

PINSEDO



I want to be the perfect Pinesdo Girl

Tom Tame

PINSEDO

by
Tom Tame

Many thanks to Selkie who takes the time to encourage, edit and generally make me smile.

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The Pinsedo Case

"I believe you."

Joan's jaw dropped. She recovered quickly and a familiar mask of suspicion stretched beneath her face once again. "You believe me as long as I'm paying, you mean."

Sunny dove in for a rescue while Terry sat furrowing his brow. "He means we looked and found some odd things about the company and we're willing to take the case." Sunny's tone had a combative edge to it that wasn't necessarily putting their new client at ease.

Joan's lips pressed together until they were white. She was coiling up to strike, but when her lips popped open, Terry cut her off quick.

"We found a half dozen other women that were afforded the same so-called promotion as your wife. We checked three of them out and found a pattern."

Joan's mouth closed. A flush of sorrow bled into her cheeks. Her eyes watered slightly. "What pattern?" It was clear that the pain of her lost lover was alive in her mind once again, fresh and crisp as if it had just happened.

He gave her a moment to collect herself, but it was all just band-aids without a cure. "In the months before their so-called promotion, the other girls, just like Amy, all alienated themselves from their friends and family. They withdrew."

"Self-isolation," Sunny provided.

"What--" Joan asked. "What does that mean?"

Terry wasn't sure if Sunny was helping or if there was some female versus female competition at work. Joan wasn't all that attractive. She was bulky, bigger than him, taller than him (he was downright scrawny), and certainly not sweet and curvy like Sunny. Sunny was pretty and could be downright gorgeous when she dolled herself up, all blonde and blue-eyed like her name, young, pretty and built like a California cheerleader. Joan was attracted to her; that much was obvious, but Sunny was a man-lover and that made her the enemy in Joan's eyes.

"It means--" Sunny was on edge. It was clear in her tone. Terry laid his hand gently over hers on the table and forced her fist to loosen, then addressed Joan himself.

"It's a trait which victims of cults exhibit: inclusion into the group; exclusion of anything or anyone that interferes with their control."

"You think this Pinsedo company is a cult?"

"Not necessarily. There are cults and there are cult-like groups," he told her. "I know of an instance where a yoga class turned into a full fledged cult and no one realized it until they were in too deep. To some extent all companies use a group mentality to promote teamwork. This company in particular is highly self-contained and reclusive, which is unusual. In its ten-year history, it has only hired three men and all for executive positions, but it's hired hundreds of women. That sounds fishy to me. What about you? Plus, all of its personnel, even the janitorial staff, are company employees. They don't contract out any labor. The company isn't public, so I have no way of seeing its earnings, but from what I can tell, I don't see how it could be profitable, so it could well be a front for something else."

Joan breathed deeply, staring at him, lost. He wasn't sure if she'd heard anything he'd just said. "Amy just...changed." Her eyes drifted, became glassy again. "She wasn't the same girl I met. She used to be such a--well, not butch exactly, but definitely not into all that girly stuff. When she went to work for Pinsedo, it was like she became someone else. Suddenly, she was wearing skirts and heels and makeup and perfume and having her hair done. At the end she was like an airhead, you know? And that just wasn't her. My Amy was a smart girl who didn't let me or anyone push her around." Her eyes met Terry's once again. They were brown and pretty, but her short spiked haircut and her tattoos and her muscles were clearly created to purposefully subtract the femininity from her face. "How does someone just change like that? Are you telling me they did some kind of brainwashing on her?"

"To brainwash someone you need to keep them in controlled conditions for weeks on end. They didn't do that, did they?"

"There was a three day business retreat, but she'd started changing before that. It was subtle at first, you know? But I could feel there was something going on with her. The cops just think she left me, that she finally met a cock that turned her straight. Fucking pigs."

Terry turned to Sunny and suggested, "So, something more subtle then, maybe a form of intense peer pressure?"

Joan sneered at him. Her lip ring caught the light and the diamond in it shone. Her arms were bare in her tight tee shirt and were covered with the dull blue swirls of tattoos. She was an artistic welder. Her loft was filled

with sculptures, some twisted, some voluptuous, all of them breathtaking. "Peer pressure didn't turn my queer girlfriend straight. Maybe some girls, but not my Amy."

He let the silence answer for him. Did she want to talk or did she want to bitch? "I don't honestly know what happened to her. Maybe nothing. But I'm willing to find out."

On cue, Sunny pushed their list of expenses and a contract across the table.

Joan eyed it and then glared at Terry. "For a price, you mean."

He was sincere and Joan could see it in his eyes. "I don't work for free, Joan, and neither do you. We couldn't eat if we did. If there is something going on, I'll expose it. One way or the other at least you'll know. I promise."

It was clear to Terry that Sunny considered Joan the worst kind of lesbian: a devout man-hater. He thought differently. People hate what they fear, and no one hates something without reason, no matter how irrational it might be. Joan had watched her lover become someone she didn't recognize and couldn't understand. To hear her tell it, Amy went from a bossy, brassy girl who loved women to a submissive, man-loving slut overnight. Terry suspected there was more to it than that, but the Pinsedo company was a weird one and he really wanted an excuse to dig into them with a big fork.

* * *

They were all set. Sunny would apply for a position with Pinsedo and once she was hired she could get the lay of the land. He could walk her through some network hacking. She'd been learning that and every other skill Terry could teach her, but she didn't have the years of experience he did. Her martial arts skills were quickly closing on his, however, and he wondered how long it would be before she passed him.

Pinsedo had put her interview date several weeks into the future. They said it was because of the sheer volume of applicants, which he didn't doubt. They paid well, better than anyone else, and they had the reputation of being extra picky. The women that got hired were beautiful, yes, but since so many had resumes that were polished like gold, it was no surprise that there were no complaints that could be taken seriously. What was surprising was that there were no female executives. Where were the lawsuits and glass ceiling accusations from the women inside the company? Even if they were paid top dollar, women were no different than men when it came to ambition. They would want the position, the prestige, and the power.

It was almost as if they had some kind of hold over their staff, perhaps especially their female employees.

All good questions would find answers eventually. Sunny was cheerful and had spent a day and a half picking out the right outfit and the right look. When she showed Terry what she had in mind (after hours of making him approve her outfits and then rejecting his selection), he had to admit, she was not only drop dead sexy, but business sharp as well.

Her charcoal A-line skirt was tight and just short enough to be sexy, but not slutty. Her hose was black; her heels, tall and red and as shiny as the red glossy lipstick she'd applied. She'd left her shirt collar loose with just enough undone buttons to make men look, but not so many that they'd suspect she was secretly a hired stripper. She'd piled her long blonde hair up on her head, and left just a few strands to tickle her jaw line and neck, little sensual wisps that drew the eye to a pair of dangling expensive silver earrings. She'd painted her face to look sharp and sensual, and donned a pair of old glasses, which gave her the high IQ look of someone straight out of Mensa.

She was perfect and they both knew it. Her look said, "Don't hate me because I'm beautiful," while whispering, "Don't think just because I'm gorgeous that I'm not as smart as a whip." Her style was the Pinsedo style, super model perfection but also highly educated.

They would hire her. They couldn't do otherwise.

It was all set...and then it all changed when Sunny opened the morning mail and exclaimed, "Shit!"

He was hip-deep in research on Pinsedo. "What?"

"They set a court date."

Terry looked up, still bleary-eyed from the papers and computer screen. "So?"

"So they changed the venue. It's out of state and I have a subpoena to testify."

A serious, slightly nauseated feeling began in Terry's stomach. "Out of state? When?"

"Three weeks from now, the exact same week as my Pinsedo interview."

He shrugged. "So, you fly out, testify and fly back."

She thrust the letter at him. "No, I am to make myself available for two weeks or as long as the defense decides to keep me dangling for recall and cross-examination."

Terry furrowed his brow and shook his head. "That won't work. You'll be working for Pinsedo by then."

"I won't even be able to make the interview. There's no way."

Terry marched over to her and snatched the letter from her hand. "Shit."

"That's what I said."

Terry sighed, his eyes shifting back and forth. "Maybe we can request some kind of hardship."

"What are the odds?"

Even now in the middle of their crisis, Terry could smell her. He didn't know if it was her shampoo or her perfume or just her natural scent, but it lingered in the dark part of his male psyche and gave birth to such lust and longing. He'd save it for later, but when later came, he'd want to smell the most intimate part of her and follow it up with some pretty randy kissing. "Maybe we can find someone else."

"To testify?"

He glared at her for a moment, then his face softened.

She blushed and did everything but call herself stupid. "Oh."

"Jessica?"

"Good decoy, lousy with computers though."

"Vicki."

"I don't think she's the Pinsedo type, do you?"

"We can doll her up, give her a makeover."

"True, but it's more than just looks. She's got to pull off innocent when she's being devious."

"Okay, Janet then."

Sunny nodded. "She'd be perfect, but she'll have to bring the baby."

"Can't she hire a sitter?"

Sunny smiled, blue eyes twinkling. "Yes, I suppose, but the sitter would have to follow her around. The baby is still in her belly."

"Shit."

There were no other options. No one they trusted that had the skills they needed that could be made into the drop-dead gorgeous Pinsedo bait they needed.

* * *

He spotted Sunny across the crowded room and smiled. She played with an earring and smiled back. He turned to the two brunettes at the bar and smiled even wider. "It was nice meeting you both."

They nodded back. "Good luck! Thanks for the drinks!"

He and Sunny had played this act a dozen times. They were well rehearsed.

He sauntered over to Sunny's table with a long island iced tea. "Hi, I'm Terry. I hope you don't mind the intrusion, but look...I come bearing gifts."

She played with her hair, smiled up at him with a blush. "Oh, thank you, but I think I've had enough for tonight. I still have to drive home, you know."

He grinned. "Well, until you leave, would you mind a little company?"

She grinned back. "There's a lot of company in here already."

"That's true. Some very handsome company, too, and for a woman with your looks, I imagine you could have your pick."

She looked past him at the bar. "No one's really caught my eye though."

He set the drinks down and took the chair beside her. "Well maybe I can help you decide. I'm an excellent judge of character, you know."

"Hm, I don't know. How do I really know if you're a good judge of character?"

He gazed deeply into her eyes and she rewarded him with a blush. "Did you miss the part where I complimented you on how absolutely gorgeous you are?"

"No," she laughed. "I didn't miss it. That just proves you're a good judge of appearances. I could be beautiful but deadly."

"Oh, you are. I can feel it right down into my socks."

Her face was bright and pink and pleased. She turned and sipped on her straw and glanced back at him over her shoulder. "Somehow I don't think it's your socks that's feeling things."

He grinned. He offered her his hand. "Terry."

"Sunny." His hand wrapped warmly around hers.

Under his breath, he added, "Having any luck?"

She shook her head. They pretended to continue their flirtation. They'd arrived separately, but they could

leave together and no one would be the wiser. They'd spent a couple of hours working the room, surreptitiously questioning the female customers they knew worked for Pinsedo. "I'm finding everyone curiously tight-lipped. How about you?"

He scooted closer and swept her hair from her face, marveling at the way the light danced in her eyes. "I'm finding the same thing. They are very, very happy, happier than women should be with just a few drinks in them, but whenever I get to the part about what they do for a living and what it's like to work for Pinsedo, they suddenly want to talk about something else."

Her eyes were full of wet glitter. She took a long deep breath and chewed on her bottom lip. She knew how to drive him wild and couldn't resist playing with him. "Everyone I've talked to says I should work there, but whenever I ask why, they all laugh and just smile at each other like it's a private joke. It's weird."

"What's weird is I've chatted up half a dozen of these lovely girls tonight, but you're the only that's driving me crazy." He inched closer to her, laid his hand over hers and began to rub her arm lightly.

She blushed scarlet and squirmed a little. "We have to get someone on the inside if we really want to know what's going on in there."

He slipped his arm around her shoulders, let his gaze settle on her wet, glistening lips. "It's like a whole Fight Club kind of thing."

"Fight Club?"

"You know...the first rule of Fight Club is don't talk about Fight Club'."

She gazed up into his eyes and felt for a moment like she might burst into flames. He was so close and so warm and he was being charming and he'd worn the cologne she'd bought him that made her heart do back flips.

Terry had never been the biggest, strongest alpha male on the block, but he'd never lacked confidence. He had charisma. He had a way of making her feel like the Sun could only shine for her. He was only an inch taller than her and came up short when she wore heels. He was thin, wiry and had a boyish face with dreamy green eyes. He kept the shadow of a beard on his face to appear more masculine, and he kept his thick sandy blond hair short.

"What is it with men and that movie?"

He laughed and it was a nice laugh. She wondered if he wasn't deepening his voice on purpose. If so, it was working. She got a little shiver inside her and she liked it. "Because it would be a much better world if we all watched Titanic thirty times in a row."

She pouted. "A feisty Rubenesque woman falls in love with a--"

He cut her off. "--an effeminate, scrawny artist?"

She met his gaze and enjoyed the way his face turned red. "We're not going to fight about this again, are we?"

"About who was prettier, you mean? Him or her?"

"About--"

She froze.

She gazed at him. Then she gawked at him.

He blinked at her like a dancer watching his partner spin off the dance floor. "What?"

She grinned. "It's crazy."

"What's crazy?"

She grinned wider. "It's really crazy!"

He pulled away from her with an expression of sheer caution. "What's really crazy?"

* * *

"Remember Barabas?"

Terry gave her a glance and then signaled for a left turn. "Your first case?"

Sunny's smile beamed like a pair of newly installed headlights. "The first time you let me go undercover."

He laughed. She'd been so proud of herself. She'd come a long way since then. The nervousness he'd seen in her eyes, the fear, still made appearances, but she'd gotten better at managing it. "It wasn't much of a cover. You were already close to his type. Thin, beautiful--"

She leaned over and rested her head on his shoulder. The roads were wet; there was a little drizzle in the night, and the rhythmic sweep, squeak and *womp* of the window wipers made her want to curl up with his naked body beneath a fine set of sheets. "You called me the loveliest bait you'd ever seen."

He chuckled. "Not bad for a girl who was only supposed to be my office manager."

"You were so worried about me."

"I didn't want to pay worker's comp."

She slid her finger down his neck and gazed at the profile of his face. "You should've known I wasn't going to settle for just being an overpriced secretary."

"I should've. What I should've done was kept you behind that desk where you belonged."

"But that was the night I knew we were going to be together."

He made a grunting noise. He turned and kissed her quickly and made the final turn for home. "You were... excited."

She laughed and stretched out of the seat belt long enough to plant a warm kiss on his neck. She watched wordlessly as he slipped one hand down between his legs to make an adjustment. "It was pretty wild. I'd never done anything like that before. Catching that sick asshole, watching you kick his ass, and then later...."

"We barely made it back to the hotel."

"And it was so different. I'd never felt anything like that before. I'd never thought of myself as a lesbian before."

"I don't think that qualified as you being a lesbian."

"You were so pretty and you smelled so...female, you know?"

He groaned. "Don't remind me."

"No one had a clue."

He groaned again. "I wasn't going to let you out of my sight and it was the only way into a women's-only club."

She let her hand rest between his legs and felt the warm lump there. Was it her imagination or could she actually feel it throbbing? She parted her lips and let her tongue taste the salt of his skin, giving him a little nibble, feeling him shifting closer to her as she turned up the heat. "Everyone thought you were a real girl. Even when I glanced over at you, you were so perfect and you had quite a line of admirers."

"Why are we talking about this?"

"Because...." She withdrew a little, knowing she was taking a risk. "I think it's our way in to Pinsedo."

He whipped his head around, shrugged her off. "What? That's crazy!"

"I told you it was a crazy idea, but it'll work. I know it!"

"Sunny, it worked in the Amazon bar because the Amazon bar was filled with transvestites and transsexuals."

"Only a few, and it wasn't them hitting on you. It was the real live lesbians--"

"I only did it because it was a no man's land."

"But you passed, baby. No one--"

He recoiled even further from her. "I wasn't trying to pass!"

"That proves my point! You weren't even trying and you were perfect."

"No, it proves *my* point! I wasn't trying because I didn't have to. If someone suspected I was really a man, they would just assume I was a cross dresser, and it was a bar with loud music and flashing lights. No one could hear my bad falsetto, and no one could get a good long look at me. You're talking about an office setting under fluorescent lights. I'd have to interact with women. They'd spot me in a second!"

She sat back heavily in the car seat. "I don't think they would. I don't think you're aware of how good you looked. I think you could pull it off. I think--"

"We're not discussing this!"

She sighed heavily, crossed her arms. "I really do think--"

"Not...discussing this!"

They pulled into the driveway.

Terry marched inside and didn't look back, didn't wait for her, didn't slow down. She gave him some distance, took the time to pee and wash her face. She took the time to eat a yogurt and opened a bottle of wine. When she thought enough time had passed, she brought him a glass of merlot.

He was hunched over in the front of the computer, sifting through the Pinsedo research.

"So, do you want to tell Joan we won't be taking her case after all?"

He sat sullenly. "I'll call her tomorrow."

"I think a personal visit would be better. She's really broken up about her girlfriend, and--"

"The case isn't off; it's just delayed until you get back."

"It's delayed until next year. Didn't you look at the notes I left you? They only hire once a year. It's like a little ritual."

He looked up from the computer. "What do you mean? They hire when they hire. A company can't get away with just hiring once a year."

"Baby, no one ever quits Pinsedo. A select few get promoted, whatever that means. They *can* get away with

just hiring once a year."

He blinked and turned back to the P.C. "Oh."

"Do you want to go by tomorrow and talk to her then?"

He didn't respond. She set the glass of wine down on the desk beside him. He stared at it. "I...can't do what you're asking me to do."

"I thought," she replied softly, "that you got into this business to help people."

"That's not fair!"

She threw up her hands in surrender. "Okay...okay."

Silence filled the room. Finally, she turned to leave.

"You don't know what it's been like."

She turned to him again, moving slowly as if he were a wild animal that might bolt with any sudden movement. "You mean like how you learned to fight when you started getting picked on in school, and how you took risky jobs like bouncer and bodyguard because you felt you had to prove something? I thought you were past all that."

"When all the other boys were getting tall, I stayed short. When the other boys got facial hair and bulked up, I stayed soft and small. You don't know what that does to a boy growing up. I had to be twice the guy every other guy was just to get taken seriously by girls. I had to be an asshole just so they wouldn't see me as their little brother."

"Why do you equate being male with being an asshole?"

He shook his head, grabbed the wine glass and downed it like a shot. "I don't know, but it worked. Girls expect guys to be rude, unsympathetic, hard, refusing to show emotion, so that's the role I played so they would respect me."

"And while we're at it," Sunny continued, "why do you equate being female as being something less?"

That caught his attention. "I don't. You know I respect you. In some ways, a lot of ways, I think you're actually a better investigator than me."

She blushed and bowed her head. "Thank you. I don't have the experience you do, but that means a lot."

"Well," he mumbled, "I mean it. I don't like it, but it's true."

"Thank you anyway." She crossed the room, slid a chair up beside him and wrapped her arms around his neck, looking up just long enough to receive a kiss. "When I was in that bar, I was terrified, but I knew you were there. I didn't *want* to be bait for that sick fuck; I wanted to help you catch him though. That was way out of my comfort zone, but somehow you made it okay. I knew you didn't want me to do it. You gave me every out, but I also knew if I didn't do it, you'd write me off. You'd relegate me to 'secretary' and nothing else."

"That's not true--"

She hushed him with a finger to his lips. "It *is* true. Oh, you would've given me assignments, because I would've pestered you until you did, but you'd know I couldn't be counted on for the big stuff, the scary stuff, but I didn't do it for you, no matter what you might think. I did it for me. I needed to know I could do something like that."

He nodded, turned back to the glowing monitor, studying the rows and columns of files he'd collected on the Pinedo company. "This is different."

"I know. It's okay for a girl to act like a guy and take a job that's aggressive and dangerous. That's girl power, right? But it's somehow wrong for a guy to act like a girl and take on a job that's maternal like nursing, or social and pleasing like a secretary."

"Maybe it's more about losing face with the people I respect."

She brushed his soft, sandy-blond hair. "That will never happen with me, and don't pretend this is my fault."

"I wasn't--"

"This is *your* hurdle. Not mine. It's your ego and your self-esteem that's stopping you from helping someone who really needs it."

Her exit was strategic; she could feel the cogs and gears working in his head. She felt a little guilty about not coming clean. That night in the hotel room had been the most exciting night in her life. For a long time she'd just assumed it was because of the lingering adrenaline of baiting Barabas, of catching him and making sure he came to justice. Since then, however, she'd begun to realize that while the excitement of being in a risky situation had certainly intensified her passion, what she remembered the most--what drove her wild with desire every time she thought about it--was the fact that her boss, the aggressive, smart, wiry, martial arts expert, had somehow transformed before her very eyes into a thin, sexy, luscious green-eyed vixen. Why that turned her on so much, she couldn't say, but it did and she couldn't help wanting a repeat performance.

An hour later, just when she'd thought maybe she'd come on too strong, he appeared at the bedroom door. As pale as a ghost, distraught and looking like he wanted to crawl under the floorboards, he filled the doorway and said, "I'll do it."

The urge to tease him perched on her lips. She wanted to say, "Do what?" Instead, she dropped her book and went to him and wrapped her arms around him, then withdrew enough to look him square in the eyes. "For real? There's no doing this halfway."

He nodded, blanching ever paler, unable to meet her gaze for more than a second. "I'll...I'll try."

She grabbed his chin and gently forced him to meet her gaze. "No. You can't just 'try'. You're either all the way in or you're all the way out. You have to *know* that in a couple weeks you're going to show up in that office for an interview and you're going to get the job by being exactly the kind of girl that they hire. You have to *know* that you're going to work, live, think, move, talk, smell, breathe and behave like a woman in all respects. There's no room for 'try' here."

He swallowed. His nod was nearly imperceptible. He was out of his comfort zone; that much was clear, but how dedicated would he truly be?

"So?" she asked, feeling her heart racing a mile a minute, "are you a girl from now on or are you a boy?"

He blushed like a beet and nodded, whispering. "Yes."

"Not good enough. Yes what?" she pushed.

He let out a long, deep exhale and flexed his jaw, displaying a little flash of anger in his eyes. "Yes...I'm a girl."

She grinned. "Good. Go draw a bath. I'll be there in a few minutes. I have to make some calls."

He blinked curiously. "A--a bath? We're starting now?"

She patted his cheek and gave him a quick kiss. "No time like the present. Off you go, sweetie." When he reluctantly turned to leave, she gave his ass a sisterly pat and heard him groan in response.

The New Girl

He languished in a jungle pond floating with the daisies, dipped in lavender and the oils and nectars of a hundred Goddesses. A sudden chill ran through him; his deepest fear had always been opening this very door. He felt he was at the beginning of a long journey and when it finally ended, he wouldn't be the same; and so far, it felt rather nice, but "nice" was the trap that made the door a one-way portal. If he had to pass a girl, this wasn't a bad way to start. He sighed and sank deeper into the relaxing water, not quite scalding, but close. The tub was practically overflowing and he figured it was probably only half water. Sunny had peeked in when it was half filled and waved at him with crazy fingers.

"You need girly scents in there."

Terry had studied the rows of bottles, mystified. He had poured a trickle of this and a drizzle of that, feeling more and more like he was a freshly plucked chicken about to go into a broth. It hadn't been good enough though. When Sunny peeked in a second time, she'd snatched up one bottle after another and started emptying them.

With a pat to his cheek, she'd given him a sinister smile. "Full immersion, sweetheart. You need the full girl experience, a crash course."

He couldn't very well complain. There were sweet smelling candles lit. There was incense. He was being pampered and he was enjoying it. Woman or no, few people could help savoring a sudsy, oily, perfumed bath. Soft music began to emanate from the living room and he exhaled deeply and laid a sweet smelling washcloth over his face. In no time at all, he was half dozing, half dreaming.

There was movement in the water and he heard the gentle sounds of Sunny's fingers trailing over its surface. He pulled away the washcloth and raised his eyelids lazily, smiling at her. She smiled back and pulled her long blonde hair back into a ponytail. "How's my girl feeling?"

He laughed and sighed. "Just calling me a girl doesn't make it so, and I have a lot of...angst about all this."

She nodded and her long eyelashes fluttered. Her eyes glittered in the candlelight and filled with sympathy. "I know you do, and I have a plan to deal with that, but in the meantime, I'm going to tell you how in love with you I am." She reached over and slicked his wet hair back over his head. "You have to feel free to really let yourself go and not worry that somehow I won't love you because you're anything less than a man. I've always been a little bi-curious, you know."

He grinned. His face was wet and shiny with the perfumed, softening oils penetrating every molecule of water, and now his cheeks were pink, perhaps from the hot bath, perhaps from the memory of her past sexual experiences she'd related to him over a bottle of wine one night not so long ago. "I know. You told me."

She leaned over and kissed him tenderly. When she backed away, she gazed deep into his eyes and felt a huge lump in her throat. "This...this is really turning me on."

He breathed out. "Is it? Is this some...fantasy you've always had or something?"

She laughed and blushed. "Maybe...something like that. It's surprising to me, too, just so you know."

He sighed with renewed distress. "Sunny...I don't know if I can do this."

She nodded and kissed his head. He smelled as girly as could be and she found she liked it. His old familiar man smell was in there somewhere, but it was pretty well masked at the moment. It was almost like being with someone new, a new lover with the added excitement of being a new female lover. She'd been with two women in her life, and she'd been drunk both times. Now was a chance to do something a little different. The kinkiness of the situation, the breaking of the taboos was crashing on her like a wave hitting the shore. She felt almost giddy and high.

"Terry--" She gave him a luscious kiss, enjoying the wet sound of their smacking lips as she withdrew. "You're just having a bath. That's all. It's just a bath."

He nodded.

"Now," she grinned, "stand up like a good girl so I can take care of all that nasty body hair."

He nodded reluctantly and saw the pink bottle of hair remover she set on the edge of the tub.

* * *

He certainly felt one step closer to being a woman. His skin was ultra soft and he was slick as an eel and it wasn't unpleasant, but standing there in heels, hose, skirt and a blouse (not to mention the black bra and panty set) was making him feel an internal nausea. It took him several minutes to recognize it as guilt. Guilt about who or what he had no idea, but everything in him was saying he shouldn't do this.

There was a part of him that enjoyed the close embrace of the stockings, the light, breezy quality of the stretchy, fragile mesh as he rolled them up his smooth legs, the quiet whisking sound of his thighs brushing against one another. It was the same part of him that looked down at his legs in the tight skirt and saw the shapely sexiness of a girl's legs, which made his cock tent the skirt in a very unfeminine way. The epiphany descended on him then that he wasn't nauseated at the idea of being dressed like a girl; he felt guilty for enjoying it.

Sunny grinned when she noticed and gave his bulge a pat.

He felt a turmoil of tears behind his eyes, but he sniffed them away before they could appear and frowned at her angrily. "You think this is funny?"

She swallowed, feeling the sensitive precipice they were on. The wrong word from her and it would be all over. She placed her arms gently around his neck and felt his arms wrap around her in response. With a whisper, she tried to reassure him yet again. "Men get aroused by women's clothing. They just do. Skirts, heels, low cut tops are all sexualized objects. You getting turned on by being in them doesn't mean anything. If anything it means you're more hetero than anything else."

He pulled away, the flame of the anger dimming in his eyes. "How do you figure?"

She rubbed his lips with her thumb and wanted to kiss him again. "Do you think I'd ever get out of the house if I got turned on every time I put on my work clothes?"

His eyes drifted as he considered her point. "So, getting dressed all sexy isn't a turn on for you?"

She laughed and shook her head. "I feel sexy maybe, but that isn't the same as being aroused. If anything, I feel turned on when you respond with that look you get on your face when you see me all dressed up. That's the turn on."

"But--" He continued, shaking his head. "--then why do women get dressed sexy like that when they go out with just the girls or alone?"

"Terry, honey, we get dressed up because we want to feel pretty. Yes, we want to be sexy. It makes us feel good about ourselves, gives us some confidence, and it's not like we don't enjoy a little attention, the right kind, at least."

He nodded. "So, me getting turned on by this--" He stared down into his fake cleavage, which was as at the moment socks and a lot of strategically placed tape. "--isn't a normal female reaction?"

"It's not," she admitted. "And it's happening because it's new and it's kinky and it's kind of a thing right now. After you're living this way I think you'll find that it will become a lot more normal."

He couldn't imagine and he wasn't sure he wanted to. He'd spent his life avoiding any appearance of femininity whatsoever. He was slim and small and short and he didn't want this to ever become normal. "That's what I'm afraid of."

She grinned. "You'll probably still get a little thrill out of it every now and then, but when you're late and running to work and trying to hold onto your coffee, briefcase, purse and hoping you can get your lipstick on at a traffic light, it will feel a lot less sexy."

The fact was, everything she'd just described sounded pretty damn sexy to him.

"Okay," she withdrew and eyed him critically, "we'll have to think about your hair next."

She'd attacked his hair with a brush and a curling iron and a blow drier and had parted it with a barrette, giving it some volume and some curl. It had not made much of a dent in his male style; at the best, it was a tomboy style. They would have to make a choice on a wig, which was fraught with problems, or to work with what he had. A good salon good certainly shape it and cut it and perhaps even lengthen it with some extensions, but that would have to wait for now.

"Let's see."

He stood back clumsily; the clunk of his heels was like the clip-clop of a horse. He did his best to stand right, but it was clearly an over-compensation. He was beet red and self-conscious. She hoped that would pass a little each day, but that wasn't her biggest concern. If he couldn't perfect the mannerisms, he'd never pass. He could certainly do a better job than he was doing at the moment. There was something about him--the set of his eyes, the way he held his head--that was innately unfeminine.

"I'm starting to remember the last time I tried to wear heels."

She giggled. "Well, it's coming back to you. You're doing better already."

He was doing a little better. He glanced at her with concern. She could see the worry in his eyes, the fear that if he acted too female, she would somehow lose respect for him. "It's all about the elbows, right? Isn't that what we did last time?"

"This time is different." She shook her head. He stopped mid-stride and turned in a very unfeminine way.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm not sure what I mean, just that it's different this time. Last time, it just felt like you threw yourself into

it."

"Last time," he told her, "I knew it was only for one night and I was worried about your safety."

She nodded. He was right. The situation was different, but no less pressing. If he couldn't pass, they couldn't work the case and he wouldn't have her around to help. She'd be a city away; available by phone was not truly available. He was already thinking weeks ahead, afraid of getting spotted by women who had been women their entire lives.

She'd told him she had a plan and she did. She wasn't certain, however, that the other participants would go along with it or that it was the right thing to do.

She gave him her best smile. "Don't stop now. Walk, walk, walk. Elbows in, remember it's all about your hips and your boobs. Let the heels position you the way they want. Don't fight them."

Inside, she was growing more concerned about her own motivations. Was she truly the dedicated, noble investigator? Was she riding to the rescue of a client and a dozen missing girls? Or was she waist deep in hot sticky panties from the kinky thrill of feminizing her favorite macho detective boss / boyfriend?

* * *

Ana had just come from the salon and at the suggestion of the beauticians had accepted a pretty new hairstyle with brush-away bangs and a straight cut on the sides. It did wonders for her normally thin face, rounding it off so it looked youthful, detracting from her slightly pointed chin. Her brown eyes swam in a subtle wash of brown and gold where a surprising dark green eyeliner somehow made their color really pop as if they were twice the size. She smiled and blushed like a teenager when Sunny complimented her. The oohs and ahs might have been for a fireworks display, except they were broken up by giggles and hugs.

At the table, Styrofoam coffee cups in hand--no lids, because one likes to see the piles of whipped cream and chocolate / cinnamon sprinkles--she gave Sunny a piercing analyzing stare and began the inquisition. "So?"

Sunny blushed. Already, she knew what the question was, but it needed to be spoken aloud. "So?"

"So, how's the intrepid detective?"

"Oh," Sunny turned beet red and swirled a wooden stir stick around the whipped cream. "He's good."

Ana laughed. "I meant you, stupid."

Sunny laughed. "Oh, it's great actually."

Ana leaned over and wrapped her hand around her friend's wrist. "You're so busted."

Sunny blushed until she was certain the bulk of her blood supply was pulsing in her cheeks. "That was a dirty psychologist trick."

"Nothing dirty about it. So, I take it you and Terry are on track then?"

"We're good. Actually, he's what I wanted to talk to you about. Oh, and we're waiting for someone. She's going to meet us here."

Ana blinked and withdrew, clearly taken off guard. "Oh...okay."

"Anyway, no one calls it 'detective' anymore. We're 'investigators', and we might actually need your help with our current case."

"I don't do profiles if that's what you're asking, but I know a few people."

"No," Sunny said. "It's nothing like that." Her eyes flitted to the door, then flitted back.

Ana noticed it; she noticed her friend seemed a little nervous, too, which was already raising her suspicions.

Sunny continued. "How much peer pressure would it take to influence someone into making dramatic lifestyle changes?"

"Are we talking teenagers or adults?"

Sunny glanced at the door. "Adults. In an office setting. All women."

Ana sighed and dipped her finger into the whipped cream. There was some coffee down in there somewhere; it was like a bitter ocean beneath a sweet arctic landscape. "Well, to be honest, not much. Most people adapt pretty readily to their surroundings, especially when a job is involved. They want to fit in. They don't want to be fired. Not always, of course. It would depend on the atmosphere. Most tech companies these days have pretty open social systems. A brokerage firm or maybe a legal firm, on the other hand, is pretty rigid."

Sunny gave her an eyeful of serious meaning. "I mean, *really* dramatic choices."

Ana shook her head, guessing. "Clothes, food, exercise?"

Sunny glanced at the door again. "Cutting off friends and family members. Leaving life partners. Maybe even changing their sexual preference."

Ana blinked and Sunny noticed she was wearing false eyelashes. They were not overdone. They were very short actually, but they made her eyes flirtatious. The salon had given her the works and it showed. Sunny smiled in

spite of herself and made a note to ask the name of the place. Ana interrupted her train of thought. "Well, those are pretty dramatic. Is this just one person? I'd say it had more to do with the person than the place. They might actually be using the place as an excuse to make changes they wanted to make anyway."

"So far we've counted fourteen women."

Ana stared at her. "What do you mean fourteen women?"

"We've been interviewing ex-husbands, ex-boyfriends and we found fourteen so far that started working at this company and in a few months had made some pretty significant changes. All of them ended up leaving their partners and taking promotions that took them out of the country. No one's seen or heard from them since. Not friends. Not family. No one."

"Well," Ana replied, "I have to tell you with that social networking and society's life-on-display attitudes, what you're suggesting sounds implausible. I don't want to tell you you're wrong, but are you sure?"

Sunny glanced up and her face brightened. "Oh. She's here."

Ana turned and saw a pretty, leggy blonde in a tight skirt standing there, searching the tables. When her blue eyes met Sunny's, she smiled timidly and headed toward them. She sat and blushed pure crimson, immediately averting her eyes at Ana's gaze.

For a moment, Ana just looked at her, then at Sunny awaiting an introduction, but the introduction never came. Instead, Sunny seemed to be studying Ana, waiting for her to speak. Ana, feeling a little awkward at the silence, did just that. "Hello."

The blonde looked up and her expression was a pinched circus of twitches and nervous eyelash fluttering. Softly, a little too softly, a little too timidly, she replied, "Hello, Ana."

Ana's head tilted to the side for a moment. She blinked to clear her vision, because she felt she knew--

"Terry?"

Terry turned blood red. He sighed and nodded. "Yes."

Ana blinked and blinked and stared at Terry for a long time, finally drawn to Sunny's gaze. "What's...going on?"

Sunny's sharp penetrating stare held her friend's gaze. "When did you know?"

Terry groaned. "I told you."

Sunny dismissed him with a wave. "When did you realize?"

Ana stared at Terry in shock. He'd always had a very pretty face for a man, long lashes, cheekbones to die for, thin, but he'd always been so manly, too. He didn't walk, he swaggered. He didn't stand; he posed. It was natural enough, but she'd always thought he did those things unconsciously because of his slight build. Short men always seemed to have something to prove. She could make out the hard muscles beneath the long, black slimming sleeves of his top. Come to think of it, she spotted the muscles in his legs, too, but at the time she'd been more envious than anything. "Not until he spoke."

"Are you sure?" Sunny asked.

"No," Ana corrected. "I--I realized something was a little off when she came in. I remember thinking she looked a little mannish, but I just thought she was one of those bodybuilders, you know, or someone athletic, an aerobics instructor or something. Then when she sat down, I felt like I knew her. It wasn't until he said hello that I realized something was up."

"Okay," Sunny made a mental note. "More work on the voice then."

"Um--" Ana smiled and studied Terry, whose beet red cheeks were threatening to melt right off his face. "So, is there something I should know here?"

Terry's voice was light and soft, but a little of the old male tone crept in as he explained. "It's for a case. Did you tell her?"

Sunny frowned at him. "I was getting to it."

* * *

After Sunny discussed her theory and made her plea for help, Ana turned pale and began to shake her head, but she wasn't *saying* no and that gave Sunny hope. They agreed to continue the conversation back at Ana's office, but halfway there, Sunny answered her phone and was surprised to hear Ana change their destination.

Ana's home was a place with twice the couches as her office, and far more lush and luxurious. She threw her keys down and immediately went to the liquor cabinet. Sunny and Terry waited for her on a couch.

Ana downed a glass of wine and poured another. "Your theory is sound. I'm not saying it's not. And it certainly could be done, but I'm concerned about two things. One--" She kicked off her shoes, which Sunny thought was uncharacteristic considering how orderly and spotless the house was. "--there's the ethics to consider, which is

why I didn't want to talk at my office. Two, there's his health. I'm certain we could do everything you want to him and then some, and make some real changes very quickly, but the long-term effects are untherapeutic at best. The Hippocratic Oath may be an anachronism, but the intent of it is still sound. 'Do no harm.'"

She fell into the sofa chair, which sighed and relaxed under her weight. Her eyes locked on Terry, giving him the once over, top to bottom. "I hope you don't mind me saying this, but I always knew you'd make a gorgeous girl."

He blanched and nodded. "If I had a dollar for every girlfriend that wanted to put mascara on me, I'd be living on my own private island right now"

Sunny frowned and studied the carpet. Was she taking this too far? It was an exciting idea, of course, but she didn't want to hurt Terry. In a strange way, she'd assumed that Ana would simply say no, but now that she was on the verge of doing so, she found herself pulling out all the stops to influence her. "I'm not saying brainwash him. I'm just saying soften him up. Just help him think and feel like a woman and I think the rest will begin to fall in line. He already looks the part--"

"He's too muscled."

Terry flexed without meaning, too. He took great pride in his workout regimen. He was a jogger, a swimmer, and he hadn't left the dojo until he could kick everyone's ass. "Well, I'm not sure what I can do about that."

"Quite a lot actually," Ana told him. "If we were going to do this, I could get some advice from a friend. I'm not sure I'd tell her all the details, but before I prescribed any pharmaceuticals--"

Terry sat upright. He shook the hair from his eyes but it was a very masculine gesture, despite the female hairstyle and long painted nails. "Pharmaceuticals!"

Ana regarded him as coolly as a surgeon. "There are some synthetic hormones that really work wonders. A week or two at a massive dosage would certainly soften your facial features, and I think it would greatly reduce your aggression. It would render you impotent as long as you were on them though, which from a feminizing standpoint might actually serve us well."

