

CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

Part One

by Valerie Hope

DANNY WATSON DIDN'T STOP FOR a moment to actually care about what he did – he threw the crumbling brick as hard as he could, watching it impact against one of the long, faceless line of Plexiglas shields advancing slowly on the crowd. What started as a peaceful protest for women's rights, for their bodily autonomy and the narrowing of the wage gap, now exploded into violence as the city's riot troops stepped in to round up the protestors. Danny never considered himself to be a violent person, far too intelligent to succumb to mob mentality – but when the first tear gas rounds exploded in the crowd, something in him just accepted the reality of it all. His slender frame stood out front, eyes wild and watering from the billowing clouds of gas, hurling insults and bottles at the very forefront.

He continued to shout half-roared rhetoric even as the police dragged him down to the unforgiving pavement, kneeling roughly on his back while they enclosed his wrists in zip-ties and hustled him back, behind the line of advancing police, towards a line of waiting vans. They dumped him unceremoniously in the back, his Miranda rights barked at him beneath a muffling Lexan shield of a riot helmet.

Four other men in various states of disarray squatted against the sides of the van's interior, panting and groaning from their mistreatment. Danny rolled onto his knees and gave each of them the eye in turn, from the hulking brute of a man with the wild tangled beard nearest the front all the way to the obese, bespectacled teenager with piggish eyes and acne closest to him.

"Hey," Danny breathed roughly to his fellow detainees. "Danny."

"Nick," the bearded giant said from the back. "You okay?"

"Kinda roughed up, but nothing's broken."

"Good. Anybody get video?" another man asked, this one a tall and lanky runner-type with limp ginger hair.

"Hundreds of people," Danny answered. "Phones everywhere."

"Cool," the ginger said, self-satisfied. "My lawyer will get us all off with that footage."

"Not if they black it all out," the chubby guy with the thick glasses said. "Did any of y'all see that trailer behind the line of vans? Broad-spectrum jammer. Fouls mobile phones like crazy. Even if any of 'em got anything useable, they won't be able to post it anywhere."

"Isn't that illegal?" Danny asked.

The fat man snorted wetly, a trickle of blood leaking from one nostril. "Those guys are the law."

"You seem to know a lot about it," Nick said. "What's your name?"

"Kenny," the obese man said. "I used to work for a telecom company. This kind of stuff was in development for years, for use by the military. It was only a matter of time before the cops got it."

Danny looked around at the others. "Anybody got any other ideas?"

“Take the arrest,” a skinny, hatchet-faced man with a pretty deep gash on one cheek said quietly. “Once we get to processing, then we get the chance to defend ourselves. Anything we do now will just get us beaten up more. These cops are running on pure adrenaline. Best to wait until everybody settles down.”

“Smart move,” the ginger runner said, nodding. “I’m Jeff, by the way.”

“Brandon,” the skinny guy said.

The doors of the van flung open once again, and two riot police tossed in a sixth, a badly-beaten black man with a sleeve tattoo and one eye swollen shut. His clothes dripped with water. Danny did his best to help the man up while one of the cops banged twice on the side of the van loudly, shouting “full up.” The van’s doors slammed shut and the vehicle lurched forward, causing the bound men to sway dangerously.

“They really got you good, man,” Danny told the newcomer. “You okay?”

He laughed roughly. “The cops didn’t do this,” he chuckled. “I ate a concrete barricade. Motherfuckers turned the water cannon on us, blew me back like ten, fifteen feet.”

“What’s your name?” Jeff asked.

“Chris,” he said.

“Hey, guys, something’s not right,” Kenny said. “The van was pointed east when they threw us in. The precinct is west of here. They should’ve turned around.”

“Did you feel like we were going up a second ago?” Brandon asked. “Felt to me like we were getting on the freeway.”

“Where the fuck are they taking us? Did they set up a facility or something?” Chris asked.

“No way,” Kenny said. “They wouldn’t have had the time. This thing blew up too quick.”

“So, where? What’s east of downtown?” Nick asked.

“Industrial stuff,” Danny spoke up. “Factories. A couple schools, some strip-mall suburban shit, but it’s primarily shut-down heavy industry.”

“You sure?” Nick asked.

“Yeah,” Danny said. “I’m a realtor. I know the city pretty well.”

The van bumped and swayed its way along for a long time without turning or veering in any direction. Kenny counted to himself softly as they went. “We’re not in town any more,” he said finally. “If Brandon’s right and this is the freeway, you gotta figure we’re going seventy miles an hour. It’s been six minutes, at a little over a mile a minute, that’s probably six and a half miles by now. We’re in the suburbs for sure.”

“Good thing we brought a calculator,” Chris joked.

“Sorry, can’t help it,” Kenny said. “High school math teacher.”

“What were you doing at the protest?” Nick asked.

“Just felt kinda strongly about it, didn’t have anything else to do,” he answered. “Thought I’d show up and march, y’know? Pad out the numbers?”

“Me, too,” Danny said. “Just wanted to help make a good showing.”

“I was there to meet girls,” Nick laughed, causing chuckles all around.

“What about you, Chris?”

“Not a big fan of the cops,” he said. “When I heard shit was getting pushy, I headed down to see if I could get phone video or help out.”

“Jeff?” Kenny asked.

“Walking home from the library, if you can believe it,” he said. “I was just trying to stay the hell out of it. But this one cop shot a rubber bullet at me and I just got pissed.”

They felt the lurching sensation of the van slowing, and the descent as it took an exit. After a few more tense minutes, the van stopped and they heard the front two doors open and shut, then some muffled voices from outside. The men strained to hear what was said, but only inarticulate mumbles filtered through to their confined ears.

“What do you think’s going on?” Kenny whispered to Danny.

“No idea,” Danny replied. “Sounds like there’s a bunch of them out there, though.”

“Just remember, everybody,” Chris announced to everyone assembled, “only one word ever comes out of your mouth once those doors open. Anybody says shit to you, you answer ‘lawyer.’”

“Got it,” Jeff said. “And everybody stick together. We need witnesses.”

A small squeak heralded the opening of the back door, causing tension to ripple through the bodies of the detained men like a wave. As Danny drew in breath to speak, the door opened, letting in a harsh rectangle of searing sunlight which made them all squint painfully and recoil.

“Lawy—“ Danny tried to bellow, only to be drowned out by a metallic *clink* as something small hit the floor of the van. The door slammed shut immediately, and an acrid scent and taste filled the men’s nostrils. The little canister of gas hissed away between them, filling the van with choking fumes which pried consciousness from their minds, leaving them slumped against one another listlessly. They never felt the ungentle hands that lifted them, one by one, and moved them into the blinding sunlight.

Danny awoke after an uncertain span of time, his throat-cracking thirst the only indication that any time had passed at all. He lay on a hospital-style gurney, his arms and legs restrained, lacking the energy to fight against his bonds at all, much less succeed.

A skinny man with thick glasses and a white lab coat passed into Danny’s field of vision, regarding him with detachment in such a way that made Danny feel more like a specimen and less of a human being.

“Oh, good. You’re awake,” the man said.

“Lawyer,” Danny croaked.

“No, doctor,” the man corrected with a wry grin.

“I want a lawyer, asshole,” Danny corrected.

"Maybe you'll get one," the doctor smiled. "You never know until we're finished."

"Call me a lawyer," Danny said.

"Okay, you're a lawyer," the doctor said, obviously amused at his own wit. "Now, this is getting tedious. I really must insist that you shut up, now."

He turned to an unseen assistant. "This one's ready for processing," he said loudly, indicating Danny with a pointed finger. "Feel free to gag him like you did the other one, he just keeps demanding counsel. Apparently, the fresh meat hatched themselves a plan in the back of the transport."

The doctor wandered away, checking something on a tablet computer, only to be replaced in Danny's field of vision by a large, unsmiling Latino with pockmarked cheeks and close-cropped hair. He released something on the gurney with a loud *clank* and the ceiling began to move, letting Danny know he was being rolled somewhere. The man pushing him whistled faintly as he pushed.

Before Danny could open his mouth to speak, the man reached into a tray at the head of the bed and lifted out a small card. Danny recognized his driver's license as the man turned it over in his meaty hand. "Daniel Allen Watson. Thirty-two years old, lives at 1203 Kepler," he said amusedly. "How you feeling, there, Mr. Watson?"

"Lawyer," Danny croaked.

The man snorted. "Shit, Doc was right, y'all all sound like broken records. Say 'lawyer' again, motherfucker, and I'm gonna shove something down your throat and tape it there."

Danny started to protest, but thought better of it. "What's happening? Where are we?"

"You're being rolled down a hallway," the man said. "And you're here. Any other questions?"

"Am I under arrest?"

"Arrest? Do I look like a cop?" the man chuckled. "Fuck, no. You're just new meat. You're property, now. You're gonna do what you're told or you're gonna wish you had."

"And what am I told?" Danny rasped.

"You're told to shut the fuck up," the man replied. Danny considered replying, but closed his mouth with a nervous sigh.

The man laughed aloud. "That's good, there, meat. You learn fast."

The gurney stopped in a large, open room – industrial lighting hung from bare roof girders above them, all prefabricated by the look of it – and the man left. Danny rolled his eyes left to right for a long period, trying to see if he was being observed, before he dared to open his mouth.

"Hey," he whispered. "Is there anybody else here?"

"Danny, is that you?" a voice answered. "It's me, Kenny."

"Oh, thank God," Danny said. "Do you know where we are?"

"I think it's some kind of warehouse," Kenny replied in a hoarse whisper. "There was some doctor, a real asshole, and then this guy who wheeled me in here. I kept asking for a lawyer, so he

taped a gag in my mouth. He only took it out just a few minutes before you showed up. I've been afraid to say anything else."

"I saw the same thing," Danny said. "What did they gas us with? I can barely move."

"Me neither," Kenny said. "Danny, I'm scared. I don't think the cops have shit to do with this any more."

"Yeah, I get that impression, too," Danny confirmed. "Listen, remember what Jeff said before they took us out of the van. Stick together. I've got your back, you've got mine. We just have to play it safe until we figure out what's going on."

"Yeah," Kenny said, sounding relieved.

"First thing, we have to try and figure out a way to get word to somebody outside here," Danny told him. "You got any family? Somebody who's gonna miss you if you don't show up?"

Kenny sighed. "No, man, it's summer vacation. Nobody's gonna miss me until inservice training starts in August. I don't have any family, not a lot of friends. I'm kind of a homebody. You?"

"No family either," Danny said. "I work alone, I'm on the go all the time... some drinking buddies, here and there, and some friends from college, but nobody that'll think twice if I don't contact them for a while."

"What about the cops?"

"I still can't help thinking they're the ones who got us into this mess," Danny told him. "What about this lawyer we're all yelling for? You got an attorney?"

"Shit, no. I'm a teacher," Kenny said. "You think I can afford a lawyer?"

"There's an attorney who handles all our contracts at my firm," Danny said. "Maybe I could get word to him, somehow. They took my phone, probably took everybody's. We'll have to think of some other way."

"Maybe the other guys will have some ideas," Kenny said. "We just have to wait for them to show up."

"That's *if* they show up," Danny said. "We have no idea if we're gonna be kept in one spot, together."

"This is fucking bleak, man," Kenny said.

"But hey – there's two of us," Danny said, forcing a bright side. "That's one more guy than we had a second ago, right?"

"Yeah," Kenny said. He breathed out a long, pent-up breath. "I'm really glad you're here, Danny."

"Likewise."

They heard a door open and quieted immediately. Danny tried to crane his neck to see – the noise came from behind him, above his head – but the weakness prevented more than just a feeble twitch of his head. This gurney boasted a squeaky wheel. It came to rest somewhere to Danny's left. Danny waited until the heavy clomp of the Latino's boots faded and the door slammed shut before he dared to speak.

"Who's there?" he asked.

"Danny? Oh, thank God. It's me, Jeff."

"Good to hear your voice, man," Danny said. "Kenny's in here with us, too."

"We were just trying to figure out somebody we could try to get word to," Kenny said.

"I'm the wrong guy," he said. "I just moved here a month ago. I don't know anybody."

"Jesus, guys, did they pick us out specifically because we don't have families?" Kenny asked.

"There were tons of people at that protest getting arrested. It can't be a coincidence that all of us wound up in the same van and got brought here."

"This isn't the cops," Jeff said. "They're the ones who arrested me, sure. They cuffed me and read me my rights, same as you guys, but the guys who threw me in the back – they weren't wearing badges. I was trying to get numbers, y'know. No badges. Not even uniforms, now that I think about it. More like coveralls."

"Holy shit," Danny said. "Any logos, shit like that?"

"Not that I could see," Jeff told him. "At first, I thought they were just there on overtime or something, some kind of auxiliary unit, maybe even volunteers. But now I'm starting to think that we got given to some other agency."

"This is getting darker and darker," Kenny said.

"Just breathe, Ken," Danny said. "Don't get spun up. It looks like they're keeping us together, at any rate. Once Brandon, Nick and Chris show up, we can start trying to make a plan."

"That's a big assumption," Kenny muttered.

"Man, I feel rough," Jeff told them. "Whatever was in that gas, it kicked the shit out of me."

"Yeah, you and me both," Danny said.

"Or else they dosed us with something while we were sleeping," Kenny added. "I always get site reactions when I'm injected, and my left thigh burns like a motherfucker."

"Seriously? Drugging us against our will? No way is this cops," Jeff said. "They're some fascist bastards, that's for damn sure, but even they don't try crap like this."

"Shut up, guys, here comes someone else," Danny said, hearing the faint trace of heavy footsteps in the hallway beyond. Another silent interlude, of the slamming door and heavy tread, the locking of the gurney brakes and the silent, plodding retreat back to the slamming door, before they opened up, waiting less time now that they had some familiarity with the routine.

"Man, am I glad to hear you guys," Nick said, palpable relief in his voice.

"Did you say you already had a lawyer, back in the van?" Jeff asked.

"Yeah, I got one," Nick replied. "What about it?"

"We have to figure out some way to get word to him," Danny told him. "We have to let somebody know what happened, where we are."

"Tell me you have a family out there, or some friends who'll miss you," Kenny half-pleaded.

“Not me,” Nick said. “I work from home and keep weird hours. No family and no time to hang out with anybody.”

“Okay, so Kenny’s probably right,” Jeff said. “We were picked out because we don’t have people out there to wonder where we are. Four times, that’s no coincidence. Bet that Chris and Brandon tell us the same thing when they show up.”

“Yeah, you’re probably right,” Danny said, a little defeated. The scope of the struggle to stay positive and optimistic dawned on his drug-fogged mind, how much energy it required. This adventure would exhaust him before it finished.

“Hey, wait a second,” Danny said suddenly, an idea breaking through. “What the hell was that protest about, anyway? I mean, exactly. Who was getting protested?”

“I just read on Twitter about it,” Nick said. “Women’s rights, that’s all I remember.”

“It would have to be more specific than that,” Danny said. “Anybody?”

“Some company,” Jeff interjected. “I can’t remember what the name was, or what they did to cause all this uproar.”

“It was UltraGyne,” Kenny supplied. “Pharmaceuticals, I think, or biotech. They make fertility drugs and the press got wind of the fact that they were canceling the policy of paid maternity leave for their female employees. Some folks did some digging around, found a bunch of pay inequality and a shit-ton of sexual harassment claims that got swept under the rug. They were about to go public, the stock looked to open seriously high. This protest really hit them in the wallet.”

“That explains all the high-tech gas and drugs,” Danny said. “Their interns can probably cook that shit up for them. But what the fuck do they want with us?”

“We’re not gonna find that out staring at the ceiling, and none of us are suddenly gonna know,” Jeff told them. “We need to quit wasting time on questions we can’t answer and focus on questions we can. Like, where the fuck are we? What’s nearby? If we get out of here, where can we run? How many people are here on staff? What are we up against?”

“Good strategy,” Nick said. “I know that kind of thinking. Where did you serve?”

“Afghanistan, two tours. Army,” Jeff replied.

“Two rotations in Iraq. Marines,” Nick replied. “Chris had a Navy tattoo on his arm, I remember that. Anybody else?”

“Army,” Danny said. “Long time ago, before 9/11. I never left U.S. soil. I was in it for the G.I. bill.”

“Air Force,” Kenny told them. “A billion years ago, but I used to fit into a uniform. Before I discovered stuffed crust pizza and the wonderful world of no exercise.”

“Anybody see combat?” Danny asked.

“Nope,” replied Nick. “Radar operator.”

“Mechanic,” Jeff told them.

“Computer jockey,” Kenny added.

“Administrative,” Danny said. “So, no G.I. Joes with kung-fu grip to come save the day. I doubt that Brandon or Chris will have anything different to say. I think we got vetted, guys. I think they picked us out for a reason. There’s too many coincidences. Too many things we all have in common. These guys, whoever they are, they were looking for guys like us.”

“Agreed,” Kenny said.

“Guys, quiet. Here comes another one.”

The door slammed and another silent delivery of a gurney came and went. The men began talking as soon as the door slammed. “Guys, is everybody okay?” Brandon asked.

“Yeah, we’re good.”

“Keep it zipped, okay? Chris is right behind me. We woke up at the same time, along with some other guys named Sumir and Dustin. I got taken through this door, Sumir and Dustin got taken through another one. We were all arrested at the protest.”

They clammed up just long enough for the final gurney – Chris – to be wheeled into the huge warehouse and for the Latino’s steps to retreat back to the telltale slam of the door. Breathlessly, in rushed whispers, the original occupants brought the newcomers up to speed on everything they’d deduced about the military service and lack of families, about UltraGyne and the protest.

“None of this makes any sense,” Brandon said. “I mean, it all fits, but fits into what? Why us?”

“I have an idea about that,” Nick said. “I’ve been thinking while y’all were talking. I don’t think it’s our military backgrounds that got us singled out, chosen for this. I mean, how many veterans do you think showed up at that protest?”

“So, what, then?” Chris asked.

“Any of you guys get your benefits through the VA?”

All of them snorted derisively. “Fuck, no,” Danny said. “I’d like to, y’know, see a doctor occasionally.”

“So what did you do instead?” Nick went on. “Five gets you ten, you signed up for the Veteran’s Assistance Program, just like me.”

“What about it? Lots of people did,” Kenny said.

“Think about it,” Nick said. “There weren’t a lot of choices on the plan, right? I remember when I first moved to this city, I had to pick a GP off their list, and there were only, like, seven names. How much you wanna bet we all go to the same damned doctor?”

“Dr. Warren,” Danny said.

“Dr. Warren,” Kenny said simultaneously.

“Yeah,” Chris said. “Dr. Warren.”

“That son of a bitch,” Jeff put in. “But how would he know we were gonna be at the protest?”

“He wouldn’t,” Brandon said. “There was no way he could know. But did you install the plan app on your phones, like I did?”

“Of course, it lowered my deductible,” Nick put in. “You think they were tracking us?”

“Wouldn’t be the first time that the military screened their personnel without their knowledge,” Kenny said. “They used to run all kinds of tests on recruits under the guise of the physical. I know they took a shit-ton of blood from me that first week, said they were doing genetic testing for diseases. I was nineteen and stupid as fuck, I just nodded and let them.”

“And then what?”

“Well, obviously, they sold that information to somebody. There’s got to be some reason we’re all here. Other than military service and no immediate family, we don’t have shit else in common,” Brandon said.

Without warning or preamble, the lights in the warehouse clicked off, leaving them in darkness. The gurneys tilted, lowering the men’s feet until they all faced a large LCD monitor on a small pedestal that clicked on a few moments after they changed position. An older man’s face appeared the portrait of pampered money and the good health it bought.

“Good afternoon, gentlemen,” the man said from the monitor. “Welcome to The Program. We’re delighted to have you here.”

“Who the hell is this guy?” Nick asked aloud. There was no reaction from the face on the monitor, so it wasn’t a live feed or two-way communication.

“Your participation in The Program is very valuable,” the man went on. “I hope that you will cease resisting The Program shortly and work hard to advance it. It serves a very valuable purpose, which you will discover shortly.”

“I don’t like the sound of this,” Chris said.

“Me, neither,” added Kenny.

“Ever since your military service, we have been keeping an eye on you. All of you possess a very rare genetic predisposition, present in just one percent of the male population. Your participation in the recent civil unrest simply provided us with an excuse to bring you in,” the man told them.

“We’ve been bringing men like you into The Program for about six years now,” he went on. “In its early days, we made lots of mistakes and wrong turns. But now, I can assure you, The Program is as close to perfection as it can possibly be. It works without a hitch, so none of you have anything to worry about.”

The monitor clicked off and the lights came back on. For just a brief moment, before the LCD lost power, a logo flashed on the screen – a triangle circumscribed point-downwards inside a circle, with some kind of stylized flower in the center. Before they could compare notes, however, their eyes adjusted to the return of the harsh overhead lights and revealed the presence of several figures in clean-suits, all an nondescript yellow, with anodized face-plates that obscured any features beneath them.

