


TRANSGENDER GENDER SWITCH SCIENCE FICTION EROTICA

A man and a woman in futuristic, metallic suits. The man has curly hair, a beard, and blue eyes, wearing a black suit. The woman has long blonde hair and blue eyes, wearing a silver suit. They are embracing, with the man's hand on the woman's shoulder. The background is dark with a red and orange glow at the bottom.

SCI-FI GENDER BENDER MEGA BUNDLE

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Sci-Fi Gender Bender Bundle 2

Transgender Science Fiction Erotica

By BJ Slippy

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Bitcoin Bimbo 1: Urban Drugs

My name on the street was slick. I didn't have a dick, but the wetness between my legs had made many hard over the years. At twenty-one years old, I already had quite a few busts under my belt – not to mention all the sexual exploits I'd been through. Living in New Sheen City isn't something I imagined when I was younger, but being an undercover cop required me to be in the midst of the madness.

With over two million residents within city limits, NSC was rife with crime. My unit dealt with synthetic drugs, something that had become very popular by 2140. After the last Bitcoin was minted in July of that year, the financial systems of the world fell apart except for the cryptocurrency known as Bitcoin. With this virtual currency, the illegal drug trade really took off.

Unlike pot and coke from the last century, the new designer drugs were something truly incredible. In order to be able to properly work undercover, I had to take them myself, but I was always careful. I only dosed when I knew what I was taking and who I was going to be with for the next several hours - or days depending on the drug.

My favorite by choice was known as Blue Steel. A mix of the hallucinatory effects of THC combined with a powerful aphrodisiac, it

had allowed me to infiltrate quite a few underground operations in the city. My commanding officer says I do it too often, but to me it's just part of the job. To get the jocks and jacks in jail, I have to make them come. And to do that, I need the drugs.

As I waited in the lobby of a jock shop, I watched who was coming and going carefully. Most of the faces I recognized, but there were a few new ones too. With a city as big as NSC, there was always someone new around, someone who thought they would make it big in the underground drug scene. Some did make it to the big time, but many others ended up wasted before they were thirty years old.

I was about to give up for the night and head back to my apartment in the northern zone where rent was the cheapest, but Johnny Cool walked in the building. He headed toward the elevator, a blonde on his left and a redhead on the right. As one of the biggest synth drug kingpins, he always had at least a couple women with him at all times. This would be his downfall.

Not wanting to miss him, I stood up and double-stepped so I'd reach the elevator the same time as him. The two women didn't look too happy to see me, but Johnny couldn't take his eyes off me for another reason. I made sure to push my chest out a little, my nipples clearly showing through the thin cotton shirt I was wearing.

"Hey, Jack. Wanna party?" I asked simply as the elevator door slid open.

He nodded his head toward the elevator and I walked in. When I turned, I saw that the two other women were no longer hanging onto

his arms. They seemed pissed as he stepped into the elevator and held up his hand so they didn't follow. I smiled and put my arm through his as the elevator door slid closed. He was mine.

“What's your poison, pretty lady?” he asked. His black hair was slicked back in classic gangster style. I'd normally find it a turn-off, but the drugs coursing through my brain forbade me from falling for him.

“Blue Steel,” I said, running my other hand over his chest. He was built well. I had to give him that.

“I may be able to help you with that,” he said, then leaned in to give me a kiss, his tongue forcing its way into my mouth.

The elevator door opened and he stopped, taking me by the hand and leading me to a door at the end of the hall. I knew it was the biggest apartment in the building, but the size of the location wasn't what I was interested in. I was wondering if all the stories about him and what he was packing between his legs was true or not. I'd soon find out.

When we reached the door, he pressed his thumb to the lock which opened when it recognized his prints. I didn't want to blow my cover, so I acted surprised even though I was more than familiar with the technology.

“Welcome to the big time, baby,” he cooed as he shooed me into the room.

I looked around at the lush red carpet, the matte black walls, and the tinted windows that took up most of the outside wall. Unlike the other apartments in the building that I'd seen, this one was huge and consisted of a single room. To the left was a giant bed with what looked to be red silk sheets that glistened.

“What's your public key,” he asked, cutting through the bullshit and getting down to business.

I held out my hand so he could see the QR code I had tattooed on the outside of my hand. He smiled and took a picture of it with his smartphone.

“That's .001 BTC,” he said. “You'll get the other half when we're done for the night. How much Blue Steel do you need?”

“I'm already slipping, baby,” I said, then closed the distance between us.

Before he could protest or even say anything, I was on my knees in front of him. After unzipping his pants, I pulled them down. I wasn't ready for what I saw. I was expecting a large human penis. What I saw instead looked like a thick blue tail. Completely smooth and slowly getting larger, it appeared to be a prehensile appendage.

I was going to move my head and take him into my mouth, but I didn't need to do anything. The custom blue clock wormed its way through the air until it was pushing at my lips. I opened and let it enter, causing him to let out a deep sigh. I was further surprised as it continued to get larger as it worked its way in and out of my mouth.

With the drugs coursing through my veins, I couldn't help but be excited. I stopped a moment and took off my top, my perfect 38-C breasts heaving in front of that beautiful blue creature that seemed to have a mind of its own. It pressed itself against my breasts and began teasing one nipple than the other. I couldn't stand it anymore. I reached out and grabbed it, guiding it back to my mouth.

I wasn't sure if it was the drugs or his synthetic cock, but it started secreting a sweet flavor. Was that watermelon? The more I sucked and tugged at it, the sweeter the taste became. And then I felt him harden even more as the whole thing began to pulsate. Before I knew what was happening, I was swallowing his cream.

I'd tasted men before in my line of work, but nothing like this! I'm sure part of it was the Blue Steel I'd taken, but it appeared he had some work done on his cock as well. I licked the head clean as the last few spurts came out. I wanted more – so much more. I stood up and slipped out of my jeans, kicking them to the side.

“I can come again and again, baby,” he said, also stepping out of his pants. He took my by the hand and led me to the bed. I would've followed him anywhere. I knew I was supposed to be building a case against him, but there was something different, something I couldn't put my finger on.

When we reached the bed, he pushed me down and I felt like I had landed on a cloud. Slight, micro vibrations were shaking the entire bed, causing my body to tingle. Then he spread my legs and knelt on the side of the bed in front of me and the feelings got a lot better. His

tongue was also enhanced and was soon vibrating against my clit wetly.

I moaned and moved my pelvis up, wanting him to put that long tongue inside of me. As if he was reading my mind, he obliged and I felt the strong wet tongue enter me and start exploring every fold it could find. I writhed back and forth, not believing it could get better than this. Then I remembered that cock of his.

“Fuck me,” I moaned.

“I am, my dear,” he said, pausing the tongue action slightly.”

“No, with that!” I said, knowing he knew what I meant.

“Oh, you like little Johnny Blue?” he asked, standing up.

The smooth blue penis that almost looked like a tail rippled and moved of its own accord. He was already getting hard again.

“Yesssss,” I begged, moving my legs further apart. I couldn't wait any longer. I had to have that thing inside of me.

With his hands on his hips, the blue cock found its way to the entrance of my pussy. Like a snake burrowing into a warm, wet cave of flesh, it entered me in one fluid motion. It continued in as far as it could go then slowly worked its way out. This looked a little strange because his body wasn't moving at all. The cock slid in and out of me on its own accord. He almost looked bored.

I had to make sure I made him happy or I'd never get to collect enough evidence and close the case against him. Forgetting my own pleasure for a moment, I slid back on the bed so that he slid out of me, just out of reach. Before he could say anything, I turned over on my knees with my ass raised in the air.

“Take me back there,” I said simply.

He got on the bed behind me. I could feel his firm hands on my ass as that wonderful blue cock started snaking its way into my tight ass. As it did, I reached down and started playing with my pussy. I knew the better I felt the better I could make him feel. We were soon locked in a dance that had to end eventually. I was wondering if I was doing well when I felt him swell inside of me and shoot his seed.

I collapsed on my stomach before turning over to face him. His face was sweaty and his black hair was messed up and out of place. He had a smile on his face, and that was what mattered to me. I needed to make sure I was his favorite Bitcoin Bimbo for at least a week while I built my case and collected evidence. With so many other women at his disposal, I knew I had to be on top of my game.

“That was good, baby,” he said, laying down next to me on the oversize bed. The silk sheets felt cool against my sweat soaked body.

“That was amazing,” I countered. “I've never been with ...”

“Never been with a synth dick before, huh?” he asked. “Well, when you have money it's nice to spend it on the important things in life.”

I was about to tell him I wanted more Blue Steel if he had any when he continued talking.

"I have this fantasy, but I don't think you would be able to fulfill it," he said.

"Name it, blue man."

"I want to take a hypno drug and be controlled by a woman, but I don't know anyone I can trust."

"You can trust me," I said, turning my head to look at him. He was staring at the ceiling.

"I just met you, my dear," he said, turning to look at me suddenly.

"But you can trust me."

"That's what they all say to me, but everyone is a user these days."

"Can I get some more Blue Steel?" I asked, trying to change the subject.

"No, you need to go now. I have some stuff I need to do."

"What?" I sat up in bed, frowning.

"You can come back tomorrow night." He hesitated. "Maybe."

"But..."

"Yes, I had your butt, but it's time for you to go."

He stood up and started getting dressed. I wanted to press the matter a little, but I knew I shouldn't press my luck. I didn't think I'd done anything to give myself away, but he was obviously not ready to let me get my drug fix from him. I had to play it cool.

“Cool,” I said, getting up myself. “I'll see you tomorrow, I guess.”

He nodded and headed toward a desk on the other side of the large room. “Let yourself out and stop by tomorrow night around the same time if you're not busy.”

I got dressed quickly and headed toward the door. Opening it, I saw the two women from earlier standing. They were both smiling. I rolled my eyes and walked right past them. I had to keep playing it cool so I didn't break my cover. My life wasn't an easy one, but I was helping get some of the more dangerous drugs off the streets.

* * * * *

The next evening, I was dressed in the same white shirt and jeans and standing at his door. I didn't want him to think I had a lot of money. I'd decided not to dose myself first this time, and I was a little nervous and apprehensive as I pressed the buzzer to let him know I had arrived. A few seconds later, the door swung open. He was standing in front of me, completely naked.

“Come in, slut,” he said, his voice a lot different than the night before. Was he on something?

“I'm your slut,” I said coyly, wondering what was in store for me.

“You are and you're going to realize that tonight.” As soon as I entered, he shut the door. “Strip,” he demanded.

I obeyed, taking my time. I was soon standing in front of him, naked as him. My body was natural, though, and without the Blue Steel in my body, I was feeling a little overwhelmed.

“Can I get a fix?” I asked, holding out my arm so he could scan my Bitcoin QR code.

“Here, take this,” he said, handing me a small blue pill after scanning my hand with his smartphone.

“What is it?” I asked.

“You'll see,” he said with a devilish grin on his face.

“I dunno,” I said, unsure if I should break my rule and take the unknown substance.

“It's Blue Steel,” he said, calmly, watching me.

I nodded and swallowed the pill, regretting it almost immediately. Instead of the warm sensation spreading through my body that came when taking Blue Steel, I felt my entire body tingle.

“What was that?” I asked, my voice slurred.

“Let's call it Blue Steel 2.0,” he said.

I was about to object when I felt a wetness between my legs. He wasn't touching my body at all, but I felt that wonderful blue penis against my skin.

"What's going on?" I asked.

"It's new," he said. "You'll like it."

I had to admit I felt good. Then his blue penis did touch me, brushing against my stomach as it hardened. I felt a twinge of Deja Vu as it slid all over my body. I felt an orgasm building up even though he hadn't touched me anywhere close to my pussy.

"It should be kicking in any minute now," he said, walking toward the bed. "Why don't you come over and get comfortable."

I laid next to him on the bed, our naked bodies touching. When he leaned over and kissed me with that synthetic tongue of his, I thought I was going to explode. My body was ice but it felt nice. As he continued kissing me, I felt a strange sensation between my legs. I reached down to touch my wet pussy, but instead I felt a small cock.

Breaking the kiss and looking down, I saw I had grown a penis somehow. I could feel the blood rushing to it and filling it. I couldn't help but touch it. I'd held many a penis before, but this was different. I could feel the pressure of my hand – and it was getting me harder. Normally I would have freaked out, but whatever he had given me made it feel natural.

“That's it, baby,” he said. “You sexy shemale you.”

Before he could say another word, I got up and straddled him, my face a few inches from his beautiful blue cock. I could feel my own brushing against his face. I wasn't sure if this was what he wanted, but I knew it was what I wanted. I caught the blue cock in my mouth and started sucking as I thrust my hips forward, piercing his mouth with my own cock.

The sensation was incredible. I wasn't sure if I was hallucinating or if I'd really grown a cock of my own, but to be honest, I didn't really care. I just knew I enjoyed the feeling building up in me. As I sucked on him and was sucked by him, I started breathing heavier. I'd never experienced an orgasm as a man, and I was infinitely curious as to how it would feel.

I didn't have to wait long to get my answer. I was soon thrusting in and out of his mouth. Then I reached a peak and felt my whole consciousness move to my new genitals. Warm cum started coming out and filled his mouth. He didn't move away, taking it all. He still hadn't come, but I let him out of my mouth and collapsed on him. My nipples were pressed against his stomach.

I couldn't believe how sensitive I was as he continued licking and sucking me clean. I didn't want to move, but he pushed me off of him. Before I could complain, I felt him behind me. My breasts on the bed, I raised my ass up for him once again. I felt his blue cock snake toward my puckered asshole, slowly opening it up. When he entered

me, I could feel myself getting harder again. He felt different inside me this time. Did I have a prostate now? I wondered.

As long as he didn't stop, I didn't care. I wanted the feeling to continue, but I soon felt him tense up and squirt into me again. By this time, I was hard again myself. I collapsed on the bed and flipped over, facing him. Without a word, his long blue penis wrapped itself around my small cock and started stroking it. The up and down motions were enough to take me over the top yet again. I looked down in amazement as hot white cum squirted out of the tip and landed on my own breasts.

He leaned down and proceeded to lick it up. As he did, I ran my hands through his hair. I didn't want the night to end, but after two orgasms I was beginning to wonder if I was going to permanently have a penis. While I didn't care in that moment, in the back of my mind I knew it might cause some problems for my underground work. I had to ask him what he had given me and how long the effects would last before I was back to normal.

"Will I..." I paused. "Will I be normal again?" I asked.

He smiled. "Don't worry, beautiful. We're still doing tests on this, but initial results show that it will wear off in a day or two."

"A day or two?" I sat up in bed.

"Don't worry. I don't want you to stay with me that long. You can go to your other clients. You might find you can make a little extra money this way."

I wasn't a real prostitute, but I couldn't tell him that and blow my cover. This guy was devious and I knew I had to bring him down. I watched as he got out of bed and put on a robe, covering his body.

“You need to go now, but I want you back here in a couple days or when the drug wears off. I've deposited 2 BTC in your account for your help.”

I didn't like the smile on his face, but I returned it. My mind was still fuzzy, and I wanted to get away and have a drink so I could think. I put my clothes on and headed for the door. He didn't say anything, seeming busy with a monitor on the desk, so I left. The last thing I remember about that night was opening my third bottle of Ox Ale.