Terry's jaw dropped. Sunny's jaw dropped as well, but a moment later, she was feeling her cheeks burn red hot with a flush. "I--" she said. "I was just thinking of some techniques or something to help him think and feel more like a female. Maybe some hypnosis--"

Terry turned to Sunny with wide eyes. "Hypnosis!"

He was suddenly feeling very much like a fly buzzing around a room with two black widows discussing his fate.

Ana gave him a stern penetrating stare. "Terry, I can without a doubt rearrange your thinking and change how you perceive things. In two weeks I could make it so all your male thoughts just wouldn't be all that important to you anymore. With the right drugs and therapy, I could make you just one of the girls, but you have some rather deep-seated gender issues that I don't want to damage."

"Gender issues? What gender issues?"

"When you were very young, your mother and sisters liked to dress you up, didn't they?"

Terry squirmed and bowed his head. A moment later, he looked at Sunny. "You told her?"

Sunny blanched.

"She told me because she wanted help with how to respond to it. She doesn't care that it happened. It didn't change her opinion of you, but she knew how deeply it bothered you and she didn't want to make things any worse for you. She told me out of love, Terry."

He grumbled sarcastically. "Well, I guess that just makes it okay then, and here I thought I was telling her a secret that would stay just between us."

"Terry--" She waited until he lifted his gaze. Sometimes eye contact was more important than tone or phrasing. "Tell the truth, when you were little and getting dressed up, did you enjoy it?"

He swallowed. By reflex he said, "No, of course not." Ana stared at him. He sighed. "It was different at the time."

"Why?"

He shrugged and shook his head. "I don't know. It was attention. I had two sisters and a mother and I was the youngest and in a way it was like being finally included."

Ana smiled tenderly. "Because they all shared being female and you felt left out. Your father was absent?"

He nodded. When he lifted his gaze, any shame he might have felt was gone. He was cold now.

Disconnected. His emotions had been turned off. "He died in prison."

Ana regarded Sunny now. "See? That's why I think you two should find another way."

The discussion went on for another ten minutes before Ana had convinced them. Sunny was crestfallen, but

in a strange way, she was relieved.

At the door about to leave, Terry--feeling utterly ridiculous in his skirt and stockings--suddenly paused. "Sunny's right, doc. There is no other way. Believe me when I tell you I've looked. The only way to find out what's going on in Pinsedo is from the inside."

Ana blinked furiously. "Pinsedo?"

Sunny kissed Terry and fell into a kind of wonder at the sensation of his lipstick mixing with her own. The case might be dead. Her fantasy might go unfulfilled, but she could not wait to get home and attack every feminized inch of him.

Terry nodded. "They're completely closed off to outsiders. I've got nothing to trigger an official investigation and whatever kind of hold they have on their employees is solid. None of the girls are talking. If you could see their expressions when they talk about it, you'd see why we're so concerned. They just have this odd little giggle and--"

"Pinsedo is the name of the company." Ana repeated.

Terry nodded.

There was a short silence. When Ana finally spoke, her tone had become distant. "I know that name. Pinsedo. It's so familiar--wait. Hold on. I want to check something."

Ten minutes later they were hunched around the conference monitor in Ana's home office. A middle-aged woman with short brown hair peered back at them. "Pinsedo? That's where Marcy went."

Ana's doctor friend had a name. Jennifer. And suddenly all of their plans changed.

* * *

Jennifer, who insisted on being called by her first name rather than Doctor Adams, wore a deeply concerned expression. "She was one of our best interns. She was so driven, asked questions, tons of questions. She was utterly dedicated to becoming a nurse, but then she went to work for Pinsedo part time and everything changed."

"Changed how?" Ana wondered.

Sunny and Terry glanced at each other. Fourteen just became fifteen. They'd heard this story before.

Jennifer shrugged. "At first we just thought she'd met someone. She started dressing a lot nicer. We're kind of a scrubs and uniform office, but she started showing up in skirts and heels, then the skirts got shorter and the heels got higher and her tops got more low cut. Her makeup got a lot bolder. I finally decided to have a talk with her, because it was a little too much. The next day she called and quit. Last thing I heard she was working there full time."

Sunny chimed in. "But it wasn't just her fashion. It was her behavior, too, right?"

Jennifer thought about it and agreed. "It was like she was trying to be someone else. She started making mistakes, started flirting with all of the patients, and I mean *all* of the patients. She was a really smart girl but she started acting, well, sort of dumb."

Ana sat back heavily in the office chair.

Sunny resisted whispering in her ear, "See?"

Jennifer eyed Sunny and Terry in the background of her monitor. "What's this all about anyway?"

They told her about the investigation and their radical plan to get Terry inside.

"You said there are others?" Jennifer wondered. Then the details of the plan finally struck home. "Wait, really? Who's Terry?"

Terry spoke up, using his male voice, which wasn't that much different than his female voice (which frankly was a stretch). "This intern of yours makes fifteen. I'm willing to bet if we followed up on this, we'd find she broke the lease on her apartment, went to work for Pinsedo full time and eventually left the country. After that, she probably disappeared. We've managed to get our hands on a few company newsletters and found mentions of two of the vanished girls. They both got some sort of promotion that sent them to live overseas. No one's heard from either of them since."

Jennifer regarded Ana, who was looking pale. "What are we talking about here?"

Terry provided their theory. "A company that uses some cult-type techniques? Social pressure, perhaps predatory profiling, cherry picking personality types that are the most susceptible to their techniques?"

Jennifer shook her head and pinched the bridge of her nose to ward off the developing headache. "A company cult?"

Ana sank even deeper in her chair. "It's not unheard of. The more I think about it the more I wonder why we haven't run into this type of thing before. A company who provides corporate housing could effectively control an employee's entire life. A team environment could be used to punish individuality and reward group-thinking. Once

you have someone living, thinking, breathing the company, you could effectively control the kinds of information they receive. That would explain why they have to cut off their personal relationships outside of the company. It's Cult 101."

"How can anyone control information with Twitter and Facebook around?" Jennifer asked.

"Those are networking sites. They could actually be used as a conduit for reward and punishment. Company officers can see what their employees are up to and adjust their training methods, and they can monitor any external relationships. Theoretically, if you could get that far, you could modify behavior, control thought, redirect emotional priorities, all the necessary elements for an effective cult."

The lot of them lapsed into silence. Terry gave Sunny a look that said, *We should've come to her first.*

It was Jennifer who broke the pall of gloom. "How do we get these bastards?"

All eyes turned to Terry.

Jennifer and Ana's "Therapy"

Being hypnotized was simple and not nearly as terrifying as Terry had feared. In fact, it was really nice. He sat on the couch and talked with Ana for a while. Ana asked Sunny to leave the room. They didn't need any distractions, and though she didn't say anything, she thought Sunny might make Terry resistant to really letting go.

Their discussion of the case gently morphed into how he felt about passing as a female, his concerns, his fears, and before he knew it, he was discussing how he felt about his mother, his absent father and his sisters. It was so comfortable, and so easy that he was halfway through some pretty sensitive issues before he realized it. On one hand, he got a little chill at how easily Ana had worked him. On the other, she was so comforting and so insightful and so good at making him feel completely normal and healthy that he felt he'd owe her a big debt of gratitude when it was all over. She was making him feel okay about a lot of fears that had gripped him for years.

Finally, she stood and walked back to the desk and leaned against it. They'd spent almost an hour with her sitting directly across from him, close enough to hold his hands in hers, close enough to make direct eye contact, close enough for him to smell her perfume. "Let's try something."

Terry swallowed. He was wondering when they were going to get to it.

"It's not hypnosis," Ana reassured him. "It's just an exercise."

He nodded, shaking the blonde bangs from his eyes yet again. "Okay." The hairstyle, the extensions, curls and bangs were a little annoying. If he had to sweep the hair from his face one more time he was going to have his head shaved. He didn't understand how or why women put up with it.

"Without moving your head, I want you to look up at the ceiling."

He did so. His lips (painted a glistening coral) parted slightly.

"See that black dot there?"

If Terry had been thinking, he would've asked why it was there. If he had, Ana would've perhaps confessed to enjoying a little recreational, erotic hypnosis with her lovers. "Just stare at it. Keep your eyes there, but focus on my voice."

"This isn't hypnosis?" he wondered.

She laughed softly. "No, we'll get to that and before we do I will tell you. Okay?"

Already, he felt the eyestrain. He wasn't stupid. He knew that was the point. It was all about making his eyes sleepy, right? But this wasn't hypnosis. He trusted her, so this must be like a warm up exercise.

Ana's voice softened. "I will tell you, 'I'm going to hypnotize you now', and then you can slide under where it's nice and warm and safe."

He blinked and re-focused his eyes. "Okay."

"This is an exercise to see if you're willing to take direction. Like when I asked you to stare at the ceiling. Like when I ask you to focus only on the sound of my voice. I'm just asking you to focus and listen to the sound of my voice now to see if you're willing to follow my instructions and it looks like you are. Now, I'd like you to place your hands on your legs."

He did so, his focus never wavering from the black dot high above him on the ceiling.

"And turn your hands so that they're palms up."

He turned his hands.

"Don't forget to focus on my voice."

He blinked again, several times. "Okay."

"Really pay attention to it. Notice the little details. The sound of my tongue touching my teeth as I pronounce consonants. The pure tones as I pronounce vowels. You might hear the smack of my lips as they part to speak. You might focus on the sound of me taking small breaths as I prepare to say the next sentence...the next word."

She'd lied to him, of course. This was hypnosis. She'd been hypnotizing him since he'd sat on the couch, relaxing him, sweeping away barriers, making him comfortable with her as an authoritative, controlling force. Now that she was giving him instructions to follow, he was doing so without resistance. In another few moments, he'd be doing everything she said (within reason) without so much as a thought. He was practically doing it already.

She gently slipped the pitch of her voice downward until it was breathy and deep, adjusting her inflection so that it became soothing. It was the voice of a mother shushing a fussy baby. It was the voice of a therapist helping a patient. She couldn't help but stir a little. In the office, this would've felt very different. She would've been disconnected from the excitement of manipulating someone into a deeply submissive mindset, but here in her home she had a lot of memories of hypnotic fun with boyfriends, convincing her rugged men to give up control to her so

she could give them a night they would remember forever. Although, every now and then she found it thrilling to make them forget.

"My voice is important. Let it become the most important thing in the world to you, right...now," she breathed.

Almost imperceptibly, his head nodded. His eyelids were already struggling to remain open. His eyes were tearing up. They were dry and distracting.

"The words I speak aren't important, just the sound of my voice speaking is important. Let it become all you think about, the tone of my voice, the sound of my breath as you breathe in...and out...." She timed it to synchronize with the rise and fall of his chest so that it felt less like she was calling attention to his breathing and more like she was directing it.

Her tone hardened just slightly, still warm and soothing, but also stern now, directing. "Drop your shoulders down...now."

Terry relaxed his shoulders. His eyes began to water. He blinked, closed his eyelids for a moment, then reenergized his efforts to look at that black dot on the ceiling.

"Make your neck become loose and limp and soft...now."

She saw the gentle wobble of his head.

"I can see," she said in a whisper so quiet it could barely be heard, "that your eyes are dry and bothering you. So, I'm going to let you close them in a moment, and when I do, I'd like you really just lose yourself in my voice, nothing left to distract you, just with a big, deep breath, just let my voice become all there is...."

He wasn't nodding now. He was already deeply under. She grinned privately. He just didn't know it.

"Okay, Terry...close your eyes--" Before she could utter in a soft whisper "now", his eyes slammed shut. "That's fine. Just sink for awhile. Down. Deeper, and pay attention to the sound of my voice. The words aren't important. Nothing is important but the tone of my voice, just the tone...."

He couldn't help but agree. The tone of her voice was so warm and sensual and nice he just wanted to curl up inside of it and sleep forever.

"3...4...opening your eyes, feeling absolutely wonderful...and...5."

He blinked, wiped the tears from his eyes before they could trickle down his cheeks and hoisted himself up to a sitting position, looking groggy.

While he was still coming out of it, and still highly suggestible, she added, "Well, Terry, I have to tell you, you are the best hypnotic subject I've ever come across."

He stretched his arms and legs, then his face, forcing his eyes wide to help him wake up. "Really?"

She laughed. "Absolutely. You really gave me all of your trust and I appreciate that. I mean, I wasn't even hypnotizing you and you took all my suggestions so well that I have every confidence we'll be able to work wonders with you."

He grinned with a slight blush and eyed her with a friendly suspicion. "You weren't? Because it felt like I was under for a second or two there."

More like thirty minutes, she thought. She laughed and blushed. "Well, I'll admit you surprised me by dipping under there for a bit. When I realized you'd gone under, I decided to bring you out of it. You must really want this to work."

He nodded. He'd had fears before, but suddenly it was as if they'd been washed away with the outgoing tide. "I do and to be honest I don't feel like I'm doing anything. You're doing all the work."

She smiled. "Do you mind if I ask...have you ever had thoughts about being female before?"

He shook his head. The bob of his throat and his averted gaze demonstrated his discomfort. "Maybe...when I was very young. I wondered why I wasn't born a girl, but I think in all honesty I started to find the idea repelling after awhile."

"Mhmm, that makes perfect sense. It's how any boy would react. You were very close to your sisters and your mother, but the time came to develop your own identity as a boy. Did you find that period of your life uncomfortable?"

He shook his head. "I don't really remember being uncomfortable. I remember--" His eyes drifted upward slightly. Ana smiled: a patient often started with a "no" and followed it up immediately with a conversational yes. He was accessing his memory even now; she could tell by the unfocused, upward direction of his gaze. "I remember feeling sad though, and I didn't know why. I didn't want to play with my sisters anymore, and I didn't want to really be around my mother, but I'd find myself hanging around her a lot. She'd hug and kiss me and, you know, I was a boy, so I was shrugging her off and complaining about it. Her kisses were just, I don't know, sticky. The lipstick and all and then she'd rub it off with her spit and it was embarrassing."

Ana laughed. "Typical mother, and a typical son. Perhaps you felt sad because it was a kind of mourning.

Your male body would no longer allow you to be close to her and your sisters. It was a loss, but it was an important loss because you were evolving as a boy, which is natural."

He blushed and nodded. "No, I was still close to them, but...I wasn't as close anymore and I guess after awhile I got to where I wasn't close at all."

Ana nodded in agreement. First a no, then a yes.

"So," he furrowed his brow at her, "when are you going to hypnotize me?"

She gave him an ear to ear grin. "Eager?"

He laughed nervously. "No, I didn't mean that--"

"I'll let you know before I do. I'll tell you 'I'm going to hypnotize you now'--" she replied, repeating the suggestion that he wasn't even aware of accepting, despite sitting there blinking and nodding. "--and then you'll have permission to drop down into a deep hypnotic state. I think you'll enjoy it. It's very relaxing and peaceful and you're so open and suggestible and we can help you accomplish your goals."

He blushed. "Okay."

His one word response, the flush of his face, let her know that he'd been awake long enough to go back under. In fact, without realizing it, he was already following one of her suggestions and preparing himself for just that. "Let's do a few more exercises first though, okay?"

He nodded and blinked somewhat sluggishly. "Okay." Her suggestion was really taking hold of him now.

She noted that his gaze was acutely focused on her.

They did a number of well-planned exercises. His hand stuck to his thigh and remained glued there until she snapped her fingers. His arm floated in the air above him until it was straight and stiff and wouldn't budge until she released him. She convinced him that she could take control of his body and that he was okay with that. She had him forget his name and a few numbers. She had him remember meeting her, and just her, at the park instead of at the coffee shop with Sunny. She convinced him that she could play with his memory and that he was okay with giving her that control. She had him remember a time when he felt like laughing and anchored it to the touch of her finger to her nose so he would laugh on command, then she had him become soft and sad and near tears every time she pouted. She convinced him it was okay for her to manipulate his emotions.

When she was done, he was practically a puddle of suggestibility. She could probably snap her fingers and say "bunny" and he'd start hopping around the room. She wouldn't though. Nothing could ruin the rapport of a doctor and a patient like mistrust.

When Ana invited Sunny back into the room, she sighed and looked utterly bored. "Wow, take your time why don't you? I wondered when--"

"It's only been a few minutes," Ana corrected her quickly. She gave Sunny a look that said "play along". Sunny nodded quickly, then blinked uncertainly. Terry and Ana had been in the room together for hours and now she wondered what had happened.

Sunny and Ana discussed what sort of things Terry needed help to improve. Voice, of course, but Sunny wondered if such a thing was possible.

"Well," Ana told them both, "a woman's voice is normally very different in pitch, of course, but even with women that have rather deep voices, people easily identify them as female without issue. People recognize a woman's voice not just by pitch, but by inflection, its musicality, and of course language, word choice, etc. So yes, I think when Terry starts to feel differently inside and identify with his feminine side, his voice will begin to change as well."

Jennifer was back on the monitor as well. "I can help with that, too, possibly."

Terry sat serenely on the couch, still utterly relaxed and listening in. He felt a little disconnected from the conversation, but he couldn't say why.

Jennifer offered, "A man tends to use the lower part of his larynx with larger oscillations than a woman. With some Anexeril injected into the top of the muscle and some mild anesthetic injected into the bottom part, we could effectively give his voice a higher pitch. The language and the rest, I'll leave to Ana."

Terry blinked and tensed a little. "Injections?"

Ana smiled at him. "Relax, sweetie. It won't hurt." He took a deep breath and settled back onto the couch again with a serene, trusting expression. Sunny watched the two of them suspiciously. What had she done to him? "It will be painless, and it will help you achieve your goals."

He smiled lazily. "Okay."

Sunny gave Ana a look like she was a witch doctor. Ana blushed and gave her a smile that told her she wasn't.

Ana continued the discussion of Terry's proposed treatment. "He still moves like a man for the most part, but I'm certain I can improve that, but did you see how muscular he is?"

Sunny thought she should at least get a word in edgewise since this had all been her idea. "He's not bulky though. He's just very well defined. He works out every day."

Jennifer chimed in before Ana could reply. "Bed rest. He's not to do any physical exercise. Not so much as a bicep curl. You'd be surprised at how quickly muscles atrophy when they're not being used. Also, a significant increase in dairy and overall fat intake should be followed. Extra weight will help, and with someone so lean, his body will absorb fat much faster."

"Actually now that I think about it, Amepidome, usually prescribed for cognitive disorders, has a side effect of severe gynecomastia. It also adds weight to the butt and hips, which makes it not so popular with men, and it does so rapidly. There are lawsuits beginning, but it hasn't been taken off the market yet. And a two week blast of these new synthetic hormones will really fill him out. He might still be a little masculine for the interview, but he'll be close. If only we had three weeks...."

"I don't know," Sunny said. "A drug for a cognitive disorder--"

Jennifer smiled. "He doesn't have the disorder, so at the most it will make feel sort of light headed and fuzzy, which might help his psychology. Ana, will that get in the way of your therapy? It's just to get him started. Once it's working, we'll discontinue everything and use a low dose of hormones for maintenance."

"As long as his comprehension is still good, I should be okay."

"Oh, yes," Jennifer assured her. "He'll be as sharp as a tack in cognition, but sort of blurry around the edges."

"Hmm," Ana said. "We'll have to see. I'm not sure I've worked with anyone on that before. I'll do a little research tonight though and see if there's anything in the literature."

Sunny was feeling nearly lightheaded now as well. She couldn't begin to identify the mix of emotions swirling inside her. She was almost sick with giddy arousal. A fantasy she hadn't even known she had was coming true. He was going to have breasts, and a fat butt and womanly hips. Her hard, aggressive boss was going to be soft and emotional and light headed. It was such an intense emotional turn-on; it was actually making her somewhat nauseated.

Ana mistook Sunny's pale expression as one of concern. She touched her friend's hand. "Don't worry. Jennifer is the best. She knows what she's doing."

Jennifer tried her own brand of reassurance. "You better believe it, sister." Her gaze fell on Terry in the background looking as wide-eyed as a rabbit on a highway. "Or, um...I mean, 'sisters'." She let out a little giggle, which Ana had never heard come out of her before.

Ana regarded him now, her new patient. "So, Terry...what do you think? In for a penny, in for a pound?"

He put his hand to his forehead for a long while, and then looked to Sunny for advice. She had no idea what her face said. She was far too busy feeling blank and shell-shocked to say anything.

He blushed deeply and nodded. "Fine. I've gone this far, and the more I find out about Pinsedo, the more I don't like them. Okay. Do--" He waved at the lot of them. "Do whatever you're going to do to me."

Ana grinned and glanced at Sunny momentarily. "That's all I was waiting to hear."

A momentary pall of silence fell over the room before Ana's soft, soothing voice broke through. "Terry...I'm going to hypnotize you now."

He blinked, then his blinking began to instantly slow and he slurred out the words, "You are?"

"Yes," Ana whispered. "In fact...I'm doing it...right now."

As his head slowly bowed, as all the strength seemed to flow out of him, he got out a final quiet, "Oh."

After another short silence, Jennifer's voice broke through the speakers. "Holy Mackerel!"

Ana pushed Sunny toward the door and reached for the disconnect button on Jennifer's tele-call. "Okay, the two of you, shoo. I've got a lot of work to do."

Jennifer nodded. "I'll start getting prescriptions, and a meal and exercise plan together." She logged off, her image replaced by a dozen icons on Ana's desktop.

Sunny started to walk out the door, but paused at the last second to stare at Terry. Was she going too far? Was there no other way to penetrate Pinsedo or was this the way that suited her fetishistic interests the most? Ana gently escorted her to the other side of the door with a grin. She rubbed her hands together as she said, "If you need me, I'll be rearranging your boyfriend's brain."

It did not console her, even if it had been meant as a joke. It had, hadn't it?

On the other side of the door, Terry was at the mercy of Sunny's two friends, and what they were doing to him was causing her to soak her panties.

It was all crazy. Wasn't it?

* * *

It was late in the evening. When Terry walked out of Ana's study, he was a little wobbly on his feet. He gave her a groggy smile and headed to the car while she got her instructions from Ana.

"He needs lots of rest. For the next couple of days, he's to be pampered and cared for. As soon as Jennifer gets everything together, one of us will call you."

In the car, once they were on a stretch of highway where they could talk, Sunny asked him, "So, how are you feeling?"

"Tenderized," he said.

"You were--" Sunny said. "You were in there for a really long time. What did she do?"

He curled his arms around himself and seemed to shrink a little in the seat. "Turned me inside out."

"Well, I mean...are you okay?"

He nodded, but it was a sluggish, hesitant nod. "My thoughts are all over the place right now. Ana said they'd settle after awhile. Ana said I won't be concerned by where they come to rest." He turned and gave her a simpering little smile. There was almost a giggle in his voice as he added, "Ana said a place for everything and everything in its place."

Speaking of unsettled thoughts, Sunny was also experiencing a dizzying array of emotions. She worried about him, about what they were doing to him. This was more serious than she'd anticipated. On the other hand, she'd have to start wearing panty liners if she was going to stay this aroused.

"Are you--" she asked. "Are you uncomfortable?"

"No," he told her, "just disoriented. Ana said that will pass. Ana said when I start feeling more clear-headed that I'll call her for my next treatment."

Ana said. Ana said. Apparently, Ana was saying a lot. "Can you tell me what she did?"

"We...mostly talked about how I felt about things growing up, about how I loved my mother, but had to push her away in order to be what my boy body wanted me to be. We talked about when she would take my sisters shopping all day, and I didn't want to go because I thought it would be boring buying girl clothes that I couldn't wear. Then they would come home so happy with each other and put away their new clothes and have hot chocolate and they'd chatter about everything and I couldn't get a word in edgewise." Then his voice changed, and it was no longer like he was telling her his thoughts, but like he was reading something Ana had prepared for him. "We talked about how I was jealous of their closeness and how *I want to be just like my mother, because she was so pretty and loving and wonderful. I want to be like my sisters because they were so pretty and feminine and sweet and so close and loving with my mother.*"

"Oh," Sunny said, caught off guard. "I see."

"We talked about how I felt growing up, little things here and there like my first kiss with Teresa Dela Rosa on the playground behind the gym and how it meant we were boyfriend and girlfriend, but I found that embarrassing because my boy body held me back from enjoying it and being afraid of what the other boys would say." Again, Sunny heard the change in the timbre of his voice as he added. "And how *I envied her for being so small and so soft and smelling so pretty and how later I fantasized that our kiss was a magic kiss which suddenly switched our bodies so I could be the girl and she could be the boy.*"

"O-kay."

"There were lots of things like that," Terry continued. "Like when I picked up Angel Enman for prom and she had on that light blue dress that left her arms and shoulders bare and I couldn't imagine how it stayed on, and how her breasts looked bigger than normal and how the long flowing skirt hid her heels but I could hear them as she walked and how I had to stay by her side and help her up the stairs and be careful of her dress because *I wondered how it felt to wear something so pretty and have my hair and makeup done and wear that heavenly perfume just for him and have him go crazy when he saw me because of how much like a princess I looked.*"

Sunny was absolutely speechless now. She'd heard about his first kiss and prom before, but certainly not those details. In typical man fashion, he'd glossed over the details and gave her the summary, how his first girlfriend had only lasted a week when she became boyfriend / girlfriend with another boy, how he'd gotten busy with his prom date at the after party at a friend's house. What was Ana doing to him? Putting thoughts in his head, coaxing him into re-remembering how he felt at the time? Had he had those feelings and thoughts before, but they were too deep for him to recall? Did all boys feel like that secretly or just Terry?

"Is this--" Terry wondered. "Is this the 8th Street Bridge coming up?"

She blinked and realized she hadn't been paying attention to the road at all. Their turn was right after the bridge and if she hadn't snapped out of it, she could've easily have missed it. "Yes, thanks."

She put her signal on, but as soon as she did, Terry crumpled in the seat beside her with a soft sigh.

"Terry?"

His head leaned lazily forward for a few moments, but as soon as they turned and the sound of the turn signal cut off, he snapped to attention.

He sat up in his seat, swallowed and blinked his eyes. "Oh, man...where are we?"

She glanced at him a few times as he rubbed his eyes, unaware of smearing his mascara and finally looked back at her as if he'd just floated up out of a coma. "We just made the turn off after the bridge."

He blinked his eyes, widened them rubbed his face again, ruining his makeup as he took a big breath. "Wow. I was really out of it?"

"Were you?"

He laughed. It was his old male Terry laugh and it did a lot to reassure her that he was okay. "Yeah. I don't know if this is going to work, but I'll tell you, I'll be glad to get these shoes off my feet. So that's why you love foot massages so much!"

"Well, yes," she grinned. "But that's not the only reason."

He grinned back. "Not that I didn't know what heels did a woman's feet, but now I really know."

"Terry," she wondered, "what...what do you remember?"

He thought about it. "I met Ana at the park and she spotted me pretty quick."

"At the park? O-kay...anything after that?"

He shook his head and a lock of blonde hair fell in his face. He blew it away, then pushed it away as if it were an annoying fly. "No, not really, but I guess that means she agreed to help us."

"Well, she did and she brought in a medical doctor, so--" She giggled. "Your life is going to get really different soon. But, I mean, are you okay with all this? Not remembering what Ana did and all?"

She couldn't be sure, but there was the slightest tinge of that automatic tone again. "*Whatever happened with Ana isn't really very important to me. I'm happy to go along with whatever all of you want to do to me so I can achieve my goals.*"

He turned with a smile and saw they were almost home. He couldn't wait to get out of the shoes. His cramped toes needed some relief.

* * *

Terry remained in bed, quietly letting his muscles atrophy (while he not so quietly went stir crazy). He was not allowed to move, and certainly not allowed to work out according to his usual regimen. Jennifer had emailed them a very specific set of exercises, but they were mostly high-cardio with very light weights and extremely high repetitions. He didn't mind all the stretching and the core strengthening, especially the back and core exercises to combat his bed-ridden status, but all the squats and butt thrusts were driving him crazy. He missed his old barbells. He missed power lifting. He missed feeling his muscles inflate like big, hard balloons. Becoming a girl was just the opposite of feeling physically powerful, it seemed. It was about being lean and soft.

Jennifer's regimen made his muscles burn and ache; it made his body feel limber and stretched out. He was only allowed out of bed for the three hours it took him work out (and the occasional bathroom break). They were trying to trim down his arms, shoulders and thighs quickly, while they simultaneously fattened up the rest of him.

He never thought he'd get sick of milk and ice cream and cheese, but he was putting weight on at an astronomical rate. The medications Jennifer had prescribed had the immediate effect of directing his newly accumulated fat straight to his ass, legs, and hips. In no time at all, his breasts had grown into small cushioned mounds that felt flabby and odd. It felt like someone had planted a tiny ball bearing at the base of each of his nipples. He'd once reached across his own chest for a glass of milk and accidentally brushed them, causing a twinge of pain. They were sore and his areola had turned the color of rust.

It depressed him a little how chipper Sunny was with each revelation. Even Jennifer and Ana seemed excited at the prospect of feminizing him, and the things they were prescribing were working extraordinarily well. Was it truly so easy to rob a man of all his maleness, to suck out the hard muscle and replace it with jiggly thighs, loose, soft skin and a swelling bosom? He would like to believe that the male gender was more resilient than that, that it could resist the soy intake and the absence of all red meat, that it simply wouldn't surrender its roughness and its brazenness so easily, but he was learning differently.

A man was nothing more than a bunch of hormones. Take away the testosterone and you could take away his aggression and start him down the path into feminization, and with these new synthetic hormones (at triple the recommended dosage), it didn't even take that long.

He hadn't made it through the first day of pills without bursting into tears. Sunny came to his aid like a comforting sister, asking him what was wrong, but he could only shake his head. Nothing was wrong. Nothing had triggered the tears; they'd come out of nowhere.

"Well, now you know how I feel when I'm PMS-ing so bad."

He sniffled. "Really? Is this how you feel?"

She brushed his hair and kissed his cheek. "Like a fat cow with sore boobs who feels stupid because she's crying for no reason? Like you think I'm crazy and it makes me even crazier because I know you're right, that I truly am acting irrational? A girl's worst fear is everyone thinking she's crazy, you know."

He wiped his cheeks and hugged her. "I'm sorry."

"It's okay," she whispered. "You can't really know until you feel it yourself."

Ana had been calling him on the phone morning, noon and night, each time spending an hour with him in complete privacy. Sunny didn't know what was being done, and when she'd tried to listen in, it hadn't helped. It had been an entire hour of Terry saying, "yes" softly again and again.

Still, it worried her greatly that she wasn't seeing any dramatic changes in his behavior. Except for the reactions to the hormones, he was still talking and moving like his old self. After an extra long session, she grabbed the phone and voiced her concern.

"Be patient," Anna soothed her.

"Yes, but we're running out of time. We only have a couple of weeks and he's nowhere near passing. In fact, he was doing a better job of faking it before you started having your sessions. Are you sure they're working?"

There was a short sigh through the phone followed by a short silence. Finally, Ana replied in a confessional tone. "Okay, I'll let you in on what I'm doing, but you absolutely cannot discuss it with him."

"I won't. Promise," Sunny told her.

"Well, I thought about doing this piece by piece, but that would take too long, so I'm approaching it with a 'tip over the edge' philosophy."

Sunny shook her head. "Okay?"

"Right now his subconscious strongly identifies with being male, but it's finding it far more fun and exciting to engage in what it considers stereotypical female behavior. Are you continuing to ignore him when he displays male behavior?"

"Yes," Sunny agreed.

"And are you giving him lots of positive reinforcement when he displays any female behavior?"

"Yes, just like you said, lots of hugs and kisses. The other day I walked in on him looking at himself in the mirror and playing with his hair and practically smothered him with love."

"Excellent. Keep it up. Sexual play is a powerful reinforcer as well, but I wouldn't play with his cock more than just a few minutes at a time, just enough to give him a little pleasure. Instead, I'd be sexualizing the rest of his body, lips, tummy and some gentle breast massages will work wonders to re-direct his erogenous responses."

"Okay, but shouldn't I be getting angry at him for his male behavior?"

"Oh, no. That's negative reinforcement where the keyword is 'reinforcement'. We don't want any of his male behavior reinforced in any way whatsoever. Are you assuring him that you love him now and will love him even more when we're done with him?"

"Yes, but it's kind of obvious, isn't it? I mean, surely he sees through what I'm doing."

"He probably does, but he still likes it, believe me, and it's still having an important impact on him. I'm convincing his subconscious to notice and emulate little female behaviors here and there, just for fun, and your reinforcement is crucial. He has to have a completely safe environment so that he can receive the maximum amount of positive conditioning. The more pleasurable rewards he feels, the more his subconscious enjoys his feminine side. Eventually, it will reach critical mass and his subconscious will shift over and begin to identify with the female side, because it's more fun and exciting and rewarding."

Suddenly, Sunny's cheeks were hot. She was doing it, wasn't she? Ana was reaching into Terry's mind and manipulating it, feminizing it, and it was all going to work. She tried not to think about it, but she was suddenly coursing with arousal from head to toe. "So...when--" She paused to clear her throat. "When do you think that he'll--that he'll--"

"Shift? Probably in the next day or so. He's close now, but it could be an uncomfortable surrender."

Sunny swallowed and placed her hand on her cheek. Was her hand ice cold or was she running a terrible fever? "How--how will I know?"

Ana giggled. "Oh, you'll know. Trust me. His conscious mind is already feeling the pressure. It could happen in one of two ways. The easiest way is for him to go to sleep (when his subconscious is most active), and wake up with his conscious mind having shifted over to feeling and thinking of himself as a female. He may not even be aware of it, or he might just not assign much importance to it.

"As his subconscious mind changes its gender, his conscious mind will either follow or rebel. I think it will follow, because it has no reason not to now. All of the work I've done--talking about his mother, his feelings toward

you, etc.--is taking its toll."

"What's--what's the other way?" Sunny asked.

"Well, it's less likely but he could make a conscious decision to feel female. It's possible. He could do something female and get such an emotional high from it that he chooses to feel that way from now on. He might also see you do something uniquely female and decide he wants to be like you. It would most likely be something that you and his mother have in common. It could be a gesture, something you say or the tone you use to say it. We have no way of knowing what the trigger might be."

"And--and that's it?" Sunny wondered. "Once his conscious mind has shifted, that's all we need?"

"Oh, no, that's when the real pressure begins. We will have to not only reward him for his feminine behavior, but encourage it to become all encompassing. We'll have to persuade him to be as girly as possible. For a few days, he'll probably be as giggly and as silly as a teenage girl, but once we get him there, we can begin to bring him out of it just a little. We want to swing that pendulum hard to the other side, the female side, then gently bring it back to a balance that we choose."

"O-okay." Sunny felt the need to go lay down. Her head was pulsing; her panties were leaking. She swore she felt a trickle on her inner thigh. She so wanted to make this happen that she couldn't think straight, and the fear of it, the guilt of how much she was enjoying it only seemed to be increasing the intense erotic nature of the whole thing. Would he ever forgive her once this was all over? Would they ever be able to truly return him to his normal self?

"Having second thoughts?" Ana asked in a hush.

"I--I just didn't realize what this would do to him, I guess. I mean, I keep thinking this can't possibly all work, but then I see how Jennifer's diet and exercise plan and the medications are changing his body and I--I--I can't explain what that feels like."

There was a pause on the phone. "Sunny...Terry wants this now. I've made sure of it. He's very goal driven, so I made this an achievement for him--to pass as female in an office full of women, to find out what's happening at Pinsedo and to expose them. You said you kept thinking that this all can't possibly work, but I have to tell you...it is working. He's going along with it. He's letting my suggestions affect him in deep and powerful ways. He may not be truly aware of how I'm manipulating him with his feelings about his mother and the false memories I've planted in him regarding his past, but he is aware that I'm doing something to him and he's finding it so intensely pleasurable to be achieving his goal that he can't help coming back for more."

Sunny really couldn't put the whirl of arousal and fear and taboo into words. She couldn't explain to Ana what a reaction she was having, and she dearly hoped it was okay. After a long time, she could barely breathe out her response. "All right...."

"It's okay," Ana assured her softly. "Once he's made that shift, everything will change. If you ever wanted a sister or a daughter, get ready because he'll be looking to you as his role model, and you'll be responsible for teaching him all the ins and outs of being a girl."

"Okay," Sunny repeated. A sister? A daughter?

"Oh, and Sunny?"

"Yes?"

"My friend worked up a profile for all those girls that went missing, and number one on the list is that they were all deeply submissive."

"What?" Sunny nearly dropped the phone. "No, that's not right. Their friends described them as feisty and aggressive, intelligent and outspoken."

"All true, but each and every one of them chose partners that were extremely dominant. Your missing girls might have appeared assertive. They may have even acted assertive at work, but in the bedroom and with their partners, they were anything but. Be prepared to be stern and dominant with him once he's shifted. If he's going to fit the Pinsedo profile, you'll need to be strict with him, perhaps even cruel."

"Oh, Ana--" Sunny confessed. "I'm not sure--I'm not sure I can."

"If you want this plan to succeed, you don't have a choice."

* * *

Terry sniffled, shook his head and tried to stem the tide of tears. Sunny hugged him tighter, kissed his head and dabbed at his wet eyes with a tissue.

Jennifer glanced between them. "Is he okay?"

Again, Terry had the sensation of being a pet, talked about by its owner and veterinarian with no say in anything. "It's the stupid hormones," he complained. "They're too strong." He turned and buried his face in Sunny's

neck, letting out a couple of quiet sobs before finally getting a hold of himself. It wasn't easy either. Every time Sunny shushed him and whispered, "It's okay, baby. Shh, crying is a very girly thing to do. I'm so proud of you for letting go like this," her tenderness only made the emotion swell deeper inside him. If she was trying to comfort him, it was only making him cry harder.

After he managed to dry his face and shrug off the hormonal wave of emotion, he gave them both a sappy smile. "Sorry. Is there anyway we can decrease the dosage? I can't be bursting into tears during the job interview or at work. They'll think I'm unstable."

Jennifer shook her head. "Not yet. It should take a day or two for your system to work out the bulk of the medication, so we'll wait until just before your interview."

"But this is driving me crazy. If I'm not sobbing, I'm busting out with laughter, and sometimes I'm doing both at the same time."

Jennifer's response was sharp. "Do you want this to work or not?"

Terry blinked as if she'd just reached over and given him a little slap. "Well, yes."

"Then follow your doctor's orders. Now, let's have a look at you."

The next few minutes were spent with Terry's gaze glued to the ceiling as the covers were pulled away and the two women examined his body. He'd never had a terribly hairy body, and it didn't help that Sunny had both shaved his arms and legs and then used a home wax kit on him.

Jennifer pinched his skin on different areas of his body. She analyzed him top to bottom, pressed on the flesh of his hip, rolled him over and gently prodded his ass cheeks. "Good. Excellent. Your skin is very soft, indicating an even redistribution of fat to the sub-dermal layer, and I can see healthy deposits in your legs and hips and buttocks. In fact, on the backs of your thighs I even see a little collagen marbling. Are you doing the exercises I gave you?"

Terry laughed. "Are you kidding? It's the only thing that gets me out of bed. Of course, I'm doing them."

"And squats and leg thrusts? You're doing those?"

He nodded and sighed. "Yes. Of course." He glanced at Sunny, but she had a funny look on her face, almost guilty.

"Well, increase the reps. I think we can get you a nicely rounded butt before we're through. Now--" She held out two fingers of each hand. "Squeeze my fingers, please."

He gripped them and squeezed them.

"Harder," Jennifer commanded. "I don't think you can hurt me."

He clenched his jaw and redoubled his efforts.

"Is that as hard as you can manage?"