The figures moved forward as a unit, each bearing a small tray covered with a white cloth. The in-and-out hiss of their respirators provided an eerie, Darth Vader-esque vibe to their movements. One faceless figure took a place beside each restrained man, helpless on the tilted gurneys, and drew back the cloth on the tray to reveal three filled syringes and a large injector with a pistol-grip.

Danny struggled hard against his restraints, thrashing as best he could given the weakness that drained life and fire from his muscles. “Don’t fucking touch me, you bastard!” he cried, trying to kick and spit at the yellow-clad figure next to him. Beside him, Kenny feebly repeated “Lawyer!” as he’d been instructed. But no appeal, no threat got through to the faceless figures. One by one, the figure standing next to Danny injected the three syringes into his thigh, his buttock and his shoulder, then pressed the pistol-like injector behind his right ear and implanted something that made Danny cry out from a moment of searing pain.

As soon as the yellow figures stepped back, a digital garble squawked in Danny’s ear, making him bite his bottom lip at its volume and shrillness. A strange artificial voice began to sound in Danny’s head, just inarticulate monosyllables crawling up and down in tone and pitch in some otherworldly arpeggio, until it resolved into a smooth, caressing female-sounding but obviously synthetic voice.

“Program initiating. Subject Watson, Daniel A. Beginning hindbrain uplink.”

Like a spastic marionette, Danny’s limbs began to jerk and convulse. He could see through terrified, wide eyes that his fellow prisoners did the same bizarre tarantella in their own restraints. He wondered how much more his abused muscles could take, given their weakened state, before they ended as abruptly as they’d begun.

“Uplink successful,” the voice said.

“Who... what are you?” Danny hissed.

“I am Program Activation and Management Module, serial number 23-11.”

“You’re in my head?” Danny asked.

“For all practical purposes, yes,” the module replied. “Only you can hear me.”

“How is this possible?”

“I created an uplink between your nervous system and a central processor,” the module said. “I can induce impulses in your auditory nerve which your brain will interpret as sound.”

“You can control my nervous system? That’s not possible.”

“And yet, here I am,” the module responded. “I will be your guide through the various stages of The Program. Work hard and you will be rewarded. Fail and you will be punished. You will complete the Program. I will not allow you to be unsuccessful. Logic states that you will experience much less unpleasant stimuli if you do what you are told.”

“What happens when I complete this thing? Do you go away?”

“I will no longer need to exercise direct control, yes,” the module told him.

“Why?” Danny asked. “Why are they doing this?”

“Invalid question,” the module replied. “I do not have access to that data.”

“I don’t understand,” Danny said.

“No relevant data found,” the module explained. “There is no indication in the available information to adequately respond to query: ‘why.’ Query disregarded.”

“So we both do what we’re told,” Danny said. “Me, because I have to. You, because you don’t know any better.”

“I only govern your autonomic and voluntary nerve impulses,” the module told him. “I cannot influence your emotions or motivations.”

“Program *what* now? What do I call you?”

“Program Activation and Management Module, serial number...”

“Fuck it, I’m just gonna call you Pam,” Danny said. “What did they inject us with?”

“Proprietary pharmaceuticals,” Pam replied. “You are not authorized to know more.”

“Well, shit, Pam, what the hell am I authorized to know?”

“You are a participant in The Program.”

“You’re a big help,” Danny snarled.

“Rest,” PAM told him. “First phase of pharmaceutical reconditioning is beginning.”

“Reconditioning of what?” Danny asked.

“Structural elements. Muscle, skeleton, tendons and ligaments,” PAM answered.

“I don’t like the sound of that.”

“Irrelevant,” PAM said simply.

“And I’m supposed to what... just sleep through this ‘reconditioning?’ I’m not allowed to know what’s happening to my own body?” Danny hissed.

“Correct,” PAM answered. “Your bodily autonomy is not your own. The Program dictates that you reconcile your thinking to that reality immediately.”

“So, that’s just a fancy way of saying I just have to get used to the idea that my body doesn’t belong to me?” Danny said. “That’s ridiculous.”

“Ridiculous or not, it is now your established reality,” PAM said. “And it is a permanent state.”

“Fuck you, machine,” Danny said. “You’re never gonna get me to accept that.”

“Then your progress through The Program will be especially unpleasant,” PAM concluded. “It’s your choice to make. But the reality will not alter to suit you. I strongly suggest that you alter yourself to suit the reality.”

“And just how the fuck am I supposed to do that?” Danny growled.

“The Program suggests that you pay attention to other things. Make this less important and other things more important. It further suggests diversion and distraction, use of recreational substances and a general lowering of that level of cognitive function.”

“Waitaminnit. I’m supposed to keep busy with other things, get stoned and try not to think about it?”

“In essence,” PAM replied. “Initial suggestion, ‘rest,’ is not being complied with. I will implement resting protocol in sixty seconds if you do not comply voluntarily.”

"You're gonna *make* me rest? And just how do you intend to do that?"

"I can extrapolate that you do not intend to comply?" PAM asked.

"You're goddamned right I don't intend to comply," Danny said. "You can go f—"

"Sixty second warning aborted. Implementing resting protocol now."

Danny's body sagged in its restraints and his head lolled to one side. The remainder of his heated imprecation died in a throat gone suddenly lax. He could barely keep his eyelids up and a long, warm string of drool escaped his bottom lip to trail over his slack jaw onto his chest.

He barely registered through his drooping eyelids a pair of yellow-suited, faceless techs come to his bedside. They adjusted the bed to take him from near-standing and dangling in his restraints to horizontal once again, then plugged his arms and legs with what felt like IVs connected to long tubes that stretched off to one side of his bed. A soft hum filled his ears.

"First phase will take approximately eight hours," PAM announced. "I suggest that you sleep, but I cannot induce that state externally and we cannot drug you due to possible interactions with the pharmaceuticals already active in your metabolism."

"Processing will begin in one hour for external memory formation," PAM went on dispassionately. "That process is significantly aided by the subject being in a state of light sleep. Compliance is strongly recommended."

Danny heard the words in his mind but registered them somewhere beneath conscious thought, giving him the unnerving feeling that PAM spoke to him on a much more visceral level, perhaps even speaking directly to his soul. The chilling, all-encompassing fear that gripped him tipped from galvanizing to overwhelming. Danny felt hot tears leaking from the corners of his eyes, sliding down his temples and into his hair.

PAM's voice seemed to soften a bit. "There, there," it said gently. "Don't cry. All will be well."

Somehow, the feeling of that cold, passionless computer voice seeming more human, trying to comfort him, made the entire nightmare even more horrific. A small, bubbling wail escaped Danny's slack lips.

"You worry too much," PAM said in this new, horrifyingly maternal voice. "You need to just let it go. Just sleep, sweetheart. Let it all go and get some sleep. You'll feel so much better when you wake up."

Danny tried to thrash and fight, but the weakness and the restraints prevented anything more than just a feeble little twitch.

"Sleep, sweetheart, just sleep," PAM soothed, chilling Danny to the bone.

Eerily, then, the voice began to sing. For a computer, PAM had an exceedingly pleasant voice, which made the entire thing all the more macabre. "Oh, when an ADPi walks down the street, she's got that 100 per from head to feet, She's got that smile, that style, that winning way, and when you look at her you'll recognize her way."

Danny tried to thrash some more, to win some pitiful vestige of freedom, but gained nothing. PAM's voice went on relentlessly in his mind. "You'll say, now there's a girl to know, She's got that Alpha Delta Pi pep and go, pep and go, to look at her sure is a treat, hard to beat, an Alpha Delta Pi..."

Slowly, almost inexorably, Danny's mind slid downwards into something resembling sleep. Memories stuck in the viscous pudding of his conscious thought – remembrances of pain, waves of nausea, computerized beeps and clicks, gloved hands against his skin – but he could not force them into any kind of meaningful context. And through it all, PAM's voice, singing strange songs to him, lulling him, making this bizarre island of comfort and predictability in the midst of chaos and agony. He found himself gravitating towards that voice, that serenity, to escape from whatever horrifying tortures his body underwent.

Finally, the movements and sensations accosting his body seemed to lessen – or perhaps he just stopped registering them – and slow to something approximating a halt. A sense of relief settled over him, and he felt for the first time that sleep might actually not be so elusive. A part of him still struggled, trying to sort through all the songs and poems and phrases that PAM whispered to him throughout the ordeal, but nothing sprang to the forefront of his mind. He remembered them, to be sure, but couldn't recall them. And a part of him wanted to recall them, almost desperately. To be able to summon that comfort and peace at will. Inwardly, he stretched for it, trying to reach, but caught only smoke and wind in his mental grasp.

Its absence bothered him deeply. Much more deeply than he cared to admit. Everything happening to him seemed like pieces of a much larger puzzle, something he both yearned and dreaded figuring out.

To Be Continued...

SUMMARY:

CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE,

by Valerie Hope

DANNY COULDN'T REMEMBER HOW LONG he clung there, in the strange place between sleep and wakefulness, while PAM sang songs and told stories in his ear. Weird, dissociated little shreds of something – could they be memories? – floated in and out of his mind, things that he seemed to remember but couldn't place, little razor-edged shards of a story which tried to fit together, but only by slicing away pieces of the established memory underneath. And above it all, an overwhelming sense of *not caring* which were real and which weren't, just a desire to be whole again.

"This one's awake," a harsh, muffled voice said. Danny's eyes snapped open, bringing a wave of dizziness and nausea, and one of the yellow-suited techs with the obscuring faceplate bent over him, making notes on a tablet computer. In the hazy background behind the faceless figure, a rack of strange-looking machines beeped and pinged, lit with strange displays and graphs.

"First phase results?" another voice from an unseen source asked, off to Danny's right.

"Excellent," the first figure replied. "It looks like a thirty-five, possibly even forty percent decrease."

"Remarkable," the unseen voice said. "This I have to see."

Another figure entered Danny's vision, clad in the same faceless, anonymous yellow suit and faceplate. This second figure moved with more animation, obviously excited, and to Danny's surprise removed the respirator and pushed the faceplate back over his hood, revealing an older man's face, full of crinkled lines and character, with thick grey eyebrows and sparkling blue eyes which promised a merry disposition. He looked Danny over from top to toe, smiling, almost bouncing with excitement.

"This is wonderful," he bubbled, giving a companionable nudge to the first yellow-clad figure.

"We've never seen results this profound in any of the other subjects."

"What other subjects?" Danny rasped, throat raw.

"Oh," the man with the face said, looking down in mild shock that one of his science experiments could actually speak. "Oh, hello, there."

"What other subjects?" Danny repeated. "My friends? Are they okay?"

He smiled disarmingly. "Of course," he said. "Every last one of them."

"What did you do to us?"

"Nothing to worry yourself about," he told him. "Just a few modifications, here and there. Would you like to see?"

Danny managed a weak nod. The man with the face gestured, and a few moments passed with the sounds and feel of movement, outside his field of vision. Finally, a full-length mirror slid into place above Danny, showing a view of his entire body. Or what was *once* his entire body.

The figure shackled to the bed, reflected back to Danny's eyes, bore no resemblance at all to the husky six foot two, two hundred thirty-five pound body that greeted him in every other reflection

he'd ever seen in his adult life. Gone were the broad shoulders and barrel chest, the thick coat of curling hair over his chest and midsection. What he saw now could not have topped five foot two, and maybe weighed a hundred or a hundred-and-ten pounds, tops. Ribs dented the skin of his flanks prominently below a small, somewhat sunken chest and wide, flaring hips. Skinny legs stretched from below, their relative diameter paired with a shorter torso to make them seem long. Between the diminished thighs hung a small, flaccid protuberance no bigger than his thumb. Smooth, unblemished and hairless skin covered him now, with just a hint of amber beneath the paleness.

"What the hell?"

"I know," the man with the face said brightly. "You're *tiny*!"

"How?"

"I won't bore you with the biochemistry," he said. "We gave you a drug that restructured your bones, muscles and fat. Redistributed some parts of it, got rid of others. And it worked better than it ever has. Even I can't believe the results, and I was part of the team that first developed it."

"Who the fuck are you?" Danny demanded.

"Oh, I'm sorry," the man said. "I'm Dr. Fletcher. And you are... Daniel Watson, yes? Pleasure to meet you."

"You have to let me the hell out of here," Danny said. "You can't keep me here!"

"I'm afraid I can," Dr. Fletcher replied calmly. "You see, you're dead. Legally speaking, that is. My colleague signed your death certificates yesterday. The van you were transported in, you see, flipped over and caught fire. No survivors. Very tragic. The remains they recovered, they all match your DNA and dental records. I think there's going to be a candlelight vigil for you later this week."

"You can't just erase a person like that."

"*Au contraire*, it's quite easy when you have a medical license and access to cadavers," Dr. Fletcher corrected. "But for all intents and purposes, you and your friends from the back of that van no longer exist. And think about it – you're furthering the cause of science and medical research in ways you can't begin to imagine. You and your friends are helping ring in the next generation of medical treatments."

"You're going to sit there and try to get me to buy that I'm saving lives? You're full of shit, mister."

"I'm sure you feel that way," he said, sliding his respirator back down over his face. His voice came out muffled once again. "But I really don't care. Now, behave yourself. I have to go and check on your companions."

"You bastard! I'm gonna kill you when I get out of here! I swear to Christ, I'm gonna..."

"Quiet," PAM said calmly in Danny's ear, and Danny's mouth snapped shut in mid-rant. No amount of mental struggle seemed to gain him any headway. Unless PAM allowed him to speak, he would not speak. The strange presence in his mind now had a frightening level of control.

"Are you able to control yourself now?" PAM asked after a few seconds.

“Yes,” Danny said flatly, eyes wide with terror.

“Good,” PAM said. “You will meet certain standards of behavior and comportment.”

“You sound like my first grade teacher,” Danny snorted.

“That may be true,” PAM replied, “which implies that you are acting like a child in the first grade.”

Danny sighed, seeing the futility of arguing with this unseen machine in his brain. “How long have I been here, PAM?” he asked dejectedly.

“Eighteen hours, nineteen minutes, eleven seconds,” PAM replied.

“And how long do you intend to keep me?”

“Until The Program is complete.”

“Is there an average time to complete The Program?” Danny asked.

“Average completion time is seventy-eight hours, twenty-six minutes and forty-one seconds.”

“A little over three days,” Danny said. “And I won’t be released until it’s over.”

“Correct,” PAM confirmed.

“Then tell me what’s next,” Danny said. “If I have to sit through the whole thing, then I just wanna get it the hell over with. Maybe I can blow your bell curve and then I can get the hell out of here.”

“Your logic is sound,” PAM said. “Phase two is mood implantation and memory. Average completion time is twelve hours, forty-eight minutes, twenty-two seconds.”

“Then let’s get started.” Danny said.

PAM stayed true to its word. By the time that Brandon, Chris, Kenny, Nick and Jeff had all awoken and been overseen by Dr. Fletcher and his faceless yellow goons, Danny had been moved from the bed and into a wheelchair with a high back, fitted with straps which held his head upright. A smaller set of machines, including a hospital IV pump, hovered over Danny’s left shoulder. Danny only dimly saw his companions as they wheeled him past, all shrunken and emaciated as he was. The biggest of them, Kenny, at nearly three hundred pounds and at least six foot four, could only have topped out at five foot six now, and only about a hundred twenty or a hundred twenty-five pounds. The formerly-massive man looked almost delicate, while at the same time still towering over the others. Nick wasn’t even as tall as Danny was now, probably only a measly five feet, and couldn’t have weighed in at over a hundred.

Danny silently tried to figure out some purpose to this insane experiment. Why would they do this? What end result were Fletcher and his goons trying to achieve? Why declare them dead? Was it just some ghastly curiosity – what would happen if I pump this drug into this person? – with no measurable result, or was all of this leading somewhere? He kept his musings internal, however, and did not give them voice. If he spoke, or wondered aloud, that would draw the unwanted attention of PAM and perhaps someone even more sinister. Danny elected to avoid that at all costs.

One of the Yellow Suits wheeled Danny into place facing an unadorned wall, locking the wheel brakes into place. Wordlessly, the person – Danny honestly couldn’t discern male from female,

so shapeless were the suits – pushed a couple syringes of unknown medication into his IV, then clamped some strange plastic boot on each foot, a VR headset that drowned out all ambient light and noise around his eyes and ears, and a corset-like device around his hairless midsection that gripped him tightly. Something attached to the belly – Danny couldn't see what, through the obscuring headset – swung down and seemed to suction-seal itself into place around his penis and testicles, enveloping them in a soft and warm hug.

Danny seemed to notice his brain become foggier and more focused at the same time. Strange test patterns – lights and tones which seemed to be warm and cheerful – flashed through his eyes and ears. The lifting of the silent darkness proved to be a very pleasant sensation. As the flashes came more rapidly, seeming to coalesce into something recognizable, Danny felt something being pushed between his lips and into his mouth. It clicked and grew warm, then seemed to mold itself around his teeth and gums while the deepest part of it seemed almost to slither down his throat like a snake, up into his nasal cavity and down in the depths of his neck. Danny dimly registered that he should be gagging, but wasn't. He might have made some mental note about it but was interrupted by the lights and sounds of the VR headset finally settling into a recognizable image of a woman's face.

"Good morning," the woman said. "You are about to begin a course of mental reconditioning. It will not hurt. You are completely safe and being well cared-for. There is no need for alarm or anxiety. It's best to be calm and breathe normally throughout the process. Everything will feel much better once you're done."

Strangely, Danny felt the dozens of tensions hidden in his body dissolve away when the woman told him to relax. His breath escaped him in a prolonged sigh.

"Excellent," the woman said with a gentle smile. "Let's begin."

"Where do you belong?" the woman asked simply. "It's not just important to know. It's vital. Knowing where you belong is the key to happiness."

What the hell is this? Danny thought. *I belonged out in the world. I had my job, my life, all of it. I knew where I belonged, and you came along and ripped me out of that. Told the world I'm dead. Now I don't belong anywhere. And that's your fault, not mine.*

"I know you feel like you don't belong anywhere any more," the woman said, seemingly reading his thoughts. "Your old self, your old life, is over. You get an opportunity that almost no one gets in a single life time – a second chance to define yourself. A second chance to figure out where you belong."

"How many times have you thought that? If I only knew then what I know now? If I had it to do all over again? You're being granted the opportunity to go back in time and fix every single regret you ever made. You get to relive your life and do it the way you wish you could have. All you have to do is figure out the answer to one question. Where do I belong?"

She's right, Danny thought. *Where do I belong?*

"There's a lot of things you might want," the woman said. "A lot of things you think could lead you to satisfaction, possibly, or wealth. Success, status, fame, any of these things. But I want you to think carefully. Think past all of that. What does anyone truly want out of life? What does everyone truly want? *Happiness*. We all just want to be happy. So as we get to the bottom of this

question, 'where do I belong?', I want you to focus and concentrate on asking yourself 'will this make me happy?' Only then will you be able to figure out where you really want to belong."

If the device in his mouth would have allowed it, Danny would have smiled. The woman – she wasn't just an image any more, in some headset, she breathed and moved and Danny could almost smell her – made perfect sense to him. She broke down one of life's toughest questions into something so beautifully simple and straightforward. He almost cried with the relief of it.

"Let's start small," the woman suggested. "What kind of life makes someone the happiest? I think that begins with the friends you have, don't you?"

Of course it does, Danny thought jubilantly.

"So now that you have a blank slate, you can completely remake all your friendships," the woman told him. "Make sure all your friends are on your side, with your best interests and your happiness at heart. You can choose friends who support you, and lift you up. You can start finding out where you belong by first pledging to belong with them."

"Isn't the thought of belonging to something together so much better and happier than belonging to something alone? Don't you want friends who are a part of something with you?"

Danny tried to nod, but the device in his mouth prevented more than just a tiny little inclination.

"With friends like that, where you all belong to the same thing, you can mount a defense against the enemy of happiness. The one thing that can bring it all crashing down around you – negativity. Negativity destroys all your sense of belonging, all your efforts at being whole and happy and healthy. Negativity is your enemy."

"Negativity comes out in all sorts of ways. It happens when the word 'can' in your vocabulary is replaced with the word 'can't.' It takes away your sense of being supported and makes you feel alone. It's only a matter of time before you stop feeling as though you belong."

Danny gasped – which seemed to allow the squirming thing in his throat to sink deeper, somehow – as the sense of *my God, she's so right* settled into his brain.

"And negativity feeds itself," the woman added. "Or rather, we feed it. It grows and gets stronger off of our negative thoughts. If we want to starve negativity out of our minds, we have to stop thinking about what can go wrong. Stop thinking about failure. Stop thinking about what stands in your way. You have to stop thinking about cost and stop thinking about hardship. You have to stop thinking about anything other than your own happiness and sense of belonging."