* * * * *

Commander Kapowski stared at me. I could clearly make out the scowl on his face even with the shades I was wearing. I wanted him to lower his voice a few notches, but I wasn't about to interrupt him during one of his tirades. He was going on about my safety after trying the new drug. I'd lied about the effects on my report, saying it had just been like an enhanced version of Blue Steel with a steady buzz. I kept the fact I had a cock now to myself.

I'd lied on reports before, but never something this big. I smiled as I thought about what I was packing in my pants, which was a mistake. Cap Kapowski seemed to get even more upset, physically banging on his desk, causing a framed photo of his family to fall to the floor.

“Dammit, Laura, look at what you made me do,” he said, calming down a bit as he rescued the 3D image from the floor and set it back in its place on his desk. He continued staring at the image for a few seconds then turned his gaze back to me. “I’m just worried about you. This guy is big, but I don’t want to get him if it costs losing you.”

“I know Cap,” I said, a serious look coming back over my face. I knew he cared about me deep down. We’d made love a few times, but I’d broken it off because he was a little too submissive in the sack for me. “I’m really close to nailing this guy, but I need a little more time.” I almost smiled again at the hidden meaning in that phrase, but I managed to keep it to myself.

Walking through headquarters, I felt a lot of eyes on me, but I didn’t care. No one knew anything was different than normal. Their stares were the usual kind, putting me down with their condescending gaze. Not everyone was cut out to be undercover in New Sheen City. I had what it takes, and I had to see this case all the way through to the end. This odd new drug might cause a lot of problems if it got out to the general population. While sexual setbacks didn’t plague most people in the 22nd century, there were still those who would freak at changing genders after taking a pill.

I left through the basement, taking a long underground hallway to an empty warehouse a few blocks away from the station. As an undercover, I could never be seen going into the district station or I would blow my cover. I got to blow all sorts of things, but my cover wasn’t one of them. I enjoyed my job immensely, but I knew the next part was the hardest.

Slipping out of the warehouse and walking down a back alley toward my apartment, I felt my little pecker getting hard just thinking the word hard. The drug was still affecting my mind. I couldn't stop thinking about sex. I almost hadn't made it to the meeting with Cap because I couldn't stop touching myself in the shower.

I'd battled the effects of many different drugs in the past, but nothing like I was experiencing. I wasn't sure if I would be able to last another day without falling prey to my instinctual feelings of lust. Halfway to my apartment, I slipped into a Rub 'n Tug joint. I told myself I was checking up on a confidential informant of my old partner's, but in truth I had to feel my cock cumming again. The experience was so different.

Ms. Ling led me to a back room after taking .0001 BTC from my account. I wondered what the cute Asian woman would do when I rolled over and she saw my tits ... and cock. Ten minutes into the massage when I rolled over to expose myself, she didn't flinch at all. She took it into her hand and started rubbing up and down. I was in bliss, reaching down and pinching my nipples. I couldn't believe how hard I'd gotten.

I wanted to last the whole half hour, but after a few dozen strokes, I felt the build-up and then the explosion of cum on my stomach and breasts. She quickly grabbed a moist towel and cleaned me up, smiling the whole time. I hated to admit it, but I sort of understood why some men came to these places. With so much other exotic sex being for sale Rub 'n Tugs weren't a priority to law enforcement. Men

who went to them were pretty much laughed at and ridiculed for being poor and not able to afford anything else.

On the way out of the room, I scanned the woman's QR code and gave her a .0001 BTC tip for the fine work. I knew it wasn't a lot, but she hadn't had to do a lot of work. Walking through the hallway to the lobby, I heard a few men moaning, but I didn't see anything behind the curtains. I can't imagine what they would think if they saw me walking down the hall, my perky breasts bouncing under my white shirt.

I rushed back to my apartment, wanting to look at myself in the mirror a little more. I was wondering when the drug would wear off. I was used to having a lot of sex, but cumming half a dozen times in the last 24 hours had left me drained. I wanted to get back to my normal sex drive and my normal body. Standing up to pee and shaking off was a bit nice, but I'd started to wonder what life with a cock would be if it never went away.

Safely back in my apartment, I stripped down and turned on the holographic mirror so that I could see my new body. Looking at my beautiful body with the small cock was a turn on and I soon found myself stroking it again. I lasted a little longer this time, but then I exploded once again, cum shooting up and hitting me on the face. I stuck out my tongue and tasted it. I'd tasted my own juices before, but it hadn't been like this.

I was beginning to think about standing up and getting dressed when there was a sudden knock on my door. Not expecting anyone, it took

me for surprise, but I walked over and looked through the viewscreen to see who was on the other side. A mousy looking man with glasses nervously stared at my door. His suit seemed about a size too small for him, making him look a little more ridiculous if that was possible.

“Who is it?” I asked, holding down the intercom button.

“Johnny Cool sent me,” he said weakly, pushing his glasses further up his nose with his finger.

“Who?”

“Johnny Cool. It's okay. I owe him a favor.”

Wanting to know more, I opened the door and motioned for him to come in. I didn't need any of my neighbors seeing a geek in a suit outside my apartment.

“What's this about?” I asked, pulling my robe around me tighter.

“I have to admit I don't understand myself,” he mumbled. “I owe Mr. Johnny some money and he said I had to come over here and ...”

“And what?” I asked.

“And make love to you,” he answered, looking up at me shyly.

“He said that, did he?”

“Yeah, he said you would understand and take care of me. If I don't make you come, he's going to hunt me down and hurt me.”

I nodded, wondering if the man knew my secret. Looking at the way his eyes were undressing me, I guessed that he didn't. If I was going to bust Johnny Cool, I knew I had to do this for him. To tell the truth, I wanted to surprise this guy. The drugs were still coursing through my body and I was turned on by the idea of being a top. Too many of my jacks wanted me submissive, which was against my nature.

“I guess you better make me come, then,” I said, walking over to him.

I thought about taking his glasses off, but I wanted him to see me in all my glory when the time was right. I was sure the surprise was part of the punishment Johnny was trying to dole out. I kissed him passionately on the lips and worked his jacket off at the same time. He was shy at first, but soon he was kissing me back, his hands running down my back to grab my ass.

Continuing to kiss him, I removed the rest of his clothes. I wanted to make sure he was hot and bothered before I surprised him. I wasn't sure what was coming over me, but I knew it wasn't going to be him. I smiled and reached down and began to stroke him. He was already half hard, but he grew in my hand as my tongue explored his mouth.

“You like that?” I said, pulling away for a moment to whisper in his ear.

“Yeah, that's nice,” he whispered. “Please don't stop.”

“Well, I can take care of you, but I need you to take care of me first.”

“Okay,” he said as I pushed him to his knees in front of me.

“Close your eyes,” I said and he obeyed. I let my white robe fall open. My cock was hard as a rock and I couldn't wait for him to take it in his mouth. First, I wanted to see the expression on his face. “Open your eyes,” I cooed in the sexiest feminine voice I could muster.

He had a look of shock on his face and moved back a little, but I grabbed the back of his head and pulled it forward. He was mere inches from it. His eyes looked up at me and I nodded. “You can do it,” I purred. “You have to do it.”

I expected more resistance, but he obeyed. I was sure he had some sort of drug coursing through his brain as well, but I couldn't be positive. He closed his eyes as his head bobbed up and down on me. I thrust my hips forward, piercing his wet mouth.

“Lick my balls,” I said, pulling out of his mouth. He moved down lower and started licking them. His tongue was coming dangerously close to my ass, and I had to admit it felt good. “Lick lower,” I murmured. Soon, his tongue was running over my sphincter muscle, causing me to get even harder.

“Make me cum,” I said, and he returned his attention to my small cock, taking the whole thing into his mouth. I was surprised when I felt his tongue swirl around it again and again. Had he done this before? Was this all just a test Johnny Cool had for me? I didn't

know, and I didn't care as I shot my load into his mouth. He pulled out a little early and got a few spurts on his face.

I wanted him to fuck me in the ass, but he stood up and starting putting on his clothes. "I need to go show him this," he said, trying to stuff his boner into his boxer shorts. I felt a little sorry for him, but I didn't want to do anything to blow my cover. "I need you to rate me from one to ten," he said, looking at me with a blank expression on his face.

"A seven point five," I said without flinching.

I pulled my robe closed as he left the apartment. I had a glass of Ox Ale and hit the sack early. The drug was supposed to be wearing off soon, and I needed to find a way to get some evidence on Johnny Cool, something I could use in court to bust him. That or find a way to run away with him and never come back. One of the two.

* * * * *

The next morning, I woke to find that I no longer had a cock. Just to make sure everything was in order, I used my trusty vibrator to get myself off. Having a female orgasm was a little strange after so many as a man, but it was all that I remembered. Surprisingly, I felt a bit energetic. One of the things I'd always hated about Blue Steel was the fact it left you groggy the day after unless you re-upped.

I thought about my plan the night before to run away with Johnny Cool and be his Bitcoin Bimbo and I had to laugh a little. Now, all I could do was think about busting him and getting on to my next

case. While Johnny Cool was a mid-level player, he wasn't the man in charge. I would have to work my way up to find out the identity of that person.

After calling into the station to let them know I was on my way, I headed across town to the apartment building I'd first met Johnny Cool. I could've sworn some of the people in the lobby were looking at my funny, but with so many druggies in this city, it's hard to tell sometimes when someone is really acting strange. Once in the elevator, I forgot about the weird looks as I rode to the top floor.

When the door opened, I started walking down the hallway toward one of Johnny Cool's apartments. He probably had many around the city. I knew I only had a few minutes to get in and convince him to break out some more product before the police would show up to bust us both. I was about to knock on the door, when the camera recognized my face and played a message.

"Come in, Laura." It was Johnny Cool's voice and image, but he appeared to be on a beach somewhere? "I had to leave for a while," he continued, "but I left you a surprise on the bed inside."

Knowing the police would be there any moment, I tried the door and it opened. Closing it behind me, I rushed over to the bed. A small clear baggy with six blue pills was lying on the silk sheets. I grabbed the packed and slid it down the front of my pants just as the door to the apartment burst open. I turned around and feigned surprise just in case there were any video cameras in the room.

The cops busted me as they would any other perp. It wasn't until I got back to the station that I would be set free. I should've said something about the blue pills, but I wanted to keep them a secret for now. I had a lot more work to do in order to bust Johnny Cool, and I had to convince the Cap that I was the woman for the job.

Back at the station, after I was let loose, I headed to the abandoned warehouse and made my way back to the station. I stashed the blue pills in a secret place in the warehouse first, though. I didn't want to take a chance of losing them. If I was honest with myself, I couldn't wait to take another. I sort of missed having a cock.

Captain Kapowski wasn't happy that I didn't make a bust, but he agreed to give me another two weeks to come up with a case. If I didn't, I was going to be reassigned across the country for a while until things cooled off a little. I was surprised he had given me any more time to bust Johnny Cool, but he'd always had a soft-spot for me in his heart.

As I headed back to my apartment, the blue pills safely in my front jeans pocket, I wondered what I would do. Should I take another pill? Would there be permanent side effects? I didn't mind having a cock for a couple more days, but I wasn't sure if I wanted one permanently. Questions were racing through my mind, but by the time I was in my living room, I had popped another one of the pills. My dick was back. Now I just had to wait.

I wasn't sure how long I'd have to wait, but I hoped it wasn't long. An hour after taking the pill, I was soaking in a hot tub, my hand firmly

wrapped around my cock. I soaked and stroked for half an hour, making sure to aim it toward my face so I could taste it again. I was licking the last of it from my face when I heard someone banging on my door.

Grabbing a towel as I jumped up and out of the tub, I raced over to the viewscreen. The small, nerdy man was back. He seemed a little more relaxed this time.

“Can I help you?” I asked through the intercom.

“Johnny sent me to check up on you,” he said.

I opened the door then closed it behind him. Once again I had this strange man in my apartment while I was wearing a robe.

“Check up on me how?” I asked, a bit suspicious.

“Did you take another pill?” he asked.

I nodded.

“Is it bigger this time?”

To be honest, I hadn't noticed. I opened the robe. “What do you think?”

“Hmm, a bit larger,” he said, reaching out with his hand. “Do you mind if I touch it?”

“Not at all,” I said as he slipped his fingers around it.

“A little bigger,” he said, continuing to stroke it. “Have you cum yet?”

“What's with all the questions?” I asked, pulling away from his grasp.

He looked up nervously. “I'm sorry. I'm just curious. I'm the one who came up with this drug, and you're only the third person to try it out.”

“Are the other two okay?” I asked, suddenly a bit anxious.

“Yes, yes,” he chuckled a little. “They're both doing great. One has become an adult movie star and the other is servicing high-end clients in Asia-Minor.” I nodded as he continued, “I'm actually the fourth person to try it, the first male.”

With that, he undid his pants and they dropped to the ground. I looked down to see his cock, but it wasn't there anymore. In its place he had a small slit between his legs – a pussy.

“To be honest, I haven't tried it out yet. Johnny said we can trust you, though, so I thought I'd stop by here first.”

He didn't seem as timid anymore. He appeared to be much more comfortable with himself.

“Can I taste it?” I asked.

“Of course. Let me sit down,” he said, heading over to my leather couch.

He sat down and I knelt in front of him, burying my face in his bush. I licked, sucked and teased him as his hands ran through my hair,

pressing my head closer to him. He was very wet, so I slipped two fingers inside him. As I moved them in and out, I could feel myself stirring again. Not being able to help myself, I let the robe open and I positioned my larger, thicker cock at his entrance.

As I thrust in, he pushed his pelvis forward. I slid into him as far as I could go, amazed at how tight he felt. He reached out and started playing with my nipples as I moved in and out of him. We started breathing and moving as one, getting closer and closer to the moment of no return. I should've been thinking about my big break at being able to bust the designer of the drug, but under its effects all I could think about was my approaching orgasm.

I felt his pussy tighten up as he began screaming in ecstasy. This was too much and pushed me over the edge. I thrust into him one more time and exploded with ferocity. Curious as to whether or not I could make him come again quickly and wanting to taste more of my own seed, I moved my head down and began eating him out. He pulled back at first, but soon he was moving and thrusting his hips toward me as I sloppily licked at him. After his second orgasm, I collapsed on the couch next to him.

“That was amazing,” he said. “I never thought it could feel like that.”

“Mmmhmmm,” I agreed, reaching over and playing gently with his nipples, something I always liked after a good orgasm.

“No, no, not again,” he said, pulling away. “I need to think.”

“Think about what?” I asked, giving him a break.

“Whether I want to take more pills or not. With the first two subjects, the changes became permanent after six doses.”

“What?” I said, sitting up abruptly. “No one said anything about that.”

“It's okay,” he said. “You've only taken two, right?”

I had thought about doubling my last dose, but had decided at the last moment to only take one. “Yeah, just the two,” I muttered, starting to get lost in my thoughts. I knew it was the drugs doing the thinking for me, but I was wondering what it would be like to be a man all the time.

Before I could come up with a suitable answer, the man whose name I still didn't know stood up and walked toward his clothes.

“What's your name, anyway?” I asked, trying to act casual with the question.

“You can call me Dickie Blue,” he said with a sly smile.

I laughed, unable to control myself. “Okay, Dickie Blue. Am I going to see you again?”

