



"Thanks for taking on this last minute project, Glen. Considering its importance to our corporate image, I just know you'll come through... for the good of the company."

Although the short, squat, middle-aged frame of Edgar McNeil, CEO of Biotech Industries didn't look very menacing, Glen knew exactly what would happen to him if he didn't follow through with McNeil's unexpected and poorly timed 'request'.

"A date?!" he grunted to himself. "That horny old fart wants me to fix him up with a date... with only 12 hours notice?! What kind of fucking pimp does he think I am, anyway?!"

Actually, 'pimp' was not too far off the mark when describing Glen Travers' latest ventures. Providing his boss with a girl was no real problem for him. He'd already done so for several executives at other large corporations. It was the time frame that was the real problem. It usually took him at least a week to fill such a request. Most of that time was spent finding a suitable 'volunteer'. Making sure that said 'volunteer' conformed to the requested specs took relatively very little time... thanks to Glen's rather unique and extremely secretive method.

The original intent of Glen's DNA research was much more altruistic than how it turned out. Glen Travers was a brilliant and ambitious researcher when hired by Biotech to work on their DNA encoding projects. His ultimate goal was to find a way to rewrite a subject's DNA to reverse birth defects or eradicate diseases. His initial tests on animals, however, met with limited success. It wasn't until he utilized the efforts of another researcher that he finally began to see some positive results.

Carl Weatherby was an equally brilliant and ambitious researcher at Biotech. His research in neural pathways and their stimulation resulted in some remarkable procedures to aid in healing. He found that the body's healing capacity increased 100-fold or more when the neural pathways were kept at a high level of stimulation.

When Glen caught wind of Carl's results, he knew that this might be just the thing to clear the hurdle on his own project. Being the forthcoming and ethical researcher that he was, Carl was more than happy to share his research with Glen, who on the other hand, wasn't so willing to share his research of the fame it would entail if successful. So he kept the true nature of his project concealed from everyone, especially Carl.

The results of the new, integrated processes exceeded even Glen's wildest expectations. Not only was he able to remove genetic defects in test animals, but he soon found that he could take the process even further and actually rewrite some of the animals' genetic code. He started with minor changes... eye and fur color, tail length, etc... but quickly discovered that major changes were also possible... fat into muscle, old tissue into young, healthy tissue... he even succeeded in changing a male rat into a female.

Another researcher at this point would probably have published his findings to allow others to contribute and build on his already remarkable work... but Glen was too ambitious and self-centered for that. He wanted sole ownership of his work and to be unfettered by others as he took his work to the next inevitable step... human subjects.

Knowing that his new, larger apparatus would garner unwanted attention, he designed it to look more like a neural stimulator than a DNA recoding machine. The interface was nothing more than a metal plate the subject would stand on and two metal globes elevated for the subject to place his hands on. When first engaged, it actually would be a neural stimulator... inducing sensations of intense pleasure and mental euphoria. Only after the subjects entire neural network was fully engaged would the DNA re-sequencing be introduced through the same system. Not only did this method allow him to hide the machine's true purpose but it also allowed for an unrestricted view of the subject from any angle.

The obvious problem of finding discrete and willing subjects solved itself almost too easily. One night after a brief, and rare, dinner break, Glen was walking back to the lab when he heard a gravelly voice accost him from a nearby alley.

"Can you spare a dollar for a down on her luck Grandmother, sweetie?"

Stopping and peering into the shadows, he spied the source of the raspy old voice. Squatting near a dumpster, a disheveled homeless woman wearing nothing more than an old, soiled faux-mink coat squinted up at him, her gnarled hand outstretched toward him. She was probably in her 50s or maybe even her 40s, but she looked closer to 70, most likely due to her living conditions... and the remnants of several used and broken crack pipes strewn about. Obviously not the kind of person whose disappearance would be noticed, Glen thought to himself.

"Help out a displaced Grandmother, honey?" she croaked again.

"How about instead of a handout I give you the chance to earn yourself a cool c-note, 'Grandma'? Glen proposed.

Her 'grandmotherly' demeanor immediately dissolved and her eyes widened as a tainted cackle erupted through her cracked lips.

"You sure as hell know how to brighten an old broad's day, sweet cheeks! I may be outta practice, but I'll do my best, so bring that one-eyed beast of yours over here and we'll see if I've still got it in me!"

Doing his best not to vomit at the mere thought, Glen forced a smile to his face.

"I'm afraid you misunderstand, ma'am," he explained. "I'm conducting some medical research into relaxation techniques. There are no needles, meds or pain involved at all. And besides the \$100 stipend you'll get free room and board for the night. How about it?"

"Hrumph!" she grunted. "It almost sounds like work! But I guess its gotta be better than this shithole, eh?!"

"I guarantee it!" he smiled, helping her to her feet.

After getting her cleaned up and fed, Glen performed a full bio-scan on the old woman. He spent the next several hours pouring through the data while she slept soundly on a cot in the back room. Originally, he'd planned on isolating and repairing only

one of her many defects, but his ambition and ego drove him to program his machine to try and correct all her flaws in one session. If all went as planned, in a very short amount of time, that decrepit old woman would no longer be burdened by her diseased liver, cancerous lungs, and her arthritic joints. Just for good measure, he also decided to try and knock a few years off her age.

"What the hell," he muttered to himself. "Who knows when I'll get another chance like this. Besides, its not like any one will miss her if something goes wrong!"

When he was finally ready, he escorted the drowsy old woman to the platform. The cold metal on her bare feet snapped her out of her morning funk.

"Whoa!" she whistled as she finally took in her surroundings. "I think I saw this room on an old 'Star Trek'! You're not gonna beam me into space or melt me into a little cube or anything like that are you, sweetie?!"

"Don't worry," he reassured her, "you're not getting 'beamed' anywhere. And I promise it won't hurt at all... in fact, you may enjoy it so much you'll never want to leave!" He half-lied. He still wasn't 100% sure that his process wouldn't indeed 'melt her into a little cube'!

"All you need to do is toss your robe over there, stand on the plate and place one hand on each sphere. Okay?"

Without argument she slipped off her robe and tossed it to the floor, exposing her abused and damaged body.

"I've never been big on clothes anyway, honey," she chirped. "Just something else to keep track of." She placed her hands on the spheres. "Let's get this over with, honey, so I can collect my money!"

"Okay, then," he replied eagerly, "Here we go!"



Glen stumbles across his first 'volunteer'.

He touched a few buttons on the keyboard and the machine began to hum. Almost immediately, a small moan wafted from the platform.

"Holy shit, honey! You said it would feel good, but I wasn't expecting anything like this! Ooooo..."