I have to stop thinking about a lot of things, Danny told himself. *I have to stop thinking about so much stuff, or negativity wins.*

"When we stop and think about how 'can't' makes its way into our minds to replace 'can,' what springs to mind? How does negativity get in?" the woman asked. "Competition. We open that door so often, and let negativity into ourselves through competition. Any situation where one person wins and another person loses draws negativity into ourselves. It's so childish, competing like that. It ruins everything."

"Isn't there a world where people can work together instead of against one another? Does it always have to be the football players on the field, banging into one another and trying to tear one another down, or can it be the cheerleaders on the sideline, lifting one another up, making pyramids and supporting one another?"

The woman's face took on a chiding, knowing expression. "If it came down to a choice, I know which group I'd choose."

Yes, Danny thought. *I have to stop being the player. I have to learn how to be the cheerleader.*

"That competition, that *strife*, it leads to negativity. It kills happiness. And the boys of this world, they're raised to believe it's the only way to live. You never had a chance, growing up a boy the way you did. They conditioned you to be a victim of lifelong negativity. They set you up to never be happy. And it's sad, because the answer was right in front of you the whole time. Fighting and wrestling and competing with the other boys, and you never once looked over to the sandbox or the swings on the same playground and saw the girls, working together."

The girls were right, Danny thought. *I wish I'd played with the girls.*

"But they told you it was gay, didn't they?" the woman pressed. "You couldn't be like the girls, or people would think you were gay. They'd make fun of you, they'd fight you. They'd take things away from you. And just because they believed that you would kiss a boy. Like somehow, kissing boys made someone less of a person."

"So the door slammed shut, before you were even old enough to know why," the woman said sadly. "You could never even have a taste of that togetherness, that support, that wonderful sisterhood. You had to live in constant competition, never happy, always negative, because they told you it was so wrong to want to be more like a girl. Because they told you that it wasn't worth it – that *happiness* wasn't worth it, if it meant you'd have to kiss a boy."

"But now you have a second chance. And you know where you want to belong. So now that you have it to do all over again, what will you do differently?" the woman asked with an arched eyebrow.

I'm gonna be part of the sisterhood, Danny thought in a frenetic shout, almost crying with relief at having figured it out. His life became so gloriously uncomplicated in that instant. *I'm gonna be like the girls. I'm gonna play with the girls, and be their sister, and I'm gonna kiss as many boys as I want to. I'm not gonna think about all that other stuff. I'm not gonna think about anything that doesn't make me happy. I'm gonna have best friends – girl best friends – and kiss boys and be happy and belong!*

"So that just leaves one final problem to solve, I hope," the woman said. "If you're as smart as I think you are, then you made the right decision and have chosen to be one of the girls. If you haven't, then I hope you'll listen to some more of what I have to say and maybe I can change your mind. I'm a girl – I'm not competing with you. I'm not trying to tear you down and make you less of a person like a boy would. I'm here to lift you up, to help you be happy and realize your dreams. Because that's what girls do."

"But the big problem is this," the woman said, a bit more seriously. "You never learned anything about being a girl, did you? They never let you. You wouldn't let yourself – because that would have made you gay. You stayed far, far away for a very long time and you don't have the first clue how to be a girl."

"But we're not letting negativity ruin us," she said brightly. "Girls don't do that! Instead, I'm going to help you. I'm going to lift you up and help you be happy by teaching you how to be a girl. Learn from me, do what I tell you, and you will have everything you need to be happy. And you won't

owe me anything in return. I'm not doing this so you can owe me a favor. I'm doing this because I want us to be sisters. Because we belong together."

"Now, the first thing I want to teach you about being a girl is that you learn best by doing what the other girls do. That's how we all learn, even those of us who have been girls our whole lives. So, I'm going to show you some pictures and videos of girls and we're going to learn the way all girls learn, by doing what all the other girls do. The happiest girls, the ones who belong the most, are the ones who do what the others do. Are you ready to begin?"

Danny's eyes brimmed over with joyful tears. *Of course I'm ready*, he thought. *I've been ready for years.*

Danny emerged from the VR headset bursting with enthusiasm and new ideas, having soaked in every single word and image the woman showed him. The lingering weakness in his body vanished, replaced with what seemed like a boundless store of energy. Two of the Yellow Suits came and released him from the restraints and machines, except for the stiff plastic "corset" and the boots. Only a few moments of questionable balance passed before Danny found his balance and managed a few halting steps, swinging his hips wildly and windmilling his arms to stay upright.

"Let me," PAM said. "Smaller stride. One foot directly in front of the other. Loosen up your hips."

In seconds, Danny found himself gliding along effortlessly, hands by his sides, his hips turning and swaying. The strange boots seemed to have him balanced on his toes. A circle of chairs stood behind his wheelchair where five others already sat, in similar corsets and boots, looking around nervously.

Danny remembered the woman's lessons from the headset. *Sisterhood*, he thought as he made his way over to them. *Lift each other up. Negativity kills happiness. Be a good sister, do what the others do.*

"OhmyGawd, Brandon, is that you?" Danny said brightly, rubbing the hairless shoulder of the person in the nearest chair. "Look how skinny you got! You look amazing!"

"Danny?" Brandon said, looking up in something like shock. "You're... uh... I mean, thanks."

"You all look amazing," Danny said. "Kenny, your legs! They go on for miles! And Nick, I'm so jealous of your skin! Chris, you look incredible, just like a model. Jeff, you could be a ballerina, just look at you!"

They all mumbled thanks, somewhat abashed, as Danny took his seat. "How does everybody feel?"

"Pretty good, actually," Nick said. "But Danny – your *voice*."

"What's wrong with my... oh, God!" Danny said, bursting out in a giggle and covering his mouth with both hands. "It's so high!"

"It happened to all of us," Kenny said, in a very breathy soprano. "It was the thing they put in our mouths. It straightened our teeth, too, and made them whiter. See?"

Kenny grinned broadly, displaying a row of straight, chalk-white teeth sprouting from healthy, pink gums. All the gathered people did the same, now possessed of high-wattage smiles.

"Oh, wow! You all look so great!" Danny said. "All of you! And you sound amazing! I love it!"

"How can you be so cheerful?" Chris said.

"Didn't you listen to any of what that woman said in the headset?" Danny asked them. "It all made so much sense. We can all be happy! Doesn't that sound wonderful? And it's so simple. We just have to make a few little adjustments to the way we do things."

"But doesn't that mean that these yellow guys win if we do that?" Jeff asked.

"Negativity," Danny cautioned, his high bubbly voice making it sound more playful than chiding. "You should know better, Jeff! None of us will ever be happy the way we want to be if we dwell on who wins and who loses. Competition is the worst thing we can do to ourselves."

"I wish that didn't make so much sense," Chris said in a husky contralto.

"But it does," Danny said. "And even better, I think it can be a lot of fun!"

"Doesn't it feel like they really got to you?" Kenny asked. "I mean, I think we all saw the same thing in the headsets, Danny, but you... you seem to have really drunk the Kool-Aid."

"And what's wrong with that?" Danny asked.

"It's... I mean..." Kenny sputtered, then sighed heavily. "I don't know. I *should* know. But I can't come up with anything. And it makes me want to cry."

"Look, Kenny, all you have to do is let go. You're still competing with Fletcher and the others. You're still trying to *win*. If you let that go, keep that negativity out of your mind, you can be happy. Really happy. If you let me, I can show you how."

"Promise?"

"Pinky promise," Danny said. "I'm not gonna be happy until you guys are all happy."

"So that means if I'm not happy, then you're never gonna be?" Kenny said. "I don't know if I can stand that. I don't know if I can live with myself if I don't make everyone happy."

"Then it's settled," Danny said. "We stick together, we encourage each other, and we work together. That way all of us wind up happy."

"You seem to have the best idea of how," Jeff said. "Would it bother you if we all said we wanted you to take the lead on this? Be, like, I dunno... the boss?"

"If that's what you guys want me to do, then I don't have a problem with it at all," Danny said.

"All in favor of Danny being the boss?" Brandon asked.

They all raised timid hands. Danny clapped excitedly. "You guys are so great," he told them. "I'm gonna do such a good job for you guys."

"We know you will, boss," Jeff said, a note of palpable relief in his high, melodious soprano.

"Boss? That doesn't really fit," Kenny said.

"Yeah," Chris seconded.

“Well, what else could we call him?” Brandon said. “When I knew other people like that – mostly girls, y’know, when they had a leader and somebody who told the others what to do – we called them the Queen Bee. And we meant ‘Bee’ to mean ‘Bitch.’”

Danny giggled again. “I like that! I like being Queen Bee.”

“But you’re not a bitch,” Chris interjected.

“I don’t mind if you guys call me that,” Danny said. “I know you don’t really mean it.”

“You’re okay with being called Queen?” Brandon asked, a little shocked.

“No, I’m not,” Danny said. “They trained us to think stuff like that was gay. It’s not. I can be Queen if that’s what you guys want. I’ll be the Queen, and you can all be my Princesses.”

They all laughed nervously, blushing – the laughs came out more as delighted giggles – to signify their fondness for the idea.

Kenny cleared his throat. “Princess Kenny sounds kind of stupid, though,” he said.

“Don’t keep coming up with problems, Kenny, come up with solutions instead,” Danny mock-scolded. “If you think it sounds silly, then we can fix it. I don’t see a problem with it. We’re gonna start acting like a bunch of girls, right? A Queen and her Princesses? That’s supposed to make us feel happy, not embarrassed. So what if we just change our names? Use girl’s names. Then it won’t sound silly, it won’t feel embarrassing at all. I even say we could start calling each other ‘girls.’ Use ‘she’ and ‘her’ when we talk about each other. There’s nothing embarrassing or stupid about being a Queen or a Princess if you’re a ‘she’ and a ‘her’ with a girl’s name, is there?”

“Wow,” Nick said. “It makes so much sense when you say it, Danny.”

“D’you, like, want us to vote or something?” Brandon asked.

“No, we don’t vote,” Chris interjected. “He – I mean, *she* – is the Queen, right? What the Queen says, goes.”

“But I want you guys to have a say in what goes on,” Danny said.

“Yeah, but you have to decide,” Kenny said, brightening.

“Okay, if that’s what you guys want,” Danny said. “So, what names do we want to use?”

“I don’t know,” Nick said.

“If we’re gonna be Princesses, we should have princess-y names,” Brandon piped up.

“Cute ones!” Chris said.

“Okay, so, if we start with Brandon, what kind of cute, princess-y name do you want?” Danny asked.

“No, I want you to tell me,” she replied. “You’re the Queen.”

“Well, we don’t wanna forget where we started, right?” Danny said. “So maybe if we changed the names we had, y’know, *make* them into Princess names, maybe that would work?”

“Like how?” Brandon asked.

"Well, Brandon is a boy's name, but if we called you something like Brandi, that would be cute and princess-y, right?" Danny asked. "And it would be a lot like your old name, so we could remember."

"Brandi?" Brandon asked. "You think I'm a Brandi?"

To Be Continued...

"Do you think you *could be* a Brandi? Like, a Princess Brandi?"

"Yeah," she replied, looking thoughtful. "I think I could."

"Are you gonna spell it with an 'i,' or with two 'e's'?" Jeff asked.

"Which do you think is cuter, Queen Bee?" she asked. All eyes turned to Danny.

"Oh, two 'e's,' totally," Danny announced. "How about it, Princess Brandee? Does that make you happy?"

"*Super* happy," Princess Brandee said with a beaming smile.

"Do me next, please?" Jeff asked plaintively. "I can't think of anything princess-y to make out of my name. Jeff is completely a boy's name, I can't come up with a single cute version of it."

"You could be Jess, instead of Jeff," Danny said, looking pensive. "Y'know, short for Jessica?"

"Ooh, you're Princess Jessica!" Nick crowed. "That is so cute!"

"I know, right?" Princess Jessica said with an exultant smile. "I'm Princess Jessica!"

"I'm gonna be way too easy," Nick said sadly. "I mean, Nick?"

"If you spell it super cute, it will be super cute," Danny said. "Like with two 'i's' and a 'k.' And it can be short for something really, really pretty, like Nicole or Nicolette."

"Can I be Princess Nicolette? That's so pretty," Nick asked.

"As long as we get to call you Niki," Danny replied. "Y'know, 'cause we're your sisters and everything."

"Only my sisters get to call me Niki," she said happily. "Yeah. Yeah, that's *perfect*, Danny."

"Princess Niki, everybody," Danny said happily, drinking in the delighted smiles.

"What about me?" Chris asked.

"You're *such* a Princess Christy," Niki said happily. "That's totally you."

"And there's so many cute ways to spell it," Danny added. "I mean, it has to start with a 'k,' and you can end it with a 'y,' or two 'e's,' or an 'i,' whatever you think is cutest."

"Oh, I think it has to be with an 'i,'" she said. "That's the cutest way by far."

"Princess Kristi," Danny said proudly. "Yeah, Niki's so right. That's *you*, girl."

Kristi's eyes lowered coquettishly, and a flush spread across her caramel cheeks. "You called me *girl*."

"That's what we're turning into, right?" Danny said. "So why not say it? Why not be proud?"

"Now it's Kenny's turn," Jessica said.

"Oh, I thought about hers as soon as we brought this up," Danny said. "A pretty name for such a pretty person. Kennedy. I knew a Kennedy back in grade school and she was the prettiest girl in the class."

Kenny blushed scarlet. "You really think I'm pretty?"

"Of course I do, silly," Danny said. "We *all* do. You're all beautiful. So, what do you say? You like Princess Kennedy for a name?"

"I love it because you gave it to me," she replied in a voice thick with emotion.

"Please spell it with an 'i,'" Niki begged. "We're all using cute spellings, we want you to use one too."

"All the other girls are doing it," Danny said. "What about it?"

"Sure," Princess Kennedy piped, giggling. "The girl in the video was right, it does feel really good to belong. Now, Danny, what about you? You need a new name, too."

"I want you girls to give it to me," Danny said.

"Ooh, I know, I know," Jessica said happily, bouncing in her seat a little. "Danny is short for Daniel, right, so it's only like adding two letters to make her name Danielle."

"That's so pretty," Niki said.

"And we could still call her Danni," Kennedy chimed in happily, "and she could spell it with an 'i' just like we do!"

"Now I feel stupid 'cause I wanted my name to be with two 'e's," Brandee grumped.

"No, don't!" Kristi said. "That's so cute! It suits you! I'll spell mine with two 'e's' if it will make you feel better, but don't change it, please?"

"I think Kristi's right," Niki said. "Please don't change it."

"Okay, I won't," Brandee said, smiling. "I just wanted to feel like I belong."

"You do belong," Kennedy said. "Just 'cause your name is spelled different, it doesn't mean you're not a princess like the rest of us."

"Oh, wait, Danny never said whether or not she liked her name," Jessica said. "Well?"

"Danielle? I love it," Danni said proudly. "It's the most beautiful name in the world."

"Queen Danielle," Kennedy whispered in open admiration.

"But her sisters call her Danni," Brandee said proudly.

"Girls, we have a lot of work to do together," Danni told them. "If we're all gonna be as happy as the woman in the video said we were, we have to think and work together."

"Where do we start?" Jessica asked.

"I think we all have a different idea of what happy looks like," Danni said. "I started thinking about the girls I knew, and which one I thought was happiest. And I started trying to think about what

things she did that seemed to make her the happiest, and how I could try to start doing those things. Maybe we could all go 'round the circle and say the happiest girl we know, and what things about her we should all start trying to do."

"But what if they're all different?" Kristi asked.

"Then we figure it out," Danni said. "But if one of us does it, then we all do it. Deal?"

They all nodded. Danni soaked in the wonderful, empowering feeling of consensus for a moment before turning to her immediate left. "Okay, Niki, you start."

"The happiest girl I know?" Niki said, scrunching up her brow in an adorable effort of concentration. "I think it's this girl where I worked. She was a secretary or something. She was all about makeup and hair and fashion, y'know, always reading *Vogue* and *Elle* and *InStyle*. She was always so happy when she found a new fashion or did something different with her hair or her makeup, and she was always looking for new trends and stuff like that."

"My girl is like that, too," Brandee said. "She lived downstairs from me in my old apartment. She was always out by the pool in a bikini, too, and she was always taking selfies with her phone. She loved getting Instagram followers. She would do her makeup and her hair and be all happy and then *click*! And it seemed like that made her even happier."

"Okay, so if we all agree to pay real close attention to our clothes and the way we look, and take selfies all the time and post them, that will make Niki and Brandee super happy?" Danni said. "Can we all learn to do that together?"

"That actually sounds kind of fun," Jessica said.

"And nobody gets jealous or competitive," Danni cautioned. "Nobody rubs anybody else's nose in how many followers they have or that they have this kind of clothes and nobody else does. If one of us gets ahead, then we all get ahead. Deal?"

"I always thought my old girlfriend's sister was the happiest girl I knew," Kristi said. "She was a club girl, y'know, always going out and dancing and smoking and drinking and getting high... y'know, a total party girl. She seemed really happy. She always had the best time, and the coolest friends."

"We have to drink and smoke and do drugs?" Kristi said, a little horrified.

"We have to agree," Danni said. "If one of us does it, then we all have to do it. It doesn't sound so bad, really. I know a lot of people who do stuff like that and they love it. Besides, we'll be doing it together! Anything's okay if we do it as sisters, right? What about you, Jessica?"

"Oh, it was my college roommate's girlfriend," Jessica replied. "This girl was so hot. She spent all this time in the gym, working out, playing soccer and jogging and riding her bike. You could just see it in her eyes, how happy that made her. I was always a little jealous of her for that."

"That could be a lot of fun," Danni said. "We could all be gym-rats together, y'know? We could meet up and take exercise classes together, work out together, stuff like that. I love that idea."

"Me, too," Niki said. "I was kinda that way before, y'know, and it does make me happy."

"Kennedi's turn," Jessica said.

“The happiest girl I ever knew was my next-door neighbor, growing up,” Kennedy said. “She was super popular. She had all these friends, and they all liked her. She was always the head of whatever she did, like captain of the kick line and student body president, head of the youth ministry at church, she ran the fundraiser for the school choir trip, that kind of stuff. She was always busy and always happy.”

“I want to be *just* like that,” Kristi said. “I always have.”

“Okay, then, that’s perfect,” Danni said. “We have a great place to start.”

“You didn’t say who your pick was,” Kennedy pointed out.

“Duh, I didn’t!” Danni said, giggling at herself. “It was my boss’ daughter. She was a little bit of everything you guys said – popular, in great shape, super fashionable and always partying. But what I thought made her happiest was two things. First, she traveled a lot. I mean she was always talking about this trip she took, to all these exotic places like Ibiza or Mykonos or the South of France. She could talk about the food and the wine and the nightclubs and it was like you were there with her. And the other thing that seemed to make her happy was that I never saw her worry about anything. She just paid attention to the stuff that made her happy. If it didn’t make her happy, she ignored it. A lot of the other people at my work said that she was just dumb, y’know? They called her stuff like ‘bimbo’ and ‘airhead.’ But I thought she was probably smarter than the rest of us put together, because she figured out how to be happy. I mean, yeah, she acted dumb, but she wasn’t dumb. She just had it figured out.”

“Wow,” Jessica said. “I knew girls like that.”

“Me, too,” Niki added. “They did seem really happy.”

“So we can be like them,” Danni said. “A bunch of fashion-forward, selfie-taking, airhead party girl gym-rats who travel all over the world and post it on Instagram.”

“And be crazy happy,” Brandee said.

“Especially if we do it together,” Niki added.

“It’s gonna be hard to get the money for all of that,” Kennedy said. “I mean, we’re gonna have to get jobs, that kind of thing, if we want to live that way.”

“We can totally do all that,” Danni said. “It’s just gonna take a little bit of an attitude adjustment. We’re sisters, we can do anything we set our minds to do if we support each other and stay positive, right?”

“Sisters,” they all echoed through wide, toothy smiles.

SUMMARY:

CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

Part Three

By Valerie Hope

DANNI WATSON, NEWLY CROWNED “QUEEN Bee” of the small group of men-turned-girls detained from a women’s rights protest, rubbed her cheeks and forehead to release tension and looked back into the camera, desperate to try again at her task. In her mind, the otherworldly voice of PAM spoke calmly, urging her on.

“It still doesn’t look right,” Danni grumped, thumbing through the series of pictures on the small phone in her hand with distaste.

“If you will allow me to assume control...” PAM began.

“PAM, no, honey,” Danni said. “I have to learn how to do this myself.”

“I am designed to help you overcome physical unfamiliarity with new gestures and movements,” PAM riposted. “This is quite literally my reason for existing.”

“Aw, are you upset with me ‘cause I won’t let you play?” Danni teased. “Okay, okay, fine. You can take control if you really want. But am I gonna remember how to do it afterwards?”

