



Reluctant Press

More Than Makeup

Dee Dee Perri



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

Copyright © 2003, Friendly Applications, Inc. - All Rights Reserved

Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Friendly Applications, Inc, DBA Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do YOUR part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

More Than Makeup

By Dee Dee Perri

Chapter 1

Donald Pain Jr. was the fair-haired child, the crown prince of World Communications Inc. An unstoppable force within the company and destined, according to all “in the know,” to rise to the top-of-the-top, probably before he was thirty. There wasn’t a vice-president in that large pantheon of vice-presidents maintained by World Communications Inc. that didn’t wonder if it was his chair that Pain would soon occupy on the path to his coronation. It was well known that the CEO, Donald’s father, still a young, vibrant man himself, was preparing to move on to yet higher responsibilities (whatever those could be) and it was that fact that made Junior a dead cinch for higher corporate responsibility, probably before Easter (that and the twenty-six percent of WCI stock that Mr. Pain Senior owned and an additional twenty-one percent he controlled). Someone’s head was on the block, that was obvious but whose? Ah, that was the rub at WCI.

But for a man who’s path was paved with gold, Mr. Pain (never referred to as Junior, at least to his face) looked positively gloomy as he stood with his back toward his office door, looking out across the broad expanse of serfs toiling at their work stations. The peons, all aware of Mr. Pain’s presence, slaved with an energy that could not be sustained for long. The water cooler was devoid of human company. But the WCI employees could have saved their energy for the young man was oblivious of their combined presence, they were mere background. “Ah!” Mr. Pain exclaimed, his voice slicing through the office noise like an industrial laser going through plastic as another young man walked onto the tenth floor of the WCI headquarters. “Mr. Harmon!”

There was a noticeable pause in the collective activity as the sea of office workers heard and coded the exchange. Eyes swung from Mr. Pain to the doomed man

and then, as always, the background noise resumed, then grew slightly louder as they collectively made up for that momentary pause. Computer keyboards clicked, printers whined and all was intense, worrisome to the point of frantic, activity. Jack Harmon was toast.

“Sir?” Jack squeaked. His Adam’s apple was bobbing up and down, his eyes wide. He crossed the large expanse in a hurried scurry as Mr. Pain motioned to him. Pulling up a few feet away, he stopped. Hands still encumbered with a heavy stack of folders, he stood there at attention, “Mr. Pain, Sir?”

“My office, Mr. Harmon. Now if you please.” The large room went quiet for another instant, it was an involuntary thing and then recovering, the sound of busy workers resumed to a fevered pitch until the door closed behind the two men.

~oOo~

“Close the door.”

“Sir? Yes Sir,” Jack mumbled as he fought with his stack of folders. They spilled out of his arms and down on to the highly polished teak floor. Jack scrambled to retrieve the folders but he was too late as papers leaked from the arrant folders, spraying out in all directions.

“The door, Jack!” snapped Donald Pain impatiently, oblivious to the mess that had been created. The door closed with a heavy clunk. “Later,” he ordered as Jack resumed collecting the papers.

“Yes Sir.” Jack gulped, straightened up and stood there expectantly.

“For starters you can quit calling me Sir, Jack. Leastwise when we’re alone.”

“Yes Mr. Pain.”

Don Pain looked at the trembling man standing amidst the wreckage of that paper work. It had only been three years since they had started together at WCI in the mailroom. He let out a long sigh. “Christ, Jack. Don will do, OK?”

“Yes... Sir, ah, yeah, OK. Uh,-whatever.”

“I still pull on my pants one leg at a time Jack. Relax.” He turned away and headed toward a full bar that sat on one small corner of his expansive, richly-furnished office. Thoughtful, he stood there for a few seconds before pulling a bottle of ancient Scotch from its resting place. He poured a substantial slug of the almost clear, golden fluid into one and then another heavy crystal whisky glass. Then he turned, holding one in each hand. Poor Jack was still rooted amidst the sea of papers. “Here,” he said offering a glass to Jack. “For old times.”

Wordless, Jack stepped over the papers scattered across the teak floor and took the glass. “Sir?”

“Don.”

“Right.” A shy grin slipped across Jack’s face as he lifted the glass to his mouth and took a sip. “Wow. Good stuff.”

Don's eyes took on what some might call the thousand-yard stare. That somber, troubled expression returned; then he caught himself and forced a slight smile which he directed toward his companion. "So how's Susie." His voice had a forced lightness.

Jack blanched, "Oh you didn't hear," he stammered, "Of...course not. You wouldn't have. Ah, she left me. Almost two years ago."

Surprise bloomed in Don's face. "Sorry."

Jack shrugged, then finished off his drink with a large gulp. "History. I'm over it ...Don."

"Right," said Don as he retrieved the bottled and refilled Jack's glass.

"And June?" asked Jack.

Don's hand shook and the bottle clattered against the glass. "That's why I wanted to talk with you Jack. Well ...you and June were close ... way, way back when." He looked at Jack and read concern from his face. "I ... I think she is having an affair."

Jack attempted to look concerned, then tried to speak and then, finally, did neither. Don continued, "Worst of all, I'm just not *completely* sure. Just suspicions, yes? Little things like books of cocktail matches in her purse. She doesn't smoke anymore you know." When Jack still didn't respond, Don continued. "Phone calls where the caller hangs up when I answer and stuff ... like that," he said lamely.

"You talk to June about your ... ah, concerns?"

"No way. Christ, the last thing I want to look like is a Goddamned jealous asshole ... which I am," he finished with a twisted smile.

Jack looked almost relieved, "So it could be just your imagination, hmm? Gosh, June is such a sweet..."

Don interrupt with a wave of his hand, "No. Too many little things don't add up." He paused and looked around as if expecting to find a third party in the room, then he turned back to his old friend and in a harsh whisper said, "I'm certain she's going to see *him* this coming Friday." He nodded briskly as if to assert his certainty. "An e-mail I intercepted from her *honey bunny*." He said the last with a bitter twist that grew across his lips. "At Sammy Koon's party. You know, that Hollywood director..." He stopped as Jack blanched. "What's wrong?"

"I was going to that- the party, I mean."

Don grinned sourly, "Yeah. I know."

"Oh," said Jack in a small voice.

"I want you to help me catch her and him together, OK?"

Jack backed away. "No," he stammered. "I ... I can't do that to June. Get yourself someone else! Sir!" He spun around and headed for the door.

"Jack!" Don thundered.

Jack came to an abrupt halt but didn't turn around. "No, Mr. Pain, even if my job depends upon it."

"It doesn't *have* to be that way, you know, Jack." When Jack didn't turn around, Don added, "But you could leave here with a *very* negative employment record, perhaps some hanging, unresolved allegations..." Don paused, "There is that sexual harassment charge..."

Jack spun around, "There was nothing to that..." He blanched as he saw the unwavering gaze of Donald Pain. *Yeah, he's the kind of ass hole that'd do just that!* He felt the stiffness leak out of his backbone.

"Close but no cigar, huh?" laughed Don as Jack turned around; defeat was in evident in Jack's eyes. "Frankly, Jack, old pal, I want to see them with my own pair of peepers, OK? Just get me inside and I'll take care of the rest."

Jack blanched. "How? I mean I thought you didn't want her to think you were a jealous asshole."

"In disguise for Pete's sake, pal. She'll never know I was there." He laughed, "I could go as your date or something."

Jack blanched, "We'd look stupid! I mean, it'll never work, Sir. No way!"

"Way," snapped Don.

"Uh, sir?"

"Get me lined up with a really good makeup artist. Money's no object."

"You're serious."

Don nodded as he thrust out his chin aggressively.

Jack gulped, "As a gay couple, huh?"

Don laughed, "As a faggot? Give me a break! You gay? I don't think so, least-wise June would have told me a long time ago if you were. As a dame, for Christ's sake!"

"No way you could pass, Sir. I mean, it's more than just looking like a woman, you got to act like one, sound like one ... you know?"

"How hard can it be, huh? Get me inside. I'll find a comfy corner and watch with my mouth shut. No acting necessary. I'll be like a statue."

Jack winced, "There is a guy..."

"Yeah?"

"He's very good ... but expensive."

"How much?"

Jack shrugged, "Gosh." He looked at Don and calculated. "A thousand would get you a quality one-night rental: wig, dress, the works with professionally-applied makeup to boot. Not that it would fool anyone, Mr. Pain, especially the crowd that'll be coming to Sammy's. Herman, that's the guy I know, worked on

the 'Planet of the Apes' remake. He'd build you a believable body suit to put into that dress at, say, six thousand."

That got Mr. Pain's attention. "Six thousand?" he said softly. He looked impressed.

"Yeah. They build up a model...."

Pain waved him off. "OK," he said. "Enough."

"Herman's got electronic gismos to modify the voice, servomechanisms to alter the movement pattern..."

"All right all ready. I said yes, OK?"

"What I mean, Sir, is, all together it'll be more like eight thousand to do a first class number. Anything less and you might as well walk in wearing your birthday suit."

"Eight? That's ... ridiculous."

"My point exactly, Sir. So if you don't mind..." Jack turned to leave.

"OK."

Jack stopped, OK what, Sir?"

"I'll do it."

"Eight K?" Jack let out a long, low whistle. That seemed like an awful lot of money to Jack just to scope out one's own spouse.

~oOo~

"I could do it for a quarter of that kid, two thousand. I got all the components I'd need left over from my last big last job, more'n enough to do your friend. He is a friend of yours, right?"

"Herman. A friend of mine he isn't and his wife, well, that makes it worse. June, that's his wife's name, is a really swell gal. In fact, I think you met her last summer, at one of Jeff's parties, as I remember. And you two hit it off real good."

"The little blond number..."

"Brunette, tall." Jack rolled his eyes. All Herman ever noticed and remembered were men, preferably very handsome and very young men. "Anyhow, she deserves better and if she's getting a little love on the side, well, more power to her, I say."

"So how come you're going along with this dude? I mean, just tell him to fuck off!"

"That dude, Herman, is my slimy-assed boss and worse, he's the heir apparent at WCI."

"Donald Pain?"

"Ah, Junior, but yeah, that's him."

"Wow! Rich!"

“You better believe, Herman. And vindictive. And jealous. So you see the spot I’m in? It isn’t just my job on the line, it’s my career.”

Herman pulled at his nose for a moment, “OK you tell him thirteen-five...”

“Thirteen thousand?”

“Yeah and five hundred dollars. So? The mother’s rich and no friend of yours, right? And I promise you and him, I’ll do one hell of a number. The best one on the lot.”

Jack looked confused.

“Look Jack, it’ll be a true work of art. Utterly fantastic. A masterpiece.”

“But ... you said you could do it for two...”

“Yeah but not *this*. Hell, you just tell Mr. Pain, not even his mother would know him, OK? Guaranteed! Besides, it’ll be good for business.” Herman looked at Jack. “Look kid, if he’s as rich as I’ve heard, he can afford thirteen g’s and who knows, if he really likes my work, it couldn’t hurt in the long run, OK?”

“So you’re not just stiffing him, jacking him up.”

“Naw. It’ll be a piece of art. Yeah, something special. Awesome. Tell him he needs to get over here tonight. I’ll need to get a holographic image of his face and body dumped into my computer ASAP.” He paused, “The party’s Friday right? I’ll need maybe an hour Friday to put him together. You got all that?”

Jack muttered, “Holographic image? An hour? Doesn’t it usually take, you know, six to eight hours to...”

“Kid?”

“Yeah?”

“Entirely different technology. Trust me.” Herman looked thoughtful for another moment, “I was just wondering Jack, are you going to warn the lady?”

“Damn it Herman, I really want to but it’s my damned career.”

“Correct decision. Life isn’t always fair, unless of course you’re as rich as Mr. Pain.”

“Ain’t that the truth!”

“Besides Jack, maybe she’s not even stepping out on her old man. I mean like who would ignore *that* kind of bread, huh?”

“Yeah, someone really dumb, I guess.”

“Right! Not your problem.”

It didn’t matter though, Jack still felt like shit over toast.

~oOo~

The truth was Herman wasn’t making a dime on this project. The software alone had cost him forty g’s. The “goop” ran about five hundred dollars a gallon

and Mr. Pain was going to require almost two and a half gallon for a full workover. But he'd been dying to work in this medium ever since he'd seen the first demo. Of course the software was generic and he could use it over and over again. Like the holographic system he'd bought six years ago; that had cost him the better part of seventy g's, it'd paid for itself several times over when he got the Ape contract. Ditto the new software, or at least Herman hoped that would eventually be the case.

"Keep your eyes and mouth shut, Mr. Pain," he said as he slathered the goop on the man's face. "Just breath through your nose." He carefully worked around the soda straws inserted in the man's nose with his brush. He added an extra thick coat across that face, then stood back to look at the final product. "Just relax, Sir. It'll take five minutes to set up properly."

He couldn't very well just let his client stand there unattended. Like a good barber, he kept up his chatter though there was absolutely nothing more he could do until the goo solidified. "This stuff was originally developed by NASA Ames for a new generation of space suits. The problem was it didn't have the thermal properties they required. Anyhow, someone over at Defense noted that this stuff was tough, really tough, so they tried to develop a new form of total body armor. Worked like a charm, it did. Stopped bullets better than steel. Unfortunately, it didn't dissipate the energy like steel. Anyhow, the military dropped the project after a few dozen animal subjects got turned to jelly inside their armor. Sorry Sir, you really do need to remain motionless for a few more minutes." Herman walked around his client. He had a large tube sticking from his butt and it was still in place. Satisfied Herman walked back around, bent down and checked the penis. There, too, the straw was still in place.

"Anyhow, there were some medical types that saw this as the future of prosthetics. The jell could not only be shaped by electrical currents, but by dynamically altering the flow, one could actually create a kind of exoskeleton that moved. The problem was ... well, it was strong, but not quite strong enough for limbs. I mean, it could shape the movement but not actually provide enough thrust for arms or legs, you know, to do any real work. Anyhow, like NASA and the Defense Department, these people finally quit on it. Lucky for us, a lot of the software they developed was sold to Crystal River Industries. And the rest is history, as they say. There, Sir. You can open your eyes now."

Donald Pain did just that, then growled, "You sure talk a lot." He ran his right hand across his left forearm. "Looks like I'm covered in snot." He turned and looked at the mirror on the far wall. That only produced a grunt. "For this I paid..."

Herman interposed himself between Mr. Pain and the mirror. "It's a system, Sir. A very advanced system. In a few seconds, that 'snot' as you called it, can be configured into... Ah, Sir, if you'll look at the image on the screen over here."

Donald turned. There was a holographic image of himself, naked of course. The three dimensional image turned slowly. "Yeah, OK. Nice picture."

Herman, hunched behind a work station, hit a few keys. “First step, a generic female body, no distinguishing features.” He hit the key and the image on the screen changed. The silhouette was distinctly female though flat, no breasts. Broader hips and a smaller waist appeared. “Your actual skeleton, ah, places limits on the construct, though adding soft tissue is, ah, no serious problem.” The figure developed decidedly female breasts, fuller butt cheeks but the waist narrowed only slightly more.

It was obvious Mr. Pain was not charmed, “Enough all ready. Just show me...”

Herman was miffed. After all, it was a great toy and this client seemed totally uninterested. He had dozens of distinct, female creations that were well within the tolerance of the system to generate. He chose his favorite, a long-legged chick with an athletic body. “This do?” he said, overly pleased with the resulting boy-girl image.

“Naw. No tits! No ass!”

Herman glared, internally of course, “Ah.” He hit a couple of keys until he found the 1960’s Vargas calendar-type girl. “This?”

“Naw. Too fat!”

Herman’s finger hovered over the key board. There was an exotic version, a real steamy number based upon an anime cartoon and one of the few configurations actually designed by one of the nerd hot dogs over at Crystal River Industries but it would take at least another gallon of goop. And it would press the system to its limits. He’d been told that one could apply simple compressional forces up to three-hundred pounds per square inch, though it was decidedly not recommended for long term application. He looked up at the expectant client. What the Hell! “This?” He hit the key.

An hourglass figured, pointy-breasted, bimbo appeared. The diamond-shaped face was dominated by a pair of succulently puckered lips. In her every aspect she was ... excessive.

All his client said was, “You got to be kidding!”

“Damn!” concluded Herman as he extended a finger toward the keyboard.

“No. What I mean is, ah, yes, that will do *marvelously*.” Donald Pain was in rapture with the image. Truth be know,, he would have had a hard-on if the jell hadn’t thwarted that reaction.

~oOo~

Jack came by Herman’s studio at nine o’clock as arranged. He’d spiffed out to the max but inside his gut there was more than a little uncertainty lurking. He only hoped that Herman had made a passable job of it, though, to be entirely honest, turning a sow’s ear like flabby Donald Pain into a silk purse seemed like an impossible assignment. “Herman?”

“Just in time, Jack. We’re almost ready. Still working though the movement program.”

“Say what?”

“Hand movements, limb carriage, you know.”

“Whatever.” Jack entered, then stopped. “Holy shit!” He hissed.

“Like?”

“That’s ... really you, Mr. Pain?”

“Yeah. What do you think, pal?”

It was Mr. Pain’s voice all right but the body, the face! As *she* turned and moved away, *her* movements were unmistakably feminine. “Awesome.”

Herman grinned, “Like I promised. Looks like a lady, moves like a lady and now ... Mr. Pain, if you’ll put this in your mouth.”

The excessively gorgeous woman wrinkled up her bimbo face, “What’s this?”

“Same material as on your body. It’ll kind of melt in your mouth and...”

“And what?” Mr. Pain looked suspicious.

“Coat your throat, tongue, then we can control those surfaces like we did with the rest of you.”

“In for a penny, in for a pound,” the gorgeous bimbo babe with the male voice said, then inserted the dried goo into her mouth. Her eyes widened, “It ... tingles.”

Herman shrugged, wandered over to the key board and pulled up the menu for speech patterns. “Say ‘How now, brown cow’.”

“OK, how now brown *cowwwwl*.” The pitch and timbre of the last word cow altered.

“Again.”

“*How nowwww brrrown cowwwwl*.” The second attempt came out sweet as honey and soft as a puppy’s tongue. You could have covered ice cream with it and called it a Sunday. “You’re a fucking genius,” the gorgeous gal gushed, again in that rich, dreamy voice.

Obviously there was still a problem with what *she* said but that was way, way beyond Herman’s craft. “Ah, lets try again, this time dropping the ‘*fucking*,’ my dear.”

“You’re a genius,” she simpered sweetly as she batted her long lashes and cocked her head like the doll she was. The mannerisms were as richly feminine as the voice.

“You can leave the check on the counter when you leave. Mr. Pain, Mr. Harmon,” Herman nodded, “I bid you good night and good hunting. Oh yes, try to get back here before 2 AM or wait until, say, ten-ish tomorrow.”

Chapter 2

Jack Harmon and June Pain had met while doing community theater in Burbank about four years earlier. Had Jack not been married to a gal he adored, Susie, he would have been all over June like a moth drawn to the light and that was an apt analogy. June was one of those rare creatures that truly glowed with an inner light and when she smiled... Well, for Jack, that smile alone was worth remembering. A year later, their paths re-crossed. Jack and June's husband were now working in the same department at World Communications Inc. Small world huh? For about six months, the two couples had been virtually amalgamated into a single social entity. Of course that couldn't last. Donald Pain was on the fast track to the top of WCI and Jack ... wasn't. It was the latter fact that eventually led to Jack's wife's abrupt termination of their three-year marriage. But that's another story in itself.

Suddenly, Jack found himself free and available and June, well, she could have moved to the moon in the mean time; the social-economic chasm that had open up between them was at least that vast. The difference between Eagle Rock and Beverly Hills, between a wage rat pulling in fifty thousand and the future CEO of WCI for whom money existed in mountains, those facts had always been there but hidden and unmentioned. Now the covers had been thrown back. She was way, way up the social ladder now, relative to Jack.

Still, Jack had made every opportunity to maintain contact with June; they were both involved in theater after all and, in Hollywood, theater was a society unto itself. The light of hope burned eternal inside Jack ... until tonight. Tonight, by aiding June's husband, Jack had sealed the fate on that potential relationship-not that it had ever held much potential. One way or another, June would surely discover his role in this affair and for what? A meaningless job in a huge bureaucracy, a career in which his highest aspirations were already below what Donald Pain had already passed through on his long voyage to the top? But it was the cards Jack had been dealt and he'd have to play them. Or would he? Jack held the car door open for the marvelous and magical creature that continued to fuss with her hair, a blond wig to be sure.

Her head turned, eyes looking up through heavy lashes which fluttered like a coquette in heat. "Sorry," she purred as she extended her hand, palm down and limp from the wrist.

As Jack took the offered hand in his and helped her rise from her car seat, it was all he could do to remember that this delightful creature was, in reality, Donald Pain, Jr. His eyes caught the movement of unfettered breasts under the "basic black cocktail dress," his nose was greeted with a flood of rich perfume and his hands... One fact bloomed sharply into focus: Donald Pain's hands felt exactly like the hands of a manikin, that is, smooth and "plastic." "Ah, Sir?"

"Debbie, remember. Debbie Day." Her already pursed lips pursed more as if she were about to kiss Jack. He jerked back from this semblance of feminine beauty. For him, the illusion was now broken. It was only Junior in a rubbery, whole body suit!

“Ah, Sir,” Jack started again, ignoring Donald’s instruction to the contrary. “Try not to touch anyone.”

The false bimbo’s eyebrows shot up in alarm.

“I mean, you feel like, ah, a mannequin, like in a store, ah, Sir. Like rubbery plastic, your touch.” Jack pulled his hand away from Don’s cold, lifeless pseudo-flesh.

“Right,” said Don as he examined his own hand. There was, of course, no way he could have known what it felt like. The “suit,” for all its perfections was, after all, a suit, a garment. “Thanks.”

In response to Don’s raised eye brows, “Ah, Ms. Day.” He turned, Donald now clutching his arm with both hands, “Ready?” It was showtime.

~oOo~

Even with only one-inch heels, Donald Pain towered over most of the women there. At an even five foot eleven inches, sans heels, he would have been taller than their host by a good three-four inches but that seemed not to distract either Sammy Koons or, for that matter, any of the males that were interested in females (quite a few were *not*). In his role of heir apparent, Don was familiar with excessive attention being paid toward him, but not like this.

Had he wanted to hangout with Jack Harmon- and he didn’t- he, or rather *she*, would have been hard-pressed to do so. Egos several yards taller than the men who carried them descended like vultures. Men bloated with their power in the industry (or at least pretending to have excessive power in the making of movies) made a beeline for what appeared to be the hottest young babe in a small ocean of babes. And it wasn’t just the plastic form that attracted their eyes and elevated their collective penis either, for this Debbie Day bimbo-girl child moved like a vixen in heat. *Thank God*, thought Don for the one hundredth time, *for Herman’s program*. There was simply no way he would have been able to manage such an impersonation on his own hook.

There were five middle-aged men who had surrounded Don and at least a half-dozen younger and more attractive men that would have joined the swarm except they lacked the social clout to enter while their betters were making their play. It was all too much of a success, noted Don, as he saw, for the first time, his wife June at the other end of the room. He tried to move in that general direction but that only drew the swarm with him.

What was that? Had he just been offered a chance to audition? His bimbo eyes looked down at the little man who was about nose level with Don’s false breasts. Enough was enough! He brought his wrist to his forehead, fluttered his eyes while looking at the ceiling. “I’m simply overwhelmed,” he sighed in his rich, sweet voice.

“Then it’s a yes?” the little man said with obvious excitement. He was now openly eyeing Don’s bosom.

“Excuse me. I ... I must ... go to the powder room,” Don blurted and pressed through the assembly. Several men didn’t take the hint and started to follow. Eyes locked on the far door, Don swept toward no man’s land, his lush, false hips swaying appropriately. This was just ... too much!



Sammy Koon’s guest bathroom was a lavish affair and large. The latter feature was essential, for the room was crowded with boobs and legs and acres of hair in all colors. There was at least seven women in front of the single, long mirror making adjustments to their faces. The babble of voices, the sights and smells was utterly a new experience for Don and there were some very choice females in various states of undress that made the trip here completely worthwhile. Yes indeed! He tried not to stare but that was like asking a drunk not to drink.

One could gawk only so long until eyes met eyes and one was found out. Don would have blushed if he could have but there was one set of eyes that caught and then held his gaze that was most unexpected. He almost blurted *June* but didn’t by an eye lash. Instead, he looked away.

“Hi. I’m June. I don’t believe we’ve met.”

“Ah...” Don felt like a bug caught on a spider’s web. He turned. “Debbie.” He was afraid to hold her gaze. He turned away again and pretended to check out his makeup. In the mirror, he saw that June had slid in beside him, lipstick in hand, but her eyes continued to study him in his girlie suit and wig.

“You came with Jack. Jack Harmon, right?”

“Uh-huh,” he mumbled as his fingers flicked at his false hair, avoiding her gaze. He could feel her eyes on him.

“I ... I feel that we’ve met ... somewhere,” June said, obviously trying to force a conversation.

