”

Exhaling slowly, I decided that this was just my ego. I didn’t need to worry about what I did. I could lie; I could say anything, and it wouldn’t matter. “I’m going to be a very good, well behaved young lady.”

“And you don’t mind doing this because you’re just a girl?”

“Yes. I’m just a girl.”

“Very nice,” she said. “Wait here.”

She walked through the door, and it shut behind her.

Left alone in the laboratory, I sucked on my bottom lip for a couple of seconds. Nervous energy ran through me. Denise had done this to me against my will. I didn’t owe her anything, so I told myself I had to be brave. But it was difficult.

Something held me in place, rooting my feet to the floor. I was naked and vulnerable. Somehow, I couldn’t summon up the energy or strength to do something really bold.

What was wrong with me?

It was the chemicals in my brain.

Just as I realized this, I shivered with dread. As a man, I had buckets of testosterone that would prompt me to take risks. As a woman, I could do it, but I would have to fight harder.

I couldn’t rely on plain aggression.

I turned around the room slowly, and I looked over at the computer screen. There it was. The keyboard was just underneath it. All I had to do was walk over there and type in a new sequence of commands. For all I knew, Denise would be gone for several minutes. Maybe I could get back in the machine.

It seemed like a huge risk. What if she came back? What if I got in trouble?

Tentatively, I started to walk over there, and just as I started to reach down for the computer keyboard, the door to the lab opened again. I spun around. “I wasn’t doing anything!” I called out, squeaking nervously. It wasn’t fair. I didn’t sound like an adult.

“It’s okay. You don’t know how to use that machine anyway,” she said with a simple shrug.

“Yes, I do!”

“Okay. Go ahead. Try to use it.”

My lower lip fell open again.

What was this? A game? A trap?

Tentatively, I turned back to the keyboard. I looked at the screen, and I knew exactly what I was supposed to do. It felt like a muscle memory. I clicked on the bottom portion of the screen, the portion that accepts the various inputs, and then I knew I just had to start typing. It was going to be easy. I could call up my original genetic matrix, and I could reset everything.

Wait a second. How was I supposed to do this?

I sat there, my fingers poised above the keys.

I had done this dozens of times; even if I hadn't, I should have been able to figure it out based on the math alone. In fact, I helped to design this operating system.

It was supposed to be easy. It was supposed to be simple.

I didn't have to reengineer anything. I only needed to initiate the program to reverse this process, thus giving me back my male, adult body.

I didn't want to be a teenage girl, some mewling mess of overly dramatic emotions. I didn't want to be small or dependent. For the first time, I really considered sexism and what it would mean if I walked out into the world. People would look at me, sure, but they wouldn't just see a person. No, they would see a girl, a pretty girl, and that would change how they viewed me altogether.

"I, I can't remember," I started to say.

Denise stepped up behind me. "What's wrong, can't figure it out?" She was sneering, and there was nothing I could do about it.

My eyes started to water. It felt like I was going to begin to cry. No. I locked my teeth together, I dug my elongated nails into the palms of my hands, and I held out. I wasn't going to freak out, not in front of her.

"It's okay, young lady. Just stop and think about it. The transformation can be physical, as yours has been, but it can also be psychological and intellectual. I may have deleted certain parts of your memory."

"No," I whispered, letting that single word trail off.

"Yes. As far as you're concerned, you are a ditzy girl who likes pink and purple and loves puppies."

"No. No way," I said again. It almost felt as though I could alter the truth, if only I fought hard enough.

"Here. I brought you two outfits to wear. You get to pick. Aren't you a lucky girl?" She was teasing me again, and there was nothing I could do about it.

Denise held out the bag, and I quickly grabbed it. I dumped it out, looking at the different garments. They seemed so strange, alien.

Obviously, I had seen women's clothing before, but now it seemed so much more intimate. There were socks, panties, a simple pair of jeans, and a pink dress.

The choice seemed obvious. I knew what I was supposed to do. Pull out the jeans and a white T-shirt. It wouldn't look great, but it would be okay. There was a bland, white bra. There was another one, lavender and satin.

My mouth went dry as I considered the different possibilities.

Be plain. Pick something neutral.

That's what I told myself to do.

The choice should have been easy, so I picked up the jeans. I held them, turning them from side to side. They would probably be snug against the curves of my ass and the lines of my legs, but at least it wasn't some little pink dress, like something you would expect to find on a princess. "What's taking so long?" Denise asked.

I shot her an angry grimace, but she just stared right back at me. As far as she was concerned, this was a scientific experiment, a rather amusing one at that.

I could feel her enjoyment.

"I've never done this before," I confessed. That much was true, but she had a point. Why didn't I just put on the jeans? I only had to grab a pair of panties, slide them on, and then put on the jeans. It should have only taken a few seconds.

But I hesitated. I didn't care.

"You don't really want to wear denim, do you? Denim isn't pretty enough for a girl like you."

"I'm not a girl!" I hollered back, turning those words into a girlish shriek.

She laughed.

The sounds of her amusement filled the laboratory, echoing off the walls.

Before I knew what I was doing, I grabbed a pair of pink panties, and I slid them up the length of my legs. Next, I grabbed one of the bras. Why did I do that? I looked to down at the matching pink satin. Something inside of me clenched. What was I doing?

Pushing my doubts aside, I tried to pull the bra on. I had never done anything like this before.

Denise stepped up behind me. "Let me help you with that," she said, sliding the cups over my mounds. From there, she helped me with the straps. There. At least I had something on now.

"I can do it myself," I said, even though that obviously wasn't true.

"Jeans and a T-shirt or a little pink dress to match your cute panties," she said. Although I stared down at the options laid out before me, I nonetheless heard the smile in her voice.

Closing my eyes, I picked something up, and I pulled it up and over my head. I could feel the soft material as a brushed along my shoulders. My face emerged from the neck hole, and then I looked to down at myself.

Damn it.

I couldn't explain it, but I had picked the pink dress after all. I could feel the snug material around my waist.

Without another word, Denise stepped up to me, and she slipped the big, soft ribbon around my waist. She started to tie it into a large bow.

“Do you see what I mean? I didn’t just change your body, Christopher. I changed all of you. That means you don’t know how to use the computers anymore, you don’t understand the science, and you don’t really have anything in that pretty little head of yours outside of a desire to please.”

“What?”

“You’ll see,” she said. “But for right now, we really do need to test your sensitivity. It’s probably not a good idea you got dressed so soon.” She shrugged her shoulders back. “Oh well.”

Before I knew what was happening, she grabbed my wrist, and she yanked, pulling me back toward the original table.

Some tiny hope inside of me flickered to life because this might mean she was going to transform me back. I dismissed that idea; I already knew the truth.

I didn’t like speaking, so I didn’t make a sound as she dragged me across the lab. Then she shoved me down onto the table, and she strapped me into place once more. Yes, I kicked. Yes, I tried to punch my way free, but it didn’t do any good. Denise was just so much stronger than me!

I struggled from side to side, but she strapped me down. Once she had me utterly restrained, she went over to one of the counters, and she opened the drawer underneath. “It’s funny, I had one of the interns go out and pick this up. She thought it was a joke.”

Then she held the vibrator up for me to see. Long and slender, it was a shade of lavender. The rounded tip reflected the light.

“No. Please, don’t,” I said. This time around, I didn’t care how feminine I sounded.

“It’s okay. If the transformation worked perfectly, then you’re going to be incredibly sensitive. It’s only going to take you a few seconds to get nice and wet for this cutie.”

“No!” I howled out.

But it was too late. With my ankles strapped down and my legs spread, I was vulnerable.

Horrified, I could only watch helplessly as Denise lifted up my skirt. She brought the vibrator down between my legs, and she didn’t even pull my panties away from my slit.

“Just think. This could be a great moment for you. You’re going to get your first orgasm as a helpless girl.”

“I’m not a girl! I’m not helpless!”

“Yes, you are, on both counts,” she said confidently.

Then I felt it. She pressed of the vibrator down against my panties, and this overwhelming heat splashed through me. It felt like a wave of incandescent longing

crashed into me. Yes, I had been horny as a man before, but it was nothing like this.

“Did you like that?”

Tensed up and frozen, I didn't respond. In fact, I was even holding my breath. I didn't know how to deal with those sensations. I was so much more sensitive, so much more vulnerable!

Denise understood this. She touched me again, and I twitched, desperately trying to throw myself away from the vibrator.

But there was no escape for me.

“You look so cute. It's okay. Just relax. Let's see how many orgasms I can give you.”

“No!” I whimpered helplessly as she touched me, only this time she left the vibrator down between my legs.

I could feel the moisture gather along my inner thighs. My pussy was drenched now. Not only that, I could feel my clitoris. It was engorged, and it wouldn't be long before I had to climax.

“This is for science,” Denise said, taunting me.