“I will imprint it, yes,” PAM replied. “You will need practice, of course, but you will have a more instinctual grasp of the expressions and poses you desire.”

“Well, why didn’t you say so?” Danni giggled. “Hey, guys, did you know that PAM can teach us how to pose? She says we’ll remember everything she teaches us, too, if we practice a little.”

“Cool!” Niki said from another chair nearby. “‘Cause I’m having real trouble with some of this.”

“None of my poses look right,” Kennedy grumped. “I hope she can help.”

“Okay, then, PAM,” Danni told the unseen computer, “you show us how to take great selfies.”

The strange feeling of her motions being not her own overwhelmed Danni’s senses. Her arms moved, her expressions changed, but her conscious mind didn’t command them as they normally did. It felt a bit like what Danni thought being possessed might feel, and the sensation of being merely a passenger in her own body caused strange bubbles of fear and panic to expand inside her overtaxed brain.

But she couldn’t argue with the results. She held her phone at arm’s length, looking down on herself with its strange godlike eye, and she made vampy faces and turned her chin this way and that. The pictures that resulted made best use of light and angle, making her seem glamorous and sexy in a way that appealed to her on a visceral level. As much as the feeling of not being in control of her own body caused unpleasant panic, the results that appeared in her phone’s gallery file gave her an equivalent feeling of delight and satisfaction.

“Wow,” she muttered, thumbing through the round of selfies. “I look cute as fuck.”

“Yeah, me too,” Kennedy said softly.

“Cute, yeah,” Brandee mentioned, thumbing through her own series. “But I wish it was more.”

“What do you mean, baby?” Kristi said, looking over Brandee’s shoulder.

“I mean, like, cute is nice and all, but I was going for more than that.”

Jessica nodded. “Yeah, I wanted *hot*.”

“Me, too,” Danni confessed.

“It’s not the pictures,” Kennedy said. “It’s us.”

“Us? How come?” Niki asked.

“We’re the problem,” Kennedy went on. “Look at us. We *look* right, y’know, the way we’re standing or blowing kisses or whatever. But I’ve got that short hair, those thin lips, *no* chest at all...”

“Oh, yeah, I get it,” Brandee said. “Kennedi’s right.”

Danni sighed. “Yeah, these would look so much better if I had boobs.”

“I want big ones,” Jessica blurted suddenly, then giggled. “Sorry. But it’s the truth. I really do want some giant fucking tits.”

Danni looked at a few more of her pictures and nodded. “Yeah, I want a lot more. Big titties. And a tan, I want a tan, and some big poofy lips...”

“Long hair,” Kennedy said. “Long, shiny Barbie doll hair.”

“And makeup,” Kristi said. “I want that Kylie Jenner perfect makeup, y’know, with the wings on my eyes and the sparkly eyeshadow.”

“Ooh, yeah,” Brandee chimed in. “What’s the word all the girls use? Glam. I want to be glam. I want to fucking *slay*.”

“Yeah, *slay*!” Kennedy giggled. “That’s totally what I want to do. I want to be so extra.”

Danni, stepping effortlessly into her new role as Queen Bee, looked up and to the side in an attempt to please her princesses. “So, how about it, PAM? You seem to know all about this stuff. Can you teach me and the girls how to *slay*?”

“Of course,” PAM replied evenly. “I can easily imprint those muscle movements.”

“But what about stuff like teaching us what colors look best, stuff like that?” Jessica asked.

“We might just have to figure that stuff out ourselves,” Brandee told her. “Y’know, look at pictures of other girls and try to copy what we see.”

“I actually want to do it like that,” Jessica said. “Y’know, like pick looks I see on Insta or Snapchat that I like and try to do them myself.”

“Yeah, but I feel like I should know something about it first, y’know?” Kennedy put in. “Sure, I want to look like the other girls, too. I mean, I *really* want that, like, almost more than I ever wanted anything in my life. But I don’t want to come off like a total copycat. Or a noob.”

“What about books?” Danni asked. “Or magazines? There’s got to be someplace we can look.”

"YouTube," Kristi said. "There's tutorials for everything there. I remember I had an old girlfriend, a few years ago, she used to watch makeup tutorials on YouTube all the time, and she got some really glam looks from them. They talk about all that stuff, like color and contour and stuff."

"That takes care of the makeup," Danni said. She stood, walking over to a little rolling cart delivered by a faceless yellow-suit that morning, holding a selection of the things they'd agreed should be part of their collective life the day before. Danni chose a little pink vape, encrusted with sparkly rhinestones, and put it between her lips. She pressed the button and inhaled deeply, fighting the urge to cough. The vapor liquid tasted like bubblegum. She exhaled a thick billowing cloud before speaking again. "But what about the other stuff? The hair, the tans, the boobs..."

"Long fingernails," Niki added.

"What are we going to do about all that stuff?"

"No clue, baby," Niki said, a bit deflated.

"Stand by," PAM said in their minds. Danni jumped a little, not expecting the voice to intrude on their conversation, trying to shake the oppressive feeling of surveillance. She covered her discomfort by setting six stem glasses in a row on the rolling cart and filling them from an open bottle of prosecco. The other girls came and each took a glass gratefully. They sipped the bubbling wine. Niki took a cigarette from an open package on the cart and lit it, filling the room with a stale, acrid smell that seemed to cue Kennedy, Brandee and Kristi to follow suit.

They milled around, smoking and vaping and sipping sparkling wine, tottering around in the plastic boots they wore, each lost in her own various thoughts. As suddenly as PAM's voice appeared in their heads, a group of yellow-suits entered the room, pushing six furniture dollies holding large crates. They dropped the crates gently in a row at the edge of their sleeping area and opened them, exposing six identical, strange-looking cylindrical plastic columns with flat fronts, about four feet tall. The yellow-suits wordlessly began hooking cables and wires into the backs of the columns while the neo-girls watched. Once they finished, the columns buzzed and hummed with electronic life and blinking green lights. The yellow-suits retreated back to wherever they came from, taking the empty crates with them.

Brandee walked over, running one hand along the side of a column. "Anybody know what these are?"

"They are the next phase of your development," PAM said in her ghost-voice, making them all jump a little bit at the unexpected answer to the obviously rhetorical question.

"What do you mean?" Danni asked.

"Each of you expressed a specific want," PAM explained. "Jessica desired breasts. Danielle mentioned lip enhancements and tanning. Kristi wants makeup, Kennedy desires long hair, Niki asked about nail extensions. There will be other desires, as well, while you progress. Clothes, shoes, jewelry."

"I didn't even think about those," Brandee said.

"All of those things are easily obtainable," PAM explained.

"Really? We can get all that?" Danni asked with a touch of disbelief.

“Of course,” PAM replied. “Easily obtainable. You all simply have to learn how to ask properly and offer something in exchange.”

“Um, we don’t have anything to exchange,” Kristi pointed out. “You took all our money.”

“Not money,” PAM corrected. “You must learn that you have plenty to exchange.”

“Like what?”

“I believe showing you would be better than telling,” PAM said. “Would one of you care to volunteer? I promise this will not hurt. This process will most likely be very pleasant for you all.”

“I’m queen, I guess I’ll do it,” Danni said. The other girls murmured approvingly.

“Very well,” PAM replied. “Select a unit. Any unit, they are all the same.”

Shrugging and giggling nervously, Danni set down her glass and took one last drag from the vape – she really didn’t like the thing, but showing solidarity with the other girls’ insistence on being party girls mattered more than her mild displeasure – blowing out another impressive cloud as she walked to the column on the end, standing in front of it. Danni looked at it quizzically.

“Danni, which of the desires you all stated would you like to pursue first?” PAM asked.

“I dunno, um... I guess we all want boobs,” Danni said, looking around to make sure her princesses approved of her choice. They all smiled broadly and nodded as she took them in by eye. “Okay, then, yeah. Let’s do the boobs.”

“As I said, you first have to learn to ask properly,” PAM said. “Try.”

The column whirled and split down its long axis. Danni took a step back, tottering in her boots, alarmed. The column then opened like a clam-shell, the sides retracting a bit, revealing a hunched-over shape, seemingly bent in half. With some soft clicks and buzzes, the form unfolded in the middle and stood to an impressive six-foot height – a faceless mannequin in a dark plastic, wearing an expensive suit and tie.

“This is who – I mean, what – this is what I ask for boobs?” asked Danni, confused.

“That is correct,” PAM said. “Danni, this is Daddy. If you want something, you ask your Daddy for it.”

“Seriously? Okay,” Danni said. She looked at the mannequin’s featureless face. “Daddy, I want some new boobs for me and the girls...”

“Unacceptable,” PAM said, bringing Danni up short. “That is not how a girl would address her Daddy. You will not receive anything you want until you learn how to ask properly.”

“I don’t know what you mean,” Danni protested.

“If he’s your Daddy, what does that make you?” Niki said from behind her.

“Um... I guess daughter?” Danni said.

“Ew, no,” Kristi supplied. “Not that kind of Daddy.”

“Oh, I get it,” Danni said. “If he’s Daddy, then I’m his little girl. I have to ask like a little girl.”

Without waiting for confirmation from PAM, Danni stepped close to the mannequin and leaned against it. The plastic didn't feel like plastic – it had firmness while still having give, and it felt warm against her. There was even a pleasant, barely perceptible scent to it. The silk of its suit caressed her skin, and she rubbed her cheek against the mannequin's chest subconsciously. One hand, almost unbidden, rose to play with the necktie a little.

“Um, Daddy?” she said in a small, very high and innocent voice. “Daddy, I've been trying to be a super good girl lately. We all have. I really, really, *really* want to get myself some great big tits. Would that be okay? Can I get big boobs? Please? *Pleeeeeeease?*”

The strange flesh-like plastic grew warmer. The scent of it became more pronounced, intoxicating Danni a little. “I promise I'll let you play with them as much as you want, Daddy, if you'll please, please, please get me some. I'll be so happy if you do, I'll show them off *all* the time, I'll tell all my friends that my Daddy is the best Daddy, he got them for me. I'll be *such* a good girl for you...”

“Very well done,” PAM said softly. “That is asking properly. But you have to offer something in exchange if you want to be successful.”

Danni didn't need to think. The solution was obvious. Without stopping her girlish pleading, her hand slid down from the mannequin's chest to its crotch and began to stroke down one leg. Danni looked upwards and began pressing little kisses into the side of the mannequin's neck.

“*Such* a good little girl,” she whispered again.

“That is so hot,” she heard Niki whisper.

Hearing her princess' voice gave Danni an idea. “I know it's expensive, Daddy,” she continued, stroking the mannequin's substantial cock through the expensive trousers. The mannequin responded, the heavy organ in Danni's hand began to stir and thicken. “I just know I could never pay you back, no matter how good a girl I was. But I *really* want them, Daddy. I see the way you look at my friends when they come over. They all think you're so smart, and funny, and handsome. They're all so jealous of me, having such a great Daddy who loves me so much.”

Her stroking became more pronounced. “What if I asked one of them to help me thank you for my boobs?” Danni asked. “Would you like that, Daddy? Would you like me to bring a friend over so the two of us could thank you for being such a wonderful Daddy?”

Effortlessly – Danni wondered if maybe PAM was ‘assisting’ her in the background, but she didn't care at the moment, her mind full of images of herself with big, bouncing tits on her chest – she stepped out of the crook of the mannequin's arm and in front, using both hands to unfasten the belt and fly of the trousers. She pulled them down as she knelt, exposing a very large, bobbing cock standing straight out from the mannequin's crotch, now at eye level as Danni sank to her knees. The intoxicating scent became almost overpowering.

Danni never hesitated – a part of her mind *should* have rebelled at the idea of kneeling in front of a cock, looking at a penis from *that* angle, but she felt nothing but want and certainty of what she had to do – and took the large artificial organ in both hands, caressing it and stroking it. She looked up at the featureless face adoringly, and batted her eyelids like a natural-born coquette.

“Please, Daddy? Please?” she begged, then stuck out her tongue and licked the end of the cock lavishly. The taste and scent combined to envelop her mind in a warm, thick fog of pure delight. Her heart swelled with joy as she opened her mouth wide and took the head between her lips,

feeling its throbbing weight in the center of her tongue. Something fierce awakened inside her. A determination to show her Daddy what she was willing to do. Even if she *did* bring one of her friends over to share her Daddy, Danni would be *sure* that Daddy knew who belonged to her. He would know which girl was the best. He might play with one of her friends, but after she finished with him there would be no question in anyone's mind which little girl he would pick to be *his* little girl.

"Oh, my God," Danni heard Kennedy say. "She's doing it. She's sucking his cock."

"Of course she is," Brandee said. "That's what girls do."

"I wanna try," Kristi said. She walked over to the column next to Danni. Danni didn't allow herself to be distracted from pistoning her head up and down the thick shaft, but she registered the soft whirring and clicking of the second column opening.

"I bet my Daddy has a bigger dick," Kristi giggled softly before starting in brightly. "Oh, Daddy, you look so handsome in your suit, I just love a man in a suit. Did you have a hard day at work? C'mere, Daddy, let me make you feel better..."

All down the line, Danni heard them. Clicks and hums and whirrs, then soft girlish voices.

"Daddy, what would you think about me getting my eyelashes done?" or "You're so sweet to me, Daddy, I just want to be the prettiest little girl for you. Don't you think I would look so much sexier with a nice, dark tan?" or "Mmm, Daddy, just *think* about how much better it would feel if I got lip injections, if my lips were all puffed up and big and soft... please, Daddy? *Pleeease?*"

Danni tried not to allow herself to become distracted by the words of the other girls, much less the wet, moaning slurps she began hearing, but it was difficult – hearing the other girls follow her lead like that drove her mind to a wild, reckless place. She tried to put it into words, but all she could manage was "it's so hot." Ordinarily, she would have put some effort into expressing herself a little better, but now just using a simple word like *hot* seemed more than adequate. *Besides*, she thought to herself with a little giggle, *I have way better stuff to do with my mouth right now than talk.*

She looked back up at the featureless face of her inanimate Daddy with adoration, deciding to see how far she could push the amazing feeling blooming inside herself. "Is that good, Daddy?" she asked innocently, rubbing the smooth cock across her cheek. "Am I being a good girl?"

She forced the stiff appendage deep into her throat, coating it liberally with spit, enough to leave a dangling streamer of glistening saliva stretching from the head of the penis to her bottom lip when she withdrew it. She moaned and licked her lips in pleasure that – to Danni's surprise – wasn't feigned. She actually found herself enjoying this immensely, wishing the faceless figure could move, or moan, or tangle its fingers in her hair.

"I wanna be a perfect little girl for you," she whispered, licking the head, tapping it gently against the side of her face, all the while gazing up in worship. "I wanna be the best little cocksucker you ever had."

She deep-throated it again, almost making herself gag. "You're so big, Daddy," she mewled happily, thrusting it deep into her mouth again. "I can't wait until I have a tight little pussy so you can fuck me with this cock. I want that so fucking bad."

A few of the lights on the base of the column, where the mannequin's feet were attached, changed from green to flashing yellow. Instinctually, Danni knew something was about to

change, and she didn't have to think very hard to figure out what. A moment's panic gripped her chest – *I don't know if I can do this* – but she maintained her commitment. She started this, she would finish it. This represented the difference between having boobs and not having boobs. Only Daddy could get them for her, and getting them meant pleasing Daddy. Being his good girl.

She picked up speed with both lips and hands, sucking the cock the way she'd seen porn stars do. She moaned and giggled, sounding so strange with the stiff invader deep in her throat, and somewhere in the middle of the act she stopped feeling the slightest bit uncomfortable about it and started truly enjoying herself. Danni noticed that certain lights on the base of the mannequin lit up or started blinking when she did something truly innovative, and she entertained herself by trying to see what particular actions activated which lights and trying to repeat the process.

She broke for air, gasping a little bit – the fact that she'd gotten so enthusiastic about her performance that she forgot to breathe actually amused her greatly – and smiled up at the mannequin's featureless face.

"I'm doing it," she announced proudly, giggling and rubbing the smooth synthetic cock against her cheek lovingly. "I'm actually a cocksucker now, see? Don't you like it? God, I wish you could moan or something. It'd be so much more fun if you made noises when I did cool stuff."

She returned to her ministrations, moaning and stroking, slurping and pistoning her head wildly, losing herself in the depravity and fun of the act. A previously unseen light on the base of the statue began to blink, slowly at first but then picking up pace. Somehow, instinctually, Danni knew she had to make it flash faster and faster until it turned solid green. She picked up the pace and intensity, managing to gasp little "oh, yeah"s and "mmm"s between deep thrusts down her throat. Finally the light stopped blinking and turned solid, and a faint little tone sounded. The cock in Danni's mouth convulsed a bit and then covered her tongue and palate with a bitterly delicious fluid, spurting out in thick, hot jets. She swallowed convulsively at first, thinking the taste might make her gag but then delightedly discovering that she adored the taste. It suffused her with a warm, safe feeling of accomplishment.

"Oh, wow," she giggled, collapsing a little against the thick, firm thigh, still idly stroking the long, spit-slick cock against the side of her neck. A thin streamer of sticky white escaped her bottom lip, dangling for a moment before she scooped it up with her fingertip and sucked it clean, getting to enjoy the subtle difference in the flavor when it was cool compared to hot. "That was *amazing*."

The mannequin said nothing, only sounded a long tone before the figure bent double again and the protective clam-shell closed over it once more, leaving it nothing but a largely nondescript cylinder. Danni looked around, seeing the other girls on their knees as well, their own mannequins bending in half to disappear into their protective cylinders. All of them smiled blissfully and moved in a happy sort of slow-motion. Danni giggled when she saw Kennedy, who had a thick coating of the goo spurting from the mechanical cock on her cheek and the side of her neck, and thought how fun that looked. She resolved to try that herself the next opportunity.

Then she giggled, suddenly, realizing that not only would there be another opportunity to suck Daddy's cock for something she wanted, but that she actually couldn't wait for another opportunity. Her mind cast about, thinking of just what she might ask for next.

Brandee lit a cigarette from the selection on the table and sighed happily. “I didn’t think I would ever feel this good having a belly full of cum,” she chuckled, blowing out a thin streamer of smoke towards the ceiling.

They all agreed *en masse*, their lingering nervousness about the act they’d just performed evaporating behind a lighthearted cloud of giggles and little “happy” dances. They only just began to relax and start talking about what they’d done, comparing notes, when the door at the far end of the room opened and a large team of yellow-suits with no faces entered – at least thirty of them – pushing carts and carrying trays.

The closest yellow-suit approached them, saying, “To your beds, please, ladies, *tout suite*. We have a lot of work to do.”

“Um, work?” Niki asked. “What kind of work?”

“You asked for things, didn’t you?” the yellow-suit replied. “From our telemetry data, you asked very nicely. Girls who ask nicely get what they want. We’re here to hold up the other end of the bargain.”

The girls yelped and giggled, running towards their individual beds in a flurry of click-clacking tottering heels and dropped cigarettes. A four-suit team gathered around each bed, helping each of the girls disrobe and removing the plastic boots to leave them naked on their narrow mattresses, shivering a little in the cold.

“Is this gonna hurt?” Danni asked one of the yellow-suits as she lay back.

“You’ll be asleep for the worst of it,” the tech replied gently. “But you’ll be a little sore when you wake up. We’ll give you medication and exercises to help with that.”

“Okay,” Danni said cheerfully, already lost in anticipation – behind the one she spoke to, another yellow suit drew back the cover over a surgical tray, exposing two very large clear sacs on a sterile field, which would soon be implanted in Danni’s narrow chest. She could not keep the smile from her face as the first yellow-suit lowered the mask over her, causing the world to become hazy and indistinct.

Danni awoke to such a change, she barely even noticed her own body when her eyes opened an unknowable time later. The gray, grimy expanse of the warehouse had vanished while she slept, now happily sunlit through a skylight in the ceiling and revealing a cluster of cute double beds, with white head- and footboards and cuddly duvets, frilly pillows and teddy bears and hearts spread over their surfaces. Slender-necked brass lamps stood on matching white bedside tables that held night-time moisturizers and romance novels. White dressing tables, covered in cosmetics and backed by Hollywood-style makeup mirrors ringed with bare light bulbs, stood opposite the beds, next to capacious white armoires and shoe shelves. Little pedestal tables stood beside small, enclosed bathroom areas containing toilets, showers and sinks, each with its own pink laptop computer and charging station for phones and electronics. A chest of drawers – again, in signature white – stood next to that, its top holding jewelry boxes and stands positively dripping with bracelets, earrings and necklaces. A few empty picture frames – shaped like hearts and circles, in pink-and-white vertical stripes and leopard-print furry borders – stood here and there, waiting for pictures of her friends. Even the cylinders containing their “Daddy”

mannequins stood in a row set apart from the six individual bedroom/dressing room stations, now with plush throw rugs and pillows for their delicate knees set in front of them.