“Soon, dear, very soon.”

With that, he was dressed and gone once again. I curled up on the couch, threw a blanket over me and went to sleep. My dreams were stranger than usual that night.

* * * * *

The next morning I woke with a raging boner beneath the blanket. I hadn't put on any clothes and the feeling of my prick brushing up against the cloth was almost too much to handle. Keeping my eyes closed, I pushed the blanket off of me and started stroking. A little protein in the morning would do me good. I was just about to come when I heard the door open.

“What the fuck?” Captain Kapowski said, seeing me immediately after walking in.

I sat up and tried to cover myself, but it was too late. He had seen me. I had to come clean.

“It's this new drug,” I said, standing up. I looked around for my robe, but I didn't see it.

He walked closer, unable to take his eyes off my massive prick.

“Why wasn't this in your report?” he growled. “Is that thing real?”

“Want to touch it and find out?” I asked playfully.

“Fuck no!” he said, stepping back a little. “Get dressed. We need to talk.”

I forgot I was still under the influence of the drug and wasn't as uptight about strange sex as he was apparently. I put on my robe, but the hard-on was still poking through the front.

“Will you close that thing up?”

“Jealous, Cap?” I smiled, knowing his dick was a lot larger than mine. Thinking about it was making me harder if that was possible.

“No, not at all,” he said a little more quietly. He couldn't seem to take his eyes off my prize.

“It's okay,” I said softly. “We've done it together before. We've seen each other naked. I'm the same person.”

“Except you have a dick now,” he said, looking back up at my face.

“It's the drugs, Cap, that's all it is...” I let my voice trail off as I reached down and started stroking it. “Doesn't this make you hot?” I nodded my head toward his crouch which I noticed was bulging a little. “How about one for old time's sake?”

Before he could say anything, I dropped to my knees in front of him and undid his zipper. His large, black cock plopped out. I didn't waste any time and started licking it up and down. Hands on his hips, he didn't resist, letting me suck his cock into my mouth. He was soon dripping pre-cum from the tip, which I lazily licked up, playing with it with my tongue.

“Laura...” he moaned.

“Yes, Cap,” I answered.

“I'm about to come...” he said, starting to get harder in my mouth.

“Not yet,” I said, taking my mouth away. “I want you to taste me... while I'm this way,” I added.

Standing up, I took him by the hand and let him to the couch, his big black cock bobbing up and down as he walked. I laid on my back on the couch and pulled him down on top of me. Kneeling above my face, I leaned up and started licking him again. He moaned and I could feel his breath on my cock. I tried arching my back, but he wouldn't take it in his mouth.

When I stopped sucking him, he got the idea and I felt his head lower and he took my cock in his mouth, making me moan in pleasure. The more I licked him, the more urgently he began sucking on me. I wasn't sure if we would be able to do it, but I wanted us to come at the same time. I wanted to feel his cum in my mouth as I shot my load into his. We'd made love before numerous times, so it was all just a matter of getting the rhythm down right.

"Oh, Laura," he moaned, and I felt his ass cheeks clench up as he got close. I thrust myself deep into his mouth a few more times and we both started coming at the exact same time. As I felt the cum leave my balls, my mouth was filled with his warm cum. The sensation was amazing. Wanting to go another round, I reached up and slipped my finger into his ass as I started licking his balls. He tried to pretend to want to get up, but he began licking me again as well.

"Get up," I said. "I want you to fuck me with that thing."

"We shouldn't be doing this, Laura," he said, but he obeyed. I positioned myself in a normal sitting position and raised my legs as high as they would go, exposing my tight pink ass to him. He didn't

need a second invitation. With a long gob of spit on his dick, he rubbed it once or twice and positioned the head at the entrance to my backdoor.

“Stroke me while you do that,” I moaned.

He reached up and started stroking me as he slipped in and out of me slowly, his massive black cock filling with blood once again. After a few minutes, he was shooting another load deep inside me. This caused me to start squirting myself, luckily hitting myself in the face so I could taste the salty sweet cum.

After he pulled out, I jumped up and headed to the bathroom to take a shower. “You can join me if you want,” I said, turning to tease him as I walked.

“I don't think I could do that again if I wanted,” he said.

“We can just wash. It's okay.”

In the shower, we explained the events away as my superior testing the effects the drugs had on me. He had to “test me” because a doctor doing it would blow my cover. It was amazing how much I could get away with by saying I was trying not to blow my cover. After we were both dressed, we headed to the kitchen so I could make some coffee.

“Rum?” I asked, pouring a shot into my cup.

“Sure, that would help,” he said, still seeming a little shaken up. I knew he was timid behind the macho image he portrayed at work, but I never knew he would do something like we had done. The fact it was me – my face and my tits – had probably helped make the decision for him. Still, I was a little surprised at what had happened.

“So...” I said, taking a sip and feeling the warmth spread through my body.

“We have to keep this off the report, of course,” he said, taking a long drink of his own.

“Of course,” I said, holding the cup near my mouth with both hands.

“I mean it, Laura. Nothing. I'm getting too close for retirement for you to screw this up.”

“You want me to screw you?” I asked playfully.

“Laura! Stop!” he sounded gruff and angry, but I knew he was laughing on the inside.

We finished out coffees and agreed that I would come down to the station to discuss the next steps in the case later that afternoon. As he was leaving, Dickie Blue was walking down the hall toward my apartment. I tried to pull the Captain back into the office, but it was too late. As soon as Dickie saw Cap, he took off running toward the stairs.

“Fuck!” I yelled. “There goes my cover!” I started to run after him, but the Cap grabbed me by the shoulder and stopped me.

“Let him go, Laura. We still have a few pills. I'm going to need to take them and have them analyzed. In the meantime, you're going to the West Coast on another assignment until things cool down here.”

I wasn't happy, but I nodded. Back in my apartment, I used some sleight of hand and gave him two of the remaining pills. The other two I kept for myself. If I was going to California, I might need them, I thought. If Dickie Blue and Johnny Cool were really big time, there was a chance I might run into them on the West Coast if I was hanging out at the right parties.

There was still a chance I could come up with a lie to maintain my cover story. I had to do something. These men and their drug were all too dangerous to allow them to continue. I left on a supersonic train that afternoon and was in Los Angeles that evening. With a new haircut and a new Bitcoin QR code stamped on my hand, I was ready to finish the case.

Bitcoin Bimbo 2: Techno Africa

After the mess with the gender transformation drug in New Sheen City, Cap Kapowski sent me away. Not before I got a free change of my appearance. No longer a dirty blonde with tiny, perky breasts, I was now a beautiful black woman. Not only that, I had two pills created by Dickie Blue – the ones that resulted in a temporary sex change.

I hadn't been brave enough to try the last two I had, but I kept them with me, never knowing when they might come in useful in my line of work. As an undercover narcotics cop in the year 2140, I had to be flexible. The bad guys were smart and wicked and would stop at nothing to make it hell for the majority of people on the planet.

I thought I was going to be reassigned to the West Coast, possibly Los Angeles, but I ended up with something even more exciting – a trip to the continent of lights. Known as the Dark Continent for most of the 20th and 21st centuries, Africa had really come together and invested all their natural resources into education and electronics. The long term plan payed off as they became the dominant technological power.

My new body didn't really matter much. Africa accepted anyone – as long as they were a tech-head. This is actually why I had to travel across the ocean. Synthetic chemical drugs were a huge problem in the modern world, but a new drug was being developed. Once ingested, the nanobot headed toward the brain where it played directly with the synapses – closing some and opening others.

As you might imagine, it was said to be the ultimate drug. One hit could last for years – turned on and off at will. Well, most of the time. As with any chemical drug, this was soon abused. After the human with the nanobot died, it crawled out and returned to the “drug dealer” to be implanted in someone else. The whole thing was lucrative. Banned in all parts of the world, Techno Africa was the world's main exporter.

My undercover skills would come in handy. Rather than some ditzy street urchin, I was a high-tech sexbot designer. I liked all my cover stories, but this one felt close to my heart. With my new body, I had to dive head first into a new life. And my life would be on the line at all times. With so many bitcoins at stake, the people who manufactured the nano-drugs were keen to keep the business going.

I think Cap wanted me to go away after what had happened when I took the gender transformation pill known as Blue Steel II. I was over it, but I could see how he might still be affected. I was trained to play a role and then move on. When our strange yet sexy encounter happened, I was deep undercover and simply playing a role.

I would still be a Bitcoin Bimbo in Techno Africa, but my job would be different. Rather than cashing in a few thousandths of BTC at a time, I would make a weekly salary of 5 BTC plus expenses. The bitcoins didn't really matter to me, though. At the end of the day, I had to find a way to infiltrate the techno drug syndicate. Penetration would probably be involved.

* * * * *

After getting off the plane, I was greeted by security. My new skin and identity were rock solid, so I didn't worry too much. At first everything went okay, but when the second security station found out I was a sexbot designer, the shift captain demanded to see me. I was led to his office at the end of a hallway, one of many winding passages that all looked the same to me.

"Ms. Exotica, come in," a balding man close to retirement motioned me in. "You can leave us, Louis."

The guard shut the door after I entered. I decided to be a little dominant.

"What is the meaning of this," I demanded, striding up to his desk.

He sat back in his swivel chair and smiled, as if he'd been through this procedure many times before.

"Have a seat," he said, picking up a paper on his desk. "I see that you're a sexbot designer."

"Yes? And? Africa is the best place for me to be right now. All the latest sextology is coming from here."

"This I know. There's been some attempts to sneak in technology to say that it was created here."

"What's the problem with that," I asked, sitting down in front of his desk.

“Well, simple,” he said and stood up. He walked around to the front of the desk and sat on the edge of it. “It's inferior technology being smuggled in and it's giving true Techno African equipment a bad name on the international market.”

“I still don't see what that has to do with me.” I closed my legs tightly as I saw him staring at my short skirt, trying to peer into its secret places. “As you can see, I don't have any technology that I've declared.”

“That's the thing, ma'am. They've been bringing it in on the sly, down there...” he pointed at my lap.

“What?” I said, my mind realizing what he wanted, what was going to happen.

“They're smart vibrators and they're bringing them in inside themselves.”

“Oh,” I said, slowly opening my legs, letting him see a little more. “You want to check, do you?”

“Well, ma'am, I'd rather not, but it's my job, you see.”

I continued giving him a better view. Finally he saw that I wasn't wearing any panties. I wondered how far he would take it. “Do you see anything,” I teased.

“Well, I'm going to have to check closer. That's the only way to tell really.” He hopped off the desk and took a step toward me.

I reached out and grabbed his hand, pulling it down toward my pussy. Soon, his finger was inside me. I groaned as I rode his finger. He realized I was using him quicker than I would've liked and pulled his finger out. If he wanted to be in control, why didn't he take control of me?

The dominant in me still growing, I stood up. Pushing him to the ground, I pulled his face into my crotch. "Check with your tongue. Do a fucking good job," I demanded. He obeyed, his tongue licking me up and down. I rode his face, eventually pushing him onto his back on the floor so I could ride him a little more comfortably.

To keep him going good, I reached back and started to fumble with his button and zippers. Soon I had his cock free and started playing with it as he licked and sucked and kissed my pussy. I was getting wetter by the second. I didn't want his small wrinkly dick in me, so I turned around so I could 69 with him. As soon as I took his still flaccid cock into my mouth, he started eating me out better. With my new lips, I made him cum soon after my second orgasm.

"Didn't find anything down there, did you?" I asked, standing up.

In the mid 22nd century, I knew sexual encounters were more prone to happen, especially in Techno Africa. I had to do whatever I needed to do to keep my cover. The stakes were too high if I failed. Two other agents had already been discovered. They hadn't been heard from since they went off the grid. I didn't want to end up like that. I was too interested in getting to my next assignment, my next life.

I patted my short skirt as he fumbled with his zipper and stood up. "No, nothing. I found nothing," he muttered, almost stuttering.

"I'll be on my way, then." I smiled, turned, and headed toward the door.

"Welcome to Techno Africa, Ms. Exotica."

"I think I'm going to like it here," I said, waving goodbye as I left. I got quite a few looks as I walked out of the airport. Word must have spread quickly, perhaps as quickly as I had spread my legs. In the 22nd century, I felt free to explore my sexuality. The problem I had was with the new nano-drug that was ruining people all over the world. The people behind it had to be taken to task.

I caught an autocab outside and deposited .0002 BTC to get to the nearest four star hotel. I still hadn't bothered getting an apartment because I didn't know how long I was going to be in Cape Town. If all went well, I wanted to be doing well enough to penetrate the interior of the continent. Smuggling the two Blue Steel II pills in was dangerous, but I didn't want to let them out of my sight. After Africa, I would go back to the States and track down Johnny Cool and Dickie Blue.

* * * * *

By the end of my first week on the job, I knew I was going to be promoted. I'd given three blowjobs and ate one one bitter woman in her 40s, but it was my skill with coding sexual positions and fantasies that got the attention of the higher-ups in the corporation I

had a job with. The better job the sexbot coder did, the more people would pay for the sexbot. With all my experience as an undercover cop, I had plenty of stories and scenarios I could program, using both male and female bots.

The Monday after I arrived, I was on a supersonic train and headed to New Nambia at the heart of the African continent. This was where all the major corporations had their headquarters. The fattest digital pipes all ran out from this central location. When Africa had wired their country from the ground up, they spared no expense and it showed. This connectivity also allowed the United Tribes of Africa – aka Techno Africa – to be able to control the citizens quite effectively.

The Intelligence agencies in the supercountry made the NSA spying of the early 21st century look tame by comparison. There were rumors that they were trying to come up with a way to take the anonymity away from Bitcoin transactions. While most of it was tracked, an underground still existed. In fact, it accounted for a good percentage of the total BTC in circulation. This made the powers that be very upset, but they couldn't do anything about it completely.

When seasteading really took off in 2042, with the first new nation formed on the open seas, Bitcoin became the de facto world currency. I'd spend a few months in one seasteading nation. A bunch of hippy anarchists if you asked me, but the fact was they kept the BTC flowing. They offered an alternative to the slowly lessening number of independent regions around the globe. As I whizzed through the jungle, I wondered if I would ever be able to get a job on the Mars colony.

I didn't have a long time to daydream. Before I knew it, I was in New Nambia. I'd found an apartment in advance this time, knowing I was closer to my goal. In the largest city in Techno Africa, I would find the answers I needed to find out what corporation was secretly funding the nanobot drugs. I choose an apartment complex in the MitsuBic building on North 12th street because of its centralized location. From here, I could spread out and network in many directions.

I actually worked for Adeve, the largest sex company in the world. Their virtual reality sex gear was what got them started, but they now had branched out in many different areas. One of their biggest money makers were the sexbots – especially the espionage models sold to governments of the six regions of the world. As a low level employee, I didn't work with those, but with my brilliant mind and juicy black thighs, I was sure I would be able to work my way up the corporate ladder quickly.

In fact, as soon as I got off the train and got settled at my furnished apartment – which was quite lavish at 1 BTC per week – I got to work. I used GooHoo to find all the suitable partners in my building. I narrowed them down to people in positions of power, ranked by how likely I thought I would be able to get along with them. Chemistry with another person was even more important when working undercover. That was one of the lessons Cap Kapowski had taught me early in my career.