I pulled and yanked. I twisted my body from side to side, but she just compensated. It was easy for Denise to adjust her position, making it impossible for me to get away. Stimulated, I endured the crashing bursts of sensation.

I started to pant. Breathing heavily, I tightened my lips together. My nostrils flared, and it was coming. It was coming so fast!”

The pleasure burned through me, searing away all of my doubts, all of my worries. Then my body relaxed, and I didn't try to think. I didn't try to do anything at all. Limp, I rested there on the table.

“How was that?”

My eyes fluttered open. I looked out at Denise from beneath my long lashes. “You're not going to get away with this,” I said to her. “I don't care what it takes or what I have to do, I'm not going to let you do this to me.”

“Oh, you are just a dumb, horny slut. There's nothing you can do to get out of this.”

I opened my mouth to respond, but Denise proved her point by touching the vibrator down between my legs again.

As a man, I had a refractory. There would be the span of time where I wouldn't be able to climax again, no matter how much I wanted to. As a pretty, pubescent girl, my body was ready almost immediately. She stroked the tip of the vibrator up and down the length of my pussy. By this point, there was probably a little dark spot along my pink panties.

“Do it again. Come on. Show me that you are a dumb slut. Show me how much you want sex.”

I didn't! I didn't want her to touch me like this; I definitely didn't want her to use my new, female body against me!

Only there was no escape. There was nothing I could do. She stimulated my body, and biology took over.

Even if I somehow knew how to fight, it wouldn't have made any difference. She had me spread out.

As I struggled, I could feel my nipples rub along the inside of my bra.

I didn't say anything. I couldn't!

Denise chuckled as I cried out through the second orgasm. When she finally pulled the vibrator away, I couldn't think. I couldn't breathe. My heart was pounding.

Blinking through the haze of disorientation, I lifted my head, and I looked back up at her. I didn't know what I should do or say. Everything seemed to so hazy and disconnected.

My mouth was dry.

“One more,” she said.

Then she slowly lowered the vibrator back between my inner thighs. At the same time, I quickly shook my head from side to side. “No, no, no, no, no,” I said, desperately hoping she might listen to me.

She didn't.

Why would she? She didn't like me, and she wanted to punish me. She wanted to show me just how powerless I had become.

So I received a third orgasm, then a fourth and a fifth.

Denise probably should have taken notes about my body's responsiveness. I don't know if she did. Maybe she wrote down a couple of ideas.

It didn't really matter.

Finally, I was exhausted, and I smelled of my own excitement. My juices had soaked into my panties, and that's when she lifted up the elastic of my underwear. She brought her hand down, and she fingered me.

“Look at that. You are all hot and wet. I bet you would like just one more orgasm, wouldn't you?”

“No, not again,” I mouthed, but I couldn't be sure she actually heard me. Just getting oxygen into my lungs felt like a victory.

“This is going to be good for you. Yes, it is,” she said. “You're a girl now. You don't really know what you should do with your body. You don't really know what you want

or need. Let me help you with that.” She spoke with patriarchal condescension, which didn’t make any sense, but it didn’t need to. She was teasing me.

Her finger went down along my crevice. She penetrated me. It felt so incredibly good. My eyes widened to the size of quarters, and I gasped, sucking in a sharp lungful of air before my body froze.

Then she stroked me, rubbing me down and up.

Denise knew exactly how to toy with my body.

I didn’t struggle. Paralyzed by pleasure and anticipation, I could only lay there and take it. My heart thundered away, the adrenaline spiked within me, and I pulled again against the restraints. She had me. She knew it.

Then she did something I never could have guessed.

Pouting her lips, she took her hand away from between my legs.

Disappointment roiled through me.

It slammed into me like a truck, and I just stared at her for a second, maybe two. “Why, why did you stop?”

“Because I have another test for you,” she said.

Without another sound, Denise released me from the restraints.

Right away, I glanced over at the door, wishing and hoping that I would have the strength to flee. I didn’t. Like Denise said, I didn’t have anywhere to go. As far as the rest of the world would see me, I was just a dumb slut, a cute girl with a crazy story.

“Go ahead. Right away if you can,” she said.

I gave a nervous shake of my head.

“Then you know what you have to do. If you want an orgasm, you’re going to have to get it yourself. Come on. We both know you can do it. Show me.”

This didn’t feel like an actual test. Oh no. It was psychological torture. If I touched myself, if I massaged my pussy and stroked my click, then I would be acknowledging on some level that I really was in a girl’s body.

No. No way.

Denise crossed her arms over her chest as she watched me. That same condescending smirk touched her lips. “Why bother? We both know what you’re going to do.”

For a second or two, I managed to control myself. But then my toes curled, and I bit down into my lower lip. I almost bit down hard enough to draw blood, but the desire wouldn’t go away. It was right there, itching through me. I just had to slide my hand along my pussy. I just had to stroke my already moistened panties.

“What’s wrong? Are you going to try to tell me you aren’t a horny slut?”

“I’m not,” I said to her.

“Sure you are. Prove it.”

I couldn’t move from that table.

Theoretically, I should have thrown myself at her. Maybe if I had been a man, then I would have focused on my anger. It didn’t arrive. Instead, I just felt like a helpless girl, and there was one thing I wanted, and I could take it, but if I did, she would see! Shame and desire warred inside of me, neither one getting the upper hand.

Not for a few seconds at least.

Then, I don’t know what changed, but I slid my hand down between my legs.

I didn’t know what I was doing, not really. This was new for me, and I was about to touch myself when I finally stopped. My fingers trembled. Why had I stopped? Why couldn’t I move my hand or my wrist or my fingers?

“That’s good. The neurological blocks are working beautifully,” she said.

Those words barely registered against my eardrums.

Neurological blocks? What the hell was she talking about?

But then Denise stepped closer, and she tilted her head to the side. She looked at me with something approaching pity. “It’s very simple. Transforming you physically was only the start. Making sure that you will be obedient and compliant was far, far more important.”

I still didn’t understand. “Your transformation included certain behavioral characteristics. One of these was a simple prohibition against masturbation or any activity that would cause you an orgasm of your own free will.”

“What?” I whispered, sounding small and helpless.

Pitiless, she just shook her head. “Oh, it’s okay. There other ways for you to get orgasms. You’re just going to have to earn them, that’s all.”

“Why, why would you do this to me?”

“To make you malleable. To make you trainable. To make sure that you are always interested in being a fine, obedient young woman for me.”

I stared back at her, and I searched through my head for that traditional anger. If I had been a man, I would have been able to tap into this endless stream of rage. Hot, incandescent spite would have given me the courage to do something, anything.

It didn’t.

As a girl, I just stared at her, my lower lip shook, and then I realized something. I was about to start crying!

I swiped my eyes with the backs of my hands.

No. I wasn't going to cry, not in front of her.

"Come on. We need to make sure that the rest of the transformation went smoothly."

She grabbed my wrist, and she tugged.

* * *

Because it was late, I didn't have to face most of the other employees who worked for the company. Even so, I kept my head down, and I hoped no one would see me like this.

For her part, Denise didn't seem to mind. She just took me right the elevator bank. One of the security guards glanced up, and he smiled.

What did he think of me? Was he imagining me naked?

Probably.

A few seconds later, we arrived on the fourth floor.

"What are we doing here?" I asked as she guided me through the generic, corporate labyrinth. I saw the same bland works of art, the same potted plants, and the same industrial chairs along the hallways.

"This is where we keep the MRI," she replied.

Just then, Denise opened another door with her key card.

We stepped inside, and she smiled. There was a huge machine, and it reminded me a little bit of the device she had used against me. But unlike of the laboratory downstairs, this one wasn't empty.

"Justin, it's good to see you. Thank you for staying late tonight."

"No problem," he said. For the most part, he kept his attention on Denise, at least until his eyes drifted over to me.

This was it, the first time I had to endure being evaluated by a man. Clearly, he liked what he saw. I could imagine him undressing me with his imagination. He was probably thinking about running his hands over my breasts, grabbing me by my hair, kissing me, maybe pushing me down onto my back so he could ride me hard.

Damn it.

Those thoughts, I thought, would disgust me.

Instead, they turned me on.

I tried it to distract myself.

"What are we doing here?"

“I already know told you. We are going to run a few scans. Now get into the machine.”

I didn't like cooperating, but I didn't see much choice. Besides, if I put up a big fight right then in front of Justin, I didn't know what he would do or how he would react. For a second, I opened my mouth, and I was ready to say something. I was going to tell him that I didn't want to be there, that Denise was holding me against my will. But he worked for her. Would he listen? Probably not.

Making my decision, I climbed up onto the scanning bed. I lowered myself down onto my back, and that's when Denise told me to spread my legs.

I sucked on my bottom lip, but I did as she commanded.

“Want to see something really cute?” Denise asked.

“Sure,” Justin said, though he sounded a little bit bored.