“No, not likely,” Don purred but icy fingers seemed to be working down his spine. “I just got into town from ... back east.”

She was still looking, her eyes troubled. “Where?”

“Cleveland,” Don said catching her gaze for a brief moment before shifting back to the mirror.

“Oh.” She shrugged, “How do you know Jack?”

Damn! Don was thinking furiously. They had no agreed cover. It had to be something safe. “I ... we ... er, just met.”

She smiled knowingly. “We’ll have to get better acquainted, Debbie.” She started repairing her makeup and Don took that as a cue and fled as hastily as he could. Of all the luck, he thought! Had he been made? If so, why had she said nothing? Finally, and most important, who was she with ... this *honey bunny*?



Jack saw Donald Pain exit the powder room in that Debbie Day costume. Like a magnet attracting loose steel filings, the tall, voluptuous Debbie was soon again surrounded by would-be suitors. It wasn't the body, or rather the idealized form that had been constructed by Herman that was so successful, but that body in combination with *her* motion. From the tips of *her* fingers to *her* toes, with every flick of *her* hand through *her* hair to the thoughtful pursing of *her* lips, *she* was the essence of *femininity*- a seductive *coquette*. It was while he was staring across that crowded room, watching Don attempt to deal with his admirers, that it dawned on him- *This could be the end of acting as we know it!* Don was no actor and, under the circumstances, not likely to be able to fully attend to his female impersonation even if he had wanted to. Yet the evidence was indisputable; he was projecting a very compelling female, even sexy, personality!

Herman had said that there were movement patterns encoded in the suit. Patterns probably picked up and digitized from hundreds of video tapes of real women in motion. Far too many movement patterns to be employed at any one time; someone had probably edited which patterns to use. And it was, from the looks of it, some sexually frustrated males who had chosen what they liked. And the result? Donald Pain moved as a horny man would have wanted a seductive woman to move, an interesting idea. It was clear that, with this technology, one could reconstruct a John Wayne or Britney Spears, not just in form, but in movement, even speech. What was left for the professional actor, memorizing lines? Would directors get involved with the programming of the suits worn by their cast? Edit their mannerisms and speech patterns to achieve the desired effect? All and all these thoughts were disturbing to Jack, a wannabe professional actor. His musings were interrupted by the exit of June from the powder room a couple of minutes later.

There was Honey Bunny all right! June made no outward displays of affection toward the man who had been waiting for her just outside the powder room door but her attitude was clearly amorous. It was visible in the way she leaned her body toward her companion, the near constant eye contact. One could almost see her connection with...? Jack struggled to recognize the man. He was familiar, but from where? His face was handsome to the point of pretty, like a young Tony Curtis. From the way the clothes clung on his body, he was obviously in great shape. A male model? Ah hah! *Thorn Hamilton!* Did a few perfume commercials last year. Artsy stuff. A very expensive production with pretty boys and girls and Thorn Hamilton. There, that hadn't been so hard!

Jack leaned back against the wall and watched the couple. So Junior's concerns were well founded after all. Pity, thought Jack as he continued to watch the couple, June was almost as much in love with this Thorn as he, Thorn, was in love with himself. The latter was obvious by his carriage, mannerisms and his frequent inspections of his image reflected from the mirror on the wall beside them.

June could have done better, a lot better! The truth be known, it could or *should* have been him, Jack Harmon.

His next thought was, *Oh brother!* June and her boy toy were heading his way! He flipped his gaze toward Don. The tall, gorgeous blond was breaking free of the drones at the same instant and heading his way as well. Jack rolled his eyes and waited for the pending collision.

~oOo~

“This is way, way over what we agreed upon, Mr. Pain. I mean, I got you into the party as you demanded but this...” Jack glanced over at his companion in the seat beside him, then back to the road. The traffic on the freeway was frantic. *Her* perfume filled the car, *her* presence was utterly unmodified from what it had been at the party, only her words were pure Donald Pain, Jr. Why things hadn’t gone belly up and crashed and burned, Jack hadn’t a clue. And then, after a few minutes of small talk, it had been Don Pain, a.k.a. *Debbie Day*, who had suggested that the four of them retire to a small club in West Hollywood. For Pete’s sake, it was as if Mr. Pain wanted something to happen! *Totally weird*, mused Jack unhappily.

The voice was still as sweet as butterscotch and the delivery just as feminine but the words were harsh. “Nothing but a cocksucking two-bit actor!”

“He’s ... Ah, very good-looking, Mr. Pain.”

“Shit! I could buy a dozen like him,” snarled Don. “Probably works as a waiter between jobs and drives a ten year-old Ford, for Christ’s sake!” Of course through all of this, if one ignored the actual words, it still sounded like Don was offering cookies and milk to a five year-old, a very nice five-year old. That fact wasn’t entirely lost on Don. Frustration bloomed in those big blue eyes. Rage didn’t translate well in that voice.

Jack had a gnawing suspicion that it was Mr. Pain’s ego and male pride that had been hurt. Whether or not he really loved June, that was unclear and, perhaps, unimportant. Jack suspected that if Thorn Hamilton had been a peer, a man of resources and power, he might have shown *real* jealousy, but as it was... “You now know your suspicions were correct and you even know who has your wife’s affections, so why this club thing?”

“I want to teach her a lesson.” Don looked at Jack, “You know I think that bastard was flirting with me.” This last was said with a definite lilt in the voice which was most certainly *not* Don’s intent. Thwarted at every turn, those sweet bimbo lips pouted like a spoiled child.

Jack shrugged. Yeah, he’d seen that. Had June? Unlikely. She was obviously smitten by Thorn. “So?”

Don chirped, “I’m going to make a play for that twit, right in front of my wife!”

“Oh brother!” groaned Jack.

“I plan to get my money’s worth out of this costume, OK? You might have to take my wife home later.”

“You ... you can’t be serious!” But Jack saw that look in Don’s eyes. He’d seen that looked the other day when he’d threatened Jack’s career. “And then I’m done, right? I mean, that’s it, boss.”

“Sure. Whatever,” Don said, looking at his long, false finger nails like a thug might examine his switch blade. He, or rather *she*, seemed all too confident.

~oOo~

Of course Don wasn’t confident. This was a whole new world, an utterly alien environment he’d entered tonight. The trick was to relax. Inappropriate movements, such as reaching for the Martini glass the way he did a few seconds ago, caused resistance to build up in his fingers, hands and arm. But when he relaxed and didn’t try to force the movement, the appropriate feminine pattern emerged. He’d first discovered that fact at Herman’s house this evening when he’d tried to cross his legs in this suit man-style. At first the resistance to his intended movement was just noticeable, then it increased exponentially. He’d fought it, only to discover that the system had hidden resources. The first indication of those considerable resources was a mild electric shock localized at the point of conflict. That mild reminder rapidly escalated into a painful throb as he continued to hold his right cafe across his left knee. It fell just short of a painful charliehorse when Don relented. So he discovered that the suit didn’t just guide his every movement, it demanded his obedience to the program. And that was not something to his liking. On the other hand, sitting directly across the small club table from his wife, he was more than a little glad to have the advice of the suit at that moment as his little finger sprang away from the glass and his gulp became more of a ladylike sip.

Odd, there was no taste nor coolness in his mouth. It could have been room temperature tap water except for the afterglow that bloomed in his stomach and the odor which struck unattenuated in his sinuses. “Do? Like in career?” he said in reply to June’s question as to his occupation.

Don shot a look at his “date,” then with an inward laugh, said, “Dancer. Exotic.”

June blanched but, more important, that dimwit Thorn’s eyes lit up as expected.

“Where?” responded Thorn with poorly-hidden interest. That interest did catch June’s attention because her eyes hardened momentarily. Of course Jack was looking aghast at that comment, but he’d been looking half-sick all night anyway.

Don shrugged causing his artificial breasts to dance. “I’m still looking for a good gig.”

“Perhaps I can help you,” said Thorn.

In more ways than you can imagine, thought Don. “Oh! I’d be ever so grateful, Thorn.” He batted his long lashes and then, slowly ran his tongue across his upper lip. The effect on June was delightful from Don’s point of view as he slipped off a shoe and ran his nylon-clad foot up Thorn’s calf. Though this movement was hidden from June’s direct view by the table, the shifts in Don’s upper torso clearly signaled what he was doing and to whom it was directed.

The eager, hungry smile that grew on the cad’s face was more than enough reward for Don. Things were going better than Don could have hoped!

Flustered, June muttered something about going to the ladies room. When she stood up, Don almost missed his cue. A short, abrupt silent pause followed. And then, June, looked down at Don and nodded, “Debbie?”

“Oh! Yes! Excuse us,” said Don, a bit startled and momentarily flustered until he’d finally caught on to what was happening. For some unknown reason, women have always gone together. Can you imagine men doing that? Never! But for all practical purposes, he wasn’t a *he* at that moment, right? *Well, this will be a novel experience*, thought Don as he put on the arrant shoe, stood up and started to follow June. Realizing that Thorn was probably watching him at that moment, or to be more exact, his feminized ass, Don tried to put an extra twist into the sway of his hips. Apparently, though, his idea of a sexy movement and the suit’s idea were at odds. The suit won.

“You all right?” asked June after Don had all but fallen on his butt.”

“A slick spot on the floor, I guess,” he murmured properly chastised.

~oOo~

June turned on Don the moment the restroom door was closed. Spinning about, eyes hard, she glared at the taller “woman.” “What-are-you-*doing!*” she spat.

“Huh?”

June’s nostrils flared as she continued to stare up at Don. “Why the heavy handed play on my Thorn? I mean, how obvious can you be?” But before Don could respond, June continued. “And what about your poor Jack? My God, do you treat *all* your dates this way?”

“Thorn’s very uh, attractive.”

June rolled her eyes and then abruptly eased up. She laughed, then shrugged her shoulders as she turned and checked out her face in the mirror. Her anger appeared to dissipate almost as quickly as it had come. She opened her purse and began pulling items out and setting them on the counter as she studied her reflection. It was almost like she’d forgotten Debbie’s existence for a few moments and then, just as she prepared to powder her nose, she said, “I can’t blame you, I guess. The first time I saw Thorn ... Well, after being married for six years, I’d forgotten what it had been like to be near a *real* man.”

June might as well have kicked Don in the nuts; at least that was how he felt at that instant. Dazed, shocked at what she'd just said, he'd almost screamed out the truth. It was he! Her own husband inside this *suit!* Instead of joining June at the counter as he initially intended, he opted for one of the stalls in which to hide and where he hoped to collect himself. Through the closed stall door, he said, "So you're married?" Even with the suit's control, his voice was reflective of the pain he felt.

"You mean Jack didn't tell you?" said June, surprise in her voice. When Don didn't reply, she laughed, then said in a sour voice, "Married six horribly boring years. Oh, to be fair, it wasn't always *completely* dull but..." She stopped to do her lips and then continued. "He loves me too much, you know? Most of the time I feel *smothered* by his uh, *attention*. My husband's ... bland. There's no thrill, no challenge, no mystery. Everything he has, you know, he owes to his daddy, Donald Senior. Now take Thorn..."

"I was trying," whimpered Don as he sat on the toilet, in horror, as he heard his own wife, the love of his life, spew out contempt for him and his love and their marriage.

"That's what I mean. Thorn can never be..." She laughed. "Owned."

"Huh?" Said Don as he finished adjusting his skirt. Then he opened the stall door. "Sorry, I didn't catch that." He'd heard all right. *Owned* indeed! Cuckolded was the more appropriate term. Part of him wanted to grab June by the throat but mostly he felt grief and despair! Odd, but in his misery, she, June never looked more beautiful or utterly desirable as she stood there telling this unknown woman what a loser Donald Pain was. Go figure!

"Thorn's a free, wild stallion. OH! And the *ride!*" She grinned at the attractive woman. The grin drooped into a frown, "My husband's more of ... an old gelding."

"Old? Gelding?"

"OK not really, really old but... Truth, Debbie? I've never really got off with Junior, I mean Donald. But with Thorn..." She paused and even blushed, "You know I was afraid that it was my fault before Thorn but now..."

Don felt more sick than angry now. "Oh," was all he could manage.

"Look Debbie, I really *need* Thorn tonight. I mean, my husband's out of town and Thorn and I really don't get that many opportunities to be together for a whole night. I saw Thorn's reactions to you. I mean, you're younger and prettier than me. For Pete's sake, girl, you've got so much going for you... What I'm trying to say is that, I can't stand in your way but ... just give me the night, please?"

Christ! What was he supposed to do? He couldn't very well give his permission to June and yet there was all too much to digest at the moment. The evening had started out as a hunt for the man threatening his marriage and, according to June, it was more his fault than Thorn's. No, he could not accept that! He busied himself with his hair for a few moments, trying to buy time. "How about you take Jack?" he said and then instantly regretted saying even that.

The anger which had suddenly vanished made an equally rapid return in June's eyes. "We'll see about that, BITCH!" Then she rushed out of the restroom like a guided missile.

~oOo~

"He didn't seem too happy," noted Herman somberly after Mr. Pain left the studio, sans body suit. He checked his watch, it wasn't even midnight. "Jack? Can I fix you a drink?"

"Yeah. Sure, whatever. Scotch if you got it, no ice." As Jack watched Herman bring out a bottle and two glasses from the utility room, he said, "That system of yours is really something."

"Well, I was dying to ask but Mr. Pain seemed real, uh, down."

"Yeah. I guess I would be too if my worst suspicions were confirmed."

"So, his wife is going out on him, huh?"

"Oh yeah. One of those too-pretty-to-be-real boys. I thought of you immediately, Herman."

"Here's to me then," said Herman, holding up his glass for a moment before downing the contents quickly. He gasped for breath and then said, "Anybody I might know? In the biz?"

"Thorn Hamilton."

"That *whore!* Even *I* have better taste than that!"

Jack laughed. "Well, apparently, Mrs. Pain's a bit short on taste."

Herman let out a low whistle.

Jack paused and sipped his drink, "You know, sometimes when you really think you know someone..."

"Ain't that the truth!" agreed Herman as he eased back onto an easy chair. "So tell me."

"What?"

"The suit. I'm dying to know. Give me your professional opinion. How did it work?"

Jack poured himself another drink before taking the seat opposite Herman. "Well as a budding actor, ah, it scares the hell out of me, Herman. I mean, anyone who can learn lines could be ... you name it: Richard Burton, Queen Elizabeth or Donald Duck. I mean, what happens to the 'art' of acting, huh? I got this vivid image of directors setting down with, you know, someone like you and *designing* the actor. I mean, anyone could act inside one of those suits."

"Seriously?"

"Oh yeah. Junior, that is Mr. Pain, was absolutely perfect, in fact *too* perfect. If it wasn't for the hands..."

“What was wrong with the hands?” Herman leaned forward. He was always eager to improve a design.

“Too ah, plastic, I mean they felt all wrong. I mean like the breasts were all soft and wobbly like real, but the hands...”

“I’ll check into it. Maybe a problem with the software. There is absolutely no reason one can’t simulate believable flesh though...” He paused in thought.

“Hmm, I suspect it was partly my error now that I think about it. I mean, the thicker the material, the more ‘control’ the program can exercise and I was particularly afraid his hand movements would be a dead giveaway.”

“Oh Herman, the motion control was absolutely *awesome*. I mean, that was the very best part.”

“Glad you approve.”

“I think Junior got his money’s worth, that’s for sure, even if he was unhappy with what he bought with it.” Jack sipped at his drink, “You know Herman, a suit like that could make a guy’s acting career take off.” He raised his eyebrow expectantly, “How much?”

Herman laughed. “Seriously?”

“God knows my acting career could use a boost and my day job isn’t all that secure anymore.”

Herman shrugged, “For someone special like you? Four, five thousand a pop.”

“Hmm.” Jack was busy thinking. “How long could one *pop* last. I mean, say you were to make me a groovy stud suit, cool moves and...”

“Well, power’s no problem. I mean, Jack, there are no batteries. Works off of the heat differential. NASA expected their astronauts to wear these suits for days, even weeks.”

“And you think that you could get rid of that plastic feel, huh?” He didn’t wait for Herman to nod, “And fully functional genitals?”

Herman spilled his drink laughing, “A huge prick?”

“S ... sure, why not?”

Herman frowned, “Tactile sensitivity *is* a problem,” he said more to himself than to Jack. He scratched his chin thoughtfully. “You know, now you’re even getting me, ah, interested.” He was by no means a handsome man, nor was he young. Both facts had made his sex life far from adequate lately. He pointed his finger at Jack. “Perhaps we can work together on this Jack. That is, if you’re willing to let me experiment, using you as a subject.”

“Are you kidding, Herman?” He grinned. “Good-bye WCI, hello Hollywood!”



Don didn't go home that night. Not that he was afraid that June and Thorn might have fled to his house, she just wouldn't be that ... *gross*. No! The house would simply have evoked too many memories of them- together. Had it all been a lie, every fucking moment? Had all she ever wanted was his money? He looked at himself half-naked before the hotel room mirror. *Perhaps!* he concluded as he looked at his flabby body. He was certainly no Thorn Hamilton!

The truth hurt. It was easy to forget that he owed every blessed ounce of his success to his old man. All things considered, he'd probably still be in the mail room at WCI or worse, he might even be working *under* Jack Harmon if it wasn't for his connections. And June! She was special, irreplaceable! Yeah, right! It had always been the money and power of the family and decidedly not he, that had won the love of his life.

A divorce seemed the only solution. Sticking June with her two-bit cock-sucking actor, picturing June driving a ten year-old Ford and working at a coffee shop as a waitress drew a sour grimace across his face. And then what? Find another June? Impossible! She was *one of a kind*. Don poured out a stiff drink and sat down on the edge of the bed. His chin now resting on one fist, he lost himself in thought. The divorce could be horribly messy. Dad would really hate that!

There were all too many things he wasn't about to do. He wasn't about to give up his charmed, wealthy existence. He wasn't about to dedicate himself to getting into shape, he hated to sweat, or to work harder in the business. And he sure wasn't about to accept a continuation of the relationship he'd had with June. And he was certain he'd never find another like her ... ever! So much for what he *wasn't* going to do! He threw back his drink and poured himself another. As to what he *was* going to do...

Chapter 3

It had been almost three months since that party at Sammy Koon's and fall had slipped into a Southern California winter. As far as Jack could tell, nothing much had come from the events of that night. Mr. Pain, Jr. had slipped well beyond Jack's personal horizon; no surprise there. Mr. Pain hadn't, however, moved upstairs to one of the vice-presidential positions at WCI. For whatever it was worth, he'd moved out of the main office entirely. Rumor had it he'd been put in charge of one of the corporation's ancillary operations up north, Oregon or some place. Not completely surprising to Jack, June had remained in L.A. Whether or not she was still involved with Thorn Hamilton, Jack neither knew nor no longer cared. Something about her affair with that twit had soured Jack's opinion regarding June, not that his opinion mattered much to June anyway. "Well?" he said as Herman finally opened the door to his studio.

Herman motioned for him to come in. "We're screwed," he said as he closed the door behind Jack.

“You mean the new software...”

“Yeah, I mean no. Crystal River apparently closed its doors as of last Friday. Zip support and no follow up, you know?” He groaned. “Man, like I got almost one-hundred and fifty G’s tied up in their stuff now and for what? A few dozen standard suit programs. That ain’t going to hack it in the biz.”

“Come on,” said Jack. “I mean, you got a holographic system of your own. Why can’t we just, you know, make our own patterns.”

Defeat was written across Herman’s face. “Because I don’t know half of what I don’t know, OK? There’s perhaps a couple zillion steps between taking holograms of the subject one wants to replicate and creating the program that can actually be run in the ‘goop’ that are proprietary. Understand? I mean like, Crystal River got a good thing there and they’re not about to give away the store.”

“*Had*, you mean. If their product was so good, Herman, how come they went out of business, huh?”

Herman pressed a finger against the side of his nose and nodded slowly, “If you were to ask me, I’d guess they were just too damn good, understand? Like they were bought out and tucked into someone’s pocket.”

“Shit!” swore Jack as his dreams of making it in Hollywood vanished.

“I still got that hot chick program.”

“You mean the one Junior used?”

Herman nodded.

“Right!” glared Jack. Making it as *her* wasn’t exactly the career path he would have chosen. “I think I’ll pass on that one.”

“Maybe you should reconsider, Jack.”

“Huh?”

“I got a call from our old friend, Donald Pain Jr., this morning. He’s willing to spring for the thirteen-five for a rerun on the Debbie Day suit for a weekend stunt if you’re willing to wear it.”

“You’re kidding! Mr. Pain? Me in that suit? Wild horses couldn’t drag me into that.”

“Right! That’s what I told him you would say. Anyhow, he said he’d double my fee if I could get you to go up to Ashland Oregon wearing that suit and pal, I’m really overextended right now.”

“Christ!” groaned Jack. The truth was, Herman had put a lot of money into this system and he, Jack, had been intended to be a major recipient of this effort. Poor Herman, his shoulders were drooping as he shoved his hands into his pockets, head down. It just wasn’t fair. “How long?”

Herman’s face brightened immediately, “Only one weekend, Jack,” he said with an audible whine in his voice. “Ah, Mr. Pain mentioned that he would have a pri-

vate jet pick you up at Burbank Friday after work and return you Sunday afternoon, if you were willing.”

“He say anything about what he wanted me for? I mean why *me* in that chick suit?”

Herman made a face, “Something about his wife.”

“Oh Christ! June! That figures, kind of. So, what’s in it for me?”

“He didn’t say.”

“Oh brother!”

“Will you do it, huh, Jack?”

“Like I got a choice? Yesterday, I got this memo telling me I was up for a full step promotion, Herman, except they don’t do that sort of thing this time of year at WCI OK? Like it had Junior’s finger prints all over it, so now I know for sure that’s all.” How bad could it be, anyway? Forty-some hours in that babe suit? A step promotion would be worth what? Eight thousand? Considering that he’d never made a dime acting... “You can tell Junior I’ll be at the Burbank Airport with bells on come Friday.”

“Six o’clock,” said Herman. “Mr. Pain himself will meet you at the main terminal.”

~oOo~

Herman had done a remarkably professional job of compensating for Jack’s shorter stature. At five foot, seven inches, the Debbie Day costume was potentially far less exotic than it had been with Mr. Pain inside. The three-inch heels plus almost one-inch lifts recaptured completely her imposing height. But there were real compensations for the switch in bodies inside. Jack’s smaller frame allowed a much smaller waist and, in turn, less had to be added to the hips and bust line to create the same general form. One can only assume that June, the intended recipient of this illusion, could hardly be expected to remember, in precise detail, a woman she’d only met once several months earlier. “It ... hurts,” complained Jack in his natural voice.

“Where exactly?”

“Come on, Herman. For starters, my waist is killing me. How come Junior didn’t complain? I mean, he would have, I’m sure.”

“Fat is easier to compress than muscle. Anyhow, Mr. Pain was pretty flabby and you’re not. So what else?”

“All over! Damn it! Like there’s too much me or not enough suit!”

Herman ignore the complaint. “You need any help getting dressed?” Herman glanced at his watch.

“What about my voice, Herman? I mean, aren’t you going to have me put that goo in my mouth?”

Herman blinked. "Sorry. I forgot."

"Right," muttered Jack to himself. *Me and my big mouth*, he thought as Herman handed him a glob of goo. It tingled. "How come it, ah, tingles?"

"Beats me. I think it's making connections with the nerves or something. Same thing probably happens across the entire body surface but the mouth is more sensitive, that's all."

"So like..." he started to say and then swallowed. "...when." But the word "when" came out higher in pitch and softer. "Oh," that voice simpered sweetly, "this is so ... weird."

"So get dressed all ready," ordered Herman.

~oOo~



Jack's ample breasts were covered by a *very* loose-fitting tank top that ended just below them. "Just below" those unfettered breasts was almost an overstatement because the lower surfaces of those full, round globes were actually quite visible to the eye. When Jack moved, his false breasts swayed and bobbed almost frantically. That they hadn't actually become uncovered as he walked toward the main door at the terminal was surely a credit to the creator of this garment. That it seemed as if they would indeed break for freedom at any instant, perhaps aided by a spurious breeze, was certainly obvious in that there wasn't a male in Jack's field of view that wasn't waiting, with bated breath, for just such an event. Odd, but with all eyes following his bobbing and weaving breasts, Jack was noticeably less concerned by

the skintight jeans that hid, not at all, his well-rounded feminine lower torso.

The movement program was working perfectly; otherwise there was just no way he could have navigated on those stiletto heels. He carried a small overnight case in his right hand. The movement program was remarkable! His left elbow was tucked in near his false waist, his left palm hung open, facing down from a relaxed wrist. This was a very feminine carriage and required no conscious effort; not that he couldn't have done this deliberately but it required no effort at all to project this and other feminine mannerisms.

Oh shit! was the first thought that came to his mind as he saw June, already inside the terminal. This wasn't exactly a surprise but he'd hoped that particular reunion could have been delayed until after the flight. She turned. Their eyes met. And there was surprise in those dark eyes. So! She hadn't been told, Jack realized. Damn!