He clutched her fingers in his fists and squeezed with all his might, more than a little aware of his arms trembling slightly. All the bed rest had made him weak. "Yes."

"Is it?" she barked.

"Yes!"

Finally, Jennifer nodded. "Okay. Good. You can let go now."

He sighed and let his hands drop. He dropped his head back onto his pillow and glanced at Sunny again. Her face was flushed. She was rubbing her lower lip with a finger and squirming a little. Did she have to pee?

"Are we--" Terry whispered. "Are we done?" He instinctively grabbed for the sheet to cover his soft, white body.

"Not quite. Let's have a look at these, shall we?"

There was no denying what "these" was referring to, and soon her finger was poking and prodding the soft mounds of fat growing on his chest. "Are you experiencing any soreness?"

He focused his gaze on the ceiling once again, his cheeks on fire. With a barely audible whisper, he answered, "Yes...some."

Jennifer gripped his left nipple between finger and thumb and gently tugged it down, hearing him take a quick intake of breath. She smiled and slowly began to pinch the nipple harder and harder until she saw the pain register on his face, most notably causing a similar pinch right between his eyes. "They're sensitive?" she asked, knowing the answer.

He tried to catch his breath. "Y-yes."

Jennifer withdrew with a big contented sigh. "Well," she said to Sunny, "it's better than I hoped. His face has really softened. His figure has reformed nicely. Like I said, if we had three weeks, he'd be nearly indistinguishable from a genetic female, excluding his genitalia, of course. Has he been experiencing any erections?"

Sunny stared at Terry until his gaze was drawn. "I haven't seen any. Terry?"

He turned as white as a ghost and replied, "I haven't...noticed any. It still feels good though."

"Of course it does," Jennifer agreed without a smile. "We haven't castrated you. I know transvestites and pre-op transsexuals do what's called 'tucking'. You should look into that."

Sunny agreed. "We have actually. We have some gaffes and we're experimenting with medical tape should he need to wear a thong."

Terry shook his head. "I'm going to be in business suits. Why would I need a thong?"

Sunny brushed his hair across his forehead. "Even a business suit can have a tight skirt. No panty lines are a must for the fashionable girl."

He blushed and grumbled under his breath.

Jennifer dug in her purse and brought out two vials and a pair of syringes, still sealed in their sterile packaging. "How goes the feminizing brainwashing?"

Terry objected. "I'd like to hear you say that in front of Ana."

Sunny nodded with a laugh. "It's true. Ana gets a little sensitive about it."

Jennifer grinned and tugged a pair of latex gloves onto her hands. "I'll bet. Still, you didn't answer my question." She unwrapped the syringe, uncapped the needle and plunged it into a vial.

Sunny applied the back of her cool hand to Terry's blushing cheek, enjoying the contrast of her cool flesh against his warm flesh. "Oh, Ana says she expects a pretty dramatic change in the next day or so."

Terry stared at her, his eyes widening a little. "She--she does?"

Sunny nodded and repressed the urge to laugh when she saw him gulp.

When Jennifer held the syringe up in the air, Terry's eyes snapped to it. He suddenly swallowed and shuddered with nausea.

"Oh!" Sunny exclaimed. "I forgot. Ana gave me a trigger for this." Terry looked at her as if she were crazy. She grinned. "So, take a big, deep breath." He didn't want to. That flashing silver needle in Jennifer's hands was drawing his gaze like a car accident on the freeway. Sunny continued to distract him from it. "Easy, big breath in--" Terry nodded and inhaled deeply. "Now, a big releasing breath out." Terry let the air out of his lungs and suddenly his eyelids felt heavy. Wait--Sunny hadn't even said anything yet. Could he be so eager to ignore that syringe that he was putting himself under just to get away from it? Had Jennifer flashed that needle around on purpose just to make him--

Sunny placed one her hand gently over his neck and brushed his blonde bangs back over his head with the other. "The arctic flow. The arctic flow. The arctic flow. The arctic flow."

His neck suddenly felt like it had been rubbed down with ice for an hour. It had gone numb. He closed his eyes, which had suddenly become dry and tired.

Jennifer raised an eyebrow. "Are we ready then?"

Sunny gave the skin of Terry's neck a good hard pinch. He didn't stir. He didn't even so much as wince. She looked back up at Jennifer. "I think we are."

Jennifer shook her head in disbelief. Hunching over Terry's neck, she swabbed it with alcohol and gently poked her finger into the side of his throat, working her way up. "I'll say one thing, that Ana sure knows her business." She continued to talk to Sunny idly as she found the place she was looking for up where Terry's jaw connected to his throat. "A little change of plans, by the way."

Sunny continued to pet Terry, brushing her hand gently across his forehead. She heard the quiet sound of him just starting to snore. Jennifer was right: Ana *did* know her stuff. Terry was out. "The arctic flow, Terry. The arctic flow." She watched closely as Jennifer pushed the needle in. "How so?"

"Well, I consulted with a SRT specialist and she corrected me on the anatomy of the vocal cords. It turns out--" She gently pressed the plunger of the needle in until she had enough medication dispensed. "--that my idea of constricting and anesthetizing his vocal cords was only half right." She withdrew the needle, pressing a cotton ball to the puncture in his throat and searched his neck with two fingers for the next injection target. "It turns out we really only to have shrink his cords a little, by about .25 centimeters to be exact. That might still be a little on the low side, but it should be enough. If we get a little more shrinkage that would actually be better." She gave him the second injection, then stood up and blinked with a smile.

Sunny was wide-eyed and uncertain. "All--all done?"

"Not quite. I need to do two more on the other side."

She pushed Sunny out of the way and hunched her over her patient again. "This will only last for a few days, but my SRT friend says once her patients learn what smaller vocal folds feel like, it's easier for them to simulate it." She injected Terry again.

"What will it feel like?" Sunny worried.

Jennifer's eyes flashed up for a moment. "Nothing really. Have you ever inhaled helium?"

Sunny nodded. "To sound like a chipmunk?"

Jennifer laughed and returned her attention to the last injection target. "Well, that's an over exaggeration and it's really a different principle that has to do with how sound travels through gases rather than any change to the vocal cords. I just meant it doesn't hurt. He'll just sound different. His vocal folds will be shorter and therefore produce a higher pitch."

She depressed the plunger, withdrew the needle, and stood up. "Okay. You can release him from whatever voodoo spell you and Ana have on him now."

Sunny laughed. She gave Terry a kiss on the forehead and whispered, "Wake up, princess. Your frog awaits."

After only a moment, he stirred then opened his eyes and went into a little stretch. He parted his lips to speak, but Jennifer interrupted him. "Don't talk. Not for thirty minutes anyway. An hour would be better."

Sunny grinned and gave him a pretend pout. "Aw, my poor princess won't be able to whine for awhile. "

He gave her his best deadpan expression, the one that said, "Ha, ha. You are soooo funny!"

Jennifer dropped the needle into a plastic water bottle, put the vials back into her purse and stripped off her gloves. "Okay, so it'll probably take a couple of hours for you to get used to your new voice, then it should become second nature. After a couple of days the medication will begin to wear off and you'll hear it starting to naturally drop down in pitch again. You should resist that. Remember the feeling of your tight vocal cords and continue to try to speak like that. If you can pull it off, it should be easy from then on."

Sunny looked down at Terry who was busy nodding and pressing his lips together. She walked with Jennifer to the door. "So, if he manages to continue speaking like that, is there any danger of him getting...you know...stuck?"

She felt another wave of guilt: was she secretly hoping his voice *would* get stuck like that?

Jennifer laughed. "Well, yes and no. No is the first answer actually. He'd have to talk like that for years for his cords to atrophy and even then with a little work he could probably get his male voice back. Short of surgery, nothing would really leave him stuck."

"So, what's the 'yes' part then?"

Jennifer smiled. "Well, a habit is a habit and once it's ingrained--say, if he kept it up for a few months--he might find it difficult to find the low resonance of his old voice." She stepped out onto the front step, then turned with a thought. "Although, I suppose whatever whammy Ana is doing on his head could be used to make him forget it entirely, but you only need him that way long enough to complete your investigation, right?"

Sunny nodded. "Right."

It was a thought that struck deep in her mind and would linger until she nearly couldn't stand it anymore.

* * *

Sunny spotted movement in the mirror and glanced up to spy him. In his light green chemise and panties, she could see how much he'd changed. He was rounding off into soft curves in all the right places and his tiny waist made the slope of his hips that much more pronounced. She smiled and raised the mascara wand to her eyelash again, sweeping it with a slightly popeyed expression. "Aren't you supposed to be in bed, princess?"

He didn't sound like a chipmunk, but his voice was certainly higher. It was amazing what .25 of a centimeter could do. If anything, he sounded androgynous, like a person stuck between genders. "I just got through doing all my squat thrusts."

She sat back and blinked in the mirror to get a look at her lashes and was satisfied. He was studying her with a curious expression. She tilted her head to the side just long enough to wonder what was going on inside his head then looked for her eye pencil.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Running for president." She ran a dark line under her eye and smudged it with her finger. "What does it look like?"

"I mean...why?"

She gazed at him in the mirror. "Ana's coming over in a bit."

"But you already had makeup on, and you were already dressed. You changed clothes, too."

She rolled her eyes with a "duh" expression. "I was in sweatpants. I don't want her to think I'm a slob."

He shook his head. "Are you...attracted to her?"

Her jaw dropped. "What? No! Of course not."

"Well, I remember you saying about the bi thing."

She laughed. "Ana is a friend." He stared at her, looking lost. She sighed. "Girls don't just dress nice for guys, you know. We dress nice for each other, too, and for ourselves. I guarantee you that Ana probably spent at

least much time getting ready to see me--oh, wait, she's coming from the office. Well, I bet you anything she stopped to freshen up her makeup." He still looked lost. She sighed again. "Looking nice...it's just a thing we do. Being attractive is...it's almost how we communicate in a way. You can tell a lot from the clothing a girl chooses to wear to meet you for lunch, what she does with her eyes, what kind of lipstick she wears. Don't even get me started on jewelry."

"So, you're trying to impress her?"

"No," she said quickly, then thought about it. "I mean, well, yes, but not only that. It's a way of just...getting along. She'll show up and I'll compliment her on her hair or her shoes. She'll compliment me on my blouse or my shoes, and then once we've bonded we can get to the good stuff, like where we got our shoes."

Her joke was lost on him. He nodded slowly, his eyes still dreamy and lost.

"Anyway, you should be in bed, getting nice and weak...like a girl." She grinned at him.

He laughed. "I swore you were going to say 'like a princess'."

She joined him in a little laugh. "That, too."

When he didn't move, she went back to putting on her makeup, brushing on her blush, setting everything with a round of powder, then picking up a lip pencil to get her lips into shape. She glanced up at him again just after she'd outlined her lips.

"I'd like...to stay and watch."

She blushed. "I would think you'd had enough of makeup. You certainly whine and grumble when I make you do yours."

"Do you mind?" His tone was like that of a child. It was odd, distant, almost pleading.

What was going on with him?

She shrugged. "If you want."

She picked up a beige matte lipstick and held it up by her face in the mirror to see if it would work.

"You should do red."

She looked at him. "Red's too sexy. I need a friendship lipstick."

"It'll work though. You went dark enough around your eyes that it will really make your lips pop."

She stared at him. "'Pop? It'll make my lips...pop?'"

He turned a darker shade of crimson.

She grinned. "Well, someone has been catching up on their reading, haven't they?"

She'd gifted him an entire box of girly magazines that she'd bought at a discount bookstore. They didn't have to be recent; that's not what she was after. She just wanted to immerse him in makeup, romance and gossip, like any normal girl. Other than the Pinedo research, it was all he was allowed to read.

"Whatever. I'm serious though. Try the red. If you don't like it, you can wipe it off."

It was a girly thing for him to do, and according to Ana's instructions, she should indulge it and encourage it. She flashed him her biggest, prettiest smile. "Let's see if you're right."

He did not return her smile. If anything, he looked uncomfortable. In fact, as she searched for her reddest, glossiest red lipstick (intending to prove him wrong), she noticed him fidgeting. His face was drawing tight. She wondered if he was having a bad reaction to all the medications.

She twisted the lipstick, leaned toward the mirror and rubbed it on her lips, pressing her lips together and reaching for a tissue. She froze when she saw herself. He was right. The red really completed the look. In fact, it *made* the look. It wasn't what she'd been envisioning; it was much better.

His voice wavered a little as he spoke. "Now, the tinted lip gloss."

He looked like a ghost, standing there, like a sleepwalker out for a mysterious evening stroll. She was getting a little concerned. "But the tint will make it darker."

"Yes," he whispered, almost as if it were the last thing he wanted to say before he fell asleep at night. "It will."

She frowned, but dabbed the tinted gloss over her lips and it did darken them, but it also made them shine like a glistening pair of rubies. It was perfect. The perfect look. Was it too sexy for Ana? Maybe, a little, but she could already hear Ana's delighted compliments. *Oh, god, I LOVE that lipstick! What's it called?*

He was right again. She had to give him his due. "Wow, those magazines must really be--"

He was leaning heavily against the doorframe now, and she could see that he was feeling terribly ill. Just as she turned in the chair to go to him, he inhaled sharply and said, "I think...I want to be a girl."

She sat there, shocked into silence. For a moment, she wasn't sure why he was saying that, but then she remembered Ana's prognosis. This was it! This was the moment when Terry's conscious mind was caving to his subconscious mind. He was shifting. He was doing it right there before her very eyes.

She nearly swooned with arousal.

She was afraid to move, afraid she'd break the spell, afraid if she breathed a syllable that he'd run like a scared rabbit. She nodded slowly and in her quietest voice said, "I think--" She had to swallow. Her panties were wet; she could feel them. She was leaking like a rusty fire hydrant down there. She couldn't wrap her head around it. "I think...that would be best."

He nodded lethargically, looking suddenly exhausted.

"It's what we've been working for...right?"

He could barely manage another nod. Instead, he turned with the softest whisper, "Yes."

She followed him to the bedroom where he sat down on the edge of the mattress. She noted (she couldn't wait to tell Ana!) that he plopped his bottom down first, knees together, then slid his legs in (knees still together!) and pulled the sheets on top of him.

She tucked him in and laid with him for a long time, petting his soft hair.

Through the Looking Glass

"So?" Sunny asked Ana over a hot cup of tea.

"So," Ana answered, "everything is working as planned. It's not an easy thing for a man to put his ego to sleep and to give up a lifetime of learned behavior."

"But, he's okay, right?"

"Didn't he seem okay?" Ana wondered.

"He seemed like he was in a dream."

"He most likely slipped into a light trance. His subconscious was working overtime; now that it clearly identifies itself as female, his conscious mind had to take a back seat while it adjusted."

Sunny shook her head. She felt guilty. What was she doing? What was she asking of him? She could tell herself (and everyone else) it was all about the case, but she knew better. She was so busy getting off on watching him soften that she couldn't stop the whole process from going too far. "But, he's okay, right?"

Ana smiled and patted her hand. "When he gets up, I'll--"

A noise attracted their attention. Terry stood nearby with disheveled blonde hair (which Terry realized was looking thicker and more gorgeous than ever). His eyes were puffy. He yawned and covered his mouth with a hand, but stopped short when he saw Ana. "Oh! Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't know you were here. Let me go change!"

He did look sexy. His skin was baby soft. His hips had rounded out and the string of the satin green G-string rode high and perfect, while his green chemise accentuated his small, but growing bosom.

Ana laughed. "Don't be silly. You look sexy. Green is definitely your color."

Terry blushed. He pressed one hand to the center of his chest and shook his head. "I should at least get a robe though."

"Why don't you join us instead? You look cute like that. Besides, it's just us girls...right?"

His smile was enigmatic. He bounced on his toes and swung his arms behind him. "Oh, is there hot water?"

"Yes, help yourself," Sunny told him.

"But first--" Ana interrupted "--both of our cups need warming. See to it, won't you?"

He nodded happily. "Of course!"

When he'd bounced into the kitchen, Sunny flashed her friend a look. "'See to it?'"

Ana peered deep into her eyes. "The Pinsedo profile, remember? Assertive at work, submissive at home."

"Yes, but--"

Terry came back with the kettle and bent over to top off Ana's tea. The hand without the kettle was posed up in the air, bent wrist, fingers positioned just so. Once he'd poured Sunny's tea, he stood back and smiled at her. "May I pour myself some now?"

Sunny glanced at Ana. Ana's message was clear. With a deep breath, Sunny told her feminized boyfriend, "That's fine."

Ana called after him as he walked away, twisting and swaying. "But bring it back in here. We want to talk to you."

"Of course!"

When he was gone, Sunny said, "His mannerisms are a bit over the top."

Ana laughed. "He's being cute, acting girly. You should indulge it for now. Lots of positive reinforcement, remember? And you need to get bossy with him. His mannerisms will become more natural and less exaggerated over the next few days. You're his role model now. You'll find most likely that he'll copy you, the way you stand, the way you talk, at least at until he goes to work at Pinsedo, then he'll have a whole room full of role models from whom to choose."

He was back, gliding across the floor, holding the hot cup of tea out before him. He set it on the table and smiled. "May I sit?"

Ana flashed Sunny a look that said, 'Bossy!'

Sunny gave her a little eye roll, but then nodded. "Why don't you come stand by me?"

Terry smiled. "Okay!"

He stood much closer to her than necessary, brushing against her arm, picking up his hot cup with both hands and taking little sips, swaying against her. Sunny made the decision to encourage him. She slipped her arm around his waist and let her hand settle on his hip, giving him a sharp tug toward her. He blushed and took a quick breath, then seemed to melt into her touch.

Ana grinned at them both. "Sunny, I'd like to ask *her* a few questions. Since you're head of the household,

will you ask *her* to answer honestly and openly?"

Sunny caught Ana's grin, and had to suppress a laugh. "Um, sure." She turned to a blushing, blinking Terry and said, "You hear that? I'm head of the household now."

Terry giggled and there was no trace of his old male laugh. It was all girl now. His voice had changed, too. The pitch had been higher after Jennifer's injections, but now there was something sweet about it. "Yes, Sunny. You're head of the household."

"Then you'll answer anything and everything Ana asks of you."

He nodded and smiled. Every word that came out of his lips was sweetened by a smile now. He turned to Ana and gave her a cute shrug. "I guess my mind is an open book."

Ana laughed. "It certainly is. So, first question. How are you feeling?"

"Um, good, thank you. I just woke up, but, you know...."

Ana stared at him. "No, you know what I'm asking. How are you *feeling*?"

He swallowed and nodded. "I feel...light, free. I feel like I've been walking around with a huge weight on my shoulders and now it's gone."

"The male ego is rather burdensome. It's not gone forever. It's just put away for safekeeping. When it needs to return, it will."

He nodded. "It feels like a huge engine in a way, very powerful, but also heavy, you know? It requires a lot of upkeep."

Ana smiled. "Well, I'm sure you'll find a lot of upkeep issues with being a girl, too. Second question. How do you feel about Sunny?"

He turned and the love that lit in his eyes was undeniable. He blinked and tears appeared. He simpered and wiped them away. "I...love her very much, of course." He laughed and wiped another round of tears away.

Sunny was waiting for him to get grumpy and blame the hormones, but he didn't.

"And how do you think Sunny feels about you?"

He gazed deep into Sunny's eyes and blushed deeply. "I hope...that she loves me, too."

Sunny smiled and caught his blush like a contagious fever. "Of course I do."

Ana added. "And now you're free to truly express your love like you've always wanted. You don't have to be embarrassed about expressing it. You don't have to worry about it seeming weak or unmanly. You don't have to worry that showing her how much you love her will somehow make her love you less because you lose face or authority in her eyes."

Terry nodded. Sunny smiled at him, blushing, touching his face, sweeping his luscious blonde bangs away from his pretty green eyes.

"What do you want to do right now?" Ana asked.

Terry giggled. "Well, to be honest, I kind of want to change into some clothes. I feel sort of naked, and I'm worried that my face is a mess, and my hair--"

Ana caught Sunny's gaze again. "Well?"

Sunny sighed. She either went with the program or she didn't, and considering everything he'd sacrificed, she couldn't very well back out now. "Yes, fix your face and hair, but no on the change of clothes. That chemise looks cute on you and I like it."

He nodded with inflamed cheeks. "Yes, Sunny."

Ana's gaze pressed into Sunny's. Sunny sighed again. "And I think I'd like it if you called me 'Miss' from now on. Oh, and fix us some toast when you get back, lightly buttered with just a little of that strawberry jam."

He turned bright red but a smile broke out and stretched from ear to ear. He giggled so hard he had to hold his face to keep it from falling to pieces. "Okay. I mean, Yes, Miss Sunny."

When he didn't hurry off, she spun around him by his rather thin arm and gave him a quick swat on the rump. He giggled and scurried away. She stared at Ana. "Is that what you wanted?"

Ana smiled. "It's a good start."

The Pinsedo profile, which they'd all studied, was very specific: assertive in the work place; submissive at home, the so-called "secret submissive".

* * *

He was on his own now. While Sunny relaxed at 30,000 feet on her way to await a call from an out of state court to testify against a very bad man, he'd been busy girlifying himself to the Nth degree. Body lotion, toenail polish, fingernail polish, makeup (alluring but professional), perfume, hair swept up, but with just a few tendrils to call attention to his diamond studded earrings (with two freshly punctured earlobes that were healing nicely), a

shimmering pink blouse with a square shouldered charcoal jacket, a charcoal skirt that fell to his mid-thigh, just tight enough to be sexy, but not so tight as to be slutty, nude pantyhose and a pair of light pink 4-inch pumps.

The pink blouse was meant to represent his "secret" self, hidden beneath his power suit, a soft submissive beneath an assertive exterior. The light pink pumps were allegedly (according to Ana) the "root of his being", also submissive and pink. She and Sunny had helped him plan everything out to a tee. He had rehearsed and re-rehearsed. Every interview question they could throw at him had a prepared answer. He was confident, assertive, but very friendly and easy to get along with. He was highly intelligent, but also eager to please. He was opinionated and would speak his mind, but he would do as he was told.

He stood before the mirror in the hallway and stared at his reflection. He was the type of girl that had always been pretty, but who had always downplayed that beauty. He turned and stood on tiptoe to make certain his blouse was tucked into his skirt properly. He checked his pantyhose for runs, checked his lipstick and realized quite suddenly that he was late. How had that happened?

In the car, engine running, penis properly tucked away, he started to put it in reverse when he realized he had to pee.

He shook his head. This was going to be a disaster.

An hour later, he was just walking in to the Pinsedo outer office with his purse and briefcase (he would kill for pockets and less items to carry, no tubes of lipstick and mascara, no "emergency" tampons--which Sunny had made him pack because it made her grin--and on and on, one girly thing after another). They were already calling his name.

He presented himself to the young, beautiful girl at the desk. She was fresh faced with only light makeup and a short pixie hairstyle, which gave her the sexy affectation of constantly tucking a silky black lock behind her ear. "Hi," Terry told her. "I think that's me."

The girl smiled and she went from beautiful to breathtaking. Terry was more than aware of the fact that a few weeks ago he would've been absorbing her every detail, her every scent, every rustle of her clothing, every sweep of her legs beneath her short skirt, every jostle of her breasts, all for the purpose of fantasizing about her later. Now, however, his mind followed some hidden hypnotic command of Ana's to see her as just another woman, a sister, a potential friend and/or potential competition. "If you'll follow me," the girl told him and he admired the way her skirt fell around her legs and her killer heels. Her pastel blue outfit was pretty, but it was her blue stiletto sandals that gave him a little rush of excitement.

"Excuse me," he touched her on the arm. There was a deep irrepressible urge nagging at him, forcing him to wonder what an identical pair of killer heels would look like on his own feet. Was that Ana's programming or was that his own mind loving the effect of high heels on a woman's body? "I'm sorry to ask, but where did you get your shoes?"

The girl blushed and paused just long enough to pose her leg so she could gaze adoringly at her foot. "I know. They're amazing, right? I love them."

"Were they very expensive?"

The girl laughed and nodded. "Oh, they were, but if you get the job here, you'll be able to afford them. They pay us very well."

"Well," he worried openly, "I wouldn't want to copy your style, but--"

She waved him away. "Please, this is a great office, not like those other places. No one's like that here. Anyway, you better go in."

Terry turned to the door and took a deep breath.

"Oh, wait--" the girl said suddenly, and just as suddenly leapt forward and wrapped her arms around him, giving him a long, warm embrace. Terry hugged her back uncertainly. Was this something that women normally did? It seemed unusual. The girl grinned from ear to ear as she withdrew, her blue eyes glittering. "Miss Bryce got a new outfit for this year's interviews." It was a whisper full of conspiratorial meaning.

Then she was hurrying back to her desk to answer the ringing phone.

Terry turned back to the door. His cell phone was buzzing like a crazy hornet in his purse. He fumbled with his briefcase, dug in his purse (being careful of his nails) and saw a text from Ana. *Tell me before you go into interview.*

He texted back quickly. *Going in now.*

He started to drop the phone back in his purse, but it buzzed once more. He didn't have time for this. It was another text from Ana. *Ego sleep.*

He had the sudden sensation of something being pulled away from his mind. It was like watching a magician whip away a tablecloth while all the plates and glasses and silverware remained in place. He was still himself, still Terry, but somehow, he was less than what he'd been a moment ago. There was an absence now.

Something had been subtracted, but he couldn't tell what, only that it was gone and he felt...

Happy. Soft. Free.

The door opened and a beautiful woman in her mid-forties stood in front of him, surprised, then smiling.

"Oh! Hello. You must be Terry."

He smiled and admired her. Her brown hair was styled professionally, curled into easy waves that spilled over her shoulders, but there was one shock of gray that ran down one side which absolutely made her look. He offered her his hand. Yes, she was in her forties, but she was vibrant and polished. Her complexion was flawless, her brown eyes crystal clear, and though she looked nothing like his mother, he realized she reminded him of her. "It's nice to meet you."

"Angela." She introduced herself and stepped toward him, wrapping her arms warmly around him.

Terry blinked, feeling surprised and shy. He knew women were more touchy-feely, but this wasn't normal. Was it? "Oh, um, th-thank you."

Angela stood back and squeezed his upper arms, gazing at him, giving him the once over. "You'll have to get used to that here, I'm afraid."

He giggled and nodded and blushed and bowed his head. It was only a moment later that he realized how he'd behaved and how natural it had felt. *Ana, what did you just do to me?*

She turned and Terry followed the sway of her skirt. Angela was in shape; her legs were slender with just a trace of muscle tone. She snapped her fingers twice. "Sit."

Terry felt the command like a spark between his legs. Before Angela could turn and sit behind her desk, he was hurrying to sit before her. It was odd, but he suddenly just wanted to please her. He got a quick flash in his heart that she was like a mother and he needed her approval. He silently cursed Ana. She had unknowingly made it more difficult for him. He couldn't think if he kept wanting to kiss this woman's feet.

"So," Angela said with a smile and leaned forward to rest her elbows on the desk. She placed her chin on top of her clasped hands and gave him the expression of someone who wanted nothing more than for him to succeed. "I've been over your resume. There's no need for us to discuss it. You're more than amply qualified--"

Terry popped open his briefcase. "Oh, but I also some brought some examples of projects I've worked on. You should be able to see that my technical skills--"

"Set your briefcase by your chair. "

Terry blinked with more than a little consternation. He thought about arguing with her. How could she really get a sense of his skills if he didn't show her what he could do? Instead, however, Ana's magic was hard at work in him. He wanted very much to do as she said. He relaxed, feeling his shoulders drop, and nodded with surrender, feeling shell-shocked.

He placed his briefcase beside him on the floor, then looked up at her nervously.

"That's a good girl," Angela whispered. Her eyes sharpened to two analytical pinpricks as she said it, searching, studying.

Terry swallowed deeply, gritted his teeth and blushed beet red. He couldn't help the feeling of defiance and anger from lighting in his eyes. *Aggressive at the workplace; submissive at home.*

"A keen emotional response," Angela hummed, clearly enjoying herself. "As expected, you bristle at being treated as an inferior, but you also respond favorably to it. If I were a man, I have no doubt I'd be hearing from you on the matter. Restrained resentment, no doubt, but I'm not a man." She stood and rounded the desk, positioning herself before him. She placed her soft bottom on the edge of the desk and leaned back against it with her long sleek legs on display. "You don't expect a woman to treat you like that in an interview, do you?"

He took a deep breath. "It's...unexpected, yes."

"Why do you want to work for Pinsedo, Terry?"

He shuffled forward in his seat, knees neatly pinned together, hands in his lap, tense but open. "I need the job."

Angela laughed and shooed him away. "Pish posh. You can *find* a job. You're adept, intelligent, obviously driven. You can see yourself out. Thank you."

Terry blinked. "What?"

Angela hadn't moved. It didn't make sense. If he was being dismissed, why wouldn't she be sitting at her desk and calling in the next victim? "Well, if you're not going to be honest--"

"I--okay, well, you pay very well--"

"Door's that way. Thank you."

"No! I--" He sat up straight now. He nearly bounded to his feet. He wanted nothing more than to shake this woman until her head bobbed. "This--" He caught his breath, willed himself to relax. "This is not at all how I imagined this would go."

"Yes, yes, you come in. I ask you a bunch of ridiculous questions and I'm supposed to make an educated guess about whether or not you'll fit in here. Why do you want to work at Pinsedo, Terry? It's a simple question."

He stared at her for a long time. Without knowing his lips were going to move, they suddenly began issuing thoughts before he had a chance to censor or consider them. "I was at a bar a couple of weeks ago."

"Manhattan's Bar & Grille?" she asked. Her eyes were suddenly as sharp and cold as a snake; they sent a chill through him. He couldn't bear to look at her another moment.

With a bowed head, he watched his hands clasp in his lap for comfort, felt his shoulders rise and fall. He was a big ball of tension suddenly. He wasn't even thinking about the case anymore, about those "missing" woman. The only thing on his mind was getting through this unconventional interview. "Yes. A lot of the girls from here go and have drinks there. I talked with some of them. They're very nice and they kept saying I should work here, but they wouldn't say why. So, I looked into your company and it's mostly women. I'd say a good ninety-eight percent of the staff is women. I thought maybe it would be better."

"Better to work with women, rather than a coed staff?"

He nodded. "Maybe there would be less--" He sighed heavily. "--less of the usual work place dramatics."

"I see. That's very interesting. I'm sure there are other businesses that are run by women though--"

"Yes, with women executives. Pinsedo has all male executives." He forced himself to snap his eyes up to hers. The case. The case. If he couldn't get hired, maybe he could get some information out of her. Still, that urge to please her and seek the type of approval he'd always wanted from his mother was a big shining barrier. "And--" he forced himself to say, which caused a tremor in his voice he couldn't prevent "--I thought...maybe...I could break that glass ceiling here."

Angela's eyes went wide. A moment later, she grinned with sharp keen understanding. "Well...that's more like it. You want a challenge. I like that quite a bit. I must admit, you sounded ambitious on paper, but I wasn't seeing that until just now. You were on your best behavior, of course, hoping to be Miss Sweetness to get past me, but I'm glad I got to see the real you."

Ana had screwed him over with that last suggestion. *Ego sleep*. He wasn't quite sure what it had done, but it was taking all he had to combat it. He'd have to tell her to leave well enough alone in the future. "So, do I have the job or did I just blow it?"

Angela crossed her arms, eyes twinkling, lips pressed together. She was going to let him sweat a little, wasn't she? "I have a room full of young, bright, go-getters who are as equally as qualified--"

"But not more so," he provided. Yes, he was on a tear now. Was that okay? Did Angela approve? Maybe Ana's suggestion hadn't screwed him over after all. If Angela wanted him to be assertive, his extreme eagerness to please her might be working in his favor.

She grinned. "Sit back in your chair, uncross your legs and place your hands on the armrests."

He hadn't been aware that he had crossed his legs, but when he looked he saw that he had. He was about to comply, but he hesitated. Was this another test? Was she seeing how he'd react to being ordered about? He didn't have a choice. He sat back, uncrossed his legs and placed his hands on the armrests.

Angela turned and collected a pair of glasses from the desk. They were designed to wrap around the ears and insert a pair of ear buds. There was a thin microphone that would run along his cheek. "Sit still while I fit them." She placed them on his face, pressed the ear buds into his ears and gave his blonde bangs a gentle sweep across his forehead. "Blink twice."

He did so and a display lit before his eyes. "Oh!" Male or female, it was an expression of Terry's utter delight with technology. "I see!"

"Your technical skills will come in handy, but you'll have to relearn to do everything." She turned and collected a small square device, not unlike a cell phone, and studied it. "It should be through booting up now."

Before Terry's eyes, lines of small mostly transparent icons appeared. He could see the room and Angela clearly enough, but he could also see the interface. "This is amazing! You say most of your work is done through these?" He swept his gaze across the icons and they shifted and glowed slightly. He stared past the icons at the transparent desktop where he could just spy a barely visible grid. A soft glow appeared like a fluorescent tapestry. As he swept his gaze again, the screen slid and a new set of icons appeared. He laughed.

Angela laughed, too. "Goodness. You're already navigating the desktop. That's impressive, Terry."

"But how do I--" He was just asking the question when he noticed an icon glow. He stared at it, but nothing happened. He shook his head slightly and the desktop shook as well. He turned his head slightly and rather than the desktop sliding, a second desktop seemed to appear. He pointed his face forward again and the side marquee disappeared. He willed an icon to open, but it didn't comply.

"Pulse your eyes, dear."

He did so. It highlighted.

"Now, drag it to the center to activate it." He dragged the icon to a small glowing circle in the center of the desktop and up popped a calendar. "God! I love this! I had no idea anyone was using anything like this!"

He turned his head to the right and another marquee-desktop appeared. He looked up and yet another marquee appeared. He looked down, saw his legs and a virtual keyboard appeared. "Oh, oh!" He giggled like a cheerleader on the jock's bus. He raised his hands until they ghosted above the keyboard, though the keyboard was still visible. He began to type on the calendar. *Day one. Hired!*

Angela laughed. "Let's not get ahead of ourselves. Although, I'll admit you seem to be a natural for the system."

He blinked twice, curiously, and the desktop popped up a prompt. *Log off?*

He grinned. "Oops."

Angela laughed again. "Nod your head."

He stared at her, wide-eyed, through the desktop. "Really?"

She grinned.

He nodded and the screen went blank.

Angela reached over and removed the glasses from his face. "Very good."

He rubbed his eyes, and then panicked. Had he smudged his eyeliner? "Wait...you could see what I was typing?"

Angela set the glasses on her desk and whipped her head around. Another grin appeared on her lips. "You caught that, hm?"

He blinked rapidly and the odd thought occurred to him that he was about to shut down the system again, though there was no system. He almost expected a prompt to ask him if he wanted to log out of the room he was in. He'd acclimated so fast to the virtual desk space that it alarmed him a little.

She leaned over and lifted his face with a finger beneath his chin. She was suddenly intimately close and gazed down on him as if were only a child needing instruction. There was a look on her face that both chilled him and thrilled him. It was that of a queen toying with a slave. "You'd fit in nicely here--" she whispered. He could feel the heat in his cheeks, but he worried this was another test. Was he supposed to resist her, display defiance, show resentment at being treated this way? He couldn't help it. His heart thundered in his chest. He became acutely aware of his budding nipples tightening behind the breast forms. His thighs were squeezing together, his knees rubbing, causing him to squirm with awkward desire. "--but I have other little girls to interview."

Then, he was dismissed. Angela sat behind her desk, behind a conventional PC, and began to tap her long, red, polished nails and ignored him.

He swallowed and blinked and turned to leave, but paused when his hand met the knob.

He had the job, he thought, but he had to make sure. It might be going too far; it might be a mistake, but he turned and marched back to her desk and cleared his throat.

Angela did not look up. "We're done, dear."

"Yes, I--I--" He cleared his throat again. She was a queen. She was a goddess. *Ego sleep*. She was like the mother he'd always wanted, stern, difficult, hard to please, but so beautiful and wonderful that it only made you work harder to do so. "I very much want to work for you, Angela." He risked a lot by using her first name, instead of "Miss", but it was worth it, he felt. "I think I'd be a good fit for this company, and--" He cleared his throat again. He was nervous. She was so--so glamorous and perfect and in control. "--and I--I feel--I feel that I have a lot to learn from you."

Angela looked up, clearly trying to hide her emotion. She was going for cool and serene and detached, but in her eyes there was a deep glint of desire, not sexual exactly, but just as deep, just as intimate. "That's kind of you to say."

Much softer than he intended, Terry admitted, "I mean it." He gazed deep into her brown eyes and felt himself falling for her. He was in love with her, not as a man loved a woman or even as a woman sexually desired a woman, but as a neophyte loves a mentor. Something inside him wanted to be just like her. "And," he added with a slightly, knowing grin, "I love your suit."

Angela laughed. Her cool demeanor broke entirely, shattered by a pair of warm pink blushing cheeks. She placed one hand to her cheek as if she'd just been kissed. Her grin was luscious and approving and obviously beyond her control. "I'll call you in a week, dear."

Terry smiled at her with red hot cheeks. "Thank you. I--I look forward to it."

* * *

Sunny: so? don't keep a girl in suspense?

Terry: *Nailed it.*
 Sunny: *really really really? Sure? How sure? did they offer?*
 Terry: *Knocked her pantyhose off. soon, certain. How's court?*
 Sunny: *The worst. Wait. Every day required in court in case I testify. Every day, no call. Bored! How's your boobies? lol*
 Terry: *pthth, still growing, still very emotional, lots of crying*
 Sunny: *WTF? thought Jenny was backing off dosage?!*
 Terry: *lower, but cumulative*
 Sunny: *Aww, poor baby. won't need breast forms for long, no more jokes about MY PMS??*
 Terry: *no more jokes, promise! Pinsedo research?*
 Sunny: *more than we thought. one girl ea. month promoted. overseas. gone. no girl yet this month though.*
 Terry: *once I'm in I'll find them and expose everything.*
 Sunny: *love you. be CAREFUL!*
 Terry: *will do, love you, too, more....stupid me. makes me weepy.*

The phone rang in Terry's hands and he nearly dropped it. He was getting used to his longer nails, but he still found items clumsy in his grip from time to time. The caller ID said Ana.

He slid his thumb across the surface and held it to his ear. "Hey, it's me."

"How did it go today?" Ana's tone was tense. She was worried about him or maybe she was worried about her work.

He smiled. "It went very well. Thanks, Ana. I couldn't have done it without you."

She laughed. "No, you couldn't. Did my last minute suggestion help?"

He sighed. "Yes. Although, I'll admit, I thought you screwed me at first. What exactly did it do?"

"Just sort of a last second female boost."

"And that's all?"

"Yes," Ana said. "Why? Did you feel something else?"

"No, maybe not. I was very tuned into the recruiter, I guess. I thought maybe that was something you did."

"Hm, well yes and no. I think you worked off something I did, but I think that was your desire to make the interview work. Anyway, I need to clean up a few things in your head. Got a minute?"

"What? Now?"

"Yes, you're at home, aren't you?"

"Yes, but--it's just been a stressful day. I was planning on trying to get my beauty sleep and lots of it."

"Terry...I want you to listen very carefully to the words I'm about to say next--"

He was suddenly very thirsty. His mouth felt like he'd been sucking on cotton balls for the last hour. He took a deep breath and sat up in the chair, rubbing his face. Had he been sitting? He needed to clean off his makeup and give his skin a decent moisturizing scrub before bed.