That's when she grabbed my skirt pulled it up, revealing my panties.

“That's what I love about her. She looks like an adult, but she is dressed like some little girl. I swear, some women don't know how to take care of themselves.”

The color drained away from my cheeks, at least at first. Only a second or two later, I could feel the heat flow through my system. Cold then hot, I could only lay there like a good girl because Denise was in charge.

I knew that this was only a taste of what she could do to me.

That's why I tried not to react, but then I noticed something else.

The bulge in Justin's pants.

He was getting turned on by all of this. He liked seeing me this way. He liked knowing that I would do as I was told.

Inhaling and exhaling through my teeth, I directed my attention upward. Then they got started.

* * *

It's claustrophobic inside of an MRI machine. It's small and dark inside. I could hear the thrumming of the machinery as they ran their scans. I wasn't strapped down this time, but I still wanted to wiggle. Every time I started to move, one of speakers came to life, and either Denise or Justin told me to remain still. If I moved around too much, we would have to start all over again.

Because there wasn't anything to do, I closed my eyes, and I tried to relax. At first, I told myself that I was going to strategize. Yes, I was going to think of some way to break Denise's hold over me. She was just a woman, after all. There would be some flaw in her plan.

Help.

What if I could find help?

I started thinking of the different laboratory technicians, and I just had to come up with a friendly face.

Nothing popped into my head.

Seriously, I couldn't think of one person I could count on.

It wasn't fair.

Denise always dealt with the employees. She was the one who hired and fired them. When it was time to order a birthday cake or to offer a congratulatory card, she handled it.

I just didn't have any allies.

Okay, so I wasn't going to be able to find help. What else could I do?

Bribe Denise?

Maybe.

I have a lot of money saved up. Since I was so focused on the science, I didn't worry about going out every weekend. Even as the idea jumped into my head, I almost dismissed it. Denise was already very wealthy. She had an executive salary, so my savings probably wouldn't make much difference to her, not compared to what would happen to her stock options once our technology went mainstream.

"Settle down," Justin said to the speaker. "You don't want us to have to start over again, do you?" I heard something in his voice, a little bit of patronizing condescension.

My nostrils flared. He was nothing but an MRI technician. He wasn't anything special, nothing like what I had been before Denise transformed me.

My eyes started to water. Although I didn't move, it became much more difficult to remain motionless.

As a man, the idea of crying almost never occurred to me. As a girl, however, it felt like my eyes would start to water and my lips would shake almost every few minutes. It wasn't fair.

But this wasn't about fairness. This was about cause and effect. It was a scientific question, just like any other. That's why I needed to figure out what to do.

Bribery wouldn't work. I wouldn't find any assistance, not from the police, and not from any of our colleagues. So what did that leave? What else could I do?

My thoughts started to drift. I started thinking about Justin again. At first, I used the image of his face to get myself angry. But the anger didn't last. It felt slippery and sleek, like it dribbled between my fingers the harder I tried to grab onto it.

Instead, I started thinking about the bulge in his pants again. I imagined myself dressed up for his pleasure.

What would he like?

He would probably love to see me in a bikini. Maybe I would be out at a car wash. I could be one of those college girls who dances around as she washes a car. Justin would be seated behind the steering wheel, and he would watch my breasts sway back and forth as I would run the soapy sponge over his windshield.

I would get all of his attention, and it would feel so good because he would want me.

“What are you thinking about right now?” Denise asked me.

“Nothing, nothing at all,” I quickly stammered.

“It’s okay. I can get a good sense of what you are doing right now.”

“Nothing. I wasn’t thinking about anything.”

“Is that because you are just a silly airhead? Are you just a ditzy girl?” Denise asked.

“Yes,” I said to her.

“Right. I bet you’re fantasizing about a boy. I bet you are thinking about how good it would feel for you to get down on your knees and service him. I bet you are a good little cock sucker. What do you think about that?”

“No. I, I’m not into something like that.” Even as I protested, I could feel the desire snake its way through my body. I could feel it. Instinctively, I curled my toes, and I tightened my fingers. It felt like this delicious tension just spread throughout my small frame.

My sex was getting wet again. I could feel it, the tension pushing out that need.

“Yeah, someone is getting very, very horny.”

This time, I didn’t say anything. What was the point? Even if I denied it, she would only taunt me further.

As my heart pounded away in my chest, I tried to think about something else. It didn’t work, and then the machine started to slide me back out.

They didn’t bother telling me they were done with the scans.

I sat up immediately, and I glanced over at the door, wondering if I should try to make my escape. Yes, I had clothing, but I didn’t have any money or identification. It was incredibly frustrating to realize, but I had spent years building up a savings account that I could no longer access.

It made me wonder what Denise did with my wallet. If I could get it, then maybe I would stand a chance.

Denise and Justin came back into the room. Smiling down at me, Denise said, "I bet you are very grateful. In fact, I think you're so grateful that you would like to give Justin a special thank you."

"Thank you, Justin," I said, bowing my head down. I probably looked like a very sweet, very innocent, very demure young woman.

"It's okay. No problem, really."

"Actually, it is. You had to stay late tonight. That's not really acceptable. That's why I think this young woman owes you something special."

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

Denise touched one finger to the side of her face. She seemed to consider my question, and then she said, "I think you should he give him something very nice, a hand job, a blow job, something like that. You're a dumb slut, after all. It's not like you are good for anything else."

Narrowing my eyes, I glared at her. I wanted to open my mouth, to argue, but Justin looked back at me. At the same time, he couldn't hide the bulge in his pants once again.

Denise looked back at him. "I'm going to leave you two alone, but before I do, I just want you to know that she will do whatever you want. Whatever. You. Want."

Gulping nervously, I could only watch as she left. Part of me wanted to throw out my hand, to beg her to stay or to change her mind.

But no. I could do this. I wasn't going to be enslaved by my new desires. I would show Denise that her experiment failed. Sure, she changed me physically, but not psychologically or intellectually. Blocking off my awareness of science was one thing. This would be entirely different. I would show her that she couldn't win, not every time, not against someone like me.

"I think I want to blow job," he said nervously.

"I, I..."

If he saw that I was hesitating, then maybe he would decide just let me go?

No.

Like so many other guys, he just became impatient. He didn't want to have to deal with some tease.

"I heard your boss. She just said you have to do whatever I want. So get on your knees right now. And don't be a bitch about it," he ordered.

Quivering, I fell my knees.

Justin wasn't interested in waiting. He unzipped his fly, he took out his shaft, and he was already so big, so hard! I licked my lips nervously.

On the one hand, I told myself that I was a man, that I wasn't supposed to want any of this. And yet, my transformation forced a new set of instincts into my mind.

I could feel the desire, the instinct to lean forward, to lick him, to suck him off, to accept my place at his feet.

Justin wasn't interested in my hesitation, however. He leaned it down, and he smirked at me. He ran his fingers through my hair, and he grabbed me by my darkened tresses. Then he pulled my face forward. "Show me what you can do with that pretty little mouth of yours," he ordered.

That's when he shoved to the tip of his cock against my mouth.

I could already smell his excitement. It was sweet. I wanted to taste him.

No, no, no! I wasn't supposed to be into this. It wasn't supposed to be a battle between dread and desire, yearning and frustration.

"Do it," he ordered, and I heard the strong, confident voice of a man, and that's when my feminine instincts took over. I opened my mouth, and I licked him, starting at the base of his shaft and moving my tongue up along his complete length. Then I tasted him, the salty sweet flavor of his excitement.

"That's right. That's where you belong, isn't it?"

He was getting off on teasing me, taunting me, degrading me.

I wanted to argue with him, to tell him that I had rights, that he couldn't treat me like this. But he could. And he did.

He took my head in both of his hands, and he thrust his cock forward, sliding it deep into my mouth. I felt the tip of his erection against the back of my throat.

That's when I realized something. My gag reflex should have kicked in, but Denise took that away from me. She wanted me to be good at this. She wanted me to become an ideal little cock sucker.

Tightening my lips around his circumference, I started to bob my head down and up, pivoting with my neck as I licked. He fucked my face, and I didn't know how to stop any of this. At one point or another, I tried to whimper, to talk to him, but Justin wasn't interested in anything I had to say.

As far as he was concerned, I had become little more than a hole to be used.

Yanking on my hair, he pulled my head back, only to force it forward as he bucked his hips in the same direction.

"Get ready to swallow," he said.

Eyes wide, I stared up at Justin. I tried to shake my head, and I whimpered, practically crying out into his shaft, but those extra vibrations only pleased him. He closed his eyes, and he exhaled, one sharp gasp as he started to climax. I felt it, the

pulsating of his shaft as he blew his load straight to the back of my throat. "Swallow," he growled, turning those two syllables into a command.

I had no choice.

I started to gulp down his load like a dirty little slut. I swallowed it, feeling the slick, hot come slide down my throat. On and on it went, one spurt after another, and there was nothing I could do.