Just as he'd predicted, the neural stimulator was starting to engage all her nerves with wave upon wave of pleasure. Its purpose was actually two-fold... the first was to make her body more receptive to the DNA recoding which was to come; the other was to ensure that the subject didn't mind staying put, no matter what.

"How you doing, Nola?" he asked clinically, not really caring about her personal well-being but more about his data.

"Ooohh, honey!" she murmured, "as long as you never turn this thing off, I'm doin' fine!"

"Excellent!" he beamed. "Just keep your hands on the spheres, no matter what."

"No problem!" she mumbled ecstatically.

"Good! Engaging step two. DNA recoding... now!"

Another sequence of buttons and the globes began to glow... becoming translucent... and a swirling kaleidoscope of plasma started dancing within them. Almost immediately, the computer screen began to confirm Glen's highest hopes... it was working! Her liver, lungs and joints were all being repaired at a seemingly impossible speed! Looking up at Nola he also began to see changes in her skin... the blotches were disappearing and a healthy color and texture was returning to it.

If Nola noticed any of this, she didn't care... she was lost to the pleasure coursing through her body.

Glen stopped watching the computer screen, instead focusing his attention on Nola. The changes now were happening so fast he could actually see them occur!

Her skin no longer sagged from her body. Fatty deposits around her body were being burned off or even changed to strengthen her bones and increase her muscle mass. Wrinkles were smoothed over as her new skin became taut around her rejuvenated body. Time seemed to be flying backwards for her as the years of abuse and damage from living on the streets melted from her body. Within a few short minutes, the fire in the spheres faded, as did the soft moans of the young, beautiful woman holding them.

Glen was in awe of the extent of his success. Everything he wanted to happen did so perfectly. Not only had he healed every part of her broken body, but he'd also shaved a good 30 years off her age... and it was almost embarrassingly easy. So easy in fact, that he hadn't even considered what to do with her if he succeeded. At any moment, the comely figure on the platform would soon realize what had happened to her.

But how would she react? Glen's mind was whirling through the possibilities when Nola finally spoke up.

"Whatever was in that gizmo, Doc," she moaned sexily, "I want a six-pack to go!" She ran her hands over her young, nubile skin. "I haven't felt this good in ... Hell, I don't know how many years!" She stepped off the platform and started inspecting herself.

"Mmmm...hmmm!" She smiled dreamily. "Now *this* is my kind of trip! It sure beats the hell outta the usual flights I take... when I can scare up the cash!"

Seizing the opportunity before she realized she wasn't hallucinating, Glen scrounged up some clothes from the women's locker room, pushed two \$100 bills into Nola's hand, and walked her back to her alley.

"Hey, Doc!" she called after him as he hurried away. "Anytime you need any more of that 'testing' done, you know where to find me!"

For the next several days, Glen poured over the data from Nola's transformation. Although it had worked perfectly, he still wanted to study every aspect just to make sure she hadn't been a fluke.

He was returning back to the lab after a dinner break one night when he passed close to Nola's old alley. A smug look of self-congratulations spread across his face as he inwardly patted himself on the back for the new life he'd bestowed upon the old, homeless woman. He was almost past the alley when a familiar voice behind him made him stop.

"Hey sugar!" said the sultry, but slurred voice. "You wanna date?"

He turned around to see the source as she stepped out of the shadows of the alley. She was wearing thigh-high, stiletto-heeled black vinyl boots, a matching miniskirt and corset. Her makeup was so overdone, it was almost garish. Her eyes were glazed over, her pupils dilated and she had to balance herself against the wall as she slowly walked toward him.



Nola using her new assets to support an old habit.

"Yeah, Sugar!" she repeated. "Nola'll treat you right! Everybody says Nola's the best! Come on over and let me show you!"

Glen quickly left before she could recognize him. Not that she ever would, as evidenced by the fairly recent litterings of broken crack pipes at her feet.

Back in the lab, and once the initial shock had worn off, Glen realized what had happened. Although he'd cured all of her physical ailments, he'd done nothing about her psychological deficiencies and dependencies. As a result, she now had a much more effective way of supporting her drug habit.

Seeing this as an opportunity (never a failure!), Glen redirected his research into the biological and chemical influences on psychological traits. If he could isolate the physical mechanisms that determined behavior, he just might be able to encode new behaviors into his process as well.

Weeks of research and programming later, he was almost ready to try out his new process, so he went looking for Nola. A more ethical person would have been doing this for a chance to completely cure the troubled girl once and for all, but Glen was not such a person. He already had data on Nola, already knew which of her behaviors needed modification, and had already written the program with her in mind. In other words, she was the most convenient subject he could envision.

Unfortunately, she was nowhere to be found. She wasn't in her, or any other, nearby alley. He wasn't nearly as concerned with her well-being as he was annoyed at her not being available. With Nola missing, he was forced to look for another subject.

Since he'd programmed the psychological traits typical for a young woman with no chemical dependencies into his machine, his ideal choice for a second subject was another older, homeless woman with obvious psychological or dependency problems. But as the days passed and his impatience grew, he had to settle on the only person he could easily obtain. The subject was huddled beneath a thin layer of newspaper in a nearby park, reeking of cheap wine, about mid-30s in age... and male.

Since his subject was male, it was obvious that some adjustments would be needed... but not to the psychological programming. Glen had spent way too much time on that part to throw it all out and start over, so changes would be made at the physical level instead. He had, after all, succeeded in inducing physical changes in humans already... and he had changed the sex of some lab rats... so this seemed, to him at least, the only logical course to take.



Unable to find Nola, Glen must settle on the only 'volunteer' he can find.

Once the preliminary scans and programming changes were complete, the thin, disheveled subject was led to the machine. A few minutes later, much to Glen's delight, a dazed and confused young woman

stepped off the platform. She wasn't much to look at, in fact she looked amazingly like the subject's younger sister, if he'd had one. But since all he'd programmed in was the overall repairs, the sex change and about a ten-year decrease in age, Glen considered her a major success.



Glen witnesses his first major success!

Learning from his previous misjudgment (never an 'error' as far as Glen was concerned), he allowed her to stay in the lab instead of releasing her back onto the streets. Since he also practically lived in the lab, it allowed him to keep steady observations on his newest subject and run tests whenever necessary.

He started calling her Mary and was surprised at how easily she accepted it. In fact, she seemed to accept her new womanhood seamlessly. For all aspects he could measure, Glen had changed a scraggly, homeless, male drunk into a relatively happy and well-adjusted, if not particularly striking, young woman. His psychological programming process was a resounding success!