"June!" Jack gushed in his rich, sweet voice and was rewarded by June's cold, hostile glare. "It's been sooo long." Yeah and the way she was glaring, not nearly long enough. June looked away and then back as if hoping Jack, or rather Debbie, would just vanish into the crowd.

Finally, she conceded Jack's existence with a small nod of her head. "Ms. Day," she said, but a look of distaste was now clearly evident across her face.

Her worst fears were confirmed as Jack said, "Your husband invited me up for a visit."

She nodded and then looked away. It was the closest thing to a cold shoulder that she could manage.

Jack, on pins and needles, was the first to break the impasse. "Still seeing Thorn?"

June didn't answer.

A moment later, there was Junior and another man in a uniform of sorts. "There you two are!" He smiled warmly. The intervening months had taken a toll on Don, or at least on his body. His slightly plump figure was noticeably chunkier, OK, more like downright fat.

It was evident from June's facial expression that this latest development was as much news to her as it was to Jack. Obviously, she and Don hadn't seen much of each other over the last few months. But June quickly recovered from her surprise as she let her husband sweep her into his arms, "Oh sweetheart, its been so ... long."

~oOo~

"Damn her!" June swore just under her breath. She was sitting alone in the forward compartment of the aircraft, by choice. That *bitch* was talking to *her* husband in the back of the plane where the bar was located. June remembered all too vividly that night in that West Hollywood club when she'd stupidly confided her

real feeling about Junior to Debbie. It seemed beyond improbable that the bitch was here by chance. She must have contacted Donald and told him everything. Except if that were true, why now, *months* later? And why this trip up north then? The family lawyers were in L.A.

A second, nastier thought bloomed. The bitch was probably thinking blackmail. Oh, there was enough money involved. A divorce from Junior would involve millions, not that June wasn't ready for a divorce, but a divorce, especially this one, was loaded with significant problems. She'd always known that it would come to that eventually but the bitch could cost her much far too much! That thought took her back to the starting point" why now, like this? There was nothing else she could do. She'd have to swallow the bile she tasted when she saw that bitch and pretend that she had missed her beloved Junior. All in all, it was a bit more acting than she honestly felt up to at the moment. And for Pete's sake, why had he let his body go like that! It had been difficult enough to have sex with Donald before!

"Hi? Can I join you?" she said.

Donald's double chin wobbled almost as much as that bitch's boobs did as he nodded yes. "I'm so glad you're feeling better, dear. You think perhaps a drink might help settle your stomach?"

June relaxed immediately. It was obvious that the bitch hadn't as yet delivered her cargo of half-truths and whole lies. "A bloody Mary would be lovely, Donald." As Donald turned to explore the small refrigerator for tomato juice, June caught and held the bitch's gaze as if daring her to say something. Oddly, the bitch lowered her gaze almost instantly. There was certainly no defiance there, or much or anything else for that matter. In fact... "Are you wearing contact lenses?"

"Huh!" Debbie jerked. She appeared noticeably alarmed.

"I mean, I could have sworn that you had blue eyes. With that blond hair, they were quite striking." She was rewarded by the dame's gaping mouth. Odd that she'd reacted so strongly. Contact lenses, no big deal, right?

"Here you go, my dear." Donald said as he turned and handed her the drink. "Debbie, can I refresh..." He stopped as he caught his wife's hard glare directed toward Debbie. He looked apologetic, "I should have explained the situation, Dear." He cleared his throat, "Well, there are a number of reasons I haven't had you up to Oregon until now." Now June's gaze shifted back toward her husband. "Well, you see, I've been having a *relationship* with, uh, Debbie." His blue eyes were anything but calm.

That statement hit June like a fully-charged cattle prod. The display of both shock and indignation were real enough but the sense of relief was a hundred times more potent. Still, she had to act her role. It wasn't easy but she was an experienced actress. "Donald," she whimpered as the alligator tears started to flow. *Oh, thank God* her inner voice yelled but... "*Oh my God!*" she moaned like a woman delivering a twenty-pound baby as she let her legs collapse under her. Her drink, like the Red Sea, flowed across the carpet. Her tears reached flood stage

but they were really tears of relief. All those years of self-denial and she would soon be free (and rich!).

It was almost too funny. No way was Junior in love with that bimbo! It had to be a matter of male pride. And, for Pete's sake, all June wanted was a nice settlement. Fifty million up front and perhaps fifty thousand a month for living expenses. Hell, she'd earned it the hard way. And keeping her mouth shut and leaving quietly was probably worth at least that to Donald Senior. As if she were fighting her emotions, which in a weird way she was, June struggled to her feet. "I'll ... be ... OK." She turned and headed back to the front compartment, leaving the pretend lovers alone. She would have broken into a dance, a victory celebration, but she didn't. Perhaps they might just turn around and head right back to L.A. Oh pshaw! One more weekend wasn't too much to endure. Free! Free at last!

~oOo~

"Not bad for an old farm house, huh? The barn and all, well, it's all quite functional still." He shrugged. "Novel experience for me, a city boy, I can tell you. Cows and sheep and..."

Jack ignored Donald's tour guide lecture. He didn't care if this dump was the Ritz or Old MacDonald's e-i-e-i-o farm as long as he got this weekend obligation out of the way. He was still very confused over the events on the plane. "You could have at least told me in advance," Jack growled. With that sexy, sweet voice, no growl really seemed entirely effective. His complaint came out almost as a seductive offering- which was entirely wrong! Jack stiffened as Donald's arm slipped from Jack's shoulder and found its way down to his waist. "And do you *need* to do that?" This time, his voice was a bit louder and successfully conveyed a trace of hostility. He tried to pull away but Donald only tightened his grip around Jack's waist.

Under his breath, Donald whispered, "She could be watching."

"For Pete's sake!" was Jack's reply. "So?" He stopped when Donald stopped. "What?" he said cocking his head slightly while looking at Don. With the heels and lifts, he was almost exactly the same height as Don.

"This is our bedroom," Don murmured softly into Jack's ear.

Big deal! was the next thing that Jack's inner voice muttered. "I think I'll go in and ... freshen up." Jack swallowed, then forced out, "Dear."

Donald wrapped his arms around Jack and whispered in the pretend lover's ear, "Take your time. I have a few things to work out with June."

Yeah, right! If only that fat slob would just ...let ...go. *SHIT! Did he just kiss my neck?* Now Jack twisted free and jerked open the door. He all but slammed it on Donald's face. *Whatever!* he groaned as he gulped for air and then locked the bedroom door.

It was a damned nice bedroom of course, though, under the circumstances, Jack would have preferred Motel 6 and a few hundred cockroaches. Certainly not Junior! Jack caught his reflection in the mirror and almost jumped back, startled. He was nowhere near getting used to this costume. He rolled his eyes and she mimicked his actions perfectly. He smiled and she smiled. *Now that's someone I could enjoy sharing a bed room with,* he thought as he lifted that tank top, exposing those lush breasts. The artificial nipples were perpetually erect. He ran his hand across one and then the other. There was no sensation in response to that light touch. It was, after all only a suit!

This seemed like a lot of trouble to dump a wife that already wanted to be dumped. And for the life of him, Jack could not see why this pretend relationship would in any way improve the legal aspects of a divorce or, to put it bluntly, do anything but cost Junior millions. The poor bastard, it must be a matter of pride. Short of buying it, he wasn't likely to be getting laid, right? But for the price of the suit, Don could have bought any number of *real* women. Go figure!

~oOo~

“So what are they working on, huh?” The large room was devoid of others but certainly not empty. There was a bank of equipment that lined the far wall and some of it appeared to be on. She looked at her husband for an answer. He was no scientist, zip technical background. Hell! Plugging in a toaster was about the limits of Junior's technical skills and yet the place had the look and feel of a large, well-equipped laboratory.

“Ah! This was just a little purchase my dad made. They were doing holographic motion pictures here.”

“Holo ... you mean laser photography?”

“Yes that is it exactly, my dear. In fact, I would love to take your picture. Do you mind?” he said as he flipped a switch and several large box-like objects stirred into life.

June stopped, hands on her hips, looking first at the now animated machines and then back at her husband. “Why, for Pete's sake, Donald? I mean if you and I...”

“Divorce? My dear. Humor me. A few pictures. A kind of remembrance, huh?”

A worried look grew on June's face. “I want to go back, Donald. Now!” And when Don didn't immediately respond, she started walking toward the door through which they had just entered.

“Oh no, my sluttish wife!” he said, blocking her exit.

“Damn it Donald! I'll ... scream!”

“Very funny. You know what's *really* funny?” He grabbed her and began to rip at her clothing. “I NEED YOU NAKED!”

Oh, she screamed all right. Not that there was anyone within hearing distance. And he did manage to rip off one article after another without suffering or delivering too much injury. Of course, most of the images were of a traumatized woman. And then, finally, she stood there panting and near exhaustion. “What do you really want?” she said, eyes wide with fear.

“Just pictures, my dear.”

“And then I can go?”

“Yes. No problem.”

“This is going to cost you ... asshole!”

“You mean ‘old-gelded-asshole-husband!’”

She blanched. “Debbie talked!”

“No. You see my dear, that night at the club- *I was Debbie!*”

~oOo~

Jack came down for dinner wearing a low-cut cocktail dress of black velvet. A necklace of blue-white diamonds sparkled against the snow white flesh of his bosom and matching ear rings blazed just above his naked shoulders. Jack’s long blond wig flowed and mixed with the glitter of diamonds and white soft woman flesh providing the warmth that *her* other aspects lacked.

“The necklace looks lovely on you, my dear.” said Don as he met Jack descending the staircase. “Here.” He handed Jack a chilled martini as he reached the bottom step.

Jack’s eyes flicked about the hall. “Where’s June?” he said after several sips.

“Ah, June. She will not be joining us until ... later. Much later.”

Jack blanched, “Then, for Pete’s sake, Mr. Pain. If it is just you and me, why all this? This necklace probably cost more than I make in a year and this dress...”

“Is also absolutely lovely. In fact everything about you is, ah, lovely.”

Jack definitely didn’t like the direction things were going in. He turned and started to go back upstairs. “I don’t know what you’re thinking, Mr. Pain, but I’m most definitely *not* lovely, nor do I wish to be ... lovely!”

“Stop!” ordered Don.

But Jack continued his upward trek.

“I’ll explain everything.”

That brought Jack to a halt. “Everything?”

“Yes.”

Jack slowly turned. “OK. So start.”

“I need you to pass as June for a few weeks. To be June for all the world to see until the divorce is finalized. I want a fair and reasonable divorce and, considering the way she has abused my trust and love...”

“You’re kidding.”

“Hardly, Jack. Right now, even as we speak, I’m collecting holographic images of June. It’s all automated, so I hardly need to be there. By morning, there will be a sufficiently complete record of her movement and speech patterns and, of course her physical image to make a perfect June suit. Trust me, the technology is far, far superior to that employed by your makeup artist friend.”

“A *June suit*? Even Herman can’t do that.”

“Well, your talented friend doesn’t have the complete Crystal River facilities available. I do, or rather, my dad does, now. Oh never mind. What I mean is, tomorrow I need you to be June. Understand?”

“And June? She’s not going to take this lying down, you can be sure of that.”

“She’ll be free to go as soon as the divorce is finalized.”

“Free? That could take *months*.”

“Perhaps longer, but she’ll be comfortable, Jack.” The lie came out easily. June would certainly not be comfortable, not that it would matter in the long run.

“Right! I’m no lawyer but that sounds awfully close to kidnapping, Mr. Pain. And no, I want no part of that! Not even a ‘sniff’ of something like that, OK?” Jack turned and headed upstairs to change into something more practical.

“Jack!”

“Yes, Mr. Pain?” He had stopped but he didn’t bother to turn around this time.

“You *will* play the part of June. There is no ‘*or*’ in your choices.”

At the top of the stairs, Jack stopped and turned around. “I ... I should have told you the first time you *forced* me to help you, to go fuck yourself! Well, fuck you, Mr. Pain. And you can shove that WCI job up your ass while you’re at it!”

Donald Pain Jr., shocked, stood vacant-faced as Jack disappeared from view. *There was no choice at all!* he was saying to himself. *None!* Jack was already wearing a “suit” and all that was needed was the new “June” code. And the new code was light years ahead of the first-generation programs that Herman had bought. Gads, those Crystal River people had been on to something. Of course the greater magic was money, which was Daddy’s specialty.

Don listened to the sounds of Jack’s heels on the hardwood floor above. He’d only needed June for creating the data base. What happened to her tomorrow didn’t much matter as long as she was *not* June. But Jack? Don *needed* Jack. Oh, he could get someone to wear the suit, that was easy enough. But could they pass, not knowing her friends, her personal tastes and so much more? There were those closer to June but they’d never go along with Don’s plan. Certainly not her sister; impossible, no matter how much money he offered. No, Jack was *perfect* or at least the best of several bad choices. So why this sudden resistance? In spite of

what he'd said to Jack, just getting him inside the suit would never do. He'd have to actively participate, to play the role of June.

Everything had a price, didn't it? The Crystal River team was now scattered to the wind. All the necessary patents were safely in the hands of Dad's lawyers. No one else had this system. No one, as of this evening. God knows the potential the suits could give an aggressive businessman. Dad had seen that. So it wasn't just the divorce that had to be safely resolved. Herman and Jack had to be bottled and firmly corked. June wasn't a real problem, other than the divorce, of course. She knew nothing about the suits. Indeed, when she awoke tomorrow morning, in a suit, any suit, it would be like a miracle. Don smirked. But which suit?

Don whirled about. He'd have to use the workstation in the back but June's program wouldn't be compiled until three or four in the morning; in the mean time he had to keep Jack occupied and then...

Chapter 4

The jewels were on the night table and the blond wig on the bed as Jack unzipped the velvet gown, let it drop to the floor, then stepped out of the dark puddle thus formed. Kicking off those three-inch heels, he was now naked. Nylons had proven to be redundant with pseudo-flesh as smooth and unblemished as that which made up the suit. And the bra and panties, entirely irrelevant for similar reasons. But in the suit he still felt completely covered. Certainly he did not *feel* naked. The air was neither warm nor cool as he slid a pseudo-flesh hand down his pseudo-flesh form. Only the proprioceptive receptors located inside the joints and muscles of his fingers, hand and arm, informed his brain of the act. It was like he had been given Novocain, a massive injection which had spread across his whole body. Perhaps that is why the sight of this ultra-feminine body remained so startling each time he saw it, for it was easy to forget, to become oblivious of its presence otherwise. Oh, there was the odd movement now and then that drew his attention to the existence of the feminine "shell" wrapped around his male body and certainly one could not ignore that *voice* which could never have belonged to *him*. The idea of "living" in this suit for weeks as Don had demanded ... well, that was an unpleasant madness. There was no sensual existence, no prime reality.

Jack looked at his image- *her*- image in the mirror. The baldness added rather than distracted from her femininity. Her movements were appropriately feminine as well, to the eye, but otherwise mostly invisible on the sensual plane. Those breasts moved but existed neither as a fleshy reality nor even as a definable mass and certainly not as sensual foci. This was a creation that was nearly perfect for the stage or screen but certainly not to be confused with reality.

But Jack wasn't engaged in this little self-inspection for philosophical reasons. The fact was he was at least five hundred miles from home, though his exact locus was unknown: Somewhere in Oregon (he assumed), in the mountains (that was certain). There were a lot of trees and relatively few people: just more facts. It was a rugged rural environment and Don, his host, wanted to *keep* him here! Jack spilled out the contents from his wallet: California driver's license accompa-

nied by his face (Jack Harmon); two bank cards (also Jack Harmon); cash (\$60) and a lot of other stuff of even less utility. Conclusion? How far could he get on sixty bucks, even if he knew exactly where he was *and* had access to reasonable transport? Truth? He could hide in the woods tonight but he'd be really screwed tomorrow if there were no nearby neighbors.

Assets? There were a few. First, the suit had *nearly* performed for NASA and had also *almost* served as complete body armor for the military. He could probably travel through underbrush that would be nearly impossible for others. Thus, though appearing fragile, he was far from vulnerable to ordinary thorns and brambles. Second, the suit was, to the eye, the very essence of feminine beauty. A veritable seductress: Conclusion: the Debbie suit could command resources were he to encounter males, a likely situation. The latter however had discernible drawbacks. He was not by any stretch of the imagination a functional female but then it was the promise of sex rather than the delivery that maintained the female superiority in most situations.

So he would leave. He pulled on the jeans in which he'd traveled and that sexy tank top. The shoes? Unnecessary. After all, being bare foot was only an illusion. He stared at the wig. Bald was too ... noticeable. That bit of flimflam would have to be employed, so on went the wig. He then looked at the jewels- Naw, nothing but trouble. He shoved the sixty dollars, his credit cards and his California driver's license into a pocket. It was time to leave.

He had to get back to Herman and out of this *suit!*

On the floor below, Don activated the updated program for the bimbo suit, code B-2.0 ASI, replaced B-1.11. The technical logs left by the Crystal Rivers researchers were anything but clear and yet the ASI sub-code was obvious enough: Amplified Sensory Input and some chicken scrawled handwritten notes along the margin which Don hadn't tried to decipher. The code, now electromagnetic flux, flowed via the unshielded house wiring and was picked up by an inductive circuit resident in the material that composed the suit. There was no central brain, no unique memory cells, the information flowed to where it would be utilized as part of the master pattern. New code replaced the old at the appropriate nodes. New functions emerged. None of this was noticeable to Jack ... at first. But when it was in place, after the suit matrix adjusted, sensory capacity, especially deep proprioception and *pain* in the pseudo-flesh, emerged abruptly. Indeed it was the latter that first drew Jack's attention as he bounded almost soundlessly down the stairs in his bare feet.

The jarring tug of those breasts windmilling under the loose tank top drew his notice in a manner unlike the obvious visual evidence. "Shit!" he swore as he slowed and then stopped halfway down the stairs; finally, he grabbed the errant globes. *That hurt!* But that particular hurt vanished from his awareness the instant his hands touched and held those warm fleshy mounds: He could *feel* them! No! that couldn't be! But it was as if the nipples actually *responded* to his touch. His touch! His hands could feel his breasts and his breasts ... the suit was manipulating his penis as his finger touched and felt that erect nipple ... or was that he was simply getting *turned-on*? Whatever the mechanism, he was definitely get-

ting turned-on for the first time since he'd put-on the suit. He ran his tongue nervously across his lips. That, too, was ... *sensual*. A queer buzz worked his spine now as the sexual tension grew and grew and...

On legs now noticeably less steady, Jack completed his decent of the stairs. The pseudo-flesh that covered each thigh, as the thighs brushed against each other, intensified the excitement. A cold door knob greeted his hand. COLD? He ignored that additional fact as he unlocked the door and fled out into the night, a night that was surprisingly *COLD!* He began to run. Pain lanced up his feet as his bare soles came down on the rocky ground; it was as if the stones were sharpened spikes. Gritting his teeth, head down with hands holding the wildly swinging breasts, he ran across the driveway toward the dark, cold woods and ... freedom. He stumbled to a halt after the first branch slapped him in the face. He realized he'd never make it now.

~oOo~

Jack heard the voice as if it were coming from a great distance. It was Don! "Amazing. It's as if they completely reversed the initial intent of the suits. Smart boys at Crystal, huh? To protect the human body from the awesome extremes of a vacuum to amplifiers of sensory input. Cold becomes colder, hot, hotter. You can hear me, can't you, Jack?" Jack pretended to be asleep but it was difficult. It probably wasn't actually true but it felt as if every square inch of his body was actively signaling its existence. He could feel the micro-movements of his breasts as they rose and fell, the press of his body against the sheets had a thousand tactile details. Talk about the princess and the pea! It was the opposite of what he'd experienced before. The Novocain experience had been replaced by a heightened sensitivity that was shockingly clear. The brief run through the woods had become Hell on Earth and now, the satin sheets on his bare torso was Heaven. In spite of his best efforts, his eyes flicked open. He couldn't help but squirm with pleasure as his brain sucked up the rich tactile input. It was like discovering one's whole body had become an aroused penis...

"Ah, there you are, Jack." Don's piggish face loomed all too close the moment Jack open his eyes. "As I was saying, this particular suit is programmed for maximum sensitivity. Taking off into that woods on a cold night like that was foolish, hmmm?"

"W ... what happened?" His thoughts froze as he became all too aware of his own full, moist lips. Unbidden, uncontrollable almost, he ran his wet tongue across those eager surfaces. A burble of pleasure grew with his simple self-stimulation.

"Sensory overload, I suspect. Anyhow, I found you lying at the edge of the woods. Pretty horrible experience, I bet."

"I ... I don't remember much, except the cold and ... the *pain*." That sweet voice quivered at the memory but for only a moment as the rich, soft texture of the

sheets interacted with Jack's body and obscured the memory with yet new pleasures.

"Pain. Right!" Don's hand reached out and lightly stroked Jack's face. "Pleasure?"

"Ahhh," moaned Jack. It was good, no ... *wonderful*. The pleasure was almost too intense. The artificial nipples knotted as his heart rate accelerated. As Don started to pull his hand away, Jack's face followed as if to keep the contact like a needy kitten.

"Like, huh?"

Jack caught his breath and eased back onto the pillow. The afterglow of that touch lingered between his thighs and rode high on the nipples of each breast. If just Don's touch could do that to him, he was in real trouble. "I ... I don't understand."

"Easy, let me show you." Don pinched Jack's forearm. It was only a pinch of pseudo-flesh between two of Don's pudgy fingers. Pseudo-flesh! But rather than being painless, it was anything but! "Eeeeeeah!" screeched Jack as if a red hot poker had slammed into that same zone of flesh. Real tears brightened his eyes as he reached for and began to rub the site of the attack. Of course there was absolutely no damage to the tough material and clearly his *real* flesh was completely protected so why...? "Damn you! That *really* hurt!"

"Simulated dermatological reception, whatever that means, and the gain is set up to about six-hundred percent." He shrugged. "It kind of makes you, ah, super wimp. I wouldn't try running away anymore, understand? A five-year-old could beat the bloody crap out you, my *dear*."

~oOo~

Dawn was breaking as June awakened. A frightful stench filled her nose, a barn yard smell, heavy on the fertilizer. She tried to sit up but there was something wrong with her neck and she would have screamed if she had a human voice. Rather, a shrill, hideous grunt emerged. Hooves flailed the air where her mind told her that her hands should be. The frantic struggle now extended to her legs and when the four limbs combined, she rolled over in what could only be described as the muck of a well-used pig pen. The shrill grunts had evolved into a continuous piggish squeal. "Squeeeeeeeeeel," as June attempted to stand and failed and failed. Amidst the flashing hooves and the sticky, mud, a pink, hairless, non-human body became evident in complete detail down to an oversized pig prick! Finally, on all four limbs, she voided her bladder with a hideous grunt, then charged the low fence that surrounded her. It was a nightmare and somehow she was determined to awaken!

Her collision with the fence sent her sprawling, snout in the dirt. Snout? She twisted and regained her four feet, this time not even trying to stand on only two. *This is impossible! Impossible! Impossible!* But the impossible refused to end!

Again and again, she tried first to run through the surrounding fence and then she attempted to climb over it. Her thick, stout body and her hooves were not designed for climbing. The human voice inside her brain was screaming as the madness consumed her.

A thousand years later, subjectively, she collapsed in the driest and cleanest spot she could find (a relative concept at best) and began to study her new body in earnest. Don had said that he'd been Debbie that night. Surely this was of his doing, but how? Magic? Could there be any other explanation? Had those machines done this to her? That seemed *impossible* but then it was *all* impossible!

She oinked partly in terror and partly to see what would happen. That son-of-a-bitch! If it had happened, then it was possible. And if it was possible, then somehow she'd ... what? *Turn into breakfast?* Pigs don't cry but that simple fact didn't stop June as the sun began to burn away the heavy, wet mist that hung over the pig sty. The smell intensified, the mystery deepened as did June's despair.

~oOo~

Don had been so busy with Jack that he'd not had a chance to visit his wife in the pig sty this morning. Indeed, he'd missed her awakening in that pig suit and that was a tragedy. He was sure that never had a cuckolded mate's need for vengeance ever been so amply satisfied. But, for the moment at least, it was Jack that continued to demand Don's attention. Things were not going exactly as he'd expected. Rather than the suit and its sensory capacity causing Jack to become terrified, it was rapidly turning Jack into some kind of sensual addict. Having locked Jack in the basement, Don had returned to the computer workstation and was now trying to read the scrawls that ran the margin of the printed log.

He wasn't able to decipher every word, and what he was able to read was written in science gobbledygook, but the general thrust was clear. They'd terminated the ASI experiment almost as soon as they started it. In fact, it was deemed *dangerous*. Something about hypothalamic and limbic interactions. Ah, more gobbledygook! Not that Don was worried about Jack, but he was worried that the program might make Jack unable to serve in the June suit. He stared off for a few moments, his mind in distress. He needed Jack's cooperation and his Dad would grow impatient unless the divorce was settled efficiently, quickly and *quietly*.