“Sooo cute,” Danni squealed happily, but the ravages to her throat from the blowjob and the subsequent surgical intubation caused it to emerge as a high-pitched croak. It made her giggle and cover her mouth, which brought the first of the true changes to the fore: she stung her nose with long, square-cut nails with a French manicure and encrusted with rhinestones, and her fingertips mashed against soft and dramatically inflated lips that tingled electrically at the slightest contact.

Gasping in a mixture of shock and glee, Danni looked at the prohibitively long nails that adorned her slender fingertips, easily three quarters of an inch past the ends and sparkling with polish and appliqué rhinestones. She sat up, desperate to see herself in a mirror, but stopped short when she felt the unfamiliar weight and movement on her chest.

There they stood, in proud defiance of gravity, bobbing gently in the chilly air. Large, spherical masterpieces – everything about them looked ‘fake,’ which is truly what Danni wanted – crowned with petulant pink nipples, her areolae about the diameter of a Snapple cap and almost lustrous. Her hands migrated to them immediately, caressing them and testing their considerable weight in the palms of her hands. Her breasts – *actual* breasts, real, live girl breasts – overfilled her palms almost ridiculously.

“They’re bigger than my head!” she giggled, bouncing them happily and running her hands over every angle and surface she could. When her palms brushed the pink nipples on the ends, a shuddering *frisson* of pure pleasure tingled the length of her body, from toenails to scalp, causing her to gasp and bite her inflated lip to keep back a throaty moan.

When she feasted her fill of looking at the feminine perfection on her chest, she finally noticed a few other things – for one, the rich amber of her impossibly soft skin, punctuated by pale triangles on her breasts, and the tiny glint of white-gold that hung alongside her right breast, which revealed itself to be a thick, silken tress of platinum blonde. Only then did Danni notice the strange, tugging weight on the back of her head and the rabbit-fur tickle against the small of her back, just above her butt. She tugged a double handful of the silky, sleek liquid gold over one shoulder and *oohed* happily, running her fingers through the thick softness of her gorgeous blonde hair.

She leapt to her feet – a mistake, since she no longer wore the plastic boots and trying to stand on anything other than tiptoe brought a flash of pain into her ankles and calves – and tried to catch her balance with the unaccustomed weight on her chest. Danni tried to adjust to being top-heavy, but the breasts stretched against connective tissue already abused from surgery and she staggered against her bed.

“PAM, baby, help?” she asked softly. The AI didn’t respond in words, but in scant moments Danni could balance and walk, managing the new weight below her chin by windmilling her hips and taking shorter steps on tiptoe, her arms down by her sides and her hands flared out. Smiling and grateful for PAM’s “help,” Danni made her way in a mincing little sashay to the dressing table and looked at herself in the mirror for the first time.

Unfamiliarity implied something recognizable in the reflection, but there was no resemblance to her former self at all. She looked like a doll – huge blue eyes, once brown, ringed by artificially long, thick and spiky lashes, dominated a narrow face with a slender, aquiline nose and huge,

puffed-up lips so full of enhancer that the cupid's bow atop them had been stretched away. Perfectly straight, white teeth peeked in between them. Her features were alternately pretty, cute and delicate – almost elfin – and very expressive. As pretty as she was, though, Danni felt an urge to make herself prettier still. The waiting pots and trays of high-end cosmetics tempted her, calling to her to make herself *more* of a girl than she already was.

Around her, Danni heard others taking their own seats among happy, contented noises. She looked around to see Brandee, now a buxom blonde like herself, with huge green eyes and a button nose, touching her face happily while she smiled and vamped in the mirror, and Kennedy who blew herself kisses, tangling her long-nailed fists in the shimmering curtain of her thick, strawberry blonde mane. Kristi wound fingers into her thick, lustrous midnight-black curls that spilled over her mocha-colored shoulders and down her slender back, teasing her dark chocolate nipples with her other hand. Niki sported a fresh-faced, athletic look with wide dark eyes and glowing skin, her own ash-blonde hair gathered in one fist to form a long horsetail at the back of her head which still managed to reach the top of her pert, firm ass even gathered up. Jessica proved the most glamorous of them – long, thick lashes and sleepy “bedroom” eyes and a perpetual steamy pout, with thick dark hair that fell across one side of her heart-shaped face in a vampy, 1930s-style wave. Jessica's tan probably qualified as the weakest of the sextet, making her appeal white and pale in comparison with her beach-bunny companions, but she made up for it by having the largest boobs of the bunch. They looked almost comically large on her slender, petite frame.

Looking around, Danni began to pick up on some smaller details, as well – all of their ears had been pierced multiple times, for example, and all of them sported navel piercings and tongue studs. Kristi had a nose-ring on the left nostril, the gold popping against her flawless skin. All of them sported tattoos, as well – Kennedy had a cute little lipstick kiss on one cheek of her bubble butt and a teddy bear with a pink bow around its neck on one ankle, and Niki sported a half-sleeve of intertwined roses and thorns. Jessica had a little prayer scripted on her ribcage, under her left arm and an ornate cross on the back of her neck, hidden by her hair most of the time. Brandee had a little inspirational phrase, too small to be read from where Danni sat, on the inside of her left biceps and a little tribal design around her right ankle which spread to the top of her foot. Kristi wore a chain of linked hearts around one upper arm and what looked like the words “Dreams come true” along her left collarbone. Danni checked over her own body, even moving her heavy breasts aside to check her belly and hips and throwing her thick hair over one shoulder and then another with a practiced flip of her head, but could find nothing.

“Looking for your ink, babe?” Niki asked brightly, noticing Danni's movement. “You got a tramp stamp, on your back. It's *adorbs*, sweetie – so you.”

Smiling, Danni stood and turned, looking over one shoulder. The reflection in her heart-shaped mirror emblazoned with the words “Sexy Little Bitch” along the top showed a stylized pink and yellow butterfly nestled in the small of her back. As she turned to sit back down, she noticed another – a little heart just up and to the right of the root of her meager, stunted cock.

“Oh, no!” she cried, sitting suddenly.

“What's wrong, baby?” Kristi said.

“I forgot to ask Daddy for a pussy,” she said, fighting a little sob. “I still have a... oh, God, I don't even want to say what I have. It's so *ugly* on me.”

“Relax, sweetheart, I know,” Kennedy said. “I still have mine, too.”

“I got so wrapped up in my new tits, I never even noticed,” Niki confessed.

“I *have* to get rid of it,” Danni sniffled. “I don’t want it.”

“Yeah, you’re right,” Brandee said. “I was gonna ask Daddy if I could have a diamond necklace, and I might have to do more than just suck his dick for something like that.”

“I wanted to ask for a Porsche,” Jessica said.

Danni let out a long breath, making a pushing-down motion with both hands. “We have to relax,” she said. “We can’t get all panicky, y’know? Look, as long as we’re using the machines, I don’t think it’ll matter that much ‘n’ stuff. They won’t care. But eventually, we have to get ourselves some real Daddies to take care of us. And that’s when we’ll need real pussies.”

“How do you even *get* a pussy?” Kennedy asked.

“These guys, the science guys, I mean, they’ll know how,” Kristi said, twirling hair around one finger. “They’ll *totally* have a plan for all that, y’know? We just have to figure out what they want ‘n’ stuff.”

“Yeah,” Niki put in. “OhmahGawd, Kristi, you’re so *smart*!”

“What do you think we should do, Queen Bee?” Jessica asked.

“I think we should all put ourselves together ‘n’ stuff,” Danni announced after a moment’s thought. “Do our faces, fix our hair, put on something cute. Then we can ask PAM or try to get that TV screen back. Ask people what we need to do to get our pussies.”

“Yeah, they’re the ones in charge, right?” Brandee said happily.

“Everything will be fine if we just do whatever they tell us to do,” Kennedy said.

“But they’re *way* more likely to say ‘yes’ to us if we look super-cute,” Niki announced.

“Yep!” Danni said, picking up a makeup brush and clicking on the lights ringing her heart-shaped mirror. Without any further conversation, the assembled girls started working on their faces, all conversation stopping while they concentrated on the skill they hadn’t even known until a few short hours prior.

The cute, pretty girls from before vanished in the following hours, replaced by ultra-glamorous and sultry sexpots sporting perfectly applied contoured foundation and flawless Instagram brows, their hair teased and fluffed and curled expertly. Each of them perched effortlessly atop platform shoes sporting the telltale red Louboutin soles and wore figure-hugging dresses with short hems that showed off their long, toned legs and plunging necklines to showcase their enhanced cleavage. All of them sparkled with necklaces, bracelets, rings and earrings. They gathered at the center of their little living space for cigarettes and champagne, each using PAM’s expert guidance to manage movements on platform heels and with laden designer purses tugging at the crooks of their elbows. Each of them kept a phone in her hand, always ready to snap a photo or make a post at a moment’s notice.

The wardrobes thrilled them all – plans to borrow this article or that one blossomed the moment the armoires opened – from cocktail dresses to elegant gowns, swimwear, activewear and

casual outfits, all with appropriate shoes and accessories to go with them. Everything favored skin-tightness and stretch, bright girlish colors and sequins to make them sparkle and attract attention in every situation. Danni loved that she even had several pairs of sneakers with a “hidden” wedge heel so she could work out and keep her body flawless for whatever Daddy took her in.

And the drawers spilled over with enough naughty lingerie to keep that Daddy hard and happy for the rest of his natural life. Danni felt certain she would fuck him every night for the next ten years and never wear the same ensemble twice. Being the perfect little clothes-horse suited her. A little twinge of competition surged inside her even now, wondering if Niki looked better in her clinging, cowl-necked dress than she did in her pink, sequined tube-dress with the keyhole cutout. A part of her sought out ways to excel, to be more of whatever a potential Daddy required, so that she would get the best one and the other girls would settle for her cast-offs. Even though she loved her sisters profoundly, cared about their feelings and their happiness, she still felt that little glitch. She loved them, but she would always try and outdo them. That’s just what Queen Bees did.

Without warning, the door at the entrance opened once again and a lone man stepped in. He wore a sharp, tailored suit and an expensive-looking tie. His polished wingtips scuffed softly across the floor as he closed the gap between them, the eyes in his young, deliberately-scruffy face wide at the assortment of delicious females displayed in the center of the room.

He stopped just shy of the central area, appraising them all and running his eyes covetously over the assembled statuesque beauties. After a moment verging on inappropriate, he tore his eyes away from the prominently displayed breasts and cleared his throat, asserting control of himself.

“I’m, uh... looking for Danielle Watson?” he said with a slight quaver.

Danni turned to him, one fist on her hip and the other holding her long, slender cigarette aloft, striking a runway pose to devastating effect. She favored him with a glittering smile and wide, guileless eyes. “That’s me,” she said brightly, her soprano chirp returning. “I’m Miss Watson.” She fought the urge to giggle in pure delight at describing herself using the feminine prefix. *The only thing better would be if I could say “Mrs.,” instead*, she thought.

He reached into a leather messenger bag on his hip and handed her a sealed envelope. “This is for you,” he said. “Now, is there a Nicolette Maddox here?”

They all stepped up, one at a time, announcing themselves as Danni did – *Miss Nicolette Maddox, Miss Jessica Harris, Miss Kennedy Bailey, Miss Kristi Cooper and Miss Brandee White* – and took their envelopes. They tore them open delicately, revealing driver’s licenses and passports, high school diplomas, immunization records, credit cards and bank statements, even some small items of jewelry engraved with their names. A bundle in the envelope revealed photographs of each of them as girls, somehow created through software wizardry, giving them baby pictures and school portraits with missing teeth, prom pictures and cheerleading pictures.

“The yearbooks will be delivered later, when they’re finished,” the young man said. “Good afternoon, ladies.” He turned on his heel.

Jessica spoke up quickly. “Can’t you stay for a little while? Have a drink with us,” she said, her voice half purring in its suggestion.

"Yeah, we get *super* lonely in here," Kennedy followed.

The man blushed and backed away a little, obviously torn between what he *should* do and what he *wanted* to do. "I really can't," he said abashedly. "I have work."

"Aww, too bad," Kristi pouted.

"Well, leave a number or something, okay, cutie?" Niki asked. "Maybe we can meet up after work, y'know?"

"Yeah, we're new in town, we don't know a lot of people," Brandee said.

Blushing scarlet, the man scribbled on a pad of Post-Its and tore off the sheet, handing it to Brandee nervously. She made a show of reading it, folding it carefully and tucking it between her breasts with a smile that bordered on indecent. "Thanks, Dylan," she said, announcing his name as he'd written it to the rest of her sisters. "We'll be in touch, okay?"

"Looking forward to it," he said, and left in a flurry of nerves and shuddering breaths.

"OhmahGawd, how *cute* was he?" Niki exclaimed when the door shut.

"I love how he blushes," Jessica giggled.

Danni laughed. "Y'all're a bunch of sluts," she teased, still chuckling. "You scared that poor baby to death."

"Poor baby my ass," Kennedy said. "He's just a snack."

"Yeah, and mama's hungry," Kristi said.

"Why don't you wait 'till we all have the right equipment before you go looking to get laid?" Danni cautioned, still laughing. "I don't know about you guys, but if I'm gonna go to all that trouble to land me a little boy-toy, I at least want him to, like, have a hole to fuck."

The other girls giggled and nodded knowingly. "So, if we're not gonna rock Dylan's world, what the fuck are we gonna do tonight?"

"I don't know about you bitches, but I'm gonna work out," Danni said. "And after that, take a bath and play with my new titties a little bit, then start looking for a Daddy. Online, maybe."

"Yeah, that sounds like a super good idea," Kennedy said.

Niki smiled a genuine smile, ear to ear and very toothy. "I like it when you decide, Danni."

"I'm glad, baby," Danni replied. "You guys decided I should be Queen. I don't want to, like, let you down or nothing."

"You won't," Kristi said.

"Yeah," Jessica said, raising her glass high. "To the best Queen in the whole world."

They all toasted, glasses clinking.

To Be Continued...

SUMMARY:

CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

Part Four

By Valerie Hope

“DAMN, GIRL, YOU MAKE YOURSELF look totally stupid like that,” Niki said, scrolling through her Instagram feed with a languorous, long-nailed fingertip. “You, like, know the diff between ‘you’re’ and ‘your,’ right?”

“Oh, who cares?” Brandee shot back, sipping a mimosa with a super-slim Capri cigarette smoldering between two outstretched fingers. “All anybody cares about is how cute I look in the picture, anyway.”

“Yeah, but we’re Tri-Delts,” Kennedi said. “We’re, like, supposed to be smart ‘n’ stuff.”

“Whatevs,” Brandee said. “You posted yesterday wearing that little black dress – *super* sexy, bee-tee-dubya – and you didn’t know the diff between ‘their’ and ‘there.’”

“Will you guys stop being such bitches to each other?” Danni said, the tiniest bit annoyed. The spa treatments they had – silent women in t-shirts and jogging pants – with the hot stone massages and seaweed wraps felt too good to be spent bickering. “Spell it however you want to spell it.”

“Yeah,” Kennedi said, vindicated.

“This is heaven,” Kristi announced happily, a large-boned woman kneading the muscles in her slender shoulders. “I could so get used to this.”

“Well, *get* used to it,” Danni said. “Once we all have daddies to take care of us, baby, this is going to be what our lives are going to be like all the time.”

“Mmm, can’t wait,” Jessica said. “So, any word on when we’re gonna have pussies to actually *get* these sugar daddies, Danni?”

Danni clicked her tongue, almost annoyed enough to be snapped out of the luxury of the scalp massage she was receiving. She took a deep sniff of the sandalwood and sugarberry aromatherapy machine next to her table and exhaled a deep, steadying breath. “PAM didn’t say nothing,” she said. “I asked her if we could get the television back, or even talk to Dr. Fletcher, but she didn’t give me any kind of an answer.”

“What about asking our daddies? Y’know, the statues?” Kristi asked.

“I tried, yesterday,” Danni said. “Gave it my best shot, you could’ve made a porno off what I did ‘n’ stuff, but all I got was this.” She held up one slender forefinger to display the three-carat diamond solitaire that sparkled there.

“Pretty,” Kennedi said. “But not as pretty as a little pussy, right?”

“Nope,” Danni said, a little disgusted. “Look, I’m super sorry, you guys. I feel like I’m letting you down.”

“Oh, don’t *even*,” Jessica cautioned. “You’re, like, the best, Danni. You’ll figure it out.”

"I mean, like, I guess they're waiting for something special 'n' stuff," Danni opined to no one in particular. "It's kind of a big deal, y'know, what we're asking for. Maybe we have to do something super special to get something super special, y'know?"

"So what's special enough to get us a pussy of our own?" Kristi asked.

"Take it up the ass?" Niki asked.

"Nope, no good," Brandee told her. "I totally backed my shit up on my daddy-statue the other day, and it got soft in, like, two seconds flat. Those things are for sucking only, I guess."

"Too bad," Kennedy grumped with an adorable pout. "I was gonna try that tonight. Not even ask for nothing, neither. I just want to know what it feels like."

"Something tells me when we get our cherries popped, it's gonna be by a real live man," Jessica said.

"That's so weird, thinking of myself as a virgin," Niki giggled.

"A virgin from the neck down, maybe," Brandee chuckled.

"Anyway, you guys, I'm not, like, super sure what we're s'posed to do next," Danni said. "I mean, look at us, we got all the hard stuff down. Like, we can all do hair 'n' makeup, we all know how to walk in heels 'n' stuff, we all have, like, super good taste in clothes and shoes."

"We kinda made a mess out of texting that guy Dylan," Kristi giggled. "We came off like total sluts."

"No wonder he didn't text back," Kennedy laughed.

"Maybe that's it?" Niki asked the room. "Maybe we have to learn how to flirt 'n' talk to boys 'n' stuff?"

"That doesn't feel special enough," Danni said. "Not for a pussy, at least."

"Yeah, I guess you're right," Niki said, sounding defeated. "We probably still need to learn that, though."

"The only guy I'm ever gonna text is my daddy," Kennedy announced. "Other than that, it's just gonna be, like, you guys or like my manicurist or something."

"We should still have the skills," Niki argued. "Aren't you, like, ever gonna go out and party?"

"If my daddy says I can, sure," Kennedy said.

"Wow, you're, like, super into this stuff," Kristi commented. "You're gonna be, like, the ultimate trophy wife for whoever gets you, y'know?"

The room fell silent at the words, each one of them savoring the sound of them in their pierced, bejeweled ears: *trophy wife*. A jagged-edged yearning opened in each chest, a *need* to have those particular words applied to them, bordering on the desperate.

"You have to think they're gonna cut us loose pretty soon," Brandee said, her high, squeaky voice ridiculous when it attempted to sound serious. "I mean, they're not gonna keep us here forever, right?"

"Probably not," Danni said. "That's how come we got all the I.D. and documents yesterday. We're gonna have to get out there and do shit like get jobs 'n' stuff."

"Jobs? What kind of jobs?" Kristi asked.

"Look at us," Kennedy said. "We may have college degrees 'n' stuff, but we're totally gonna end up doing shit that girls like us are suited for. We're gonna be strippers and Hooters girls and hairdressers 'n' stuff."

"Not me," Niki shot back, "I'm gonna be a model."

"Yeah, letting guys grope you at boat shows 'n' shit," Jessica teased. "It's not like any of us are gonna end up being Victoria's Secret Angels or nothing. Our tits are too big."

"I could pose for *Playboy*," Niki protested.

"That proves what I just said, Niki," Kennedy said. "Centerfold isn't that far from Hooters Girl or stripper. We're only, like, suited to be certain kinds of stuff."

"Even our majors are for girls who can't do anything," Danni said. "Shit like communications and TV production and dance. Face it, you guys, we all have M-R-S degrees."

"I don't have a problem with that," Kristi told her. "But it's got to be good enough to get us a job as something that doesn't make us get our tits out. I only want to get those out for Daddy."

"Likewise," Danni said. "So, that's what I've been thinking about 'n' stuff. About what we can do. And all I can think about is that we should stick together 'n' stuff. If we split up, like, go do our own thing, I think Kennedy's right, we're all gonna wind up doing shit like stripping or waiting tables. But if we stay together, like, start a business together or something, then maybe we can keep that from happening."

"A business?" Brandee said.

"Totally," Danni said. "I think it'll work. Brandee, you have an accounting degree, you could totally keep the books, and Kristi has a business degree so she can keep us from fucking it up. Kennedy has a communications degree so she can do all our PR and marketing, and Niki can use her TV and Film degree to do our advertising 'n' social media 'n' stuff. Me and Jessica, we have a dance degree and a kinesiology degree between the two of us. So, like, I was thinking maybe we could open a gym or something."

"Wow," Kennedy said. "I love that idea."