However, as his research continued, Glen's funding began to dwindle. Without divulging the details of his project, Biotech wouldn't increase his funding, so he was forced to look into outside investors. He wasn't ready to share his results with anyone yet, even if it meant more money. So he had to find another way to dazzle and persuade any potential investors.

His inspiration came from Mary herself who, while watching soaps in the corner of the lab, sighed and lamented to no one in particular, "It must be nice to have a bod that guy's will drool over like that!"

The solution had been within his reach the entire time, but he had been too preoccupied with his work to see it... until now. He'd been in the corporate research game long enough to know the real way to influence investors... especially the ones he'd approached in the past.

He took a long look across the room at the gaunt, awkward, but cheerful young woman who was currently engrossed in her soaps, and then went to work on the calculations that would change both their lives.

It took Glen several days to finally wrangle a meeting with Don Haskins, the Chief Financial Officer of WalCorp, a large multi-national investment firm he'd solicited before. Glen promised to take only a few minutes of his time, so he suggested they just meet for a drink at the bar of the nearby Marriott. The promise of a little alcohol, and a *short* visit with Glen, persuaded Haskins to meet with him... if nothing else, just to get him to finally stop calling and go away.

Being a weekday and mid-afternoon, the bar was practically empty, so Glen ordered a couple of drinks and began to pitch his 'project' to Haskins... at least all he was willing to tell him about.

"You know how obsessed the average American is about their appearance," he began. "And how much money is spent on cosmetics, health clubs, plastic surgery... you name it."

"Tell me something I don't know," Haskins moaned in a bored tone. This meeting was already too long.

"I've developed a process that could put plastic surgeons out of business!" Glen continued. "What those hacks do with hours of crude surgery and weeks of agonizing recovery, I can do without the surgery or healing time. What do you think of that?"

But Haskins wasn't paying attention to Glen anymore. His eyes were fixed on a stunning brunette who'd just taken a seat at the bar. A knowing smile formed on Glen's face as he turned to follow Haskin's stare.

"Oh good, she's here!" Glen chirped happily. "I was afraid she might have gotten lost."

"You... you *know* her!?" Haskins gulped. "You know that... that...!"

"*Associate*, let's say," smirked Glen, as he motioned her over. "Mary here is living proof of the process I've been telling about."

"Huh? What... what process?" stammered Haskins. He was definitely having a hard time concentrating... and who could blame him.

The beautiful young woman who strode elegantly and sensually toward them bore little resemblance to the lanky girl from the lab, much less the smelly drunk from the park. Her thin, malnourished frame had filled out into voluptuous curves that would be the envy of any swimsuit model. The taut, leather miniskirt she wore fit like a second skin about her hips and rear exposing her long, toned legs that maneuvered perfectly atop a pair of 6-inch heeled sandals. Her strapless, midriff-baring top just barely contained her full, ample breasts. As she bent down to give Glen a quick peck on the cheek, Haskins was rewarded with an almost completely unrestricted view of what the top tried to cover.

She joined them at the table, deliberately choosing the seat closest to Haskins, and smiled at him with full pouty lips and soft, amber eyes that hinted at both innocence and hunger.

"I hope I'm not too late, Professor," she said to Glen, but still facing Haskins. "You must be Mr. Haskins. You have no idea how happy I am to meet you!" She leaned in closer to him as she spoke, again giving him a better view of her lovely overswell, took his hand and squeezed it gently.

"Not at all, Mary," Glen interjected. "As a matter of fact, I was just starting to tell Don here about our work and the wonderful results we've achieved."

"Um... work? Results?" Don was understandably having difficulty remembering much at the moment, especially considering where his blood-flow was currently concentrated. "Exactly what is your project again?"

"I'll let these pictures do the talking for me." Glen opened up his laptop, tapped a few keys, and spun it around for Don to see. On it, a paused video loop showed a thin, homely young woman from the waist up wearing nothing more than a bored, if not slightly embarrassed look on her face.

"That was Mary three days ago," Glen pronounced proudly. "Now, watch carefully!" He reached over and tapped another key and the video began to play...

Haskins sat fascinated as he watched the simple, unattractive woman morph slowly into the vision who now sat next to him... her bored look replaced with a mischievous, satisfied grin. His pupils dilated as he drank in the image.

"This can't be real!" he exclaimed. "How did you do that... do *this*!?"

"Oh, it's real! I guarantee you that!" Glen smirked. "As for the process, I'd prefer to keep that under wraps until I've perfected it... the less investors know, the less they're liable just in case something goes wrong. Don't you agree, Don?"

Don was only hearing about half of what Glen was saying as his eyes ventured back and forth from the computer screen to the vision of sexuality who was sitting even closer to him now.

"Um... yeah! Details, schmetails! It's results that investors like me care about!" Don turned to Mary. "It doesn't bother you that he's sharing these videos of you with a perfect stranger?"

"Oh, not at all, Mr. Haskins," Mary cooed. "Anything for the advancement of science... and I mean, *anything*!" As she spoke, Don suddenly became aware of her hand on his thigh and the way it was slowly moving upwards... and inwards.

"My thoughts exactly," Glen chimed in. "Results are everything! And I think Mary is *just* the person to fill you in on all the results of my process so far." He stood up to leave, barely noticed by the other two.

"So why don't I leave you in Mary's very capable hands and I'll get back to you in the next day or two with a more formal request for funding? That work for you, Don?"



A new, improved Mary helps Glen get new funding.

Don grunted something in the affirmative.

"Take care of our new benefactor, Mary!"

"Oh, don't worry, Professor," she purred without taking her eyes off Haskins, "I will!"

Two days later, Glen's project was awarded a major influx of funding from WalCorp. He never saw Mary again, but heard rumors that the happily married Haskins was keeping a little playmate on the side in a swanky condo uptown.

And that's how it began. As Glen's research continued and his instrumentation became more and more sophisticated, his need for more funding increased. And due to their non-existent turn-over rate, Glen was forced to create a new 'associate' for each new investor. Ordinarily, it wasn't much of a problem because it was at his own pace and could spend several days finding and prepping the right subject.

But McNeil had only given a 12-hour window to work with. And he knew if he didn't come through, he'd be out of the street by morning... everything he'd worked for, gone!

Before he got back to his lab, he bumped into Carl Weatherby whom Glen had been going out of his way to avoid.

"Shit!" He thought to himself. "This is all I need right now!"

"Hey, Glen! Glad I finally caught up with you," Carl started. "I was wondering if my neural stimulation work was any help to your project... whatever it may be."

Glen wasn't in the mood to deal with Carl and tried to blow him off.