He finished with me, and he let me go. He pulled his pants back up, and I stayed there on the floor, my head bowed down. I could still taste him.

The door opened, and Denise walked in. "Did she do a good job?"

"Yeah. She was pretty fantastic," Justin said. "If you ever want any other after-hours activities, I'd be happy to volunteer."

"I'm sure you would be," agreed Denise.

* * *

She took me home.

For the most part, I just kept my head bowed down. I was marginally surprised when she didn't escort me back into the lab. I almost figured that she would have a cage setup or something. Instead, she took me down to the parking garage, and she told me to get into her car.

She drove me back through the city, and I looked out at the different bars and clubs. People were out for a Friday night, getting ready to have some fun.

"So I think it's pretty clear, the transformation was a complete success," she said as she maneuvered through the traffic.

"Whatever you say," I replied.

"Oh, don't feel so bad. We both know you're going to be happier this way."

"Screw you!" I growled.

"For that, I'm going to give you a spanking when we get back to my place. But right now, I want you to know something. You are going to feel better this way because I know what you really want."

"What's that?"

"Sex. Orgasms. That's what matters most to you now. I've simplified your life. I have turned you into a horny little slut, and that means that you will always know what it will take to make you happy. Most people don't have that. Some people might even call this a gift."

I glared at her, my entire face tight with anger.

And yet, she was right. I could feel that deep within the core of my being. No matter how much I may have wanted to fight her over the details, she was correct about the one need that seemed to permeate my body.

“I give you permission right now to touch yourself,” she said.

With one hand on the steering wheel, she reached over, she took me by the wrist, and she guided my arm down between my legs. She pulled back my skirt, she opened the elastic of my panties, and she slid my fingers down toward my pussy. I was still wet. It wasn't fair. It felt like I was always horny, like I was needed something down there.

I tried not to think about what it would take to satisfy me.

“Go ahead. Touch yourself. Do it right now. Enjoy a nice little orgasm before we get back to my condo.” After a second, she pointed up ahead. “Look at that. There's my building.”

I only had a few seconds.

I didn't want to do it. I didn't want to masturbate in front of her.

If I did, it would feel like surrendering, like accepting that she had won, that I really was a horny girl.

Locking my teeth, I clenched my jaw, and I slid my hand along my leg. I only stroked my thigh, pushing my fingertips down into my skin.

But the desire overwhelmed me. Soon, I slid my hand under my skirt, I pushed my fingers into my panties, just as she had forced me to do a few seconds before. And that's when I stroked myself. Lightly at first, I barely touched my pussy lips, but it felt so good. Hot, powerful sensations coursed through my body. It felt like magma, like something primal and perfect.

Glancing over at me, Denise giggled. “That's right. Touch yourself. Show me that you are just a horny girl.”

Right then, I couldn't argue. I couldn't summon up the air or the thought to disagree with her. Besides, it wouldn't have mattered, right?

Instead, I fingered my pussy, pushing my fingertips down against my slit. I could feel my clitoris now, and it was so good. Everything became perfect. We kept going, driving, and then she stopped at a red light, and I opened my eyes for just a second. Some guy next to me could tell what I was doing. He was in another car, but we made eye contact, and I didn't stop.

Just then, I climaxed!

The pleasure roiled through me, overwhelming everything. It overrode all of my desires, the desperate need to try to get back in my old body. Instead, I was just a girl, small and powerless in Denise's car.

“You liked that, didn’t you? But I bet you don’t want just a finger. You want so much more.”

“No,” I said, but my voice was small and unconvincing.

* * *

“What is this?”

“It’s your uniform for the night,” she explained to me.

Staring down at the outfits spread over the small, twin sized bed, I didn’t know what to do. I saw the black satin, the white bows, the frills, all of it, and my voice shook. “I’m a scientist, a researcher. I focus on decoding the basic fabric of reality, and you want me to wear this?”

Despite my attempt at self-righteous fury, I still sounded like some petulant girl, a horny coed arguing with a professor about her grade.

Denise placed her hand on my shoulder, and she forced me to turn around.

“That reminds me. You need a spanking.”

Rather than hesitate or even give me a chance to think about what was going to happen, she grabbed me by the back of my neck, she forced me across the bed, bending me over, and then she spanked me.

These panties were very thin. They didn’t provide much protection. She swatted my backside one, two, three more times. The pain lanced through me, my eyes watered, and I started to whimper pathetically.

I tried to stop those sounds.

It didn’t work. I couldn’t control my own body!

Time seemed to stop as she spanked me, and I tried to push away, I tried to escape, but there is nowhere for me to go, and Denise was just so much stronger!

The spankings finally came to a stop, but that didn’t make any difference, not to me. My bottom was stinging, and the seconds rolled on, but I still couldn’t get myself under control.

Denise got bored of waiting for me, so she grabbed me by my wrist, and she pushed me down onto the floor.

“It’s okay. Catch your breath,” she said. “You still have a few more seconds.”

A few more seconds? A few more seconds until what?

But then, I looked up, and I saw that she was pulling off her black pants. She stripped them down, she kicked off her shoes, and then she removed her panties as well. From the waist up, she looked perfectly professional.

She leaned against the side of the bed, she spread her legs, and she motioned for me with one finger. "Let's see what you can do," she said.

My eyes widened, and I quickly shook my head from side to side.

"You went down on a guy. This isn't any different."

"Please, don't make me. I don't want to do that, not for you," I said.

"Silly girl. It doesn't matter what you want. This is what you need," she said. "For the rest of the weekend, you are going to be my maid girl. You're going to be my slave. So unless you want me to invite all of my male friends over here to have some fun with you, you're going to service me right now."

My heart jumped a beat at the prospect of getting used by a group of guys. They would be rough with me, I knew. They would see me as nothing but a sex toy, a little slave girl there to please them and to be used.

Part of my body responded to those images, I still had enough control over myself that I was able to lean forward, sliding my cheeks between her inner thighs. And then I started to lick Denise.

"That's right. This is what you want. This is what you need. You have me to own you and control you. That's why you're going to make me feel really good. That's right. Use that little tongue."

As she spoke, taunting me, I licked her. I swiped my tongue up and down the length of her entrance.

All the while, I wished that I could just pull away, that I could stop myself.

That wasn't possible. Not for me.

Only a little while before this, I had to service a man. Now it was time to give that same pleasure to a woman. I used my mouth, my tongue, my lips, everything I had for her. Even as I pushed my knuckles down into the carpet, I worshiped her body, doing everything in my power to get her off.

Unfortunately for me, Denise seemed determined to take her time. "Keep going. That's right. Use your little tongue. Little bit faster. Slower now," she said.

It took minutes, actual minutes, for her to finally lift her head, to close her eyes and to straighten her back. That's when her toes finally curled, and she cried out. She moaned, panting as she savored that control, that pleasure of knowing she had me.

"Now get dressed. I want to see you outside in a couple of minutes."

* * *

I took my time. I got dressed, pulling off of the pink monstrosity. I removed my panties as well. I replaced them with pink with white. Then I put on the dress, the stockings, all

of it. This time around, I even managed to get to the bra on all on my own.

And when I was done, I stood straight.

Denise placed a mirror in the corner of the room, probably so I could check myself out. I refused to do so.

Her voice echoed from the hallway. "I'm getting impatient." Time wasn't on my side, so I took several tentative steps forward. I went through the door, and I entered the living room.

It was spacious, just like the rest of the condominium. My new "room" was the only exception. It had probably been intended as some kind of Annex, maybe a small office. It wasn't designed as a bedroom.

Denise wanted to use it as servants quarters.

That made me the servant.

The uniform didn't help.

When she saw me, she flashed a big, endearing smile. Frankly, Denise could have been incredibly seductive if she so chose. At moments like this, I knew that she was gorgeous. But then, she stood up, and she started to click her tongue, apparently disappointed. "You got the uniform on all right, but you didn't do a very good job with the rest of it, did you?"

"What, what you talking about?" I asked.

"Well, look at your hair."

As a guy, I didn't think much about my hair. I always kept it cut so short that I didn't need to worry about combing or brushing. Now she ran her fingers through my hair, only to feel it get snagged on a tangle.

"What about my hair?" I asked, suddenly feeling very nervous in front of her.

She got up, and she circled me, just as she had done in a laboratory. But now, I could feel a different sort of evaluation happening. "As a proper young lady, you must be pleasantly groomed at all times." It sounded like she was quoting some manual from the last century.

"I don't care how I look," I grunted back at her.

"But you will. Oh yes, you definitely will."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

She came back in front of me, smiling again. She flashed her teeth. She looked more like a predator, something absolutely dangerous.

In spite of myself, I stepped back, obviously intimidated by her.

This woman had power. She exuded it. She exhaled it.

“Kneel on the floor,” she said, pointing to a spot in front of the leather couch.