He stared at the phone in his hand. He looked over the text messages from Sunny and smiled. Her comment about his "boobs" got him curious so he unbuttoned his blouse and stood before the mirror. There they were: two soft mounds of flesh. His nipples had grown and just the slightest breeze made them taut. He cupped them with his hands and gave them a gentle squeeze. It was the nipple that delivered the pleasure. The skin around them, the breasts themselves, felt nice, but they were only a tease to the sensitive nipples.

He played with them for a while, the pleasure growing. They were tight and he ran his fingers over them lightly. They grew impossibly hard and he continued to play, pinching them from time to time. They'd never been this big before; they were easy to grab now. He gave them little tugs and returned to swirling his fingers around them, barely grazing them. His cock was still tucked neatly away beneath his legs, but he began to squeeze his thighs together. The pressure felt good, and it was feeling better.

Soon, he was bucking his pelvis, his thighs clamped together, his knees nearly aching as his fingers plucked and released his nipples again and again. He pulled them and let them snap back. He began to massage his entire breast until there was a tension in his body that he couldn't place. It built to a feverish pitch in an indistinct location; it was somewhere within him, but it would never reveal itself.

His nipples twitched and he began to rub them with greater vigor until they finally pulsed with a great pleasure that spread out into his breasts and up his collarbone. Then, as he felt his breath slowing, his pulse becoming more regular, both nipples seemed to lose all sensation. They weren't numb; they just weren't delivering the little stabs of euphoria like before.

He blinked in the mirror, looking like a girl who'd just had an orgasm; cheeks, pink; forehead, slick with sweat.

Maybe he didn't want to cut back on the hormones after all.

See You Glasses

He surrendered his cell phone, his purse and his briefcase to a locker on the way in. Angela issued him a pair of glasses or "Pin-specs" and showed him where to return them. "They're keyed to the security system, so if you forget to return them an alarm will sound. Pinsedo property stays in the building. Are we clear?"

Terry nodded. He'd chosen a green blouse with a beige suit. The skirt was knee length and he'd made a mad dash for a shoe store to buy some pretty lime green heels, similar to the ones the receptionist had worn the day of his interview. Perhaps it had been Ana rearranging his thoughts, but he couldn't get her shoes out of his head. He'd spent hours in one shoe store after another. When he'd finally found them, his heart had jumped for joy. He'd spent an entire day shopping and had actually had fun.

Angela snapped her fingers in front of his face. "Are you there, dear? I hope you pay more attention on the floor. Don't worry about your cell phone. You can program the number into the glasses and they'll route any calls, but remember, you are here to work. Now, once again, the glasses--"

"Glasses get returned at the end of my shift. Got it."

"Good, then put them on and log in."

"Does each person have their own pair of glasses?"

Angela placed her hand on the small of his back and gently prodded him through a pair of double doors. Inside was a floor full of sofa chairs and tables, but no desks, no computers, no cubicles. "They're interchangeable. They ID you by your retinal patterns."

The familiar transparent desktop appeared before his eyes again. There was a gentle rush of white noise in his ears, which gently faded (or perhaps he got used to it and simply didn't notice it anymore). Angela led the way, then stopped short. Terry was so focused on the marquees and icons in his display that he nearly ran into her.

"This is Cassie. She'll be your trainer."

Cassie was a friendly looking brunette with green eyes and a smile that nearly swallowed her entire face. She was so bright she was practically aglow with eagerness. "Hi! Nice to meet you!" She threw herself at Terry and gave him a full body hug, pressing every part of herself against him. Thank god the only part of him that might accidentally respond was neatly tucked away.

"Oof, n-nice to meet you, too."

Cassie giggled. "Sorry." She wagged her finger at him with a pretend frown. "But you better get used to it. We're all huggers here. We're one big happy family. Right, Angela?"

Angela smiled. "Yes, dear."

"Wait--I thought--" He looked at Angela. "I won't be working with you?"

Angela placed her hand on his shoulder and gave it a squeeze. "I only work directly with the UPs, dear. Cassie will take care of you from here on out, but do let me know if you need anything."

"Where--" He felt a little panic. Angela was his ticket to understanding Pinsedo. He was certain with enough time, he could pump her for all the information he needed, but now he was being passed off to an underling. "Where will you be?"

Angela grinned. "Cassie will help break you of that kind of thinking."

In another moment, Angela was gone and it was only he and the cheerleader. "She's right. Physical location isn't really important. Look up."

He shook his head but lifted his gaze. She giggled and placed her hands on the sides of his head and tilted his face up. Above him, a glowing marquee-desktop appeared and he saw dots of lights. One of them was so blue it was nearly opaque. He almost didn't notice the tiled ceiling beyond. "What's--what's this?"

"It's us! See? You can ask for someone's name or you can select any locator and it will show you who it is. The bright one is you. There are maps, too."

He focused on his dot and his face and name appeared off to the side with a connected comment box. There were also details about him, including the fact this was his first day. He was labeled as a "Trainee", and his LGS (whatever that was) labeled him as "Probationary."

Cassie whispered happily in his ear. "Do you see me?"

He focused on the dot beside his own and Cassie appeared. Her staff photo was animated and she was smiling and waving. Her LGS was "BAP". "What's BAP?"

"Oh," she said, sounding a little quieter than normal, "Below Average Performer. When you're done with your probationary period, you'll probably be a BAP, too."

He lowered his head away from the locator map and looked at her. She'd found her smile again. "When

does my probationary period end?"

She shrugged. "No one knows really. Just one day you'll look and your LGS will have changed. Okay, let's get started. I got lots to show you." She grabbed his hand and led him across the open floor filled with women too busy working through their Pinsedo glasses to notice them.

Several times, Terry surreptitiously extracted his hand from Cassie's, but somehow she kept grabbing hold of it again. They spent almost the entire shift hand in hand. He noticed the women around him constantly embraced, kissed and even held hands on their way to break or lunch. He made a note to ask Ana or Sunny, but he had a strong suspicion that no normal office full of women exhibited this type of behavior.

Cassie ended up being an excellent trainer. She taught him the aspects of his job slowly and methodically. He learned to monitor cloud servers and customer profiles, learned to put his own personal spin on suggesting new content to the customers, and learned that he would never have any real contact with anyone. It was all done behind an "Icon Girl", which was an animated version of himself that spoke with his inflection and tone, but never with his actual voice. His avatar or "Icon" was higher-pitched than his real voice and it sounded like it was stuck in an incessant smile, but he was surprised at the little inflections and idiosyncrasies it picked up from his real voice (which was far from natural).

When he took a bathroom break, he dried the sweat from his palm and made a conscious effort to avoid Cassie's further attentions, but it wasn't just her. Every person Cassie introduced to him was suddenly in his arms. Sometimes he got kisses on the cheeks, sometimes on the nose, once or twice quick pecks on the lips, but the embraces were constant and common. Being friendly was one thing, especially to the new girl, but this went far beyond simple friendliness.

During a break they had tea and Cassie ended up sitting practically right on top of him. "So," he asked her. "I guess I'm curious. Why hire women to do this? You'd think computers could identify customer interests and preferences and use those to better target advertising. "

She placed her hand warmly on his arm. "Women are more intuitive than servers. We know our customers, what they want and what they might like. Computers aren't very good at predicting human tastes just yet. Buy one song and it will instantly give you every song by that artist and then start showing you a bunch of songs in the same category.

"We make friends with our customers. We build a relationship and that allows us to make intuitive leaps and introduce things to them that even they don't know they're going to like."

"So, we just suggest music and place ads?"

Cassie giggled and ran her hand down to Terry's hand. She let it rest there as she snuggled closer to him. "We suggest everything. Music, movies, news stories, stocks, gossip. You name it, we place it. It always starts out a little rough with a new customer while you're getting accustomed to their tastes and habits, you know, but it's sort of like being in a relationship. You just remain open to them and after awhile, you just *know* them and that helps you serve them better. When you get it right, you're rewarded with 'Likes'."

"Likes? "

Cassie laid her head on his shoulder and snuggled close to him, closing her eyes. "Likes are these positive little feedback rewards that customers give us. When you get one, it feels good, and the more you get, the better you feel. I swear, some days I practically float home, and it's lucrative, too. The more 'Likes' you get, the better your scores. The better your scores, the better you get paid and the higher you rank. Each week and month there are bonuses, too. Sometimes gift cards, sometimes little office privileges. Last month, Mary got to wear a tiara every day and every one had fun bowing and getting her things. It was so much fun!"

"Cassie, please don't take offense, but your Like Scores list you as a Below Average Performer. Why do they keep you?"

She lifted her head and smiled merrily. "Oh, I'm not offended. I provide other things for the company, like this. I'm a super trainer and I take a lot of other girls' overflow if they get too many customers in their queue. See? Their shared Likes aren't quite as good as my own, but they're still nice and their percentages add up."

He nodded. She leaned over and pecked him on the cheek, then stood up. "Are you through with your tea because I'm just dying to get you started on the real thing! C'mon!"

She did show him. She showed him how to identify potential customers (troll), how to present himself to them (bait), and how to begin a "relationship" (hook). He learned Cassie's theory about how to slowly make a customer dependent on you for recommendations (addict).

"Can I ask you something, Cassie?"

She nodded and he could see her eyes through her glasses as she spun information around, looking for a particular artist she thought her customer would like. "Sure! "

"Why are only women doing this? Why are there no men?"

She was an expert at operating her service and carrying on a conversation. "Suggest and Send. *Super light, but really hot glasses.* Henry Scalera. *Optic's Zone.* Queue Rick White. Pin-Pause. Because women are more intuitive than men and we're better at multi-tasking. Pin-Start. Suggest and Send. *Decorum Jeans, try straight cut but one size larger waist, so nice looking on your boy butt!* Also, *Faith song, Cranky Angels.* Queue Albert Hallum...."

He made a point to ask Ana about that. Were women truly more intuitive? And were they actually better at multi-tasking? He wasn't sure.

"Ready to take one?" She gazed at him cheerfully through the glasses.

He nodded. He looked up until he saw the map and linked to her interface like she showed him. Now they were looking at one large desktop that encompassed both of their workspaces. She slid a customer over to him. His interests, habits, dislikes and more personal information than Terry thought he should know suddenly passed before his eyes.

How was he supposed to make an intuitive guess about something someone liked? He wasn't sure, but he tried and got a Thumbs Down. The entire desktop turned red and there was the dramatic sound in his ears of a machine slowing to a crawl. A meter appeared out of nowhere and showed him -1 in the red. The lighting, the disappointing sound, the sudden appearance of white noise in his ear again all had the effect of making him feel like an absolute failure.

"Aww, that's okay. Luck of the draw. Try again. I'll take Arthur Moss back and you try Rangel Renaldo."

He went through several customers and each time his desktop turned red with a Dislike. Each time, he felt horrible and it was building. He'd only just started and he was wondering if he should just quit. Finally, on the fourth try, he got a Like. The world turned light green and the machine sound revved in his ears and he had the sudden sensation of fast motion in his glasses. He could barely hear the white noise, but he suddenly had a feeling of utter elation.

He'd done it! He'd gotten a Like!

His meter was now at -3. Not the most auspicious start, but now that he knew he could do it, it was only a matter of devising a strategy.

While he was hot, he queued up several recommendations to Rangel's devices and most visited web pages and prepared the data on a cloud to respond with his suggestions should Rangel decide to make an impulse buy. The cardinal sin, Cassie told him, was forgetting to push the data. "It should be instantaneous. It's no good hooking a Like if you lose the buy."

He slid profiles across his desktop with his gaze, opened server portals nearest to the customers and slid data packets into a queue. After only a few hours, he noticed his head was throbbing. He ignored it at first, but after an hour, his eyes felt like someone had baked them in the Arizona Sun and plopped them back in their sockets.

He reached under his glasses, closed his eyes and began to rub them, moaning quietly. His head wasn't just throbbing now; it was squeezing his brain like a vice.

He could smell Cassie's hair. He could feel her arms around him. When she whispered, he felt her breath on his cheek. Did she always have to be this close to him? "Eye strain? C'mon! It happens to newbies. I'll show you what to do. C'mon!"

He was still rubbing his eyes when he felt her take his hand and lead him across the floor to a short hallway. They came to a room with dim pink lights and he could just see a row of sofa chairs through his blurry, tearing vision.

"Sit here and close your eyes."

He wasn't in any condition to refuse. He heard Cassie sliding a device over his eyes and felt her remove his glasses. The next thing he knew, there was a warm pink glow appearing behind his eyelids. His eyes watered, but the warmth and the color was so soothing that he sighed with relief.

Cassie rubbed his cheek with a thumb, whispering to him. "Don't let it go on so long next time. Your eyes aren't used to all the activity that comes with the Pinsedo Specs. You have to build up some endurance. The first sign of strain you feel, come in here and do a rest cycle."

"Jesus," he said. "That feels amazing. I don't think I noticed they were hurting at first."

She leaned in close and kissed his ear. "I'll set it for fifteen minutes and be back to check on you. Okay?"

The relief in his eyes was so great, and the humming of the machine was so cyclical and soothing that he only sighed and relaxed deeper into the chair. Before he knew it, he was lightly dozing and there was a little theater of dim flashes on the inside of his eyelids.

* * *

Sunny's pretty face appeared on his laptop. She had her blonde hair wrapped up in a towel and a fluffy hotel

robe on. She clearly had just stepped out of the shower and hadn't put any makeup on. She was probably getting ready to go to bed. "So? Give me the scoop, babygirl." She grinned.

Terry was still tired from work and rubbing his feet where those killer heels (that he absolutely adored for some strange reason) had decided to crush his toes. He groaned at the "babygirl" remark. "They have a hierarchy. Below Average Performers. Average Performers. Excelling Performers. Upper Performers. BAPs, APs, EPs, and UPs."

"Mmhmm, and where in that spectrum is my girlfriend?" She grinned.

In only ten seconds, Sunny had him deep in the mire of a familiar giddy arousal. Humiliated, because in all honesty he knew he was still a man and should resent such pet names, but also thrilled, because somehow Ana had made it exciting to hear himself referred to as a girl. "I'm probationary."

Sunny frowned. "I'm guessing this is going to take at least a couple of weeks?"

He nodded and sipped his tea. His face needed a deep cleansing and it had begun to pop into his head regularly that he might wear a skin-rejuvenating facemask to bed. He knew Ana was responsible for such thoughts, but that didn't help him fend them off, and he wasn't certain he should try. "Yes, probably. My best bet is to get to the upper echelon as quickly as possible. They seem to have a lot more freedom on the system. At the level I'm at now, I wouldn't risk writing a batch file, much less a hack of any type."

"Terry," Sunny asked, "if the Pinsedo system is so different, what makes you think you'll be able to hack it at all?"

He scratched an itch above his lips with a fingernail so as not to smudge his makeup. He wasn't even aware he'd done so. Ana had programmed him with a lot of female mannerisms or programmed his subconscious to emulate them and make them his own, mostly beneath his awareness. "Servers and data don't change. They all run on commercial software. It's just the interface that's changed. The glasses or the '*Pin-Specs*' are just a different version of a keyboard and monitor, but I have to make sure no one's watching me first."

"What did Ana say about the whole cult theory?"

He smiled his prettiest smile and Sunny noted (with a little envy) how good of a job he'd done on his makeup. "She said what I've described so far has all the right elements. The overly friendly atmosphere, all the hugging and kissing, is a good way to indoctrinate someone into the feeling of belonging to something bigger than themselves, a 'family' of sorts. The communal floor space, the hierarchy, the feeling that everyone has to work together, it doesn't make the theory, but it certainly doesn't break it. The surrender of personal possessions on the way in, running my cell phone through the company where my conversations would presumably be monitored, the expectation of having my time on the system monitored 24/7--it doesn't add up to thought control exactly, but Ana thinks we can't rule it out."

"Okay," Sunny agreed. "So, let's say it's a corporate cult. The higher into the hierarchy you get, the more brainwashed you are, right?"

He took a deep breath. "I suppose so. The girls at the UP level live on a corporate campus in corporate housing, and from what I understand there are no families there, just single girls. That's control. Those are the girls I think they select for these so-called '*promotions*'. I haven't been able to verify that yet, but that's my assumption."

Sunny sipped on a mini-bottle of vodka from the hotel fridge. "My point is if you're planning to get up in the ranks, won't they be trying to brainwash you?"

He thought about it. "I know about it though. I'll be on guard. I'll fake it."

"But--" Sunny suddenly looked sick with worry. "Terry, you don't know *how* they're doing it! What if they're doing it to you right now and you don't even know it?"

He gave a dubious expression. "C'mon!"

"And I'm worried about Ana's hypnosis. What if that is actually softening you up, you know? What if--"

"Sunny!"

Her mouth was still open. She closed it, but the pall of worry never left her face.

"Relax, okay?" he told her. "At the first sign of trouble, I'm out, and you can check on me every night."

She nodded. Suddenly, there were tears in her eyes. She dabbed at them with the sleeve of her puffy robe. "Promise me you'll be careful."

"I will," he told her.

"You're already not yourself, y'know? I barely recognize the guy I fell in love with. I mean, seeing you all girly and sweet is pretty exciting, but I don't want to--to--"

"You won't," he told her. "We're going to get these guys. We're going to find out where those girls get '*promoted*' to, and we're going to bust them. Then Ana can undo all that stuff she did to my head."

Sunny faked a smile and pretended to be reassured. Tomorrow, she'd call Ana and make sure that some kind of safeguards were in place, if that was possible. "Okay."

Terry smiled, blushed, blew her a kiss and gave her a baby-wave with his fingers. "Love ya!"
She laughed, but in the back of her mind there was just the beginnings of a concern. It didn't seem like something even the boy-transformed-into-a-girl Terry would do.

* * *

More and more Terry was beginning to understand the Pinsedo girls and why the company would deliberately select such personalities.

First, they were all attractive. Second, they were all highly intelligent. It was the dichotomy of their assertive sides and their submissive sides, however, that were their most useful traits.

Troll. Bait and hook. Addict. These were the element of the business as Cassie had described it, but they were all assertive traits. Finding a customer, persuading them to follow you, forming a type of relationship, then making them dependent on your taste all required a fair amount of aggressive actions. It was one big seduction, but there was another element Cassie had never mentioned.

Once you had a good selection of customers, a good Pinsedo girl spent all her time understanding them, understanding their needs, their desires, and ultimately serving them.

In the end, the rewards of the constant "Likes" were encouraging every girl to be submissive to the desires of their customers. It was a powerful conditioning that even Terry had begun to feel after only a week. Each time he got a "Like" it was an instant emotional high. It didn't take long for that kind of thing to get addictive, and he found himself grinding away for hours on end to just to get it.

He also found himself constantly thinking about his customers. He might physically leave work, but he was finding it more and more difficult to leave mentally.

When he looked himself up one day and realized he was no longer probationary, the profound elation that rushed through him nearly brought him to tears. He went to Cassie, not quite wanting to, but because she was like an older sister. She hugged him and kissed him and petted his head and praised him until he thought was going to burst with happiness.

In the end though, it wasn't enough.

It took most girls months to work their way up to the top echelon and he didn't have that kind of time. He needed an edge, and he thought he had one. He was going to cheat.

Pinsedo girls were forbidden from making any direct or personal contact with the customers, but he'd found a way around that. The trick was the subtle use of certain social networking sites. If he was careful, he was certain he could insinuate to his customers that they might find him somewhere other than through the practically invisible Pinsedo network. With that thought, he began to spend his time off work, constructing one sexy, social site after another. He used the webcam to take sexy pictures of himself, spent his off days buying outfits that would make men drool, tight skirts, the highest of heels, lingerie that barely covered his feminized body.

When he'd told Sunny that his breasts were still growing, he hadn't lied. In just a few weeks, they'd seem to fill in, growing rounder and fuller and softer. In another week, he thought he could dispense with the breast forms and just use a couple of push-up bras to give himself a proper womanly shape. He was already using every trick in the book to make his breasts look bigger, and by the look of the "selfies" he was posting on his social networking sites, it was working.

He couldn't use the term "Pinsedo" on any of his sites, but he'd taken a couple of strategic shots that looked so similar to his Pinsedo "Icon" likeness that there would be no doubt. Once he had a couple of visitors, he began to reward them by flirting with them through the message boards and through private chats.

Men were particularly easy, he realized, to steam up and lead by the dick. At first, he worried about being a male flirting with men, but it was so much fun and they reacted so strongly that he quickly forgot all about it. It was exciting and it was powerful. Soon, he was doing cam sessions with some of them. It was getting easier and easier, and each time he made little comments about how grateful he would be if they found his "Icon" and let him send them recommendations, and how wonderful it would be if they mashed that Like button again and again.

Soon, his Like Scores began to soar. His placement to sales ratio went through the roof, but when he checked his profile he was still ranked as a BAP.

He worked harder, brought more men to his social sites, teased more of them through chats and cam sessions, and soon he found there was a limit to the power he had over them. There was a point in which the tide turned. Once they'd bought and Liked him, they wanted more from the teasing, sexy ICON girl. They began to demand performances, and of course Terry's first thought was to refuse, but something strange began to happen.

He'd spent so much time at Pinsedo learning everything about them, their interests, their desires, and so much time serving them, and so much time experiencing one emotional high after another that he found himself

thoroughly conditioned to enjoying the thought of pleasing them. They would ask and he would try to say no, but somehow they found it easy to talk him into doing more and more for them. Soon, he was topless for them. Soon, he was rubbing himself for them, dancing for them, buying outfits they wanted him to buy--French Maid, Cheerleader, Wonder Woman, Harem girl--covering himself with whipped cream or oil, undulating and simulating being fucked in the most sensual positions.

It was only his tucked cock that prevented him from truly fucking himself for their amusement. He'd taken pictures that faked it, however, to please them, but now they were wanting to see the real thing. They wanted to see their favorite Icon girl masturbate, perhaps even get fucked for them on cam.

Several of the man also began to apply a considerable amount of pressure to meet them for real, off cam, off site, at a restaurant or a hotel. It frightened him how easily they could bypass his resolve. It was only the fear of their discovering his male member that gave him the strength to resist such proposals.

Still, he checked his ranking with Pinsedo and couldn't understand why he had not risen.

He kept much of this secret from Ana and from Sunny. They knew about his using social sites to increase his ranking, of course, but not to what lengths he'd gone to cheat the system.

Finally, he located Angela and used the calendar to schedule a meeting.

She seemed pleased to see him. She gave him a long hug--which he was getting use to, and even coming to expect from everyone--and a tender kiss on the forehead. "I'm very impressed with you, my dear. You're really coming along."

He blushed and nodded. "Well, that's what I'd like to discuss with you. It doesn't feel like I'm getting anywhere at all."

She blinked curiously. "What do you mean?"

"I'm still ranked as a BAP. I--I don't understand why, Angela." He hadn't meant to get whiny but he could blame the hormones. Yes, he was no longer taking the high dosage, but they still went a long way to making him weepy. "My Like Scores are really good. What am I doing wrong?"

He'd intended to indict her and the Pinsedo system for not recognizing his aptitude, but he'd ended up sobbing like a child and feeling sorry for himself. Maybe he could cut out the hormones altogether. He made a note to discuss it with Jennifer soon.

Angela began to pet him, brushing her hand down over his hair, and though he didn't want to be soothed by the gesture, he felt himself calming down. He actually felt grateful for her attention. "Shh, it's okay. You're doing everything right, dear. It's just that we don't usually promote our girls so quickly. We like to make sure they're ready."

"But--but I am. I promise. I've worked so hard!" He sniffled and tried not to feel guilty for lying to her.

"But dear--" Angela ran out of words. She frowned and took a step away from him. "It's more than just time. It's more than just making sure you're a good fit for us. It's also about--" She sighed. "It's making sure you've learned to work the glasses well enough."

He shook his head, feeling wide-eyed and sad. "But--but what's left for me to know?"

She studied him for a long time, sizing him up, meditating, analyzing. Finally, she withdrew and leaned back against her desk with her arms crossed. "Very well. If you'd like, we can perform a test, but I'd like to make sure you are absolutely sure that you--"

"I am," he said quickly and practically leapt forward into her arms.

She smiled, but there was something in her eyes that concerned him. He couldn't quite put his finger on it; it was almost as if she were sad to see him succeed.

She nodded. "Stand there, please." She pointed to a spot a few feet before her. He was eager to comply and did so quickly. "If you pass the test, when you leave this room, you'll have been promoted to the AP level. Is that what you want, Terry?"

He smiled openly. "Of course!"

"Very well." She reached around to her and collected a device from her desk. It was small and black and looked like a cell phone. "I'm unlocking the Pinsedo AP menu for you now."

He studied his desktop, but nothing appeared. "I don't see it."

"It's hidden, dear. At your top left, there is a little blank spot. Just focus your eyes there for a few seconds."

He did so, looking up at the corner of the room without seeing it at all. His gaze was aimed on the mostly transparent desktop. Suddenly, a small circle appeared and began to whirl. Then it expanded and began to rotate again, then it expanded yet again, keeping up this pattern until it had finally expanded into another desktop, covering and concealing the default one. The Pinsedo logo was visible in the center and there were thirty or more icons all with the elegant calligraphy "P" as the image. How to tell one from the other he didn't know, other than perhaps memorizing their placement.

He blushed and giggled a little. "Ohh, I see."

"The Pinsedo desktop works like the others. You can select or highlight an icon with your eyes."

He stared at one and it did indeed glow softly. He tried dragging it to the center where the Open module usually was, but it didn't move. He frowned and his eyes bothered him a little. The strain in them was back and making him almost dizzy with discomfort. Fortunately, the stress had not yet caused a headache.

"As you can see, these apps are encrypted and cannot be activated in the conventional manner."

"Yes, I can see that," he agreed. He didn't get the chance to ask how to activate them.

"When you select one, focus your gaze on it and wait for a path to appear. The path will show you how you must move it to decrypt, validate and sign for the file so it can be opened. Let's start with the Blank File first."

He ran his eyes over them, one by one, watching them glow, one by one. "Okay."

"The Blank File is in the far left column. Three rows down. Do you see it?"

"Yes," he said. He focused his gaze and the icon glowed gently.

"Wait just a moment for the path to appear."

He almost didn't see them. The path guides were like thin lines of a spider's web floating in the air before him.

"Simply move the icon along the path," Angela instructed.

The Blank File Icon followed his gaze as he directed it up along the thin path, but then it slipped back into its home position and he had to start over. He selected it again and began to push it along the path, and this time he got halfway before it slipped again. He let out a little moan of frustration, which went unnoticed by him because suddenly he was only aware of a wash of white noise increasing in volume in his ears.

His moan did not go unnoticed by Angela, however. "Try again, dear."

He selected the Blank File with a deep breath and gently nudged it along the path, up, to the right, zig-zag down and to the left, around and under--

His eyes were rolling in their sockets uncomfortably, the dizzy sensation increasing.

--back up to the right, in a long line to the left, pushing the Blank File along the decryption path, then down, then gently to the center where it swirled.

It opened.

It was a blank file.

It was a white space.

"That's very good, dear."

It was a blank file.

"You did very well."

It was a white space.

"I wasn't sure if you and the glasses had enough time to build an affinity, but I think now that you have."

It was a big empty white space.

"How are you feeling, dear?"

It was a blank file.

"Fine," he said.

"That's fine, dear. I'm going to promote you to the AP Level, which is what you wanted. Is that fine with you?"

It was a big empty white space.

"Yes," he said.

"Wonderful, but in order to do so, there is another program I'm going to ask you to run. Will you be a dear and do that for me?"

It was an empty file.

"Yes," he said.

"Excellent. Top row, second column."

It was a blank file, and somewhere beneath it he could just see the Icons with the elegant "P" on them. He focused on the one she wanted him to activate next. He directed it along the decryption path and his eyes wobbled dizzily in their sockets, causing tears to spill down his cheeks.

Finally, the file opened and he could see Angela, frozen in time, from just a few moments ago. It was a paused video playback of the room through his point of view. It was visible only beneath the overlay of the white empty space of the Blank File.

"Now," Angela told him in a hushed tone, "I'm going to just take control of your glasses for just a moment to show you how to work the Time File. It's very simple. You simply play it backwards, like so--"

The Angela captured in the video began to move awkwardly backwards and he could see a readout showing

the date and time of the recording moving backwards as well.

The white noise in his ear was like a busy highway, bustling with so many sounds he found it impossible to pick and identify a single one.

"--and then you just...erase...like so. See?"

The marker appeared on the time indicator and the picture faltered for a moment then went black. Embedded in the blackness was the bold capital letters, which spelled out the word, ERASED. Out of the white noise, a voice that sounded exactly like his own--and perhaps he'd actually spoken it aloud--gurgled up and with some distortion spoke the word, ERASED.

"Now, you try."

Above the video playback image was the white space of the Blank File.

"Okay," he said.

He played the video backwards for a few seconds and then followed a long path with his eyes, from the right, slowly back to the left, hopping back to the far right, then slowly following the path back again to the left. The video began to erase itself, frame by frame. Beneath the white space placed on top, he could see the image go black and the word ERASED appear. Gurgling out of the white noise, his own distorted voice whispered, ERASED.

Section by section he erased the playback video up until the point when he'd first walked in behind Angela into the room. Then Angela said, "That should be good enough. Please put the Time File away now. Follow the path to encrypt it."

He did so, having to focus intensely to find the path behind the white space filling his screen.

"Good. Please encrypt and put away the Blank File, if you will."

He did so, following the path in reverse, up from the center, in a long line to the right and so on until the Icon was back in its home position. The white space was gone now and there was only the desktop with all the elegant "P" Icons.

"Excellent," Angela said with a smile. "That was the Pinsedo Desktop. Now that you're an AP, you'll be asked to use it from time to time."

Terry blushed. He smiled. He wanted to take a step, but he felt a little dizzy and a little rooted to the carpet. He giggled and said, "Thank you, Angela."

Angela nodded and sighed sadly. "You're welcome, dear. Would you like me to tell Cassie?"

He blinked. "Oh."

"I'm afraid she's grown rather fond of you."

He nodded and felt a sudden sense of depression and loss. Everything was different now. Not that they couldn't be friends or wouldn't be friends, but he would probably have to link with the other APs to work more efficiently. Poor Cassie. She was such a sweetheart. She was hoping he would remain with her on her level and now she would be disappointed. "No," he informed Angela, "I appreciate the thought, but I think it would be better coming from me."

Angela smiled. "She'll be sad to lose you, but happy for your success."

He nodded and felt tears welling in his eyes. He definitely had to talk to Jennifer about discontinuing the hormones. "I hope so."

Angela hugged him warmly and gave him a gentle kiss on the lips, brushing his blonde bangs from his eyes. "A new world has just opened up for you. I'm very proud of you."

Terry threw his arms around Angela's sleek figure and tightened his grip until she practically couldn't breathe. She approved. She was proud of him. He wept quietly and she shushed him. He was so grateful to her...for everything.

Becoming the Perfect Pinsedo Girl

Sunny snarled with frustration into the camera of her laptop. "God! I just want this stupid trial to be over! Just lock the guy up already."

Terry was not sitting at his PC, but was standing in full frame, blushing and looking sheepish in a blue dress. He swayed gently, enjoying the way the pleated skirt lightly swirled around his knees. The way the tight bodice squeezed his chest like a friendly hug deposited a fresh supply of pink to his cheeks.

Sunny peered hard at her screen. "What's...going on? Is that a new dress?"

He leapt forward and filled the screen with an ear-to-ear grin. "Uh-huh! God! Thanks for noticing! I thought I was going to have to strut around runway style to get you to say something."

She laughed. "Wow, new shoes, shopping for makeup, a new hair style and now a new dress." It was startling how feminine he'd become. Even in the last week before she'd left, she'd still been able to spot little Terry gestures and male mannerisms. When the medicine had worn off in his voice, it had still cracked a little now and then as he tried to maintain his new female pitch and timbre. Now it was smooth and light and flawless. She was seeing a new person, a very girly, happy person, and she was deeply conflicted. "What's up with the makeover?"

Did it still excite her? It did, but it worried her, too. She couldn't see the old Terry at all anymore and all she wanted to do was get home and touch his skin to see if it was as soft as it looked. They'd done it. Jennifer had manipulated his biology with drugs and feminized his body until it was soft and curvy and utterly female in appearance. Ana had rearranged his desires so he found comfort and happiness in behaving and feeling utterly female. Now, Sunny worried that living as a female, especially working among a group of women, was completing the job.

"Well," he beamed merrily, "it was sort of a celebration. You're looking at the newest member of the AP group at Pinsedo!"

Sunny laughed. "Yay! That's awesome. You're a little cheater!"

He closed his eyes and tilted his head up with a haughty expression. "I totally coulda done it the hard way. I just took a shortcut."

Sunny smirked. "'Totally'? You 'totally coulda done it'? They're turning you into a bimbo."

He waved her off. "They all talk like that, plus it helps to talk silly like that so my Icon will pick it up. Customers love it!"

"I bet, but what does this mean exactly? Can you hack their system now?"

For a brief moment, he looked blank. Then he blinked and his gaze drifted to a far away place. "Oh, yeah.... I had started writing some files. I guess I need to finish them."

Sunny frowned. "Yes. I'd say you absolutely need to finish them and get them installed so we can get access to their files."

He shrugged and blushed and gave her a simpering smile. "I'll do it tonight."

Sunny heard a "Ding!". "What was that?"

Terry studied the screen of his laptop. "Oh, that's just some guy wanting to play with a real life Icon girl. I'll give him my away message for now and encourage him to stop by later." He tapped at the keyboard.

"How far--" Suddenly she wondered what it was she wanted to ask. There was something about the tone of his voice when he said "that's just some guy". There was a tease there. There was a hint of something she didn't like. "What are you doing with these 'guys', baby?"

He swept his hair back and looked at his image in the webcam screen, pursing his lips in a classic "selfie" pose. Then he burst into giggles. "Oh, you know, just teasing them, getting them to follow my Icon and buy stuff and Like me lots."

Sunny gave him a slightly disapproving look, which caused his cheeks to redden. "Yes, well, some guys aren't content to be teased forever. You need to be careful with that."

He nodded and waved his long lashes at her with a soft smile. "Yes, Sunny. I will."

"Did you talk to Jenny about stopping the hormones?"

"Um--" He grinned mischievously. "Well, I'm, um, sort of asked her if we could increase the dosage actually."

"What? Why? You have to get off of them soon or you'll end up having to get reduction surgery, and no offense, but that kind of thing is going to eat into any profits we get from this case."

"It's just for a couple more weeks. Jenny said no more than six weeks."

"But--but why continue them? I thought you didn't like how emotional they kept making you."

Suddenly he crossed his arms over his chest and swallowed. "I didn't, but--but they make my nipples sooo sensitive. I swear, Sunny, I can just rub them and get off. It's totally amazing and it feels so totally good! I mean, I honestly go weak in the knees when it happens. Plus, being emotional like that is helping at the office. All the girls respond to it, so does Angela. Honestly, they think I'm girlier than they are and it seems to make them want to take me under their wing and kinda take care of me."

He's playing with his breasts for men on the webcam! There was no doubt in Sunny's mind, but she wasn't sure what to do about it. He was rubbing his breasts for them and having nipple-gasms. (Was a nipple-gasm really possible or was it all in his head?)

On one hand, she was jealous that he could get off that way (if it was real). Maybe she should take a crack at those hormones or let Ana play with her head a little. On the other, she had a little spiteful, snarky reaction to his webcam performances. He was being a slut! He was being a little cock tease to get what he wanted. He was being...a whore? She couldn't get her head around it.

"Terry," she warned, "I'm giving you a couple more weeks to get your hacks in place and then you are off those hormones. If you can't find out what we need to know by then, then you're coming home and we'll go with what we have. Is that clear?"

He looked shocked. He looked panicked. His jaw dropped, his lips glistening in pink, then he closed his mouth, bowed his head and pouted. "Yes, Sunny. I'll finish the files tonight and get them installed this week."

Thank God Ana had made him submissive to her, but she couldn't help the feeling that she had competition now. Was it this Angela person or all of Pinsedo?

Terry seemed more focused on being the best Pinsedo girl he could be than pursuing their missing persons case.

* * *

The AP girls got a message from Angela. They were to finish up their customer queues for a training session at noon. There was a buzz of excitement. Apparently the other AP girls knew what was coming and couldn't wait. When he asked about it in the Pinsedo chat room, all the girls giggled and told him he'd have to wait and see.

It was even rumored that one of the executives might be attending. From the conversation, though it was never spelled out, Terry could fathom the following things: A. Having an executive attend a training session was a very special, rare event; B. the executive attending was male and would actually be on the service floor.

In the many weeks Terry had been working for Pinsedo, he had not seen a single executive or man anywhere, not on the service floor, not in the parking garage, not in a corporate picture, not anywhere.

Every girl on the floor flooded into and out of the restrooms. Some left for a quick round of shopping. When they returned, they had on new outfits, tighter skirts, higher heels, and everyone was helping each other with their hair and makeup.

It was like a Catholic all girls' school had learned a male action star was paying them a visit.

There were giggles and girls huddled in their cliques, hugging and holding hands. The giddy atmosphere was contagious and Terry couldn't help taking a turn at the mirror in the rest room. He reapplied his makeup, freshening his lipstick and mascara and blush. He checked his outfit and noticed his jacket was a little wrinkled. His blouse was yellow today and it shimmered, but he wished now that he'd put on a second push-up bra to give himself a little more shape. Feeling a little silly, he ducked into a stall and tucked toilet paper into his bra, tightening the straps, hoisting up his boobs and making them more pronounced.

He told himself it was to blend in, to be like the other girls, but the truth was he felt just as giddy and excited as they did.

It was such an event that he forgot to upload his seek-n-track hack files onto the Pinsedo servers.

As the meeting time grew near, the nervous atmosphere intensified. Even Angela was marching back and forth across the service floor, fussing at the girls and straightening things. She even emptied a waste bin. Twice, he saw her stop by a mirror to check her lipstick and hair, looking as pale as a ghost.

He couldn't help the turmoil bubbling in his tummy. Maybe it was women's intuition (wait, could he have women's intuition?), but he felt somehow that this was especially important to him. He told himself that couldn't be true, but he couldn't shake the feeling.

When the executive arrived on the floor, a swarm of girls huddled around the elevator. Terry watched as Angela stepped forward to meet him, allowing herself to be swept into his arms and kissed warmly (and far longer than decorum would normally allow). When she stepped back, she was blushing bright red and nodding incessantly, a broad smile pasted on her face.

The man was attractive, Terry had to admit. A head full of thick brown hair, a heavy, masculine brow, a

chiseled jaw, he was clean-shaven and his eyes were blue and electric. He was impeccably dressed in one of those flattering, million-dollar suits that made his skin look tan, his teeth look white, and his shoulders look broad.

He stood in the middle of the room and addressed the crowd like a practiced politician. "Good afternoon, everyone."

A room full of women said, "Good afternoon!"

"Thank you for having me. Angela extends many invites to the executive staff, slaving away to help you make this company work, but it's not often we have time to accept. Today is different. It's been too long since I was here last. Over a month, I believe, and I hope you'll forgive me."

There was a smattering of female voices forgiving him, then laughing at how foolish they sounded.

The man's laughter was warm and tender and deep. "As I hope you are aware, my name is James and I'm the Mid-Line Executive in charge of Service Floor Management. Although, we all know that Angela does all the real work." He slung an arm around Angela and pulled her close as she smiled and blushed. His arm fell to her hip as he continued. "I wanted to extend our gratitude for all you are doing. Honestly, I don't think I'm exaggerating when I tell you that this is truly the most successful, ambitious and lucrative staff we've had in years. Pinsedo is successful because of you. Thank you again."