"Look Carl, I don't mean to be rude," he stated shortly, "But I'm under kind of a deadline right now and don't have time to chat. So if you don't mind..."

"Oh, I totally understand," Carl insisted. "As a matter of fact, I'm under one myself. To ensure continued funding for *my* project, I need to validate all the results from it... including *yours*. I hate to be an asshole about this, but I need something to give the budget committee about your work or my project goes in the toilet... and I'm not about to let that happen!"

Glen stopped dead in his tracks. He couldn't divulge any of his results... especially considering how he was using them. It would also throw unwanted light on his other funding sources. He had to find some way to keep Carl from talking to that committee...

"I tell you what," he turned to Carl with a smarmy grin, "why don't you come on down and I can show you first hand what my project is all about. Can you meet me in my lab in about, say, an hour?"

"Sure, that'd be perfect!" Carl replied happily. "I'm sorry if I came off as such a creep, but you know how it is when *your* project is at stake!"

"Don't I know it!" Glen quipped. "See you in an hour, then!"

Exactly one hour later, Glen escorted an awestruck Carl into his lab.

"My God, Glen!" Carl exclaimed. "You've got some of the most sophisticated and expensive computer systems I've ever seen in here! Just exactly what *is* your project all about and how the *hell* did you fund it?!"

"Well," Glen started, "besides the normal budget from Biotech, I've been pretty resourceful with grants and a few private donations."

"Private donations?" Carl was getting suspicious. "From who? And for what?"

"It's all about healing the sick, my friend," Glen lied. "My DNA recoding process will do what drugs *can't* and speed up what they *can* do... and it was *your* work that helped it all become possible!"

"How does it work?" Carl asked, still in a sense of wonder.

"Well, the system induces a state of total physical and emotional bliss and pleasure in the subject. That in itself aids the healing process many times over, but the stimulated neurons also allow the DNA recoding instructions to pass through the body unhindered."

"That's remarkable!" Carl was inspecting the platform. "What kind of results have you gotten?"

"Well, I've only tried some minor changes so far," he lied again. "Cleared up some skin problems, loosened a few stiff joints... things like that. The problem is, I have trouble getting the subjects to leave because it feels so good! Some said it made the best massage they've ever had feel like a root canal."

"Hmmm... that doesn't sound half bad, considering the stressful week I've had!"

"Hey then, why don't I give you a trial run... it is your work after all! I'll try not to mess up your DNA too much!" he laughed.

"Seriously?!" Carl questioned. "It's that safe?"

"Hey, I've incorporated an automatic system into it so I could use it on myself first. I guarantee its safety!"

"Well then, what've I got to lose? What do I do first?" Carl stepped onto the platform.

"You've got to place both hands on the spheres... but you've also got to get rid of the clothes first."

"My clothes?" Carl exclaimed. "Why?"

"They interfere with the magnetic field generated by the globes. There needs to be an unrestricted circuit between them and the platform."

"Well, I guess I can set aside my inhibitions in the name of science... for awhile at least." He stripped out of his clothes, placing them on a chair near the console, and stepped back onto the platform. He then placed his hands gently on the two metallic spheres, feeling a slight tingle of static electricity as he did so.

"Okay... here we go!" Glen remarked from behind the console as he tapped a few keys.

Almost immediately, the globes came to life, sending a warm, tingling wave throughout Carl's body.

"Oh, wow!" Carl exclaimed as the feeling quickly grew in intensity. "This feels incredible! I don't think I could let go if I wanted!"

"That's another advantage of this phase," Glen remarked. "We can't have a patient letting go and interrupting the process now, can we?"

"I had no idea..." Carl murmured, "it would generate...sooo... much pleasure! It's almost like... like... "

"Sex?!" Glen quipped. "That's what all the subjects have told me at this point. But it gets even better, I promise!"

"How... how could it get better... than this?" Carl's words were barely more than moans, but Glen knew what he was asking.

"Well, it gets better for *you* in that it'll soon feel like the longest orgasm of your life!" Glen smiled. "It gets better for *me* in that you're so caught up in the feelings you won't mind what I'm about to do with you!"

Carl acknowledged Glen's cryptic statement with an inquisitive grunt. It was all he could muster under the circumstances.

"You wanted to know what my project was about," Glen explained, "well, you're about to get first hand experience into the full capacity of my little process. And I guarantee... you'll love it! You won't have a choice!"

With that said, Glen tapped the keys to initiate the full process and the globes immediately sprang to life. The fire contained within them licked at the edges, transmitting the binary instructions that would forever redefine Carl Weatherby.

Although he'd witnessed it numerous times, Glen never tired of watching the change... especially now that it was Carl on the platform. This wasn't a nameless nobody from the streets being used for research, this was a co-worker, someone he *knew*, who had the power to expose him, and *this* time he was doing it for the very survival of his project. The fact that he'd been rushed into it made it even more important and fascinating for Glen.

Carl was in exceptional shape for a man in his early 40s, but his chiseled muscles were rapidly melting away, being replaced by soft, giving flesh. His 6' 2" frame dwindled down to a more petite 5' 4", but most of that came from his torso as his legs remained long and lean. It was difficult to tell from Carl's expression if he was aware that his rather impressive tackle had also just quickly and effortlessly retreated into his pelvis... to be replaced with its female equivalent.

Glen had always wondered if the pleasure was different for his subjects once this point had been crossed. It certainly sounded different now that the moans coming from Carl were softer, more sensual and definitely female.

The secondary changes kicked in as Carl's hips widened and her derriere plumped up to a delightfully full teardrop shape, which was further accentuated by her narrowing waist. A few inches up, her breasts sprang to life, growing to a full, ripe and firm shape with erect nipples that cried out for attention.

Carl's face was the last to change, giving up its angular, masculine features for full, pouty lips and a small, rounded, turned up nose. Her hair, which had once been short, brown and slightly graying, was now flowing over her shoulders and down her back in a brilliant, sunshine blonde.



Killing two birds with one stone, Glen gets rid of his major rival and fills his latest 'order'.

At this point, Glen tapped a few keys and the globes intensity subsided somewhat. The long, luxuriant moans from Carl slowly became more coherent whimpers as she opened her now dazzling blue eyes and looked back at Glen.

"What...?" she whimpered softly, "what... have you done... to me?!" Although she was once again coherent to her surroundings, she was still deep in the throes of the pleasure-inducing globes... unable, and unwilling, to let go.

"Normally I don't stop the process at this point and do a question and answer session with my subjects," Glen mocked, "but since you're a colleague and a fellow scientist, I just couldn't resist one last chat with you before I finish. I guess I've watched one too many 007 flicks!"