I walked forward, doing my best to ignore my circumstances. I told myself that I wasn't a male wearing a maid uniform, that I wasn't stuck in the body of a beautiful young woman.

Only then, I was down on my knees, and Denise sat down. She had a brush in her hand. “Head forward,” she ordered.

For some reason, I cooperated. Next, I felt the tines of the brush as she worked my hair.

“From now on, you need to brush your hair with at least one thousand strokes every morning. I know counting that I will be difficult for a silly girl like you, but that's okay. Practice. You'll get the hang of it.”

“No. I won't,” I said to her despite the lingering pain in my buttocks. The idea of another spanking sent a shiver of dread down my spine, but I wasn't going to let her intimidate me either. At least, I would fight her as hard as I could.

“Yes, you will,” she replied, leaving it at that.

My nostrils widened as I exhaled my own frustration, but that only made her chuckle once again.

“I'm going to explain what's happening to you now. On Monday, at the end of this weekend, there's going to be a beauty pageant downtown. While you were asleep, I took your picture, and I have already entered you. The judges had a pretty quick turnaround time. You have been accepted.”

“I'm not going to participate in some stupid beauty contest,” I retorted.

“Actually, you will. You are going to participate. You know why you are going to participate?” Denise allowed the question to hang on the air, this full pause that was filled with so many different frightening possibilities. Eventually, I couldn't take it anymore. I needed to know exactly what she had planned for me.

“Why?”

“Because this is going to be your one chance at freedom.”

“What do you mean?”

She brushed my hair, pulling the implement along the length of my dark brown tresses. Although I tried to hate every second of it, I could feel my body begin to relax, to settle down. Actually, it was pretty easy. Now I started to understand why some women could do this for hours on end.

This beauty contest, as you put it, is actually a pretty big deal. I was only able to get you in because I pulled a couple of strings with some friends. Granted, the fact you're really cute also helped.” She chuckled; even her laughter seemed nefarious to me.

“Anyway,” she continued, “I want your transformation to be as profitable for me as possible.”

“Then give me the chance to give you my money. If you transfer me back, then I can empty out every account I have. I’ve saved a lot over the years.” There. I did it.

I didn’t think a bribe would interest her, but maybe it would. Maybe this would be my chance!

Hope sparked inside of me. Then it dissipated, doused almost immediately when she answered, “That’s okay. I’m sure you have some nice savings, but what I’m thinking of will be a whole lot more profitable. You see, I want you to win that beauty pageant.”

“I can’t. I don’t even know how to be a girl.”

“It’s a good thing you have couple of days to learn.”

I gritted my teeth, almost as though I had bit into something sour or bitter.

“What makes you think I would try?”

“Because that’s where the profit comes in for me. You see, if you win, you can get a rather sizable sum of money. Don’t worry about the exact amount. I’m sure it wouldn’t mean much to a ditzy girl like you.” Rather than continue to brush my hair, she reached out, and she patted me on the head.

It took all of my self-control not to spin around and slap her across the face. Slap her? I was supposed to be a man. I should have thought about tackling her or punching her.

Then a different thought occurred to me. Every human is born with a sense of self-preservation. For a lot of people, that means running. For others, that means fighting. I liked to believe that I would be a fighter if I really had to be. But what if she changed it back? What if she made it so that any attempt at combat on my part would be guaranteed to fail? My mouth went dry at the thought; my throat tightened up.

“So if I win, you take the money. Is that it?”

“Hey, maybe you aren’t as dumb as you look,” said my captor. “But that’s only part of it. If you win, I get the money, and then I also get to tell the board all about success.”

“And if I lose?” I asked, staring downward.

I couldn’t believe it, but I was actually considering trying.

Her promises struck me as twisted, but they made a certain kind of sense.

“Well, if you lose, that just means I have to sell you.”

“Sell me?” I asked, practically choking on those words.

“That’s right. Think about it. Look at you. You’re gorgeous. I’m sure there are a lot of men all across the world who would love to buy you.”

“No,” I answered, my voice shaking pathetically.

At that moment, I really did believe it would be impossible. Slavery couldn't be a thing.

"Trafficking is a very real concern. Gorgeous girl like you, especially one that won't be missed?" She chuckled again. "Oh yeah. You could be very, very profitable for me."

"No." I tried to think of something else I could say, some other argument I could give her, something to make her change her mind.

"So it's pretty obvious. Either you earn your freedom for me and make me very rich and give me something lovely to talk about with the board, or you get jetted off to some other country. Don't worry. I'm sure whoever buys you will be very wealthy. He will probably even be grateful for a little while. You could be a brand-new toy. Then again, I wonder what'll happen if he gets bored?"

For just a second, she let the implications hang on the air. She was right. For a while, maybe I would be some kind of harem girl or something. But then, just as easily, a rich man who owns a woman might decide that he wants someone else. Would he give me a way to an associate? Would he share me with his friends? Or would he just use me as a slave?

Although I couldn't even begin to guess the answer, I didn't want to find out.

At that moment, I felt completely exposed, totally vulnerable, utterly helpless.

Just the way Denise wanted me.

"What do I have to do?" I finally asked.

"Learn."

* * *

Denise made a deal with me. She would teach me how to be a good beauty contestant, but only so long as I behaved myself. This meant absolute obedience, but it meant something else.

Servitude.

The French maid uniform wasn't just to humiliate me. Oh no. She wanted to wake up in the morning and have a servant waiting to please her.

The next morning, I was standing by her bed, per her command. As she woke up, she ordered me to crawl over to the foot of her bed, to get under the blankets, and to lick her until she had an orgasm.

I ate her out, just as she wanted.

After that, she decided to go to bed again. She wanted to sleep in, but while she rested, I had to clean the kitchen and prepare her breakfast.

I protested, telling her that it didn't really know whole lot about cooking. I could probably make her some toast, maybe some oatmeal or something? No. That wouldn't be good enough. She wanted bacon, eggs, and more. She wanted fresh squeezed juice.

Then she patted me on my ass, and she told me that I would do just fine.

Much to my chagrin, she was right.

When I went into the kitchen, I started to figure it out. Although I had never worried much about fine cuisine before, I suddenly found that I knew exactly what to do. I spiced the eggs just right. I made sure that the bacon didn't burn. I didn't have to consult the Internet or any cookbooks. I just knew how to do this.

When she transformed me, she didn't just turn me into a girl. She didn't just make me dumb. She didn't just take away my science. Yes, I had figured out that she'd altered my desires, but this seemed different, more intrusive.

When I finished her breakfast, I went back to her room. I carried a tray, and I waited there, wondering exactly when she would wake up.

It only took a few minutes, but it felt like much longer.

"Very good," Denise said, taking the tray from me. "You may stand there. If I need anything, I'll tell you."

She started to eat, and my stomach began to grumble in response. She looked over at me. "Don't worry. I will make sure that you have something good to eat, maybe some fruit or something. You do need to watch her girlish figure, especially when you think about what you're going to be doing on Monday night."

"I have to do this? Please, if you change me back into a scientist, I can work for you. I could earn a lot more money."

"Maybe," she allowed. "But you should be smart enough to realize that this isn't just about money. This is all about power. This is about me getting to know that the insufferable jerk I had to put up with for so long is going to end up as a pretty, nubile girl."

"I could be a female scientist," I answered.

That possibility sounded so reasonable, yet she only answered by laughing at me. "Oh no. No way. That's a cute idea, but I like you dumb and pretty."

I tried again, but I still couldn't convince her to change her mind. Besides, she had told me to be quiet. I could already tell that if I pushed her, she would get upset, which would probably mean another spanking for me. Worse, I actually needed her help. I didn't know how to perform. I didn't know what people would want from a pretty girl.

And so I stood back, just as a servant girl would have done.

Once she finished, she gave me the tray, and she told me to go wash the dishes. I obeyed.

From there, she went to work. I didn't know exactly what she was doing in her office, but I wasn't allowed to disturb her.

Eventually, she came for me, she took me by the hand, and she brought me back into her bedroom. She sat me down in front of a mirror, and that's when I started to learn about makeup.

"If you want to win this beauty pageant, you're going to have to do it all on your own. I'm not going to help you once the competition actually begins."

I shivered, thinking about what it would be like to compete with actual girls, women who had been at this far longer than I.

That's why I had to pay attention.

She lectured me on the finer points of foundation, lipstick, eyeliner, and the other little powders and the gels that I would need. At one point, she even lifted out different shades of lipstick, and she asked me to identify the shades. She gave me a few seconds to try to memorize the titles before I had to make my selections.

Later, she decided to ask me what I thought would work best.

"I don't know. This one?" I asked, reaching down and grabbing one of the dark green lipsticks.

"Why?"

"It's pretty?" I was a scientist, a researcher. I didn't know about any of this stuff. I wasn't a teenage girl, and I definitely didn't like all the superficial garbage.