"Something, like, exclusive," Danni went on. "Private, members only. We offer high-end services, maybe even a spa and a salon. I was thinking women only, y'know? A place where girls can come work out 'n' not have to worry about guys hitting on them. We offer them individual plans to reach their goals, and we do, like, some life coaching. We teach them everything – how to dress, how to exercise, how to cook their own healthy meals 'n' stuff, how much water to drink. And we stay on call, like, twenty-four and seven. Instead of throwing down on that piece of chocolate cake, they send us a text, and we're like *boom*, right there – "Girl, don't do it. You're so close to your goal. I promise if you walk away, you'll be glad you did, you're too special to ruin all that hard work 'n' stuff over something that only tastes good for, like, a couple minutes."

"Holy shit, Danni, that's genius," Niki said. "We can *totally* do that."

“We could even, like, get them some super sexy, like, bikini and lingerie shots when they hit their weight-loss goals,” Danni said. “So they can feel like models when they get where they want to go.”

“That’s amazing,” Jessica said. “You came up with that all by yourself?”

“Well, you guys totally inspired me,” Danni said.

“Aww, too sweet!” Niki said. “You guys, you seriously want to do this?”

They all agreed in full voice amidst bright smiles, clapping hands and bouncing boobs.

“Okay, so, that means we have to put together a business plan,” Danni said, “and start lining up some investors. We’re gonna need some money if we want to do this, y’know?”

“Think it’d be okay if I went over there and asked Daddy?” Kennedy said.

“Won’t hurt to try, babe,” Jessica laughed, “and at least you get a nice little cocktail to drink, even if he says ‘no.’”

“He never says anything,” Brandee grumped. “I wish he would just tell me how beautiful I am, or how sexy my lips look all wrapped around his cock ‘n’ stuff. I need some feedback, y’know?”

“We’ll get there, honey, I promise,” Danni said. “I’m not gonna let you guys down.”

“I love you so much, baby,” Kennedy said. “You’re the best sister in the world.”

The actual business proposal took quite a while, between the demands of their high-glam lifestyle and the time spent choosing clothes and makeup and the research constantly derailed and distracted by posting to social media and online shopping, not to mention how long it took to write anything with two-inch fingernails in the round bubble-script they all favored, in pink ink from pens topped with little bits of pink marabou fluff. But eventually, they hammered out a prospectus. Each of them asked their daddies for the software and printing equipment to make a suitable presentation, dutifully and properly on their knees at the bases of the mannequins, before they attempted to ask for venture capital.

Like clockwork, the materials they requested showed up a few hours later, further reinforcing the power of the spirited blowjob and its ability to get them the things they wanted. They paused only to retouch makeup and hair and change into casual clothes – still as skin-tight and revealing as their other clothes, just seeming a bit more comfortable – before descending on the work in a group. They struggled through things which ordinarily wouldn’t have troubled them in the slightest – choices of colors for the presentation proved particularly incendiary, as did fonts, and they battled with things like spelling and grammar like schoolchildren, bickering and arguing over the tiniest of disagreements. It took all of Danni’s newfound Queen Bee skills to keep the vacuous, distractible girls on task as they left critical things aside to primp in mirrors or add topcoat to nails. Somehow, these things only served to make her love her sisters more, however. Sure, they were airheads and bimbos, but they were *her* airheads and bimbos, and she was their appointed Queen.

Which made her the biggest airhead and bimbo of them all, a point that filled her with no small amount of pride, strangely enough.

What passed as dinner arrived a short time later. It amazed Danni that any of them had enough energy to walk to the bathroom, given the miniscule amounts they ate. She herself only consumed a few carrot sticks with hummus, two bites of a small green salad and only one of a grilled Portobello mushroom and half a glass of white wine.

"I wonder how come they never give us anything like chicken or fish?" Niki wondered.

"Oh, God, that sounds *awful*," Brandee blurted without thinking. "Seriously, I would throw up trying to eat something like that, wouldn't you?"

"Actually, yeah," Danni told her. "I used to love it, though. But now..."

"Holy shit, are we *vegans*?" Jessica said in wonder. "I mean, I can't even think about a glass of milk or a scrambled egg without feeling like I'm going to puke."

"No way," Kristi said. "Can PAM even do that?"

"Look at your chest, honey, and your hair," Danni told her sweetly. "I really don't think there's much that Dr. Fletcher or PAM can't do. Besides, don't you think it's kinda sexy? I mean, say it. 'I can't eat that, sorry, I'm vegan.' I mean, like, it's so sexy and stuck-up, right?"

"Oh, wow, my nipples got hard," Kennedy said. "Just thinking it. I'm a vegan, I don't eat any animals, that's so disgusting!"

"Beats carrying this, I guess," Niki said, pulling a popsicle stick from her purse, one end wrapped in a thick bundle of rubber bands."

"What's that thing?" Kennedy asked with an adorably confused, innocent look that quickly seemed to be becoming her trademark.

"Oh, honey, you're so clueless," Kristi said, hugging her sidelong. "Haven't you ever seen a puke stick before?"

"A what?"

"A puke stick," Jessica explained. "I have one, too. For when you eat too much, y'know, you just, like, go in the bathroom and shove that thing down your throat, and up it comes. No calories, no weight gain. You get to eat it and then you don't have to pay for it later."

"Oh, baby, that's so bad for you," Danni said.

"Easy for you to say, Danni, you're, like, super skinny," Niki said. "The rest of us girls have to be a little more, like, extreme about it if we want the boys to look at us like they look at you."

"But I can probably throw it out," Jessica said, "if I'm vegan 'n' stuff. So much easier to stay skinny."

"Do you think I need a puke stick?" Kennedy asked.

"You? Oh, no, baby, never," Kristi said. "You're almost as skinny as Danni. You're beautiful."

"Thanks," Kennedy said, relieved.

"I didn't know you two were bulimic," Danni said. "That makes me so sad to hear."

"Actually, I didn't know it either," Jessica said. "I just had it in my purse. I didn't even know why, until just now. Wow, do you think PAM or Dr. Fletcher made us bulimic?"

“Probably,” Brandee said. “I mean, I didn’t even feel like eating just now, I had to make myself do it. I guess that kinda makes me, like, anorexic or some shit, I dunno.”

“This is no good,” Danni said. “How are we gonna life-coach our clients in the gym if we all have eating disorders? What, are we gonna tell women they have to starve themselves or puke after every meal just so they can look like us?”

“What’s wrong with the way we look?” Niki said defensively.

“Nothing,” Danni said. “We’re fucking gorgeous. But honey, think about who’s gonna come into our gym looking for help. Normal girls. Are we seriously gonna tell them to develop an eating disorder?”

“Baby, we don’t have to *tell* them we are,” Kristi said.

“They’re gonna find out,” Danni said. “It’s not like any of us could keep it secret forever. No, I think we need to concentrate on healthy eating. Maybe we can even encourage a vegan diet for our clients. But we can’t tell them to stick their fingers down their throats after every meal.”

“Puke stick,” Kennedi corrected.

“We have a responsibility to the women who come to us for help, y’know?” Danni said. “It can’t just be about how they look. We have to teach them how to be healthy. Show them that they’re beautiful.”

“That’s so sweet,” Niki said. “But you know we’re gonna get, like, so many fatties.”

“And we’re s’posed to lie ‘n’ stuff, tell them they’re, like, perfect?” Brandee asked.

“They wouldn’t be in there asking for help if they thought they were perfect,” Danni said. “But we also can’t be, like, total bitches to them when they show up. We have to be positive, like PAM told us. We have to encourage them, let them *feel* all hot ‘n’ beautiful ‘n’ sexy so they will want to work harder.”

“And we *can’t* call them ‘fatties,’” Kennedi scolded.

“I know that,” Niki snorted. “I can talk to you guys like that, can’t I?”

“Of course, baby, you know you can,” Danni said. “But think about it, how careful we’re gonna have to be. We’re gonna have all these women, like, looking up to us and needing our help and advice, right? What’s it gonna, like, say to them if all they see us doing is slamming champagne and cigarettes and puking up everything right after we eat it?”

“Oh, yeah, that makes total sense,” Jessica said. “So, we have to, like, *act* healthy even if we don’t really *live* healthy. ‘Cause no way I’m giving up my vape and my wine, gym or no gym.”

“Holla,” Niki seconded.

Danni sighed. “We have to figure out how we’re gonna do this, then,” she said. “You guys know I don’t care if you smoke and drink, right? I mean, I do it, too. But when we’re representing our business, we totally have to present an image of ourselves as healthy.”

“How are we gonna do that?” Brandee asked.

Danni shrugged. “Probably just how you said, Brandee. We’re gonna *lie*.”

She took up her pink pen and notebook and started putting down some notes while the other girls chattered and indulged in their after-dinner cigarettes and *aperitifs*, but halted mid-sentence when the squeak of the door at the far side of the room interrupted their thoughts.

Three men entered, wearing white lab coats and carrying tablet computers, looking brisk and serious. Two girls followed along behind them – a dusky-skinned, long legged Indian beauty with flawless skin and long dark hair, clad in a shiny gold cocktail dress and nude Louboutins, and a petite blonde with bombshell curves and breasts bigger than Jessica's, wearing a one-shoulder white dress and white thigh-high boots. Both women sparkled with rhinestones and perfectly-applied shimmer powder and posed to devastating effect when they stopped, flicking their hair effortlessly over their shoulders.

"Good evening, ladies," the tallest of the lab-coats said, eyeing them appreciatively. "I understand that you have a few questions. I am Dr. Morgan, and it's fallen to me to hopefully provide you with answers. Behind me are Drs. Kemper and Smith, and you already know – or *knew*, perhaps I should say – Summer and Destinee.

"Um, like, sorry... I don't think I know those... holy shit," Niki breathed. "Summer and Destinee? Like, Sumir and Dustin?"

"Oh, we *totes* don't answer to those names any more, baby," Summer chimed airily.

"Do I even *look* like a Dustin to you?" the blonde, Destinee, said happily, pushing her thick blonde hair into a pouf behind her head and blowing a playful kiss.

"Your questions, ladies," Dr. Morgan said. "I haven't got all night."

The other girls looked expectantly at Danni, who stepped forward and struck a model-like pose of her own in answer to Summer and Destinee's challenging demeanor. She heard light swishes of fabric and the *click-clack* of heels on hard floors to know that her princesses assembled themselves behind her. There would be no question who the hottest girls in the room were.

"Um, yeah," Danni said. "We were mostly wondering, y'know, like... when are we gonna get our, y'know... our *equipment*?"

"Equipment?" Dr. Morgan said.

"Our pussies," Danni clarified. "When do we get our pussies?"

"Ah. Of course," Dr. Morgan said. "You'll be pleased to know, the drugs and nanites required to create that specific anatomy has already been introduced into your bodies. That process has been at work, quite slowly, since your first few moments in this facility."

"Well, then, how long before it kicks in 'n' stuff?" Danni asked.

"We have to activate it," Morgan replied. "Without the catalysts, the process will continue, but it would most likely take years. With the catalysts, it could happen in a few hours."

"So, then, what do we need to do to get those cata-whatevers?" Niki chimed in.

"There are certain criteria that must be met, first," Dr. Morgan said. "Once you've completed them to our satisfaction, we'll be only too happy to administer the catalysts and complete your physical transformations."

"Okay, so, what, then?" Danni pressed.

"Several things, honestly," one of the other doctors said. "There are some tests we need to run."

"And we want to observe you all in some supervised social settings," the other one said.

"And, we want you to ask nicely," Morgan finished. "Keep in mind, your ordinary method of asking nicely might not be sufficient. You're asking us for a lot."

"So, what more do you have in mind?" Kennedy asked innocently.

"We can't fuck without pussies," Brandee said softly. "Unless he wants one of us anally."

"No, that can't be it," Danni said. "It's got to be something really special. Something he doesn't ordinarily get, something he probably only dreamed about... oh."

"What is it, Danni?" Kristi asked.

"I have an idea," Danni said, and took a couple steps forward. "So, um, Summer?"

"Yeah?" the willowy Indian girl said haughtily.

"Do you, like, have a pussy of your own yet, or are you, like, asking for one too?"

She scoffed a little, but her wide dark eyes betrayed frustration very akin to Danni's own. "No, I don't have one, either," she said.

Danni reached out and took Summer's hand, a little bit timidly at first, but then dragged a long caress up the length of the swarthy girl's forearm. "So, I think I know what Dr. Morgan has in mind," Danni said. "D'you think maybe, like, you could follow my lead 'n' stuff?"

"Depends on where you're leading," Summer said, looking cluelessly at Danni's hand, now resting on Summer's shoulder.

"You'll like it, I promise, baby," Danni said softly, and leaned in. She loved the feeling of softness meeting softness, and the little tickle of tongue against her own pillowy lips, and the way their lipsticks intermingled and stuck together a little bit.

Not waiting for a response, Danni turned and faced Dr. Morgan with a sultry, heavy-lidded expression, reaching across herself to run a playful fingernail in lazy circles around the generous swell of Summer's nearest breast. "So, um, Dr. Morgan, is *this* more what you had in mind for asking *super* nice?"

Morgan's neutral face twitched, almost betraying a delighted smile. "I would say you're definitely on the right track, Miss Watson."

"That's good," Danni said, playing with a strand of Summer's soft hair. She turned back to the dusky girl and kissed her again, this time running covetous hands all over Summer's slender form, tracing shimmering ripples in the liquid gold material covering the nubile body. Summer responded this time, thrusting her tongue deeply into Danni's open mouth and tangling slender fingers in the lustrous platinum blonde mane. Their breasts nestled in between one another, nipples stiffening in their push-up prisons. With a little tug, Summer pulled the white-gold hair roughly enough to make Danni yelp, then starting pressing hot kisses into Danni's neck.

"Oh my God," Danni heard Brandee breathe over the soft smacking sounds of Summer's delicious kisses. "Look how *into* it she is."

"I don't see how," Niki added *sotto voce*. "I mean, like, she's *such* a bitch."

“That kinda makes it hotter,” Kennedy said innocently.

Danni tried to focus on her princesses, but Summer’s ministrations disallowed any distraction. Danni’s hands found the large, firm breasts and began kneading gently, teasing through the fabric, as one of Danni’s smooth thighs found its way in between Summer’s. Summer began to grind softly against her smooth flesh in languorous up-and-down strokes. Danni could feel the stunted, flaccid penis in the lacy panties against her sensitive flesh, but she didn’t care. This was the path to getting herself and her ‘squad’ their proper feminine anatomy, and it didn’t matter how nasty Summer acted or what she slid up and down her thigh, she wasn’t quitting.

A telltale *click-clack* announced Kristi’s arrival by Danni’s side, her soft hand sliding along the curve of Danni’s lower back. She heard her friend’s voice saying, “Hey, baby, you look kinda lonely over here” to Destinee. Their next words got lost beneath the soft screech of Summer lowering the zipper down the side of Danni’s dress.

“You’re overdressed, baby,” Summer purred, holding Danni’s hands out to her sides dramatically as the little sheath fluttered to the floor, exposing Danni’s unparalleled body in nothing but a pastel pink bra and matching panties. Summer giggled a bit as she helped Danni step out of the meager puddle of discarded clothing and then drew her back into a deep, passionate kiss.

Danni somehow managed to get Summer out of her own dress and unhook her shelf bra, exposing a very nice and firm pair of spherical porn-star breasts. Danni took a long time laving the dark nipples with her tongue and enhanced lips, causing the hand on the back of her head to tighten convulsively, yanking her hair to the point of a very delicious and welcome pain. At least Summer wasn’t acting any more – they were both so turned on, it didn’t matter that they didn’t particularly like one another.

“We’re neglecting the good doctor, honey,” Danni said, taking Summer’s beautiful face between her hands and pulling their lips apart from the deep kiss. “He’s bound to be getting lonely over there.”

“Mmm, yeah,” Summer said. “Should we invite one of your other friends to come play?”

“Oh, absolutely,” Danni giggled. “Hey, Kennedy, want to come play with us?”

The redhead minced hurriedly to their side, and folded neatly into Danni and Summer’s embrace. Danni didn’t pay that much attention to how Kennedy got freed from her tight dress and bra, so interested in the mechanics of the ongoing three-way kiss she was. Danni didn’t even know whose hands were touching her where at any given moment, and she honestly didn’t care.

Danni took her cohorts by the hands and led them in a sultry chevron of catwalk slinks to Dr. Morgan, who looked at them with breathless anticipation. Danni sank to her knees in front of him, looking up coquettishly through her long, thick lashes, and began picking at his fly with the tips of her long nails, adopting her best “little girl” voice and expression.

“Don’t you think we’re all good enough girls to have our pussies, Daddy?” she said almost plaintively. “I’m a good girl, and so is Summer and Kennedy. We’re the *best* girls. Let us show you, okay?”

“Please?” Kennedy added.

“I want to show you so bad,” Summer purred throatily.

Danni managed the snug zipper of the dress slacks and reached inside, drawing out a respectably-large cock which bobbed gently in time with the doctor's pulse. Danni paused for a second, swallowing hard.

"First time on a real one, honey?" Summer asked.

"Yeah," Danni breathed.

"Don't be nervous," Summer said, stroking Danni's hair. "It's, like, super easy. The mannequin daddies are actually tougher to get off. You'll be a natural, I promise."

Danni kissed her deeply. "Thanks, hon."

She opened her mouth wide, pointing the organ at her waiting lips, and went to work.

Danni licked her lips happily, still a bit breathless. All around her, naked beauties knelt in front of their respective "daddies" in the aftermath of the very spectacular orgasms they caused. The doctors sagged, panting and moaning and *thoroughly* satisfied. Any lingering doubts Danni had about her skills as a cocksucker evaporated in a happy mist. And how much *better* it tasted than the synthetic stuff! She never would have guessed it, but she found herself reassessing her favorite foods to make room for cum at the very top of the list.

She actually thanked PAM, or whatever powers-that-be, for the inclusion of some aptitude for organization in her psychological training. Keeping track of three independent cocksuckers with only one cock between them took a certain amount of talent, she'd discovered as she passed the engorged organ back and forth between three open, hungry mouths. The contortions required to make room for a new "lead" cocksucker when the organ got passed left pleasant soreness in her shoulders and lower back that reminded her of how much fun it was to be bent backwards, licking Dr. Morgan's balls while Kennedi stroked his shaft between Summer's slurping, wet lips. Most of the other girls had just made out with one another while one of them tended to the cock. Danni took a great deal of pleasure in knowing that her trio outperformed the others so admirably.

She cut a sympathetic look over at Dr. Kemper, the poor soul who only got a duo for his party. But with the enthusiastic and athletic performance turned in by Niki and Jessica, he didn't look too disappointed. The thought made Danni giggle.

"Just think, Dr. Morgan," she breathed in that high-pitched "little girl" tone that drove Morgan so wild with desire. "You give me that catalyst, and you get to come back and get way more than a little blowjob."

Morgan shook his head, still a little breathless. "No, that honor doesn't fall to me," he told her.

"Who, then?"

"Not my decision," Morgan replied. "Just not me."

He tucked his spent cock back into his trousers carefully and zipped them closed, straightening his clothing with what looked like a bit of shame hidden in the fastidiousness. He reached into a pocket of his pants and withdrew a handkerchief to mop sweat from his brow and the sides of his neck, then folded it to be replaced with elaborate care. Finally, as the girls stood around him in a semicircle, their magnificent breasts all pointing at him delightfully, he fished in the pocket

of his lab coat and withdrew a metal case, which opened beneath his thumbprint to reveal a row of loaded syringes.

“Seriously? Are those..?” Summer asked, craning her neck to look over the lid of the case.

“The catalysts, yes,” Dr. Morgan said. “A deal is a deal, and you certainly delivered.”

“So, like, will that work?” Kennedy asked in her trademark clueless innocence. “Like, once we get our daddies ‘n’ stuff. If we want something, like, super special, all we have to do is call a friend?”

“If your performance tonight is any indication, I think you could get anything you wanted, up to and including a vacation home,” Dr. Morgan chuckled. “I’ll confess, I had my fantasies about something like that, but they fell far short of the real thing.”

“Aww, that’s sweet,” Danni said, her eyes never wavering from the row of syringes.

Morgan tracked her gaze and nodded. “I would suggest that you lie down before I administer the injection,” he said simply. “The reaction might be a touch unpleasant, and previous subjects have been known to get quite dizzy.”

“Oh? Okay, sure,” Danni said. “So, I guess you’re headed back to your own room, right, Summer?”

“Guess so,” she confirmed. “Gotta get back to the squad, y’know.”

Danni leaned in and kissed her tenderly, running fingers through the soft, dark hair one last time. “Look, I know it seems like we don’t get along ‘n’ stuff, but I had a *lot* of fun with you tonight.”

“Yeah, you’re not nearly as stuck-up as I thought you were, especially once you got a dick in your mouth,” she chuckled. “Text me, okay? We can hang out or something. But just us, ‘kay? ‘Cause I think your girl Niki, like, fucking hates me.”