Even amidst the sensations that overwhelmed her, Carl managed to look down and take stock of her new body.

"Why...?" she moaned, accusingly, "why... did you do this?!"

"In general?" Glen responded. "Because I *can*! Why **you**, specifically? Because I needed a girl, *now*... *you* were available... and *you* were beginning to become a real pain in the ass!"

"But I...", Carl complained, unconvincingly, "...*can't* be... don't *want* to be...!" She cut herself off with a low, sensual moan.

"Oh, don't worry Carl... or should I say... Kara! In a few minutes, you'll find that you *love* the new you! So much so, in fact, that you'll be more than happy to share yourself with whoever I ask you to!"

"No! You *can't*... I don't want... *this*...!"

A few more taps on the keyboard and the globes flared back to life, cutting off Kara's protests in mid moan. Her body stiffened and her face went utterly blank as her brain was effectively rewired, her behavior modified, and her entire psyche shaped to not only accept but *revel* in her new physical appearance.

After a few minutes, the fire in the globes subsided and faded away and the humming of the machine ceased. A pleasant sigh slipped from the lips of the lithe, nubile figure on the platform as her body relaxed to a much more natural stance and a subtle, satisfied smile spread slowly across her lovely face.

"So," Glen asked carefully, "how do you feel *now*, Kara?"

With the machine off, her hands had no trouble finally releasing themselves from the globes, only to find new homes pressed gently but firmly against her own new softer ones.

"Mmmm...", she moaned happily as her hands caressed the smoothness of her new body. "I feel *wonderful*, Glen! You were right... I *do* love my new body and I can't wait to put it to good use!" A wicked little smile appeared on her face as her long nails entwined themselves in the curly blonde patch that partially concealed her new femininity.

"I just wish you didn't have to shut the machine down so soon," she complained teasingly. "I've never felt anything so *incredible* in my life!"

"I know, and I'm sorry about that," Glen replied, "but we only have a few hours to get you ready for tonight. I still need to debrief you on your 'date'. I have some special plans for our pain in the ass CEO!"

"Hmmm... special plans? That sounds naughty!" Kara smirked sweetly.

"We also need to take you shopping to find something appropriate for tonight," Glen continued. "The few basics I have here for you just won't do at all."

"*Shopping?*!" Kara almost squealed. "You *do* know how to make a girl happy, don't you, Glen!"

Later that evening, Edgar McNeil was just finishing up a conference call when there was a knock at his office door.

"Yes?" he answered sternly, "Who is it?" It was still an hour before his arranged 'escort' was to show, so whoever it was needed to be dealt with and sent away ASAP.

The door opened and McNeil's jaw dropped. She posed provocatively in the doorway. Balanced expertly atop a pair of stiletto-heeled pumps, her long, toned legs seemed to go on forever until they disappeared beneath the scandalously short miniskirt that barely covered the legs' eventual convergence. The plunging neckline of the shimmering, midriff-baring top provided an eye-popping view of her soft, ample bosom that was nearly overflowing from the blouse's firm embrace.

Without makeup, her beautiful face might have been a poster child for female innocence, but the glossy, red lips and subtle eye shading now accentuated the hungry, seductive look she was giving him.

"I know I'm early," Kara purred as she slowly and seductively walked toward him, "but from what Glen told me about you, I couldn't wait any longer. I hope you don't mind."

McNeil was still non-responsive as Kara draped her arms around his neck and nestled her delicious derriere onto his lap.

"Hmmm," she giggled, wiggling her ass over his crotch, "I see you *don't* mind one little bit!" She leaned in and whispered into his ear, "So, why don't we get to know each other before we go

to this boring old party of yours, hmmm?"

An hour later, Glen watched from a window as McNeil and Kara left the building in the company limo. A satisfied, but slightly evil smile was spread across his face. His project was safe! ... at least for the time being. But he'd already taken steps to ensure that McNeil wouldn't be a continued problem.

Unlike his previous 'assistants', Glen knew that he'd see Kara at least one more time. She had instructions to entice

McNeil into trying out the machine... for therapeutic measures only, of course. Once McNeil was blissfully locked in the machine's embrace, Glen would modify his behavior without altering his appearance. He would, in effect, then have control over the CEO of the company!

Almost giddy with excitement, he went to work on the program for McNeil. He'd instructed Kara to wait a few days before bringing McNeil down to the lab, so he had plenty of time to plan before the 'unexpected' visit from the CEO and his new paramour.

It was Saturday afternoon, with most of the staff gone from the building, when McNeil finally got his first look at Glen's project. Using his own keycard to override the lock, he and Kara had no trouble gaining access to Glen's lab.

"My God!" McNeil exclaimed. "How the hell could he possibly accomplish all this on his budget?! I smell an audit in the works!"

"But not before you've had a chance to try it out, honey!" Kara reminded him. "Remember what I told you!"

"I know, I know!" he grunted as he peeled off his clothes and stepped onto the platform. "I hope this thing delivers all that you told me it would, sweetheart!"

"Oh, it will!" She purred as she stepped behind the controls and he placed his hands on the globes.

Glen watched from the shadows of the lab as Kara activated the machine, just as he'd instructed her to do. Within seconds, the hum of the machine filled the room and the familiar look of blissful ecstasy covered McNeil's face. Knowing, at this point, there was no way McNeil



McNeil's date is much, much more than he had ever expected.

could release himself from the machine's orgasmic embrace, Glen stepped out of the shadows to gloat at his captured boss.

"Well, well," Glen chided mockingly, "what's going on here?"

McNeil opened his eyes enough to acknowledge Glen and slowly moaned his response.

"Kara... told me about this... ooo... *incredible* machine of yours... so I just had to give it a try! I knew you wouldn't mind. Hmmm... so far, its *everything* she promised!"

"Oh, I don't mind at all... Edgar!" Glen quipped back. "In fact, looking at your fat, wrinkled carcass up there tempts me to show you its *full* capabilities!"

"Why you... ooo... insolent... mmm..." McNeil tried to respond.

"But that would be doing you a favor!" Glen continued. "So, I'll be content in demonstrating just *some* of its potential."

"What... what are you talking about?" McNeil moaned.

"Well, lets just say that when I'm done with you, you'll think that I'm God's gift to this company! There's nothing you won't do to keep me happily employed here... no limits on funding *any* of my projects! I'll be operating *carte blanche*!"

"Never!" McNeil moaned, but his brief act of defiance quickly melted into sighs of satisfaction.

"We'll see!" Glen snorted. "Kara, honey!" he commanded. "Activate program *McNeil1*, please!"