"Nope. Try again."

I got frustrated, and I kicked my feet against the floor. I tried to stand up, yet Denise put her hands on my shoulders, and she forced me to sit down again. "I know you think that this is all unimportant, but guess what? The world cares. If you want to succeed as a girl, you need to learn this stuff. You won't be judged based on your intellect or abilities anymore. Now, you get judged based on how cute you are."

A sharp gasp of frustration left my lips. I breathed out from between my teeth, and it felt like I wanted to bite someone, to attack someone.

"Oh, you look so cute when you get angry. Maybe you should try to use that."

"How would I use it?" I asked, doing my best to keep the frustration from my voice. No matter what happened, I had to keep in mind that Denise was my ultimate enemy. After all, she was the one who put me in this predicament in the first place!

"Simple. You get flustered, you get frustrated, and you look cute. There's nothing more adorable than an angry little girl who can't do anything."

“That’s not true.”

“Sure it is. There’s nothing a guy loves more than teasing his girlfriend when she looks upset. Maybe he will talk about how she wrinkled her nose or the way she jumps up and down when she’s frustrated, but he doesn’t really care about what she’s feeling. Nope. He just enjoys knowing that she is all worked up, and there’s nothing she can do about it.”

Was that really true?

I couldn’t know one way or the other.

“Now, what kind of eyeliner should you use?”

The lessons continued. I hated every inane bit.

It especially frustrated me when Denise would talk about how the right color could make my eyes “pop.” That always sounded like such a silly phrase. Anyway, I listened, and I tried to memorize all of it.

Much to my surprise, Denise said that I was a natural. Then I caught the little glimmer of mischievous joy at the corners of her eyes.

“You did this to me,” I said.

“Absolutely,” she agreed without naming the exact point.

Doing my best to shove my anger down, I instead focused on my reflection. I did my makeup. When I was all done, I looked gorgeous. Pristine and innocent, sexy and sultry, all at the same time.

At that moment, I really started to think that I would have a chance of winning this thing.

* * *

Later that weekend, she taught me how to walk, how to move.

“The most important element of being a young woman is remembering that you are vulnerable. You are small, you are weak, and you could be attacked at any moment. You should always be nervous, especially around guys.”

“Why? I know what guys are like. I was one,” I answered in a petulant, feminine tone.

“Be that as it may, you were only one of them. And remember, it only takes one to cause a problem.”

I turned around, and that’s when I realized she had been standing right behind me. She grabbed my wrists, and she shoved me up against the wall. “Get away. Come on. You want to believe you are still the same person. Show me.”

At first, I didn’t move. Then she squeezed my wrist a little bit harder.

When I was a man, overpowering someone like Denise would have been so easy. In this feminine, fragile little body, I didn't know exactly what I could do. Part of me wanted to show her that I was still determined, still strong in one way or another.

I threw my weight forward, thinking I would break her hold.

I didn't.

"Come on. I told you to try."

I did. I forced all of the strength I could into my arms, my face started to turn red, and I held my breath, but it didn't do any good. My body worked as hard as I could push it, but I was small. I was helpless.

"What if I was a guy? What if you were a girl walking down an alley, and he decided he wanted to have some fun? What would you do then?"

Opening my mouth to answer, I thought I would say something. I didn't know what, only then she leaned in, and she kissed me. She bit down on my lower lip, almost hard enough to make me cry out.

Then she pulled back, and she was grinning again.

"Sorry, Christopher." A thought occurred to her. "That reminds me. We're going to need to get you a new name. What do you think we should name you? Becky? Britney? It should be nice and feminine. Maybe something like Mandy?"

"No. I don't want a new name."

"Sorry. You don't get a say in the matter."

Denise strolled toward the middle of the room, she stopped, and then she turned back, throwing a glance over her shoulder. "I know. I'm going to call you Christie."

My nostrils twitched just once. Back in middle school, one of the other kids teased me by calling me that. Obviously, Denise couldn't know this, but she had no trouble reading my frustrated expression.

"My name is not Christie," I insisted.

"It is now," she said. "Of course, if you want me to change it legally, I'm pretty sure I could have that done in a couple of hours. I know some really good attorneys, and I have some good friends who are judges. What do you think of that? Would you like to be Christie? Say yes or I will give you a name that is even more degrading."

What would be more degrading than Christie?

The answer fluttered through my head. Mandy would be a good choice. Kandi would be another one. Maybe she would name me something obnoxious and trendy like Blake or Skyler.

Denise watched me as I went through the calculations. Finally, I nodded my head.

“That’s what I thought,” she smiled. And why wouldn’t she smile? She won. And she always won.

Exhaling, I stood there. “Good girl. Now, walk around the room for me. Show me how good you look.”

We worked on the way I walked. We worked on the way I stood.

Standing, strangely enough, seemed to take the most effort.

In a beauty pageant, you aren’t supposed to just bring your arms up over your chest. Apparently, it looks defensive and possibly even aggressive to some judges.

So instead, she wanted me to hold my hands behind my back.

“This way, your breasts will jut out, and you will also give off the implication that you’ve been physically restrained. It’s not hard for the judges to imagine you with your hands tied behind your back. Or maybe you’re wearing handcuffs. Who knows?” She winked at me.

* * *

Later on, we worked on the speech I would give. Denise told me that she didn’t want to cheat, so she wouldn’t tell me exactly what sorts of questions the judges might ask. It would probably be boring, but there was always that nod to feminism, and exploration of my hopes, aspirations, and ambitions.

“If you want to be really corny, you can talk about bringing about world peace. That doesn’t usually go over so well, mostly because it is a joke. But hey, maybe a classic will work in your favor.”

I hated it when she spoke that way. She would talk, and I would have to listen, but this all seemed so inane because it was.

“Do my answers really matter?”

“I guess it depends on who you ask. There are people out there who really do believe in the power of beauty pageants. They think they help young women develop poise and confidence. Then again, it is a beauty pageant. You’re being put on display for your good looks.”

At that point, she got up, she walked over to me, and she put her hand on my waist. She dragged her fingers up along my torso toward my breasts. “Don’t worry about that part. You do look good. But you will need to work on your facial expressions and tone of voice.”

“What do you mean?”

“If I ask you what you want to do with your life, how should you sound?”

“Confident?”

“Yes and no. That’s the frustrating part about being a woman. You can be confident, but not too confident. You want to be strong-willed, but not a bitch. If the guy gets overly arrogant, he is just a bastard, and people might not like him, but they will respect him. They will think he has something important to offer. If a woman is a bitch, that just means she’s annoying.”

I didn’t know if I should agree with her, but it didn’t really matter because she was the expert, and I didn’t know anything about being feminine. At the same time, I always prided myself on my willingness to consider the voices of experts. That didn’t mean I would always agree, but I would at least acknowledge their authority in a particular discipline.

That applied to gender dynamics, right?

“Do you really want to know what you can do to win?”

“What?” I asked, but something about her sly expression made me think I wasn’t going to like her answer.

“Every time you speak, even when you are making a statement, be sure to end your sentence like it’s a question.”

“What?” I could hardly believe what I was hearing.

“Absolutely. Most people, men in particular, like women a lot more when they sound uncertain. Turn everything into a question. Go ahead. Try it.”

“No. I won’t! You might have transformed me into a bimbo, but I’m not going to sound that stupid. I refuse.” Standing there in a French maid uniform, my arms crossed over my chest, I couldn’t summon up much dignity.

Denise didn’t seem to mind anyway. My best attempts of defiance did little more than amuse her.

“Are you sure you about that? Think really hard. This is going to be your one chance to get your freedom. After this, if you don’t win, I’m serious. I’m going to sell you. Some guy will get to put a collar around that cute little neck of yours, and he will take you wherever he wants. You know, a lot of countries across the planet don’t give women many rights.”

She was right about that. I had seen the documentaries. I never gave it much thought up until this point, but now my heart hammered in my chest.

I sucked on my bottom lip, thinking long and hard.

“Go ahead. Try it.”

“So I’m supposed to talk like this? Everything I say is supposed to sound like a question?” As I spoke, could feel little hints of red touch my cheeks. It wasn’t right, and it wasn’t fair, but I could already imagine this working.

“Go on and tell me about yourself, Christie.” She sat down, she crossed her legs, and she folded her hands over her lap. She seemed regal, an imperious princess who could get away with whatever she wanted.

What did that make me? A servant. No, less than that. A slave. Her toy. I was a human doll for her, and she wanted to play with me, to train me, and if I wanted any chance of freedom, I actually had to listen to her.

“Very good. Now tell me about yourself.”

Before I realized what I was saying, I started to talk, “My name is Christie? And I want to be a journalist? Or maybe a model? I’m not sure yet. I know that I’m not very good at math? I should probably stick to something simple and easy.”

Wait. Why did I say those words? Why did they just jump out of my mouth? They seemed so easy, almost automatic.