It was too bad that most of the Crystal Rivers team had taken the severance offer. They had a weird gent that had remained, however. Don reached for the phone and then drew back. The Jack problem would have to wait a while longer. A grin broke across his face as he hurried outside. Less than a half mile away was June! Goddamn but he was going to enjoy this!

"George?"

"Yes sir?"

"I thought that old barn down below was ready for demolition?"

“Sir? Yes sir.”

“I saw a pig down there from my bedroom window.”

The man frowned and shook his head no.

Don nodded toward the much abused truck sitting in front of the garage, “Com’on, get the truck and I’ll show you.”

~oOo~

June jerked into consciousness with a start. Considering the night she’d had and the horror she’d faced in the early hours of the morning, falling asleep on that semidry patch of dirt in the morass of filth wasn’t a complete surprise. She didn’t even lift her head as she saw her husband approach the sty. She was of two conflicting minds. One part of her hoped that Junior would open the gate and enter the sty. She was half-convinced that, with those hard, sharp hooves, she could grind the asshole into hamburger. Her *other* mind would have groveled at Donald’s feet and pleaded for a reprieve. She would have promised him anything; undying love, you name it. Though the second part of her mind was the stronger, exactly how was she going to make her plea? She struggled to her feet awkwardly, snorted to clear her flat nose and then...“Oink!” Oh brother! She would have moaned, if she could. Instead she squealed weakly.

Like a thrown lance, Donald’s gaze cut into her. No, he wasn’t here to gloat, to brag. That would have been bad, but expected. What June saw was much worse than that: *Donald simply stared!* There was no nasty I-got-you, or hateful grimace. Instead, he turned away and called over his shoulder to someone else. “See, I told you, George, there’s a pig in this sty.”

“Mr. Pain? Honest, I was by here just yesterday and...” The older man pulled up short as he looked directly at June. “Dang if you ain’t right, Mr. Pain. I ... I don’t know how I missed that one.” He continued to stare. “A boar. What you want me to do with it?”

Donald just rolled his eyes. “Whatever, George! But be sure its gone before the heavy equipment gets here, OK?”

June’s heart was beating a mile a minute. They both acted like she was a *real* pig. She oinked loudly and charged off the small semidry mound, only to stop in front of the sea of wet, slimy muck between her and Donald. Timidly, she put one hoof and then another into the quagmire. But when she looked up, the two men had already turned around and were heading away. Squealing loudly, she dove headlong into the muck right up to her oversized prick.

Across the way, she heard Donald’s voice. “You know George, I was thinking. Can you fatten it up?”

“Mr. Pain?”

“You know, maybe before Easter, George?”

Fatten up... Easter! The horror bloomed yet again! She screamed DONALD! But it came out “OINKKKKK!”



Jack had crawled through one of the narrow cellar windows even before Don had left the house. In fact, Jack was hiding in the garage when that guy in the bib-overalls had come inside. He'd watched from behind a pile of crates as the farm hand opened a cabinet and removed one of a number of key rings hanging there.

The moment the truck with Don and the other guy had disappeared over the rise, Jack was at the cabinet. He quickly removed every key hanging there. He chose the Mercedes SUV, found the correct keys and then tossed the others onto the back seat of the vehicle. If there was going to be a chase, Don would be stuck with the old Ford truck and that would help.

Jack climbed up and then eased onto the wide, leather bucket seat. It was all most perverted the way his ass felt as it met and *liked* the high-quality leather. Every damn thing either felt too good or too bad! It was both unnatural and very distracting to be so utterly aware of one's own body. The engine turned over easily. There was one way out of this mess. He had to get back to L.A. and to Herman. *I want out of this suit*, he thought as he put the vehicle into four wheel drive. He could see the road down below and he sure as Hell wasn't going down the lane.

Jack had been on the Interstate heading south almost an hour before he came to the California border and, for the first time since he'd escaped, he breathed a sigh of relief. He swung off at the first exit and headed west toward the Pacific Coast Highway. It'd be slower than the Interstate but he'd be one Hell of a lot harder to locate. Twelve, fifteen, twenty hours? “*Whatever...*” he snapped. Junior was going to pay for this ... somehow!



“B ... but Dad!” Don jerked the receiver away from his ear. The voice was still loud. Color it red as in *rage*.

“OK, OK. Yeah, I have a pretty good idea as to where he'll go.” He pulled the phone away from his ear but again he was too late. He grimaced. “No problem.”

He wanted to slam the receiver down to vent his anger and frustration but, alas, it was only a cell phone. He snapped the off button *hard* but that action really wasn't very satisfying. “Grrr!”

“Mr. Pain.”

“Yes!” snapped Don. The older man jerked back. “Sorry,” Don shrugged. “What now, George?”

“About the pig, sir?”

“Oh yeah.” An evil look grew Don’s eyes. “You know how to force-feed it?”

The man looked startled, “The pig? Ah, yes sir, but force-feeding hardly seems necessary, considering...”

“Considering what?”

“The supplements, sir. Growth hormones, appetite stimulants ... it’s all rather standard, if you know what I mean. A very rich diet and well, he’ll make a pig of himself, he will. Put on, ah, five pounds a week is my guess. Maybe a hundred by Easter.”

“You don’t say, George! A hundred pounds! Oh that’ll do just fine.” Somehow things had suddenly gotten a lot less dark. “I’ll tell you what, my good man, I’ll give you a hundred bucks for every pound over that initial hundred, hmm?”

“A hundred? Ah, YES SIR!”

~oOo~

Just north of San Francisco where Highway 1, the Pacific Coast Highway, twists and turns as if the builders had been following a drunk snake, Jack used the cell phone mounted into the dash of the SUV. “Herman? What do you mean, I can’t... You think they might be waiting for me outside your place? Guess I could have figured that one,” Jack mumbled. “Can you move the device? We could meet...”

If the suit hadn’t covered his face, he’d be as pale as milk. *Herman no longer had the device!* “What do you mean, give myself up? There must be *another* way of turning off the suit?” After a few seconds... “Blow torch! Damn it, Herman, the program Junior ran on me... The pain would kill me! Seriously, it’s like real flesh only way, WAY more sensitive.” Jack rolled his eyes as Herman began to talk. The bastard was excited by the new development, simulated sensitivity! Finally, he could take it no more, “Com’on Herman, this isn’t some high school science project. What can you do for me? Huh? Nevada? Yeah, OK. Exactly where?”

It wasn’t much but it was all that Herman had to offer. A ranch in Nevada where he could lay low until ... what? Herman was a smart guy. If anybody could find a way out of this mess, it was him. “Near Reno,” Jack muttered as he studied the map. First a farm, now a ranch. He’d about had it with this back-to-the-rural-life crap. “*Whatever!*”

~oOo~

It was that Hollywood makeup artist on the phone, Herman something. Don just said, “Yes.”

“Well sir, Mr. Pain, uh, I think I have something you’re looking for.”

“Something? Don’t you mean someone Mr. ...?”

“Morgan, Herman Morgan. And uh, yeah, someone. OK, Jack Harmon.”

“Sounds like you want to make a deal, am I right?”

“Uh, yes sir. It’s like, well, you have the technology for the suits and ... to be truthful ...” In his excitement, Herman’s long-repressed West Virginia accent leaked out. “I ain’t never seen nothing like those suits. What I’m trying to say is ... I’d like to work with you.”

Donald Pain was quite taken back by that statement. He would have expected the man to want, well, money of course. “Are you saying that you’ll give up Jack for...”

“Well, as I understand it, you only want him to impersonate your wife. That is correct, isn’t it sir?”

“Correct, for a few weeks.”

“And I want to learn more about that technology.”

Now Don was truly stunned. The man was serious. “OK.”

“You will not regret it, sir.”

“So where is Mr. Harmon?”

“Safe.”

Anger bloomed in Don’s voice. “Where?”

“He’s the only card I hold, Mr. Pain. What I mean is, how do I know you’ll keep up your half of the bargain?”

“This is not a very good start, Mr. Morgan.”

“What’s a few days? I mean sir, I’d like to see and perhaps work with the Crystal River equipment. You did buy out that outfit, didn’t you, sir?”

Don wasn’t about to confirm that. “What exactly are you asking for, Mr. Morgan?”

“Bring me on board, no funny stuff. I want to learn all about that technology. Give me a chance to work with those people at Crystal. You don’t have to pay me or anything, Mr. Pain and I’ll not only find Jack, I’ll get him to impersonate your wife.”

“All of that, huh? I’ll think about it, Mr. Morgan.”

“What’s to think about?” Herman growled, then added, “You’ll need my cell phone number, Mr. Pain, because I don’t plan on sitting around waiting for some muscle to drop in on me, if you know what I mean.”

“I’m shocked that you’d think...” The line went dead.

“Thrasher!”

“Sir?”

“Is that stakeout in L.A. in place?” Donald Pain was irritated and worse, his Dad was going to be livid. Should he bring that makeup guy up here? It sounded harmless enough but... “Take a couple of men off it, I may need them here after

all. But not everyone, you got it?” He wanted to glare at the hireling but, considering everything, the thug’s face did intimidate Donald somewhat. He still wasn’t comfortable with working with people like that. Not at all! This wasn’t the first time his old man had surprised him and, apparently it wouldn’t be the last.

Chapter 5

It was already dark as Jack pulled the SUV up in front of the house. He’d been on the road at least eighteen hours and was exhausted. The vehicle looked like he felt: tired and dirty. The front door of the house opened and light spilled out. In silhouette stood a woman. “Hi,” Jack said in his sweet, feminine voice as he climbed down from the SUV. “Herman called- I, uh, hope.”

“Well I’ll be.” The woman laughed and motioned Jack to come inside. “Hello yourself and yep, Herman called.” She gave Jack a hard, curious look as he approached. “Hardly what I’d expected, knowing my brother,” she said, nodding her head from side to side as if in disbelief.

“Thank you ma’am,” said Jack as he entered. “I mean for letting me stay here.”

The woman closed the door behind him. “Ma’am! We’ll get along a mite better if you call me Jill, just plain Jill. Ma’am makes me feel ... old.”

Jack turned. In the light, he could see the resemblance. That was Herman’s sister, all right. Middle-aged but wearing her years reasonably well. In fact, if one were into “older women,” which Jack wasn’t, she was uh, OK. In her mid-forties, her shapeless house coat was amply filled. She’d probably been pretty, say, twenty years earlier, but now her assets had, uh, matured. “I ... I really appreciate this...”

“Land’s sake!” interrupted the woman as she gave Jack the once-over for about the fourth time. “You are a ... *purdy* one!”

“Ma’am. Jill?”

“You ain’t no real gal, are you, honey?”

“Huh?”

Jill walked closer and looked up and down like a horse trader checking out a new nag. And when Jack just stood there, she walked around and continued to stare. And now, from behind Jack, she said, “Herman never had no kind of real relationship with a woman, leastwise none I ever heard of and when he said you were someone special to him... Dang if I can tell, honey. What’s your name, I mean your *real* name?”

Jack blurted out as he turned, “Jack, Jack Harmon.” That announcement apparently came as no surprise to the older woman. She just nodded in the affirmative. “This is a high tech suit, ma’am. Jill. It’s a long story. Anyhow, I’m just an ordinary guy, you know, inside.”

“Could’a fooled me.” Her eyes were wide. “A suit, you say?”

“Yes ma’am.”

“You mind showing me? I mean if it’s just a costume, right? And you’re not exactly hiding much with what you got on.” She was referring to the loose, short tank top and ultra-tight jeans. Jack’s boobs actually hung out below the bottom of the tank top. And the jeans, well, he could have used spray paint instead of cotton.

It would have been easy before, that is when the suit felt like a suit. It now felt like real flesh. Jack hesitated. “Ma’am?” Jack gulped.

“Gosh, I didn’t mean to embarrass you.” Jill blushed herself. She nodded toward the back. “Honey, why don’t you go back and freshen up a bit. Sorry about being so ... nosey. Ain’t none of my business. Take a shower if you’re so inclined.”

Jack felt relief, “Thanks, ah, Jill.”

As she stood aside and Jack made to pass toward the rear of the house, she said, “I know it ain’t none of my dang business but... Are you and my brother *lovers*?”

“Oh no, ma’am!” said Jack with a gulp. “I’m not gay.”

“Sure could have fooled me,” muttered Jill as Jack exited the front room.

~oOo~

Jack had taken a shower and that had been just one more shock in a long series of shocks. Oh, it had been difficult enough to get the water pressure and temperature just right, the suit having such a narrow range of acceptable parameters, but the flow of water over that suit had been almost too sensual. In spite of the fact that he was exhausted, Jack emerged from the tiny bathroom tightly wrapped in a white terry cloth bath robe, all but ready to explode, sexually. “I needed that,” he said meeting Jill just outside the door. The truth was, he was far more tense then when he’d entered.

Jill’s mouth formed an “O”. “Sorry!” she blurted as she stared at Jack’s smooth, bald head.

“Wig,” Jack said, sliding a hand across his smooth dome.

Pushing her surprise aside, Jill asked, “Hungry?”

Truth, Jack was starved. Not only had he not eaten all day, he hadn’t had anything last night either. “If its not too much trouble.”

“I’ll fix up a heap of eggs and bacon. Follow me.”

~oOo~

June didn’t want to think about it as she shoved her nose into the long metal trench. Hell of a note, having to stick one’s nose into one’s own food but there was no other way. The square snout stood out and above her mouth. Aside from the fact that she was starved, there was absolutely nothing else to do but sleep or eat.

And she'd slept on and off most of the day and evening. The first mouthful was a total surprise. Not that it tasted good but it was far better than she'd expected. The first tentative taste became a second and ... when she was done, her stomach was comfortably full. As she turned and walked away from the remaining slop, she could sense that someone was near by. "Oooink!" she called out in fear.

She was blinded by the light. She turned and tried to duck out of the way of the beam with a snort.

"Aaa-yep! Mr. Pain. See, I told you not to worry. Ate like a hog, he did. A real hog!" And then the flash light snapped off and the man shuffled away.

With his comments still ringing in June's ears, she laid down with a piggish grunt. *Ate like a hog!* But on a full belly, she was soon asleep.

~oOo~

"More?" said Jill.

Jack stared hungrily at the pan full of eggs and bacon. He was still hungry, all but starved to be honest, but ... it was the suit. It was so tight, especially at the midsection, that there was damn little room for food. "I'm afraid I'm filled, Ms Morgan. I mean *really* filled. It's this damn suit. Too tight!"

"Well, why don't you just take it off then, honey."

Jack gave a weak smile. "I wish I could, I really do."

"Land's sake!"

"Oh yeah. Your brother's trying to find a way to get me out of it but..."

Jill was wide eyed. "What's it feel like?"

Jack twisted his sweet bimbo face in concentration, "It seems impossible, Jill, but it feels real. In fact more like me than me."

She looked disconcerted. "Dang! But it's just a costume, honey!"

Jack nodded, "Not now. No. It started out that way but now..." He reached inside the robe and fondled a boob. "This pseudo-flesh has ... feelings. No, seriously. Just like real flesh." He pulled his hand back. "In fact, I was wondering, Jill, if you might ... have a bra I could borrow?"

Jill looked shocked, "A bra?"

"I..." Jack laughed. It was a dry laugh. "I need the support. Now when I walk and they bounce, well..."

"They hurt, huh?" she said, completing his sentence. "Know the feeling. What size?"

Jack's face when blank. He shrugged. "I ... don't know."

"Can I see?"

"Ah, sure ...uh." He opened the robe for a moment and then closed it.

“Hold there for a moment,” said Jill as she stood up. “You look like maybe a thirty-eight C.” She was back in an instant. She had a half-dozen bras in her hands. She sat them down, picked through the stack, then selected a shiny red one. “Try this’un. It’s a tad small for me now.”

Jack started to get up.

“Land’s sake, you are the shy one, ain’t ya? Mercy, it’s just me and you honey. Here, take off that robe and I’ll help...”

She didn’t finish that sentence. As she came around and Jack removed the robe, she brushed against Jack. *Just brushed flesh against pseudo-flesh!*

Jack had been ready to explode even before he’d taken that shower. Jill’s touch, a brief fleeting thing really, brought him to critical mass. He felt, as he had before, like one gigantic penis. Jill had only touched his shoulder, for Pete’s sake! He stood and turned into her. His breasts screamed happily at the contact as he felt his arms encompass her slender shoulders.

Jill jerked back or at least tried to. “HEYYYY!” she yelped and then twisted away. Jack’s hands had found and were now squeezing Jill’s ripe but well-armored breasts. It was crazy but he just couldn’t stop!

But stop he did as Jill’s elbow punched into Jack’s stomach. The force, magnified subjectively at least six-fold, turned him into a human jack knife. In an instant, he collapsed, whimpering onto the kitchen floor. Above him, he heard her exclaim, “Well I ... *never!*”

~oOo~

Jack clutched the steering wheel of the SUV. He was exhausted but oddly, not sleepy. He wasn’t mad at Jill Morgan; in fact, he wasn’t even slightly surprised when she’d ordered him out of her house in a fountain of anger. He wasn’t entirely sure which bothered him more: that he’d attacked Jill with sexual intent or that Jill had made such short work of him. The latter was due to the markedly higher sensitivity of his body. It didn’t matter that he was a head taller and a good thirty pounds heavier, nor did it matter that he was a young, strong male inside this fem-suit, surely much stronger than that chubby, middle-aged female. It didn’t matter because any strong stimulus hurt like a son-of-a-bitch! Enough said!

What did matter was that he’d *attacked* Jill. Gads, he wasn’t even attracted to her and she’d been damn nice to boot! One could get used to the suit altering one’s movements, even to the extraordinary sensitivity of this pseudo-flesh but this *sensual craving*? How could the altered sensory input from the suit impact his behavior thus? Truth? This girl-suit was making him horny, more horny than he could ever remember being and he’d been one horny dude just after puberty. Maybe it worked like acupuncture? Why not? *If patterned tactile stimuli could reduce or even eliminate pain...* Jack thoughts ended abruptly as he finally arrived at the Interstate. He pulled the SUV over to the side of the small county road to consider his next move.

He was down to less than twenty dollars cash. It was late and it had been a long, long day. East was what? An empty wasteland? West? Junior was west and north. And Reno was west, just eight miles away, according to the road sign. Jack felt a tingle as he pulled onto the interstate. West. Had he given up, already? He was too numb to think.

But less than three miles down the road, off to the right, a sign in garish neon said: **RENO. Nudes! Nudes! Nudes!** Jack felt the car slow up and take the next exit even before he'd figured out why he was doing that. He'd been hanging fire and ready to explode sexually for almost twenty-four hours.

The "Ladies Free" sign and the well put-together chick at the window confirmed for Jack that this wasn't going to be a complete waste of time. Apparently women coming to this joint wasn't entirely unusual; fact was. the gal at the window kind of looked interested, noted Jack. On the negative side, the two-drink minimum was going to run Jack's assets to zero and the sound level that hit him as he pushed the swing door aside was close to deafening.

"Want maybe I should get you a 'specially good seat?'" said the gal who had left her station at the window and had appeared magically beside Jack amidst the blistering blasts from the sound system. Aside from the g-string, she was naked, her nipples knotted expectantly and the predatory way she eyed Jack, well, it was all very encouraging. But before Jack could respond, she was leading him through the throng of rowdy male customers. The numerous hands that reached out toward Jack's guide were brushed off expertly. But those same hands recoiled and were ready for Jack as he passed.

Jack was breathless by the time he was seated. Nor was he alone even for an instant. Several men turned away from the ladies on the elevated dance floor as he approached and it was obvious from their facial expressions that they liked, very much, what they saw. Even as he swung his artificial butt down, the tiny table was surrounded and drinks ordered for the lady. "I was kind of hoping you could stay," he all but yelled into the gal's ear.

The sweet thing gave Jack an eager smile and winked. "Off in an hour, babe." She turned to retreat back through the throng but before she did she growled at the men close to her and Jack. "Hands off the lady! She's mine!"

Someone moaned, "Have a heart, Babs!" But several of the other males continued to emit that look- like they expected to get "lucky" and Jack was first prize.

Jack, still self conscious but relieved, watched the sweet round, naked bottom of Babs until she and it vanished from sight. It had been risky but he'd struck gold. Hell of a thing- right? He had to look like a hot babe to score with a hot babe. And he was ready as he turned back to watch the show, so ready. Sixty minutes! Not bad! Not half bad! And then, just as he was enjoying his easy conquest, he felt a hand, hot and rough, against his naked back.

His nipples thickened and lengthened, creating spear points that, in turn, lifted the loose tank top slightly. There wasn't a man there that hadn't noticed Jack's reaction even as the aberrant hand beat a hasty retreat. Encouraged, one

of the men reached under the table and squeezed Jack's thigh. Even through the thick material of the skin tight blue jeans, a new buzz of sexual excitement ignited, only to be joined when that hand, or at least *a* hand returned and began to actually stroke Jack's back. Part of Jack wanted to be angry but mostly he didn't want it- *any of it*- to stop.

Jack half-turned, catching the gaze of the man attached to that hand, as Jack's hand returned the thigh squeeze of the second man. Both were aware of the other and both shifted their attention from Jack to their competitor.

"Hey!" growled the man with his hand on Jack's thigh.

"Fuck you!" snapped the man rubbing Jack's back.

"You wanna go outside, asshole?" responded the first man.

By this time, both men were so involved with each other that they ignored Jack. Both stood up abruptly, chairs crashing to the floor. Everyone, including Jack pulled away. But there was no "away" in this crush. Fists flew and all was in motion!



~oOo~

"But my car!" yelled Jack as the man pulled him further down the alley. In the background rose the shrill wail of sirens.

"Christ! Let it be, unless you want to spend the night in the hoosegow."

Jack dug in his high heels, resisting what was now just a dark form in the shadows. He had no idea of who his savior was but it certainly wasn't either of the two men who'd started a fight over him and God only knew it wasn't Babs. And

the more he reflected on his current situation, the more certain he became that the hoosegow wasn't such a bad alternative, considering his current funds, or lack thereof... "NO!" he ordered. It was that damn voice again. Sweet as honey and as hard as rain water: it was the kind of "no" that sounded like "yes" to most men's ears.

And apparently the man *had* heard "yes," at least on some dimension. Instead of pulling, he turned and swept Jack into his arms. Face leading lips that led a hot, insistent tongue. It wasn't Jack's lips that responded, nor his tongue- at least not *exactly*. *It has to be the suit!* thought Jack an instant before the sexually-charged rush shut down his cortex. Exactly how he had gotten to his knees was unknown. How that man's penis had appeared was obvious as Jack watched, transfixed. The pants dropping to the dirt, the man of shadows grabbed Jack's head and pulled Jack's face into that shadowy crotch.

Lips now tightly shut, Jack twisted to the right and then the left until those hands tightened their hold on his ears and the pain erupted. Tears flowed as Jack opened his full lips and tasted the hot, salty tip of that throbbing member. "Com'on baby!" ordered the man from above as his fingers twisted Jack's ears into hamburger, or at least it felt that way.

The man was impatient and, with a thrust of his hips, his cock filled Jack's mouth. The movement carried that fleshy throbbing rod all the way to the very back of Jack's mouth, choking him. And then there was a shift in the frame of reference as if that mouth had become a vagina. Reflexively, Jack pulled back but his mouth and lips were tight against that throbbing shaft. "Yeah baby!" groaned the man as he thrust again.

Attack and retreat, attack and retreat... A rhythm developed and they moved as one but in counterpoint. This continued until, with an anticipatory groan and a rapid thickening of the cock, the man in the shadows came in a great, horrid gust of heavy, sticky essence. Jack's mouth broke free only to have his face covered with the man-milk.

Abruptly, Jack's head was loose, he was free and the man-shadow broke and moved rapidly away, pulling up his pants as he went. Jack could have beaten the ground, he was so sexually frustrated and demeaned. It had not been something sweet to remember, that was sure. Jack lay there in the dirt cursing Donald Pain and the suit and... The hunger had intensified. He wanted to be held and fondled and... Jack turned and headed back toward the strip joint. The hell with the police!

~oOo~

It was as inevitable as the rising sun. Exactly how Jack had found himself on his back, hips cocked with a penis thrusting inside his butt hole was unknown. But he was delirious with pleasure. Wave after wave of excitement passed only to be reborn until that particular penis was spent. A mouth was sucking and licking at his breasts, another at his ear as yet another penis met his mouth and then fi-

nally retreated to replace the most recently spent member. There were at least four others present and one was most certainly female as Jack finally rolled over and grabbed a small, firm breast and gave suck. Dawn was breaking and the shadows were becoming fully human.

As the last trace of Jack's rampant sexuality was spent, he collapsed into a cum-slicked heap. Spoon-like, he held the female form against his chest like a much loved teddy bear and consciousness slipped away softly.