From behind the console, Kara smiled sweetly and replied, "Whatever you say, Glen!" A few more taps on the keyboard and the globes flashed to life.

"Get used to those words, you old fart!" Glen crowed. "Because in a few minutes you'll..." he stopped in mid-sentence as something about McNeil suddenly didn't seem right. He wasn't sure at first, but after stepping closer and getting a better look, he could definitely tell that his CEO was beginning to change.

"What the hell?!" he shouted back to Kara. "What the fuck have you done?!" He raced back to the console, pushing her aside, and frantically tried to determine what was happening.

"I just started up the program like you asked!" Kara whimpered. "I didn't do anything wrong, did I?"

"I don't know!" Glen yelled. "It says its running my program, but I can't analyze the program without stopping it... and *I can't stop it!*"

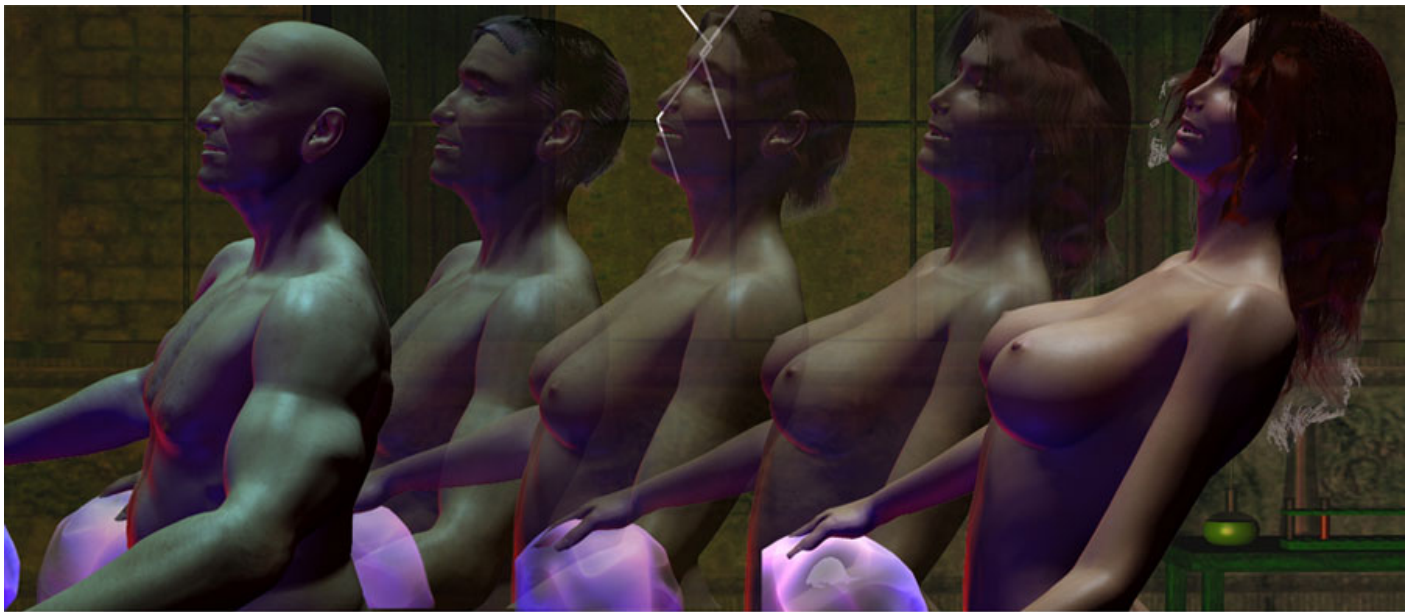
Glen turned and watched in horror, as McNeil's body slowly began to change. Not surprisingly, his concern wasn't with his current subject; the biggest shock was the blow to his own ego. To this point, his experiments had been flawless... his theories proven without question. But now he was face-to-face with something he wasn't accustomed to... helplessness and failure!

What had gone wrong? He asked himself. He'd checked and double-checked his program just yesterday, and he was confident that only McNeil's mind should have been affected, not his body.

But something had obviously altered that program as evidenced by what was currently transpiring on that platform before him. Curiosity, not concern, finally caused him to approach the platform once again and take note of exactly *what* changes McNeil was undergoing. The initial changes so far hadn't been dramatic, but they were definitely noticeable. Skin that had once been heavily wrinkled and riddled with liver spots was now smooth and free of all blemishes, save for a few freckles and moles.

As he watched, the changes accelerated. The layers upon layers of fat about the borderline obese exec were disappearing... at least it seemed that way at first. Upon closer inspection, Glen could see that fat was mostly being redistributed around McNeil's body. He recognized this portion of the process as he'd seen it happen many times before... McNeil was being changed into a woman! A glance at McNeil's limp, wrinkled tackle confirmed his suspicions as it slowly shrank even further and retreated into the lips of his newly formed vagina.

It soon became obvious to Glen that the unwanted fat was not merely being relocated but also being changed into bone and muscle tissue as the short, pudgy woman before him slowly grew from McNeil's original 5' 1" to a statuesque 5' 10". As her short, grey hair blossomed into a fiery auburn mane, Glen knew the process was thankfully coming to a stop.



Glen's plans for McNeil take an unexpected twist!

As the globes faded and the humming stopped, Glen turned toward the console in hopes of finally being able to determine what went wrong, but a voice from the platform behind him brought back his attention.

"Oooo..." moaned one of the most seductive and richly feminine voices he'd ever heard, "*that* was the most *incredible* experience of my life!"

With his analytical viewpoint now in check, Glen finally realized what an incredibly striking woman McNeil had become. Compared to her former self, she was almost Amazonian in proportion. She was tall, toned and voluptuous... her narrow waist accentuating her full, round ass as well as her bountiful and firm breasts. Even without makeup, her face was one of the most

beautiful he'd ever seen. Her wild, tossed auburn locks provided a dramatic background for the dazzling emerald eyes that hungrily drew him closer.

"*You* did this to me, didn't you Glen?" she purred contentedly as her hands kneaded her massive endowments.

"I... well..." Glen stammered, "... it wasn't... I mean..."

"Well then," she cooed, "I think you'd better come over here so I can properly *thank* you for doing such a *wonderful* job!"

Dazed, Glen shuffled toward the siren that beckoned him.

"You mean you aren't... you're not..." He still couldn't get a full grasp on what was going on.

"Upset? Angry?" she smiled as she reached out to him. "How could I be anything but *grateful* to the man who took me out of that dying old carcass and gave me a new lease on life in this *wonderful* new body?" She pulled him close against her, planting his face deliberately between her heaving breasts.