A room full of women said, "You're welcome," then laughed at themselves.

"Now, what I'm really here for is an AP training session, so for the rest of you...thank you for all your service. Now...get back to work!" He laughed and the women of the service floor joined in for a moment then began to drift away.

The AP girls, including Terry, turned and began to file into a large auditorium. They found seats and snuggled together. Terry was mobbed the moment he sat down by two women he knew somewhat well, Carrie and Tammy. They sandwiched him, each grabbing his hand and interlacing fingers with him. They waited and trembled in anticipation, which made Terry nervous and curious.

James kissed Angela warmly once again, his hands on her face. There was nothing discreet about it. They were at the front of the room in front of everyone. Angela tilted her head up to gaze into his eyes and they spoke to each other like long lost lovers for a few minutes. When he finally let her go, she was flustered and smiling, her eyes glittering with delight as she addressed the small gathering of women.

"Well, I did ask James if he wanted to conduct the training, because we all know how much we love listening to his voice."

The women laughed.

"But he asked to simply sit in and observe, so I'll remind you to keep your attention focused on the presentation and not on his handsome smile."

The AP girls laughed again.

James grinned and nodded and sat in the corner, crossing one leg over the other at the knee, looking very polished and European.

"So, let's show our executive representative how things are done here on the service floor, shall we?"

The women nodded. Carrie and Tammy squeezed Terry's hand in anticipation.

"Excellent," Angela exclaimed. "Please activate your Pinsedo Desktops."

Terry focused his eyes on the empty spot in the top left corner of his Pin-Specs display and a small blue circle whirled and expanded, whirled and expanded until the Pinsedo logo appeared with rows of identical Icons (all in the shape of an elegant "P").

"If you will please open the Focus File. For those of you who don't remember, this can be found on the second column, fifth row down."

Terry focused on the Icon and watched as the hairline golden decryption paths appeared. He nudged the icon along the path--up, right, down, far left, far right--until his eyes began to wobble with dizzying discomfort. For a moment, he felt a little disoriented, but he held onto the Focus File and finally managed to navigate it through the maze to the open module in the center of the display.

It activated and the periphery of the desktop darkened slightly while the center brightened, drawing his gaze ahead to Angela. He became aware of a barely visible pulsing as if he were gliding down a lighted tunnel. Rings of soft blurred light expanded from the center outward, making him feel almost as if were in motion, moving forward, toward Angela.

"I can see everyone has a green light now, so let's begin."

Terry wondered what she meant by green light, but as he turned to look at the other girls, a hiss and screech began in his ears. When he returned his attention to Angela the noise stopped. In fact, he was just now noticing how warm and intimate her voice had become. It was a slightly out of phase stereo effect which was placing her voice directly behind his right ear.

A slide show appeared on his display showing the schematics of clouds servers, customers and Icon girls. "Presenting your Icon self to the customers or 'trolling' is the first step to a long and rewarding relationship. As you can see, there are three basic strategies--"

As Angela taught the basics, Terry realized her voice was slowly making its way to a place directly between his ears. It was almost as if the speaker was in the middle of his brain now. Whenever his attention drifted, her voice drifted slightly to the side, but there was also the return of the distant screeching noise getting louder until he refocused. He wasn't sure how the glasses knew his mind was wandering--maybe because his head turned slightly or because his gaze drifted?--but when it did, the display did a quick shake to wake him up.

The rings of soft blurred light that lent the illusion of traveling forward had reversed completely without him noticing. Now they were shrinking toward the center, making him feel as if he were zooming backwards, getting farther away, getting smaller. There was also a strange out of body sensation as barely audible tones harmonized and deharmonized in his ears, synchronizing with how closely he was maintaining his focus.

Angela taught the basics of trolling, bait and hook, and finally addiction, then she announced a small rest break.

Terry was prepared to get up and take a small walk to the rest room to stretch his legs, but no one moved. Both of his hands were still grasped warmly by Carrie and Tammy. Instead, the glasses dimmed and pulsed and there was a gentle tone dropping in his ears and he suddenly felt sleepy. He felt he should be bowing his head, nodding off a little, but then the display began to brighten once again.

The rings reappeared zooming forward faster, giving him almost the sensation of falling backwards. Angela's voice spoke deep inside his head. She discussed the basics of cloud navigation, how to queue files to drop data quickly once a customer made a buy.

As she taught, Terry began to notice a white flash of static every time he blinked his eyes. It wasn't uncomfortable, but there was something about it he didn't like. Without realizing it, he began to blink less and less, which dried out his eyes more and more, which caused them to water, which caused him to want to blink more, which he found himself resisting with some effort.

Out of his peripheral vision, which was almost entirely dark because of the glasses, he could just make out Carrie and Tammy wiping the tears from their cheeks. It made him feel better in a way that he wasn't the only one.

"Excellent," Angela told them. "We've completed the training session. It's time for a rest break."

This time when the display dimmed and pulsed, he couldn't wait to close his eyes. There was a shower of light playing on his closed eyelids and a soft whooshing in his ear, which reminded him almost of a woman shushing her baby.

When Angela's voice hummed like velvet in the center of his mind, "And now it's time to activate the Remember Program. This will be on the far right column, first row," he popped his head up and inhaled sharply. He'd fallen asleep, but he wasn't certain for how long. He could just catch Carrie and Tammy lifting their heads and giving themselves a little shake.

It must have been quite a sight to watch a room full of women bow their heads and lift them in unison.

He suddenly realized he was feeling wiped. His back ached. His shoulders ached. His eyes were dry and aching. His face felt like someone had plopped two heaps of hot clay on his cheeks. It was all he could do to find the Remember Program Icon and nudge it along the decryption path.

When it opened, he saw a grid of dots and a small ball of light navigating across it. He tracked the ball of light with his eyes. He wasn't certain how long he did this, but he noticed it was following the same pattern again and again, zig zag, then straight up and down and across, then back and forth up and back and forth down, then zig zag again until it started over.

Finally, the grid disappeared and the glasses brightened to a normal transparent shade and he was free to look around. Every woman in the place looked like he felt: as if they'd all just awoken up.

"That was a good session," Cassie whispered to Tammy through his ears. Tammy agreed. "Mm, that was a good one. They keep getting better and better at it."

"James has asked to finish up this evening," Angela announced and everyone applauded as he stood, grinning, and made his way to the front of the room.

"Thank you. Someone has come to our attention. Someone in this room. This person isn't like the rest of you. This person is different."

Terry's gut began to squirm. Had he been found out? If so, how? And what did it mean? Why did he think James was talking about him? Was he paranoid?

"We've been watching this person since we hired them. She has made us curious. She should make you curious. You should be paying attention to her. You should be watching her. She is not like you. She is different."

James set his gaze on Terry. Terry swallowed, feeling paralyzed. He wanted nothing more than to look for

the nearest exit, but he was trapped by James's gaze.

"Terry, dear," Angela said with a smile. "Please join James up front."

His guts boiled and spun. He couldn't get a breath. He was hot in the face. His nipples were tight and twitching. His knees ached. When he tried to get up from his chair his heel twisted sideways. He almost fell flat on his face. He couldn't even run away. He loved the shoes, so tall and strappy, so shiny and glistening canary yellow, so sexy on his feet, but they would be his downfall...literally.

Not knowing what else to do, not even having a moment to spot an exit, he walked with trembling knees and weak ankles to the front where James took his hand and spun him around like an expert dancer to face the room. It only just occurred to him that they'd never closed the Focus File. It was still running, barely visible, in the background of everyone's display.

Terry felt James's hand fall to his hip, his fingers digging tenderly into Terry's soft flesh. He felt the heat of James's arm on his back. He smelled his cologne. James's voice seemed to rumble through his bones. With a shock he realized he was not only hearing his voice in the room but through his headset as well.

"This is Terry. Terry has risen from BAP to AP faster than anyone else in this company. This is Terry."

The women nodded and smiled. There was a small spattering of applause.

"This is Terry," James continued, giving Terry another gentle squeeze. "Terry has increased her Like Score to level of an Excelled Performer. She is an EP as of today."

The applause arose now. Women called out to congratulate him and cheer him on. "Way to go, Terry!" Terry blushed and smiled and laughed and covered his laughing mouth with his hands. He was so filled with relief that he wasn't found out, he almost didn't notice the Focus File sending circles zooming past him once again. A small light appeared in the center now, drawing his gaze. The applause died instantly.

"I envy Terry," James told them.

A room full of women, including Terry, said, "I envy Terry."

"I want to be more like Terry," James said.

The women agreed, including Angela. "I want to be more like Terry."

"I want to succeed the way Terry succeeds."

The women said, "I want to succeed the way Terry succeeds."

"Terry is becoming the perfect Pinsedo girl."

The women, including Terry, said, "Terry is becoming the perfect Pinsedo girl."

James turned to face Terry, holding out his hands. Terry found his hands landing like flitting butterflies into James's palms. James had nice hands, big hands, soft hands. James's hands enveloped his. James's fingers closed around Terry's wrists and turned them out gently, making Terry feel oddly secured. James gazed into Terry's eyes and smiled, adding with a whisper that was almost like the "I do" of a wedding ceremony. "I am becoming the perfect Pinsedo girl."

Before Terry could wonder if he was supposed to repeat it, but the display of his glasses flashed once slightly and suddenly his lips were moving. "I am becoming the perfect Pinsedo girl."

James grinned. "You are, you know. We're all very proud of you."

The display flashed once slightly, almost like a glitch. Terry blushed and said, "Th-thank you."

James laughed and it was only then that Terry realized that everyone was applauding him again. He only noticed because he was having difficulty hearing James's words over the noise. "You're an EP now! Congratulations!"

Terry nodded. He wanted to brush his hair from his eyes. He wanted to slap his hands to his burning cheeks, but his wrists were still firmly in James's grasp. He could only remain posed as James had positioned him and smile. The display flashed once. "Th-thank you."

"Are you happy?"

Terry laughed and nodded. The display flashed. "I'm very happy. Thank you."

James's eyes gleamed with pride and happiness. "May I kiss you?" he asked.

The display flashed. He blinked, not quite knowing what to say. He was feeling so out of it from the long training session, from the embarrassment of being applauded by everyone that he ended up simply nodding.

James pressed his lips warmly to Terry's. His cologne filled Terry's nose. The warmth of his arms made Terry feel boneless and soft. It was a dry kiss, but it made Terry's entire body flush with heat.

"I expect to see more of you," James said, and he was suddenly half way across the room before Terry realized it. James kissed as many women as he could on his way out.

Then it was all done and there was a strange dizziness making Terry wobble on his heels.

Angela put an arm around him. "Come along, dear. It's time to program you--"

For a moment, Terry thought he had heard Angela's words wrong, then he realized he hadn't caught the end

of her sentence. "It's time to program your desktop."

Angela and he went into her office and sat. Angela smiled and said, "Activate the Blank File--"

With all the excitement, Terry was home before he remembered that he'd forgotten to insert his hacking files on the Pinsedo servers. In all honesty, he only remembered because of a text from Sunny asking how it had gone.

* * *

"You are shitting me!" It was clear Sunny was upset.

He wondered if he could adjust the colors of the monitor to compensate for her red face. "I...I just forgot, okay?"

She shook her head. Her jaw dropped. "What do you mean 'you forgot'? It's the whole reason you're there!"

"It was a busy day--"

"You said you were going to have them done--"

"I DO have them done, I just didn't get them planted. It's not that easy, you know. I have to slip it into some streaming data. I have to make sure it's inert and camouflaged--"

"Terry, without those hacks we can't find anything out! Don't you understand that?"

The first of his sniffles began. He wanted to be angry. He was angry, but for some reason it was being expressed as a big pat of melting butter in his tummy. Any anger he could manage was leaking out of his eyes all liquid and soft. "I'm sorry!"

"Well, sorry doesn't help us, does it?"

He opened his mouth to speak, but only shook his head and sat there, feeling the miserable drizzle of tears down his cheeks.

"Do you know how much we have riding on this? Will you stop sniffing for one second and listen to me?"

Terry sat up straight, prim and proper, wiped his cheeks and tried to meet her eyes. She was practically snarling at him and he hadn't done anything to deserve it. He could plant the hack files at any time. It wasn't like he'd decided not to do it; he just hadn't had time yet, what with the new EP level duties he had to learn.

He sniffled before he could catch himself.

"Every time I contact someone about one of the missing girls, there's always someone willing to pay for information about what happened to her. Maybe it's someone in the family. Maybe it's an ex-lover. Maybe it's one of her friends. They're willing to pay us, Terry! So, we don't just have one client, we've got forty! That's not even including Jennifer and Ana's free services. They want to know what happened to Jenny's intern."

"I know," he told her. The world might as well just crack open and swallow him whole. He remembered having arguments with Sunny before, but it had never gone like this. She'd never yelled at him like this before. They usually just argued and then she went off and pouted and gave him the cold shoulder until he either caved or she did. Why was it so different now?

"Do you know Pinsedo *'promotes'* about one girl a month? The earliest mention of that in their new letters--which would help if I could read all of them, which is what your hacks could do--was from seven years ago. Terry, if they've been disappearing one girl a month for seven years without anyone noticing, that's over three hundred girls. Do you get that?"

He nodded and wiped his raw cheeks. "Yes, I get that."

Sunny tilted her head to the side sarcastically, narrowing her eyes. "Do you? Do you get that? If only half of them resulted in clients willing to pay us half our usual fee, the payday is just...well, I haven't even figured that up yet, not to mention the publicity we'd get from exposing Pinsedo. This could make us, Terry. We could retire. So, can you please tell me was so important that it stopped you from doing the one thing you went to work there to do?"

He should be angry. He should yell back at her, but it just wasn't in him for some reason. Something was wrong. All of his assertiveness, his ambition was just...missing. No, not missing. He had plenty of drive when it came to succeeding at Pinsedo. He was creative, focused, worked his panties off, but for some reason just the thought of infiltrating them was making him nauseous. He bit his lip and said softly, "I...made it to the EP level."

She shook her head. "You what?"

"It's a big deal. I worked my way up faster than any other girl--"

"Any other girl? Terry, you're not a girl! Have you completely forgotten that fact?"

He stared at her for a long time. He was in shock. She'd said the absolute, most hurtful thing she could say, reminded him of what he really was and it stung. "I know."

"They're--they're brainwashing you," Sunny gasped. "This is how Joan felt. This is how all those people

felt, watching someone they thought they knew change before their very eyes."

"They're not brainwashing me."

"They are, Terry. You don't want to expose Pinsedo anymore; you want to be a good girl and work for them. They're getting to you."

"Well is it any worse than what you've done to me?"

Sunny went wide-eyed. For a moment, they only stared at each other, then finally Sunny croaked out, "What did I do to you?"

"You know what you did."

She shook her head. "What are you talking about?"

Finally, Terry was feeling some venom, some spit. "This was all your idea. Don't pretend like you haven't enjoyed...*reducing* me to this!"

"Reducing you? We had a plan--"

"No, *you* had a plan, and when I didn't want to go along with it, you guilt-tripped me into doing it anyway. You *know* how I've always felt about being masculine. You know my history, but you didn't care, and don't tell me it was for some noble rescue. You've been getting off on it. It got you all hot and bothered to take away everything that made me a man--everything I'd worked so hard for--and the further we took it, the hornier you got."

"I didn't--I didn't--Terry...I'm--"

"And it wasn't enough just to dress me up. You had to sic your friends on me. You had to talk two doctors into feeding me drugs and performing psycho-surgery on my head. By the time I started at Pinsedo, I barely even felt like myself anymore and that made you all wet, didn't it?"

"Terry--Terry, I didn't mean--"

"And don't think I don't remember *your* history. Growing up as a tomboy, pissed because your parents wanted you in dresses, wanted you to play with dolls, wanted you to be feminine."

"But--but that all worked out in the end. I ended up *enjoying* those things. I--I was just--"

"Jealous of the boys? Jealous because they got to do things you didn't? Ana may have turned my head inside out--she may have made me feel like the only way I could be close to my mother was to be a girl like her, like my sisters--but she didn't erase my memory. You've been jealous and resented boys your entire life, and you focused it all on me. It's some sort of twisted satisfaction, right? Taking your boyfriend and reducing him to your girlfriend? And not just female either. No, I had to be completely girly, girlier than anyone else, girlier than you, stupid, weak, small and--and--"

Sunny bowed her head in silence.

Terry swallowed, blinked and thought about catching his breath. His heart was racing. "I'll go tonight."

She nodded. She was busted and they both knew it. She had found it exciting to watch him be manipulated. She'd gotten wet at the idea of him becoming feminine. She equated it in her mind with being reduced to her status, a female status--somehow less than male, less important, less valid except for beauty, butts, breasts and fucking. She'd enjoyed *reducing* him, and had even gone so far as to influence Jenny and Ana and Terry to make him as girly as possible.

"Terry...I'm...I'm sorry. I didn't mean to--"

"I'll go back tonight and plant the files. There won't be as much data traffic so they're a lot likelier to get spotted, but you want them in, so I'll put them in."

Sunny put her hand on the screen, eyes dripping with tears. "Please, I--"

"You can have everything you want." His tone had become bland and oddly unemotional, as if he were reading the headline of a newspaper. "I'll do whatever you tell me to anyway. That's what you want, isn't it? For me to be a *good girl* and do as I'm told, so you can have complete control over me?"

Sunny frowned, her face tightening once again. "Terry--"

"I'll let you know when it's done."

He disconnected the call.

It took Sunny two seconds to call again. It took him just as long to prompt his "away" auto-message. She called him on his cell next, but he put it on silent and gathered up his purse.

Before he could go to the office, however, he had to clean up his face, make himself pretty. He was an EP girl now, and it was important to be as perfect as possible. Pinsedo girls always were.

* * *

The Pinsedo offices and the service floor were never deserted, but at night it had far less personnel. Terry had never actually visited outside of his shift, but now that he was here, he took notice of the swing shift women.

They were as impeccably dressed as the day crew. Not business casual, of course, but business sexy, high heels, tight skirts, hose and perfect makeup to accompany their perfect hair.

No one took notice as he collected a pair of Pin-specs and let the Retinal Recognition System log him in. He looked up at the map and saw no one he recognized. This was a shift of women he didn't know and who didn't know him. He looked like a typical Pinsedo girl, however, so he didn't expect any questions.

He'd coded his file hacks into several advertising commercials that he'd found on public video sites. He searched for them and ensured they were mirrored to different cloud servers. Then he queued up some customers he expected to be offline. Three of them were not. It should be shocking how much time people spent on the internet, but it wasn't. He manipulated the advertising streams of the three customers, sending them well-thought out recommendations along with his Icon Girl logo. Being "live" would help hide his uploads.

On the stream of data that Abeline Washington sent to the Pinsedo system to record her "Like" of Terry's suggestions, there was a small tail of piggybacked code. It swam into the Pinsedo system and went dark instantly. Eventually, it would move, propagate, search quietly for a specific set of parameters, and when it found it, it would push some art gifs onto a website. Cleverly encoded in the children's art projects would be all the information it had uncovered.

There were fifteen names of fifteen women for which his programs were designed to seek. There was a slew of other information on the hit list as well, but they didn't work separately. To trick the security systems all three had to work in tandem.

He felt a little sick.

He couldn't explain it. He just didn't feel good. There was a nasty feeling in his tummy as if he'd been eating donuts out of a sewer.

Was Sunny right? Had the Pinsedo environment been getting to him? He didn't feel brainwashed, and with all that Ana had done to his head, he thought he might have an inkling of what that felt like. There were things she'd done to him that were still having an effect. Even when he could identify them, they still worked, and in a strange way her most insidious hypnotic suggestion had been making him truly adore every change she made.

He had to quit the hormones, he realized. He'd gone too far. His argument with Sunny had proved that. His breast forms were packed away in a drawer. His real breasts had softened and filled in enough that he could form decent cleavage with only one push-up bra. The real danger was how soft it had made him inside, however. Whether it was Ana's interference or Jennifer's prescriptions, he had come to truly love having soft skin, especially on his face. He could touch his cheeks for hours and never tire of it.

He had perfected the art of the nipple-gasm now, and he so enjoyed demonstrating it for the webcam customers that sometimes he toyed with his nipples until they were raw. There was truly something breathtaking about pinching, pulling, flipping and teasing his intensely sensitized nipples until they were rock hard, until they practically buzzed like two little tuning forks. There had been times when the entire world had simply disappeared, when he'd stood on cam, having brought himself to the absolute brink of a crashing orgasm. One more touch, one more caress, even the slightest breeze might be just enough to send him into meltdown, his back arching, his hands suddenly clutching at his poor tenderized breasts. He could still hear his screaming moans as the pleasure twitched and convulsed through him. He'd played with them so much on a few occasions that his nipples had mysteriously gone wet on him, as if they'd leaked pleasure somehow.

Paul Cruz pressed Terry's "Like" button without any idea that he was placing another file hack onto the Pinsedo servers.

There was one left to load, then Terry could send a tersely worded text to Sunny to let her know it was done.

He'd quit Pinsedo soon. God, he felt sick. Once the file hacks had done their jobs, he'd lie down and let Ana undo everything she'd done to him. She'd promised she could not only bring back his good feelings about his masculinity, but that it would be therapeutic. He'd be more comfortable with himself and his appearance than ever before.

"Working late, dear?"

He turned and felt a chill run through him like an icy electrical jolt. It was Angela, gorgeous, smiling, nails perfect, red and shiny, lips perfect, red and shiny, eyes keen and analytical.

"Oh," he did his best not to stammer, "yes, you caught me." He blushed and giggled instead. "But that's not why I'm here."

She swept his blonde hair from his eyes and let her hand travel down the back of his head, resting it between his shoulders. It was so warm, so disarming. When he looked at her, he felt like he'd do anything if only it would please her. "No? You had a busy day, honey. You should be at home resting."

"I uh--" Think fast. Think fast. "I actually was working up the courage to--uh--come find you."

Angela's eyes flashed with a sharp prodding. "How did you know I would be here?"

Terry smiled and blushed. "You're always here."

Angela laughed and it was like tumbling silk. "Well, it certainly feels that way."

"I wasn't sure, to be honest, but when I logged in I saw you on the map." He hadn't seen her on the map, but he could've simply missed her. He hadn't expected her to be there.

"Then why didn't you come find me?"

He blushed and bowed his head. Angela's hand slipped up under his long hair. Her fingernails began to lightly glide along his neck. He sighed. It felt so good, so soothing, so sensual. "Like I said...I was working up the courage."

"The courage for what, dear?"

The second file hack was still waiting to be passed onto the Pinsedo servers, but he felt a shudder run through his shoulder. Angela would surely have noticed it. He had to get it in place, but it was difficult to think with Angela's perfume teasing him. "To come talk to you."

"You could've called me from home or at messaged me on the specs."

He gazed up at her, shifted his eyes quickly to send the second file hack onward. If Angela were synched with his display, she would've seen it. He had a reasonable suspicion that she could look into anyone's system anytime she wanted. He searched her eyes for any sign that she'd seen his suspicious activity. "I...wanted to do this in person."

Her nails gently grazed the back of his neck and his shoulders shuddered again, this time from pleasure. "Well, I'm in person now."

"Yes," he agreed and laughed a little. "I want--" What was he going to say? What could he say? It had to be something that would throw her off the scent, if she was indeed on the scent, and it couldn't be something so obvious that it might actually make her start sniffing around, if she wasn't already. "I want to know...how to become an UP Girl."

Angela's nails stopped. She gave him a long look. "Dear, no girl gets to that level unless they've been here at least a year."

"But, I'm ready, Angela." He stood so that he was face to face with her, eye to eye, breathing her in, closing the gap between their mouths, wondering what the mixture of their lipsticks would taste like. "I want to work with you, Angela. I have since my interview. I want--I want--" His attraction to her was genuine; his lust, a tangible electric current between them. He no longer had to practice his girl-voice; it had long since become natural, and hours of teasing men on webcams had helped him create a velvety voice that oozed sex. "I want you to be my mentor. I want you to mold me, Angela, into the perfect Pinsedo girl."

Angela's face was flushed. She licked her lips and placed her hands on Terry's upper arms, rubbing them as if to create enough friction to start a fire. Then, she took a step back and laughed. "Well, yes, um, you did say you were ambitious."

The tension between them broke a little, but the electricity remained. Terry knew where to go next. The plan had just popped into his head and now there was no stopping it. Not only could he use Angela's desires against her, he could make sure he was one of those girls that Angela would want to see "promoted".

"I did say that, didn't I?" Terry laughed softly, and then added with a whisper. "In fact, I could easily see myself doing your job."

Angela's eyes twinkled like a hawk spying a rabbit. "Is that so?"

He nodded. "That would free you to move upward. Maybe you could be an executive."

Angela's grin sharpened. "But I love my job, dear. They've made certain of it."

It was a peculiar thing to say, but if Angela noted any response in his eyes, she hid it well. "Well," Terry continued, "perhaps there will be another office then, one where I can do your job once you've taught me everything you know."

If ever there was a person who knew how to smile the sweetest smile while simultaneously sharpening a knife to plunge into your back, it was a woman, and if there was any woman especially adept at it, it was Angela.

"You know, perhaps I've been too hasty. Perhaps you are ready to be an UP girl."

Terry put on his best "little girl with a candy-cane" smile. "Do you think so?"

"You've convinced me, but I'm only the first hurdle. It's really the executives you'll have to persuade."

Terry nodded and gave Angela a quick kiss on the lips. It turned out their lipsticks mixed quite nicely.

"Would you put in a good word for me?"

Angela nodded. One eyebrow arose slightly. "Of course." She slung her arm around Terry's shoulders and began to lead her away from the service floor. "In fact, I'm not sure if you're aware, but making it to the UP level is hardly the highest achievement."

"It's--it's not?"

"Oh, no! The UP girls are really just a pool of sorts for the executives to use as a selection. Every now and then they choose one girl to really make us proud. With your ambition and your amazing ability, I'm certain you'd be at the top of their list in no time."

"Oh, I can't wait!" he said, but the fact was he could wait. In fact, he needed to wait for another file hack to upload and then he needed to get home and away from Pinsedo. He was feeling sick again just thinking about it. He needed to call Sunny. He needed to call Ana. He really needed to call Jennifer.

"But that's the wonderful thing, darling. You don't have to wait. We can begin preparing you now."

With a shock, Terry finally noticed where Angela was leading him. It was everything he could do not to scramble backward in retreat. He'd been in her office perhaps dozens of times, but he was only now realizing he had no memory of any of them. "Oh, but it's late."

Angela squeezed his shoulder and guided him through the door. "It's the perfect time."

"But--but you must be tired." There was no way to run, not without generating suspicion. Plus, he still had one customer to queue up and get a "Like" from; he needed that last file hack to slip into place.

"Not too tired to take care of you, dear."

She rounded her desk and slid the plush leather office chair back.

"Angela, honestly, we don't have to this tonight--"

She pointed with a blood-red, glistening fingernail. "Sit."

He didn't want to. He wanted to run-walk right back out that door, but before he could stop himself the bark in her tone made his knees go weak. His plump bottom hit the chair and he was suddenly feeling very tense and nervous.

He was still waiting for that last "Like". If Marcia Stevens didn't press it, it was all for naught. Even if she did (when she did, he told himself), he still had to pass it carefully through onto the Pinsedo servers. He hoped Angela wouldn't be peeking in on his display. She could be doing so now and he wouldn't even know.

"Thank you so much," he told her. "But maybe now is not the best time. I was actually supposed to--"

She nodded and smiled and it was clear she wasn't listening to a thing he said. "Activate the Pinsedo desktop."

His gaze drifted automatically to that blank space in the corner and soon he saw the desktop whirling and expanding.

Where was that last "Like"? If he couldn't get the last file hack onto the Pinsedo servers....

--supposed to--supposed to meet up with someone tonight."

Angela smiled and nodded. "This will only take a few minutes. Tomorrow we'll set up a meeting with the executives and you'll be on your way. An UP Girl, how exciting!"

He couldn't really leave yet anyway, not until that last "Like" was received. If he didn't get it, he'd have to find another online user and that might be hit or miss. "I'm--I'm very excited, but I really do need to go now--"

He scooted forward into the chair, searching vainly again for the last "Like" and with it the last file hack. He got his heels beneath him and his hands on his thighs so he could stand to leave.

Angela smiled and nodded. "Activate the Blank File, Terry."

His eyes snapped to the Icon. Lately, it had begun to feel less like he was directing the Pinsedo Icons through the zig-zagging decryption paths and more like they were leading the way. This time the Blank File Icon pulsed once and he felt his gaze follow it. "--I have a couple of friends I promised myself I would talk to tonight and I simply can't miss them--"

The Blank File slid to the center of his display into the Open Module where it began to whirl and expand.

Where was that last "Like"? One more hack and he could leave Pinsedo forever. There was a little bubble of nausea in his tummy as he thought about it.

"I wouldn't want them...to think...that...I...."

It was a blank file.

It was a white space.

Angela smiled and nodded. "Very good, dear. Now, let's begin."

Although Terry wasn't aware of it, behind the Pinsedo desktop, behind the great white space that was the Blank File, a message appeared that Marcia Stevens "Liked" his recommendations.

A prompt appeared. "Would you like to submit this Like to your score?" It blinked, awaiting Terry's input.

It blinked for a very long time.

Best Laid Plans

Sunny wandered into the bedroom. There were clothes everywhere. Scratch that. There were *women's* clothes everywhere. She noted that all of Terry's trousers, suits and male clothes remained on hangers and neatly packed away. Terry's girl clothes looked like a flock of slovenly birds a slow migration to the bed where three giant suitcases sat. She'd never seen them before. Terry had clearly bought them just for this move as they still had the sales tags on them.

She had a terrible sinking sensation. Her heart might as well be a wild animal caught in a bog, because it was trapped and being pulled down into the murk. Everything that could go wrong with this case had gone wrong and she'd felt it all coming and hadn't been able to prevent any of it.

Terry walked into the room with a small bag. He was just pushing a pink toothbrush inside it. He stopped short and blinked when he saw her. "Oh! What are you doing here?"

"I--I had a feeling I should come check on you."

"But what about the trial?"

"To hell with the trial."

"But--" He blinked as pretty as could be and smiled. "But I thought you had a subpoena. I thought you had to testify. You can't just--"

She pointed to the suitcases. "What are you doing, Terry?"

He took a deep breath. "I'm packing."

"I can see that. Why?"

He brushed past her and dropped his bathroom kit into one of the cases. "Because I have an opportunity to really go somewhere."

"At Pinsedo you mean?"

He nodded and blushed, closed one of the cases and began to struggle with the zipper. "Yes actually. I leveled up again. I'm an UP girl now. It's what we all work for."

"So, what does that mean, Terry? Where exactly are you going?"

He turned with a big breath and met her gaze. "I don't expect you to understand, but this is important to me."

She nodded slowly, did her best to uncross her arms and untie the knot coiled tight in her guts.

"Okay...explain it to me. Are you going to live on the corporate campus?"

"Yes, I am. You don't know how hard I've worked for this, and to finally have the chance to really...go somewhere, to really belong, well, I just have to do this."

"And you don't think that maybe since you went in there in the first place to investigate them for somehow brainwashing their female employees...that maybe they've managed to do it to you?"

He shook his head. "I love my job. I want to be the perfect Pinsedo girl." There was a strange blankness in his tone.

She nodded and surreptitiously positioned herself between him and the bedroom door. She wasn't certain she could take him in a physical match. He'd had a lot of martial arts training, but she'd picked it up quickly and she thought she had a good chance. "May I ask...did you upload those file hacks to the Pinsedo servers?"

He stopped folding a blouse and crumpled it in his hands. "I'm not sure. I think so, but I've decided to delete them the first chance I get. That was wrong. We shouldn't have done that."

The knot in Sunny's guts did flip-flops. "I see, and is Pinsedo aware of the fact that you're not actually a girl?"

Terry's eyelashes fluttered rapidly. For a moment, he seemed confused. Sunny wondered if he had forgotten it himself. "Yes," he whispered. "I...I think they know."

She pressed him. "They know? Are you certain?"

"I'm--I'm not sure, but I think so. I had a long meeting with the executives and--and it went very well."

"Did you tell them anything else?"

He turned to her with a curious expression. "Like what?"

"Like the fact that you've been investigating them?"

He shook his head. "No. It didn't come up. Do you think I should?"

Sunny shrugged while keeping a close eye on him. "It might come up, don't you think? Wouldn't it be best if you came clean with them?"

He looked lost for a second, then nodded with a smile. "Yes. I absolutely should! Thank you!"

Sunny put on her best "get out of a traffic ticket" smile. "Would you like some tea before you go?"

"Thanks, but I really need to get checked in."

"Well, we have a few things we need to discuss before you go. Don't you think?"

He blinked. "Like what?"

"Oh, like what to do with the agency, the house and so on."

He smiled. "You can have those."

Sunny returned his smile. "That's great, thanks, but it's not that simple. There are details we need to work through."

"Like what?"

"Why don't I make some tea and we'll talk about it. You can finish packing."

He blinked. He missed his glasses; he missed the Pinsedo desktop. If he had them, things would be so much clearer. "Okay."

It took Sunny five minutes to microwave two teacups full of water. It took her five seconds to send a message to Ana: *Pinsedo got Terry. Need help!! Call me!*

Terry smoothed his tight skirt under his legs as he sat at the table. He flinched when he tried to pick up the teacup. "Oh! It's hot."

"Yes," Sunny smiled. "Sorry. I thought you might be in a hurry. The kettle takes time."

"I am actually." He reached across the table and placed his hand on hers. "Thank you, Sunny, for being so understanding. They warned me that you might be really upset with me, but I'm glad they were wrong."

Sunny lifted her teacup to her lips and sipped the hot tea. "Well, I'm not happy about it, of course. I still think that they somehow managed to get into your head, but I also want you to be happy."

Terry blew on the surface of the tea and took a long sip. "It's hot!"

"So," Sunny smiled merrily, "tell me about this meeting you had with the executives."

He shrugged and blushed. "Oh, there's nothing to tell really."

"What did they say? What did you say? What were they like?"

He stared at her. "Didn't you want to discuss the arrangements though? The business, the house, etc.?"

She waved away the notion and took another long sip from her cup. "Oh, we'll get to that, and if you're giving it all to me, it won't take very long, will it? No, I'm dying to hear about this meeting you went to."

Sunny's phone began to vibrate its way off the table in spurts. She scooped it up and saw the call was from Ana. She rejected the call and sent her a quick message: *Come to house hurry!!!*

"Who's that?" Terry wondered.

She pointed to his tea. "Don't worry about it. Did you want some more? You've barely touched it. So, about this meeting...tell me everything."

He lifted the cup and took another sip, but looked confused. His gaze zig zagged around the room for a few moments. When he finally looked at Sunny again, he giggled. "Oh, it was nothing. Really. Just a bunch of guys in suits, you know."

"Oh, no, it's everything. What happened? How many were there?"

"Um--" His gaze started to drift then did that strange zig-zag motion again. "Well, a few of them, I guess. I mean, I'm sure they were all there."

"So what was the meeting about?"

"Oh, it was about me leveling up, of course."

"Of course. Did they say what happens now that you've done so?"

His eyes started to do that strange zig-zag motion, but then suddenly he leaned forward on the table. "Oh...." He put a hand to his forehead.

"What's the Pinsedo campus like?" Sunny continued.

He tried to sit back in his chair, but all the strength had fled from his arms. He leaned on the table instead. A big breath ran in and out of him and his eyelids decided they were suddenly too heavy to remain open. "I...feel...a little...funny--"

"Yes, I'm sorry about that, but I had to put a little something in your tea."

He pried his eyelids open and peered down at the cup. It took him several seconds to lift his gaze to Sunny. "You...drugged me?"

She took a deep breath and gently slid his teacup away from him. She didn't want him to get scalded should he accidentally knock it over. "Yes. Ana will be here soon. We're going to straighten this all out. You're going to be fine, Terry. I promise."

He had to leave. He had to tell Angela. If he had his glasses on, he could've messaged her, but Pinsedo property had to remain at Pinsedo. Instead, he slid forward, laid his head on his arms and began to snore quietly.

* * *

"Disconnected," Ana hummed. "Easy to remember and describe everything that's happening without feeling anything at all. Just like it's happening to someone else. Just like watching a movie."

Terry was in a sofa chair with one arm raised. He was flushed. His eyes were closed and he was mumbling quietly. "She's getting into the elevator."

"Good, always disconnected, easy to describe. Is there anyone else there?"

"Angela, but she's staying outside. James is smiling at her. He's so handsome. He smells so good. She's remembering how he kissed her--"

"What?" Sunny nearly shouted. "He...what?"

Ana pointed angrily to Sunny's mouth and snapped her hand closed. Her message was clear: *Shut it!* Sunny sat back hard in her chair, crossed her arms and returned Ana's glare.

Ana coaxed Terry on with a soothing, lazy voice. "You're doing so well. It's so easy to tell me everything she's thinking and feeling while remaining completely separate from her. She and James are in the elevator. What's happening now?" They'd already agreed Terry could think of the Terry in his memory as a "she". If anything, Ana hoped it would help him not get drawn in to what "she" was thinking and feeling.

"He's standing so close to her. He has his arm around her. The elevator is going up."

"Good. How is Terry feeling?"

"She's staring straight ahead. She's very warm."

"What is Terry thinking?"

"She's not...thinking anything. It's a blank file. It's a lot of white space."

"But she was able to feel something a moment ago, remembering James kissing her."

Terry's lazy voice answered. "Yes."

"But she's not thinking or feeling anything now?"

"No."

"Okay, what's happening now?"

"James is talking to her."

"What is he saying?"

Terry rolled his head a little. "I...I can't hear him."

"Listen very very closely. It's a small space and even if he's whispering, you can get close enough to hear."

Terry leaned his head forward, eyes closed, arm still raised.

"What is James saying to Terry?"

He furrowed his brow. "I can't remember." His eyes began to roll and shift behind his closed lids. He began to squirm a little in the chair. His breathing began to deepen.

"That's okay. Can you tell me what's happening now?"

"He's so...he's so masculine. He smells so good. I need to--I need to--I need to smell him!"

She gave Sunny a quizzical look, then turned back to Terry. "You need to *smell* him?"

Terry nodded. He began to squirm. His breathing grew quick. His hands closed and opened. "Oh, he's so--so--I just need to get close. I need to smell him."

"You need to smell...his cologne?"

"No, I need to smell *him*. I need to know what it smells like."

Sunny's eyes went wide. She mouthed the words, *What the fuck?* Ana shook her head and crossed her lips with a finger, shushing her. "Remember, you are not there. You are watching Terry from a far away place. Disconnected. Disassociated. Watching Terry and describing what you see, what she thinks and feels, but completely able to remain apart from what's happening."

Terry began to settle into the chair. "She's kneeling."

"She's kneeling?"

Terry nodded. His cheeks were flushed. "Yes. She's unbuckling his belt, unzipping his pants. She's moaning. She's in a hurry. She's so hot. She needs to get close to him so bad."

"Is she still in the elevator?"

"The elevator's stopped."

"Okay, what is she doing now?"

"She's hugging his legs. He's pushing down his boxers. His cock is hard. It's so warm against her face. It feels so good. She's breathing in his scent. It's so warm and musky and male. It's...overpowering."

Sunny stood suddenly and began to pace the room. She slapped one hand to her forehead, the other hand to

her hip. "I can't believe this. I can't fucking believe this."

Ana shot her a dirty look. To Terry, she said, "Can you tell me what is happening in the glasses? What is Terry seeing in the glasses?"