~oOo~

Jack was in a fight for his very existence and he knew it. Worst of all, the war might already be over. In less than forty hours he'd *become* the man-made creation that covered his body; a bimbo nymphomaniac (the two terms weren't precisely redundant). He not only looked and walked and talked like a bimbo, last night had proven, beyond a doubt, he was suffering from suit-induced nymphomania. Perhaps if he'd felt different this morning as he untangled his body from those unknown persons, he could have shrugged it all off. But the urge to continue the orgy had been palpable. Indeed, it was more than an urge, more than just palpable! Had any one of his playmates responded this Sunday morning, he would have been trapped in the cycle. But they, unlike him, had been exhausted, satiated and just too damned tired. That's when he'd used the cell phone in the SUV.

Jack leaned against the SUV as he scanned the deep blue sky to the West. Don was sending his personal jet here to this private air strip near Reno. In a few hours, the program for this suit would be altered and he would be... *June*. June was no bimbo nor a nymphomaniac, as far as he knew; it had to be better. Right? The hot breeze played with his loose-fitting tank top. The material fluttered against those man-made nipples in a way that was all too sensuous. He crossed his arms over those breasts, stifling the movement but the echoes of that stimulation continued to cycle across his body.

Life had to be more than just one big orgy. Right? In spite of himself, he could feel his resolve dissolve. If the jet was late... He forced himself to stare up at the sky. Every square inch of this lush pseudo-flesh body quivered expectantly. It would take very little, a nudge, and he'd be off. Reno was... swell. *Damn... it was happening again. Need was swamping reason.*

He forced himself to remember exactly who he was. John (a.k.a. Jack) Harmon. B.S. degree in business from U.C.L.A., an employee of WCI and divorced! The problem was Jack wasn't very happy with who he had been ...*or was that the suit talking?* A minor cog in a big company! Hell, he didn't even have a girl friend ...and his future? Junior was going to owe him, big time! He was happy-sad, fearful-relieved when that tiny speck in the sky evolved into Donald Pain's jet. Perhaps it was enough to know that someone else would be in charge of his destiny. *Whatever!*

~oOo~

“I’m surprised you were able to get here so fast, Mr. Morgan.” Don looked at his watch, it was almost three o’clock in the afternoon. He half expected to hear the jet returning any moment.

“Just call me Herman, Mr. Pain. And yeah, I figured you’d call about now. I drove up from L.A. last night and stayed at a motel over in Hockerville.”

“Pretty confident.”

Herman shrugged. “Me and Jack, well, we’re small potatoes. I figure the sooner we get this particular show on the road...”

“You know Herman, I never did thank you for what you did for me. I mean, if it wasn’t for you, I’d never known about this *technology*.”

“Heck, Mr. Pain, even I didn’t know just how impressive it was. Jack said the system’s way beyond just a programmable suit now.” He nodded his head emphatically, “Simulated tactile receptors. Wow!”

“And speaking of Jack, where is he, Herman?”

“Why don’t you show me the setup first.”

Don grinned, “Sure. Actually...” He paused and turned to the thug behind him, “I was going to have my assistant, Mr. Thrasher, take you to the laboratory as soon as we are done. Right, Thrasher?” The big, ugly man stepped forward but remained silent. “And give you a... *demo*...”

Herman blanched, then immediately began to sweat! Eyes big, he looked at the threatening figure and then back to Junior. He opened his mouth...

Donald Pain tossed his head back and emitted a sharp, hard, dry laugh, “HAH! We picked up Mr. Harmon about thirty minutes ago, Herman. Near Reno. So now all you are is a loose end that needs tying up. THRASHER!”

~oOo~

June was bored out of her skull. So bored in fact that she was actually delighted when the old farmer led her this morning from the stall she’d spent the last twenty-four hours to that pig sty behind the barn again. Aside from the high tech fence, it was mostly muck and filth with scarcely a dry spot anywhere. But there was room to move about and by this time June was hardly even conscious of the smell.

Much to her delight, at the far end of the new sty there was a plum tree loaded with fruit and the ground was littered with over ripe plums. She hardly noticed that they were more than half-rotted. The bloom of flavor was a refreshing change from the slop. She ran her square, flat nose through and across the muck looking for more plums. The dozen of so that she’d eaten had only wetted her appetite.

Appetite! It seemed like she was hungry all the time now. She finally gave up on the search through the muck and turned back into the wettest part of the sty. As she eased down into the black sticky mud, she appreciated the cool relief. She was almost having ... fun. Her heart began to race in horror as she saw the old farmer approach the sty. She looked for a place to run but there was none. She squealed her terror as she twisted free of the muck and headed for the far end of the sty.

“Get along there!” ordered the farmer, cattle prod in one hand and a cudgel in the other. The large pig whirled about as if to attack the old man but just the sight of the electrically-charged prod was enough to stop the animal. Finally, the pig trotted through the open gate and into the sty. Truth be known, the sow looked every bit as terrified as the boar huddled against the far end of the enclosure. “Now you just get to know each other, you hear?” The old man, chin across the gate, watched with some concern. Sometimes things got out of hand except ... one was male and the other female. When there wasn’t any evidence that there would be a fight, the old farmer turned away. They’d be OK, he reasoned. *Dang!* He thought. Where had the sow come from anyway?



There was something perverted about being transformed into *June*. For starters, he’d never seen her naked. It was, well, an invasion of her privacy. A queer feeling of embarrassment came over Jack, having admired June from afar so long that it seemed somehow sacrilegious, profane, to be created in her image. June was certainly not the cheap sex goddess he’d become used to. She was far more elegant. Her face, classic Hellenic. Her breasts, smaller than the bimbo’s, yet perfectly formed, upward tilting cones capped by very dark brown nipples that were smaller than one would have expected; almost male-like. And the skin across those soft conical mounds was a pale olive-cream in contrast to the much darker olive brown of the rest of her skin. Ditto the bikini band around that groin. Her hips were more slender than those of the bimbo suit, boyishly slim. And then there was *hair!* Black pubic hair at the groin and equally black but with blue highlights- real hair that fell down Jack’s naked back. Now that was news. No more wig! How had they done that? Just another miracle, right?

He hefted those twin mounds in his two hands. There was sensitivity there, unlike the original suit program but, fortunately, not that extraordinary sensitivity of the bimbo suit. He flicked a long fingernail lightly across one of the dark brown nipples and watched it react by knotting into a wrinkled point.

“Done playing with yourself?”

“Huh? Oh sorry.” The suit blushed! Jack could feel the reaction happening. “This is almost as amazing as that other program.”

“God, I hope not,” growled Don. “Maybe we need to reduce the amplification some more. Wouldn’t want you fucking every Dick and Jane in L.A., now would we?”

Jack turned, a hand riding on an outthrust hip, head cocked slightly as he looked up at Junior. "What exactly am I supposed to do?"

"As little as possible. You'll be served the divorce papers as soon as you get back. That is, as soon as you have June's sister over for drinks at eight o'clock tomorrow tonight."

"June's sister, papers, Monday night... OK. Then what?"

"Be mad, of course, just don't get too carried away, OK? And when the time's right..."

"Yes?"

"Tell her you're into women now. Completely switched over."

"Huh? I am? I mean June is?"

"Christ, Jack. You do like women, don't you."

"Oh yeah. OK, I see..." he stammered.

"You can try to get something going in that area. A girlfriend that is. That should keep you busy for a couple of days. But be discrete, you're not a *slut*... You might make a try at our maid. Hot little number goes both ways, I hear."

"Huh!"

"For Pete's sake..." Don rolled his eyes, Jack was being dense.

"And?"

"Not immediately of course. That wouldn't be believable, but eventually you're going to let everyone know that you don't give a shit about the money."

"I...don't! Ah, *she* doesn't."

"Right! Another week or so and you'll be set up with a really hot babe and June's whole family will watch the two of you ride off into the sunset. Make it four-five weeks, max. By that time, the divorce- no contest. Believe me, her family will understand and even eagerly support you. OK?"

"And where do I find this hot babe?"

"Not to worry." Donald winked, "Papa-san, me, I'll take care of everything in that department."

"You?" Jack looked dubiously at the chubby man. "OK, and after we ride off into the sunset..."

"Back here and all done. Fini!"

"Ah, Mr. Pain? What exactly is in it for me?"

"You mean beside making it with a hot dame and hanging out spending my money for a couple of weeks? Christ, you should be paying me!"

"Ah..."

"Not to worry, Jack old pal. I'll set you up real good."

"A promotion?"

“Oh, trust me, Jack.”

Jack winced, it showed on the June face. Trust Junior? But then... it was only for a few weeks, right.

Chapter 6

Donald Pain Senior was fully aware that his namesake, his first born, was a complete twit, a painful embarrassment produced by his own loins. Fortunately, his later wives had provided “more acceptable” offspring so he had no fear for the continuation of the line. Other men might have pushed such damaged goods aside. He had even considered disinheriting Junior (or worse) but it was probably that same ego that had allowed Pain Senior to rise to the top that had rejected that course of action. Donald Pain Junior would have at least the outward appearance of success. In time, he would be the CEO of WCI, that was certain. And a twit running WCI was actually an advantage to Pain Senior for he truly hated giving up any power and his son, incapable of independent action, was the perfect puppet to sit at the head of Pain’s most successful enterprise.

“June” had been a lucky accident. Donald Pain Senior had actually encouraged his son in that liaison. She was the very daughter-in-law Pain Senior would have wanted for his son. The perfect, respectable image until... Hopefully, that was now all straightened out.

But Junior and his many problems had proven to be a potential blessing in disguise. The Crystal River technology was intriguing, to say the least. This was not the first time he’d taken time from his crowded schedule to visit the facility.

As always, Donald Pain Junior looked terrified. It was the expression he always wore in the presence of his father. In his heart of hearts, Junior was always aware that he was but a heartbeat away from a late abortion. And he knew, for a fact, that Pain Senior was fully capable of the act. He hurriedly pulled a chair out for his dad.

Donald Pain Senior ignored the offered chair. Passing around the desk, he took the high-backed swivel chair from which his son had just sprung. It was a simple act that spoke volumes as to their relationship. He eased down onto the chair, tilted it back and then threw his feet up on to the highly polished surface before folding his hands across his stomach. “Well?”

Junior scrambled for the side chair and sat down, feet flat on the floor, eyes riveted on his father. “Everything is in place, Sir.”

“And June?”

Junior paled noticeably, “Secure. Completely secure.” The look on his father’s face demanded more. “She’s in a suit.”

“A suit?”

“Pig suit, Sir.”

An incredulous look exploded across Pain Senior's face. "You're kidding!"

"Yes. I mean, no Sir. It's completely foolproof. She's living in a pig sty back at the barn. Honest, I don't think she has any idea of how she was turned into a pig and... she hasn't been a problem. No Sir. No problem at all."

Pain Senior remained blank-faced for a few long seconds as if digesting the news. And then he smiled. It was *almost* a pleased smile. It was *almost* as if Junior had done something brilliant. Finally he said, "I do believe I have uh, underestimated you, *Son*."

SOM! When was the last time his dad called him *son*? "T ... thanks, Dad," Junior said but his palms were still sweating and his collar still felt too tight.

"I got to see this. In a sty, you say? That's so ... appropriate."

"Gosh," was all Junior was able to mutter. It was so totally unusual for his old man to praise him. "I mean, thanks Dad."

"Show me."

~oOo~

Donald Pain Senior still could not get the image out of his mind. There had been absolutely no humanity in the two pigs. Indeed, both wallowed in the muck like true hogs. He himself had fed June some half-rotted apples and she, or rather *he* (June was now a boar- odd choice) had gobbled them down and then rooted through the muck for the apples that had fallen. There were men and women that would pay any price for revenge like that! A bullet to the brain merely ended a life but *this*... Of course one need not sell such a service for mere money: information, political considerations could be bartered and unlike a bullet, one could change one's mind or perhaps alter the punishment. Amazing that Junior had come up with this brilliant application. Donald Pain Senior greeted the head of operations at Crystal River. "Mark."

The young man, twisted by his own brilliance and the recent windfall created by the takeover, just nodded. He did straighten out of a slouch but that was the only sign he made of Mr. Pain's nominal superiority. He was the only one now available that could keep the operation functional. Oh, anyone who could use a computer mouse could access *existing* programs, but the generation of new programs? Not a chance without Mark and he knew it. And he had been careful to keep it that way. "Your son said you wanted to talk to me." He spoke as if this request was taking him away from more important duties. He looked at his watch as if to point out this fact.

The insolence of this young man instantly rubbed Mr. Pain the wrong way. But biting his tongue was an old and well practiced skill developed by Pain Senior on his way to the top. He forced a friendly smile which of course was misinterpreted by the overconfident young man. "About the imaging process."

“Yes?” He gave the older man a look as if expecting something dumb was soon to follow. “The holographic system. It uses laser...”

Pain Senior knew damn well how that part of the system worked. He interrupted the haughty young man with a wave of his hand, “We can’t very well bring people here every time we want to create a new program, Mark. And, for practical reasons, having the subjects running about naked for hours isn’t, ah, realistic.”

Mark frowned.

“What I’m trying to say, young man...” That drew a facial rebuke from Mark. “Is that there will be times that the subject should not know, ah, that we are recording...”

It was as if Mark had never imagined such an idea. “Without their cooperation,” he mumbled, surprise evident in his face.

“Yes. To be honest, the most useful subjects would never permit our collecting such data, hmm? Say, a Senator or...”

“A Senator!!!” sputtered Mark. New respect- or was it fear- flashed across his young face as he eyed the older man. It was as if a light had been turned on. This was a most unexpected application of this technology and yet a potentiality that now seemed obvious, assuming of course that one were not constrained by ordinary laws and morality. It was all too much to take in immediately. “Smaller, portable units could be constructed; that poses no theoretical problem. And yes, small units could be more readily hidden, but Sir, for a faithful reproduction, we’d need, ah, an hour at least and... well, the system can’t very well see through clothing and retain sufficient d...d...detail...” He stammered to a halt.

Donald Pain Senior pulled at his chin thoughtfully. “If the instruments can be made smaller and hidden, then...” He nodded to himself. “Put someone on it.”

“Sir?”

“I want a small, highly portable system constructed, immediately.”

“But Sir...”

“What?” Donald was getting impatient. “It doesn’t matter how much it costs. I mean within reason, of course.”

The young man had deflated completely. “I ... I can’t do it.”

Pain Senior looked at the man as if looking at a bug. “Explain.”

“I’d need some of the members of the old team. I mean to build a new system...”

“Well, get them.”

“I ... I don’t know that we can.”

“I didn’t hear that, Mark.” Donald Pain Senior turned on his heels and left the man standing there perplexed and, for the first time, anxious.

~oOo~

“It’s nice of you to fly back with me to L.A., I guess,” said Jack hesitantly. The fact was that returning together made no sense at all to him. “But aren’t we supposed to be getting a divorce?”

“Truth?” said Don with a grimace. “I just *had* to get away from my Dad.” He rolled his eyes. “He, uh, scares me.”

“Jesus!” Jack swore. “So you two don’t get along, huh?”

Don twisted in his seat and turned to look out the window. There was a white haze that had swallowed the plane only moments after takeoff, certainly nothing to look at now but he continued to stare into the haze anyway. “That’s an understatement,” he mumbled. He sat there quietly for a minute before continuing, “Dad’s not above *murder*, though I guess he mostly has someone else do the dirty work nowadays.”

Jack looked on in horror. Murder? But he didn’t respond other than develop a queasy feeling in the pit of his stomach.

“He married my mom for her money.” He sucked in his breath, “And then- I was about seven at the time- she had an accident.” The way Don said “accident,” indicated that it was anything but. “Anyhow, people have a way of dying around my old man when it’s *useful*. I grew up scared of my old man, you know?”

Oh Jesus! concluded Jack, what in Hell had he gotten himself into? All this time he’d been worried about Junior. So if he fucked up... He gulped down the martini and got up to make another. “So where is she now? June.”

“I ... I don’t want to talk about it.”

Oh great, thought Jack. He was a replacement for someone who had *disappeared*. “But you don’t love her any longer, right?”

Don turned, his eyes filled with tears, “Oh but I do. I always will. If she hadn’t done what she did to me...”

“Drink?” said Jack, holding the decanter, his hand shaking slightly. Things couldn’t get any worse, could they? How could anyone eliminate the one they loved? Perhaps some of Donald Pain Senior’s genes were inside that chubby man’s body, after all. A cold chill added to the queasy feeling in Jack’s stomach. It might be hard to get properly drunk.

~oOo~

Jack was more than a little tipsy when they finally arrived back in L.A. The two of them rode the limo to Beverly Hills. Even drunk, Jack had realized that he couldn’t navigate around a mansion he’d never seen before so he’d asked and Don had agreed to give him a tour. That was probably his eight or ninth major mistake over the last few months, starting with escorting Don to Koon’s party.

Don handed him another drink. The bar was situated in a really nice room. The walls were paneled in walnut and it wasn't that cheap stuff you could buy at the local lumber yard either.

Don drained his glass and poured another. "Com'on. I'll show you *our* bedroom."

"Right." Jack put down the glass and lurched after Don. Somehow, Don's use of the term "our bedroom" sounded ominous. But Jack was crashing and there was nothing he could do about it. "Maybe we should continue this tomorrow," he said as he blindly followed Don. Up a flight of stairs, down the hall to the very end. With a flourish, Don flung open a double door and there, in all its splendor, was a room bigger than Jack's two-bedroom apartment and then some. "Wow!" he said as he felt the room slowly spin. He wobbled awkwardly toward the huge Cal King bed. He hadn't meant to, but the bed just kind of came up and met him full on. And then ... he was out!

~oOo~

Jack awoke with a penis in his ass! It seemed like only yesterday that the same thing had happened to him, and it had- in Reno. Considering he was in the June suit and not the bimbo suit, it was less intense. But Christ, it was the same asshole and waves of pleasure quickly washed away his fright and anger as he elevated his butt to improve the angle of the thrust. His long "June" finger nails dug into the expensive Egyptian cotton sheet as his "June" breasts swayed in counterpoint to the efforts of each thrust as he kneeled, doggy style. Jack heard himself hissing like a snake as the rhythmic thrusts drove his excitement higher and higher.

There was something terribly wrong, he realized, as he approached the very edge of climax. His prick, which felt ready to erupt... *couldn't*. Don came! And Jack... *didn't!*

He mewed as Don finally slithered off his back. Jack mewed again as he rolled over on his back. His prick, hidden and isolated inside the suit, felt like a warm soda bottle that, having been shaken, was ready to explode. He was hot, so sexually ready and yet... "DAMN YOU!" Jack yelled but it was June's voice. Without the amplified sensory input, he was going to be left high and hard.

Jack whirled to confront his attacker only to be met with Don's mouth. The June lips were crushed by Don's. Tongue met tongue as Don fondled the June breasts. Jack, poised on the edge of climax, had not been allowed to cross over and that energy, thwarted from release below, rushed across his whole June body. It was almost like being in that bimbo suit as the entire surface became highly charged, reactive to Don's touch. *And then he began to cum!* It was as if his whole person was one giant sex organ. Jack heard someone screaming, someone far, far off in the distance, only to slowly realized that it was himself that was making all those animal rutting sounds! Wave after wave of pleasure, each more intense than the last, until he thought he could take it no longer...



Suits don't sweat. Jack's rich, black mane of hair cascaded wildly across the pillows and sheet, but it wasn't damp. Nor, except for Don's contributions, was any part of Jack's body and yet he felt as if he should have been simply lathered in sweat. Perhaps the wet spot under him would not have been so noticeable otherwise. He contemplated moving but he felt utterly drained. He probably should have been asleep like Don whose light snore vibrated in the early morning pre-twilight, but the truth was he was very, very troubled.

It was only Monday morning, barely, less than two and a half days since Herman had fitted him with the original bimbo suit and yet it seemed as if a lifetime had passed. He was changing, of that he was certain. The suit was shaping him into another being entirely. Oh, it had been safe enough in that first bimbo suit, the flesh but a shell. The second suit, the one with the amplified input; that's when the *real* change had started. The orgy in Reno...

But none of that explained tonight. None of that explained the tumultuous experience of having sex as June. It had left him breathless and terrified. One could become addicted to sex like that. He turned and looked at the sleeping man beside him. It wasn't Don, that was for sure. There was nothing in his person that was particularly attractive and a lot that wasn't. No, it wasn't Don at all. Nor, frankly, the suit, the June suit ... or at least not in any obvious manner. A queer tingle wiggled up his back. *It had been the loss of control. His helplessness... not just being passive but...* Things had really exploded when he *couldn't cum...when his sexual drives were no longer under his control!* Was that it? Perhaps, perhaps not. He could feel his mind gray-out. He was exhausted. Too tired to think, then sleep swept over him.

Chapter 7

Jack was up and fully dressed shortly after dawn. Gray slacks of superior quality English wool and an ivory white blouse of Royal satin, with the whole ensemble tied together with a wide black Italian leather belt and matching shoes. The fact that these were clothes Jack had taken from June's closet this morning and that they fit perfectly was ample evidence of the success of the suit in simulating June's form. Perhaps more important to Jack, being fully dressed gave him at least the illusion that he could defend himself from any immediate sexual advances from Don. The clothes and, of course, the presence of servants moving about in the house also helped. Jack took his coffee on the patio and waited for Don's appearance. He did not have long to wait.

Don had obviously dressed in haste and relief was evident in his eyes as he came through the French doors and onto the flagstone terrace. "For a moment I was worried," he said as he took a chair across from Jack and waited for his coffee to be poured and his breakfast served.

Jack waited until the servant was done and they were alone again. “Truth, I did think about it, leaving that is.” Jack shrugged and then tossed his long tresses back over his shoulder. It was obvious why he hadn’t left. Where was he going to go, wearing the June suit?

“Look, about last night...”

Jack’s eyes flared as he slammed down the delicate cup spilling some of the rich French roast coffee. He’d come within a hair’s breath of throwing the contents into Don’s face. “You ...had ...no ...right!” Jack said in a carefully controlled voice which, like the coffee cup, came close to breaking.

“I was drunk and...”

“Shit,” swore Jack, but softly.

“And ... and it had been so long... Well, it was easy to forget that you were, uh, you and...”

“And it will never happen again,” said Jack forcibly.

Don twisted uncomfortably, “Right,” he murmured.

Jack continued to glare. “You don’t understand. It will *not* happen again because...” He yanked on those black tresses and then flung them back over his shoulder, “I’m done with thissss bullssshit!” He didn’t yell, he hissed.

“But our agreement!”

“Said nothing about providing sexual services.”

“You enjoyed it,” sputtered Don.

“Like Hell!” Jack’s voice finally cracked. All attempts to hold his emotions in check ruptured, he yelled. “You ...you *RAPED ME!*”

“Christ! Hold your voice down,” snapped Don as he glanced around and then grabbed Jack’s wrist- hard.

Unexpectedly Jack began to sob. He couldn’t remember the last time he’d cried and yet here he was... crying. Why? he asked himself. Because of the events of the last three days? Truth? Last night he *had* responded sexually under conditions completely alien to his existence. OK, there was Reno, but the amplified input of the bimbo suit explained that, right? It wasn’t the rape, it was his response that scared the living crap out of him. Reno, yeah, but last night! Between sobs he said, “I’m done, I’m done! No more. Please?”

~oOo~

“Damn it, Dad, I don’t know what to do. He’s become completely hysterical.” Don listened for a moment, “What do you mean, what did I do? Nothing!” He paced as his Dad berated him over the phone. His old man had properly surmised exactly what had happened. “Promise him what?” he responded incredulously. “You’re kidding.” And then a smile broke over his piggish features. “Yeah, OK. I’m

on it.” He clicked off the phone and headed back to Jack who was still sitting on the terrace. “Jack?”

Jack twitched, spilling his coffee. The servant, an old gent, was clearing the table. Eyes still red and nose running, Jack looked exactly as he felt, miserable. He sniffed, “What did he say?”

Don eased down on the chair next to Jack and leaned forward. Jack pulled back but then held his ground, barely. “I was to offer you the position I was to receive early next year.” He waited for Jack to respond but the man in the June suit remained huddled in a defensive crouch. Don took Jack’s chin in his hand and pulled that sweet face toward him, “A vice-president slot at WCI.”

Jack blinked and then fluttered his long lashes, “Which position?”

Don laughed, “Would it matter? What do you make now anyway, ninety, a hundred thousand?”

“Forty-six,” mumbled Jack.

“Seriously? How does anyone live on that?” Don chuckled, “Try half a mil minimum, plus stock options that’ll take you to a mil.”

Jack blinked and blinked but it just would not sink in. It was like winning the lottery. Indeed it was too much money to be real. “Just for pretending to be June?”

“Yeah, soon as the divorce is settled...”

“Settled? That could be a year.”

“Take it or leave it.”

Jack was tempted. A half million per year, plus stock options, “And in the meantime?”

Don shrugged. “You’ll live here.”

“Alone.”

Don frowned, pulled at his collar. “Yeah. OK, alone.”

“And no funny stuff. No *sexual services*?” Don nodded. Now Jack was on the horns of a dilemma. The offer was too rich to reject and the danger too great to ignore. “I’ll think about it.”

Don was stunned, “WHAT!”