That’s when I saw Denise clapping. She brought her hands together, like this was the end of some great performance. But she wasn’t applauding me. No, she was applauding herself.

“You programmed me!” I called out, accusing and shrill.

“That’s right. I did, and it’s working perfectly.”

What else would she force me to do?

I didn’t have any answers, so I could only focus on the one thing in front of me: winning the beauty pageant.

* * *

Throughout Monday, I cleaned her house.

Denise left me alone. She had to go to work, so I was just stuck in there. Sure, I could have tried to leave, but where would I go? Even with clothing, I didn’t have any money, and I shivered every time I thought about how the rest of the world would see me. Small. Vulnerable. Sure, there would probably be a lot of people out there who would want to help me, for a price.

A price I wasn’t willing to pay.

Or was I?

Occasionally, I thought about what it would be like to go hitchhiking. I would stick out my thumb, and I was certain lots of guys would want to pick me up. But what would happen next?

They would hold me down? They would take whatever they wanted?

Yes. Probably.

And I would be grateful for it.

No. I couldn't put myself in that position.

It seems strange to think about, but Denise didn't lock any of the doors, nor did she restrain me. She didn't need to. She could already run the calculations. She knew that I wouldn't be brave enough to step outside on my own.

At first, I thought that I would go on her computer or something, but every time I tried, this instinct took over, and my fingers would hover above the power key, but I wouldn't be able to push it. Why not? The answer became obvious.

This was another part of my reprogramming.

When I was a kid, I loved computers. I loved everything electronic. I wanted to experiment; I wanted to take apart everything and see how it all worked.

In the body of a girl, however, I kept looking around, and a different desire took hold of me. For some reason, I just wanted to clean.

I had been working on her condo all weekend, so everything was in order. The dishes were sparkling, the countertops were pristine, and the floors had been recently swept. Even so, I knew that I would only be able to relax if I cleaned again.

I'd make everything sparkle!

For a little while, maybe half an hour, I resisted the temptation. I wasn't going to do it. I wasn't going to prance around her house and clean. But then, it was boring to just sit there, and I didn't want to watch TV or go online. All I wanted to do was clean up.

So I did.

I spent the whole day cleaning her condo once again. And when I was done, I went over to the front door, I kneeled down, and I waited. Denise would be home soon.

* * *

Fortunately for me, the beauty pageant wouldn't start for several more hours. It would begin later in the evening. Apparently, it wasn't one of the longer competitions. She had me shower. She had me shave my legs, and then she sat me down. She watched as I brushed my hair and applied my makeup. I put it all on to the best of my ability.

And when I finished, I looked back at my reflection.

I probably wasn't an expert by any means, but I thought that any mistakes I made might actually make me seem more natural? More wholesome?

In any case, she dropped a bag at my feet. "This is for you."

I picked it up, and just as I was about to unzip the top of the bag, she shook her head and said, "No. It's a surprise."

That didn't sound good.

"Fine."

“Remember, you don’t want to sound like a brat.”

Exhaling through my nose, I nodded my head again. This was going to be difficult.

She brought me back down to the parking lot. At the moment, I was wearing a simple skirt, leggings, and a tight little blouse. Frankly, I thought I looked more like a secretary, but this was what she wanted me in for when I arrived.

We ended up at a building downtown. Denise signed me in like I couldn’t do it for myself, and then she escorted me down a long hallway. We went into what had once been a conference room but had now been converted into a set of makeup stations and dressing rooms.

“Do your best. And remember, even if you lose, I’m sure someone will want you.”

That’s when I sat down, and I looked around. It was time to get dressed.

* * *

I asked the other girls what we were going to be doing. The first one looked at me like I was an idiot. But then the second one, a blonde with curly hair smiled at me. “First time competing?”

“Something like that,” I agreed.

“Don’t worry about it. You’ll do great. Just remember, the first part is the interview, then there is the bathing suit competition, followed by the talent demonstration, and then the final winners are announced.”

“I see,” I said. Even as I spoke, however, I could feel the nervous energy gather right in my stomach. Talent competition? What did that mean?

* * *

The interview.

Fortunately for me, I didn’t have to go first.

From offstage, the girls who were waiting to be interviewed could watch the proceedings. I did so, at least at first. Jessica, a girl with dark red hair stepped out first. She had on a lovely, silver gown. She held her hands in front of her as she looked out at the audience.

Initially, she waved to someone in the audience. The announcer asked about that, and they joked around for a little bit. It was definitely inane. It was silly.

Even so, I focused on her intonations, the way she tilted her head, how she stood there. All the while, I thought of the pointers that’s Denise had given me.

As I listened, my stomach kept doing little flip-flops. I couldn’t ignore the dread that was coiled deep inside of me. It felt like I might throw up at any moment. Yes, that

wasn't sexy, but I didn't know how to be sexy. I didn't know how to be adorable or desirable. Throughout my life, I got ahead through hard work and intellect. The idea of convincing strangers to like me because of a few brief answers and how I looked in a bathing suit just didn't make any sense.

Unfortunately, I had to go out there eventually.

"Next, we have Christie!" The announcer sounded excited to meet me, just as he injected that same energy into every other thing he said.

I felt plain as I stepped out onto the stage. Bright lights shone down on me.

I did my best to smile. I probably didn't do a great job of it.

Making my way forward, I waved politely.

"Christie, it's nice to meet you," said the announcer.

I blanked. I blanked on his name. Every other contestant had known his name.

"Thank you. I'm happy to be here," I said. I came off as stiff, formal. Already, the judges were writing down little notes.

"Christie, tell me what you would like to contribute to society over the course of your life."

I didn't look at the announcer. He was generic, some reasonably handsome guy holding a microphone. Instead, I looked back out at the audience. Strangely enough, I could only see their silhouettes.

But they were out there, people. They were watching me, studying me, evaluating me. They were creating snap judgments of me.

"Well, I want to make the world a better place through the application of science and engineering. I think I have a lot to contribute."

After every other answer, the audience had clapped. Not for me. In fact, it seemed like different members were glancing back at one another, like they didn't even know what to make of my response. My throat tightened, and I could feel the heat gather along the palms of my hands. Not only that, my eyes started to water.

"Oh, well, that is lovely," said the announcer.

He cleared his throat. It took another couple of seconds to get his next question ready. Was he sabotaging me? Had he decided that he already didn't like me?

This wasn't fair.

As a scientist, I was used to dealing with meritocratic questions.

This wasn't anything close to that.

"Christie, tell me about your hobbies."

I inhaled. I wanted to say the truth. Obviously, I wouldn't tell him about Denise or what she had done to me, but I could be honest about how I enjoyed the logic puzzles and mathematical equations. Or if I wanted to be a little bit more relatable, I could go on about some of my favorite TV shows and how they raised fascinating philosophical questions.

I didn't do anything like that.

Because something occurred to me. This wasn't just a beauty competition. No. It was designed to assess my performance capabilities. These people, they all wanted to see me play a role.

As that idea hit me, I knew I didn't have any choice. I reached up, and I started to twirl some loose strands of hair around my finger. I bit down on my lower lip dramatically, and that's when I started to speak. "I like to read magazines and stuff? You know, magazines about fashion and makeup and how to be a good friend?"

This time around, the audience did applaud. It was a little bit tepid, but it was better than nothing.

I felt like I was making up some ground.

"And what you think it means to be a good friend?"

Truthfully, I couldn't tell if that was an actual question or if the announcer decided to help me out. Either way, I could do this. "I think that being a good friend is all about helping out? I think that being a good friend means doing whatever it takes to make sure that you are loyal and friendly?" Yeah! I made sure to turn back to the audience, and I waved. I did the same toward the judges.

They nodded their heads. One of the guys was smiling back at me.

And that was it.

* * *

When it came to the bathing suit competition, I put on my bikini, and I felt so exposed. My breasts were pretty much hanging out, and the bottom piece did very little to cover anything.

People wanted to see me like this. They wanted to run their eyes up and down the length of my body. They would judge me or enjoy me.

I really did feel like a piece of meat. I was a toy, an ornament.

But I didn't have any choice. Unless I wanted Denise to sell me off, I had to win.

The girls headed out, one at a time.

I don't know how the order was determined. But then, the announcer said my name, and the syllables echoed through the chamber, and I walked out. I was in high

heels. Fortunately for me, Denise had forced me to practice. My legs were gorgeous, trim and perfect. My stomach was flat. As I moved forward, I made sure to wave and blow little kisses. Turning my head from side to side, I showed the audience and the judges the sheen of my dark brown hair.

I looked good, sweet, and mostly wholesome.

Over the course of a few steps, I demonstrated that I could be the sexy girl next door, the one that guys could lust after without feeling guilty.

Then it was time to just stand there.