"I think," she whispered seductively, "I need to *show* you just how grateful I am!"

With that, she pulled his startled face up to hers and pressed her full lips against his. At the same time, she began to slowly undress him, starting with his shirt buttons. Peeling his shirt off, her kisses moved down his neck and chest. As soon as she began unbuckling his belt, he finally realized what she was up to and eagerly kicked his shoes off. She smiled and nodded her approval as she slowly kneeled before him, pulling his trousers and boxers down around his ankles.

As she moved slowly downward and her kisses became more and more aggressive, he stumbled over his pants, falling backwards, and caught himself on the globes. He stood, breathless, on the platform as she slowly and sensually rose and strode toward him. Once again she pressed her lips against his, her hardened nipples poking into his chest. He started to put his arms around her but she stopped him and guided his hands to rest on the globes.

"You'd better hold onto something, lover," she growled in his ear, "this is about to get *good!*" She planted one more deep, wet kiss on his lips and took a step back as if to resume a kneeling position in front of him.

His eyes closed as a feeling of pure ecstasy washed over him. "Oh, God! You're incredible!" he murmured blissfully. But when he opened his eyes to look down on his voluptuous ex-boss, she wasn't there. She was slowly backing away from him, a seductive smirk on her face. At first, Glen couldn't figure out what was going on, but it didn't take him long... especially once he finally heard the growing hum of his machine.

"Kara!" he moaned loudly. "You accidentally turned it on... ooo...! Turn... turn it off!" He didn't sound very convincing.

"Why would I want to do that, Glen?" Kara replied cheerfully. "Considering all we've gone through to get you here!"

"And don't think for a second I was enjoying myself up there!" McNeil chimed in. "First chance I get, I'm scrubbing the scum off."

"In the meantime," she turned to Kara, "where are they?"

"Everything you asked for is back there," Kara responded, motioning to the back room. "Help yourself!"

"Excellent!" McNeil smiled and swayed toward the back room. "I'm sure our friend here has lots of questions. Why don't you fill him in on all the details while I change."

"I'd love to!" Kara chirped happily.

She turned to Glen, still held tight in the globes blissful embrace. "Well, first off, you'll be glad to know that Edgar's little 'mishap' here was *not* your fault. *Your* program would have worked perfectly... if I hadn't altered it." As she spoke, her voice quickly lost its bubbly, bimboesque quality, but still retained its soft, seductive tone.

"You?" Glen managed to gasp. "How... how could you...?"

"You may have succeeded in giving me a new body and altering my mind to fully embrace it... thank you very much, by the way!" She winked and posed enticingly for him.

"But all of Carl Weatherby's memories and knowledge are still here, so reprogramming your machine was really a piece of cake!"

"But... but..." Glen stammered, "why... change... McNeil?!"

"Oh, I'll take that question, Kara!" answered McNeil as she re-emerged from the back room, wearing an outfit that was far and removed from boardroom standards.

The stiletto heels she strode confidently in propelled her to an almost Amazonian 6' 2". The short, black miniskirt she barely wore provided an unobstructed view of her long, luscious legs. Her midriff-exposing blouse strained to contain her ample bosom thrust up by a black lace demi-bra that peaked through the unfastened top buttons.

She walked down to the platform and posed for Glen.



But was McNeil's change really an 'accident'?

"I asked her to do this!"

She stated bluntly. "Kara told me everything about this machine and what it could do. At first, she wanted me to bust your ass and ruin your life for misusing my company like that!"

"I was having some repressed anger issues," Kara chimed in playfully.

"However," McNeil continued, "once I recognized the potential of this machine, we came up with another plan."

"You... you did this... ", Glen managed to moan, "on... purpose?!"

"I gave my life to this company building it up from nothing to what it is today. But I did so at the cost of living my life... two short, failed marriages, no kids, and very few friends! Edgar McNeil may have been incredibly rich and powerful, but he was also bitter, lonely... and dying!"

Glen's eyes managed to widen briefly at that revelation.

"Don't look so surprised, Glen! Considering how I've lived my life, it's remarkable that I've lived *this* long. Even with extensive heart surgery, my doctors only gave me a few more months to live. Your invention provided me the perfect opportunity to cheat death!"

She was now slowly pacing in front of Glen, her hips swaying seductively as if she'd been born to that body and those heels.

"I know what you're thinking, Glen... 'But why choose a female body?' Well, to be honest, I think part of my bitterness may have come from repressed transsexual feelings... or maybe my mother didn't love me enough... who knows! Let the psychs figure that one out. What it really boiled down to was, 'how do I want to live my new life?' And I couldn't think of anything better than living it as a sexy, young woman!"

Glen's eyes went wide again.

"As we speak, a suspicious boating 'accident' is claiming the lives of Edgar McNeil and his top researcher, Carl Weatherby. 'Unfortunately', their remains won't be found in the deep water off the coast."

"Oh, did I forget to mention the will? Yes, it seems that poor Edgar left everything, including his stock options in the company, to his latest paramour... a miss Summer Hastings. I've spent the last few days creating my new, foolproof identity... as well as a new one for Kara over there. Since I have no heirs and both my ex-wives signed iron-clad pre-nups, there's no one to contest the will."

"But...", Glen moaned, "...but... what about... me?"

"Ahh," she smiled triumphantly, "it seems that evidence will soon pop up giving you a very strong motive in my and Carl's untimely demise. It seems he had information about some of your rather unethical practices and you couldn't afford to have those made public."

Despite the increasing intensity of the pleasure-inducing globes, Glen started to feel sick and tried to scream, but to no avail.

"Now, now," 'Summer' said reassuringly, "don't worry! Although your rather sudden 'disappearance' will undoubtedly raise the likelihood of your perceived guilt, we have *much* more interesting things planned for you!" She strolled around the captured figure, looking him over while he squirmed in both pleasure and agony.

"I have an old friend who tried to get me to leave this rat race years ago, but I laughed in his face and we haven't spoken since. He now dedicates his life to much more worthy pursuits than just the acquisition of the almighty dollar. I think he's due a reward for his years of hard, and *ethical*, devotion!"

She turned back to Kara who was busy at the control panel. "How are you doing back there, Kara?"

"Ready anytime you are, Summer!" she replied cheerfully.

"Excellent! Well then, let's get this over with so we can all get on with our new lives, shall we?"

She walked up to Glen, standing mere inches from him, and leaned in close. "Goodbye, Dr. Travers!"

The globes flared to life one more time as Glen's body and mind succumbed completely to their ecstatic caress.