I settled on two people – Jack and Jill. They lived together and were in the HR department of Adeve Inc. Knowing them and making them happy would make my first week at the giant sexbot corporation a lot

easier. I knew I didn't have a lot of time. The problem with a world so connected that it was almost impossible to keep such a high profile identity under wraps for a long time. I got on the phone and gave their apartment a ring.

"I'm Exotica," I said simply, getting to the point. "I'm starting work tomorrow and wondered if I might come over and talk to you two. I have some questions."

"Well," a voice I assumed belonged to Jack said, "We'll be in the office tomorrow. Feel free to stop by with any questions you might have for us."

"This isn't about work, though," I lied, smiling into the video camera. I positioned the camera slightly lower, showing him my new massive chest. His gaze seemed to get lost in my cleavage. "You two game? I saw your Avail posting and thought I'd ring up."

"Exotica?" A female moved into view of the camera. "You're the new sexbot designer, right? I've heard about you."

"Well, I code too. I'm sort of a botmaster with a little bit of knowledge in a lot of areas." I winked at her.

"Yeah, come on up. I saw that you had moved in, but we wanted to give you time to get settled."

"I'm settled and ready to play to be honest," I said, raising the camera angle back up.

“Hey, I was admiring those,” Jill said, laughing.

“I’ll show them to you in person. They’re much better that way,” I said, smiling.

“Can’t wait!”

The screen went blank. I showered quickly. I didn’t want to rush up too soon. I knew the amount of time between the invite and the act was important. I wanted to build up the intensity with anticipation a bit. By now they were searching my name on GooHoo and finding the carefully produced adult videos with me that had been leaked to build my cover.

Half an hour after calling them, I was in front of the door to their apartment, two floors up from mine. I adjusted my breasts slightly and rung the buzzer. Jack answered. He was wearing nothing but a towel.

“Come in,” he said. We were just about to begin.”

I slid into the apartment, the door sliding closed behind me. I dropped my purse and immediately began undressing. I’d only had my new body a couple weeks, and I was anxious to try it out some more. After so much time with a penis back in New Sheen City, I was wanting to work out my pussy and orgasm like a woman.

Jack was soon joined by Jill, who was also naked. Her Asian skin was smooth and her pussy was shaved bare, which I liked. I followed them to the bedroom, which was a bit larger than mine. The bed

seemed to be of better quality too. I wondered briefly why they weren't higher up in the building with two salaries coming in. That train of thought left my mind as Jack finally let his towel drop.

He was only a little under six feet tall, but his cock was impressive for a white man. I didn't waste any time and dropped to my knees and took it in my mouth. Surprisingly, he pulled back. I looked up a little confused and saw him point to Jill. She was on the other side of the bed and was putting on a strap-on. She had another one in her hand and was smiling at me, her eyebrows raised in a question.

"I'm game," I said, standing up and smiling myself. Not being under the influence of any drugs, I knew not to tell them about the Blue Steel II gender swap pills. Still, with my practice recently as a man with a cock, I was sure I would be able to give Jack and Jill both exactly what they wanted.

Jill crossed the room and helped me strap-on the long, thick cock that looked surprisingly real. Once enough pressure was applied, it would begin to harden just like a real cock thanks to the memory material they used to build it with a 3D printer. I wasn't sure how dominant to be, so I decided to follow Jill's lead as to the tone.

"On your knees, bitch," she yelled so forcefully I almost dropped to my knees myself. I caught myself and followed her example.

"You're gonna make this cock hard," I said, grabbing his head and pulling him toward me gently.

His mouth opened and I heard him moan as he took it in and started sucking on it. In no time, the synthetic strap-on had started to swell and grow.

“Me too,” Jill said, getting her own strap-on hard thanks to the movements of his mouth. After we were both hard, he moved back to me. Tiny sensors on the inside of the strap-on translated his mouth actions to ones that made me actual feel pleasure. I urged him on, plunging the cock into his mouth.

Jill took this opportunity to position herself behind him. Her cock wet with his spit, she started pressing it against his ass cheeks. Soon, she was plunging in and out of his ass. The same sensors on her strap-on had her screaming almost as much as him. Well, as much as he could scream in pleasure with my cock in his mouth.

After Jill and I had both come twice, we ordered him to come in his own face, which he greedily did. We then instructed him to swipe the rest of the cum that hadn't landed in his mouth with his finger. As his tongue licked his fingers clean, I started taking off the strap-on, thinking the night over. I forgot I was in Techno Africa.

“What are you doing,” Jill asked. “We're just getting started. Do you want some help with work tomorrow or not?” she asked, looking at me sternly.

“Of course,” I said. “I just thought you might want some time alone with Jack.”

“No, I want more time with you,” she said forcefully.

Was I to switch to the submissive one? I wondered.

“What do you mean?” I asked, honestly unsure of what she had in mind.

“This,” she said, walking to the nightstand and opening the drawer. She took out three small metal spheres. Were they drugs? The nanobots! My thoughts quickly turned back to the case. I'd somehow gotten lucky and stumbled onto someone who was actually using the nanobot drugs.

“What's that?” I asked, feigning ignorance.

“A little enhancer African style,” she said, holding out her palm. Jack took one of the objects and swallowed it.

Was this their first time taking it? I had thought people only took them once. Granted, not a lot was known about the new technology, but I had to keep undercover. I had to take one myself. Obviously you could take them out if they had theirs out. One time wouldn't hurt me. In fact, I had to do it.

I reached out and took one of the small metal pills. It felt warm and I noticed a small red light coming from the center. “What's it do?” I asked naively.

“Take it and see. It's safe. Jack took his,” she said.

I swallowed the pill. Rather, I put it in my mouth and on my tongue. I thought about faking a swallow, but the damn thing came to life on

my tongue and slipped down my throat. I instantly felt a warming sensation going through my body, kinda like a good rum. This was more intense, however, and went straight for my erogenous zones. My pussy and nipples both felt tingly and no one was even touching me.

Like MDMA-42, the chemical club drug that was popular for sexual adventures, this appeared to enhance the sex act physically without chemical reactions. Did that mean no side effects? Why was this nanobot so dangerous? The question drifted away as I felt myself slowly moving toward the other two bodies in the room. Soon we were one mass of flesh, moving and dancing together. Our nakedness didn't seem to matter.

Every touch and lick and kiss felt fantastic, but when Jack started going down on me, I was in bliss. Kiss after kiss led to an orgasm I would never forget. As the peacefulness and all the good in the world washed over my mind, my body felt like it was floating. I returned the favor, taking Jack's cock into my mouth. Jill joined me, both of us licking and stroking his cock until it spurted cum all over my breasts. Jill quickly licked it up.

When she kissed me with it still on her lips, I knew why. The taste was different. Even the synthetic cum I'd tasted before didn't compare to this. The nanobot hit the switch in my brain that combined all the best tastes I'd ever had in my life into one sensation and I couldn't get enough. Jack didn't seem to mind as we got him hard again. He didn't seem to have any trouble getting hard or coming up with another load.

Whatever the nano-bot was doing, it was doing it really well, allowing us to play and frolic well into the night. We fell asleep on their bed together, our arms and legs entwined. I wanted to ask how to get the nano-bot out, but I was tired and knew I had a big day in front of me. My first day at the Adeve Inc corporate headquarters was important. Strangely, even with just half an hour of sleep, I woke up refreshed. I wondered if the nanobot had anything to do with that.

* * * * *

My first day at Adeve corporate headquarters started off really well. After a breakfast with Jack and Jill, they told me how to remove the nanobot. A simple mind command had it exit my body through the mouth painlessly. Jill scooped it up to my dismay and took it back to their bedroom. I'd wanted to hold onto it to do some testing on my own, but they were in control for the moment. Well, Jill was in control at least. Jack seemed to be a bottom at their apartment.

In the work environment, their roles were reversed. Jill was the underling and quite submissive while Jack was a hero of the 23rd floor where he worked. He also had a reputation as being quite able to help women relax whenever they needed some help. He was well liked by almost everyone Exotica met on her first full day of work.

She was hoping to get an invite back to Jack and Jill's apartment, but it didn't happen and she didn't want to push the issue too much. She couldn't seem too interested in the nanobot. She had to play her hand carefully so she wasn't so exposed. So close to so much

money and power, she was constantly being watched and all her network activity was also being spied on she was sure.

Instead of staying home and isolated, she looked up someone she had met at work and joined him for drinks. Josh was also a sexbot coder. She wasn't sure if he was powerful enough to be able to afford his own nanobot, but she wanted to appear normal, like she was embracing her new life. And to do that, she had to embrace Josh on the dance floor at a local club.

The job wasn't too bad. Despite working on bots all day, he kept himself in shape. His body was firm and he wasn't afraid to show her his six-pack when she asked. According to some of his online dating profiles, he was well hung and good in the sack. She hoped he wasn't as submissive as Jack. She needed some to take control. Being with Jill in the bedroom had been a real turn-on.

"What're you thinking about," Josh asked, breaking her out of her reverie of the night before.

"Oh, some people I met last night," she said honestly. The best way to deceive was to include just enough of the truth she had learned over the years.

"Yeah? Was it good?" He didn't sound jealous.

"Yeah, great. They had these..." She let her voice trail off.

"Had what?" he asked, then his eyes opened and he smiled. "Oh, those! I forgot you're new to New Nambia. What did you think?"

Was it okay to talk about the technology openly in a public place? She had to try to follow his lead, which hopefully eventually led back to his apartment. Maybe the nanobots were spread out more than she had first thought?

“Amazing!” Again, she was being mostly truthful.

“They offer to sell you one?” he asked bluntly, leaning over the table they had in a corner away from the dance floor.

“Actually, no,” she said, leaning in closer herself. “Can I get one of my own?”

“You'll need someone to vouch for you, but I might be able to do that for you.” He winked.

“Oh yeah, what do I need to do to get you to do that for me?” I asked with a mischievous grin.

“Well...” His voice drifted off. He was at least partially submissive. Or maybe shy. I had to know more.

“Why don't we go back to your place,” I said, sitting up in my chair. “Let's blow this place so I can blow you.”

He grinned and stood up. I followed and soon we were walking down three floors to his apartment. Surprisingly, he was seven floors above mine, much higher than Jack and Jill. This let me know he probably had a side business going selling the nanobots. That or he

was selling his body to the highest bidder. He looked good but not that good, I thought as I watched his ass in the elevator up.

His apartment was decorated in mid 21st century which meant a lot of plastics. The color scheme was okay, but his choice of art was rather questionable. All his video screens on the walls were displaying Japanese Hentai also from the mid-21st century. None of the scenes were too graphic, but there were a few too many tentacles for my taste. I'd never really gotten into the monster sex. Cosplay was okay occasionally, but those who donned monster costumes were a little strange even for me.

"I hope you like Cosplay," he said, pouring us both a drink of Scotch.

"I love cosplay," I said, the lies starting already. "How many bitcoins for one of those tiny bug pills," I asked, taking my first drink of Scotch. It was then I realized he'd slipped one into the drink.

"I only rent them out. My normal rate is 15 BTC a week, but I make special deals with some of my special friends."

"I could be your special friend," I said, feeling the warmth spread through my body. The nanobot was connected to my brain and it was time to play.

"Wait right here," he said and walked out of the room. I took the opportunity to get out of my clothes and get a little more comfortable. I was lounged on the couch, playing with my nipples when he returned. He was a furry. Wearing what appeared to be a costume of Kangaroo creature from the Tank Woman comics.

“Do you like?” he asked, actually hopping across the room toward me.

I wasn't too excited, and then I saw his mammoth cock sticking out of the furry material. Semi-hard already, I was mesmerized by the way it bopped and swayed as he hopped. When he was in front of me, I couldn't help but try to capture it with my mouth. He stopped hopping which helped me considerably. I played with his balls as it got harder in my warm, wet mouth.

After he was hard, he knelt in front of the couch. I opened my legs and felt him lapping my pussy with his tongue. He wasn't the best at giving head, but with the nanobot controlling my pleasure centers, I wasn't complaining. Maybe the nanobot was good in that it helped everyone had better sex? This thought drifted as I concentrated on the sensation of his tongue as it teased my clit.

I was wet when he stopped and positioned himself in front of me. Soon that long, white cock slid into my black pussy. I sighed as he plunged deep in my pink hole then retreated. We got our rhythms worked out. When he came inside of me, I wondered if the rumors of the nanobot protecting against pregnancy and diseases was true.

I opened my eyes to see him back on his knees, once again licking my pussy, slurping up his creamy goodness. I knew it tasted different with the nanobot, so when he was done I couldn't help but lean down and kiss him on the lips. The taste of his warm cum slid into my mouth as our tongues danced and played with each other.

“I hope the costume is okay,” he said, collapsing on the couch next to me.

“Not a problem,” I said, still breathing heavily. “This nanobot is fucking amazing,” I said, once again with a grain of truth. I could see the potential problems already, but I saw a lot of good in the technology as well.

“Right? You want one then?”

“How much?”

“Well, if you can take over as my normal Tuesday nights, I'll cut you a break and give it to you for 5 BTC a week.”

“And I can take it home with me?” I asked, thinking it was a good deal.

“Oh, no!” he said. It doesn't leave my apartment. You can use it whenever you come over, though.”

“And pay you 5 BTC?”

“Well, yeah,” he said, a little surprised I was complaining. “Where else you gonna get one?”

“How did you get yours?” I asked.

“Don't worry about that,” he said, standing up suddenly.

I wondered if I had pushed too hard. I had to take what I could get. “Yeah, put me down for hopping Tuesdays,” I said with a smile, hoping he fell for it.

“Great!” He seemed genuinely happy.

We shared a pizza and went at it one more time. This time he was a turtle, which was a little strange to be honest, especially since I was wearing a turtle costume as well. With the nanobot, though, the sex was amazing. I decided to leave his apartment rather than spend the night. He seemed happy with my decision, almost rushing me out the door.

As I was heading to the elevator, I saw three woman giggling and heading toward his apartment, and I knew why he'd wanted me to leave. It seemed that whoever had a nanobot had a little sexual power. And in Techno Africa, I knew that also meant other types of power. I had to get my hands on one myself, and quickly before my cover was blown.

* * * * *

On my third day in New Nambia and my second working at the Adeve corporate headquarters, I had a breakthrough. My tryst with Josh had proven useful. I turned the Kangaroo fantasy of his into a sexbot program that instantly shot up the sales charts. Who would've though a hopping creature fantasy would've been so popular? Certainly not me. I played it differently when I got a message that the people on the top floor wanted to see me.

Mr. Green was to meet me and interview me. I wasn't sure what that meant exactly, but I hoped I'd proven myself enough to get a better paying position so that I could find someone who would sell me my own nanobot. After that, I just had to smuggle it out of the country. Getting out of Techno Africa wouldn't be as easy as getting in had been, but I had a mission and I was going to complete it no matter what. I'd come too far (and too often) to go back now.

I squeezed my breasts together a little in the elevator on the ride up, which took just a few seconds even though there were over one hundred floors – one hundred and twelve to be exact. I stopped on the very top and immediately realized that Mr. Green was an HR bot and not an important person. Still, I was on the top floor and could use that to my advantage if I was smart – and a little bit lucky.