“I’ll meet with June’s sister tonight, the whole nine yards but it isn’t as easy as you think, OK? One day at a time, that’s all I can go for. A year? I don’t see how...”

“We need a commitment.”

Jack swallowed, “Then it’s no.”

“Son-of-a-bitch!” swore Don as he jerked away from the table. “We’re going back to Oregon- *now!*”

Relief bloomed in Jack's heart. It was the right decision! Money was just money, though someday he might look back and kick himself- hard. "I'm ready," he said as he stood up.

~oOo~

Jack had never met Donald Pain Senior before or at least he'd never talked to the man. Actually Jack wasn't talking, he was listening. And if half of what Junior had said was true about his old man, Jack would have gladly passed up even this opportunity. There was an ambition that bordered upon insanity under that skin, a kind of Napoleonic complex, as if he actually believed that he was above the normal rules, a creature destined by the gods for greatness. And one could not help notice the fear in Junior's face as his old man gathered together the evidence as to what *exactly* had happened in L.A.

Finally Donald Senior shifted gears. Indeed, it was as if Jack ceased to exist, to be of no further interest or concern. "This whole situation with your wife," he said, turning to his terrified son, "is completely out of hand and growing increasingly irrelevant, you understand, Junior? Messy!" Don nodded but it was clear that nothing could be further from the truth. "The work here..." He nodded an acknowledgment to his son. "May have started in response to, uh, your problems but now, much more is potentially at stake."

"And June?" interjected Junior timidly.

"She has to be..." Don Senior's eyes flicked toward Jack as if just realizing he was still there, "Ah, Thrasher, if you please."

"Sir?" The ugly man appeared as if by magic.

Donald Pain Senior jerked his thumb over his shoulder, "Take Mr. Harmon to the lab, I'll be there in a moment."

Jack stood, lock-kneed, as the man grabbed him by his arm. "What are you going to do to me?"

"He's going to turn off the suit, of course, Mr. Harmon." Donald Pain Senior laughed, then turned back to his son. "As I was saying..."

~oOo~

Jack watched as the goop began to run off his body. It was a fascinating process as June dissolved and he, Jack Harmon, emerged, three-day beard and all. His pale skin looked even more pale than he remembered. Perhaps it was simply the contrast with *her* darker tones or perhaps... "Thanks, Mr. Pain."

Pain Senior just nodded. The process was still new and therefore still fascinating to him as well. "Three days?"

"Yes Sir."

“One has to wonder what an extended period inside that suit would do to someone.”

Jack stood there, naked. Odd? He felt almost numb. He ran his hands across his real flesh, but other than the proprioceptive feedback, the sensations lacked the intensity they'd had just a few minutes earlier. It was more like a suit than the suit had been. He stepped out of the pool of goop and looked at the Senior Pain. “Sir?”

“Mr. Thrasher, see to it that Mr. Harmon has a chance to cleanup and then take him over to the clinic.”

“Clinic,” responded Jack, a little concern evident in his voice.

“Three days, Mr. Harmon, that was a long time. I need to know what, if any, effect that exposure had on your body.”

“And then I'm free to go?”

“But of course, Mr. Harmon.” He looked at Jack with hooded eyes, “You understand that anything you have learned *must* be held in confidence, hmm?”

“Of course.”

“Good. You will be properly compensated for your discretion,” he said and left the laboratory.

“This way.” Thrasher nodded with his head.

~oOo~

“Dad, I can't believe you're just going to let him go.” When Don Senior didn't respond, Junior continued: “He knows too much.”

“Excellent wine, don't you think?” was his Dad's response.

“Dad?”

“Look,” he said, waving a fork while continuing to chew. “I needed his full cooperation, Junior, and I got it. We talked for almost an hour after the physical examination was completed.” He tossed down his fork with a clatter followed by his napkin and then pushed back his chair. “Three days, that's all it was and yet... Son, was Harmon gay?”

“Huh? Harmon? No.”

The older man stood up and began to pace the dinning room floor, head down and hands behind his back. “That suit was reshaping him. Oh, I don't mean physically but... in only three days...” His voice trailed off as he continued to pace, now deeply in thought. “The heightened sensory input...He talked about that a lot, Junior. One has to wonder if...” But he didn't finished his sentence. He continued to pace back and forth apparently lost in thought.

“Dad?” said Don, getting up from the table. He waited to be excused.

Pain Senior looked up. "This technology is too potent to ignore." He stared at his son for another moment before continuing, "I'm taking this project over, *completely*."

Junior wasn't surprised, in fact he'd been expecting this for some time now. *His* project had become *their* project and now it was entirely *Dad's* project. He'd been crowded out, thrown aside. So what else was new? Not a damn thing! He nodded and turned to leave. "But..." he started and then stopped. "What about June? The divorce?"

"June? I'll keep her in the project. Who knows what has happened to her mind by now and we certainly can't set her loose, right? How would we explain any of this to her without exposing the real potential of the process, nor do I want others asking, ah, difficult questions."

"But people will talk. I mean like she can't *just* disappear. Friends, family ... eventually there would have to be an investigation..."

"For the time being, Mr. Harmon will fill-in."

"Huh? Dad!" he said in frustration, "Jack has already made it clear that he will not..."

"I gave him a choice that he couldn't refuse, Son."

"Oh."

"If I'm right, a week as Mrs. Donald Pain Junior and this whole dangerous affair will be concluded. No divorce, no problem."

"No divorce?" Don yelled.

"Son, this isn't about your personal problems anymore, you understand?"

Don shuddered. Oh he understood that well enough. He and June were but an nanometer away from, say, a terrible aircraft accident. Kerr-boom and no June, no Junior and no problem. The gun wasn't just pointed at Jack Harmon, was it? "Yes Sir. I understand...*completely*."

"Good. You and June will spend some time alone, if you get my drift, Son. I want her broken, fully locked into her new role *or else*."

Don just nodded, he knew what "or else" might mean. "But what if he doesn't..."

His old man shrugged, "Make sure you're a long way out and dump him."

"And?"

"Any problems with the authorities are yours. We are clear on that?"

"Y-Yes, Sir! Perfectly clear."

~oOo~

Jack was wearing a pair of white shorts that stretched tightly across his June suit hips and butt, a cotton tank top that covered his June breasts; the latter

bobbed and flowed in time with the boat as it met and then cut through the long, low swells. The sea breeze caught at his long black June hair and whirled it into confusion as Jack clung onto the railing and stared down at the blue-gray sea that swept past. The image of June in that pig sty still lingered in his mind's eye. The horror of it! If nothing else, he had to find a way of freeing June from that.

“Oh, there you are.”

Jack twisted about but still held on to the rail. Bile rose up in his throat at the sight of Junior. His piggish eyes only reminded Jack of what had happened to June. Ironically, the *real* pig was in human form. Jack swiveled back and looked off toward the horizon. A thin, irregular line was all that he could see of the California coastline. As Don eased in beside him on the rail, Jack cocked his June face up and toward the taller man, “How far do you think we are?” He nodded toward the horizon.

Don's arm slipped around Jack's naked midriff. His hand came to rest on Jack's belly. The hand was warm against the air-cooled surface of the suit. Jack fought the urge to pull away and settled for ignoring the hand and arm's presence. “Fifteen, maybe twenty-five miles. What? Are you thinking of swimming for it?” Don laughed and then pulled Jack closer.

Maybe if he just ignored Don, he'd go away again. The boat plowed through a particularly large swell. The boat reacted and Jack swayed into Don's ready embrace. In spite of himself, he tensed and then jerked away. “Why?” It was the question he'd been asking ever since Donald Senior had reneged on his promise to let him go. He felt Don shrug and then break the grip on Jack's waist.

“I'm going inside. Getting cold.” Don looked expectantly at Jack before he retreated.

Why? asked Jack silently to himself again as he continued to cling to the rail. From what he'd seen of Don's Dad, murder would have been easier and, indeed, a safer option. Neither he nor June were much of a threat ... but dead, none at all. So both of them were alive for a reason, but what was it? Maybe it was just a power thing? The latter was surely reasonable, given what he'd seen of the monster. Jack cocked his body to look over his shoulder toward the deckhouse. Time was running out. Almost a week had been spent on this cruse and now almost no time remained to convince the pig that he'd undergone a change of mind. But there was the rub. There had been no change of mind. The bastard would have to be convinced that a *real* change had taken place. So he wanted to be an actor, huh? Well, on this stage would be determined life itself. He clutched his June teeth, tossed her head and then sang out in his best stage voice: “OK John C. Harmon... break a leg!”

~oOo~

Jack stood there in the open doorway of the deck house, hips cocked against the uncertain movements of the deck, his eyes bright with tears and in an emotional, choking voice said: “I ...I don't want to die.”

Don sat his Martini down, eased back in his chair and visibly brightened as he took in the lush illusion of June standing there in silhouette. “Then you *must* try...” he said, his heart already pounding, for he’d just about given up.

She jerked her head and stepped inside. Her eyes were wet, dark pools of surrender. She turned and awkwardly pulled the door close behind her. “How do I... start, *Dear?*”

Don struggled from his seat, spilling his drink, but he didn’t notice anything but her face. The look of complete surrender? If it was surrender, it was like nothing he’d ever seen on June’s face. It didn’t matter that it wasn’t really June. In an instant, he felt bigger, stronger... dominant. *Dominant*. That was precisely the right emotion as he came to his full height. Was she cowering? Impossible but true. Now his loins reacted. He stretched out his arm, “Come,” he ordered. He saw and enjoyed the conflict that flowed across her Hellenic features. And then her gaze dropped and her shoulders quivered and she obeyed!

It didn’t matter to Don at that instant that she wasn’t real, that none of this was real, that she entered his embrace *was* real. The resistance of her breasts against his chest, the slender back and flaring hips under his exploring finger tips, all these were real. He nuzzled her hair, seeking her ear and then, having found it, nipped and teased that flesh until she began to squirm under his attention. His hand retreated from her hip and slid under the loose tank top, taking a breast in hand. Fingers found and tweaked a nipple as her groin began to press against him. “Enough!” he said, breaking his embrace.

She stood there, confused.

He stepped back, took her chin in his hand so as to tilt her face up. “There,” he said. “That’s how we start.” He turned and left her standing in the deckhouse as he waddled back onto the deck: “Stewart! Martinis for two. And an early dinner if you please.” He laughed as the sea breeze carried away the heat of passion. He was going to enjoy this; he’d break this mare to his saddle or know the reason why not!

~oOo~

“Mark, are we all set up?” Donald Pain Senior waved his hand in front of his face. In the enclosed space, the stench from the pig was sickening.

“Yes Sir. Running...”

A pig was a pig but this pig’s snout and lower jaw began to flow into something almost human. It squealed, grunted and then gasped, “Oh my God!”

“June, can you understand me?”

The pig spun on its sharp hooves, its fat sides quivering. “Don?” she blurted. The voice was more male than female, more pig than human but understandable. “I ... I thought I’d gone crazy.” She looked up as high as her neck would allow, her pointed ears twitching. “How...”

Donald Pain Senior remained at the opposite end of the room but he did kneel down so as to be more or less on the same level as his subject. "If I said magic, would you believe that, June?"

There was intelligence in those eyes and it flashed, "No, Donald. It was your asshole son that did this to me and..." She pissed on the floor. "If I ever get the chance..."

Donald Senior laughed. "I always liked your style, June."

She oinked and trundled forward but stopped when Mark pointed a cattle prod at her snout: "I think you'll like me a lot more, if you get me out of this damned pig body." She made a suggestive wiggle that lost something in the translation.

Donald fluttered his eyebrows and pursed his lips, "And exactly what would that mean, daughter-in-law?"

She oinked again, "Anything you want big guy, anything you want. I'd kill to be me again!"

"Tempting daughter-in-law, tempting, but I'll have to think about that." He jerked to his feet. "Mark, reset the program." Donald Pain Senior could still hear her squeals of anger, frustration or even horror after he'd left the room. Indeed, she was still coherent, if not exactly sane, he concluded. Truth? He did care for her more than Junior, a lot more. Pity she wasn't the son he deserved. He stopped and spun on his heels, "Mark!" he yelled as he hurried back into the building.

"Sir?"

"I want to talk to her again. June? Listen," he said, looking down at the pig, "I demand complete loyalty- *complete!* You understand? Kill-your-own-mother loyalty, you understand that concept. One hundred percent!"

She squealed. Her answer was obvious even before the program ran. "YES!" she grunted. "ANYTHING!"

"Mark, get her out of the suit and when she's cleaned up..."

"Sir?"

"Bring her over to the house for dinner, say about eight." He laughed, "We're having baked ham."

"Sir?"

"You too, Mark. I want you both there."

~oOo~

Jack was wearing a black off-the-shoulder cocktail dress; the dress was Junior's idea. Jack's breasts, lightly supported by a demi-cup bra, were all but unfettered and nearly fully exposed for the dress was cut very low in both the front and rear. Against the black of the dress material, his dark coffee cream skin looked almost white and the breasts pale. He watched Junior across the table with lowered eyes in a submissive posture that had seemed to excite the man, the human *pig* -

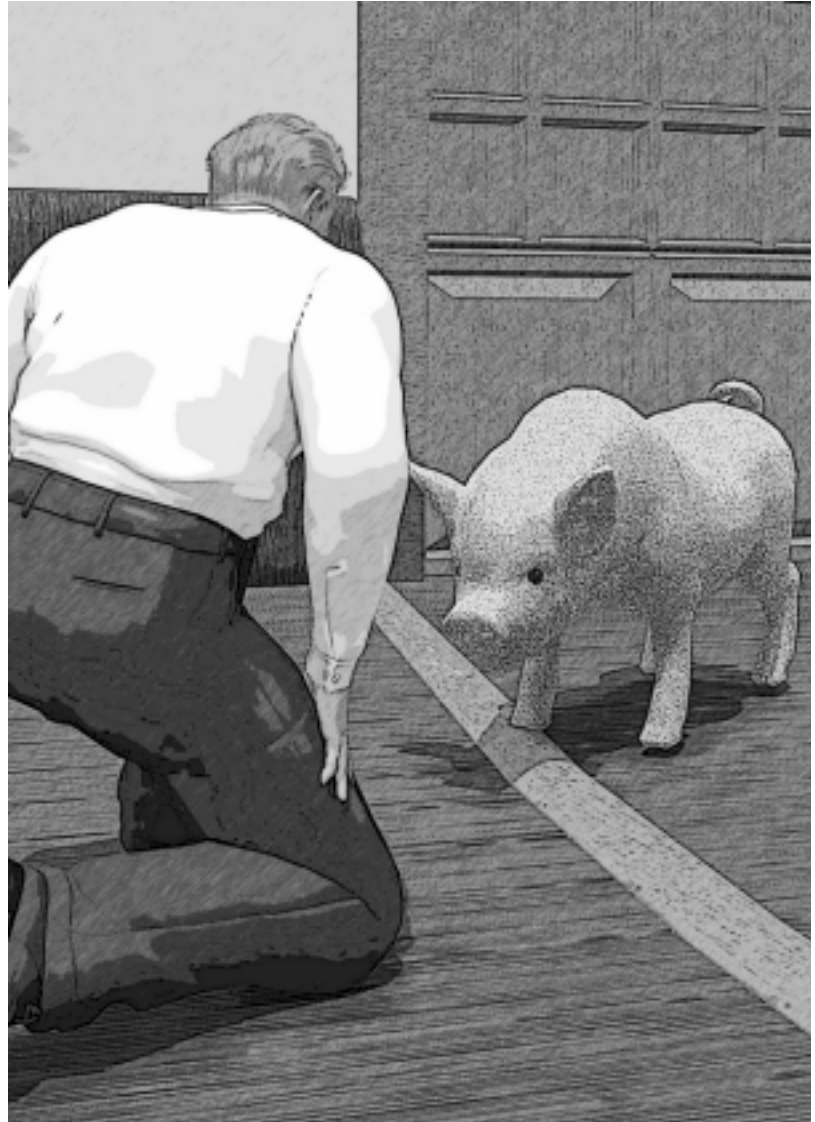
initially. Jack's lashes, heavily laden with mascara, formed a dark fringe around his field of view. His lips, heavily coated with lipstick, had left telltale impressions on his wine glass and utensils. There was nothing either of his person or of his behavior that suggested the presence of a man inside and even that latter fact was being challenged.

The sense of repugnance he'd felt about Junior had only intensified but the submissiveness that he'd projected earlier had devolved from an "act" to a growing sense of real submission. Junior had as much as told him this was a death watch. They would continue this voyage until Jack fully accepted his new condition *or* until Junior tired of the effort-

and he was near the end of his patience. It was the latter condition that grabbed Jack's attention. The crew was a full party to the possibility that "Mrs. Pain" would be terminated. He could expect no help there! Jack flicked his eyes toward the black porthole. One could not even see the lights from the shoreline now. The ocean could hide a lot of bodies and Jack didn't want to die, not now, not there.

Perhaps the worst of what had happened over the last two hours was Junior's attitude. Initially he'd been playful, if that was the right term. Initiating physical contact, foreplay, petting, the whole nine yards, then abruptly pulling back, like he had done this afternoon in the deck house. This had continued to the point that Jack had bitten the bitter fruit of his distaste and had himself attempted to initiate sex. He tried to push back the memory of himself on his knees with Junior's prick in his hand. He dropped the fork, his appetite having disappeared with the memory.

"Something wrong, my Dear?"



“Oh! No.” blurted out Jack as his eyes met Junior’s. “I guess I’m just not hungry.” He jerked his eyes down as he pulled his hand off the table, dropping it in his lap with the other one. He could feel Junior’s eyes lingering on him.

“It’s probably just as well, my Dear.” Jack looked up and saw Junior holding a small brown box in his hand. “You have any idea what this is?” He didn’t expect a response and so he continued, “A transponder. Apparently it can receive a signal all the way from the machine in Oregon and retransmit the signal to the appropriate suit.”

Jack was all eyes now, waiting for the other shoe to drop. So this was why Junior had been so oddly nonresponsive. “What are you going to do to me? I mean, look! What *more* can you do to me?”

Junior played with the box in his hand and shrugged. “My old man’s under the impression that one can actually reshape the mind of someone like you, in a suit. I don’t know, maybe he’s right, maybe not.” He glared at Jack, “What I do know is that you’ve been jerking my leg all week and tonight: Oh I don’t want to die!” He said in a shrill falsetto. “Get real, Jack! Too much, all in an instant. What do you think I am, stupid?”

Jack hunched down in real terror, “But I am being honest! I’m terrified, Don!” Tears gushed out of his dark eyes creating black mascara streaks. He jerked up to flee the table and then Junior hit a button on the device. It was like being hit by a truck. His whole being exploded in pain. He crumpled and thrashed on the deck screaming until he passed out.

Donald Pain Junior got up and walked over to examine the body. Blood mixed with the tears that had been streaming down Jack’s cheek, the sound of bones being deformed were audible as the form shimmered and shifted. Abruptly, blood spouted from the nostrils, causing Junior to jerk away. Obviously, eliminating the safety limits on the suit processor had been a bad idea. Biology had real limits. Maybe his dad was right after all. One couldn’t remold the body. “*Whatever!*” He swore as he left the dinning room. It had been a neat idea and Jack, having run out his string, had been expendable, after all.

“Steward.”

“Sir?” The man pretended to not notice the body lying on the deck. What he did notice was that Mr. Pain seemed not at all disturbed. He was a cold one, just like his Father.

“Clean this up, if you please. I’ll have my brandy up forward when you’re done.”

“Yes Sir.” He lifted the body, trying to keep the blood off his clothes and minimize the mess in the dinning room as well. Now carrying who he thought was Mrs. Pain, he continued to the fantail. “Have a nice night, lady,” he said with a grunt as he heaved the body into the swirling blackness. The sound of the engines drowned out even the entry of the body into the inky black sea.

Chapter 8

“I had no idea!” gasped Donald Senior as Mark held open the door and allowed June to enter the house. The creature could scarcely be called human, let alone female. The soft tissue of the face still retained something of the pig features. The teeth had been pushed forward in the jaw, creating just a hint of a snout; the nose, badly broken, was now broad and flat. Bristles, a few dozen, sprouted from her face; coarse, black hairs, twitched with every movement of her facial muscles. The latter was obviously the result of the hormones that had been added to her slop. All of this and *fat*. A double chin, jowls and bags under each eye completed the transformation of the face.

But the face was the least of the metamorphous June had undergone! Her limbs seemed to be mounted awkwardly in her frame, her back was decidedly deformed and she moved as if the upright position could only be achieved with difficulty. To this was added an enormous amount of fat that gave the illusion that she was in an advanced state of pregnancy. And yet neither the body nor the face fully revealed the extent of the change. The eyes were the true horror: bright, hot and deadly. Donald Senior stood there ready to call Thrasher should the need arise.

June stood in the doorway, clutching the doorframe for support. “I only ask for one bone, dear Father-in-law.”

Don stood his ground uneasily. “Yes?”

“I-WANT-YOUR-PRICK-ASSHOLE-SON!”

“Ah-ha!” he exclaimed nervously. He couldn’t keep his eyes off of her. June had been a woman of exceptional beauty but this ... creature... “Mark, can you fix this?”

The man shrugged, “Jesus! Sure, why not? I mean if the system can do this once, why not again?”

Donald relaxed slightly and then smiled at June. “Yes June, perhaps you can have Junior eventually. Please, uh-, come in.”

“I’m starved!” slavered June, drool slipping down her distorted chin as she pushed past her host.

~oOo~

Grease stained her face and fingers as she hunched over the now empty plate and belched. “What do I get?” she growled as she wiped her fingers off on the table cloth.

“Perhaps your humanity back?” said Donald Senior as he continued to stare at the grotesque creature. “Sorry, the truth, I can’t be in two places at once and right now I need to be elsewhere. Anyhow, if you prove yourself, you’ll be in line as my heir apparent.”

“Like this?” she jerked a greasy hand across her face.

“I thought I was clear on this. Prove yourself first, then you get your body back.”

“I want Junior’s body.”

“Huh?” Donald started to laugh and then stopped. He looked at Mark. “Is that possible?”

The young man shrugged, “She’d be a little short, but why not. Over time we might pick up most of the height. Who knows exactly what the system can accomplish.” He said the latter while looking at June’s deformed figure. “She’s got the mass now anyway.”

“Why, June?”

Her face twisted into a nasty grimace. “Let’s say I become the Son you always wanted, *Dad*. What do we do with the real Junior?”

“What?” responded Donald, a bit more than a little intrigued by her line of thinking.

“He’ll be my ... *wife*.”

“And that would satisfy your need for revenge?” Donald asked, mystified.

“For Pete’s sake, NO! But it’d sure be a good starting point.” That nasty grimace re-appeared. “No money, no power and having to please little old me. And I know you can make a working prick,” she said, turning to Mark. “Speaking of which, I’d like that sow that was in the sty with me. I mean, it was human, wasn’t it?”

“Huh?” both men responded together.

“We developed quite a lovely relationship.” June reached over and picked up the ham bone in her greasy fist.

“Who?” started Mark.

“Nobody,” clarified Donald Senior. “Sure.”

June grinned. “Make her sweet and hot.”

Mark looked at his boss.

“No problem,” Donald said. “Thrasher!”

~oOo~

The suit had been originally developed as a new generation space suit by NASA Ames but its thermal properties had proven to be inadequate for space. But the water of the Pacific Ocean just north of Point Conception was no problem in this regard. The air trapped inside the suit gave adequate buoyancy and fifty seconds after Jack had been tossed over the side of Don’s yacht, up popped the unconscious victim.

The rapidly moving southbound currents swirled clockwise as they encountered the thrusting land mass that extended out from the coastline and carried Jack around and around until, at high tide on the second night, the buoyant mass was swept well up the sandy shore and deposited. He was only semiconscious by this time.

Jack awakened in the dark before the dawn, the second dawn. He lay there in great pain. His ribs felt as if they'd been cracked, which they had been. A cleft between his legs which had been but an illusion before was now an actual opening to a chamber which could not exist. Jack's genitalia were now functionally female. The latter fact was relevant in that he was utterly naked now, physically helpless and confused. In the trauma of the last twenty hours, he'd lost his most immediate memories; indeed, were he fully conscious, he'd have no idea of how he'd become naked and alone on the beach.

He finally pulled himself up into a sitting position. But the pain sent him over the edge. He passed out again. Had he remained conscious even for a minute longer, he would have met the men who found him.

"She's dead, I tell you. Leave her be!"

"No Johnny. See! She's breathing. We can't just leave her here."

The first man, balancing a pair of trash bags full of marijuana on his shoulders, swore as he stumbled past his partner and then tossed them into the rear of the SUV perched on the shoulder of the dune. "Are you going to help me with this stuff or not, Randy?"

Randy was now knelling down beside the naked woman, "Man Johnny, she's some looker. Think maybe she tried to commit suicide or something?"

"More like she fell off of a yacht asshole, which means all kind of trouble could be coming over the water right at us," he grunted as he lifted the last bag of cargo from the rubber dory. "Bring up the boat and lets get out of here pronto."

"Johnny, I ain't leaving her."