"She's seeing them enter the elevator."

Ana blinked curiously. "In the display of the glasses?"

Terry nodded. "Erasing. She's seeing the elevator buttons. Erasing. She's hearing him talk to her. Erasing."

"Do not erase, Terry. Do you hear me? You can stop looking into the display now. There is no need to erase anything further."

He sighed deeply. "Okay."

Ana placed both of her hands on her head. "Jesus."

Terry began to quietly smack his lips. He was beginning to squirm again, beginning to breathe faster.

"What's happening now?" she asked.

He could barely catch his breath. "Just the tip. It's so warm. It's so pretty. It's shiny with cum. Just the tip. I just need to taste the tip a little. I want it in my mouth so bad. He says it's right for me to want it and he's right. I want it so bad."

Sunny sat down hard at the table and covered her face with her hands.

Ana continued. "Disconnected. Able to see and describe everything without feeling any connection at all."

"It tastes salty. She wants more. It's not enough. She wants his entire cock in her mouth. She wants it to touch the back of her throat. She's looking up at him. He's feeling it. She's making him feel so powerful, so good. She's making him want to cum in her mouth. She's making him want to use her. He's calling her slut. She's a slut. He's calling her a whore. She's a whore. She wants to be a slut so bad. She's sucking him so deep, using her hand to stroke him. He's so hard. He's already so close."

"Enough," Sunny complained in a whisper.

Terry made no indication of hearing her. "He's moaning louder. He wants her so bad. He's fucking her mouth! He's grabbed her hair and he's fucking her mouth! Oh...god, he's going to cum--"

"Okay," Ana tried to interrupt.

"Enough," Sunny said louder.

"He's there! He's almost there! He's so close! He's tensing. This is it! His whole body is tensing. Mmm, he's going to cum in her mouth. She's trying so hard to be an open mouth for him, to let him fill her, to keep looking him in the eye. She's whispering that she's a slut. She's his slut."

"Let's move forward now, fast forward just a little--"

Terry became silent.

"Forward through time. Easy to see Terry and describe everything she sees and feels and thinks. Easy to remain disconnected."

Terry relaxed back into the chair, his head lulling forward, his arm remaining raised.

"Good, very good," Ana soothed. "What's happening now?"

"She's walking into a room. There's a sour taste in her mouth. She can't get rid of it."

"Terry," Ana wondered, "does she remember what that sour taste is?"

"No."

"Okay. Can you describe the room?"

"It's a boardroom. Big long table. Lots of men sitting around it. She's sitting at the far end."

"How many men are there?"

He sighed and relaxed.

"Terry, how many men are in the room with her?"

His head lulled slightly to the side.

"Terry?"

"It's all white."

"The room is all white?"

"Everything is all white."

"Can you see the boardroom?"

"No. Only white."

"Can you see the men?"

"No. Only white."

Ana sat up and stared at him. "Fast forward to the first moment when it's no longer all white." She waited a few seconds. "Can you tell me what she's seeing?"

"The wall."

"She can see the wall?"

"Yes."

"What's happening?"

"She's bent over the table, someone is touching her, running his big warm hand over her ass. It feels so good. She knows they're looking at her, admiring her ass, her legs. Her skirt is getting wrinkled. Someone's pulling down her panties. Someone's saying, '*Holy Shit, she's got a--*' It's all white."

Sunny's head popped up. Her eyes went wide. She gazed at Ana in shock. "He--he said they knew. I was trying to shock him out of it earlier so I asked him if they knew he wasn't really a girl and he said he thought they did but he couldn't tell me how they knew."

Ana nodded. "Okay, go on. What's happening now?"

"It's all white again."

"Okay, fast forward until the next place where it's no longer white."

"The elevator."

"She's back in the elevator?"

"Yes, with James."

"Okay, is the elevator moving?"

"Yes, it's going down."

"Is James doing anything, saying anything?"

"He's whispering to her, making her feel so good, so special, so safe and loved and happy. He's petting her head, running his hand down the back of her hair and down her back. It feels so nice. She's snuggling against him. She has her arms around him."

Ana frowned, already knowing the answer. "Can you hear what he's saying to her?"

"He's kissing her. He's telling her it's all right. It's all going to be all right. She can still be a Pinedo girl. She can still be an UP Girl."

Sunny whispered, "They know. They know and they don't care?"

Ana shook her head. "Is she leaving the elevator now?"

"Yes, Angela is there now. He's passing her off to him."

"What is Angela doing?"

"She's kissing James. She's taking Terry by the arm, leading her back to her office. She looks...smug."

"Okay, Terry...I want you to leave the picture now, just let it all drift away, and sink back down nice and deep. No thoughts. No worries. Just a nice deep heavy relaxation in every part of you."

Ana and Sunny sat in silence for a while. Sunny stood up suddenly, arms crossed, pacing again. "This is all my fault. I did this. I put him in this position. This was all my idea."

Ana leaned forward with her elbows on the table and began to rub her temples with three fingers on each side. "Blame is where we go when we don't want to face reality."

Sunny stopped in mid-stride. "What?"

"It doesn't matter if you were to blame. Even if it was your fault, it doesn't help him now. Blaming yourself is a selfish act. You're making it all about you, instead of thinking what you can do to help him."

She gritted her jaw. "Okay...so what do we do?"

"We bring him out of it."

"That's it?"

"He'll remember everything. He'll either surrender to the brainwashing or he'll fight it."

"Hey now--" She sat down next to Ana. "I don't like the sound of that. What if he chooses the brainwashing?"

"Then we zap him again, drug him if we have to, and start deprogramming him from scratch."

She looked at Ana with tears in her eyes. "Maybe...maybe he shouldn't remember everything. There are some things that he did, you know, that he might not want to remember."

Ana took Sunny's hand in hers and gazed deeply into her friend's eyes. "Things that he might find uncomfortable or things that you find uncomfortable?"

Sunny collapsed a little. "I never thought it would go this far. I never dreamed--"

"Yes, you did," Ana said with a flat tone.

Sunny blinked, surprised.

"You did dream of it going this far. You found it erotic. You found it exciting. You turned him into a girl and found it arousing thinking that he might end up doing all the things a girl does, including sex. Even now, I can see the way you're blushing, the way you're squirming. As genuine as your fear may be, you are also extremely turned on."

She blushed crimson. "Does *everyone* know?"

Ana hugged her briefly, gazed sympathetically into her eyes, and brushed her hair gently. "We all have fantasies. Believe me, some of the men I've put under have had some doozies."

Sunny shook her head, tried not to laugh. "I'll bet. Wait--" She gave her friend a sharp-eyed stare. "Does that mean you, too?"

Ana blushed and laughed. "Why do you think I'm a psychologist?"

* * *

Sunny paced the room and waved her hands in the air. "Well, it's over then. We wait for the hacked files to turn up whatever and then we go to the police."

Terry needed a drink. A real drink. No Chablis or Zinfandel. He needed whiskey. There were things swirling around in his mind that he couldn't handle just yet, things he'd done that he didn't want to think about. He wasn't anxious to find out how he felt about them. "The last one isn't in, I don't think, and even if it was, there's no guarantee that they'll turn up anything."

Sunny stopped pacing.

Terry wondered. Did she think less of him now? Did she think he was gay? Would she only ever be able to picture him in drag in an elevator giving a man a blow-job when he wanted to be intimate with her?

"Of course they'll turn up something," Sunny said. "They'll tell us where those girls went."

He nodded. "That's the plan, yes, but what then?"

Ana was watching him, studying him, analyzing him. She remained apart from the conversation.

Sunny shook her head. She waved her hands some more. "What do you mean? We find the girls, we go the police."

Terry pressed his gaze into her. "And tell them what?"

"That--that--"

He waited. When he was certain she had no answer, he provided it. "--that they were abducted? They weren't though, were they? They went of their own free will, so to speak, and I bet Pinedo's got every legal document under the Sun notarized, signed and stashed safely away."

"Okay," Sunny agreed. "So, we tell them all about the brainwashing. The cult. Does anyone here doubt that Pinedo's a cult?"

Ana and Terry looked at each other.

"Seriously?" Sunny yelled. "You guys don't think it's a cult?"

"It is a cult," Terry said quietly. "It's a very effective cult, but so what? There are cults all over the country and they continue to operate because there's not a lot the authorities can do."

Sunny laughed sarcastically. "Well, I seem to recall the ATF storming one and burning it to the ground."

"That's because they had stockpiled guns, and it was a major fuck up that I doubt ATF wants to repeat. The problem is cults are a kind of gray area in the law. If you can talk someone into coming to live on your compound and giving up their freedom, there's not a lot anyone can do legally. That's why these organizations kidnap cult members and deprogram them. Technically, they're the ones breaking the law."

Sunny threw her hands up in the air yet again. "I can't believe this! They've still got you brainwashed."

Terry shook his head. "I know they do. It worked. Even right now, I'm feeling a deep desire to run back to them and let them put those glasses on me again."

"I can help with that," Ana interrupted.

"Can you help him see the light, too?" Sunny shouted.

"No," Ana said patiently, "because he's right. The most law enforcement will do is pay them a visit, see a lot of happy girls who rave about how much they love their jobs and then leave empty handed. Not to mention Pinedo has money and probably enough lawyers to fend off any official investigation that can't demonstrate reasonable cause."

Sunny suddenly wiped her cheeks dry of frustrated tears. Ana and Terry stared at the table. With a tremble in her voice, Sunny said, "We can't let them get away with this."

"We won't," Terry told her. He stood and swallowed his courage. In the back of his mind he had the thought that she wouldn't want to touch him, knowing what he'd done earlier that evening.

Sunny did not hesitate. She wrapped her arms around Terry's soft, curvy body and pressed her weeping eyes into his neck. He spoke quietly into her ear. "We won't let them get away with it, but we'll have to do in public, through the press. We'll expose their techniques, the glasses. That will get the attention we need."

"And then sic the cops on them?" Sunny said with a muffled voice.

"I don't know. Maybe. Anyway, that's not what our case is about."

She withdrew from him just enough to meet his gaze, enjoying his pretty smell, his pretty green eyes, his soft blonde hair. She kept thinking of him on his knees in an elevator, sucking off a man in a suit. She didn't want the hot flush of excitement to run through her body, but she couldn't prevent it. It was such a slutty, girly thing to do. "What do you mean?"

"We have to find out where they're sending those girls."

Ana risked chiming in, not wanting to interrupt their intimate moment. "It would be nice if we figured out how they were brainwashing them, too."

Sunny gave her a look like she was an idiot. "It's the glasses." A moment later, she looked at them both and asked, "Right? I mean we know that's how they're doing it."

"Yes," Ana agreed, "but how? People have computer monitors, televisions. How are they modifying someone's behavior so quickly?"

"Well, we certainly did a bang up job with him," Sunny suggested, caressing Terry's soft cheek.

"Yes, but he was a part of it. He was willing. I'm not saying that cults can't quickly snag someone and change their behavior in record time. The atmosphere of Pinsedo, the addiction to leveling up, not unlike a video game, that's all a part of it, but there's something serious going on with those glasses. I can't develop a theory for how and why they're so effective."

"Well, we'll have plenty of time to figure that out," Sunny said. "We can call experts. Hell, we might be able to go steal a pair."

Terry shook his head. "It won't do any good. It's not the glasses; it's the program. Without a connection to Pinsedo, they're just a hunk of plastic and micro-circuits. As soon as they realize what's happened, they'll delete my access."

"Well, then we'll have to figure out another way," Sunny said and gave Terry another tight squeeze.

Ana and Terry exchanged looks.

Sunny noticed it. "Wait a minute. What's going on here?" She looked at Terry who had a sickly, pale complexion. She looked at Ana who was developing the same pallor. "He's not going back in."

Neither of them said a word.

Sunny repeated. "He's not going. There is no way we're letting him. They practically brainwashed him away from me once. There's no way I'm letting them get their hooks in his mind again."

Terry frowned and asked Ana, "Is there anyway I could resist it?"

She shook her head, looked at her hands, feeling useless. "If I knew how they were doing it."

"So," Terry offered, "if I do go back in, I'll get zapped again, won't I?"

Ana gave him a sad smile. "They have a lot of inroads into your mind already. A couple hours is not enough time to shrug off weeks of serious conditioning."

"No," Sunny said, and it was a resolute tone. The final word, only no one was listening to her.

"So we have to develop a good way of tracking me then," Terry suggested.

"I said no," Sunny repeated.

"You'll have to report back to them tonight or they'll be suspicious," Ana warned. "That doesn't leave us a lot of time. I know they can put micro-chips into people, but I have no idea where to get something like that. I can try to set up some kind of protections in your head, but I have no way of knowing if they'll work."

"It has to be something simpler then. Tracking me, I mean."

"Goddammit," Sunny yelled. "I said no!"

Terry turned to her, knowing he couldn't put it off any longer. "It's the only way."

Tears welled in her eyes. She shook her head and collapsed against him, squeezing him tight enough to break a rib. "I almost lost you," she sobbed. "And it would've been my fault."

He kissed her and peeled her off him so he could see her eyes. "You didn't lose me because you were smart. You're good at this, Sunny. Your instincts are solid. When you were in the bar, baiting that killer, you were scared shitless. When that scumbag got you in the back alley, you were even more scared, but you knew I was nearby. You knew I wouldn't let anything happen to you. You put your life in my hands because you trusted me not to let you down, and I didn't."

"Well, now it's my turn. I'm scared, but I know I can trust you. I know you won't let me down. I can only do this because I know that no matter what happens, you've got my back"

She nodded, trying hard not to sob like a child, but she couldn't help the tears pouring out of her. "But what if--what if I--"

He shook her until she wrenched her crying eyes open, until she could see his eyes and the certainty there. "You won't."

She sniffled, nodded, but she didn't like it. He was the trained investigator, not her. He was the tough guy, not her. She wasn't at all certain she was smart enough or tough enough to do what needed to be done when the time came. "Besides," he grinned, and his sweet, high-pitched voice sounded like a malicious sorority girl, "I've got a plan."

* * *

He opened his eyes, blinked rapidly and rubbed his face, acutely aware of the fact that his face was probably a wreck. He needed a mirror. He needed some makeup. He needed to be the perfect Pinsedo girl. He needed--

He shook his head. They had really squirmed their way into his mind.

"It's not working, is it?" Ana said.

"No," he agreed. "I know that it's just, you know, human sexuality. I know there's nothing wrong with it. I'm not a homophobe or anything, but what I did in that elevator is just not sitting right with me. What they may have done to me in the boardroom--"

"I think you'd know if they took you anally, Terry."

He squirmed in the chair. He smiled. She was right. If his anal cherry had been popped, so to speak, he'd still be feeling it. "What I don't get is if they know I'm not really a girl, why keep me?"

"Maybe you're not the first special girl they've had?" It was a theory. Pinsedo had hired hundreds of girls over the years. It wasn't unlikely they'd run across at least one transvestite that could pass or even a transsexual.

"The good news is I don't think they're the kind of people that kill; if they were, they wouldn't have let me leave."

"Do you know that for sure?" Ana worried. "I mean, maybe they just didn't like the idea of kidnapping you."

Terry gave her a chilling look. "If they're the type of people that are willing to kill, they won't have a problem with kidnapping. I've met those types of people, and I don't think these guys fit the bill."

"But you were in a severely altered state when you met them."

He nodded and sighed. "True. So, there is at least a thirty percent chance I could be risking my life. I'll accept that. I have a gut feeling that it's more like I'm risking my--"

"Mental health?" Ana provided. "Well, the good news is they haven't given you a cult name yet."

He scooted forward in the sofa chair. He was still shaking off the effects of the trances she'd been putting him in, not to mention the urge to activate Pinsedo Icons that would further brainwash him. If there was a pair of glasses within reach, he had no doubt he'd reach for them. "What do you mean?"

"That's part of the disassociation. You get a new name and a new identity. That helps separate you from your old life, your old friends, your old family. They haven't done that."

He nodded. "How long do you think it'll take for their brainwashing to zap me again once I'm back inside?"

Ana squirmed nervously in her chair. Her ass was numb from sitting. She had a nice chair in her office and an even nicer one in her home, but here in Terry's place there was only the rigid kitchen chair. It took a lot of time and energy to hypnotize someone again and again, especially when they were struggling with the suggestions. It was taking a toll on her. "I'm not sure. It depends on you, I guess. If you fight it, it might take a day or more, but that might be difficult if you're trying to blend in and act like you want to be there. If you don't fight it, an hour tops. Either way, I think the conditioning will slip under your radar before you realize it, and then it'll be too late. Whoever set this all up really knows what they're doing. Most cults are sort of born organically, you know. I wouldn't be surprised if some corporate wonder boy actually sat down and designed blueprints for this."

Terry sat up straight. There was an excited gleam in his eyes. "I just realized you're right." He laughed, then gave his long blonde hair a pretty shake and covered his mouth with his hand. "Pinsedo may be a cult, but they think like a company. They're very organized. They probably have programs in place to track all their assets, their inventory, the whereabouts of every employee."

Ana stood and tried to massage the feeling back into her bottom without Terry watching her grope herself. "I suppose." She stopped mid-stride and turned to him, her hands still on her ass. "Oh. Of course they do, and they'll be tracking you, won't they?"

Terry nodded with excitement. "We don't have to figure out a way to keep track of me; they've already done that. We only have to make sure that my name is added to one of the file hacks, and that they're all installed. It might even be easier because I have an employee ID. I can do that first, before their brainwashing gets to me."

She nodded and smiled. It was a brilliant piece of insight. She'd always liked Terry, but she was starting to see what Sunny saw in him. Not only did he seem to be a genuine good guy (despite his current girlish appearance),

but he was smart, too. "Okay, so that's figured out, but we still have this little matter to deal with."

He looked at her and blanched.

She could tell by the way he averted his eyes and seemed to collapse on himself that this wasn't going to be easy. "Terry, there's no doubting that they're going to expect you to be sexual. At the very least, you're going to have to make your peace with serving one or more of them orally. They may expect even more."

He nodded. "Once their programming zaps me again, I guess that won't be a problem, but I can't give into it right away. If James or someone else expects it before I'm ready, I'm going to vomit right on his expensive suit. They'll know there's a problem. If I give into the brainwashing too quickly, I won't have the time to make sure the file hacks are installed. In fact, we're going to have set something up in my head so I don't go delete them once I'm a good, obedient Pinsedo girl again."

Ana sat back down in the chair. "I can probably do something to help you forget the file hacks, but changing your sexuality is a bit beyond me. If I had a couple of days, I'm sure I could work it out, but I've never done anything quite like this before."

He crossed his hands over his chest, enjoying the comfort his soft breasts gave him. It was a reassuring feeling to hug them and feel them there. It was a very female experience, but one he didn't mind. Breasts, whether he was feeling them up on someone else or getting little tingles of pleasure from his own nipples, might just be one of the best things in the world.

"But--" Ana added. "--I might just know someone." She turned her head to the side and chewed on her lip. "This is a bad idea. This is a very, very bad idea, but it's the only thing I can come up with."

* * *

From the moment Don Blehm entered the room, Sunny could feel the waves of loathing emanating from her friend. Ana kept her expression polite, but her tone was terse. From just a first impression, Sunny didn't care for him either. He was dressed preppy, beige slacks, collared golf shirt, cell phone on his belt. He had on a white golf cap and expensive shoes. It wasn't his clothing that she didn't like; it was his attitude. He smirked and grinned at all three of them, his gaze traveling the length of their bodies as if they were strippers on poles just waiting for his business.

Ana did all the talking. Don interrupted her constantly. Her lips pressed together each time with restrained annoyance. Each time, she sighed and swallowed her irritation, and each time he stopped talking, she patiently continued.

"So, all we're asking is for you to do what you're good at."

Don smirked. "I don't have a license anymore though, do I? You made sure of that. I might be committing an illegal act."

Ana huffed a little, and once again pried a patient expression on to her face. "This is recreational, not therapeutic."

Terry stood, blushing beet-red, arms crossed, feeling like nothing more than a prized cow with a negotiable price on his head.

Don nodded. He sat, crossed his legs and sized up all three girls: Ana first, then Sunny and finally his proposed victim, Terry (whose true nature had been kept secret). He gazed at Ana with a Supreme Being expression. "And what do I get out of it?"

"Well," Ana proposed, "you get to help a woman who is having difficulty expressing her sexuality. More importantly--" She set her gaze on a pink-cheeked Terry, drawing Don's gaze to his sweet, blushing face as well. "--you get the pleasure of corrupting a pretty girl's mind, making her love cock, making her crave it, just like you used to do with your patients. Unless, of course, you've lost your skills in that regard."

Don's eyes flashed with hostility, but an instant later they filled with mirth. He wagged his finger at her. "Challenging me, Ana, baby? Not very original. Besides, what makes you think I stopped corrupting the minds of sweet young things like her? Just because I don't do it in an office setting anymore. No--" He scratched his throat and stared at Ana's breasts, his gaze wandering down to her pelvis. "No, I was thinking something more personal. I mean I could do this and leave here and you might sic the cops on me, tell them I was up to my old tricks again. I'm taking a risk here."

"I would be complicit, so I couldn't very well do that!"

"Your word against mine, babe, and we got a history so you got the high ground on credibility. No, I think I'd rather have something else."

Ana gritted her jaw. "What do you want?"

Don sat forward in his chair. "I figure it'll take about an hour to crawl into this little girl's head and turn her

into a cock-loving slut, so that leaves me with a little free time."

Ana glared at him. "So?"

Don grinned. He stood nice and tall and made a point of looking down on her. "So, after I'm done with her, you're next. You sit in that chair and you don't fight it, and you promise to accept whatever suggestions I decide to give you."

Ana gazed up at him with flushed cheeks.

He whispered as he played with her hair. "It's not like you haven't been there before. Once I start, I'm sure it'll all come back to you."

"Absolutely fucking not!" Sunny interrupted.

Don turned and glanced at her. "Keep it up, sweet cheeks, and I'll raise my price to include you. Now that I think of it, I like the sound of that. All of you at once, a group session, watching each other surrender, down and down, listening to my voice, letting my voice caress your mind, letting go, letting yourself just relax and go free...."

Sunny blinked curiously. The way he spoke, so deep, so commanding, so confident, chilled her. She could see going to him for therapy and ending up on her knees without realizing why. He had that snake-like charm.

Ana gently turned Don's face back toward her. She licked her lips and tilted her head back and gazed lovingly up into his eyes. "Or--" she suggested, "--I could not turn over the rest of the evidence I have against you."

Don glared at her suspiciously. "You would've done that already if you had anything."

She giggled and rubbed his chin with her thumb. "I just wanted you out of practice; I didn't want to see you go to jail. I still had a few warm feelings for you at the time."

He grinned. "You got nothing."

Ana's grin was wider. "One little call to the fraud hotline of the department of insurance should do it."

His grin fell. "It's a baseless accusation. You would've turned me in if you really had anything."

She sighed deeply. "Oh, Don, your misogynistic nature prevents you from seeing how calculating a woman can be. I kept it just in case I needed something on you, just in case I needed a favor, and now I do, and you're going to do it for me or your life is going to become very difficult and expensive."

Sunny's grin beat them both. She beamed with pride for her friend. It was the first time she'd ever seen the bitch in Ana and she couldn't help but love her more for it.

Don pulled himself away. He stroked his jaw and took one deep breath after another, not unlike a huffing and puffing wolf. "I still think you're bluffing."

"If you want to play poker, you have to ante up," Ana said. She gave him a sweet smile to punctuate it.

He shifted his jaw back and forth, thinking. "I do this, and you give me anything you got. I want to see if you really have anything."

Ana laughed. "No, sweet cheeks--" Sunny stuffed her hands into mouth to keep from laughing. "--you do this or I turn it all in to the authorities."

Don growled. "You give me everything you got after I'm done or no deal."

Ana smiled merrily. "You do this favor for me or else."

He looked like he wanted to strangle her, but a moment later he began to laugh. "Shit." He wagged his finger at her. "I always did like you, even when I didn't."

"So," Ana asked quietly, wondering if she'd pulled it off, "are you going to warp my friend's mind or not?"

He nodded and grinned at Terry. It was a grin that made Terry want to shrink down and crawl under a rock. "Come on, babe." He wrapped his arm around Terry's shoulders and began to lead him into the other room. Terry glanced back at Ana over her shoulder with a worried expression. Ana nodded for him to go with Don. "You just keep an open mind and let Big Don tell you what to think, alright? It'll be over before you know it."

"Don?" Ana called.

Don glanced back at her, giving Terry's soft shoulders a hard squeeze to let her know her know who the boss was.

Ana warned him. "This is a one shot only. I don't want her showing up at some hotel in a month without knowing why."

He grinned and nodded. "Sure thing, babe."

Ana warned harder. "I plan to check. Do you understand?"

He grinned harder. "Clear as rain, babe."

When Don closed the door, sealing them away from him and Terry, Ana sat down hard in a chair with a "what have I done" expression. Sunny stood nearby and put her hand on her friend's shoulder. Ana grabbed it and gave it a squeeze. "God, I hope we can put him back together when this is all over."

Sunny hoped so, too, and was deeply ashamed of the part of her that enjoyed the notion of keeping him feminized forever.

* * *

An hour later, Terry walked out of the room on Don's arm, wiping his mouth and looking tired. His face was slick with sweat. His mascara and lipstick were smudged beyond repair and he looked like he needed a shower. He smiled when he spotted Sunny, who instantly scowled at Don.

Sunny grabbed Terry by the hands and pulled him away from Don. Once she had him in the farthest corner of the room, she began to gently pat him all over as if she were manually trying to piece him back together. "Are you okay?"

Terry nodded sheepishly. "I'm fine."

"What did he do to you?"

Terry shrugged. "It's fine, Sunny. Really."

"But what did he do?"

"Nothing I didn't want him to do, okay?"

Don stood in the doorway, staring at Ana with a flat expression. Ana pushed him gently into the bedroom away from Sunny, who was still mothering Terry. Before Ana could get a word out, Don said, "You lied to me."

Yes, she had lied to him. The question was which lie did he know about. She met his accusation head on. "Not without good cause."

Don finally had the moral high ground and he clearly intended to make good use of it. "All that bullshit about Terry not being able to express her sexuality. Why would you need me for that? You're a good enough therapist to pull that off, unless you needed it done in a hurry and why would you need that?"

She gazed at him, expressionless. "There was a good chance you wouldn't figure that out and frankly, if you found out I thought you might just decide to make things worse for her."

He blinked. He took a step back. His eyes went wide. "I'm hurt."

She leveled her gaze at him. "I'm sure you're just a big bundle of sobs."

He took another step back, looking genuinely surprised. "Jesus, Ana, I'm a cad not a criminal."

If he wasn't actually hurt (a little), he was putting on a good show, but then he was pretty good at acting, so she couldn't be sure. She nodded with a smirk. "That's good. That's really good. '*A cad not a criminal.*' That's almost bumper sticker good."

His hands were on his hips now. His head was shaking now. He was making little "tsk, tsk" noises, too. "God, Ana, I knew you took things wrong when we broke up, but really? What did I ever do to you to deserve this kind of reputation?"

Ana's jaw dropped in shock.

He threw his hands up with the start of a grin. "Don't answer that."

She scowled and crossed her arms and turned away. There were tears in her eyes and he didn't deserve to see them.

"Come on," he coaxed. "These people, this Pinsedo company, they're the bad guys. Do you really think I'd throw my lot in with someone like them?"

She tried not to sniff, but it was impossible to keep those sorts of things quiet. She couldn't face him yet; she was still cleaning the tears from her eyes. "It had occurred to me, yes."

"Okay," he admitted, "I may have messed with the heads of some of my patients--"

That got her attention. Tears or no, she had to see his face now. He couldn't possibly be trying to rationalize what he'd done all those years ago.

--but that was like a '*catch and release*' kind of thing, not an '*enslave them for life*' kind of thing. And it's not like they didn't enjoy it. Hell most of them still don't even remember they did it."

Ana studied him. He was sincere. He was honest. He really didn't understand. Maybe he was incapable of understanding. "You...betrayed me." A second later, she realized her Freudian slip and rushed to correct it. "You betrayed all of your patients, Don."

He bowed his head, sighing. "You say that now, but at the time I seem to recall you girls all enjoyed the hell out of it. You didn't do anything you didn't really want to do. You just needed an excuse. Right? Getting seduced, being free of all that responsibility, and morality, and we all got to have a little fun. Be honest now. What pissed you off was you realized you weren't the only one."

"No, Don." He opened his mouth to speak, but she cut him off. "Just...no."

A long moment passed and finally he took a deep breath and threw his hands up. "Fine. Fine, so I'm an ass, but I'm not *that* much of an ass. If I were, I wouldn't be telling you this."

His sudden silence and the silence of the room prompted her to look at him. He had something. He knew

something. It was clear on his face. "What are you talking about?"

He grinned. "Don't say I never gave you anything."

"Don--" She was on the verge of throwing his ass out, but she was stuck until she found out what he knew.

"Fine, fine. I tried to get you to pull that stick out your ass, but you were just hell-bent on pushing it deeper."

"Don, if you know something that could help...."

"EMDR." He tried to suppress his grin, but it grew to bird-swallowing size. He was clearly happy with himself and waiting for her to recognize his cleverness.

Ana blinked, gaze drifting. "That's for desensitization."

"If you can desensitize, you can sensitize." He waited for her cylinders to start click-clacking to full throttle and when they didn't rev fast enough, he couldn't help but provide a little kick-start. "Didn't you notice how her eyes kept moving in that erratic way? Every time she talks about Pinsedo or processes one of their memories--and by this point I wouldn't trust anything she *thinks* she remembers--her eyes do that zig-zag thing, but it's not erratic. Not really. It's a pattern."

She felt like sitting down. She felt like sitting down hard. She felt like sitting down right then, right there on the hard floor. "Shit. I--I never thought of that."

"Maybe it takes a wolf to spot another wolf. Anyway, they're probably doing it in phases, and the glasses are the perfect recording device, right? They watch how her eyes move when she's processing some real memory or real emotion, then when she's visualizing whatever they want, they coax her eyes into moving the same way. It's not foolproof, but do it enough times and I bet it starts to be pretty damn effective. Add all the other shit they're probably doing to her and you've got some Class-A, CIA-level brainwashing."

"Wow." She smiled at him. For the first time in a long time, she saw the person she thought he'd been when they'd first met: smart, helpful, ambitious. It was almost easy to forget what a worm he turned out to be.

"Yeah," he agreed. "'Wow' is right, and what you're doing to that girl out there is way worse than anything I did to any of my female patients...ever. Talk about lose your license. If this goes bad--and by the sound of these Pinsedo guys, it's going to go bad, there's no way it can't go bad--so *when* this goes bad, that girl is going to be another notch on their belt and you're not going to be able to bring her out of it. You may think you're sending her undercover, but you're just fattening her up for the kill."

He dove in for a quick kiss that she was too slow and shocked to avoid it or the firm pat he gave her ass. "You give me a call when this is all over, babe, but until then I don't want any part of it. Got it?"

Ana nodded absent-mindedly, waved him away half-heartedly. Her brain was split right down the middle between A) realizing that Don had just acted like a halfway decent guy, except for the stolen kiss (which was as good as she remembered) and B) realizing that she had no clue as to how bring Terry out of it when this was all over.

The UP Girl

James didn't waste any time; he placed a pink pair of Pin-Specs on Terry's face the second he walked through the front entrance. Terry was still adjusting to them when James wrapped his arms around him and began to rock him gently in his arms, kissing his forehead twice before whispering, "My perfect Pinsedo girl. Where have you been? You were supposed to check in hours ago."

The glasses recognized Terry's retinal patterns and logged him in. Rather than the normal desktop, this was a new translucent light pink desktop. The Icons were slightly darker pink, each in the shape of a cursive "P". One of them activated before Terry even had a chance to get accustomed to looking at the world through rose colored glasses. What program it started, he couldn't say, because he couldn't see anything running on the screen. His only clue was a little tingle crawling back and forth across his scalp.

James's whisper traveled into Terry's head through the out of phase stereo effect of the ear buds. The tone of his voice sounded like it was emanating from the center of his brain. "My perfect Pinsedo girl. Are you okay? I was worried about you."

He tried to enjoy James's arms, but in the back of his head he couldn't help but worry what Sunny would think, seeing him snuggle in close to a man. He put on his best smile and forced himself to go soft and press in tighter to James's body. "My roommate was home. She was a little upset."

James withdrew a little and held Terry by his upper arms. "I thought you said she was out of town."

Had he said that? He didn't remember saying that. "I guess she got back."

He turned and began to guide Terry down a hallway, his embrace tight and controlling. "Is she someone we should be concerned about?"

It was an ominous thing to say, but somehow James's tone was one of pleasant interest. "No," Terry said. In situations like these, the truth (or at least a portion of it) was the best way to go. He focused on making his voice small, tinier than normal. His female voice was natural enough, but he'd learned through weeks of webcam performances the effect a little girl tone could have on a man. "She's a little upset, I guess, but she said she wanted me to be happy."

James gave him a squeeze and kissed the side of his head. "You will be. You'll be happier than you've ever been. You'll be the perfect Pinsedo girl."

He waited. Terry felt his gaze. He was waiting for Terry to return his affection. Terry could feel the seconds tick by. He could feel the tension in James's body rise. He turned and gave James an awkward kiss, but it wasn't good enough. Suspicion lit in James's eyes like flames in a hollowed out pumpkin.

Suddenly, Terry felt an urge, an idea, a desire. It was because of his session with Don, he knew. Don was not a gentle hypnotist like Ana; he was commanding, barking instructions, practically dominating his subject down into trance. He'd spent forty-five minutes dropping Terry hard into trance and guiding him out of it, slipping images into his head constantly. The last fifteen minutes of the session had Terry floating in a strange submissive state, licking his lips and feeling an almost painful need for Don's cock.

He felt that way again. Don's suggestions had worked.

Terry gazed deeply into James's eyes. He felt his hand falling to his crotch. Slowly, breathing heavily, he knelt and felt a wash of desire and pleasure as he rubbed James's hardening cock through his pants. He did need it. It was okay to want to pleasure it, to bring it out and study it, worship it, to wet it with his mouth. James had a nice cock. Terry remembered it now. It was almost pretty. Pink and purple, not too large, not too small, just right and it was very responsive to a soft pair of lips.

Terry unbuckled James's belt and was about to unzip his pants when James grabbed his hands and pulled him back to his feet. Terry couldn't help grinning. It was clear James didn't want to stop him. His face was flushed. He grabbed Terry by the back of the neck and forced a kiss onto him, mashing his lip, biting his chin.

"We have--" James breathed heavily. "We have other things to do. There will be time for that later. Okay?" He swept Terry's blonde bangs to the side and smiled.

Terry blushed. Thank God for Don's warped manipulations. They may have just saved the day. "Yes, James. I can't wait."

While James led him deeper into the building, beyond locked security doors, down a long maze of hallways, Terry tried to get a sense of what the glasses were doing. It was difficult because James was carrying on a conversation the entire time. He managed to notice that the glasses bathed James in a golden glow, almost angelic. He also suddenly noticed that there was a quiet pair of pure tones playing in his ears. They were so constant it was easy to forget about them. They were mostly in perfect tune with one another, perhaps a whole octave apart, but

sometimes they seem to detune into a disturbing dissonance.

When he looked at James, the tones harmonized instantly. When he looked away, the quiet dissonance started humming in his ears, making him feel a little nervous, a little antsy. When James spoke, the tones harmonized, causing the silences between them to become not only awkward, but also unnerving.

As they walked along, as James and he talked, Terry managed to catch a dozen other things the glasses were doing, but they were so subtle and fleeting they flitted across his mind like a stone across the surface of a pond. The soft glowing rings expanded and shrank, giving him the familiar feeling of moving through a tunnel. Blips of different colored light appeared attracting his eyes momentarily, most notably to James's lips and eyes, but often to items in the environment as well.

Mirrors were a hot spot. The glasses wanted Terry admire to his reflection. The colored dots would blip quickly, drawing his attention to his lips, his eyes, his hair. Some colors seemed to create more urgency, while others simply drew his gaze. The dots frequently drew his attention to his nails and his clothing.

They want me to focus on keeping myself pretty, Terry realized.

The dots drew his attention to things that were disorganized and messy.

He noticed again a strange tingling across his scalp that might be responsible for making him feel giddy.

By the time they'd reached their destination, he'd completely lost track of the route they'd taken. He'd lost track of what James had been saying, and of the things he might have been saying in response. He lost track of what he'd been thinking. He lost track of why he was there. His mind was in a whirl and he was feeling completely disoriented. He leaned on James for support. Walking straight had become difficult.

He managed to hold onto one thought, however, and that was not only did he need to ensure his file hacks were in place, but he also needed to add his name and employee ID to their search string. Otherwise, when the Pinsedo conditioning finally got a hold of him--and he could feel it tugging at him stronger and stronger--Sunny and Ana might not be able to track him or find any of the other missing girls.

James stopped and gave him a light kiss on the lips. It wasn't unpleasant. In fact, it was an enormous relief. For a brief moment, all the activity going in his display seemed to pause. There was only the pleasant aroma of James's cologne, the warmth of his body, the feel of his lips pressing softly into Terry's, and the quiet little smack of their kiss ending.

James cupped Terry's soft face in his hands and gazed into his eyes. "I'll be with you every step of the way. If you have any questions, just ask. If you have any concerns, don't be afraid to tell me. I'm so proud of you. You're amazing. Don't be afraid to lean on me. Trust me, Terry. It's important for you to trust me completely."

Terry was nodding before he realized it. His cheeks were on fire; his breathing was short; his heart, pounding. It felt like he'd known James his entire life. They were so close, so warm and he knew Terry so well.

But they'd only met twice before, and then only briefly. They didn't know each other at all. Did they? Things were becoming very confusing. His thoughts were getting jumbled.

Tingles crawled along the top of Terry's head, following the part of his hair.

"Thank you, James. Honestly though, I'm just eager to get to work, you know?"

James laughed and escorted Terry through a large door, whispering, "Those days are over for you, sweetie. You're an UP Girl now. For the next few months, you'll be preparing constantly, day in and day out, 24/7, to fulfill that role."

Alarm bells rung in Terry's mind. No work?

As they walked, Terry quietly sought out the Pinsedo servers, but there was no connection. There was only the pink UP Girl desktop now. A boiling nausea began to roll in his stomach. If he didn't have any access, he couldn't push the last file hack into place. He and the missing girls would be lost forever.

There was still time, he thought. Maybe he could still leave the UP Girl program. Maybe he could find a way--

James kissed his ear and said in his warm, deep voice, "Activate Blank File."

Everything went white.

* * *

Her tea was turning cold. Her bottom was going numb. Her back was aching. Her shoulders were a bundle of knots. "C'mon, c'mon--" She felt like an idiot, staring at a children's art page, waiting for a girl named "Pin-Girl" to post pictures of her latest plagiarized crayon drawings.

Ana knew Sunny needed to relax, and that she was not going to do so easily. "Tell me again," she tried, hoping to at least distract Sunny from her tense anticipation. "What do these files do?"

Sunny's gaze never wavered from the screen. She pressed the "refresh" button for the millionth time. "They

remain dormant until they find the right environment. Then they do super-quick string searches."

"Searching for the names of the girls that we know have gone missing?"

Sunny mashed the "refresh" button. "Yes."

"And then what?"

Sunny took a deep breath. Her eyes finally drifted from the monitor. Ana began to gently rub her back.

"Then they record where they found the information and copy the file."