I followed the small, green box bot to a conference room. I was surprised to see Josh sitting at the table. I wasn't sure if I should recognize him or not, so I didn't give myself away. I wasn't sure what was happening, but being so new and being called to the top floor was either a very good or very bad thing. The fact that Josh was sitting across the table from where I sat wasn't making me feel positive.

“Hey, Exotica,” Josh said, not giving away that he had a Kangaroo furry fetish.

Or maybe that was what this was about? I hadn't given him any credit for the work I'd done on the sexbot app. Was he upset? I'd soon find out. The green bot levitated and landed on the conference

table. A holographic image (low quality green) of a middle-aged woman appeared, glaring at both of us. "Please be aware this meeting is being recorded for training purposes," she said sternly.

"Hey, Josh," I said.

"You thought you could get away with taking my idea like that?"

Already on the attack, I knew I had to defend myself. He had seniority, but I knew he was selling the nanobot on the side for sexual pleasure. I wasn't sure, but I suspected that wouldn't be thought of highly by the company. I had to make him know I wasn't bluffing while not giving it away entirely.

"I saw the painting when I visited you last night, but I didn't know you had a fantasy about it," I said, keeping it a little true. One of the Hentai cartoons was of a Samurai Kangaroo based on the Tank Woman comics from a long time ago. "Did you slip something into my drink?" I asked bluntly, the green holograph taking note.

He sat up in his chair, which was also noted. "No, of course not!" he said loudly, a little too loudly.

"I had myself tested this morning because I felt strange and couldn't remember much about my visit with you, but no chemicals were found in me, so I guess you're telling the truth." I didn't take my gaze off him as I skirted around the fact he had drugged me.

"Was this not your idea, Josh?" the HR bot asked point blank.

“Well...” He paused a moment. “No, it wasn't,” he finally added.

The holograph face frowned. “I see. This meeting was called in anger or in error?”

“In error,” he said, trying to sound sincere.

The HR bot wasn't too smart. Both of us knew that, but we had to play the game to get it to go away. I might be able to use the situation to leverage more out of him later. That was my first thought, my undercover cop instincts outweighing my under the covers memories of my night with him and his furry costume.

“Both return to work. This meeting has been noted in your records.” With that, the bot hopped off the table and headed toward the door which opened when it drew near.

I knew enough not to talk to Josh at work. In fact, we both rode separate elevators down to our respective work floors. I spent the rest of the day tweaking the Kangaroo sexbot app until it hit the number one position for sales for that day. Happy, I headed home to wait for Josh's call.

Luckily, I didn't have to wait long. His face, a little flustered, was on my viewscreen. “Thanks for today,” he said, sounding sincere.

“No problem. I'm coming up now,” I said matter-of-factly.

“Okay, the door will be unlocked.”

“No surprises. We need to talk about something.”

“No surprises,” he promised.

I didn't know if I would be able to trust him, so I had my custom portable 3D printer form a gun and twelve bullets. While not the most powerful weapon in the known world, it was wicked enough to get the job done if I needed to get rid of someone. I liked to use sex before death as much as I could, but the stakes were too high. I'd only used the nanobot twice, but already I could feel myself craving its presence in my body. The fact I was printing a gun was enough to let me know I was getting desperate for another sexual fix.

Josh's door was unlocked and I walked in. He wasn't in the living room, so I headed toward the bedroom, wishing he'd change the wall decorations. The Hentai images constantly shifting and changing was a bit creepy, even for me. In the bedroom, I saw him sitting on the edge of the bed. He was clothed and his head was in his hands. He didn't look happy. I felt a bit of pity for him, but I knew he'd sell me out in a heartbeat if it would get him ahead. He'd probably had to do a lot to get whatever nanobots he had. I knew he had at least one.

“Hey,” he said, sitting up a little as I walked in.

“Why so glum?” I asked, sitting down on the bed next to him. Knowing the gun was in my purse made me feel a little more comfortable.

“Oh, you can't help.”

“You might be surprised,” I said, putting my hand on his shoulder.

"I need to be a woman," he said, plain as day.

"What?" That wasn't what I expected to hear coming from his lips.

"For work. I need to impress this woman and she's only into pussy. I've tried everything, but I can't get her to level me up. I'm stuck."

Wanting to get my hands on my own nanobot at any price, I jumped into action, setting my trap. "I can help you with that," I said calmly.

"Yeah, whatever," he said, not seeming to believe me.

I pulled one of the Blue Steel II pills out of my purse. I'd brought them on a hunch, but I was glad I had them with me.

"What's that?" he asked, perking up a little.

"It's from the American Zone," I started, as usual with a little truth.

"They're really common over there right now although we don't let the other regions or zones know."

"What's it do?"

"It'll give you a pussy for a day or two."

"Get out of here," he said, standing up.

"No, really. I only have two with me, but you can have them, if..."

"If I give you a nanobot, right?"

"You're not so dumb after all," I said in a teasing voice.

“How do I know it works?”

“Well, you can try one tonight with me. Then I'll give you the other and get you more as soon as I can. You have a synthetic strap-on, right?” I raised an eyebrow inquisitively.

“Yeah,” he said, opening the closet. He picked a long blue one off a shelf which reminded me of Johnny Cool and Dickie Blue.

I strapped it on, feeling the sensations on my clit as I stroked it. The throbbing sensation was turning me on as I waited for the pill to take effect on him. I kissed him as his penis shriveled and disappeared into his body, leaving a slit which grew lips. His pussy complete, I started fingering him as I knelt beside him. He pleasured me with his mouth for a bit until I was as hard as the long, thin blue cock would grow.

I laid back on the bed and he climbed on top of me in the cowgirl position. He seemed to have forgotten all about his furry costumes as he felt my long thin cock penetrate his pussy, sending waves of pleasure over his body. He reached up and started playing with his nipples, his man sized breasts feeling things they'd never felt before. I reached up and started skillfully playing with his nipples, causing him to concentrate on penetrating himself on my strap-on.

The sensations of someone licking my clit continued as I thrust up and pounded into his new man-pussy. When I reached out and played with his tiny cock-like clit he starting breathing fast. I knew he was going to come soon, so I stopped and slipped out of him. He looked down at me in horror.

“I was so close,” he said. “Why did you pull out?”

“I need that nanobot, please,” I said.

“Yeah, sure,” he said, standing up. He wobbled over to the closet and removed a small box. I glanced inside and saw a pile of the nanobots.

He took one out and replaced the box in a safe and closed it. I licked it out of his palm when he returned. Immediately, I felt the strap-on licking me and penetrating me as I stroked myself.

“Take me from behind?” he asked, bending over, his chest on the edge of the bed.

“Sure,” I said, standing up and getting behind him. I reached down and guided the strap-on into his chemically induced pussy. He was wet already, and I felt him clench his muscles together slightly, trying to learn to control the new sensations. Just wait until the dyke at work starting lapping at him, I thought and laughed a little to myself since he couldn't see my face.

I plunged in and out of him, giving him two orgasms before I picked up my pace and brought myself to the edge and over, experiencing an orgasm of my own. The nanobot in my body made the orgasm so much better. And the fact that I would be able to keep this one made it even better. I couldn't wait to see what other things were possible with something that could rewire the brain on the spot on command.

I licked the synthetic sperm out of his pussy, giving him yet another orgasm. The taste was okay, but it was nothing like the real thing. Unfortunately, now that he'd taken the gender swap pill, I wouldn't be able to taste his cum. Still, the night was definitely a success. I had my own nanobot. I'd have to figure out the next step before he'd taken the second Blue Steel II pill and learned I didn't have anymore.

I was a little unhappy that I'd had to give up such a rare drug, but I knew it would give me incentive to track down Johnny Cool or Dickie Blue, the man who had created the pill that would eventually take the world by storm. For now, I knew it was rare but it was worth it to get the nanobot. All I had to do now was get another one (that I could keep for myself after turning the other in to the agency) and then escape Techno Africa. With the nanobot enhancing my brain, that didn't seem like an impossible task at all.

* * * * *

With all communications monitored so closely, there was no way for me to call in. I was deep undercover and had to work fast if I was to accomplish all of my goals. I should've left as soon as I got my hands on one, but after leaving it in all night, I woke up wanting another for myself. The nanobot seemed to be increasing my desire to go further. This wasn't a bad thing, but I wondered how far I would go to get what I wanted. The sexual pleasure enhancement was turned on and off easily enough. I was having more fun using the nanobot to increase the creativity of my work on sexbot apps.

On Friday of my first week at corporate headquarters, I was once again taking the elevator to the top floor. This time, however, I knew I was going to meet someone other than an HR bot. Mr. Henderson, the head of research and development, had heard of my idea to come up with a full line of furry bots and wanted to talk. By this time, I was sure that all of the top management was using a nanobot to enhance their abilities.

“Ms. Exotica,” Mr. Henderson said after the elevator door opened. He had come out to meet me. I was impressed.

“Mr. Henderson, I presume?” I asked, wondering if he got the ancient reference.

“Follow me,” he said plainly, apparently not being well read in the classics.

I followed him, admiring his firm ass. He was in a well fitted suit that accentuated his body quite well. I could tell he took care of himself. Most of upper management seemed to be almost superhuman. I didn't have much time to work my way into the inner circle. I wasn't sure if Mr. Henderson was the man to get me there, but I had hopes.

Once in his office, we sat on a comfortable leather couch across from his desk. The view up here was amazing, but I tried to control my excitement. I wanted to show him that I belonged up here with him.

“Why don't you tell me how you got yours,” he said bluntly.

“You don't beat around the bush at all, do you,” I said, seeing if I could flirt with him.

He smiled. “When you're in a position like mine, you don't have the time for that nonsense.”

“I see,” I said. “In that case, I know that I shouldn't tell you. Just know that I have one and I intend to use it to further the goals of the company...”

“And the goals of yourself,” he interrupted.

“Of course,” I said.

“Good. I like to hear that. We can't have bottoms up here.”

I thought about asking him whether he meant that in a sexual sense or not, but I thought better of it. Either way, he saw me as a top, as a dominant person. And that would hopefully help me make it to the next level. I knew the effects of the first Blue Steel II pill were wearing off of Josh and he would soon take the other one to climb the ladder his own way.

I'd have maybe a week to ignore him and put him off. I already had quite a few excuses made up for when he asked for more. In the meantime, I had to use the nanobot to my advantage. I'd come far quickly, but I needed to go all the way if I was going to land my hands on another one. I'd thought about asking Josh for another, but I knew I had to get one without anyone knowing it.

“You're quiet,” he said, still staring at me intently.

“I like to concentrate here at work,” I said.

“No business with pleasure?”

“Well, a little,” I said, trying to read him. I was right on the money.

With the press of a button, the windows all tinted and I heard the faint click of his office door lock. I tried to act shocked when he pulled out his cock.

“Mr. Henderson!” I said, in a falsetto voice full of concern. Then I caught myself. He didn't want a submissive. He wanted submission, which was slightly different.

I felt his firm hand grasp the back of my head as he stood in front of me as I sat on the edge of the couch. I started kissing small parts of his penis, slowly working my way to the tip. Once there, I played with the mushroom head with my tongue. Reaching down to play with his balls, I could feel him getting harder, but I could also tell he was in a hurry.

Sucking on a finger, I placed it under his balls. He immediately got harder as I slipped a finger into his ass and sought out his prostate. Massaging it skillfully with my finger, I started working on his cock with my mouth in earnest. He was soon shooting his seed into my mouth. I turned the nanobot pleasure mode on briefly as I felt the warm saltiness hit my mouth.

Almost immediately, it changed in taste and I slurped it up, licking every drop until he was clean. Without a word, he put it back in his pants and walked over to his desk after getting rid of the window tint and unlocking the door. When he sat at the desk and called up his computer screen, I took that as my cue to leave. On my way out, his secretary stopped me.

“Mr. Henderson would like you to come to a party he's having at his dwelling tonight,” she said, almost giving me a wink. “I'll be sending you directions shortly.”

“Thanks,” I said, not stopping to chat with her. I was sure he was watching me on a video monitor and I wanted to act strong, something I knew turned him on. A strong black woman with nice tits was quite a catch even in the heart of 22nd century Techno Africa. The Continent of Light was turning out to be the right thing for me, just what I needed.

I left work early, knowing I wouldn't be able to accomplish anything. I had to get ready for the party. He lived across town in a private skyscraper he had designed himself from what I read. I knew I needed to make a good impression. There was a very good chance I might be able to slip away and find another nanobot so I could get back to the America Zone before my cover was blown.

As a joke almost, I decided to borrow Josh's Kangaroo costume. I arrived at Mr. Henderson's wearing it. The doorman didn't give me a second glance, however, as I was led to a bank of elevators in the

center of the building. I rode one up along with someone who was in it to press the button – and probably act as security as well.

On the top floor, the door opened to a living room. The luxury around me was astounding. A realistic 3D holograph greeted me. It was in the form of Mr. Henderson and looked like an exact replica, except for the fact the nanobot allowed me to control my eyesight enough to notice a slight flicker. Anyone else wouldn't have known without trying to touch it. The fact no one else was at the party struck me as a little peculiar, but I'd dealt with the ultra wealthy before on various cases.

“Where are you?” I asked the holograph.

“Follow me,” it said, and I did.

Down two long hallways, we reached another office. This one was done in wood and looked expensive. Bookshelves covered the walls, and the large oaken desk looked two hundred years old at least. He was seated behind it with his elbows on the desk in front of him and his hands cupped together in front of his face.

“Have a seat, Exotica,” he said, not moving.

“Thanks,” I said. “Small party?”

“We know about you,” he said simply.

“What?” I tried to feign ignorance, but I could tell it wasn't working. Then he said my name.

“You're the Bitcoin Bimbo, aren't you?” he asked bluntly.

I knew I didn't have a lot of time to act. I reached into my purse and pulled out the gun. The stun bullets I'd printed would give me enough time to get out of the building and start heading toward Ethiopia, one of the richest nations in the world. From there I'd be able to find someone from the agency and get back to the America Zone.

“No!” he shouted, but he was too slow. I fired two rounds into his left arm for good measure. He was soon slumped over the desk. I knew I didn't have a lot of time, but I was surprised when two security bots burst into the office. The bullets I'd printed wouldn't work against them, but the nanobot gave me another idea.

Using a WiFi signal, I tried to hack their code and was successful. Checking their internal routines, I found they were supposed to check the thirteenth floor at all costs. Thinking that might be where I could find another nanobot, I headed toward the elevator. A quick sleep bullet to the elevator guy took him out. Soon I was on the thirteenth floor, which seemed to be a large storeroom.

More probing of his computer network – a new skill that would come in handy for me – I located the stash of nanobots. Most were locked up, but one was on a workbench. It was slightly larger than all the others I'd seen, but it was still tiny. Not giving it a second thought, I slipped it in my purse and headed for the lobby.

I had to shoot the doorman and put him to sleep, but soon I was on a supersonic train headed toward Ethiopia. Because I'd come from Cape Town, they would probably look for me there first. I knew I

didn't have a lot of time, though, so I made straight for the safehouse when I arrived in Addis Ababa. They were surprised to see me, but they helped me get on a plane headed back to America Zone.

Within a few hours, I was back in New Sheen City, sitting in front of Cap Kapowski. I'd switched the nanobot from Josh with the one I'd found on the workbench. It appeared to be a prototype for a new version and was a lot more powerful.