* * *

In the first couple of seconds, I really didn't mind turning my body from side to side, determining exactly how much I had to bend forward or show off my cleavage and reveal the contours of my ass, then it all started to wear on me. This wasn't right. But there was nothing I could do because I wanted to win. I needed that money.

I needed to show Denise that I really could be transformed into a silly girl.

While I hated what Denise had done to me, I truly loathed the idea that all the strangers were judging me. It wasn't fair!

One by one, we were lined up, and then we stepped forward, and we would walk, twist about, and then head back to our spot in the row of attractive girls. It was my turn, and I smiled. I did my best to look inane, like some silly girl. By this point, my eyes had adjusted somewhat to the glare, so I could make out the different faces. A few of them smiled. They were definitely enjoying my body.

Exhaling, I blew them all a big kiss, and then I hopped up, making my breasts bounce. I nearly stumbled when I landed on my high heels, but that was okay. The audience seemed to enjoy this. They liked knowing that I couldn't really move around all that well. Maybe it made me more relatable. I don't know.

* * *

I got my score. I didn't do the math, and I didn't think about how it would affect my ultimate chances of winning.

Because really, I didn't think I would.

Yes, I wanted to show Denise that I deserved my freedom. But really, I didn't have any practice that this sort of thing. I was a newcomer. Not only that, I hated this. Unlike all of the other girls, I didn't want to be there.

All of my smiles were fake. Every time I waved or blew a kiss, I only did it because I thought it might improve my chances ever so slightly.

But then came the talent portion of the competition.

This would be the last part.

I went back through the duffel bag Denise had given me, and then I found the bright blue, pleated skirt, the matching top with the narrow straps, and I held it up. When I looked at the outfit, I didn't understand, not at first.

Then it finally dawned on me. She wanted me to put on a cheerleading uniform.

Although Denise wasn't there, I shook my head. "No, no way," I whispered, low enough so that none of the other girls could hear me. Even if they had, it wouldn't have made much difference. They were all focused on their own routines and performances.

What the hell did Denise expect me to do?

This was another test, I realized. She didn't even tell me about it, but she gave me this outfit, and she expected me to perform. I hated myself for doing it, but I pulled on the little cheerleading outfit. Once it was on, I looked down at the bottom of the duffel bag, and I found a pair of matching bows.

My outfit was mostly blue, but it was still incredibly feminine. Everything about this made me feel small and helpless. Finally, I put on a pair of sneakers. They hugged my small feet. At least that was something, I reflected.

They called my name, I went out there, and I didn't know what I was going to do.

"Are you ready?" The announcer sounded amused.

I probably looked terrified, like I was going to lose control at any moment.

"Yes," I said, doing my best to sound as strong as possible. "I'm ready!"

He turned on some music, and that's when I did it.

I started to dance.

I gave into instinct. It felt like something I had learned long ago, muscle memory.

It started with me running forward, jumping and doing a quick little flip. As I moved, I could feel the cold air run along my bare legs. My panties flashed out to the audience. And when I landed, they all laughed. I threw my arms up into the air, I spun around, I kicked, and I did another little flip.

I did my best to stop thinking, to just trust in the rhythm and my own body. Because this was who I had become. This was who Denise had turned me into. I was a cheerleader!

Before I realized what was happening, I started laughing and giggling as I bounced around.

I called out to the audience, asking them to clap along with me. They set up a rhythm, and they were cheering me on while I danced for their amusement.

Finally, I came to the end of the routine. My heart jumped again, and I was already hot.

I could stop right then. I knew it.

But if I did, I wouldn't impress the judges. I needed to show them that I could handle this, that I deserved to be there winner. I ran forward, and I did a handstand, leaping from my feet to my wrists and back again. I shifted, and the world blurred around me. And I landed in the middle of the stage, I lifted my hands once again, and I bowed, showing off my cleavage for them.

I got a standing ovation.

* * *

They called out the finalists. I was one of them.

Now it was down to just three girls, me and two others.

"And our final winner is," the announcer says, holding out a piece of paper. He let the pause linger, stretching on. In spite of myself, I had my elbows pressed against my sides, and I was bobbing up and down nervously. The excitement tingled through the air, making everything feel electric.

"Jasmine!"

Jasmine. Not Christie. Not me.

Because it's expected, I hugged the other girl as she started to cry. I started clapping.

What, what does this mean?

* * *

Denise met me outside. "I found someone for you," she says.

I opened my mouth, and I started to say something, but she cut me off before I could get through the second syllable. With one finger, she touched my mouth. "Shush."

I found myself silent as she took me by the hand. She led me outside, and there was a young man waiting for me. My mouth went dry. My throat clenched.

"David, this Christie. Christie here has something she would like to tell you."

I do?

But this was a command phrase. It triggered something within my body. I don't know how the science works, but it doesn't really matter because the effect was clear. I got down on my knees, and people were still passing by. I looked up at David, and I told him, "Sir, I would love to be your obedient slave girl. Take me. I'm yours!"

My eyes got big, and I looked over at the Denise for just a second, but she was busy reaching down into her purse. She took something out, a collar, a dog collar!

“Are you ready to pay for her?”

David looked down at me. He grabbed my hair, turned my face from side to side as he evaluated me. “Assuming there aren’t any surprises, yes. I’m looking forward to owning her.”

He took the collar from Denise, and then he looped it around my neck.

“You can have an hour with her,” Denise said. “After that, I will want your final decision.”

* * *

He took me to a hotel.

As we drove, I told myself that I just needed to talk to him, that I can tell him the truth, and maybe he will let me go. But every time I open my mouth to make the attempt, I stop. I hesitate, I seal my lips, and then I wait a little bit longer.

I go through this process again and again. I just can’t help myself. Every time I try to talk to him, I can’t to do it.

Then we are alone in the hotel room. It’s a nice place. The bed looks clean, I walk into the center of the room, and I stand there, my hands held behind my back.

I’m on display again.

“My oh my, you really are a beautiful girl. It’s a shame you didn’t win.”

“I came close,” I answered, my voice quivering.

“Those things are all rigged. I could have let you win if I wanted to, but I decided that I wanted you for myself.”

He grinned at me, and a look of horror crossed my face, but it’s too late because David grabbed me by my hair, he pulled my head back, and then he kissed me. His mouth is soft, warm, and oh so hot. I begin to melt against him. He touched me, and I can feel the bulge of his pants against my body. I want him.

“Strip for me. Slowly.”

I do just that. I take my time as I work the zippers and buttons of my outfit. I kick off my shoes, first the left one, then the right. I peel away my tights. Soon, I’m naked in front of him, and he circles me, just as Denise has done many times.

“Are you ready to become my little sex slave?”

“Yes, sir,” I answer. I make it all sound terrific. I can’t help myself. It feels right. It feels natural.

“Good girl.”

He grabs me again, he pushes me over onto the bed, and I'm immediately under him. "Let's see what you can do," he says. "Denise has already told me about your mouth. I want to see what you're like down here."

He slides his hand between my legs, and my body is ready for him. He fingers me, sliding his digits deep into my body, and I am already so wet. He pushes forward and pulls back. I'm on the verge of an orgasm when he stops.

"Yes, I think you're going to do very nicely. Denise told me that you know how to cook and clean. You are going to be perfect."

I'm down on my hands and knees. I try to roll over onto my back, but that isn't how he wants it. No, he wants me on all fours. He wants to take me like I'm an animal.

I hear the zipper of his pants. He takes out his cock, and he pushes forward, thrusting into me. My eyes widen. I can't hide. I can't deny the truth of what is happening as he takes me. He penetrates me hard.

He's rough. He grabs my waist. His fingers dig down into my skin. There might be bruises later. He smacks my ass, just because he can.

"That's right. Take it. Take it, slut," he orders.

And I do.

I'm actually grateful as he penetrates me. He pumps me, harder and faster. This is quick. It's dirty. It's all about his pleasure.

Even so, I soon climax once, then twice.

For some reason, I like it. I like it when he pulls my hair and when he slaps my thigh. I savor the pain as it mixes with the pleasure.

He works me harder and faster until he can't take it anymore. He surrenders to his own orgasm, and he's working me. With every thrust, I can feel the way his cock pulsates.

When he's done, he pulls back, and I fall onto my side.

"I'll make the call. Denise will be so happy," he says with a little sneer. "Go get a shower. I want you clean and on your knees and ready to suck me off when I come back," he says, pulling his pants back on. He already has his phone out, and he's leaving the hotel room.

Once I'm alone, I know that this is my last chance to try to escape. I look back at the door. I look over at the hotel room phone. I could call for help. I don't.

Because I know my place. Instead go over to the bathroom, and I get ready to take a shower. I belong to this man now. I'm his slave.

Somewhere deep down, I know that this is another part of my programming, but I can't bring myself to fight it. Denise taught me a lot more than just how to dance

around the stage in a cheerleading uniform. She built this instinct within me, this understanding that I'm meant for slavery.

The End