"And then they make art out of it?"

Sunny laughed. Ana could feel a few of the knots in her shoulders release under the press of her fingers.

"They're not that creative. They randomly grab some art from the site, encode the information into the pixels, and post it."

Ana nodded. "Okay. I see. So when a picture appears on this girl's profile, you grab it and decode it."

Sunny smiled. "Exactly."

Before Sunny could return her gaze to the screen, Ana nudged her tepid tea toward her. Sunny took the cup and held it in her hands. She was lost in thought and the thought was that she never should've let Terry return to Pinsedo. She'd lost him forever and despite what he'd said, she wasn't smart enough or bold enough to find him.

"How big are the servers, do you think?"

Sunny sighed. "Enormous, and there's a lot of them."

Ana eyed her friend with the clear message of her thoughts. "So...it could take awhile, yes?"

Sunny nodded, despondent. "Yes. It could take a long while."

"And," Ana tapped at the screen with a fingernail, "I see you can have an email sent anytime Pin-Girl's page is updated."

Sunny bowed her head in defeat. Message received. She was going to exhaust herself before the mission had even begun. "Yes...I suppose."

Ana grabbed the mouse and clicked the button. "So...now we wait."

It left Sunny's lips before she could stop it. "Ana, what if Terry didn't--"

Ana placed her finger to Sunny's lips. "Then that gives us time to think of a Plan B."

* * *

Terry felt wide open. He felt like his eyelids had to travel miles to close. There were more miles to travel for them to open again. He stared deep into a pure white space, seeing people move behind it like shadows on a blank movie screen.

In the center of his mind, he heard James's deep, rich voice. "How are you feeling?"

From somewhere far away, he heard a little girl answer. "Fine."

That velvet tone swept through him. "You're doing so well."

He couldn't seem to move. No. That wasn't right. He could move. He just didn't want to. He felt someone unzip his skirt. He felt someone unbuckle the clasp of each heel. He stepped out of them. He felt someone roll down his stockings. He felt someone unbutton his blouse. He lifted his arms for them. It didn't hurt to be nice. It was good to be helpful.

When cold fingers unclasped his bra, he smiled and felt his shoulders shiver. When someone touched his panties....

He jerked forward, slapping his hands over his crotch, groaning.

James's hand squeezed his shoulder and nudged him back. James's voice was so warm and reassuring in his mind. "It's okay. We know. Remember? We already know. Everything's fine. You can still be an UP Girl. You're special. You're so very special. You'll be better than all the other UP Girls because you are special."

As suddenly as Terry's assertiveness had appeared, it vanished. He was standing under a bright light. Someone was pulling his panties down his soft legs. He could see people staring at him, looking up from their monitors. Someone was peeling away the tape. They were all looking at him. He felt his penis drop, still limp from the hormones. It was there. He couldn't feel it exactly, but he knew it was there.

A tear dripped down his cheek and it felt amazing. It crawled like a bug. It tickled with pleasure. "Why do I have to be naked?" he asked.

"So we can see you," came the voice. Was it James's voice? It was deeper, slower, more powerful. Had he mistaken the voice in his mind for James's voice? He couldn't tell.

No implants. That's good. We'll need a blood test. Probably synthetic hormones. I think we can do better than that. Should she be stacked? There's a mole on her lffz czzk. Do we wzst tz kzzp the freckles? Hair shzzd bz lzztr. Szzt plzztc szgzry....

There was a wonderful wall of white static washing through him. He took a deep breath and the tingle of his scalp began to crawl down his face, down the back of his neck. Mmm, it felt so good. Down the curve of his spine, pooling in the small of his back like a heavy, hot hand pressing.... So good.

His entire body was tingling. This was heaven. He was lying down but standing up. There was a bright white light above him, shining down upon him, drenching every curve of his body. Every hill and every valley was bathed in a relaxing heat like the Sun on a beach.

"How are you feeling, kitten?" It was James again. He was standing nearby. He was so handsome, so chiseled and rough but with those sweet blue eyes, so friendly and gentle.

He could feel how heavy his lids were. He could just imagine how glazed with pleasure his eyes were. It took all of his concentration to turn his head to the side and whisper, "Wwwwonderful!"

James smiled.

He picked up his right foot to be helpful. Someone slid a second skin over his foot and ankle. He picked up his left foot to be helpful. Someone slid a slick eel skin over his other foot and ankle. Soon, it was sliding up over his soft thighs. Soon it had made the curve of his hips. It was snuggling up tight to his penis. It was tight and stretchy over his small breasts, coating his fingers, gliding up and enveloping his hands and arms.

Soon, it was over his head and someone was nudging it this way and that.

"Would you like to choose a call name?" James wondered.

A new name. That was what cults did. Ana had told him so. It helped disassociate the member from their old identity. He struggled. "Why...why do I need a new name?"

James's chuckle and it made Terry shudder with delight. "It's just a call name. No one's replacing your real name. See the selection?"

He did. There was a list of names dropping before his eyes. He focused on one. Angel. He hadn't meant to choose it. A prompt appeared: *Angel is taken. We suggest: Angel69.*

The prompt had no buttons. There was no way to close it. There was no way to go back. The display pulsed once and his gaze helplessly settled on Angel69.

* * *

Sunny was hot in the face. She slammed her fist down on the table to prove it. "We go in there and we kick asses until they give me my Terry back!"

Ana nodded. "And how many security guards do you think they have?"

Sunny thought about it. She marched into Terry's bedroom. Ana heard a drawer open and close. When Sunny marched back into the room, she was just slapping a clip into the bottom of a .45. She raised an eyebrow and grinned.

Ana nodded. "Very impressive. How long do you think it will take for the cops to show up?"

Sunny frowned.

Ana nodded. "Okay, plan C."

Sunny let the gun fall on the table with a loud *clunk!* She sat heavily in a chair. "There is no plan C."

"Well," Ana suggested, "we don't know if the file hacks are going to work yet or not."

Sunny regarded her with a somber expression. "We know he didn't get his name or employee ID added. It would've found that by now. It's fresh data."

Ana checked the art site. Pin-Girl had not yet loaded any artwork. She sighed. "Well, maybe he just didn't get his name added."

Sounding lost, Sunny whispered, "He didn't make it."

"We don't know that--"

"He got there and they zapped him. He didn't get them loaded."

"This...is not going like I'd hoped."

She looked at Ana. "What do you mean?"

Ana dropped her face into her hands. "This was supposed to be an exercise to empower you, to give you options instead of just sitting here and waiting for that stupid page to load."

"No," she told Ana suddenly. "It's--it's good."

Ana looked at her. There was a plea in Sunny's eyes.

Sunny said, "Let's keep going."

"Okay," Ana replied. "Then...how about...where are the servers? I mean they have to be somewhere physically, right?"

Sunny nodded, then shook her head. "Yeah, no, they could be anywhere and everywhere. They might not

all be in one location."

Ana slapped her head. "We could just go get him. We know where the Pinsedo Campus is, don't we?"

"It's a big campus and we don't know which building they're keeping him in, and like you said, they have security and the legal right to call the cops on us."

Ana sagged. "Well, you come up with something then."

"It would help if we knew where the girls had gone. At least a country."

"But," Ana chimed in, "we'd need the file hacks for that or access to the servers or--"

"The glasses."

Ana shook her head. "The glasses won't recognize you."

"The glasses are wireless."

"Are they?"

"Terry said it himself. Even if we stole a pair of glasses, it wouldn't let us log in. All those women walking around wearing the Pin-Specs are not trailing wires after them. They have to be wireless."

"So you can hack into the servers through the wireless network?"

"Not if they set it up right. The glasses would have Key IDs that were randomly generated when they were physically connected, say when they were charging. Once I get a Key ID though, I could probably hack through their wireless connection."

Ana's eyes widened. "You know how to do that?"

Sunny winced. "Well...I might be a little weak on the wireless thing."

"So," Ana checked, "do we have a plan or...."

Sunny took a deep breath. "The network has security. It wouldn't take long to realize a foreign device, like my laptop, had hijacked a Key ID, and I'd have to do it from inside Pinsedo."

"So," Ana checked again, "we don't have a plan?"

"I don't have to really hack it for long though, just long enough to find Terry's file hack and make sure it gets placed on a server. If I'm lucky, I'll have enough time to add Terry's name and Employee ID to one of the search strings." A moment later, she added, "But anyone looking at the security logs would see what I did. It might lead them straight to the file hack." Another moment passed, before she added, "But it might take them awhile to investigate it. It might be enough time for the hacks to feed at least some of the data."

Ana stared at her.

"Yes," Sunny said, "we have a plan."

* * *

Terry was lying on his back on a bed of lights. Above him was a mirror. In the mirror there was a very shapely girl dressed in a skintight sheathe of shiny pink. He blinked for a long time and gazed into the mirror again. He took a deep breath and watched his shiny pink breasts rise and fall.

The top of a man's head came into view. James looked up at the mirror and smiled at him.

From the center of his mind he heard James's voice. "Good morning."

His small female voice responded. "Good morning."

James smoothed his hand down over Terry's pink-coated breasts, his shiny pink tummy, resting for a moment on a shiny pink bulge. "I know. It's a bit fetishy, isn't it? We needed sensors and emitters to cover every nerve bundle and it ended up looking like this. I'm not sure who decided to make it pink, to be honest."

Terry studied his fingers, gloved in the thin, stretchy, pink material. He could just see a glitter of circuits and tiny round metal disks lining every inch of it in a grid. He looked into his own eyes in the mirror and saw that his entire head had been covered in a thin pink hood. He blinked through the rose-colored display of the glasses and laughed. "I look like a pink sex doll."

James laughed. "You win the prize. Or actually in this case, you *are* the prize."

The display of the glasses was pulsing and surging rhythmically. James was bathed in a golden glow. The Focus File was running. The Blank File appeared to have been deactivated. There were a dozen other programs running that he couldn't identify. Whatever effect they were having, he didn't know. He searched for a connection to a Pinsedo Server but there wasn't one.

"You're going to like this," James said. "I'm going to turn the suit on now."

He tapped a key on a keyboard and the pink suit constricted around Terry's body. There was the sudden aroma of electricity as waves of tingles began to travel up and down the length of his body. It swirled and pooled around his cock, nipples and anus, around his lips and fingertips, sending him spiraling up into heaven. He arched his back and gasped, his entire body convulsing with intense pleasure. "Oh...God! Oh...God!"

"I know," James said with a smile. "Feels amazing, right? Just below overload."

James pressed down on his tummy. "Easy now. Just relax. The pleasure is going to keep coursing through you. If tense up like this you'll wear yourself out. Relax your muscles."

It seemed a Herculean task, but somehow what James instructed began to happen. Terry felt his body releasing its tension until he was lying utterly limp. Pleasure swam through every part of him.

"You know, the first time we got a special girl like you, we thought we'd blown it. What to do, right? We didn't see any profit. We couldn't fire her. We certainly couldn't return to her the Service Floor. Ah, but then we found a buyer, and guess what? The rare jewel is the most precious jewel. The buyer was willing to pay three times our usual price. We thought it was a fluke. We're not really in the business of trying to create Pinsedo Boys, after all, and frankly, most of them never quite look right, but you! You came to us so perfect already that we knew we had another big seller on our hands. We already have a bidding war." He laughed. "Great, right?"

Terry smiled and agreed. "It's...so great." He wasn't entirely sure what James had just said.

James smoothed his hand back over the slick, shiny hood covering Terry's head. "Now, this next part might be a little uncomfortable at first. It's not painful. I promise, but you might feel little snaps from the magnets in your hood, and every now then you might feel a finger or a foot twitch."

Terry blinked. "How long do I have to stay like this?"

James patted his shiny pink arm. "A lot at first, but then less and less as we go along."

Terry sighed. "Will it always feel this good?"

James smiled. "You'll get used to it. I'm going to leave you in a bit, but I wanted to stay for this first part. It's my favorite."

Deep in Terry's mind, he heard a deep, velvet voice that he'd previously mistaken for James. "Please state your name."

He needed to get access to one of the Pinsedo servers, just for a minute or two. The glasses had to be connected to something, but there seemed no way to bypass the programs. What he wouldn't give for a command line.

James gently turned Terry's head so he could look into his eyes. "Just follow the prompts, sweetheart."

Terry nodded with a big goofy grin and blushing cheeks. "Okay."

The deep, rich voice spoke again. "Please state your name."

Slowly, Terry took a deep breath and said, "Ter--"

SNAP!

It felt like someone snapping a rubber band on his forehead, only it went much deeper. A second later he was blinking and feeling a resounding blankness just beginning to recede. On the display a word flashed three times in different colors: *Angel69, Angel69, Angel69*.

James tilted his head to look into Terry's eyes. "It seems almost obvious, doesn't it? What we're trying to do here?"

Terry looked at him. If only he could get to a server.

The voice spoke again. "Please state your name."

Should he go along with it? Or should he--

SNAP!

A moment later, he was blinking the blankness away and the words were flashing on his screen again: *Angel69, Angel69, Angel69*.

"I promise you," James said, "you'll be shocked at how well this works."

It happened again, and again. It didn't matter if he cooperated or if he didn't. The voice spoke; he felt a snapping sensation through his forehead; and a second later he was waking to *Angel69, Angel69, Angel69* flashing in his eyes.

James placed a small mask over his nose and mouth and tucked his hand under Terry's head. "Lift up."

For some reason, Terry complied. "Good girl." James strapped the mask on and soon air began to rush into Terry's nose. "Now," James explained, "don't worry. You won't be breathing some drugged gas. It's just oxygen, but sometimes the oxygen level will be very low. This will slow your brain down for neural atrophication, and it'll make you sleepy. Sometimes the oxygen level will be high. This will speed your brain up for hyper plasticity, and you'll feel hyper and kind of high. It'll be like taking a bunch of little cat naps and waking up giddy."

"My--my last Like," Terry said, his speech a little slurred.

James cocked his head and eased closer. "What?"

Terry tried again. "My--my last--"

"Please state your name."

SNAP!

He was blank again, then blinking and watching his call name flash before his eyes. *Angel69, Angel69, Angel69.*

James narrowed his eyes. "Your last what?"

"L-like," Terry tried again.

"Your last *'Like'*?" James asked.

Terry nodded. "Y-yes. I didn't get my last--"

"Please state your name."

SNAP!

James shook his head and chuckled. "You girls. You're all the same. You always want credit for every little thing. So high maintenance."

Angel69, Angel69, Angel69.

"It's--it's important," Terry said.

James grinned.

"I--I want to be the p-perfect, P-pinsedo girl--"

"Please state your name."

SNAP!

Angel69, Angel69, Angel69.

James laughed. "Well, I'll tell you what. Just to close the account right, I'll have Angela look and see if you had any last Likes waiting to be credited, okay?"

Terry relaxed. If Angela submitted that last "Like", his piggybacked file hack would place itself. He smiled at James and nodded. "Th-thank you--"

"Please state your name."

SNAP!

Angel69, Angel69, Angel69.

James touched his cheek softly. "It's the least I can do for one of our top performers."

The oxygen level was obviously lowering, because suddenly Angel69 began to feel sluggish and tired. She closed her eyes and savored the sensation of floating on a soft pink cotton cloud.

* * *

"Laptop, check. Phone, check. Gun, check." Sunny was wearing her Pinsedo interview outfit. She dropped items into a briefcase, one by one. She'd have to check her makeup before entering the building to properly blend in. If there was one thing she'd noticed in Terry as he changed, it was that he kept his makeup perfect.

Ana was dressed business sexy, too, but looking uncomfortable. She'd accessorized her look with a ghastly pale complexion. "I'm not...I'm not sure I'm up for this."

Sunny glanced over her shoulder at the computer desk. "You'll be fine. Will I need a range extender?" She thought about it. "No. Their network should be pretty strong. It's a big building."

Ana presented herself to Sunny, then when Sunny started to sidestep her, she grabbed her friend by the arms. "Sunny, I'm not a detective. I crawl into people's heads for a living. I don't know how to be a decoy. I don't know how to set up a diversion."

Sunny's expression was to the point. "You helped us get into this."

Ana recoiled. "You--you asked for my help."

Sunny nodded. "And you gave it, and now I'm asking for it again."

Ana began to shake her head. There were tears in her eyes. Her fear was palpable. "I don't know what to do."

Sunny sighed and set down the briefcase. "You go in and you create a scene."

"But how--how--"

"Think of something. Come up with a story. Actually, you don't have to come up with a story. You already *have* a story. You're Ana, and your best friend or your lover, Terry, is somewhere in there and they've been brainwashing her and you want her back."

Ana's eyes shifted back and forth processing the idea. "But--but what if they call the cops."

Sunny placed her hands on Ana's shoulders and gave her a pep talk. "You're a trained psychologist. You know how to manipulate people. I'm not asking for you to go to jail. Keep them from that as long as you can. If they make the call, get out of there."

"But--" Ana's eyes flashed with worry. "But what about you?"

Sunny smiled, but it was thin at best. "I'll be in and out." She turned, grabbed her briefcase and turned to the

door, not quite prepared to take the first step. "The worst that can happen is they catch me and throw me in jail."

"Sunny--"

It was now or never. Either Terry had been right about her or he hadn't. He was a good guy, full of compliments, full of praise. She didn't know if that praise was justified. Maybe he'd said all those things to get into her pants. Maybe he kept saying them to keep his little girl happy. She didn't know if she was really every bit the investigator he was, but she'd trust him not to have lied to her. He'd trusted her, after all. He was trusting her now.

"Sunny--"

She turned on her friend. "Dammit! We have to do this. Bunch up your panties, swallow your courage and let's--"

Ana was pointing to the computer monitor.

A small *ding* sounded on Sunny's phone. She looked at it and saw a message: *Pin-Girl's art page has been updated.*

She looked at the computer monitor. There was a crude crayon drawing of a sun shining on a house with two stick figures in the yard holding hands.

The broadest smile that Sunny had ever felt swallowed her face. "He did it!"

* * *

A gorgeous girl with lush black hair and olive skin smiled at him. "Good morning, Angel69!"

Angel69 awoke and stretched and smiled. "Good morning, Maria."

Maria caressed her face and enjoyed the big, happy grin it brought to Angel69's face. "Did you have a nice rest cycle?"

Angel69 nodded. "Yes, Maria."

"Please tell me your dreams, Angel69." Maria brought her a soft fluffy pink robe that was far too short to hide anything. She set a pair of fuzzy pink heels on the floor.

"I dreamt of cock, Maria." Angel69 tilted her head curiously, then slipped into the robe and inserted her feet into the heels. She could feel the air on her ass cheeks as she stood. "First, it was James's cock, and then there were others. They were different sizes, different colors, big and small. Some smelled musky. Some smelled sweet."

Maria smiled. "Were those pleasant dreams?"

The glasses were highly active, Angel69 realized. Perhaps they had been active all night. She no longer noticed the little dots of color blipping and drawing her focus. She found herself admiring Maria's pretty lips. "I'm...I'm very aroused, Maria."

Maria nodded and handed her a glass of creamy liquid. "You're always aroused, Angel69. I have your breakfast."

Angel69 took it and began to sip at it right away. It was creamy like a milkshake, but grassy like blended vegetables. "Maria," she wondered suddenly, wiping away her milkshake moustache, "can the glasses control my dreams?"

Maria's smile was effervescent. She stared at Angel69 as if she was the most interesting thing in the world. "They can suggest things for your subconscious mind to dream. That's a curious question. What made you ask it?"

Angel69 giggled. "I'm not sure."

Maria's eyes flashed with satisfaction. "What do you want, Angel69?"

Angel69 stood and placed one hand on her hips and one foot ahead of the other, practicing a pretty pose. "I want to be the perfect Pinsedo girl, Maria."

"Activate Walk 1-2-3, Angel69."

This was a fun program. As Angel69 walked, she could see a little ghost image of herself in motion. There were outlines surrounding her image that flashed green, yellow and red. When she swayed her hips too far, the outline flashed red. When she didn't sway enough, the outline flashed red. When she got her hips close to the outline, they flashed yellow. When she moved just right, swaying her hips, swinging her arms, the outlines flashed green. The trick was to make all of the outlines-- arms, head, shoulders, legs, feet and hips--flash green. Once, when she'd been in the zone, the whole thing had flashed a blue. What a thrill! She was determined to make it do that again.

It was hard, but it was fun. She was getting better and better at it, but so far her score had never exceeded 87%. She would beat that soon enough, she knew.

"Maria," she wondered suddenly. "How long was I in rest cycle?"

Maria gave her another curious look. "You enter rest cycle to attain REM sleep. REM sleep forms behavior from habit."

Angel69 smiled. "Thank you, Maria."

Maria studied her. She was becoming more and more feminine every time she woke up, but these odd questions she kept asking were out of the ordinary. She made a note of them and sent a message to James through her Pin-specs.

A few moments later, James returned a message: *Female brain. Male body. Bound to be some variances. Proceed. Continue sending updates and concerns.*

James. Tender, handsome James. Maria's heart fluttered in her chest just thinking about him. She'd do anything just for the euphoria that coursed through her when he made contact.

"Will I be training in the pink suit today, Maria?"

Maria blinked, snapping from her daydream. "Yes, Angel69. Later."

Angel69 put a little squirm into the sway of her hips. She moaned softly. "Oh, thank you, Maria. I love the pink suit. It's just--just...so amazing!"

Maria wondered if she shouldn't try the pink suit on one day, just to finally feel what the girls described. They way they moaned and twisted and panted made Maria think it must be as amazing as they said. The way they woke up utterly wiped, blinking wide-eyed and woozy made her wonder what it really felt like.

"Maria, how many girls are in the UP Girl program?"

Maria stopped dead in her tracks. She noted it and sent it to James. Another unusual question. She searched for a response and for the first time the Pinsedo glasses offered no suggestions. "Twelve, Angel69. Well, thirteen now that you're here, but there's usually only twelve. You're being fast tracked."

"One for each month," Angel69 whispered.

A message appeared in Maria's glasses. It was from James: *Blank her out. I'll be right there.*

"Angel69?"

Angel69 turned and shook her blond hair from her face. She stood and posed until the outlines in her glasses turned green at 97%. Posing was much easier than moving. "Yes, Maria?"

"Activate Blank File."

Angel69 nodded and smiled. Her eyes tracked the Icon, following it through its zig-zag decryption path. "Yes, Maria."

The world was once again a heavenly, empty white.

* * *

The file hacks were working overtime. There were endless streams of data. It worried Sunny. Someone at Pinsedo might see the increase in traffic or the unusual destination. If someone noticed the data leak they'd shut it down in a hurry.

The file hacks were wild carded too broadly, Sunny realized. It wasn't a mistake; they had to cast a wide net, but she wished Terry had narrowed down the search parameters at least a little. It was taking her forever to collect and filter through all the information.

She had five files started. Five girls. Profiles that she was filling in like pieces of a jig-saw puzzle. Almost all of them had their earlier Pinsedo careers filled in: hire date, performance data, customer list, Like scores....

It was the time leading up to their "promotion" and transfer overseas that was the problem. Much of the data in that area came in encrypted. She had her desktop collecting and storing the files, crunching the data so hard that a message kept popping up warning her about a program using a high amount of resources. She'd written a script to download and decode the art drawings from the website automatically as they came in, but it was slow going.

She had her laptop running a decryption hack on as much as possible with crashing.

It had been days and she hadn't slept, hadn't eaten, and she wasn't sure what time it was.

Still no information about Terry though. Not a single pixel; not a single byte.

The laptop alerted her with a chime. It had taken eighteen hours to decrypt one copied file. Too long. She didn't know what they were doing to Terry. She wasn't even certain of his location. She kept wondering if there was any way to access one of the file hacks and add Terry's name to the string search. She kept coming up empty. If she did penetrate Pinsedo, the chances went up that someone in IT would notice it, then the file hacks would be useless.

She scrolled through the decrypted data. Pictures. Performance statistics. Employment contracts. A bill of sale.

She scrolled back. A bill of sale? What was this girl selling? She couldn't even remember which girl the data was on. She searched for the name: Mary Asterson. Okay, by the dates it looked like Mary Asterson was already in the UP Girl program, so what was she selling and to whom--

Sunny studied the girl's name again. She studied the word "Name" next to it. She blinked rapidly at the

language surrounding it. It didn't make any sense. They'd put her name in the wrong place. Her name and alias, Mary Asterson / Candi10, was in the place where....

At first she whispered it. "Holy shit." Then she shouted it. "Holy...shit!"

Mary Asterson a.k.a. Candi10 wasn't selling anything.

She was being sold.

For a long time, Sunny wiped her eyes and re-read the document. She blinked and read it again. She very carefully hit "Print", horribly paranoid that she would somehow accidentally press the "Delete" button.

While the printer buzzed and shifted paper, she went to the bathroom and splashed cold water on her face.

It was too blatant. It was too obvious. It was too damning. There was no way she'd seen what she just thought she'd seen.

Carefully, she sat before the computer again and pulled the paper out of the printer. Cautiously, she studied the document from top to bottom.

They were selling girls.

One a month.

Seven years.

Terry was in their hot little hands, feminized, brainwashed and utterly at their mercy.

She burst into tears.

She dialed Ana.

The secretary answered. It must be mid-day.

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry," Sunny blurted out to the poor girl on the phone. "She's--she's probably with a patient. I'll--I'll call back later. Have her--have her call me. Please. As soon as possible!"

The secretary asked quietly, "Is this...Sunny?"

For an eternity it seemed Sunny couldn't answer the question. She could only blubber and sob and sniff and when she opened her mouth to simply say "Yes", her sobbing began all over again.

"Hold on!"

Being put on hold had the odd effect of putting Sunny's crying on hold as well. It was a peculiar occurrence. Sunny began to realize how exhausted she was, how quiet it was in the house, how lonely and stupid she was to ever have--

"Sunny?" It was Ana's voice, smooth, even, friendly, worried.

Chase and Slip

Gabby Clarke swiped and swiped and swiped the tablet, viewing page after compiled page. When she got to the bill of sale, she stopped. She looked up at Sunny. "Is this real?"

Sunny said it was.

Gabby studied the data. "They could easily claim it's fake though."

"I've got proof it was taken from their servers."

Gabby sighed and laid the tablet on her desk. Sunny noted she wasn't handing it back. "Who else knows about this?"

A bright warm sunny feeling began to grow in Sunny's belly. "I'm waiting for the FBI to call me back."

"You called the Feds?"

Sunny nodded. "After I called the girls' families, yes."

"So, the families know, too."

Sunny sat back and enjoyed the hustle and bustle of the busy pressroom. Gabby had to be in her fifties with a strangled mop of brown twists for hair, deep lines etched into her face and crystal clear brown eyes shining like the eyes of a mole in the dark. "They're paying clients. I couldn't very well not tell them what I'd found."

"And do you think they'll contact law enforcement?" Gabby asked.

"I would. Wouldn't you?"

Gabby massaged the bridge of her nose. "So, this could break quick if I'm not fast enough, and you don't want me approaching this Pinsedo company until you've managed to steal the rest of their data--which is flat out against the law, just so we're clear--but you're handing me all of this and hoping I'll help you?"

Sunny lunged forward across the desk until she was eye to eye with the woman. "I know who all five girls were sold to, but I've been calling a lot of people who fight against international white slavery and they're telling me that these people might just be brokers. The girls could've changed hands multiple times. You write for a nationally recognized newspaper and you've broken a lot of international stories. I need contacts. I need money, and I can't filter through all this data myself. It's taking too long."

Gabby seemed unimpressed. "Sunny, it's not that I don't believe you, but a company that slowly brainwashes its female staff and then picks the top dozen to sell overseas...well, you have to admit, it's pretty unbelievable."

Sunny fixed her eyes on Gabby. "One day a guy goes into a church to find God. A few years later, he's drinking poison punch at gun point because he believed in a mad man."

"But this would be the first ever recorded 'company cult' in history."

Sunny sat back hard in her chair. "Welcome to the twenty-first century."

Gabby returned Sunny's stare. She was a cynic and it showed. "How much are these girls' families paying you?"

Sunny shook her head. "I don't have time for this. I finally have some evidence and no one wants to see it. I don't have to do this. I've done my civic duty. I reported the crime to the authorities. I even took the extra step and tried to expose the company." She stood and picked up the tablet. "I can just focus on getting the information to my clients. That's what my job really is."

She could focus on finding Terry, which is what she really needed help doing, but one dead end after another was leading her to believe that she might be better off on her own.

"Thank you for your time, Ms. Clarke. Good luck with whatever you're working on right now."

Sunny made it to the door before Gabby said, "Leave the tablet."

Sunny turned, more than a little pissed off. "Why?"

"Give me three days to look at what you have and I'll tell you if I can help."

"Why three days? Why not now?"

Gabby leaned forward and interlaced her fingers. "I have to run it past my editor. He'll want to run it past legal. If what we see on the tablet is what you say it is, then we'll want to look at everything--and I do mean everything--else that you have. But we have to be careful. Technically, you've committed a crime. This data is stolen, which means we'll have to proceed very, very carefully."

Sunny thought about it. What choice did she have? She walked back and dropped the tablet back on Gabby's desk. "I've got a lead on two more girls. I'll be contacting their families in the next couple of days. Let me know if you want to be a part of that."

* * *

Maria slid the shiny pink suit like a second skin up over Angel69's hips. It was a tight fit. She had put on a little weight in the butt and thighs. Her breasts had blossomed into the healthy, heavy bosom of a well-endowed sex kitten. Her skin was creamy and flawless; her hair, shiny and as soft as silk. The milkshakes--full of all the pertinent nutrients, plus some extremely sophisticated hormones--had caused her to fill out, round off and soften considerably.

The glasses and the Up Girl training program had been powerfully successful. She moved like a ballerina and spoke with the grace and elegance of a duchess...until she was aroused. Then she purred and teased and suggested things so nasty they'd shame a porn queen. The rougher she was handled, the filthier her mouth got. Except for a few quirks, Angel69 was the sexiest, sluttiest, most obedient product they'd ever produced.

James knew what the board knew: with Angel69's "extra" they stood to make a mint.

Angel69 slid her hands into the pink sleeves and pressed the material between her fingers to get a better fit. She had good reason to be helpful. Her training sessions with the pink suit had brought her to peaks of pleasure she'd only ever dreamed of. She had no idea what they were doing to her head, but she hardly cared. There was no reason to care. She loved her job; they'd made sure of it.

Maria began to roll and stretch the pink material up over Angel69's breasts.

Angel69's voice was chipper and soft. "Oh, dear, I think my boobies have grown again."

Maria smiled and nodded. They most certainly had. She stretched the material thinly over Angel69's substantial breasts and started to tuck her long waves of gorgeous platinum blonde hair into the back of the suit, stretching the hood up over her face and down the back of her head. She pulled and tugged on the material until she could close the catch at the base of the neck. She'd always been told the suit would never break, but she always felt like she was blowing up a balloon, wincing in anticipation of a tiny tear exploding the whole thing into a shower of pink confetti.

Angel69 pressed the pink shiny material around her lips and eyes. She giggled. "Is it time for my pink suit training, Maria?"

Maria caught her breath; it was quite a chore stretching that suit around Angel69's ample curves. She stood before Angel69 and rubbed at the leftover wrinkles until they disappeared. "No, sweetie, we're preparing you for packaging."

Angel69 moaned quietly. "Mmm, that sounds fun. What am I being packaged for, Maria?"

She escorted her slowly to a metal bed and helped her to lie down, positioning her arms so that they fell into the outlines etched on the metal surface--palms down, fingers together--positioning her legs so that they were slightly apart. "Your auction is going live tonight."

Maria pressed a button and thousands of tiny metal rods rose up from the bed surface to form a complete support for Angel69's body. She attached a small wire to the pink body suit and the suit compressed around Angel69's limbs.

Angel69 moaned and arched her back briefly, but then relaxed into the cascading waves of tingles coursing through her nervous system. The prickling pleasure pooled around her cock and inner thighs. The tingles pooled around her nipples and the small of her back. The blissful tingles prickled delightfully over her mouth and neck.

"During transport," Maria informed her, "you'll fluctuate in and out of rest cycles. The glasses will keep your conscious mind busy when necessary, and the suit will stimulate your major muscle groups. You may feel some jerking and twitching in your limbs, but it'll only last a few minutes, so you can just wait it out."

Angel69 moaned, barely hearing Maria's voice.

Maria pulled up a rubberized transparent sheet over Angel69's lower body. As she began to cover her completely, starting the vacuum pump, she asked, "Do you have any questions before I start your first rest cycle?" It was not a question she usually posed, but Angel69 had a way of constantly surprising her.

Angel69 rolled her head to the side and looked at Maria with heavy, glazed eyes. "Maria," she giggled. "Maria, you're so pretty."

Maria blushed hot enough to show through her olive complexion. "Thank you, Angel69."

"I always wanted to kiss you."

Maria blushed deeper. She stared at the girl, nearly packed up and sealed away, shiny and smooth and pink. She leaned over and rubbed Angel69's forehead with her thumb, pressing her lips gently into hers until the kiss became wet and delicious.

Angel69 moaned. "Mmm, thank you, Maria."

Maria stretched the latex seal up over Angel69's ample breasts and was just covering her shoulders when the girl moaned again. "Mmm, Maria."

Maria smiled. "What is it, Angel69?"

Angel69's green eyes were electric. They sparkled with pleasure. "Why don't you join me, Maria? Try on a pink suit and feel what it's like. Get yourself auctioned so you can be packaged up like me."

Again, Maria's Pin-specs fell ominously silent. No prompts. No suggested dialogue. Only silence. She blinked and laughed and blushed. "Maybe one day, but I love my job so much. They've made sure of it." Her glasses pulsed with light and the pulses made her feel happy and smart.

She stretched the seal up over Angel69's head now, and just caught her final whisper. "Mmm, I love my job, too, Maria."

Maria smiled. She'd trained and packaged a lot of UP Girls, but no one as curious as Angel69. "Shh, now. It's time to start your first rest cycle." She slid the seal into place and the pump began, removing the air and firmly sealing Angel69's body against the bed. She inserted the breathing tubes, clipped them in place with the sensors and whispered into her headset, which she knew was still broadcasting to Angel69's ear buds, "Activate R&R Program number 1."

Even as the seal trapped Angel69's body into position, Maria could see the tension of her body release. "Activate Package File."

* * *

Ana and Jennifer stood at the door with strange grins. The pink in their cheeks was not from excitement or arousal; they'd been drinking. Like clumsy synchronized swimmers, they both held up a bottle of wine and kicked a leg into the living room.

Sunny sighed heavily. She was so exhausted she could barely think straight. "What's all this?"

"Intervention!" the women said together.

Sunny shook her head and began to retreat. "No. No, I'm sorry. I have other things--"

Jennifer shut the door while Ana grabbed Sunny by the arm and dragged her to the couch. "You're going to kill yourself. You've got to rest. You've got to take your mind off this for a little while. You need friends. You need booze."

"Glasses!" Jennifer called out from the kitchen.

"Cabinet to the right of the fridge," Ana answered.

Jennifer stuck her head back through the door. "You've been spending too much time here."

Sunny shook her head. "I'm close though. I just need some time and some money."

"I thought the families were paying some of your fees, and what about your main client. Joanne?"

"Joan," Sunny corrected. "They're paying what they can, but I need help. I may have to hire some rough guys."

Jennifer swept back into the room and set down three glasses. She stared at the two bottles of wine with a sideways smirk. "Shit. Corkscrew?"

"Drawer beneath the microwave," Sunny told her.

Jennifer hurried off and Ana switched seats to sit next to Sunny, close enough to sling an arm around her shoulder and give her a tight squeeze. "We'll find him. I promise. We're all helping. You know that, but you need this. A little recreation is good for cognition. You need to step back for a bit."

Jennifer was back and not so gracefully uncorking the first bottle of wine. "Did she say she needs more money? We can get you more money, honey." She caught her rhyme and giggled. One at a time, and sloppily, she poured each of them a full glass of wine--nearly to the rim.

Sunny took the glass that was handed to her and swallowed far more than she intended. "You guys are my recovery crew. You should be working on plans to undo what you did."

"We need to therapize him, too," Ana said.

"Not a word. Drink!" Jennifer laughed.

Sunny stared at both of them, just noticing how red and ruddy Ana's nose was. She was drunker than she first appeared. "I'm serious."

"So are we," Ana told her. "But first you have to get him out of Pinsedo, right? What's the plan for that? We should be able to help somehow." She glanced up at Jennifer with a proud, self-indulgent smile. "I was going to be a decoy. I was going to create a diversion."

"I'm going to create a diversion in the bathroom. Long drive. Be right back!"

Jennifer hurried off, stumbling and tripping.

"So," Ana asked, "what plan are you up to now? G? H?"

"I found him. I just don't know how to get to him, and I don't know how to track him."

Ana blinked. She set her wine down, almost missing the coaster. "You found him? I thought you said you

couldn't get his name into the file hack without risking Pinsedo finding out about them."

The toilet flushed in the other room.

Sunny got up and marched over to a second laptop she'd bought. The box, the plastic, and the packaging material were still nearby. "As soon as I realized they were selling the girls, I called some people that specialize in finding those white slavery rings and shutting them down. They told me any place with real money would work through the internet, so I started digging."

The bathroom door opened and a minute later Jennifer entered the room. "Hey, I thought we were supposed to be tricking her into not working for a night."

"They have exchange sites, auction sites that work hard to stay off of domain name servers. They're a part of what's referred to as '*dark net*' sites. It's mostly bullshit, but for some sites you have to know the IP."

"What?" Jennifer wondered. "No '*www.whiteslave.com*'?"

"They wouldn't be on the World Wide Web."

Jennifer glanced at Ana. "She knows that was a joke, right?"

"But how do you find a site like that?" Ana asked, leaning over Sunny's shoulder to view the monitor. Jennifer was right: they were supposed to be prying Sunny away from the case for a night, getting her fat with real food and drunk on real wine and helping her obtain a good night's sleep. They were failing. Sunny was roping them in just like she always did.

"Chat rooms, forums, you just keep following the breadcrumbs. I knew I was onto something when someone mentioned something called '*PSD*'. It struck a nerve, you know? Pinsedo? PSD? So, I kept sort of idly chatting around and searching forums until I found a sort of contact site. One of the moderators gave me this vibe that he knew a lot so I remotely accessed his PC when he signed off. That's where I got this IP address."

She flipped the screen around.

"How do you know this is the right one though? There's bound to be more than one, right?"

On the screen in bold letters the title read: Pink Sex Dolls.

Jennifer glanced at Ana then at Sunny. "What she said. How do you know that's the Pinsedo auction site?"

Sunny looked at them both. She laughed. "You're not seeing it."

It was a site all in black except for the blazing pink words, Pink Sex Dolls, and an "Enter Password" field. It looked like any other porn site. Ana and Jennifer exchanged glances.

Jennifer said it first. "Are we stupid or just drunk?"

Sunny pressed her gaze into theirs. "Pin-se-do. Pink Sex Dolls. Got it?"

Jennifer nodded. "Ohhh, yeah."

Ana was the one that truly caught Sunny's bug though. She slid her chair forward and studied the site as if it were the SAT exams. "Dammit, Sunny. Damn. I--I think you're right. But it's password protected. And even if you can somehow hack the site, what makes you think--"

Sunny pressed a couple of keys and the screen changed. It showed a pretty girl with straight blonde hair, blunt bangs trimmed so they hung in her dazzling green eyes. She wore a skintight clubbing mini-dress and was posed like a supermodel.

Ana swallowed. "Is that--is that--Are you sure that's him?"