I turned in the other one, the kind most other people in power had implanted, and accepted my praise graciously. Meanwhile, in the back of my mind, I knew I had to use the new nanobot to track down Johnny Cool and Dickie Blue. Busting the nanobot ring completely could wait while the techs tried to reverse engineer the technology. I had to prepare myself for the next mission, which would be more difficult than anything I'd ever attempted before.

Bitcoin Bimbo 3: Sochi Sucks

The city of Sochi in the Asia Zone was once known for being home to the Olympics in the early 21st century. Now, in 2141, it was known as the place where the annual Sex Games were held. People from all twelve zones (and one seasteading nation) came together (literally) to see who was the sexiest. After barely escaping Techno Africa, I was chosen to go to Sochi to try to take down Johnny Cool and Dickie Blue, two bad guys who were creating synthetic drugs.

Their latest creation, Blue Steel II, was finally starting to be talked about online. The first mentions happened on a few forums on the deep web, but soon more mainstream blogs were talking about the new drug that allowed a person to swap genders for a few days. No reports of the drug being permanent after six uses were heard from any source, but I'd heard from the man who'd created it that that happened. Until I heard otherwise from him, I knew the dangers of BS2.

My last case being over, I was once again treated to high-end molecular change so I could take on a new identity. I was happy with my body, a Russian MILF with nice, natural tits, long black hair and legs that didn't want to quit. My new cover was as a performer during the Sex Games, so I knew the body would help. As with other cases, I knew it wouldn't be long before my cover was blown, so time was of the essence as usual.

Heading to Sochi in a jet in June was nice. I'd heard a lot about the Sex Games Village and the grand arena where most of the games took place, but I'd never seen it in person. The sex would be

broadcast around the world, but there was something different about seeing it up close and in person. And as Maria Alyokh, I would be involved in the action which was even more exciting to me. I'd explored my new body with satisfaction, but I wanted to put it to the test in the real world.

After Johnny Cool and Dickie Blue's trail went cold, they were suddenly on the radar again as word of a new transgender superstar rocked the entire web. Known as Karissa, the person looked like a wonderful woman, but she hid a surprise behind her legs. Most thought she had just been born that way, but I knew she was probably under the influence of BS2. She didn't seem natural when she was using her cock, as if it was something new. That was a big sign to me.

The jet landed without incident and I got off with the rest of the passengers, other contestants for the 72nd Annual Sex Games. I'd done homework on all of them, and knew they weren't involved in the plot to win the games with a chemically enhanced sex kitten. Still, I made sure to not blow my cover by joining the mile high club with two of them. I could get used to my new body, and judging from the looks I got as I entered the airport terminal, others enjoyed it as well.

A large banner that said, "Sochi Sucks" in several different languages was prominently displayed in the airport. As if to back up the message on the banners, several men and women were positioned on pedestals around the terminal proving that people in Sochi knew how to suck. I watched one couple with a crowd of

others, laughing and smiling. Inside, though, I was planning for how I would be able to track down Johnny Cool or Dickie Blue. They were the two I needed to find.

After a quick walk from the airport, I found the villa I was staying at with seven others from the Asia Zone. I was the first to arrive, so I set-up a few surveillance cameras before anyone else showed up. I still had the prototype nanobot in my body, and I was on top of my game. At least I thought I was as I bugged my living quarters. While the nanobot enhanced my ability to think, I still made mistakes unfortunately. Still, I was sure I'd be able to find my targets quickly.

I left the villa before the other performers arrived. I wanted to show up later to make it look like I was the last to make it. I walked through the small town and headed to the stadium. Security was tight, but as a performer I was given free access to most locations. Inside the grand stadium, I sat in the stands and watched my competition. A lady from the Europe Zone was taking on three men on the main stage. Her sexual abilities were evident as she cause all three to come at the exact same time using different parts of her body.

"That turn you on," a sultry voice behind me said.

I turned my head and saw a redheaded woman. She was completely naked but seemed at ease. "Yeah, it does," I said with a smile.

"Wait until you see me. I'm up next. I'm going to take home the most gold this year." She seemed confident, almost too confident. Then I recognized her.

“You're Karissa?” I asked. I told the nanobot to enhance my sexual feelings so I could try to turn on the transgender queen of the ring.

“I am,” she said, standing up so I could see the long cock dangling between her legs.

“You're so beautiful,” I said, perhaps laying it on a little too thick.

“I know.” She walked away without another word.

I turned back to the main stage and saw her stride onto it a few moments later. A laser light show started as the lights dimmed. Everything was centered on her, whether it was her breasts or that miraculous cock between her legs. With the nanobot working, I couldn't help but start touching my breasts as she gyrated on the stage.

When she was joined by half a dozen men and a half dozen women, I slipped a hand into my pants and started taking care of myself. I should've stopped, but the nanobot had taken over. While useful in many situations, it had a tendency to make me think about sex more than I should. Still, I didn't want to remove it from my body. I liked the power.

The thirteen people on the stage began moving together, their bodies pleasing and being pleased. I didn't last long, waves of an intense orgasm washing over me. I was about to stand up and head back to the villa when a spotlight suddenly shined on me in the stands. My hand was still in my pants. I noticed that Karissa was looking directly at me, motioning with a long delicate finger.

“Come closer,” she said, her voice amplified. Maybe it was all the lasers or the nanobot or her irresistible voice, but I found myself heading directly toward the stage. I hopped down to the field and made it the rest of the way. The other twelve people left and it was just Karissa and me. Her cock was hard, standing up as the center of attention.

I made my way across the stage, entranced by the way the cock moved, swaying and bobbing in front of her. When I reached her, I dropped to my knees, looking at it up close. I tried to determine if it was caused by her taking Blue Steel II, but I couldn't tell. As the nanobot worked on my pleasure centers, I started sucking that cock as if I was going for the gold. Sochi sucked, and I was going to be living proof of that.

She stood with her hands on her hips, looking down at me as I kissed and licked the entire length of the cock. As I started to swirl my tongue around the head, it started to leak precum. This caused me to start sucking more earnestly. The taste – enhanced by the nanobot – was amazing. I couldn't get enough. I took the base of her cock in my left hand and used my right hand to start stroking it. Meanwhile, I kept the tip in my mouth, bathing it with my tongue.

Karissa screamed and I felt her tense up as the base of the cock started to pulsate. I knew what was coming. She would be coming. And I was happy. At the last moment, I took my mouth away and gave it a few more firm tugs, causing it to start spraying cum. I leaned back, letting it coat the front of my body. With the lights, lasers and fog, it must have looked amazing. Too bad the judges

weren't watching my performance. I wasn't sure if I would be able to replicate it once the games had begun.

"I need to go, but you should come to my villa later tonight," Karissa said. She walked off stage, her limp dick swinging between her legs.

Without cleaning myself up, I walked out of the stadium and back to my villa. My roommates were surprised to see me. And when I told them whose cum was all over me, they didn't believe me. By that time, however, the video of Karissa's performance, including the final act with me, was all over the Internet and making someone plenty of bitcoins.

* * * * *

After telling the story at least a dozen times and watching all the performers I was with get wet and excited, I let them know I had to get ready to go back to Karissa's. They were a bit jealous, but they were also happy for me. They'd be able to get more attention when they competed because they were housed in the same villa as me.

All I wanted to do was get Karissa alone and try to find out if she was a victim of Blue Steel II. Had she been permanently turned into a transgender against her will? I was sure Johnny Cool and Dickie Blue were somewhere nearby in the background. With my new body, they would never recognize me, but I could spot either of them from a mile away. I just had to bide my time.

Meanwhile, I was looking forward to having some alone time with Karissa. Whether she was drugging or not, she was hot and I was

sure she would be able to make me happy with or without the package between her legs. I choose to wear a red plaid shirt, but I kept it open with my bra showing. The short jean shorts that left nothing to the imagination completed my outfit for the night. I was sure she would love the sight.

My roommates all gave me a knowing smile as I left our villa and headed toward Karissa's which was only a few streets over. I still had the nanobot inside me, and I was planning to use it to its full advantage. Between that and my bodacious new body, I was sure I would be able to get the information I needed out of her. If not, at least I'd have a little fun and get some practice in for when the Sex Games started in two days.

I was expecting a large crowd outside of Karissa's villa, but no one was around. As a superstar, she had an entire villa to herself. I wondered if anyone was inside as I knocked. Her face showed up on the viewscreen next to the door. She looked ravaging in a pink silk nightie that was open at the front. Her breasts were nice, but it was the pussy nipples that really attracted me to her.

"Can I come in?" I asked.

"You can come wherever you want, darling," she said.

Opening the door, I tried to place the accent, but I was unable to put my finger on it. Inside, I saw Karissa in middle of the living room, waiting for me. The nanobot kicked in, and I started moving more sensually. She wasn't able to take her eyes off of me as I slowly

walked over to her. Did she want me to be dominant? I still wasn't sure.

“Are you good with tools,” she asked, not seeming to be affected by my charm or body.

“What?”

“Are you good with tools? I need to get my pipes fixed and you're the only person I trust.”

I was confused. “I'm not really dressed to be fixing pipes right now, unless you meant...”

“No, no, no,” she exclaimed. “Why is everyone always so ready to think it's sexual with me?”

“Well, there was our performance earlier today.”

“That was for the cameras,” she said, sitting down on one of the two couches in the room. “Didn't you know that?” She sighed.

I sat down on the other, my legs still wide open. “Well, I thought you wanted a little more,” I said, still unsure of where she was trying to take the conversation and the situation.

“No one understands me,” she sobbed. Was she really crying?

I turned the nanobot off my pleasure centers and started across at her. “What's wrong?” I asked.

“I told you already. I'm tired of being a sex object to everyone.”

“Then why join the Sex Games?”

“I was, I was...” I thought she was about to say forced, but the words didn't come out of her lips. Instead, I heard a noise in the back bedroom, someone clapping their hands. I stood up to go investigate, but I didn't have to go far.

Out of the back bedroom came Johnny Cool, his black hair slicked back without a single strand out of place. Next to him was the small man I knew as Dickie Blue, the inventor of the Blue Steel II gender swap pill. So they were behind her rise to fame, I thought. I tried to act surprised, but something seemed wrong.

“We know you're the Bitcoin Bimbo,” Dickie Blue said, a smile on his weasel face.

“What?” I tried to act confused, but they seemed to know something I didn't.

“You can go now, Karissa,” Dickie said, motioning her away.

“I'm sorry,” she said to me as she disappeared into the back bedroom. Johnny Cool raised his arm and I saw a bolt of light race toward me. Then everything went black.

When I opened my eyes, I was in a large four poster bed. It looked ancient and made of oak. The mattress was soft and the sheets and comforter even softer. Looking around quickly, I saw that I was alone

in a bedroom I didn't recognize. Before I could get up, the door opened and Johnny Cool walked in. He was naked, his long, thin penis was poised as if it was about to strike me down with its mushroom head.

"Hello, dear," he said, smiling confidently. "Remember me?"

"I've never met you before in my life," I said, trying to activate the nanobot so I could increase my sex appeal. For some reason, it wasn't working.

"The nano-tech isn't going to work here," he said, as if he could read my mind. "We know all about you. We're not stupid. Pretty woman shows up and causes havoc with our plans. Fool us once." He shook his finger back and forth.

I started to get a little worried, but I tried to control my emotions. I had been in worse positions. I would fuck my way out of this one too. I knew that blue beast between his legs. I had pleased it before, and I could do it again. I just had to convince him that he wanted it. He was proud of his synthetic prehensile cock, I had to play on that.

"Okay, you got me. Can you just answer me one thing?" I asked, getting off the bed. "How much did that thing cost?" I pointed to the penis that seemed to have a mind of its own.

"What, this? Don't worry about that..."

"But I do," I interrupted, making my way toward him slowly.

“Stay back,” he said, noticing what I was trying to do. Or so he thought.

With a quick movement, I dropped my shorts and turned. Bending down, my ass was exposed to him, my furry pussy lips peeking out between the twin globes of my lily white ass. I didn't have to wait long. I soon felt his blue cock brushing against me. The mushroom head was warm and already wet. I let out a groan as it plunged into my pussy. Moving in and out of its own accord, I genuinely had an orgasm. Even without the nanobot working on my brain, it was amazing.

I crawled forward and turned around. Looking up, I saw he had a look of exasperation on his face. I moved toward him and felt his blue wonder start rubbing against my breasts. I pushed the two globes together, nestling the blue cock snugly. He stood straight, the penis moving in and out of my breasts on its own. Soon his hands were on his hips as he closed his eyes.

When I felt him reaching the point of no return, I moved away. He opened his eyes and glared down at me. “What are you doing?” he demanded.

The blue snake reached out to me, but I was just out of reach. He stepped forward and I moved back some more. Just when I thought he was going to really get upset, I took him into my mouth, stroking the length of the cock with both of my hands. Already wet, he started to cum almost immediately, filling my mouth. The synthetic cum

didn't taste bad, a little too sugary. I missed the nanobot making the taste better, but I licked him clean.

“That was without drugs,” I said, standing up. “Imagine what I could do for you if I had a little helper right about now.”

“Enough!” Dickie Blue yelled as he burst into the room. “What the fuck is going on?”

“I was having her one last time,” Johnny Cool said. “What do you care?”

“Your cum, you idiot! You were loaded up with the new mix!”

The synthetic cum had tasted a little different to me, but I had that down to the fact I wasn't using the nanobot. Suddenly, I realized that whatever drug was mixed in with his semi-sweet cum had broken whatever they were using to scramble the nanobot. I fired it back up and ran through a billion scenarios until I came up with the one that would work.

I ran out of the room. They chased after me, but I was in great shape and made it out of the villa and into the night. The cool night air caused my nipples to begin to harden. Or maybe it was the nanobot. I wasn't sure, but I knew I had to get somewhere safe and take stock of my situation. The Sex Games were attracting a lot more people who were arriving hourly.

* * * * *

The only solution I could come up with that sounded safe was staying to perform in the Sex Games. If I was in the public eye, they couldn't do anything to me. All twelve Zones around the world took the games very seriously. Even ultra rich drug lords weren't able to get away with murder out in the open. If I was lucky, I might be able to expose them and save Karissa at the same time.

I had to admit to myself that I was attracted to her. Whether it was her sadness or the fact she had a nice pair of tits and a great dick I didn't know, but I couldn't keep my mind off of her. As I walked through the stadium, making sure cameras were on me at all times by being naked, I thought about my next move. I had to come up with something special in order to complete my mission.

The nanobot was able to help, giving me the best idea I'd had in years. I found a public terminal and began to hack my way into Dickie Blue's cloud server. I had to spend 24 BTC to get help from some hacker friends around the world, but soon I had access to their databases. I knew where they were storing their drugs for the games.

I also found out they had a new drug, one that would reverse the permanent effects of BS2. Known simply as BS3, it was a small green pill that packed quite a punch. To pull off my plan, I had to get at least a couple of the new pills. I knew they were being guarded heavily, but I had a secret weapon, a wet pussy and a nanobot to make me irresistible.