“Oh, she just acts tough,” Kennedy told her, giving her a breast-to-breast hug before handing Summer back her discarded dress and bra. “She’s actually really sweet once you get to know her.”

“Too much work,” Summer said offhandedly. “I mean, like, you guys are total party girls, and I get that. It’s competitive out there, it pays to be a bigger bitch than the bitch standing next to you. Mad respect, y’know, but that just isn’t me or my crew.”

“I get it, I get it, we won’t mix,” Danni said. “Plenty of cock out there for all of us, right?”

“And plenty of dollar bills, too,” Summer added with a wink, drawing her hair over one shoulder so she could contort her slender arms behind her back to fasten her bra. She spent a lavish amount of time nestling and arranging her fantastic breasts in the padded, reinforced cups before slinging the dress over one shoulder and sashaying towards the exit.

“Text me, okay, Danni? You’re a cool chick,” Summer said.

“I will,” she replied, not even bothering with the fact that she never got Summer’s number. It didn’t particularly matter. Ten minutes on her knees in front of the mannequin and she’d have whatever she wanted, anyway. She gathered up the rest of her princesses and hustled them towards their beds, not even bothering to allow them time to dress. They piled into their cushiony beds, festooned with teddy bears and stuffed heart pillows, bare-breasted and happy.

Each of them snuggled girlishly into the covers, leaving one smooth thigh peeking temptingly from beneath the thick covers.

Dr. Kemper had followed Summer and Destinee into their own quarters, leaving only Morgan and Smith to work their way around the circle of six beds, giving each girl a quick, efficient injection before pulling the covers over their sore thighs. Kennedy even sniffled a little at the pain of the injection – Danni noted that the redheaded Kennedy constituted the only member of the group who might not actually be pretending to act like an innocent little girl. Maybe something in her head had gotten broken when they first got captured. Or maybe she was always that way, down deep, and the changes just brought that out. Or maybe she was just *that* eager to please.

“You okay, Kennedy, baby?” Danni asked soothingly.

“Yeah,” she said in a fragile voice. “I just, like, *hate* shots, y’know?”

“Oh, honey, nobody likes ‘em,” Niki told her comfortingly.

“Did you guys all have fun tonight?” Danni asked the group at large.

“Total blast,” Jessica replied. “Real ones are so much more fun than fake ones.”

“Kinda missed the fake cum, though, a little,” Brandee confessed. “Dr. Smith’s was, like, so *bitter*.”

“Still, you ate it all up like a good girl,” Kristi teased. “Off that bitch Destinee’s tits, too.”

“I figured out how much I like kissing girls,” Niki said. “At least one thing didn’t change.”

“OhmahGawd, I know, right?” Jessica laughed. “It’s, like, they know exactly where to touch.”

“Of course they do, they have all the same parts we do,” Kristi said.

“Does that make us lesbians?” Kennedy asked.

“No, I think it just makes us sluts,” Niki laughed. “But I doubt it, babe. Once I saw that big dick, I didn’t think about anything else, even when Jessica was playing with my tits and sucking my nipples.”

“Aww, seriously, you didn’t pay attention?” Jessica teased. “That was, like, some of my best moves.”

“Oh, I appreciated the fuck out of it, no doubt,” Niki replied. “But I dunno, baby, it’s like... once I got that cock in my mouth, it was like I couldn’t even concentrate any more, y’know?”

“Same here,” Danni confessed. “All I wanted to do was work that cock, it was like all the other stuff was happening behind, like, a curtain ‘n’ stuff.”

“They probably did that stuff on purpose,” Kristi announced.

Warm flushes spread down Danni’s arms and legs in waves, making her dizzy and a little nauseated as the drugs kicked in. She took a few deep breaths in an attempt to settle herself, which did little good.

“I don’t think it’s a bad thing,” she said a little groaningly. “I mean, like, we’re healthy, red-blooded girls, right? Nothing wrong with loving cock. OhmahGawd, did I just actually say that? I do! I seriously love cock!”

“Oh, obvi, bitch!” Niki teased, her own voice thick with nausea but still animated. “You should’ve seen yourself go to town on that thing.”

“One of you guys is gonna have to take a video someday,” Jessica said. “I think it would be so fucking hot to watch myself suck a cock.”

“I want to go the other way, did anybody else think that?” Kristi said. “I mean, tonight was super fun ‘n’ everything, with, like, three girls and one cock. But I thought, like, a bunch of times about being one girl with three cocks to play with.”

“Ooh, girl, don’t get me turned on,” Kennedy grumped. “Seriously, that’s the last thing I want right now, I’m just trying not to hurl.”

“Me, too,” Brandee said. “I feel like *shit*, y’all.”

“Just go to sleep, then,” Danni told them, ever the elected matron. “Dr. Morgan said that it was gonna make us all sick, but it’ll be totally worth it. Think about what we’re gonna have when we wake up.”

“Mmm, Morgan,” Kennedy said dreamily. “That’s a pretty name.”

“Huh?” Niki said.

“Morgan. I think if I have a daughter, I would like to name her Morgan. Isn’t that cute?”

“What the hell are you talking about, Kennedy?” Kristi asked.

“Having babies,” Kennedy told them. “Once we have pussies, y’know, we have to think about stuff like that. I hope I find myself a daddy who wants to knock me up, like, right away. And I hope I have all girls. Cute little girls that I can put in cute little dresses and little hats...”

Kennedy drifted off in mid-sentence, the illness of the catalyst and her own exhaustion finally claiming her conscious mind. The other girls, however, did not achieve that rest so easily, now that their ginger friend put the picture in their collective mind, of themselves with grossly distended bellies and swollen ankles, their precious new pussies stretched out and loose, their glorious tits and pristine nipples stretched and wrinkled from breastfeeding.

“Daddy better hire my ass a nanny,” Kristi grumped, and it was the last thing Danni heard before her eyelids sank beneath the weight of the nausea and malaise.

SUMMARY:

CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

Part Five

By Valerie Hope

“HOLY SHIT, DUDE, I’M GONNA fuck *everything*,” Niki laughed, staring precariously between her enormous breasts to peek at the little fluff of hair adorning her now-smooth crotch. “Think I can get this lamp to fit up there?”

“Oh my *God*,” Kristi moaned from the depths of her covers. “Tell me you bitches have tried out the clit.”

Danni giggled, biting her lip to keep from moaning aloud from the soft ministrations of her fingers along the contours of her new anatomy. Even touching the outer lips *near* her clitoris brought eye-crossing pleasure, much less a direct touch.

“Better wake up Daddy,” Brandee said. “I have to ask for a vibrator or a dildo or something.”

“Not happening,” Danni told them. “Apparently, these little beauties between our legs are already spoken for. Dr. Morgan told me so.” The thought of his delightful cock filled Danni’s imagination, bringing a fresh bout of the unfamiliar but *very* welcome wetness her new organs supplied. Surreptitiously, she lifted her hand beneath her slender nose and inhaled. Her pussy – her *actual* pussy, her real, soft, wet and tight girl pussy – gave a clean, sharp scent, reminiscent of fresh-cut grass and warm honey, with a hint of something like strawberries. She made a mental note to ask PAM about the intricacies of keeping it clean and fresh, so it would always smell so intoxicating.

“Mmm, I wish Dr. Morgan was here right now,” Niki said. “Even after Kennedi killed everybody’s buzz last night.”

Kennedi said nothing, just a few mewling chirps which announced that she, too, explored her new pussy to great effect.

“Babies. Fuck that,” Jessica said. “Any baby I have gonna be a goddamn flipper baby, if my baby-daddy thinks I’m giving up my vodka, he’s crazy.”

“Let it go,” Danni said. “You know as good as me, you guys, if one of our daddies tells us to get pregnant, then we’re, like, gonna get pregnant. None of us would ever go against him.”

“Yeah, you’re probably right,” Jessica said with a sigh. “I’ll just have to look so fucking good that he wouldn’t dream of messing up this hot little body of mine.”

“Anybody cum yet?” Brandee asked.

“Hold, please,” giggled Niki, and a storm of squeals and moans erupted from her bed, beneath the luxurious pink duvet. “Oh. Oh my fucking *God*.”

“That good?” Kristi asked.

“See for yourself,” Niki panted. “And they work like they’re s’posed to, ‘cause I’m about to do it again...”

All conversation ceased abruptly as the girls concentrated. After receiving incontrovertible proof that Niki, Kristi and Brandee were moaners, Kennedy was a whimperer and Danni and Jessica were screamers, they then went on to discover that each and every one of them had the capacity for multiples. They threw back the covers, glistening with perspiration and panting, glowing with utter and complete satisfaction. Before, orgasm involved a narrowing of the universe until it contained only a cock and balls, spasming and spurting. Now orgasm happened with their whole bodies. Danni came from the roots of her hair, from her cuticles, from the tip of her adorable nose. And the utter abandon, the complete and total lack of any control of herself both alarmed her and delighted her at the same time.

“Oh, I’m gonna do that a *lot*,” Jessica said happily.

“I will so lick whoever asks me if you promise to do it back,” Niki said.

“Probably have to practice that particular skill anyway,” Danni chuckled, “’cause I was *defi* vibing hard off of Summer last night. She’s a total bitch, but she is so fucking hot.”

“So, what now?” Kennedy asked. “I mean, we’re, like, totally girls now. Pussies and everything. What do we do now?”

“Good question, baby,” Danni said, pushing herself up onto her elbows, her ‘done’ tits pointing straight at the ceiling. “There’s not a whole lot else left for us to do, y’know?”

“Except get myself a clit piercing,” Kristi said, “my old girlfriend said those are the fucking *bomb*.”

“But every single thing we’ve gone through has been, like, planned out for us,” Danni said, pouting adorably in thought. “I got to think there’s a plan for what we do next.”

“Well, we have to find investors for the gym ‘n’ stuff,” Jessica offered.

“Yeah, and find a place to live, that kind of stuff,” Kennedy told them.

“And a daddy,” Kristi said.

“And I still want to go out clubbing, y’know, check out the night life as a hot girl,” Niki put in. “I mean, I have a girl’s body, I have a girl’s brain, I totally want to get out there and live a girl’s life.”

“I mean, Dr. Morgan” – *and his gorgeous cock that I can’t stop thinking about* – “told us there was shit they needed us to do last night,” Danni said. “Observe us socially, do some tests ‘n’ stuff. But then we sucked cock so good, I guess he forgot all about that shit and just gave us the shots anyway.”

“Maybe sucking his dick was the test, bitch,” Brandee laughed, setting giggles off around the room.

“So you think they’re gonna come back and do these, like, tests and observations, D?” Jessica asked.

“Probably,” Danni said. “I mean, for all the good shit that’s happened, and how much I *love* being a girl ‘n’ stuff, and how much I totally love you guys... I still don’t know *why* they did this to us. Not that I’m complaining, but they sunk a lot of time and money and technology into making us look and act like this, y’know?”

“I thought the same thing, baby,” Kennedy said.

“You think they’re actually gonna tell us?” Jessica asked. “Or that we’d even understand it if they did?”

“Yeah, we’re pretty dumb,” Niki said. “I tried to read an article on my phone yesterday about the economy, and I couldn’t get past the first three sentences. I used to eat that shit up.”

“And that business plan we wrote, like, took *forever*,” Kristi complained. “Shit like that used to be so easy for me. Now it feels impossible. And every time I got going, like, remembered how I used to do it, I would get distracted by a Snapchat or thinking about what color to do my nails or something.”

“Y’know, Dr. Smith looked down at me when I was sucking his dick last night and he called me a bimbo,” Niki told them. “And I *loved* that. I mean, seriously, you guys, it felt like a hug or something. I just knew, like, deep in my soul ‘n’ stuff, that’s *exactly* what I was and *exactly* what I wanted to be.”

The word sent a thrill of passion and satisfaction, a sense of utter *rightness*, up Danni’s spine when Niki spoke it. “So, okay, that’s not so bad. Dr. Fletcher ‘n’ PAM, like, they made us bimbos. There’s, like, *way* worse things to be.”

“Like little cocksucking sluts?” Brandee teased. “‘Cause, don’t look now, but...”

“Be serious,” Danni said with an amused snort. “But they, like, didn’t stop us or anything when we made that business plan. So even if they made us bimbos – God, that word sounds so good to me – even if they made us bimbos, we can still, like, do stuff, y’know?”

“But I don’t know what to do,” Kennedy said. “I’m serious, you guys. I feel like if I don’t have a daddy around to tell me what to do, I’m, like, just gonna sit around and do nothing.”

“Yeah, having a daddy totes helps,” Jessica said.

“I just wish I knew *why* all this was happening,” Danni told them, trying to stay focused in the veritable cloud of pussy-smell wafting from the group of recently-satisfied women. It tried to drive her thoughts back to sex and pleasure and proved very difficult to dissuade. She decided to distract herself by getting dressed, instead, and put her dainty little feet on the floor, burying her painted toes into the thick pink plush throw-rug beside her bed with a satisfied little nose-wrinkling grin.

“Well, like, you’re the smartest one of us ‘n’ stuff,” Kristi told her. “How do you want us to help?”

“I dunno,” Danni replied. “I have so much trouble remembering what happened, y’know, like, *before*.”

“Well, we got arrested,” Niki said, “I remember that much. They put us, like, in a van ‘n’ stuff.”

“Yeah, and we were all confused ‘n’ stuff,” Jessica added.

“Yeah, and then they started changing us, like, PAM ‘n’ everybody,” Kennedy said. “That’s all I really remember, ‘cept for all of us becoming, like, BFFs ‘n’ stuff.”

“There was more than that, though,” Danni said, her brow wrinkling adorably. “Like, some kind of plan for everybody. I mean, there’s all this money ‘n’ stuff, all this work to make us like this, no way did they just, like, do it for the fuck of it, y’know? This has got to be *for* something.”

"I wish I had a daddy," Brandee sighed. "*He'd* know what was going on. He'd totes tell me, too, if I sucked his dick good enough."

"I think that's it," Danni said, brightening. "I mean, like, it's all we can think about, right?"

"What is?"

"Getting daddies," Danni said. "Sucking their dicks. Letting them fuck our new pussies. Looking all hot 'n' sexy for them. I mean, like, that's the only time I ever even feel anything other than happy, is when I think about one of you guys getting a better daddy than me. I get all competitive 'n' jealous 'n' stuff."

"OhmahGawd, me too!" Kennedy gasped.

"That's got to be it," Danni said, nodding, sending shimmering waves down her platinum blonde mane. "They're, like, setting us up to be perfect little girls, 'cause they already have daddies picked out for us."

"Seriously?" Kristi said. "You think?"

"It's got to be," Danni said. "This whole thing, it's all about matchmaking."

"But, um..." Kennedy said, looking up at the ceiling through her thick lashes with an adorably confused expression on her pretty little doll face. "How come they changed us 'n' stuff? Why not just, like, use regular girls?"

"Maybe to get us back for something?" Jessica said. "Maybe something we did before?"

"It's so hard to think," Danni grumped. "I'm just so fucking *horny* all the time."

"They probably did that on purpose, too," Niki said.

"And they made us all dumb as shit," Kristi said. "Not like I care, y'know, but..."

"I kinda *do* care," Danni said. "I feel like I could figure all this stuff out, y'know, but I'm so horny and so dumb, every time I try to concentrate I only end up thinking about shoes 'n' cocks 'n' perfume."

"And how pretty the other girls look," Kennedy said. "And selfies 'n' stuff."

"This is so hard!" Niki complained.

"What if you, like, fingered yourself?" Brandee asked Danni. "Y'know, like, cleared your head 'n' stuff."

"That doesn't work, baby," Danni said gently, with a grateful smile. "If I cum, then all I can think about is cumming some more. It's like I'm addicted or something, y'know?"

"Has anybody, like, asked PAM?" Niki blurted suddenly. "Maybe she knows why they made us like this."

"Well, PAM?" Danni asked the empty air. "Can you tell us that?"

The soft, feminine voice replied gently into her ear. "Your template programming is in two phases," PAM said. "The first is common to you all, your self-absorption and obsession with looks, your hypersexuality. The second phase of the template programming is scheduled to begin in one hour, twelve minutes."

"Oh, shit, that's barely enough time to do my hair!" Jessica swore, jumping from her bed and beginning frantic work at her vanity table with a brush.

"What's, um... what's the second phase?" Danni asked.

"Individualization," PAM explained. "For the things ordered specifically for each of you."

"Ordered?" Danni asked. "Like, as in made to order?"

"Exactly," PAM said.

"So, like, who ordered us?"

"Your daddies," PAM confirmed. "Each of them requested specific personality traits and mannerisms."

"You were right, babe!" Kristi crowed. "We *are* getting daddies!"

"But, like, what about what Kennedy said?" Danni pressed. "Why not use regular girls?"

"Natural-born females undergo years of societal training. The only way to successfully implant the necessary templates would be to raise them from infancy," PAM said. "Which is an impractical timeframe for our purposes. Your development was completely controlled from the beginning, free of factors such as female role models, gender pride, or aspiration to anything other than what you are."

"And what are we?"

"Pleasing, compliant, eager female partners based on the male perception of female ideals," PAM said. "You formed your opinions of 'perfect' femininity based on pornography and mass media images. You all believed that a woman's value derived completely from how she looked. In many ways, you guided your own development through the first template."

"Seriously? We made ourselves this way?" Niki asked.

"Of course," PAM said. "Before the process began, each of you had a clear image of what made the perfect woman in your subconscious. Gorgeous, sexy, skinny, fashionable, horny, slutty. No premium was ever set on strength, character, intelligence or self-esteem."

"So, like, that's what we turned out as?" Danni asked. "We only cared about how we looked, how skinny we were 'n' what we wore and how good we fucked, 'cause that's the kind of woman we fantasized about? And we didn't care if a woman was weak or dumb or even a total selfish bitch, so we turned out weak and dumb and selfish, conceited bitches?"

"Exactly," PAM said. "Early research showed that for generating this specific kind of woman, using a male as the basis returned a 92% more favorable result than using a female. Our early female subjects rebelled against the program and reasserted their original personalities in 78% of all cases, and the males in only 2%."

"How come the guys didn't fight back?" Kennedy asked. "They're, like, strong, too 'n' stuff."

"They stopped wanting to," PAM replied. "It felt too good."

"Shit, yeah, it does," Kristi said with a soft sigh of defeat.

"Yeah," Brandee said. "I totally can't imagine being any other way than this."

"Yeah," Kennedi sniffled. "I'm, like... so *happy* like this."

"The second phase of the template will increase your happiness even more," PAM said, "and make you perfect candidates for acceptance by your new daddies. You'll be perfect for them, exactly what they want. Making them happy will make you happy in all the ways that matter to you."

"What ways are those?"

"You'll be rewarded with material goods. You'll be able to post selfies from trips to Mykonos and Ibiza, wearing designer clothes and diamond jewelry. You'll have expensive luxury cars and fly in private jets, you'll drink Dom Perignon and dine at the finest restaurants. Your daddies will give you whatever you want for being such pleasing, beautiful little girls."

"Oh, God," Jessica said. "That sounds soooo perfect, you guys."

"I know," Niki moaned. "I got wet just thinking about that."

"And, like, we're going to marry them 'n' stuff, have their babies?" Kennedi asked.

"Most likely not," PAM explained. "Most of the daddies who ordered you are already married and have children. You were neither ordered nor designed for that purpose."

"OhmahGawd, we're just *side pussy*?" Danni asked. "That's it?"

"I'm totally gonna make my daddy forget *all* about his dumb wife," Kennedi said proudly, her normally innocent and naïve little-girl persona disappearing behind a sudden wave of ferocity.

"Oh, hellz yeah," Kristi said. "The stuff I'm gonna do to his dick, he won't even remember that bitch's name by the time I'm through."

"You guys are, like, *okay* with this?" Danni asked.

"What's not to be okay with?" Jessica said. "Think about it, Danni! We get a rich daddy who buys us all these cool things, and then he, like, *leaves*. We get to do whatever the fuck we want, then. We can have, like, other boyfriends 'n' stuff, we can open that gym, have other jobs 'n' stuff. That's perfect!"

Danni pursed her inflated lips. "I never thought about it like that," she said. "I mean, yeah. That *does* sound kinda good when you say it like that."

"So much better than being married 'n' stuff," Brandee said. "We can be young and free."

"But... how come I want a baby so bad?" Kennedi asked.

"Who says you can't have one?" Niki put in. "Shit, girl, you can have a baby if you want to. Maybe even your daddy's little baby 'n' stuff. You don't have to be his wife to get knocked up, y'know."

"I guess so," Kennedi sniffled.

"Honey, I promise it'll all work out, 'kay?" Danni said, comforting her automatically. "Hey, maybe we can, like, work it so we both get pregnant together, y'know? Like, wait 'till we're both ready and then we do it at the same time. We can go to doctor's appointments and Lamaze class together."

"Wouldn't it be cool if your kids had the same birthday?" Niki asked.