Jennifer got quiet. She was whispering now. "He looks so...different."

Ana studied the girl, up and down. She was much curvier than Terry. She was stacked. "Maybe it's the photography."

"Maybe," Jennifer agreed, "but those breasts look real. That can't be him. He couldn't have grown a set like that this quickly."

"Implants?" Ana wondered.

"Even natural-looking implants have a certain look. Plus there would be swelling and bruising, and those babies look real. It can't be him."

It was a remarkable similarity, but with the bold makeup and the change in hairstyle and the tight dress and the provocative photography, Ana felt that Sunny might have just lucked into an amazing coincidence. "I'm not sure, Sunny. I mean, she looks sort of right, but there's too much different about her."

A short video began to play having finally loaded. "Hi, I'm Angel69!" She smiled. She blushed. She giggled and looked at the cameraman then laughed outright. With a big happy grin, she nodded in agreement with what she'd obviously been told and added, "I can't wait to meet you." With a sly, teasing tone, she turned away and glanced back flirtatiously. "I'm waiting...."

Ana sat upright and sighed sadly. "That's not him. I'm sorry, Sunny, but it doesn't sound like him."

Jennifer agreed with a frown. "She doesn't move like him either."

"It's him," Sunny announced. Her tone was so dead certain she almost sounded like one of Ana's entranced

patients. "I know it's him."

Ana put her hand on her friend's arm. "Sunny?" she whispered. "Hon...how do you *know* it's him?"

"Because," Sunny whispered, "they may have made some serious changes in him. He may be hard to recognize." She clicked on an Icon that opened a set of photographs. "But I sure as hell recognize that."

Three photographs were lined up top to bottom. Angel69 stood in a provocative pose with her hands on the hem of a pretty red dress. Angel69 lifted her pretty red dress and they could see his limp cock. Angel69's dick was given a close up, zoomed in tight, presumably to prove it was real.

Jennifer giggled. "Ooh! He's um-- Well, we'll have to take your word for it."

Sunny looked at Ana for support. Was she mad? Was she seeing things? She trusted Ana to tell her the truth.

The look in Ana's eyes said it all. "That's him, isn't it?"

* * *

They had cell phones with headsets. They had pictures of their target, but most importantly...they had coffee, and Jennifer had gotten her cinnamon twist crullers. She'd bought three, eaten one before leaving the shop and thrust another one at Sunny on the way out. "Here. Keep this. No matter what, don't give it to me."

Sunny brought it to her mouth, but Jennifer slapped her hand. "It's not for you. Bad Sunny! It's mine."

Sunny blinked furiously. It was late and she was already sleepy, and there was probably no promise of sleep ahead. "I thought you didn't want it."

"I do, but don't let me have it. I skipped the gym all last week and I haven't gone back yet. "

Ana had been paired off with Robert, a tall, broad ex-cop that Sunny had hired as muscle. Jennifer had been paired off with the other Robert, everyone called Bob, an ex-marine that seemed to like watching her ass more than he liked paying attention to instructions. Sunny had taken Michael, an ex-social studies teacher who had become a world traveler and then a mercenary in the Sudan for ten years. It was just the girls and a bunch of ex's.

In all honesty, she'd been partial to Bob, the ex-marine, but Ana had flashed her look that said, *'He's mine!'*

Sunny quickly discovered how boring a stakeout could be. It was a lot of sitting, watching, maybe the occasional picture or video and then more sitting. The Pinsedo campus was big, but it only had three entrances and that included the delivery road. She checked the PSD site on her laptop and saw Terry's feminine face. Angel69 was still up for bid and the money was tallying higher and higher.

"Bidding on people," she said to herself. "This is crazy."

Michael put the binoculars down for a moment, but then whipped them back up when a car showed up at the exit. "People do a lot of crazy things."

Michael had the name of an angel, and the looks to match. Curly brown hair, sea-green eyes and a nice smile. He had a scar that started at his collarbone and ran down into his shirt with the top three buttons undone. He was muscled and broad and his hands were big enough to crush Sunny's in a handshake, which he'd done once already and hadn't apologized.

She could tell he liked her. She felt the vibe from him, felt his eyes caress her face when he thought she wouldn't notice. He'd given her body the once over when they first met and a smile had lit in his eyes that made her feel very small and very vulnerable and very good.

She focused on the laptop again. The bidding had stopped. Angel69's video kept wanting to play again and again. "Hi, I'm Angel69!" She kept stopping it. She couldn't bear another viewing. "I'm waiting...."

Over the conference call she heard Ana say, *"We got something."*

She barked back, "Talk to me."

In the background, Sunny could hear the engine of the car and the screeching of tires. *"A blonde in a car."*

"Driving?"

"She's in the back seat. She's being driven."

Michael put his hand on the ignition and questioned her with his eyes. She shook her head at him. "Is it her?"

"We're speeding up to them--oh jeez!" There was the screech of tires.

"What? Ana!"

"It's nothing. A car was pulling out. Bob, uh, cut them off." She giggled maybe out of excitement, maybe out of fear, maybe to make Bob think she wasn't afraid. *"We're pulling up alongside."*

"Is it her? Ana?"

Michael switched on the ignition. Sunny held her hand up. Not yet.

"I--I can't tell. I can't get a good look at her. Oh--shit--Bob!"

There were more tires screeching, then the sounds of voices. There was an argument, then car doors opening and closing.

"Ana? Are you there? Is it her?" None of the muscle knew Terry's involvement or that he wasn't really female. They didn't need to know and they didn't seem to care. Getting paid to be muscle seemed enough for the lot of them.

A moment later, after another round of car doors opening and closing, after another screech of tires, Ana's sad voice said, *"It's not her."*

Sunny sighed and let her head fall back against the headrest. Michael switched off the ignition.

Ana explained. *"She cut her hand and they were taking her to the hospital. That's why she was in the back seat."*

"Okay."

"We're heading back."

Sunny looked at the screen of the laptop. Across Angel69's picture in bright bold white letters was the word: SOLD!

A few more hours passed while Sunny suppressed wave after wave of tears.

Michael looked over at her. "This is personal, isn't it?"

She couldn't speak. If she opened her mouth the only thing leaving it would be wet, out-of-control sobs. This was all her fault. Terry was brainwashed and sold as livestock and it was because of her. It got her panties wet watching him become more and more feminine, watching Jennifer's drugs soften him, watching Ana's hypnosis alter him. Did it have anything to do at all with finding missing girls or bringing down a corrupt company? If she hadn't been so hot between the thighs, might they have come up with a less dangerous way to infiltrate Pinsedo?

Michael switched on the ignition. Sunny sat upright, suddenly tense. "What is it?"

"Van."

She thought about it. In her mind, someone from Pinsedo would be escorting Terry to the airport, sitting next to her on a plane, delivering her by hand to the auction winner, but that was foolish thinking. That was humane thinking. If they thought of her as property then they would certainly treat her like property.

"Okay," she said. Michael pulled out behind the van and began to follow it.

When people got smuggled, Sunny realized, they didn't jump on planes. They got packed into trucks and boats and shipping crates. Why would Pinsedo behave any differently?

They passed through neighborhoods, rich and poor, but eventually a long chain link fence appeared along side the road, topped with razor wire. Planes were taking off and landing on nearby runways.

"If they go into an entrance, we won't be able to follow them. We'd need a pass."

"We can't let them go in," Sunny agreed.

She and Michael worked well together, it seemed. They were on the same wavelength. She wondered what Terry would think of him. He'd probably like the guy. He'd probably consider him an asset to be called upon in the right situation. Before he was feminized, Michael would've been someone Terry kept in the Rolodex when he needed extra manpower (and could get past his own machismo to admit he needed help). Now that he was soft and girly, Sunny didn't know what Terry would think of him. He might be having some of the same warm feelings she was having.

"Well?" Michael asked. The van was slowing to turn into an airport entrance up ahead.

"We need to look in the back." Her stomach was churning. Was Terry in the back? Was he conscious? Had they drugged him? Did he know what was happening to him?

Michael mashed the accelerator and screeched ahead of the van, cutting it off and forcing it to swerve onto the shoulder. Before the driver could do anything, Michael got out and put his hand in his jacket. Maybe the driver thought he was going to pull a gun or a badge. Either way the driver didn't budge. Sunny got out and walked to the back of the van.

They were dressed in civilian clothes, but they looked like undercover cops. That had been Michael's idea and it was smart. She wondered if her fondness for him was intellectual or caused by the heat pooling between her thighs.

"Step out of the van," Michael told the driver.

Sunny pulled on the back doors of the van, but they were locked.

"Are you--are you cops?" the driver asked.

"Just step out of the vehicle, sir."

Sunny poked her head around the back of the van and caught Michael's attention. "It's locked!" He nodded to her.

He stood close to the driver, looking down on him, intimidating him. "Open the back."

The driver was already heading to the back, but he was shaking his head and blinking his eyes a lot. "What's--what's going on? Don't you guys have to show me your badges or something?"

As soon as he turned the key, Sunny grabbed the handles and flung the doors open.

Boxes. Stacked, taped, nothing big enough to contain a person. She jumped in the back and searched. Tears again. She couldn't stop them this time. She wiped her cheeks, feeling like an idiot. She looked at Michael and shook her head.

Michael turned to the driver. "Sorry to bother you. You're free to go."

Back in the car, Sunny said nothing. Michael whipped the car around, sped back to their stakeout spot and parked. While they'd been chasing the van, they could've smuggled Terry out, but that was the kind of thinking that could drive someone crazy.

On the laptop screen, Sunny stared with shock as the status changed from "Sold" to "Shipped".

Owner's Manual

There was a whoosh of air and suddenly Angel69 felt her limbs being released. She blinked and swallowed and felt hungry and thirsty and a little achy but good. The rubber sheet was pulled down over her head and suddenly the room came into view.

The first thing she saw was an enormous ceiling and chandelier, then ornate plaster molding and old-world painted walls. There were dark, oak bookshelves everywhere and despite the stained-glass windows, the room was dimly lit.

The cascading pleasure of the pink suit began to fade and she was left to stretch and take one deep breath after another. Someone unplugged the suit and stood nearby.

It took her a few moments to get her bearings. Her thigh muscle twitched once. She turned her head and saw a dour man in a suit. She smiled at him and her face felt plastic. She realized she was still in the pink suit. "Hello."

The man stepped aside and Santa Claus stepped forward. Well, not Santa Claus exactly, but he was short and stocky with a full white beard and white hair that was receding a little. He turned to the dour man in the dark suit. "That'll be all, Victor."

The dour man snapped his heels and bowed sharply. "Ja, Sir."

The dour man's shoes clacked all the way to a pair of double doors. He slid them together and when they were locked they sounded like a vault being secured.

Angel69 smiled until she blushed. "Hello."

The man did not smile. He stood with his arms behind him. He had on a thick sweater with braided ropes of yarn lining the sleeves and collar. "Hello."

She smiled wider. The glasses were spinning away some program that she'd never seen before. It was making her happy. It was making her giddy. It made her feel like giggling. "Would it be all right if I sat up?"

He blinked and his cheeks turned rosy. He practically lunged forward. "Ja! Ja! So sorry. Of course you can sit up if you like."

She swung her legs over and eased herself up to a sitting position. When she looked down at herself, she was surprised to her legs had already crossed at the knee. It was good to move. It was good to stretch. She arched her back and stretched her arms and wound her ankle around her other leg like a vine around a column. "Mmm."

"Ah...long trip?"

Angel69 stopped stretching and smiled at him. She wrapped her hands around the edge of the bed and saw his eyes drop to her breasts. The way she was sitting, slightly hunched forward, made her breasts look large and pendulous in the shiny pink suit. She couldn't help the grin that swallowed her face. Her glasses pulsed and suddenly the word "name" flashed before her eyes. Well, it made sense to start with the basics, she supposed.

"I'm Angel69."

His gaze snapped up to her eyes. "Will you always be wearing that pink thing?"

She blushed and bowed her head, then looked up at him, shy and sweet. "I suppose I'll need clothes." It was so much fun to flirt with men like this, make them blush, make the thoughts slip right out of their heads with just a pout or a jiggle.

He thought about it and nodded. "Clothes...Ja."

"Unless," she added, "you prefer me naked."

His face brightened. "Ja, sometimes. Clothes are not a problem. I can dress you how I like."

She wasn't sure if it was a command or a question. "Pretty things, sexy things or nothing at all." She giggled.

He was mesmerized; he couldn't take his eyes off her. He was devouring her with his gaze, running his eyes down from her face to her large breasts, to her legs--still wound around each other--to her feet.

The glasses flashed and focused her gaze on his eyes, noticing his lips, the flush of his face, his breathing. He had a foot fetish, didn't he? She uncrossed her legs and squirmed her toes a little to test her theory. His expression became one of hard lust.

She giggled and placed her toes on the floor. "May I stand?"

He looked into her eyes, barely able to keep his gaze from drifting down to her breasts, giggling with each movement. "Ja, of course."

The glasses activated the outlines around her body. She posed herself until she saw it flash green and maintained her pose until it turned blue. 100% Success! She was very, very happy. She'd worked so hard to be

perfect and it always felt amazing when she actually attained it. The score dropped momentarily to 99%. Oops, can't be too happy that she didn't keep her pose.

He had a soft golden glow around him, almost angelic. As the glasses pulsed and the glowing rings came and went, as programs were activated and deactivated, she realized she wanted to get closer to him.

"May I hug you?"

He laughed. "Hug?"

She turned her head away, blushing, then glanced back at him with a sly expression. She wagged her finger at him. "Don't be naughty."

He laughed aloud and turned beet red. "Ja, a hug would be nice."

She started toward him, no longer even bothering to notice the blue outlines surrounding her body in the glasses. She'd perfected the Pinsedo walk and then some, hips swaying, arms swinging, wrists bent, head up, shoulders back, letting her breasts swing her forward, step by step.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and began to inhale deeply. It was the glasses again, she thought. They did a funny thing where it felt like she wasn't getting enough oxygen, but it was really his scent she was taking in. The shampoo of his hair, the smell of his skin. She pressed her nose into his neck and felt his warm body begin to burn hot. She lowered herself slowly to a kneeling position, taking the time to steal little whiffs of his under arms.

"What--what are you doing?"

She smiled and blushed at him as her knees pressed into the hardwood floor. "Bonding."

They'd pulled the trick on her before, but she didn't mind because it felt so good. It was fun to breathe someone in, to begin to feel close to them, to connect with the smell of their body. The little tickling in the back of her mind began: it was the beginnings of that electric feeling of belonging to someone.

His hands landed gently on her shoulders. "How does this bonding work?"

She stretched up to him, but his face was too far away for her to kiss. She would like to taste him, his mouth, his breath, but there was plenty of time for that. She would learn his kissing style soon enough. "Do you want to know?"

He swallowed. This voluptuous young thing kneeling before him, dressed in her dehumanizing pink suit, was more than he'd ever bargained for. He was rock hard and already thinking about her ass. He would want to see it next. His mind was filled with the vision of that little pink bulge between her legs he'd glimpsed when she'd stood. How could someone so gorgeously female have a cock like that? It was insane and powerfully arousing.

"Yes," he breathed out, barely able to speak. "Tell me."

Angel69 grinned. "Alright. The Pink Suit and the Pin-specs stimulate the production of oxytocin in my brain and pairs it with your scent causing me to bond with you. For the first week, I should do this three times a day until I'm properly conditioned." She adored being conditioned; it felt so good. She was breathlessly hoping he'd condition her in every way possible.

He grumbled a little, but she noticed that his hands never left her shoulders. "Seems a little...artificial."

There was a flash in her glasses and suddenly a swarm of colored dots blipped long enough to draw her gaze. He was hard. She could see it in his pants, that thick bulge. She swallowed, her mouth suddenly dry, her lips suddenly parched. She licked her lips and found herself staring at it with utter fascination. What did it look like? What would it feel like in her hands, in her mouth? "Oh," she whispered and realized that he cheeks were terribly hot.

"Does it--" he asked with some trepidation, almost as if he were ashamed of the question, ashamed of how it made him sound. "Does it...make you fall in love with me?"

She had her hands on the waistband of his pants. She leaned close, yearning for his scent. Was it there? Was it sweaty because he was nervous? Was it musky and oily and warm and masculine? It was too much. A familiar whirl of leaden butterflies was fluttering in her chest and in her tummy. She gazed up at him with such need in her eyes and on her wet parted lips. "Do you--" She paused to catch her breath, to moisten her lips which had inexplicably gone dry again. "Do you want to kiss me?"

He answered by grabbing both sides of her head, pulling her up to meet his lips. He mashed his mouth into hers, tightened his grip on her skull. He forced her lips open and swirled his tongue inside. She tried to meet him, tried to give him her tongue to play with, but he pushed it aside and pulled away just enough to bite her chin.

She sighed heavily. She understood now. He didn't want to kiss her; he wanted to conquer her. She was there to be used. The glasses began to activate programs. She didn't know their purpose, but she suspected she could begin to feel very differently and behave very differently over the next few days. It was fun to watch how she changed, to try and guess and go along with it.

His hand cupped the back of her skull. "Do you have to wear this?"

"Only for a few hours a week." She leaned her head forward and found the catch at the base of her neck.

When it was released, she pulled it up and forward over her head, feeling the cool air on her skin. She pulled her hair out and instantly his hand found it and twisted it into a knot around his fist.

His eyes blazed.

Yes, he had her. He owned her. It was so exciting that she felt herself trembling. She was the perfect Pinedo girl, serving her customer, trolling for him, baiting him, hooking him and now addicting him. If only Sunny had understood that--

There was the quiet sound of dissonance in her ears. There was the sick, dizzying blur of the room in her glasses. There was a sudden flash of pure, blank, white space, then everything was normal again.

She rubbed the outline of his cock with her finger and thumb. With her best little girl voice, she gazed up into his eyes and whispered, "Please, I--I need this."

He released her, freeing her to pull his zipper down. His cock was in her hand in seconds flat. It was a nice cock, stiff, round, not too long, but nice and thick and it was hot in her hand and she liked it right away. She pressed her nose deep into the base of it, into the soft cloud of white pubic hair. She inhaled deeply, breathing in his scent.

She rubbed his shaft with her parted lips, rested the head on her tongue, then swirled her tongue around and around it until she heard him moan. "Mein Gott!"

Soon, she was slipping his head into her warm mouth, pausing only to gaze up at him with her neediest gaze while she rubbed the underside around and around on her flat tongue. "You need this?" she whispered.

He nodded.

"You want this?" she whispered.

He nodded and closed his eyes.

"You don't want me to stop," she whispered with a grin.

Eyes closed, he shook his head.

By the time she was working him to a full steam, her hand firmly around the base of his hard cock, diving down upon it with her warm mouth, he was already thrashing his head, snatching up fistfuls of her hair and forcibly fucking her for a few minutes at a time. When he forced himself to release his grip on her, she could tell he was feeling guilty. Women, perhaps a wife, had trained him not to pursue his desires, not to give into his passions. He needed this, she realized. He needed to let go, to surrender to his lust, to use a woman that wanted--needed-to be used and would love him more for it. She was providing a service; it was the best thing she could do for him.

When he let her go long enough to let her suck on her own, she paused, slurped in her spit and gazed up at him, swallowing. "What--" She paused to catch her breath. "What's your name?"

He moaned, his head lulling back until she thought it might just roll off his shoulders. "Mmm, Conrad. So long, so long. It's been so long."

She cupped his balls in her hand and felt how tight they were. He was getting close. His sporadic jerking thrusts told her he was on edge. She played with him, edging him closer, pausing just long enough to let his need subside for a moment, then nudging him ever closer.

"*Shclampe*," he said suddenly. He sneered down at her. "*Hure*."

She nodded. "Yes," she agreed. "I'm your slut. I'm your whore. Use me, Conrad."

"*Nein!*" he barked.

She blinked and stroked him faster. "No? You don't want to cum?"

He grabbed her by the hair again and forced himself into her open mouth, his eyes dark. "I'm never 'Conrad' to you. You are a doll. You are a fuck toy for me to play with when I have time, and that's all you are. That's all you'll ever be."

There would be no more teasing, she realized, no more edging. He had her and he was going to cum. She'd pushed him beyond the breaking point. His lust was in control of them both. She could only wait and be ready.

When he gave her the smallest opportunity, she stroked him with her hand and kept her gaze firmly connected with his. "That's--that's all I want to be, but--but what should I call you?" she whispered.

He filled her mouth again, his eyes burning. "Master."

She never had the chance to agree. He exploded in her mouth and yelled in abrupt bursts of German. She was too busy swallowing and sucking and draining his cock to think of anything else.

The glasses, however, were already working overtime to make sure she forgot he ever had a name.

* * *

'I'm very happy today,' she thought. She'd completed a maintenance session with the pink suit and the glasses, which had left her wonderfully open to being fucked all morning. He'd forbidden her putting her panties back on with a devilish little gleam in his eye. As she wandered through the garden, she felt warm drips of

his cum trickle down her thighs. It was his love. He filled her mouth with it, and her tummy. He sprinkled it like fairy dust on her face and breasts. Today, he'd filled her backside with it, and now every squish and trickle made her giggle.

A gentle breeze swirled her sundress around her legs. There was something about the tree line in the distance that kept drawing her gaze. She stared at it for a long time and fell into that happy, blank daze that always made her feel so good. Even though she wasn't wearing the glasses, she could still see soft, glowing rings of light and little flashes as if the desktop had moved into her brain and was still toiling away.

Movement at the tree line drew her from her trance. A woman in jeans and a Tee shirt was walking across the meadow in her direction. Her short sandy blonde hair was tied back. She looked tired, but eager.

When she was close enough, she spoke, "Hello, Terry."

A stab of nausea churned in Angel's tummy. "Hello, Sunny."

Sunny wiped the tears from her eyes before they could spill. "I've missed you so much."

Angel smiled. "I've missed you, too. Shall I get Master and let him know you've come?"

Sunny's smile dropped. "No, not just yet. Perhaps in a bit. Can we talk first?"

Angel blinked uncomfortably. "I--I should really let him know you're here."

Sunny inched closer. "Do you know why I'm here, Terry?"

Angel winced with distress. "Don't--don't call me that. It--it makes me feel bad."

"What should I call you?"

She smiled with relief. "Angel would be lovely."

"Do you know why I'm here?"

Angel thought about it, tilting her head, placing a finger to her chin and putting on a sexy pout. "Hm, probably to be naughty."

Sunny's jaw was working back and forth. "I've come to bring you home. Will you come willingly?"

Nausea churned in Angel's tummy. The world spun in a dizzying, disorienting way. There was a terrible dissonance in her ears. "I don't--I don't--"

"Ana misses you, too. Do you remember her?"

She felt a little like she might vomit and pass out. "Yes, I remember her."

"She told me that she planted a trigger phrase in your mind that would help you do what you needed to do when the time came. Do you remember that?"

Angel hunched over slightly and shook her head. "No...I don't remember--"

"Sunny loves you, Terry. Sunny loves you."

A sudden wave of peace overcame Angel for a moment, but beneath it was a terrible sick feeling.

"Sunny loves you. I have a gift for you. Would you like to see?"

"Security...men...."

"My men have distracted them for now. Would you like to see the gift I got you?"

She nodded, then shook her head.

Sunny handed Terry a small packet labeled "Alcohol Swab". "Just tear it open at the top there. And then rub the alcohol on your arm here, see?" She took Terry's arm and pointed to the inside of her elbow.

Angel's hands trembled, but she managed to remove the swab and rub it on her arm. It was cold and wet and it smelled pungent.

Sunny pulled out a syringe and uncapped it. "This is going to pinch a little."

Angel felt tears on her face. "I--I have to go."

Sunny shushed her and brought the needle to her arm. "Shh, we can go in a second. Sunny loves you. Just hold still. Just a pinch. Sunny loves you."

The pinch came and went and Angel winced and whimpered a bit, then Sunny released her arm. Angel stared at the puncture mark on her arm. "How long will it take?"

Sunny sighed with relief and looked like she was ready to tumble into bed. "Just a few seconds."

Angel's eyes shut and she took a dizzying step forward into Sunny's arms. "I...don't like needles."

Sunny laughed. "No sleeping yet. I don't want to have to carry you. Come on, just lean on me."

Together, the two women disappeared into the forest.

Epilogue

"What are you doing, babe?" Terry asked.

Sunny was hunched over a laptop, ignoring the breeze and the call of the seagulls and the soothing crash of waves. "Michael and the two Bobs are going after Joan's girlfriend today."

"That's great."

"The news story is starting to get picked up by some major outlets."

"Wonderful."

There was something in Terry's voice, Sunny thought, sort of patronizing and lazy. "The warrant for my arrest has been withdrawn. The subpoena and the contempt charges have been dropped. Turns out the judge thinks the prosecutor may have been abusing his authority, forcing me to appear in court for months without calling me as a witness."

"That's nice, too."

"It didn't hurt that I went public in the Pinsedo article with how the asshole was hitting on me every day."

"Terrific."

"I think I have a lead on two more Pinsedo girls."

"That's good. We can work on it together after lunch."

"Mmhmm," Sunny replied, but her eyes did not leave the screen. She was as still as a statue except for one finger which was busy scrolling.

"I want to be the perfect Pinsedo girl."

Sunny started to say, "Mmhmm", but the words struck like an iced dagger in her heart. She turned with shock and fear at Terry. "What?"

Terry grinned. "Nothing."

Sunny frowned. "Ana said not to think things like that. It might kick you off into self-programming again."

Terry closed her eyes with a haughty expression. "It was worth the risk."

"What do you mean?"

Terry's gaze fell and stuck to Sunny's breasts, barely contained in her bikini. She had a wrap around her hips, concealing what she thought was her fat ass. Terry's plan was to relieve her of it. "All that lovely skin, that cute figure you have, and you're hiding it in the shade over there."

Sunny's eyes wandered up and down the length of Terry's body. Flat on his back, his skin golden brown, dappled with moisture, his bikini was so tiny his breasts threatened to burst out at any moment. She licked her lips unconsciously. He looked delicious. His blonde hair had darkened, but he'd had it styled into cascading waves of curls, and while Jennifer had stopped all but the minimum amount of hormones, his breasts were still full and heavy and more than capable of stopping traffic.

He had yet to adjust the way his breasts drew the gaze of every man and every woman. He had yet to adjust to men literally stopping in tracks and tracking his body with wolfish, predatory stares as he walked by.

They were having an effect on Sunny, too, which he'd more than gotten used to and was enjoying. "You--" Her gaze wandered over his body. "You better turn over. You're going to burn."

It wasn't that she was obsessed with breasts. She could certainly appreciate them, but she didn't gawk at every woman in a tight top. It was *his* breasts. It was that he was utterly feminized, and she was responsible (at least in part) for it. He'd given her that power over him, relinquished his hold on his manhood and let her take it from him. She was in her way still conditioning him to behave, think and feel like a woman. She couldn't help it. Every time he moved or said something in an overt, often subconsciously female manner, she felt the heat rise in her body.

Terry faked a little girl pout with big, soulful eyes and gently pulled his bikini straps to the side. Slowly, his breasts fell out, his nipples brown and taut, the brown saucers of his areola making Sunny's mouth water. "Maybe," Terry suggested, "someone just need to put lotion on me."

The Pinsedo case called. She should turn back to the laptop and work on it, but she couldn't take her eyes off of the slope of his hips and the way he raised one leg just so, hiding the small triangle of his bikini bottom. It was barely a bikini at all really, just three small triangles and a lot of gold string.

Sunny licked her chops and laughed. "The last time I put lotion on you, we were both sore the next day."

He closed his eyes, let out a little moan of delight as if the sun were kissing every inch of his skin, and stretched. "Mmm, that was just this morning. You're insatiable these days."

Sunny shook her head. His large pillowy breasts, his soft, round face, the fat of his hips, his long, lean legs was making her absolutely crave him. "We have a strange relationship."

He grinned. It was fun having her like this, aroused, tense, ready to jump him at any moment. He still hadn't quite perfected his control of her, still hadn't quite figured how to bend over for her in just the right way or to giggle in just the right way, still hadn't quite figured out how to trigger the release of her lust and his ravishing. He was getting better though.

He squirted long white drips of lotion across the tops of his breasts and crooked his finger at her. "You did this to me. You might as well enjoy it."

Sunny was on her feet, but she was hesitating. "I know I did. I took your manhood away."

Terry grinned, eyes glittering. "Well, not all of my manhood."

Sunny was by his side now, smelling the coconut of the lotion, lost in the shimmer of the sunshine on his tummy. Terry grabbed her hand and drew her forward until she was straddling him. Sunny's hands were in a trance, helpless to do anything but massage the white droplets of suntan lotion deeper into her boyfriend's tanned breasts.

Her fingers gently flipped his nipples as they rubbed in the lotion.

Terry jolted suddenly, his hands flying to the edges of the chair and attaching with a death grip. He whispered sharply, "Oh! Fuck...fuck...."

Sunny stopped touching his nipples. "Too much?"

Terry grabbed her hands and replaced them, and soon she was encircling his hard nipples with her fingers, rolling them around, giving them little tugs. He began to gasp and pant. He began to squirm beneath her. She gave both nipples a long, hard pinch until she saw the little lines of distress appear on his pretty face, then she started simply rubbing them with her thumbs, around and around and around.

Little spasms traveled through his body. He felt his nipples release a little fluid, felt Sunny's thumbs become slick with it. He whimpered and finally shouted, "Fuck!" as the pleasure exploded in his nipples. The hot prickling sensation expanded slowly like cooked syrup up into his armpits, down into his tummy, and soon he was breathing deeply and going utterly limp with relaxation.

Sunny smiled and shook her head. "You have got to teach me how to do that."

Terry smiled and blushed and covered his face with his hands. It was embarrassing. Sunny gently pulled them away and placed them on either side of his head, securing them with her hands. He was naked under her gaze now; there was no escape. Breathless, he stared into her eyes and fell in love yet again. "We're making your nipples more sensitive, aren't we?"

She nodded. "A little."

"A little hormone cream and a lot of attention is turning you into me, but you might be careful what you ask for. Once you start having them, you're likely to turn into a total tit-slut."

She laughed. "Nipple-gasms do not turn you into a tit-slut."

Terry gave her best fake-serious look. "They did me."

Sunny kissed him then. It was not deep. It was not wet. It was not full of lust and need. Sunny's kisses were unlike any kiss Terry had ever felt. They were soft and dry and somehow they transmitted all the love in her heart to his like a wide-open circuit. He felt tears welling in his eyes as she withdrew.

"Wow." It was getting to be a habit, saying "wow" after kisses like that.

Sunny breathed deeply, her warm breath caressing his face. "I almost lost you."

"But you didn't. You saved me. I knew you would. That's why I didn't fight them. They never understood where their program went wrong with me. All the girls try to fight back, but the programming crushes them. I knew you were going to come for me."

Sunny nodded, wiped her cheeks dry of tears. She almost hadn't rescued him. She'd lost track of him time after time. She'd hit one dead end after another. It was only luck that had brought her to his location.

"Can you get off me for a second?" Terry asked.

Sunny started to slip off of him, but Terry grabbed her hips. He reached down and pulled down his bikini bottoms. He released the invisible tape and sleeve and felt his penis pop up. It began to inflate quickly. He pulled Sunny back down onto it and could feel the heat of his hardening cock pressing against her warm, swelling lips.

She shook her head. "I--I can't. I have so much work to do."

He smiled. "Just a little rubbing."

She did rub him for a bit. It was a nice cock, especially now that Jennifer had it working again. It was hard as ever and it was made for her. It was made to fit inside her. "You--" She remembered to breathe again. "You--you have a session with Ana in twenty minutes."

He began to gently buck his pelvis, rubbing his cock harder into her pussy. There was something nice about the glide of it across her bikini. He was already leaking pre-cum at a generous rate, more than he used to. Was that

an effect of the new hormones Jennifer had him on? "I can skip it," he whispered and began to kiss Sunny's neck down to her shoulder, biting it hard in the spot that he knew made her shiver.

Sunny shivered. She was close to surrender. The look in her eyes showed how close she was. "No, no skipping sessions. I can't--I can't--"

"Okay, no skipping sessions. Ana will wait."

She felt her pussylips rubbed by his cock, still webbed together by her bikini bottom, though it was starting to slip. It was a mess of flesh and wet and hard and soft things all rubbing together down there. She paused suddenly, leaned heavily on his trapped wrists and looked at him. She didn't want to ask it. She knew better, but now that the thought was in her head, it wouldn't go away. "Do you miss him?"

There was no need to clarify who 'him' was.

He went limp beneath her and sighed.

She waited.

He looked at her. "Do you miss Michael?"

Her face became a sunburned peach. "I didn't sleep with him."

"But you wanted to. I may have been out of it, but I could feel the heat coming off you two."

She couldn't meet his eyes now. He was right. She did want him. He was broad and manly and aggressive, but showed enough tenderness to not force himself upon her, though she was sure he wanted to. He smelled delicious. "It's not the same. He was just a temptation."

He stretched up to try and capture her lips, but he was firmly held in place by her weight and strength. He let out a quiet little whine.

She grinned. "Going somewhere?"

He blushed deep red. "I'm getting my strength back, you know. You won't be able to keep doing this forever."

His arms were still thin and weak, and she hated to admit it, but she liked them that way. She didn't want him to get his strength back, but she knew better than to interfere. "Answer the question."

He stopped struggling, relaxing back, knowing this was either going to end in an argument or in a hot joining of their bodies. "That was a different person. It wasn't me."

"But it was you," she corrected, "in a way."

He shook his head and felt the tears begin again. He couldn't even wipe them away. She had his hands secured and she wasn't letting go. "Her life was like a dream. It's like I'm remembering someone else's past."

"But do you miss him?"

He tried to slip his wrists from beneath her grip, but she held him fast. Finally, he met her eyes and said, "I feel sorry for him."

Sunny's eyed widened.

"He was a sad man," Terry told her. "Everyone wanted something from him. He couldn't trust anyone, not really. Families, friends, servants, they all wanted handouts, favors. They all expected to be in his will. He could never just let go. He could never just be himself, except when he fucked Angel. She didn't care who he was or what he was. She wasn't a real person to him. She was whatever he wanted her to be, whatever she thought he needed. Her whole existence was dedicated to thinking about how to excite him, surprise him, and make him happy."

Sunny nodded.

"I miss him in that way. I miss being like that, selfless, free, but enslaved. It was an addictive feeling. They made sure of it."

She kissed him for a long time. After a few minutes, bodies warming, he began to squirm beneath her, positioning his cock so that it slipped past her bikini bottom. It was the point of no return. They couldn't stop now even if they wanted to, and they didn't.

When their flesh finally met, when his cock finally divided her lips, their heat combined and began to melt their wills. Then, almost as if by accident, they rubbed in just the right way and his cock slipped inside her.

She pushed herself upright so she was firmly impaled by him. She closed her eyes, smiled and felt his hands pull her bikini top away, letting her soft breasts hang for him like two milky treats. His hands found them and began to massage, clutch, squeeze them until she was helplessly grinding her pelvis into him, feeling his cock embedded so deep that it made her want to weep and laugh.

"If you wanted--" Terry offered, panting between each word. He pried his eyes open, but she looked lost. "If you needed a man, I'd understand."

There was no need to clarify what 'man' that would be.

She fell upon him and began to grind faster, feeling his cock slipping in and out of her, feeling her clitoris make electrical sparks against his pelvis bone. "Mm, you're all the man I need."

He wrapped his thin arms around her, enjoying the slippery way their breasts mashed and rubbed over one another, and began to join her rhythm, rising to meet her, fucking her until he heard her breath catching, until he felt her thighs trembling. "But--" he whispered. "But I'm not--not anymore--not like I was--"

When she pulled away from him, her face was drawn tight, wrenched with intense need. She fucked him hard and fast, thrusting her head back for a few moments, then fell forward onto him again. "You're--" She was close to screaming it. It was coming in, the tide, the collision, the explosion. She could feel the tingles and the opening of her body inside in preparing for its arrival. She was becoming empty inside, a big hollow nothingness, just waiting for the orgasm--his cum--the pleasure--his cock--to fill her. "You're my good girl."

There was the only slapping of their bodies against once another. Finally, he managed, "...yes."

"Slut!" she barked.

"Yes," he cried. "I'm your slut."

"Fucking...tramp! Fucking whore!" she barked.

"Yes! I'm--I'm your fucking--"

"Are you there?" she asked. "I'm--I'm close. Are--are you?"

He nodded. He bit his lip and let himself go. No more holding back. The tip of his cock began to burn and tingle. His heart, his blood, his mind were all rushing to meet the spark that would ignite them both. "Y-yes! YES!"

She couldn't--couldn't get there. She was there, but her body just wouldn't let go, but then she felt his body tense beneath her. She felt the swimming of his hot cum washing inside her and it was enough. It was what her body was waiting for. She froze for a moment, paralyzed, then collapsed on him, hurriedly fucking his cock while it was still hard.

She came and came. There was no friction left. The phone was ringing. There was only two pools of liquid bodies, slick with sweat, sticky with cum, faces smeared with wet lips and sloppy open kisses.

As their hearts slowed, her body atop his, panting, swallowing, getting in a last minute kiss again and again, she felt the soft cushion of his breasts beneath hers. They did what they always did. Even now, sated, satisfied, well fucked, she wanted him all over again.

"Did you mean it?" she whispered.

For a while, he only felt his thoughts swimming, but then he realized what she meant. Her head was on his bosom, her arms wrapped tight around him. She was cuddled in his arms. He leaned down long enough to meet her eyes. They were so beautiful, full of love, full of a just-fucked gratitude. "Yes. If you want him. As long as we're always us."

She grinned and stretched up to meet his lips. "I'm no fool, you know. If I have him, does that mean that you'd want someone, too?"

He blushed and smiled. He couldn't answer, but he didn't have to. "Yes, but who?"

Hadn't the phone been ringing?

"I think we both know who."

His eyes went wide. "Are you serious?"

She blushed deeper. She licked her lips uncertainly. "I--I don't know."

"If you are...."

"We'd have to tell him about you."

Terry blanched at that. "I know. He might not like the idea."

She turned his face to meet hers. "I can make him like it."

He shook his head, feeling the flutter of his eyelashes. "What--what do you mean?"

She grinned. "I made you like this, didn't I? And I didn't need some ridiculous glasses to do it."

He couldn't respond. He couldn't even think.

The phone began to ring again. It was Ana. He was late for his session. True to her word, he never felt better. He was free, no longer trapped by fear, free to be a perfect girl for Sunny, free to be a perfect boy for Sunny, free to be himself, whoever that ended up being.

THE END

Afterword

You might be startled to discover I'm heterosexual. No? Not startled? I'm dating your mother. How about now? The problem with being a heterosexual is the rigidity. If you suck one cock, you're gay. If you date one man, you're gay. But if you're gay and you date a member of the opposite sex, you're (at the most) bisexual, and then you can always go back to being gay once you've had your fun. If you're bisexual, you're in the best of both worlds.

If you're reading this, I'd like to take a moment to thank you. I enjoy writing and it may be shameful, but I enjoy people reading what I write. Finding a book that turns you inside out, that haunts you, keeps you up (literally) at night just dreaming again and again of a scene or an idea.... I know how insidious and wonderful that is. I hope one of my books does that for you someday. If not this one, maybe the next....

Email: Thomas_the_tame@yahoo.com

Twitter = [@ThomasTame](https://twitter.com/ThomasTame)

My Blog: <http://www.TomTame.Blogspot.com>

My Other works of fiction include:

Nine Portals Series:

[Belief \(Book One\)](#)
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