Slipping out of the stadium was easy, but getting to the drop house in Sochi was a lot more difficult. I decided to dress up as a dog catcher. The city was still notorious for the number of stray dogs they attracted. With my dull gray jumpsuit on, I was virtually invisible amongst all the naked and semi-naked stars and fans walking around.

“Checking for strays,” I said, using my best Soviet accent.

The guard at the door to the villa seemed surprised and hesitated.

“Come on, man. I'll give you a blowie if you don't give me any trouble. I'm just trying to do my job.”

He smiled and opened the door for me. “Wait here,” I said, and I'll take care of you when I'm done.”

I shut the door and started searching the house. Using the nanobot to enhance my senses, it didn't take me long to find the safe holding all of the illicit drugs. I grabbed a handful of the new BS3 pills as well as an assortment of others. I told myself that I was going to turn them in so the labs could run tests, but in the back of my mind I knew I'd probably experiment with them myself. That was the best way to learn what the bad guys were trying to do.

The pills safely stored in an inner pocket on the jumpsuit, I knocked on the front door twice really softly. The guard opened and came in, a smile on his face as he undid his pants. His small cock popped out and he waved it in the air. “Well, you gonna do this?”

I was about to take his small member into my mouth when someone else walked into the house. It was another guard. He was black and a lot bigger. "What's going on?" he demanded.

"She's just doing her job," the scrawny security guard joked.

I looked up and turned on my super sex appeal. Soon his black cock was out and I was sucking him and the smaller white one, taking turns with each. I let them both jerk off onto my tits, quickly zipping up the jumpsuit after they were done.

"I need to go, boys," I said, standing up.

They seemed satisfied and let me leave. I spit once I was outside, wishing I could wash out my mouth. Then I remembered the nanobot and had it change the flavor for me. This was dangerous because I might be tempted to rush back to them for more, but I was able to control myself. The more I used the nanobot, the better I became at using its powers.

Because I'd hacked into their system and knew their schedule, I knew when it was safe to head to Karissa's villa. I kept the blue jumpsuit on, but I picked up two cordless power drills to complete my look as a repair worker. Not surprisingly, a man was stationed outside of Karissa's villa, but he didn't give me any trouble.

"I'm here to fix your pipes," I said to Karissa on the viewscreen.

The door opened and I went in and got to work. She didn't recognize me from earlier, probably due to the fact they had her so drugged up.

That or she was just happy someone actually wanted to fix her leaky pipes and not take her to bed. Whatever the reason, she made me some lemonade and sat in the bathroom on the toilet as I worked. We got to talking.

“I saw your performance on the 'net, it was really something special,” I said.

“Yeah, it was okay. It's not really me,” she said, then launched into the story of how she had once been a woman and was now permanently a transgender woman. She was okay with that, but she missed her female body and wanted to win the Sex Games as a woman and not a transgender.

“I can help with that too,” I said, taking off the blue jumpsuit. When she saw my breasts, she recognized me.

“Hey, it's you...”

“Yeah, and as I said, I have something that can help you.” I took one of the green BS3 pills out of my pocket and handed it to her. “That will reverse the permanency effects of the Blue Steel II they had you on.”

Her eyes widened as a smile crept over her face. “You're amazing!”

“Just doing my job.”

“What is your job?” She planted a kiss on my cheek.

“I'm here to perform, just like you. I was thinking that if you were a woman and I was the transgender, we might really wow the judges and win the gold,” I said, taking off my red bra.

“Mmm,” she said, first admiring my tits. “I think that sounds like a plan. We're going to need to practice... a lot.”

And practice we did. We slipped back to my villa while we waited for the drugs to take affect. Out of the reach of the Johnny Cool and Dickie Blue, we came up with a routine that we were sure would take the judges by storm. My roommates all agreed after they watched us perform the act. Well, multiple acts all rolled up into one.

With the new temporary cock I had and her original and organic pussy, we made quite a team. The friendship we had made the sex even hotter. To top it all off, we found a way to work the cordless drills into the act. We were sure we were going to take home the gold. And after we did, we could tell the media why Karissa was no longer a transgender woman. The truth about Johnny Cool and Dickie Blue would come out.

With our performance the next day, we made sure to get a good night of sleep. Snuggled up in my bed, we slept and got a double dose of beauty rest. We couldn't be more ready to take home the gold and expose the bad guys at the same time. We just had to perform flawlessly in front of the world. I had hope in Karissa and knew I was ready as well, especially with the nanobot helping me with my new penis.

* * * * *

The lights in the stadium dimmed. Karissa was lying on a bed with pink silk sheets. She was wearing a nightgown also made of pink silk. She stood and began her routine while I was offstage. As she moved around, the lights played on her body and the world waited for her to release that wonderful cock of hers. But when she took off the nightie, there were gasps around the world.

Her penis was gone, replaced by a pussy with hair shaped into a heart above it. She looked ravaging as she played with herself on the bed. And then I walked in, wearing a black suit. You could tell I was a woman as I slowly stripped, dancing around Karissa. When she dropped to her knees and pulled out my long cock, you could hear the gasps from the live audience.

Sochi Sucks flashed on a huge monitor behind us as she got to work, teasing my cock until it was hard and standing at attention. She licked and sucked, with the camera getting up close to show all the action. And then she sat on the edge of the bed with her legs spread wide open. My cock was pointed at the heart of hair and I plunged into her.

The air was electric as I showed the world that Karissa was not only a great transgender, she was actually a woman. By this time in the performance, the Internet was awash with wonder about what had happened. Why had Karissa lost her cock? The general consensus was that most people didn't care. They loved her for who she really was – whatever that was – even as a natural woman.

When I pulled out my cock and shot onto her stomach, I literally felt a wave of applause as the entire stadium erupted along with me. As I cuddled with her on the pink bed, the lights dimmed and we were finished. Backstage, I hugged Karissa. I wanted to do more, the nanobot aching to be turned on again, but I knew I had other work to do.

“That was amazing,” Karissa said.

“Just doing my job. Now is the best part. You have to get in front of the media and let them know how you were turned into a transgender in the first place...”

“That would be good if it happened,” Johnny Cool said, walking into the dressing room. Dickie Blue followed close behind him. “You don't think we knew what you two were up to?” He smiled wickedly.

“...the fuck?” I said, wondering how they had known. “Look, there's a lot of people here. We're going to talk to the press.”

“Yes, you are,” Dickie Blue said. “In fact, we want you to. Do you know how much business we're going to get now that the gender swap isn't permanent anymore and you two tell your story to the media?”

“We're going to be even richer,” Johnny Cool said, actually rubbing his hands together.

Using the nanobot to enhance my mind, I ran through a few possible scenarios. They were right. If we went public with the knowledge, it

would probably help them in the long run. And without telling the story, it would appear that Karissa was drugging on her own to try to win over the world. Then it hit me. I knew what needed to be done.

Before I could put the plan into action, the door to the dressing room opened again. Two of the thirteen judges wanted to talk to Karissa and myself. This spooked Johnny Cool and Dickie Blue and they took off. I knew they were lurking nearby, but after talking to the judges and explaining the reality of the situation – that Karissa had taken BS3 to return to being a woman. And that giving the two drug dealers any publicity would make it worse.

They seemed to understand and agreed to keep it under wraps so to speak. Karissa and I took off through a lesser known maintenance exit to the stadium. Instead of heading to my villa or hers, we made it out of Sochi completely and headed over the mountains toward the Ukraine. That was the closest place I knew that had a pick-up point. It wasn't until we were a day into our long journey when we were detained just inside the Ukraine border.

The effects of the drug had luckily worn off early for me, and I was once a again a woman. The politicians in power didn't take kindly to men and women who were different. Other regions were more lax, but there was still some diversity on the planet Earth. I really wanted to get away to Mars, to the colonies for even more freedom than the seasteading nations had currently. I almost told Karissa about my life once or twice because we were becoming so close, but I kept it to myself.

Sitting in a portable detainment unit with Karissa, I'm glad I didn't. The guards recognized her from her prolific career doing videos and live performances, but when the strip search came, they said that she wasn't who she said she was. This, of course, caused some confusion for everyone involved. The Ukrainian Services Minister soon entered the picture, storming into the office as if the people were on the streets rioting for freedom again.

"If you say who you are," he said in a thick accent, "Then where is your you know what!" He pointed in an accusatory fashion at Karissa's crotch.

"I told you, it was a drug." She looked at me then frowned and continued. "This lady I'm with can tell you what happened. She was at the Sex Games with me."

"And your name. Our level three database doesn't contain ANY information on you Maria Alyokh, if that is really your name." The middle-aged man dressed in a plain black suit stopped in front of me and looked me up and down. "Our databases are never completely empty on anyone who has been born."

"Okay, I'll tell you the truth," I said, turning on the nanobot in my mind and instructing it to increase the pheromones I was giving off. I would have to work fast if I was going to get Karissa and I out of this without us being locked up for running drugs. I also didn't want to blow my cover. I'd have to blow something else, it seemed.

Soon, the officer that had picked us up was ordered to leave the room. The Services Minister began to pace back and forth,

blathering about the continuity of the Soviet Zone and a lot of other nonsense. To get things started, I started to make out with Karissa. We kissed, our lips locking passionately. We continued and I heard the man stop talking so much. Looking over, I winked at him. He was staring and entranced.

I took my shirt off and Karissa did the same. Soon I was bending down to take her nipple into my mouth. Then a lick. Then a twist with my fingers as it gingerly started to harden, just a little. The puffiness just made me hotter as she reached up and started playing with mine as well. I looked over at the man who had been interrogating us and motioned him over.

When he arrived, I wasted no time in undoing his zipper. His flaccid cock plopped out and I started playing with it. I pulled him forward and touched it to Karissa's nipples, one then the other. This caused her nipples to get hard and him to harden as well. Switching to my breasts, I let him put it between them and massaged it slowly and sensually.

When his pants came off, I retrieved his cuffs and his keys. The next part would be easy. Karissa started going down on him and I added the cuffs softly and playfully. He didn't seem to mind, concentrating instead of the brain he was getting from Karissa, who had a lot of skills as I'd found out the night before. Now, however, I wanted to use my pussy to keep him busy and occupied.

I sat on his face and rode him while Karissa eased onto his now erect prick and began rocking forward and backward slowly. Soon

we were all groaning. I was so wet, I had to switch with Karissa. Riding his cock felt just as good. I used the distraction to give Karissa a BS2 pill so she could grow a penis quickly. As he licked at her pussy, he noticed it changing, but he didn't say anything. He kept licking as her clit expanded into a full grown penis, a throbbing one.

I used the nanobot to perfectly time our orgasms one after the other. First, he would come and cause me to come and my playing with Karissa's breasts would take her over the top and she would explode into his mouth. I timed it perfectly, the dominatrix domino effect I would call the maneuver. After we were done, I undid the handcuffs.

“See,” I said. “You were just not looking close enough. This is the real Karissa. And now you've made her come so you'll get a free autograph and let us go on our way. Yes?”

“Yeah,” he said with a long sigh. “I'm so sorry, ladies. I trusted my underling. I'm glad I showed up, though!”

Karissa signed his underwear with a black marker and we were soon dressed and on our way. I couldn't wait to get to Kiev, the capital of freedom in the world. Although they never really seemed to succeed, crushed by the totalitarian government or world policy amongst the Zones, the people of the Ukraine were known to crave freedom. Some died – as in the Middle East Zone – but there were still those that wanted freedom at any price.

Being so free, they had a big drug market. I could get rid of the rest of the pills and get Karissa somewhere safe further West in the Europe Zone, possible New London. Once I did that, I'd be able to

report back to the agency headquarters. I had saved Karissa and hacked a lot of information about Johnny Cool and Dickie Blue, so I might get a recommendation for a trip to the Mars Colonies. I could only hope.

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Karissa didn't want to sell all of the drugs, so I let her keep some so she could wean herself off of them slowly. You never knew when you might need to grow a penis. I kept a few for myself too. If I was going to Mars like I hoped, I would need them for sure. The week I spent selling the rest of the pills, Karissa stayed with me in a hotel we rented. The very first night, we went to a freedom meeting at someone's private home.

The person answering the viewscreen seemed to be happy that we'd arrived. We'd gotten an invitation at a local caffeine and ecigarette shop and I knew we'd be able to use the opportunity to get rid of a lot of the drugs. If I was lucky, they might help the freedom fighters in some way. I had to do what I could to foster freedom and open expression wherever I went on a mission.

And with the money, Karissa would be able to get treatment and continue her career without Johnny Cool or Dickie Blue trying to control her. As with most women (and men and others), she hated when people tried to control her. She'd told me this on more than one occasion. So, we were at a stranger's mansion in Kiev on a Wednesday evening.

"We're just in from Sochi," I said, and the door opened.

Karissa had her arm around my waist and we walked into the party, not knowing what to expect. I was surprised but very excited to learn they had two guests from Mars Colony One, also known as Area Blue. Whatever you called it, the blue skin-toned clones were identical except for their genitalia. Their minds were merged together with chips that had been implanted into them.

I realized almost immediately I could use my nanobot to communicate with them and also control their emotions and basic feelings. I couldn't read their literal thoughts, but I could put them in a different frame of mind. This resulted in getting them to accept taking a Blue Steel II pill each so I could demonstrate the product. The joke was that after they'd each grown the opposite genitalia, they were once again basically identical.

Others were impressed at the transformation, however, and I sold the remaining two dozen pills I had to the guest. This left Karissa and I with twelve each, which seemed more than fair to me. The 175 BTC Karissa collected in her wallet – a bronze coin with a chip inserted – would keep her reasonably well in a high-scale drug treatment facility. Before we were done, however, I wanted to get her enough to change her appearance and identity to truly get away from Dickie Blue and Johnny Cool.

Karissa and I got to head to the host's bedroom on the third floor, which was a treat. Citizen Zeek was well built, immensely wealthy, and had always wanted a pussy. After he took the BS2 pill and changed his gender, he became more dominant. And he didn't want Karissa or me to change. He wanted us as ladies, and we were

happy to make him happy. He sat in a comfortable, oversized chair that made it feel like he was floating in the air.

While in there Karissa and I danced and stripped in front of him. Music from Mars filtered in through speakers blasting downstairs where the two stars of the party were having fun with a group of people. We used this beat to get instinctual, our intellects locked away for a bit as we began to grind all over his body. We made sure he was naked too.

"I can't believe how it feels to have a pussy," he moaned, unable to stop touching himself.

"We're gonna show you how good it can be," I teased, rubbing my palms on his pecks. His nipples hardened and he arched his back a little.

Karissa took this opportunity to kneel in front of him and tease his pussy with her long hair. This really got him so excited he didn't seem to mind when I crawled on top of him and put my own neatly trimmed pussy over his mouth. His tongue came out and started taking care of me as I moved Karissa's hair and began eating him out. Then Karissa joined in with her tongue, licking his inner thighs and more.

Between the both of us, he soon had an orgasm building up. The scream he let out when he finally came (along with me) attracted an audience. I looked up and saw the two blue-skinned Mars clones playing. I waved them over and they moved to the bed where the three of us joined them. Others were standing in the doorway

watching, which was turning me on. The male Mars clone – Johann – entered Zeek's new pussy, which started the process all over for him.