Johnny swore as he tossed the last of the pot into the SUV. "Twit!" he muttered. "I'll get the fucking boat." By the time he finished deflating the boat and tied it on top of the SUV, his pal had the girl in the rear of the car. He rolled his eyes. "Your problem."

"We need to take her to a hospital or something, Johnny."

"Right, or something." He slammed the car into gear. No wonder Randy was a two-time loser. Stupid. He looked back through the rearview mirror, there was no sign of anyone following. Then his eyes dropped down at the chick and licked his lips. She was decidedly hot. Maybe, just maybe, Randy had made a good decision after all. If she didn't die, of course.

~oOo~

“How was I supposed to know you weren’t female? I mean you were a sow, for Pete’s sake!”

Herman looked down at his body. It was a vast improvement over being a pig. A twin pair of heavy, pointy titties thrust out at nearly forty-five degrees. He was afraid to touch them; in fact, he was more than a little certain that anything he touched would produce another explosion in his head. On the positive side, being a “prick magnet” had its advantages. But the negative aspects were stronger. He’d never been comfortable with women in general and this was a lot closer than he’d ever want to be to a woman. Earlier he would have told himself, well, this is just a suit, but after the horror he’d seen this morning, sans suit, the residual “hog-ness” was disconcerting, to say the least. That the suit was reshaping him into some approximation to this female form was a certainty if the process continued long enough. “You think maybe I could have a different suit, a male suit?”

“What?” June in the Donald Junior suit laughed. It was Junior’s old nasty laugh which was itself a bit disconcerting to both June and Herman. “Seriously, what’s the problem? I mean you’re gay, right? So...”

The plump redhead looked incredulous, “What’s *that* have to do with anything? Women make me uncomfortable, that’s all.”

“Even your own mother?”

“Especially.” Herman folded his arms under his breasts, lowered his chin and glared at his former lover from the sty, “Lets change the subject, OK?”

“Sure,” she said, looking around to make sure Mark hadn’t returned to the laboratory yet. “So, why are you here? I mean I understand why Junior did what he did to me, but you?”

Herman paused. He had only one secret and that was that he knew how to work the suit computer program. Could he afford to share this with *her*? God knows she seemed to be no better than the others. That she was fully capable of doing what Junior had done was obvious and somehow this whole project had to stop! A real ally she wasn’t. “I...I knew Jack Harmon.” He started, then paused to weigh his options. The story had to be adequate. “I knew about the suit he’d been forced into, see? Anyhow, I came up to see if I could help him.”

“Jack was in a suit?”

“Yeah. A hyped up bimbo number like this one I have on.”

She scrunched up her Junior face, “Why? I mean Jack Harmon...”

“Apparently he’d crossed your husband over something...” He left his sentence hang.

“Oh,” she said but she wasn’t convinced. “What? I mean it must have really ticked Junior off.”

“He loved you, June.”

“I knew that. A blind man would have known that.”

“Mr. Pain didn’t, and when he did...”

“Junior was the jealous type. Yeah, I guess that makes sense. Kinda. Irrelevant now, I guess. Jack’s dead.”

“Huh?”

“Mark told me yesterday, the suit program killed him.” She shook her head sadly. “I really liked Jack.”

“Yeah,” agreed Herman. “He was OK.” He looked around and tugged at his female body as if it would somehow go away, “What happened? I mean, I thought these suits were safe.”

“Leave it to Junior. He got Mark to by pass the built-in safeties and tried to make a precise fit of the suit to my body.”

“Jesus!”

“Right. I heard that it turned poor Jack to pulp inside.”

“That was stupid. Why?”

“Got me. Maybe he missed my vagina.”

“Huh?”

June rolled her Junior eyes, “Men!” She stopped and wetted her lips as she looked at the chunky redhead. The period of being a boar hadn’t changed her basic sexuality either. The overripe female was about as appetizing as the slop she’d eaten the last several weeks. And that was a problem. Getting even with Junior was small potatoes compared to acquiring the enormous wealth of Pain Senior. For the life of her, other than being Pain Senior *or* waiting in the wings as Junior, what other choice did she have? And if it took years, what would be left of her initial gender? Another problem. She’d have to learn to be a man and that meant... She reached out and fondled Herman’s breasts. It evoked no sexual response in her but poor Herman’s latent maleness dissolved like wax in a flame. Pity that she didn’t have an augmented sensory input, but on the other hand... She felt the first stirring of her artificial human penis, the highly localized male sexual arousal crystallized. “Men,” she muttered more softly as she drew Herman into her arms and tasted those soft, artificial female lips for the first time.

Having been a “pig” had left a scar that would never heal. She’d do anything, absolutely *anything* to regain control of her life. even if it mean being a piggish male. The act of lovemaking was as artificial as the penis she used.

~oOo~

It was just like Reno, realized Jack. In spite of the pain, and there was a lot of it, now mostly localized in his ribs, face and groin, he’d sexually joined Randy with enthusiasm. Johnny lay nearby on the floor, exhausted. Jack’s mental existence seemed to center on that impossible vagina between his legs. Perhaps for real

women, that cavity was relatively insensitive but for Jack, hyped up to four or five times normal sensitivity, it was ... great! It wasn't at all like sex had ever been for him as a male. The tension built up across his whole body, even in his teeth, it seemed. And when that tension resolved, it was like a star going nova! And the recovery time ... almost instantaneous. Her legs wrapped around Randy, *she* controlled his thrusts so that he drove at precisely the correct speed. Jack's "he-ness" was vanishing like dew in the morning sun.

"Huh! Huh! Huh!" Randy yelled and then groaned, "Eeeeeergh!"

"Damn you!" she growled, "Not fucking YET!" But it was over! Randy collapsed like a bag of putty. Cum warmed Jackie's artificial cunt and then leaked out. Double damn!

Finally, Jackie stumbled to her feet, casting off Randy and giving Johnny a kick. No response. "Whatever!" she growled. "Hard men are *good* to find," she said as she worked her clit in frustration.

Moments later, she was trying to slip into sleep again. This cycle had been going on for almost a week but it was about to end. Jackie stirred as she heard the creak of a board on the front porch. She jerked fully awake, her pulse hammering in her veins. There was someone there, just outside the door! The fact that they were trying to be quiet had a frightening implication. Jackie reached over and shook Randy. He groaned and half raised his head, "Huh?"

"Sssh. someone..." Jackie, eyes wide, jerked her finger toward the door. But it was too late.

The door slammed open followed immediately by gouts of flame and ear-shattering explosions. Randy's chest turned to a gory pulp even as Jackie rolled and scuttled for the open window.

Sledge hammer blows hit Jackie in the back and threw him crumpled against the window frame. More blows followed but Jackie's pain terminated into nothing as the drugs changed owners once again.

~oOo~

"This program modification wasn't approved by Mr. Pain," whined Mark. He was no longer the brash, overconfident young man that he had been a few weeks earlier. And the new addition to the facility, Mrs. Donald Pain Junior, was, if anything, more of a ball buster than Pain Senior. Fortunately, he was still indispensable, not that working the system was all that difficult; a smart five year-old could do it. But as to new programs, absolutely no one but him could do the latter. The problem was, this Junior look-a-like didn't seem to think that new code was all that important and the way that the old Crystal River Industry crew was "disappearing," no one was completely safe. Well, "disappearing" wasn't exactly the right term; the sty had been expanded and a new, high tech fence added. The changes were needed, considering the throng of souls now trapped inside pig suits. They had absolutely no imagination, Mark noted but he couldn't hold his gaze.

Mrs. Pain Junior sneered with her Junior face. “Make my day, Mark.”

Mark blanched, “Y ... You wouldn’t.”

She shrugged, “Programmers are a dime a dozen, I’ve been told.”

He backed up. “Not like me.”

“Thresher!”

“OK, OK, I’ll do it.”

“Right choice, Mark. We can only afford one Junior and that’s me.”

“Yes ma’am. Ah sorry, Sir.”

“And the *new* Mrs. Pain’s got to be something special, see?” June turned and looked out the window. Her husband’s car sat beside the house on the hill but still no Junior. “You have the program modified as I requested?”

“Yes ma’am. Er, sir.”

“Good. I’ll be waiting upstairs until my Honey is ready. Mark, this is like Christmas when I was just a kid. I feel positively giddy with anticipation!”

~oOo~

“Doctor,” The surgeon nodded to the newly-arrived physician, then to the two men in suits, “Lieutenant Lomis, I presume,” he said to the older of the latter two men.

The older man in the suit just jerked his head in response before approaching the unconscious form laid out on the surgical table. “This the one?”

“Yes,” the ER physician responded and then held up the syringe. The needle was bent almost thirty degrees. “Never seen anything like this.” He pointed to a tray with another half-dozen bent needles and two twisted scalpels. “Whoever, or rather, whatever it is, it isn’t human.” The physician reached over and pinched the flesh, “It feels real enough but nothing seems to affect it. Anyhow, I thought you’d want to know.”

The police lieutenant stared down at the unconscious figure. To the eye, she was a very attractive young woman but... “How’s she doing now?”

The ER physician shrugged. “She survived, no thanks to me. It was touch and go for a while. Concussion, I assume, considering no entry wounds. I’d feel better if we could get an I.V. going.” He shrugged as if to say what more could he do?

The younger man in a suit added, “She was at the scene of the shoot out.”

“I know,” growled the lieutenant. He turned and headed for the door. He called out over his shoulder, “Let me know as soon as she’s conscious.”



The look on Junior's face when he saw her in her "Junior suit" was almost worth the time she'd spent in the sty. Shackled and already covered in goop, Junior knew he was in big shit but still, that look of horror was priceless. June savored the moment as she stood before her mute mate. The goo had already set and only his eyes were free to move. She cocked her head, "Honey?" she said in her Junior voice, then grinned as Junior's eyes widened still further. "Yeah, it's me." She splayed open her hands. "I'm back!" And then her eyes flashed wickedly. "Good-bye, my husband and hello my wife! Mark, run the program."

"Running!" Mark said from across the room.

The form of Junior became all lumpy as the goo ceased to be transparent and its uneven surface became visible. The clear material took on June's darker tans and cream as the form began to alter into the female. Junior at almost six feet tall and more than one hundred and fifty pounds greater in mass than the original June image upon which the program was organized would be an Amazon, a giantess. The program could not eliminate the mass and the safety subroutines avoided excessive, life-threatening force, thus the form had to be huge. It was otherwise a holographic exact copy of June, except...

Junior stirred as the goop became pseudoflesh and thus flexible. He twisted and looked down with the face of June. His blue eyes contrasted vividly with her much darker complexion. And he still had his own voice. "When my Father finds out..."

"Pshaw!" June waved her hand in front of Don's transformed face, "You think I could do this without his permission? Think again, sweetheart."

That stunned Don. He tugged at the constraints and twisted until he could see Mark at the back of the room. "That true?" His feminine face sagged when Mark nodded yes. It was only a suit, after all, but if Dad had approved this... He went limp, his head lolled on his chest and then, "Huh?" He jerked up. A curious half-smile formed on those June lips. "I don't understand."

"Right," agreed June as she looked at the prick and balls that hung between the otherwise perfect copy of her form. She laughed, "I just couldn't get the woman out of me and well... Mark, help me release my sweetheart."

Wide-eyed, Junior watched as Mark and June in her Junior suit unsnapped the shackles. With Thresher gone from the laboratory and only these two to contend with, hope bloomed in his altered chest. Mark was a ninety pound wimp and June only looked male. Inside that suit was soft woman flesh. Timing was everything, so he waited until...

"There!" announced June as the last ankle was free. She stepped back and turned to Mark. "See, I told you that modification..." She didn't have a chance to finish.

Leaping off the platform, the Amazon towered over both Mark and June. “Jerks!” he laughed, still in his natural voice, as he grabbed both June and Mark by the neck and started to squeeze.

“For Pete’s sake!” June snapped as her free hand slapped Donald in the face.

The huge, powerful Amazon collapsed, whimpering. Tears flowed as Donald started to bawl, now only partly in pain and mostly in frustration.

“Right. Fully-amplified sensory input, *asshole!*” She kicked him in the side, hard, and his shriek of pain was reward enough. “Shut up and roll over on your back, *June.*”

“Huh?” Don continued to whimper but he did as he was told.

June grabbed his prick with one hand, then quickly slipped a metal tube down onto the responding male member. With a twist, it snapped into place.”

“Huh?” Don looked at the device, back at June, then tried to pull it off. Not only did this device not come off, the effort merely stimulated Don’s cock further. But as it grew, so also grew the pain. “Hey, that huuuurts!”

June bent over the prostrated form and ran her hand over the half-erect prick, causing more stimulation, which in turn caused yet more pain. “It’s supposed to, dearest.” She dropped down onto her knees and licked the exposed head of his penis as he began to scream, then she sucked eagerly until Don passed out. She stood up. “Well Mark, that went very well, very well indeed.” She kicked the unconscious body, “Water, no food for a week, then see if you can reduce the size of this jerk a bit, huh?”

“Yes Sir.”

“Riiight Mark, you’re learning! Me boss, you boy. Oh yeah, not too many hormones at first. I want that prick’s prick functional for a while.”

“Copy that, Boss.” Mark was pissed. “Boy” indeed. But he was also scared. There but for the grace of June he might be. Ever since he’d been forced to wear a suit, he was but a program away from joining the other former Crystal River employees in the sty ... or worse. Man, this was one load of shit!

Chapter 9

“Lieutenant, she doesn’t remember anything about the shooting. Could be traumatic amnesia, the doc says.”

The lieutenant growled, “She telling the truth, Sergeant?”

The younger man shrugged. “Truth? She claims to be a guy, Sir. John Harmon.” The young police officer ran his fingers through his thinning hair in frustration, “Anyhow, WCI, that’s the firm she says that he works for, er, if you’re following me, Sir. Anyhow they claim their Mr. Harmon is on an extended field assignment.”

“And?” snapped the lieutenant. “Where exactly is Mr. Harmon supposed to be?”

“They wouldn’t say.”

“WHAT! We’ll see about that!”

“I ... I tried, Sir. A court order, I mean. It’s in the hands of L.A.P.D. now and ... well Sir, some five hundred-pound monkey is pulling a lot of strings down in L.A. It could take a while.”

The lieutenant growled, “You got anything positive?”

“Yes Sir. You remember that hair sample we cut off with a blow torch? Anyhow, some lab jockey says its silicon-iron-carbon based. It sure ain’t human hair.”

That perked up the Lieutenant’s interest. “And?”

“We got a big skull in from NASA. He’s here now.”

“NASA? What in the hell does the space program have to do with this?”

“Got me, Sir. Something about a space suit, I think. He’s on the way to the hospital as we speak.”

“Space suit! Jesus!” The older man swore. “What are we waiting for? Lets go.”

~oOo~

“What’s happening?” cried out Mark as the men came in and started removing equipment. “I mean, stop that...” He jerked to a halt, “Oh, Mr. Pain.”

June in the Junior suit flicked her eyes around the room and pointed at various items that had to be moved and then she stopped. “You’re right. Stop for a second.” The men ceased their activity. “We still have a system up and running?”

He nodded and then pointed over his shoulder.

“Fine. Stay here Mark.” She turned and walked over to the computer. A couple of key strokes and... “Mr. Pain’s orders.”

Mark screamed as the suit collapsed in on him. The scream became shrill and then ended abruptly as the man went unconscious.

“Carry her to the SUV,” she ordered one of the workmen. She had no idea why her father-in-law was so concerned about the programmer. She watched as the tiny figure was carried away. Apparently, even with the safeties bypassed, one could survive, or at least Jack had. *That son-of-a-bitch had compromised the whole operation.* Whatever they could not move would have to be destroyed. “Herman.”

“Yes, Boss?”

“Kill the pigs.”

“Huh?”

“Poison’s the only sure way, Princess. Pour in some rat poison and slop them, OK? They’re always hungry.” She didn’t wait for his response, “OK, get this stuff out of here. NOW!”

Herman staggered out of the building. There was no way that he'd kill, what? Nine people? He scurried up the hill toward the barn. He'd set them free and then run for it. A smile crossed his feminine suit face. So the jig was up, huh? And Jack, good old Jack, had survived! All that Herman was missing now was revenge. He turned and looked behind. It was like an angry beehive, all in motion. And then he saw it, smoke swirled out of the house as a van pulled away. Now a large truck backed away from the laboratory and smoke followed it out of the open doors. He turned and ran toward the sty. Time was running out and there were lives to save.

He stumbled to a halt. The pigs were being loaded into a large transport. Off to the right, on the top of the next rise, stood a helicopter and beside that, Donald Pain Senior. Obviously, his orders had been countermanded. Herman turned as if to run back. This was his time to escape ... and then he froze. Thrasher, dark glasses and all, was working his way up the hill. That retreat was cut off. "Hi," he said in his best girlie, bimbo voice.

Thresher stopped and waved, "Com'on, we're leaving, Princess."

"Right," muttered Herman while taking a quick look over his shoulder at the pigs being loaded into the truck. Well, at least those Crystal River guys would live another day.

~oOo~

He looked exactly like what the Lieutenant thought a high-tech NASA scientist would look like: long, dirty-gray uncombed hair, shirt and slacks that had a lived in look and, most important, a distracted air about him as if he were only slightly in contact with the immediate environment. He didn't even bother with introductions. As soon as the Lieutenant and the Sergeant started down the hallway at the hospital, he started talking. His tone was professorial; it was a monologue of course.

"I must tell you, I read the transcript of your interview with the subject on the flight over." He shook his head and then grabbed the Lieutenant's arm and fell into step with him. "Pure fantasy. Yes, yes, utterly ridiculous. You know I developed the technology. Yes, yes I did." The Lieutenant opened his mouth to speak but that effort only prompted the NASA scientist to continue. "Form fitting, yes, of course, but able to be programmed to any form? Ridiculous, young man. Ridiculous! Sensory magnification? Wouldn't we love that! Motion control? Not in your wildest dreams. When we get that suit off her..."

The Lieutenant jerked to a halt. "You can remove the 'suit,' as you call it?"

"But of course. A suit you can't remove? Ridiculous. Anyhow, as I was saying, when the suit is removed... Well, you'll see the same person is inside, of course! Twattle, the whole story she told is simply twattle!"

"And this Mr. Harmon?"

“Oh there is a Mr. Harmon, if you say so but... Well, I already examined the girl and she most certainly isn't a he.” He laughed. “Anyhow, I was just waiting for you to arrive so I could turn off the device.”

“Oh, the court order.”

“Right! A waste of time. You do have it with you, don't you Lieutenant?”

“Yes. Sorry, here.”

The scientist shot past the guard at the door, waving the court order like a flag and entered the secure hospital room. “There, there, my dear. Now we can have this done and over with, right?”

Jack was sitting up, wide-eyed. He'd heard the whole thing. He nodded yes. To be free! How many weeks... Whatever, it had been too long.

“Well then, hold your ear lobe between your forefinger and thumb thus.” He demonstrated with his own ear. “Do the same thing with the other ear.” He stopped: “Simultaneously, my dear. You must squeeze *both* ear lobes at the same time. Ah, yesss.”

A startled look bloomed in Jack's eyes. He could feel the goo letting go. “My God! All this time and...” He gasped and coughed out a mouthful of goo. Instantly, his voice changed. “I could have done this myself...” He cleared his throat, spat yet more goo. “Anytime.” He pulled apart the hospital gown and raked at the slithering goop as the three other men watched.

He slid off the bed and allowed the slimy, clear stuff to roll off. “Thanks,” he said as the NASA scientist wiped his face with a clean wipe.

“Well, Lieutenant?” challenged the good doctor, “Voila!”

The Lieutenant stared and the Sergeant held up a faxed picture of Mr. John Harmon and compared it to the person emerging. Jack? Well, he felt just grand! That is until the goop uncovered small but real breasts. “Huh?”

The Lieutenant scratched his head. “Damn you're right. OK lady, exactly who in the fuck are you? And don't give me that 'Mr. Harmon' crap!”

Jack was feeling faint as he eased back onto the bed. The NASA scientist hadn't been correct, of course. Jack wasn't a female. At best, his groin could be described as that belonging to an intersexed individual. The penis was obvious, the balls were apparently shoved inside the body cavity; the vagina opening was real enough, though far from a complete job. It was like someone had started a sex-change operation and then stopped long before they were done. But the penis was about the only external aspect of his body that was male. The bone structure was most decidedly female in distribution and the face... He'd gasped later when he saw those features. At the very least he looked like June's sister. Rework the eyebrows, fill out the lips and bing-bam-boom... Almost identical. Like the lips, all his hips and breasts needed was a little endocrine support. The suit had moved his form as far as mere physical molding could accomplish. But that wasn't all that had been molded. His movements remained perfectly in sync with the femininity of his physical form.

The Lieutenant finally growled. “OK get something for, er, him to wear.”

“Lieutenant?”

“We’re back to square one on the double homicide. Take her, er, him downtown and book him.”

“Ah, Sir? Which section are we going to use? I mean, male, female? Jesus, she’ll get fucked royally in the men’s section.”

The Lieutenant glared, “That’s the Captain’s problem. Tonight, solitary, OK? And, uh, thank you, Doctor.”

“Aaah...” The scientist looked startled and confused. This wasn’t right and he knew it. “See if you can get a DNA sample from L.A., relative to this, uh, Mr. Harmon.”

“Huh?”

“There may be something to this story after all, Lieutenant.” He kept staring at that *penis*. It simply should not be there!

Jack felt a wave of relief wash over him. At last someone believed him! “I live at...”

~oOo~

This was no suit and yet Jack had never felt more like he was in the wrong body before. For starters, he hadn’t been this small and slender since he’d been a preteen. But that was the closest he he’d come to an analog from his earlier life. Even without the motor conditioning, the reorganization of his skeleton played havoc with any attempt to stand, walk or even sit as a proper male. Take crossing his legs, for example...”Whatever!” he grumbled silently as he twisted in the car seat and covertly watched Lieutenant Lomis behind the wheel.

He didn’t even look at men and women the same way now, he realized, as he studied the detective, one of Eureka’s finest. Lieutenant Lomis, Pete, was a roughly carved piece of work. One of those hard-edged guys who hid a sweet, gentle soul behind a gruff exterior. He was a no-nonsense guy who’d seen it all but still, hidden inside, there lurked a romantic. He had to be a romantic to make this trip. God knows the evidence that he was Jack Harmon had gone tits up. None of the DNA from his apartment in L.A. had matched, for starters. Someone had obviously cleaned and then salted the apartment with someone else’s hair, skin, whatever! “Thanks for believing in me, Pete.”

He recoiled at the sound of his own voice. It wasn’t June’s voice anymore, nor was it distinctly female, but it was decidedly *femme*. Too gushy, swishy, breathy? Perhaps it was his physical attraction for the older man that influenced his speech. He suddenly wished that he’d said nothing at all. The detective ignored him, the silence was heavy. He was all too conscious of a blooming rush, a high. It wasn’t like when he was in the suit. It wasn’t overwhelming. Compelling yes, but not overwhelming. He was no runaway nymphomaniac, crazed slut but he was

needy, lonely, hungry for human companionship. He couldn't help but imagine what it would be like to be in Pete's arms, to be protected ... loved!

Jack sighed, turned and watched the Northern California landscape slip past the car. They were still heading north through the Klamath National Forest, a good hour from Ashland and another hour from the facility. Lots of time to think. There was no case at all. Hadn't he volunteered to wear the suit? They had a written deposition from Herman Morgan on that. Everybody that was needed to destroy his story had been found, though most, like Herman, were somewhere else. Herman was in Japan, would you believe? The fact was, Jack was even starting to believe his story was fiction, God knows it was improbable but then, if he wasn't Jack, who was he? More to the point, what was next? Assuming Pain managed to destroy all the evidence and, along with it, Jack's credibility and identity, where did that leave Jack? No money, no job, no future, a Jane Doe, a nonentity ... *nobody*. No! They can't get away with this! "Pete?"

"Yeah?"

"How'd you get your Captain to approve this trip? I mean since they dropped the kidnapping charge. It's got absolutely nothing to do with the double homicide or anything else now."

"I had personal time coming," he said, not taking his eyes from the twisting, mountain road.

Jack blinked and his eyes brightened. "You have a hunch, huh, Pete? I mean cops work from hunches, right, and you..."

Pete flicked his eyes across to Jack and then back to the road: "You watch too much TV, kid. Let's just say loose ends bother me. I like thing neat and..." He stopped talking.

Several minutes passed. Jack watched the tall pines flashing past the auto in a hypnotic procession. "I ... I really appreciate you doing this for me, Pete."

"Truth?" responded Lieutenant Lomis. He worked his jaw as if under tension before continuing: "God knows I don't trust you. I mean that story of yours is preposterous but..."

Jack had uncurled from his seat and was now leaning toward Pete as he reached across and put a hand on Pete's shoulder. "But?" he said, wanting to encourage the detective who seemed oddly hesitant to express himself. Pete, after all, had shown a knack for bluntness before.