"I'm gonna be *such* a cool-ass aunt," Jessica giggled.

"Ooh!" Kristi said, clapping her hands excitedly, "double baby shower!"

"Aww, you guys," Kennedy said, her mood brightening visibly. "You're just the sweetest!"

"Look, it sounds like we can all be happy like this," Danni said. "And it's not like any of us can fight it."

"Fuck that," Brandee laughed. "I ain't fighting *shit*."

"So, I guess that means we just wait for this second phase thingy to start," Kennedy told them.

"Yeah," Danni said, the slightest little twinge of apprehension twisting her belly. "I wonder who we're gonna be when we wake up *this* time?"

The second phase began without much fanfare, just a soft tone sounding in their ears and a gentle statement from PAM telling them to go and sit down. Again, that strange disconnected feeling of time passing outside their perception took hold. Danni couldn't begin to tell anyone how long the second phase took, only that she awoke sluggish, headachy and thirsty.

"Anybody feel any different?" she asked, her mouth sticky with dehydration. None of the other girls answered, still in the coma-like sleep of PAM's soporific effect and whatever drugs they'd been given.

Danni struggled to her feet, taking a long moment to reassert her balance before slipping into the platform mules with the eight-inch heel that allowed her to walk comfortably on her shortened calves and Achilles' tendons. She minced and sashayed deftly through the chairs where her companions still slept, not wanting to disturb them, and back to the communal area behind them. She sipped gratefully from a bottle of water on the central table until her headache abated a little, then switched to a glass of pinot grigio, sipping at the delicate stemmed glass while lighting a cigarette pilfered from Niki's open purse.

Danni sat in the semi-darkness, trying to take any sort of a mental inventory that she could to find out what had changed. She didn't exactly fear what PAM might have done while she slept, but her curiosity wouldn't leave her in peace. None of the other girls seemed to have any drive beyond just being great in bed and wearing sample sizes. Why was Danni the only one left with any ambition? Why, when left to her own devices, was her first impulse to start her own business instead of just buying shoes and masturbating like her friends?

Maybe this whole second phase thing started a lot earlier than PAM said it did, she mused, puffing on the super-slim cigarette and delighting in the orange glow of the tip in the semidarkness. Or, like, maybe the second phase is s'posed to build on stuff that's, like, already there or something. Maybe I'm, y'know, s'posed to be the ambitious one. Maybe that's the kind of girl my daddy, like, wants me to be 'n' stuff.

She smiled. I hope that's it, she thought. I hope I have the kind of daddy who wants me to be all, like, ambitious and driven 'n' stuff. Somebody, like, successful. I mean, I'm okay with being, like, his little Barbie doll – okay, like, more than okay with that, I fucking love that – but it's really cool if he wants me to, like, be good at stuff and go out in the world 'n' do stuff.

She stubbed out the half-smoked cigarette in the ashtray – she never smoked them down to the stub, they just didn't look sexy at all when she burned them past halfway – and finished her drink, then went to her bed and sat, thumbing through the prospectus and business plan she'd put together.

She heard stirring and moaning from the area of the chairs. Danni tucked the presentation for her beloved business back into the drawer of her bedside table and noticed a few new additions, obviously slipped into her bedside table while she slept. Danni drew out the heavy Bible, bound in pink leather with her name – Danielle Megan Watson – embossed on the front cover and the thin, tissue-paper pages edged in gold. She opened it gently, running the tips of her manicured nails across the words on the pages and somehow *remembering* the verses before she actually read them.

She placed the Bible gently in her lap and drew out the second addition, a 9mm Glock 19 handgun in a pink nylon holster, Danni's initials picked out on one side in glittering rhinestones. She gasped a little, realizing what kind of girl having a handgun and a Bible in her bedside table might make her, and shoved them back in hurriedly along with the prospectus, snatching her hands away from the new items as if they'd been burned. If only the swell of comfort, of happiness, of *rightness* hadn't blossomed in her chest when she held them. If only she hadn't been so certain those things were *hers*.

"Fuck," she whispered, rising to her feet and hurrying in mincing, high-heeled steps over to the chairs to see which of her best friends woke, "my daddy wants me to be a damn *redneck*? Seriously?"

She tottered over to see Kennedy rubbing her face and groaning, her eyes blinking slowly and not at the same time as she fought off the lingering effects of the second phase.

"Hey, sweetheart," Danni said softly, stroking her luxuriant strawberry blonde hair. "You okay?"

"I feel all yucky," Kennedy replied in a thickened version of her usual innocent squeak.

"Yeah, I did, too," Danni said. "Come on over, 'kay? Some water and a cigarette helps, I found out."

"You're so sweet," Kennedy said, letting Danni assist her to her feet where she wobbled for a moment before slipping back into her wedge-heeled slides. The high heels seemed to steady her. By the time she'd flipped her long, shiny hair over one shoulder with a practiced motion of her head, she minced along beside Danni without a hint of unsteadiness. They sat and smoked in silence while Kennedy downed a bottle of water and started in on a Crown Royal and Coke, just in time for Danni to go over and help revive Niki and Kristi and lead them back. She mothered them all, providing much-needed cigarettes and rehydration, eventually bringing back Brandee and Jessica to the table, as well. They all nursed their lingering headaches over cocktails mixed by Danni, smoking their skinny "chick stick" cigarettes and talking in low, subdued tones.

"You have to go through your stuff, turns out," Danni told them all, speaking softly as if they all had hangovers. "They gave us new stuff while we were out."

"What kind of new stuff?" Kennedy asked.

"Probably different stuff for each of us," Niki told her, "since we all got different stuff put in our heads this time, y'think?"

“What’s up with your voice, Nik?” Jessica asked, eyes widening.

“Like, I dunno what you mean,” Niki replied, then paused with a sudden gasp, hearing the broad, nasal accent with which she now spoke.

“You sound like one of those girls from, like, Brooklyn or something,” Brandee commented.

“Not Brooklyn,” Niki replied effortlessly, “I’m from Jersey. Trenton.”

“Seriously?”

“Nah, I don’t think so,” she said, rubbing one temple. “But it’s, y’know, so clear. I mean, I, like, know the best slice in the city like it’s the back of my fuckin’ hand. I could name off all the best bars ‘n’ shit. I haven’t ever been there, but, like, I’m totally *from* there. I’m fuckin’ *sure* of it.”

“Wow,” Jessica said softly. “You’re a total Jersey Girl.”

“Yeh, and my fuckin’ hair is too flat,” Niki said. “Any of youse bitches got any Aqua Net I can borrow?”

While they’d talked, Kristi had gone to her own bedside and came back with a loaded purse that she dropped onto the table with a loud rattle. “Do you see all the shit they put in my purse?” she asked wonderingly. “What is all this stuff?”

They each looked inside to see it stuffed with bottle after bottle of high-end dietary supplements of every different kind they could imagine, even some they’d never heard of before. Kennedy looked quizzically at a bottle, asking, “So, like, what’s, um... calcium pant... panto...”

“Calcium pantothenate,” Kristi replied. “It’s, like, Vitamin B5. It helps decrease signs of aging ‘n’ stuff, and it’s, like, great for PMS. I swear by that stuff, baby, you should totally try it.”

“How come you know so much about it?” Jessica asked.

“I dunno, I... I just *do*,” Kristi replied. “I know about all of ‘em. Every single one in my bag.”

Now that they were all awake, Danni took the lead as usual and asked PAM to bring up the lights in their living area, slowly, so as not to cause any worsening of the headaches she’d worked so hard to improve.

“So, I guess we’re all different now,” Danni said. “But sorta still the same, too. It’s weird.”

“But it feels good,” Jessica told her. “Like, I’m *finished* inside.”

“Whole,” Niki added in her broad Jersey accent, taking Jessica’s hand and interlacing their fingers. “I mean, just ‘cause I have this huge urge to, like, tease up my hair ‘n’ wear leopard print, I’m still the same ol’ Niki to youse girls, am I right?”

“Yeah, you just sound weird,” Kristi said. “Cute, but weird.”

“I’ll take that,” Niki laughed.

“I wonder if it’s over,” Danni mused. “I wonder if they’re done changing us.”

“I feel like I’m who I’m s’posed to be,” Kennedy said. “Really, really *happy*, most of all.”

“Yeah, me, too,” Brandee said. “Super happy.”

“I guess that’s all that matters,” Danni told them.

The lights came on full-blast suddenly, making them yelp, and PAM's voice sounded in their ears. "Subjects need to bathe, dress and make themselves ready for delivery," she announced.

"Delivery?" Kristi asked.

"You're being given away to your daddies in three hours," PAM said. "You'll want to look your best."

They didn't argue – they didn't say a word, to be honest. They leapt up, headaches and unsteadiness or no headaches and unsteadiness, and all but ran to their individual areas to pick out clothes and start skin-care routines. The very sound of the word *daddy* in their ears made their hearts leap, and nothing but their full attention to the matter would do.

They stood in a line, even their nervous giggles and fidgets sexy and dance-like, waiting for their lives to begin through introduction to their beloved daddies. Every last girl looked amazing in her own way: Danni as a polished, tanned blonde goddess beside Kennedy, with her huge little-girl eyes and her red-gold hair. Niki flourished into her brash, gum-smacking Jersey Girl persona in black *faux*-leather miniskirt with a gold lamé belt and a skin-tight leopard-print bodysuit, her blonde hair sprayed and teased into an eight-inch crown atop her head and her makeup dramatically slutty. Jessica wore a figure-hugging black sequined gown and a seven-row rhinestone choker, her sleepy eyes done dramatically with thick eyeliner and silver shadow, standing next to Brandee who swung back-and-forth on her platform heels in a pink tube dress which left *nothing* to the imagination, a portrait of boundless energy and youthful enthusiasm. Kristi struck a runway model pose next to her, her expression haughty and disconnected, as though everything she saw was somehow beneath her.

The doors at the far end of the hallway opened to the heavy steps of several yellow-suits and a few white-coated doctors, followed by a line of six older men, wearing tailored suits, who came and stood in a group opposite the women, eyeing them appreciatively.

Dr. Fletcher and Dr. Morgan stepped between the two groups, swollen with pride and accomplishment, while a yellow-suited aide took position next to each of them. "You look beautiful, ladies, absolutely radiant," he told them admiringly. "I've brought some people who are very excited to meet you."

"Mr. Mitchell, I'd like to introduce you to Jessica," Fletcher began with no introduction. "Jessica, dear, this is William Mitchell, our Vice President of Development."

One of the men, a swarthy-skinned man of obvious Mediterranean descent with salt-and-pepper hair, gold-rimmed glasses and astoundingly broad shoulders stepped forward. Jessica offered one slim hand, palm downwards, which he kissed cavalierly. Danni noticed the wedding band on his left hand but said nothing, knowing full well that Jessica would only ever be a mistress, never a wife.

"You have your assigned code word for activation, Mr. Mitchell?" Fletcher asked.

"I do," Mitchell said. "Ready, Jessica?"

"Ready for what?" she replied.

"*Magellan*," Mitchell said. Jessica's eyes rolled momentarily back into her head, her expression blank for a moment, before she regained herself and favored him with a huge smile. "Oh, Will,

it's so good to see you," she purred, threading her arm through his. "I can't wait to start arranging everything for your daughter's wedding. I've been thinking about a nautical theme."

"That's lovely, dear, really lovely," Mitchell replied, "but I think that can wait, don't you?"

"I was hoping you'd say that, Teddy Bear," she purred, pressing a little kiss into the back of his hand and leading him towards her bed. "I've been a virgin long enough, don't you think?"

Danni tried to crane her neck a little, not wanting to appear unmannerly, to see Jessica lose her virginity. Danni's own pussy moistened drastically at the thought. But Dr. Fletcher's voice interrupted any attempt to spy by going on to say, "Mr. Crowell, I'd like you to meet Kristi. Kristi, this is Jacob Crowell, one of our majority shareholders."

"Hey," Kristi said to the tall, somewhat lanky sixty-year-old man who stepped forward, his thinning hair stirring a little in the drafty space as he moved. Kristi's eyes betrayed a bit of disappointment – her daddy was *far* from handsome with his beak-like nose and prominent Adam's apple and pasty skin. Her lush, pillowy upper lip curled a bit, almost a sneer.

"*Gagarin*," Crowell said in a cracking voice, causing the same eye-rolling blank expression on Kristi's delicate mocha face before she, too, re-emerged from her programming with a sultry smile. She looked at Crowell as if he wore movie-star good looks and the body of a top-tier athlete, running her eyes over his lanky body like it was something good to eat.

"You like?" Crowell asked, turning this way and that under her appreciative gaze. "I've been doing those oblique crunches you suggested and I thought you'd like the results."

"Oh, trust me, baby, I so like," Kristi said thickly, the passion in her voice evident. She took his hand in hers and guided around her waist, pressing her flawless body against his. "But I can't *even* with being your personal trainer right now, 'kay? I just want you to take me to that bed over there and fuck me 'till I can't stand up. Can you do that for me, Papa?"

"Of course," he said between her soft, hungry kisses. "I've been waiting."

She led him away in her slinky strut, her eyes full of promise for him, and Danni tried to pay as much attention as she could before Fletcher derailed her interest once more.

"Mr. Foster, I am pleased to introduce the lovely Brandee," Fletcher announced. "Brandee, this is Cameron Foster, our VP of Finance."

"Ooh, finance," Brandee said, extending a hand. "I just *love* money. Can I call you Cam?"

He chuckled richly in a deep, sexy bass voice. "You're the only one I'll let call me that, sugar," he replied in a thick Deep South accent. "You are just pretty as a picture. I've been dyin' to meet you."

"Likewise," Brandee told him.

"Mr. Foster, if you would?" Dr. Fletcher prompted.

"Oh, of course," he said, turning back to Brandee. "*Copernicus*."

Brandee swayed a bit on her elevated heels and even shook a little with a tremor before regaining her composure. When she spoke, her voice came out animated and theatrically high, her words adorned in a thick Mississippi accent.

"Oh, Sugar Pie, don't you just look so handsome in your suit?" she said, fussing with his lapels. "Ah just love a man in a suit."

"You know I'd rather be in jeans and a button-down, though, don't you, Honey Bee?" he replied.

"Well, come on down to mah place, Cam, you *know* it's almost deer season," she said, turning him towards her bed area and smacking him playfully on the rump. "And the rodeo's next week, too."

"I love a good rodeo," he said. "Especially if you wear your Daisy Dukes."

"I ain't fixin' to wear nothin' at all, Sugar Pie," she told him with a wink. "And you ain't, neither."

"Sounds good to me," he laughed, guiding her along with a hand in the small of her back.

"Sounds damn good, actually."

"Well, get those pants off and saddle up!" Brandee giggled. "What good's a rodeo queen if you never ride her?"

"They're good together," Danni commented, watching them go.

"You're all good together," Fletcher said. "We designed it that way. Now, where were we? Ah, yes. Mr. Fiorello, I'd like you to meet Nicolette. Excuse me, she goes by Niki. Niki, I'm pleased to introduce you to our Director of European Markets, Mr. Giovanni Fiorello."

"Charmed," Niki said, smacking her gum and giving him a quick smile. The rotund man with an oily mop of runaway black hair and thick glasses returned the smile shyly, amused at everything he saw.

"Very nice," Fiorello said, looking back at Fletcher. "My compliments to your team."

"So, uh, you gonna pay attention to me, or what?" Niki said brazenly.

Fiorello laughed. "Perfect, just perfect," he said. "Just what I wanted. *Lewis and Clark*."

Niki stood ramrod-straight, all the practiced slouch gone from her posture, and her gum almost dropped from between slack lips. When she returned, however, no beaming smile came to her face. Her expression returned to the same bored, haughty look and the smacking gum. Instead of immediately moving towards her new daddy, Niki fished in her purse for a cigarette instead.

Fiorello stood, watching her light a cigarette and then touch up her hair in a compact mirror. Niki noticed his scrutiny and shot him an annoyed look. "You just gonna stand there, or what? I don't got all day, y'know. I got to get down to the salon later, Michelle called in sick, all that hair ain't gonna cut itself."

"Oh, of course, we should get going," Fiorello chuckled, moving up and taking her arm gently. Only when he touched her did she soften, pressing herself into his side.

"Missed you, baby," she purred, puffing on her cigarette. "You know how lonesome I get."

"I'll be sure and come more often," he told her, leading her away.

"You need to be sure that I cum more often," she laughed, tweaking the end of his nose with a long fingernail. They walked together towards her bed, pausing only long enough for Niki to take Fiorello's hand and put it on her faux-leather clad bottom with a nasal "It ain't gonna bite ya, babe."

Danni automatically returned her attention to the two remaining men, forcing herself to ignore the squeals and grunts from the beds where her best friends tossed away their virginities with great enthusiasm.

"The best for last," Fletcher said. "And the hardest to produce to your specifications, I might add. Danielle and Kennedy, I'd like you to meet Mr. Frank and Mr. Donald Harrison, our Chief Financial Officer and Chief Technical Officer. Mr. Harrison and Mr. Harrison, please let me introduce Danielle and Kennedy."

"I go by Danni," Danni said, offering her hand to the taller of the duo, who took it in his own. His grip was warm and gentle and sent a sudden thrill up Danni's spine. He must have topped out at six foot four, with unkempt sandy blonde hair and an adorable little overbite.

"Are you guys brothers or something?" Kennedy asked, shaking hands nervously with the other, a shorter and darker version of Danni's counterpart but with the same overbite and very cute dimples.

"We are," Kennedy's counterpart – Donald – replied. "Fraternal twins."

"You are just perfect," Frank said to both of them, eyes wide with desire and wonder. "I can't believe how well the program worked."

"Shall we get to know one another?" Donald asked. "*Galileo*."

Danni tried to focus, but it felt like every thought she'd ever had in her life fired off at the same time, making the inside of her skull almost ring with the noise and chaos. Tremors ran down her body and back, settling in her head, making her almost want to scream from the pressure of so much happening at once. Somewhere in the maelstrom, she found Kennedy's hand and squeezed it tight, thankful for the answering squeeze she received in return.

When her vision cleared, everything seemed to blur but Frank's face. His handsome, loving, *perfect* face and his amazing body, the soft touch of his hand in hers. She reached up and stroked his face, scarcely able to contain the swelling tidal wave of love and passion she felt reaching towards him.

Love for all of them, boundless and infinite, to be honest. For Frank, but also for Donnie and Kennedy and even two faces she knew perfectly without ever having seen before – Emily and Madison, Donnie's daughters, aged ten and eight, perfect little angels.

"Oh, wow," Danni breathed.

"You okay, hon?" Frank asked.

"Way better than okay, Muffin," she said happily, leaning against his strong body. "I love you so much."

"I love you, too, Princess," he whispered.

"Where are the girls?" Kennedy asked. "Are they with their mom?"

"Yes, Erica has them. They're shopping for school clothes," Donnie told her.

"Do I still need to pick them up for ballet tomorrow at five?" she asked, and Danni smiled. Kennedy was largely clueless but she could keep a schedule. It made her *such* a good nanny.

“Oh, no, you *can't*, Ken!” Danni blurted. “Annie said if you’re late one more time, you’re gonna get bumped off the squad ‘n’ stuff!” Crystal clear memories of the two of them at workouts and rehearsals filled Danni’s mind, all the dedication and hard work they’d put into realizing their lifelong dream of cheering for the Hornets football team from since they were little girls together.

“It’s okay,” Donnie said. “I can take ‘em. We have our daddy-daughter date that night, anyway.”

Kennedi’s nipples stiffened through her skin-tight cocktail dress. “You’re such a good dad, Donnie.”

“Glad you like me,” he said happily.

“Way more than like you, silly,” Kennedy said. “So, are we one bed or two tonight?”

“One bed?” Frank asked. “I thought you two were sisters.”

“I’m adopted,” Danni said. “So, sisters, yeah, but not technically related. We fool around all the time.”

“You do?”

“Are you kidding? Just *look* at her,” Kennedy joked.

“We hit the jackpot,” Frank told his brother.

“I think one bed apiece, tonight,” Donnie said. “It should be special, don’t you think?”

“It’s special every time,” Danni told her lover.

“What’s really gonna be special is when your wife has that charity thing next week,” Kennedy said. “I can’t wait to do it in her bed. I so want you to nail me while I’m wearing her wedding dress.”

“You are so bad,” Donnie laughed, obviously excited. “Shall we?”

“Thought you’d never ask, baby,” Danni said, taking her Frank by his arm and leading him towards the start of their loving, secret affair. “Afterwards, though, can I ask you about something? I had this idea about a business, I’d love if you could look over what I have, ‘kay?”

“She promises to ask *extra* nice,” Kennedy teased. “But you should look, it’s a *super* cool idea.”

“You two are incorrigible,” Frank chuckled.

“What’s that mean?” Kennedy said, her clueless expression returned. Danni smiled. Clueless suited her.