Almost two weeks had passed since the 'death' of Edgar McNeil. Memorial services had come and gone. The few contestings to the will were quickly dismissed on lack of grounds. A warrant had been issued for the arrest of one suspiciously missing Glen Travers as the prime suspect in the case.



"Goodbye, Dr. Travers!"

The first Board of Directors meeting at Biotech since the death of its founder and CEO was just about to begin when the large double doors of the board office opened and board members were presented with their first glimpse of their new CEO.

Her business suit, if you could call it that, had to have been tailor made to match her figure so perfectly. The jacket, obviously designed to show off her impressive endowments, didn't even have any top buttons. Her matching skirt only fell a few inches below the hem of her jacket, leaving practically every inch of long, toned legs visible to all admirers. Her blonde assistant, although not as voluptuous, was just as striking as her boss and adorned in a similar, curve-hugging outfit.

"Good morning, gentlemen," she purred contentedly as she strode confidently to the front of the room.

Sitting on the edge of Edgar's desk, one long leg crossed luxuriantly over the other, she addressed the awed room.

"I'll make this brief, gentlemen, because I have a plane to catch," she started in a very business-like tone.

"Let me assuage any fears you might have and tell you that I have no intention of being as hands-on as my predecessor. Life is too short to spend it couped up in a glass tower. My dear

Edgar saw to it that I don't have to by hiring the right people to run this company for him. It's too bad he didn't realize it himself sooner." She smiled sadly and sighed deeply, not fully aware of the effect it was having on her form-fitted jacket... and the men on the board.

"Anyway," she said, returning to business, "that being said, I'm leaving the care of this company in your capable hands. Don't be surprised, however, when I occasionally poke my nose,"

she paused and looked down at her voluminous cleavage and smiled, "and *other* things into corporate business."

She stood up, straightened her skirt and started walking toward the door.

"Until then, gentlemen," she smiled over her shoulder, "take care of my company. I'll be in touch!"

With that, the two gorgeous women were gone, leaving a room full of awe-struck businessmen who all stood staring at the door, their jaws agape, for a full minute before anyone could think of anything to say.

One week later in a 'modest' seaside villa in the Greek isles, a housewarming party thrown by the new owner finally begins to wind down... three days after it started. Most of the remaining party-goers are relaxing in and around the pool, enjoying a spectacular view of a dazzling sunset over the Aegean Sea.

Near the shallow end of the pool, the auburn-tressed hostess appears and looks out over her new surroundings. The wisp of cloth that makes up her bikini top covers little more than her nipples... their outline pressing provocatively through the material. The matching bottom is equally 'scandalous', but is partially concealed beneath a translucent sarong.

"Hmmm... I could definitely get used to this!" sighs the hostess contentedly.

"Could you get used to it a few feet to the right, Summer?" complains a tired voice behind her. "You're in what's left of my sun."

Summer turns and smiles down at her new personal assistant, who smiles back mischievously. The curvaceous blonde is stretched out on a chez lounger. Although she's wearing a one-piece swimsuit, it still hides little more than her boss's choice in swimwear.



Biotech's new CEO - Summer Hastings

"I didn't know you were still among the living, Kara," Summer smirks back, "considering how hot and heavy you've been partying the last couple of days!"

"Hey, can I help it if I *enjoy* putting the new equipment through its paces? You ought to give it a try... people are beginning to talk!"

"I'm the host, honey!" Summer refutes. "I can't go 'bed-hopping' with a house full of guests! I'm a CEO for crying out loud!"

"Who said anything about needing a bed?" Kara retorts playfully.

"You're such a *slut*, Kara!" Summer teases back.

"Hey, don't knock it until you've tried it!" Kara smiles back saucily. "Besides, no one around here knows or even *cares* if you're a CEO. All they see is that smokin' hot bod of yours that you've learned to flaunt oh so well!"

"What... this old thing?" Summer poses 'innocently'. "It's just a little something I threw on!"

"Laugh all you want, girlfriend," Kara replies seriously, "but the whole point was to *live* your new life. Edgar's dead and buried, sweetie... let *Summer* come out and play!"

"Maybe you're right," Summer replies. "Old habits are just hard to break!" She turns back toward the pool, eyeing one particularly muscular young buck stretched out on a raft in the deep end.

Focusing on the prominent bulge in his speedo, a sly grin spreads across her face as she feels her nipples hardening beneath her overstretched top.

"I guess now's a good a time as any to test the waters!"

She smiles and unties her sarong, letting it fall to the ground, and walks slowly and seductively into the pool...

"Miss Travers, I asked you a question!" The teacher has to speak louder than usual as construction of the new McNeil Library enters its third day at the Livingston College in upstate New York. The library is just one of several new projects underway at the exclusive private school. An unexpected windfall from the estate of the late Edgar McNeil has pumped new life



Summer and Kara easily adapting to their new bodies and their new lives.

and vitality into the previously financially strapped institution. No one was more baffled initially by the excessive endowment than the dean himself, who found it hard to believe his old business partner would be so altruistic in his post-mortem wishes. His befuddlement quickly disappeared, however, once he encountered McNeil's other 'gift' to the school.

"Brandi? Are you listening to me?!" Miss Conroy repeats sternly to the newest student daydreaming at the back of the room.

No, she wasn't listening. Brandi rarely listened to any of her teachers... especially the women. All they seemed to do was drone on and on about algebra and science and how they didn't like her choice in clothes. The men were different, though. Although some were more obvious than others, she could tell they *all* liked the way she dressed. She liked the way they were always looking down the unbuttoned top of her shirt, especially when she wore her cool bra that pushed her tits up and together like they were today. She also liked the way they stared at her legs when she dangled them out into the aisle between the desks. Her shorter-than-it-should've-been skirt let them see all the way from her black patent leather pumps up to the pretty lace tops of her white stockings.

There was no trace left of Glen Travers. Learning from Glen's mistakes, Kara had effectively removed all pre-existing memories and technical knowledge from the young coed. But even if she hadn't, two weeks in her new, nubile, hormone-laden body would have reduced the mind of the brilliant, if unscrupulous, research scientist into what it was now... that of a sex-obsessed nymph who cared for little more than her own sexual gratification, and of course satisfying the needs of the men around her... preferably the *older* men.

"Well, if you won't listen to me," Miss Conroy declares, "then maybe you'll listen to the dean! On your way, Miss Travers!"

Most students were terrified of being sent to see the dean, but not Brandi. Her eye's lit up as she smiled and sashayed out of the classroom. She was looking forward to her visit with the dean. She did, after all, have a very special gift for him. A gift that would keep on giving, and giving, and giving...



A well-deserved fate for 'Dr.' Brandi Travers.

THE END