Pete twisted his head and glanced at the hand on his shoulder. Jack pulled it back, embarrassed. A blush was beginning. "Sorry," he gushed breathlessly.

Pete seemed to grip the wheel tighter, "It has nothing to do with hunches. Damn!" he swore. "I'm sorry." He cleared his throat. "I ... I haven't been entirely honest with you, or with myself for that matter, kid." He was talking faster now as if getting something off his chest. "This was just an excuse. I mean, you're free to go and you will go..."

Jack's heart was pounding in his ears, "Are you telling me what I think you are?" He could hardly breathe and his sentence had ended in a whisper.

Pete jerked his head, cleared his throat. "I'm not into fucking queers or nothing," he blurted, then looked embarrassed. "Sorry..."

The car swerved and then straightened as Jack threw his arms around Pete's neck and his lips found the detective's cheek.

~oOo~

Lieutenant Lomis' professional demeanor fully returned as they approached the WCI Oregon site, not that he'd strayed too far from his professional role over the last two hours on the road. Pete had been restrained in his physical response to Jack, due, no doubt, to the ambiguity of Jack's sexual nature. It was obvious that he'd not willingly touch Jack *down there*, but the petting had been good, mused Jack, though he was totally frustrated. On an emotional level, Pete had opened up. Two failed marriages and a half-dozen rumbled relationships; he wasn't exactly ready to pop into another long-term affair and yet... He was clearly dazzled by Jack's beauty, in spite of the penis and he was perhaps as hungry for a real relationship as Jack. There was promise there, or at least enough for Jack. The future didn't seem quite so dark now. "There!" ordered Jack. "Pete, turn there."

Pete turned the Crown Vic sedan onto the paved lane, swerved around a deep pot hole, then pulled to the side. "It's too chewed up, we'll have to walk," he said as he threw open the door.

As Jack opened his door, he could hear the sounds of heavy equipment just over the rise. He made a beeline toward the noise. Five minutes later he was at the top of the knoll and looking down at where the research facility had been. Pete joined him. "Two buildings were over there." He pointed at an area of raw, flat earth where a Caterpillar was running its blade across the ground as it widened the cleared site. "And there." Jack pointed at another freshly carved area. "A house, and in back, a barn." There was nothing now. All evidence even of the pig sty had been eradicated. Cement was being pored from a truck in the middle of yet another area. A foundation for a large building was obviously being laid and there were men, lots of them, in construction gear, hard hats, the works.

"I told you not to get your hopes up, Jackie."

Jack flicked his eyes up at Pete. Jackie? Yeah, why not. "Lets go down there..." Jack stopped in mid-sentence as his legs attempted to turn him around and run away. He was looking at himself down there. He, Jack Harmon, the only guy obviously not a workman! The only man in a suit and no hard hat stood, legs apart, talking to one of the workmen with his back to Jack and Pete. They'd gone that far! Manufactured a suit in Jack's image. "Maybe we should go."

"Huh? We came this far..." Pete looked into Jack's eyes. "You're scared, aren't you, kid?" Jack Jerked his head yes. "Why?"

“T ... That guy in the suit.”

“Yeah?”

“He’s *me!*”

Pete looked in disbelief. There was no resemblance at all and it wasn’t just the gender difference. “You’re telling me that guy’s in one of those space suits made to look like you.”

“Right. Damn it, Pete, I’m scared. If that’s me, then I’m nobody. Kill me and nobody notices, see?”

“I would notice, Jackie.”

“Damn, you know what I mean. Oh shit!” He, that is the surrogate Jack Harmon, was walking toward them. A confrontation was going to happen because Pete was going down the knoll to meet the other Jack. “Damn, double damn!” Jack stood frozen, too afraid to join Pete and too afraid to run away. Finally, like a zombie, he started down the hill to meet *himself*.



The two men were already talking as Jack joined them. Jack’s twin smiled and looked at Jack, bemused and a bit warily, “The Lieutenant says you’re the one claiming to be me.” Before Jack could respond, the doppelganger continued. “Oh everybody knows about it. Junior, I mean Mr. Pain, was here just yesterday and gave me the lowdown.” He scratched his head. “I guess I should be charmed that *anyone* would want to be me.” He laughed and extended his hand, “Pleased to meet you, I guess, uh, ma’am.”

“I tell you Pete, he’s in a *suit*.” Jack said, ignoring the outstretched hand. “Just like I was.”

The man pulled his hand back as if rebuffed, “Whatever, lady.” He looked back at the work site. “If you’re satisfied, Detective...” He started to turn.

Jack leaped, grabbing the man by the ears, crushing his ear lobes.

“Shit!” yelled the man as he flung Jack to the ground. “What was that all about?” he said, holding his ears and looking down at the woman on the ground. “That ...hurt!” He jerked his eyes toward the detective, “If she tries that again...”

Pete held up his hand, “Sorry, Mr. Harmon.” He looked down at Jack. “You OK, kid?”

Jack stared at the man, horrified. *Nothing* was happening! There was no goo flowing down his face, no... Jack pushed himself up and walked rapidly away, his arms crossed his small breasts defensively. He didn’t want them to see his tears. He was royally fucked! Now he could hardly see as he staggered up the hill, his vision completely blurred; hot tears were freely running down his cheeks. There was no hope, no hope at all. That bastard Donald Pain was going to get away with wrecking his life. Going to? It was already done!

Pete must think I’m crazy. That thought flared. In the middle of all this, he still had time to worry about what Pete thought. He blinked his eyes, fighting back the tears until he regained control. Maybe John Harmon was really only a memory now! It didn’t matter that someone inside a modified space suit was pretending to be him, what mattered was that *he* wasn’t *he* any longer. Jackie had become real! The bottom line was: *Jackie was woman in love with a man.*

Chapter 10

Northern Utah! Donald Pain Junior hated it. He hated the isolation, the cold, but most of all he hated June. At twenty-eight years of age, he’d been snatched from a future filled with endless promise to a future of abject abuse and slavery. Of course none of this could have happened if his old man hadn’t willed it! So perhaps he should have hated him more than June but hating Donald Pain Senior had no payoff except death. Besides, if there was salvation, it would be through Dad. Blood was thicker than water, right? Given enough time, he might yet sour the bond, the trust, that had grown between his former wife and his Dad.

Oddly, the starvation diet that June had imposed on him—he’d already lost almost fifty pounds since they’d abandoned the Oregon facility three weeks ago—had helped to focus his mind and concentrated his purpose. The continuous and literally gut-wrenching hunger worked to counteract the sensual trap created by the *fem suit* June had created for him. Every pang, every frustrated craving for food, simply reminded Don who was responsible for his plight. Still, between the suit and the conditioning, Don knew he was being changed ever so slightly. If he didn’t succeed in disrupting their relationship, eventually the battle would be over.

He hurriedly pulled on a pair of panties, slipped effortlessly into a bra, a simple cotton dress, then a pair of heels before checking out the image in the mirror. A few weeks earlier, this simple ritual would have been utterly alien to Don. Now, truth be known, the transformation was biting *much* deeper into his existence than he realized. Even though he was in a dreadful hurry, he couldn’t help but repair his makeup and apply a few more brush strokes to his long, dark hair. The

few moments grew into minutes. The suit, its insidious femininity and June's conditioning had profoundly altered Don's self identity, values and awareness. He pursed his lips as he twisted and turned before the mirror. He wasn't satisfied with the image, perhaps... "June, is there time for me to change?" His voice was still his voice, no goo had been used to modify it, but it had softened into something more feminine.

"For Pete's sake!" growled June as she stuck her head inside the bedroom and looked at her watch. "You look..." Her Junior face flipped from impatient annoyance to pleasure. June was being conditioned as well, only in her case it was accidental rather than planned. The fem version of her husband was a nice compromise between her earlier female identity and her assumed maleness. Oh, she could function as a male. Princess, that is Herman, was proof enough of that but Don "femmed-to-the-max" with his imprisoned prick... June felt her lust stir. She looked at her watch again. There was time enough. "Sure," she said as she pulled the door shut behind her.

Don was in the act of stepping out of his dress when June swept him in her arms. "A little sugar, Sugar," she cooed before trapping those woman lips with her own. Don went passive, his mouth open just enough to allow June's tongue to enter. He neither fought nor did he aid her assault. Ripping at the bra, June exposed those lush artificial globes and began to work the breast flesh with her fingers. Now Don began to writhe. Now Don's tongue met and fought with hers. Down came the panties and up came Don's prick.

Don began to mew as the sheath interacted with the erectile tissue of the penis. The pain was the glorious precursor to the pleasure as Don twisted around, exposing his butt to June's groin. Now he was begging for it as June kneaded his buttocks, then paused to unzip her pants. Out came the artificial penis. "You want it, don't you baby?" she growled. "Tell me you want it!" Every act of intercourse was a pound of revenge.

"Yes-yes-yes!" Don's plans for the future were on hold for the moment as June entered him. Only by coming could he end the pain and yet the pain had become the signal for coming. It was all very confusing to Don.

~oOo~

Don Senior looked at his watch but said nothing as June and Junior arrived at the new facility. Junior, in the skimpy, tight white dress, wiggled into his arms and gave him an affectionate kiss on the cheek. This was something he'd done for the first time only last week; probably June had instigated that. Now it was a daily ritual. None of his son's former masculinity was visible. Don Senior returned the kiss automatically before breaking free. "Princess?"

"Sir?" The redhead, like Junior, had lost a few pounds over the last few weeks and he was looking better as well. He'd never be beautiful but sexy? OK. But a lot of this was superficial. Herman continued to despise this body, this imposed femininity but he'd been smart enough to keep his mouth shut. Playing the occasional

concubine to June in the Junior suit was light service at worst and gave him enough freedom at the facility to keep his hopes up. “Keep, uh, Donny occupied for a while, Sweetheart.”

“Sure, number one boss-man.” Herman grabbed Junior’s arm and drew the protesting fem-male from the room.

“But Daddy!” Junior simpered but he was apparently now resigned to being far from the center of power. With an exaggerated pout and a twist of his hip, he turned and flounced after Princess.

“June?”

“Dad?”

“Why in the fuck did you do *that* to Mark?”

“For Pete’s sake, he’s only a programmer!”

Donald Senior’s eyebrows rose, “Only? Try *was* a programmer.”

“Oh.” She laughed nervously and then shrugged her shoulders. “How was I supposed to know? Well, it *was* his own triple-X software after all.”

“The fucker was a genius,” growled Donald. “I’m only now discovering just how important he was.”

“Sorry,” responded June but she wasn’t all that sorry. The suits were magnificent even without any further modifications. And then there were the other technicians and engineers from Crystal River, so what was Don’s problem anyway? She was uncomfortable with her father-in-law’s stare. He had little patience with error and, apparently in Don’s eyes, she’d make a big one when she ran the triple-X program on Mark.

Finally his hostility faded from his face and was replaced by concern. “Look, I finally found out how that twit Harmon escaped from the suit.”

“I’m all ears.”

“Odd that you should say that.” Don pulled June closer and then, in a lowered voice said, “This must never be mentioned, to anyone, OK?” She jerked her head in agreement. “The suit responds to simultaneous pressure applied to both ear lobes. It’s a safety feature, probably built into the deepest layers of the code. God knows we’ve been lucky thus far. Anyhow, the wearer of the suit must apply the pressure, understand? Apparently the material on the fingers are coded to interact with the material on the ear lobes. Then, System Terminated.”

June swore as she thought about Junior, “Damn!”

“Right. So you understand why I’m more than a little pissed about losing Mark?”

“Maybe he’ll get better, huh?”

Don rolled his eyes. “You haven’t seen him lately, have you? Even after we re-set his suit, attention span of a newt. We didn’t need another mindless bimbo,

OK? See what you can do with the other programmers. I need that emergency off switch program erased.

June looked thoughtful, "How did you find out about the off switch?"

Donald Senior's eyes showed that he was carefully calculating his response. Having weighed his options, he decided. "I bought off that cop, you know the one protecting Harmon?" He shrugged, "He was cheap enough."

"Jesus how many others know about the off button?"

"By tomorrow, just you and me."

"Oh." That was a side of Donald that she didn't see much, fortunately. "How?" she asked but she didn't really want to know. The idea of murder was repugnant under any circumstance.

~oOo~

All things considered, it had been minor surgery. The removal of her testicles had cut off the major source of male hormones and, with a modest amount of estrogen, the body had responded immediately. Jackie's breasts had increased a whole cup size in three weeks. The new, more feminine, distribution of fat complimented perfectly the existing feminine bone structure. Only the penis remained. Odd, but Jackie couldn't part with that last vestige of her former life. It wasn't just the fear of surgery, the pain, whatever, no. Nor was it a remembrance, a keepsake. Oh, it broke up the otherwise perfect femaleness of her body but it was also a major source of sexual gratification. A functional vagina and penis: dual genitalia had a lot going for it, if only Pete could come to terms with that concept.

Pete, as it turned out, was proving to be as old-fashioned, as homophobic, as anyone Jackie had known. The poor bastard was caught on the horns of a dilemma all right. He was obviously in love with Jackie and yet it was clear that he couldn't stand the fact that Jackie was, well, Jack. Jackie had taken to tying a silk scarf around her hips so as to cover her penis from Pete's sight. But it still was an uncomfortable situation for Pete, obviously. Jackie reached up and stroked Pete's cheek as Pete's penis nuzzled the opening of her vagina. A few inches above, under its cloak of silk, his prick also waited expectantly. "Com'on baby," Jackie said to encourage her man.

"I'm losing it," he said through teeth clenched tightly together. He started to pull away.

Jackie followed him up, a hand on Pete's dying prick. "Hold still," she ordered before he could get off the bed. Pete stopped and Jackie's head went down and took the prick between her lips. A memory of a similar scene flashed through her mind as she remember that night on the boat with Junior, but this was nothing like that night. She greedily took in the limp lump of flesh and began to work it with her tongue. "Jesus!" she swore as Pete pulled away and climbed to his feet. And then she watched as he hurriedly dressed and fled the bedroom.

“Pete!” she cried. Life never seemed to get easy. “OK Pete, whatever you want, I’ll do it!”

Unfortunately for Jackie, it really wasn’t Jackie’s prick that was the problem. Having been promised his Judas silver, it was Pete’s conscience that was bothered.

Finally after Pete had left, Jackie got up. No morning delight but tonight was yet another opportunity. The door slammed. Jackie winced, she really wanted this to work, she realized, as she watched Pete, from the bedroom window, climb into his car and leave. She’d never felt as vulnerable as a male but then, as Jack, she’d been someone. Now? A non-person legally. No social security number, nothing. What if they couldn’t work this out? She didn’t want to think about that.

~oOo~

Pete wasn’t the only one having a bout of conscience. June wasn’t yet the monster that Donald Pain Senior was and therein lay the problem. The suits didn’t kill, they just created *opportunity*. She hadn’t reached the level where murder was acceptable. How many people would die? Surely that cop was one. When Donald had said he’d bought him cheap, she knew in her gut *exactly* what that meant; he’d never receive his blood money. And since she didn’t know him, it would be relatively easy to ignore the knowledge she’d received. But Jack...

She could still see his face, his male face, of course. And those brown eyes and that devotion that had always lurked behind them. She’d even imagined having a relationship with him at one time. She began to pace, her hands behind her back, head down. She hadn’t had the relationship with him precisely because she really cared for him and now... Vivid images of Jack, cold and dead lying face up in a coffin. She gnashed her teeth.

“Problem, Boss?”

She jerked to a halt. “Princess?”

“Yeah, Boss?”

“You busy? I mean...”

“Who? Me? Besides baby-sitting Junior? I haven’t been busy since we got here.” The redhead looked interested.

“If I can get you out of here for a while...”

“If you mean like out of Utah, I’m all ears.”

“It could be dangerous.”

Herman looked down at his bimbo body suit and tried to imagine how much worse things could be. And it could be worse. “Like I said...”

“Donald is going to have Jack murdered.”

“Ouch! And?”

“See if you can get them into hiding before tomorrow.”

“Them?”

“Jack and his lover, uh, Lieutenant Lomis. They’re in Eureka California.”

“How?”

“I don’t know.” She turned and pulled a stack of bills from her desk and pushed them toward the redhead. “It’s only a couple of thousand but it should help. And oh yeah, detective Lomis *thinks* he’s working for Donald, so...”

“Jesus! And if I do, what happens to me?”

“If you pull it off...”

“Yeah?”

“You get a sexy boy suit.”

Herman licked his lips as he picked up the money, “So, where are they and how much time do I have?”

~oOo~

Jackie yelped when she realized the figure bending over her wasn’t Pete. “Who, who are you?” she gasped as she sat up, pulling along the sheet to cover her breasts. The silhouette was female but that was all she could discern in the darkness.

“Look, we don’t have time. Where’s your lover?”

Jackie had reached the headboard and was now fully sitting up and a lot more awake. Her heart hammered in her chest. There was no way that she was going to answer the last question until she know who and what... “He’s a cop, you know...” As if that were a threat to the intruder.

“Damn it! It’s me, Herman Morgan, OK?”

Relief and disbelief bloomed in concert, “Herman?”

“Yeah, yeah, I know, in a female suit, OK? Anyhow. Where do I start. Your boy friend sold you out. How’s that for starters? Old man Pain...”

“Pete?”

“Yeah, the cop. Who knows how much he got...”

“Pete?”

“Damn it, are you listening? Sometime before noon, you and Pete are going to have an accident, a fatal accident.”

“But you said Pete sold...”

“To people like old man Pain, it don’t matter, OK? No honor. So where’s this guy of yours.” Jackie shrugged. She didn’t know. “Com’on, get dressed.”

“And Pete?”

“Between you, me and that bed post, a guy that’d sell you for a few buck is just...”

Jackie didn’t wait for Herman to finish. Leaking tears, she scrambled out of the bed. How could Pete do such a thing? Was there any good left in the world? “Where are we going?”

“Damned if I know,” swore Herman as he bent over and looked out the window. A sedan had pulled up across the darkened street since he’d arrived and there were at least two men inside. Herman eased back from the window. “Did I say a fatal accident before noon? More likely a classic hit before dawn. You *do* have a back door, don’t you, Jack?”

~oOo~

Picturing June as a pig was nearly impossible but the graphic image of the human-June-pig, snout-like nose, deformed mouth and rolls of fat that Herman painted was ample explanation why June might have elected to wear a Junior suit or any human suit, even without considering the deformation of her skeleton. Ditto poor Herman. They were already seventy miles east of Eureka and were now on Interstate 5, heading south toward L.A. as the dawn threatened to drive away the last of the stars. Jackie was deep in thought as he looked across the seat at Herman in his redhead bimbo suit. “I think I know why Mr. Pain wants me dead.”

Herman looked over. “Shoot.”

“You agree that it can’t be that he’s afraid of my telling the world. God knows nobody would believe me, except Pete.” Bringing up Pete’s name only brought a wave of pain. Truth was, Pete must have finally recognized that at least some of what he’d been told was true, especially after Pain Senior made him a business offer he apparently couldn’t refuse. That Pete could do such a thing, accept money for her, made Jackie’s head spin.

“Go on.”

“Sorry.” Jackie blinked back bitter tears. “I know why but I can’t figure out June in all this. Unless she doesn’t know...”

“You’re talking in circles again, Jack.” Herman was tired and his fuse was short. “Why does Pain want you dead?”

“Oh not just me. Pete, that young police sergeant and that NASA scientist too, I’m sure.” She looked over at Herman. “We know how to turn the suits off.”

The car swerved as Herman yelped, “HUH!” His eyes were big as he began to nod; he was applying too much attention to his passenger. “What! How?”

“Damn it Herman, you trying to get us killed?”

“What, what!” Herman said jerking the car back into its lane.

“What I don’t understand is why June would try to save my life. I mean, from what you said, she’s got as much invested in this system as her father-in-law by

now. And she sure doesn't want you running around with the knowledge, so what's her angle?"

The redhead was squirming in his seat. He could care less about June's motivations or even if a whole army of assholes might die but he *did* care about getting out of the suit that held him prisoner. "Who in the fuck cares? She did and so I'm here, enough. How do I get out of this Goddamn suit?" The car swerved again.

"Get off at the next exit. I'll show you."

~oOo~

They were in a grove of trees that sheltered them from view, assuming that there was anyone on the road at five-oh-five in the morning. A heavy mist combined with the weak predawn light didn't make for very good visibility but, for Herman, it was more than enough light to see what the suit had done to him, and what he saw also answered Jackie's question as well. The bimbo clothes, tossed around the ground with Herman in the center of the disarray, formed the backdrop. The goo lay in a puddle around Herman's naked feet. Except for the hair and the groin, the redhead, sans red hair and with an added prick, was nearly identical to the bimbo that had been the suit image. Herman was stunned.

"She must have gradually increased the gain of the suit over the last three-four weeks, not like what happened to me," noted Jackie.

Herman looked at the body and poked a finger into a much smaller breast, but a breast nonetheless. There wasn't the electric thrill that he'd become accustomed to, there was no amplification of the sensory input but if anything, the effect was all the more dramatic because it wasn't a suit, it was *reality!*

"Yeah," added Jackie as the baffled fem-man stood there in obvious shock. "I know what you're experiencing." Herman looked up, misery written deeply on his face. "I bet she promised you a male suit, right? When the job was done." Herman nodded. "Wouldn't happen, you know, Herman. This is her hold on you." Herman just gaped. "Christ, look on the bright side, will ya?"

"Huh?"

"You got your prick and the balls are still there, somewhere, OK? A little surgery to reduce the breasts, some hormones and regular trips to the gym..."

"You think?" Herman whimpered.

"Trust me. Anyhow, lots of guys will think you're, you know, swell just like that. Man, you needed to lose some weight anyway and you look fifteen years younger."

"I...I do?" he said as he pulled his feet free of the goo. He didn't look so down anymore. He rubbed his crotch just to be sure his pony was still alive. Younger was good, he had to agree. Get rid of the tits and...

Herman?"

“Yeah?”

“I think its our last chance. I mean you and me. I know I can never go back to the way I was and, well, you now know too much. June might let you live, but Pain?” He left the thought hanging there.

Herman bit his lip pensively. “We’d be starting over with nothing, zip.” He rubbed the flesh on his breast, there was no mind-numbing reaction. Jack was right, the physical changes *could* be over come. “What would we do?”

“Find a way to warn the world. I don’t know how Herman, but we got to at least try.”

Herman began to get dressed. He wasn’t a hero nor did he want to be a martyr but... “OK, lets see what we can do.”

~oOo~

“You’ll never get away with this!” cried Donald Pain Senior. He was covered in suit material. The goo was still transparent and the surface lumpy.

His doppelganger, his identical twin, stood with a self-satisfied smile. “I already have,” his second self said, the voice a perfect copy of the original Donald Pain Senior.

“Who are you?” he squeaked as his suit twin went over to the computer and began setting up the program. He struggled with the constraints. On the floor, still unconscious, was Thrasher.

“Oh Dad!” said his double.

“Junior!”

Pain Senior gritted his teeth. There was no way they could keep him in the suit. June must know that. “Which programmmmm.” His voice shrilled into a falsetto.

“Mark’s triple-X program. You’re going to *love* the way you look, you old bastard!”

A bubble-lipped blond with triple-D hooters rippled into existence. Sensory enhancement hovered at nearly tenfold normal, an impossible condition except that most of the enhancement was localized at the lips, breast and artificial groin. A few days in this suit and, if Mark were any indication, the mental transformation would be awesome. Still, it would take days for the effects to wreck the old man’s identity. The bimbo struggled at the constraints, her breasts windmilling.

“Here, Honey,” June said as she crossed over the laboratory floor. “Hold still.” She began to remove the cuffs. Donald Senior remained silent which wasn’t surprising considering that speech was nearly impossible in that suit. Even self-stimulation of those lips could bring on an orgasm and old man Pain knew that. And every orgasm would rework a part of his identity. “There!” said June, stepping back to admire her work.

A sneer slipped across those lush lips as Pain in the bimbo suit reached up and took his ears. Nothing had been done on the emergency off switch program; he'd known if it had. And then a startled look came over his bimbo face. He moaned.

“Right, no earlobes, old man.”

He tried to scream but the effort simply drove him into a sexual passion as June in the Donald Pain Senior suit laughed. She had it *all*. The considerable fortune of Pain, an obedient, housebroken wife and control of the suits. The power was awesome!

~oOo~

“They're out there now as I speak, the suits. Properly used, and they probably have been, the public continues to be unaware of their existence. Sir, identities have been and are being stolen, perhaps by the hundreds. You must have noticed the recent mergers in the communication industry? Look closely enough and you'll find WCI, or a WCI holding company with its hand on the collective corporate throat. They will soon have access to any and all information, planet-wide. You must ask why?”

“My dear,” said the old man, editor-in-chief of a small Midwestern newspaper. “This story sounds terribly, uh, paranoid if you don't mind me saying.” He paused, “But, pray tell, why me? This is a relatively small and insignificant paper, after all.”

Jackie twisted in her chair, frustrated. “Because no one else has listened.” Her eyes brightened as she fought back her tears, “Because it may be too late already.”

The End