“That feels. So. Good.” His eyes were closed, so I used the opportunity to sit on his face again. He went back to work immediately, tasting every crevice, every inch of my crack, even my anus. I used the nanobot to time my orgasm so I came right after Johann came. The blue-skinned female – Jerena – was whispering into his ear as he pumped into Zeek.

This, of course, caused Zeek to have yet another orgasm. When Johann pulled out, I started licking the blue colored cum that was dripping out of Zeek's pussy. This led to an almost instantaneous orgasm piled right on top of the previous one. He was done for a while, watching Karissa and I take on Jerena and Johann from Mars Colony One.

Somehow, a livestream of the activity was leaked and before we knew it, hundreds of other people were trying to crowd into the mansion to see if they could see some action or partake in some. Once a little freedom started to flow, it was hard to stop. The night was a messy one, but Zeek didn't seem to care at all. He was so rich he would have people that could clean and repair any damage.

Things got so out of hand, that I decided to give Karissa and I a random pill that we'd taken from the stash back in Sochi. I told myself that I just wanted to find out what the purple and orange pills were. She got the orange, and I got the purple. This worked out

great as soon as we knew the effects. Karissa suddenly had the stamina to keep going, the urge to keep going.

And the purple one caused my sense of time to slow down. Making love was strange while I was experiencing time differently. What seemed like five minutes to everyone around me felt like an hour to me. Of course, this made me an especially careful lover. I had the pick of anyone I wanted in the mansion, and I walked from room to room, collecting the people I wanted to fuck, suck or cuddle with at the end of the night.

The highlight of the night was when Karissa and I took on the Mars twins for a blowjob competition. With a dozen anxious men lined up for all of us, we had to see who could make them cum first. Karissa got off to a nice start and ended up winning, but the purple pill I'd taken made it seem like I spent almost an entire day sucking cock. I learned so much about what spots to lick, where to concentrate the touch of my tongue.

Every man was different, but having a dozen different ones to suck with time slowed down was instructional on so many different levels. For example, I realized that when I concentrated on the tip and then moved directly to the balls then back again, men went crazy. I loved all of the cocks each for their own separate reason. And the cum I tasted was great as well. I even turned off the nanobot's taste enhancer so I could tell the difference between each man.

Karissa was waiting for me when I was done. We slept in one of the 53 rooms in the mansion. Surprisingly, we were able to find one not

occupied, and we crawled into the luxurious bed and slept. In the morning, we showered and thanked our host. With a dozen of four different pills on each of us, Karissa and I decided to part ways as we left. She'd somehow received about 276 BTC the night before. I even had a new 145 BTC on my account.

I didn't need the money, of course, but a little extra private stash of bitcoins is a good thing for a bimbo cop like me. As Karissa walked away to her new life, I put Sochi out of my mind and returned to America Zone. I had to meet with Captain Kapowski and let him know I needed to go to Mars. Someone had supplied some visiting colonists with drugs and it needed to be investigated. I wouldn't tell him that I was the person who had given them the drugs, of course.

* * * * *

"What were you even doing over there?" Captain Kapowski demanded, his huge black fist slamming down on his desk. The photo of his wife fell off again.

"I was..."

"You were what?" he interrupted, picking up the digital photo frame from the floor.

"I was trying to stop drugging at the Sex Games."

"Drugging at the Sex Games is encouraged," he screamed, setting his wife back on the desk gently.

“Really?” I had somehow forgotten that part.

“I think I'm calling you in for a while, Jayne.”

He used my read name. What did that mean? I wondered.

“No, you can't do that, Cap. Some weird drugs have been smuggled to Mars and I need to go check it out.”

“You've been out in the field too long, Jayne. Your brain is muddled by all those drugs. Don't feel bad,” he said, his voice getting a little calmer. “It happens to all the agents. It's a shame you have to take those drugs in order to get the job done, but...”

“But nothing, Cap,” I said, using the nanobot to come up with an idea to plead my case.

I hated doing it, but the only way I could think of getting him to let me go on another mission was to bring up the last incident with Johnny Cool and Dickie Blue, when I had a penis and made him go down on me. I wasn't sure how he would take me reminding him, but I was desperate to get off the planet Earth for some reason.

“You know, Cap, maybe I was traumatized when you went down on me...”

“Stop! That's enough!” he shouted. “I'm sending the orders to get you on the next shuttle to Mars. Report to the space elevator in Panama in two days. You'll have further instructions on your mission once you arrive.”

I stood up, happy with myself. Still, I wanted to give him something to remember me by. I wasn't sure how long I'd be able to get away with being on Mars. Walking over to him, I could see him getting nervous. I knew he wouldn't be able to resist me. I needed to show them I was a woman even though he had sucked my cock before.

I also wanted to use my body one last time before I got to change how I looked for my next undercover mission. I'd become accustomed to it, but I knew nothing last. One good fuck with the Cap would help me remember all I'd loved about this body before I got my next one. I stripped quickly so he wouldn't change his mind. As soon as he saw my tits, I knew I had his attention.

He reached in his pants and pulled out that huge black cock of his. He started rubbing it as I continued to strip. I started giving him a lap dance, making sure I grabbed that huge monster between his legs and rubbed it up and down my pussy lips, which were getting wetter. Something about holding his large lance really made me hot.

I moved down and started rubbing that monster between my tits, paying close attention to the head as it poked out. It was so huge. I'd missed it. I teased it to life, feeling it grow and then grow some more. Playing with his balls helped. I glanced over and noticed he had replaced his wife's photo with one of me – the original me. This turned me on even more. I'd always had something for Cap. He had a special place in my heart ... and in my pussy.

I stood back and climbed into his lap, that huge black cock hitting me in the stomach. Then, rising up, I lowered down onto it. I hadn't felt

this complete in a while. Holding his shoulders, he moved his head up and took a nipple into his mouth. I started moving up and down slowly on that huge cock as he got my nipples hard one by one.

"I like this body," he whispered into my ear.

"I love your cock," I said, nibbling his ear like he liked.

"I miss you sometimes, Jayne," he said, once again using my original name, the one no one else knew. The life of an undercover cop in the 22nd century wasn't easy, especially for my unit, but it was moments like this that made it all worth it.

He stood up suddenly, taking me with him. He then popped me up on his desk and really began using his massive cock to explore every inch of my pussy. I felt so full and free and I didn't want him to ever stop. When he came, I almost cried because I didn't want him to stop. He dropped to his knees in front of the desk and started tasting me, tasting his own cream coming from my pussy. He looked up with some of it still on his face.

"That's so fucking hot," I said.

"You like that?" he asked, a satisfied smile on his face.

"Mmmmm," I answered simply.

"Well, you're going to love this," he said. He surprised me when he reached into his desk and pulled out what looked to be a very high-end vibrator. The lifelike cock was soft and pliable at first, but as he

pushed it in and out of me, it started to get harder and also began vibrating. It was an almost unnoticeable sensation at first, but it was building.

He reached up and brought my hand down to hold it. He then lifted me ass up a little and began pressing his cock against my ass. I used the nanobot to help control the muscles of my sphincter, opening it up so he could enter and then closing it around him. He groaned and slowly started moving in and out. The sensation of being filled by two amazing cocks, one real and one not, was feeling good. I didn't think the moment could get any better.

I made sure to time my orgasm so it happened right after I felt him begin to come, his cock pulsating deep in my ass. The feeling was incredible as I could feel him coming and my own orgasm washed over me. After he slipped out, we both walked over and collapsed on his couch. I knew I didn't have much time, but I wanted to talk to him a little bit. I'd been in love with him for so long, but I knew it was wrong.

"She left me," he said, starting the conversation as I took a puff off an electronic cigarette, the vapor clouding the air in front of me then disappearing.

"Who?" I asked, already knowing the answer. I wanted to hear him say her name so I could gauge whether it was really over or not.

"Greta," he said, spitting the name out of his mouth like a bad taste.

“It’ll be okay,” I said. “I’m going to retire someday and you’re going to retire someday...” I let my voice trail off. He was ten years older than me, but that was part of the attraction. I would retire at the same time as him. I’d be a lot younger, but in my line of work you had to work less years before you got your pension and benefits.

“We have to stop doing this until then,” he said, taking the ecig from me and having a puff of his own.

“Sure,” I said, not wanting to upset him before I left on the Mars mission. I knew I’d have him again, though. Even though he was my superior, things were different for us.

“I mean it, Jayne.” He looked at me sternly.

“I know, I know. It’ll all be okay.” I wanted to comfort him more, but I knew I had to get going. I settled on giving him a slow and sensual handjob as we laid on the couch. I wanted to taste his cum one more time before I left. I loved his taste. I loved the way his body tensed up before he came. I loved the expression on his face as that beautiful black cock exploded.

I still had the taste of his cum in my mouth as I headed to the body swapping shop to get a new look. I wasn’t sure what they would give me for Mars, but I was hoping I’d get to go to Mars Colony One. I already knew a little about Area Blue and I wanted to know more. News from the colonies on Mars didn’t get passed on frequently. They were their own world with their own laws. Being undercover there would be especially dangerous, but I was ready. Bitcoin Bimbo would head to the red planet because Mars needed women.

Bitcoin Bimbo 4: Blue Mars

I really didn't want to leave Captain Kapowski behind. Beyond his big, black cock, I felt I was truly falling in love with him. Then again, this might've been another reason I pleaded to be able to head to the Mars colonies to find out what was happening on the Red Planet. After being colonized, the planet had revolted and cut off communication with Earth.

In fact, no one had heard from them in quite a few years. The first manned mission to Mars in the mid-21st century had begun a race to colonize the planet. Those who weren't happy with the one world government were more than happy to risk their lives to go somewhere else. No one knew that the colonists were planning to stage a coup, however.

Any new passenger ships that had been sent to Mars never returned and weren't heard from again. Yet someone was still transporting high-tech equipment and supplies to the planet for one reason or another. Part of my mission was to find out what was happening on Mars. The other half had to do specifically with finding out who was behind the original revolt.

I left Cap's office and headed downstairs to get my new body. This had to be one of my favorite parts of being an undercover cop in the 22nd century. In the year 2141, I was able to change my appearance on a cellular level. I'd been so many different people over the last few years, they'd all begun to run together. And yet, I was always excited when I was going to get a new one.

My body for the Sochi Sex Games had been okay, but it was a little too overtly sexual for my taste. I liked being a beautiful woman, but I didn't want the beauty to be too overwhelming. I preferred something with just a hint of sex. I never got to choose my body, however, as it all came down to where I was going and what my cover would be.

For my mission to Mars, I soon found out I would be playing the role of a stowaway on one of the supply ships headed to the planet. I expected to get captured, but I wanted to see if I could get them to think I wanted amnesty on Mars. Others had done it before – or tried. Nobody knew if those who tried to get amnesty were accepted or killed.

I thought about this fact quite a bit as I rode a shuttle train to Panama, which was the location of the nearest space elevator. I'd be put into a forty foot container (with air and food) and head into space to be loaded onto one of the supply ships headed toward Mars. No one knew who was funding the sending of supplies to Mars, but that was part of my mission. I had a lot to do.

Getting off the shuttle and stepping into the Panama area of the America Zone was a new experience for me. I'd been all over the planet, but this was my first time seeing a space elevator up close. The technology had really revolutionized space travel in the mid 21st century. Since 2054, this was the cheapest way to get to space. From there, it was easier to get around the solar system.

Leaving the shuttle station, I started heading to the elevator. You couldn't miss it, this giant cable ascending into the heavens. Every

five minutes or so, you could see another set of 40 foot containers heading toward the heavens. The air-tight space freight computers were painted various colors depending on the cargo.

I would be traveling in a blue one, which meant I would have a steady supply of air. The container had been built by someone to withstand a week long journey in space, the time it took to leave the docks in space and head to Mars. With quad ion drives, the time it took to get around the solar system had diminished greatly by 2072. Now, it was ludicrously simple. Some missions were ready to leave our solar system, navigating outside the Oort cloud.

Thanks to an intelligence tip, we knew a blue container was leaving. I had to find the guy who was supposed to occupy it and convince him to let me take his place. I didn't think it would be too hard. He was a nerdy man who spent more time on a computer than in a bed with a woman. With my new regal looking body and long dark hair, I'd have no trouble getting into his room.

I found him in the bar of a hotel near the space elevator. The blue container was in a nearby warehouse waiting to be loaded and sent up. The nanobot in my brain let me know I had 12 hours to accomplish the first set of steps in order to get into space and headed toward Mars. We didn't know who was behind the supplies being sent, but we knew they were leaving.

"Hey," I said, sitting down on a stool next to him. "You got the time?"

"Time? You in a rush?" His speech was slurred. I could tell he'd already had quite a few drinks. This would be easier than I thought.

“A rush to get back to your room.” I smiled, swiping my Bitcoin stamp to order another round of drinks.

“I got no money,” he said, turning away.

“That's okay. I'm just looking for some company.”

He turned to look at me. I could see his mind contemplating whether or not I could be trusted.

I used the nanobot to increase my sex appeal, and I had him without any work at all. When we'd both finished our drink – Panama Plasterers – I had him leading me to his room upstairs. I made sure to tip the bartender .01 BTC so he would keep his mouth shut. In the America Zone, money could buy almost anything. Any the anything else could usually be gotten with sex.

“I'm on a mission” he slurred. “I only have a few more hours.”

“Me too baby. A mission to make you cum.”

He laughed as if I was the most funny woman on the planet. I rolled my eyes as he walked into the sparse but comfortable room. He plopped down on the couch and closed his eyes. I had to keep him up so he'd end up thinking he overslept. My plan wasn't full proof, but with his mind muddled with mind blowing sex, I was sure he wouldn't be in a mood to tell his handlers he'd screwed up. If I was lucky, he would disappear on his own.

I walked over to the bed, liking my new body a lot. I needed to practice with it before I got to Mars anyway. I had his pants halfway down when he woke back up. His cock woke up too as soon as I freed it. His head raised up a bit and he looked down at me as I took him in my hand. He leaned back and moaned as I then slipped the tip of it in my mouth. I ran my tongue over it slowly and he hardened even more.

I didn't want him to fall asleep, so I started playing with his balls. Spitting down there, I started probing for his anus with my index finger. His head came up again, but he didn't say anything as I slid one finger past his sphincter. He moaned then leaned back again. I had him. I worked the finger in and out as I gingerly sucked him closer and closer to orgasm.

“Make me cum!” he screamed, and I obeyed. With a few flicks of my tongue on the underside of his cock, he erupted, cum flying everywhere. Some got in my hair, but it was a wig so I didn't care. I could sense he was going to pretend to pass out, so I pressed an erection pill into his anus. He immediately stood at attention again. I didn't waste any time and stripped down and got on top of him.

His eyes were definitely open as I slid down onto him. His cock was large naturally, but with the drugs in his system, he was literally rock hard. I could feel the mushroom head penetrating me as he reached up with both hands and played with my tits. I grabbed his hands and moved them lower. He seemed to understand and started playing with my clit with his thumbs as I rode him in cowgirl position.

When I was about to come myself, I stopped and switched to reverse cowgirl. With him back inside of me, I could feel his finger begin to probe my ass. Was it his thumb? It was thick, but it felt good as I rode him. In and out his cock slipped as I slid forward and backward onto him. His finger slipped out of my ass, and I could feel him about to come. I stopped suddenly and got off.

I turned around after he popped out of me and looking at his face, I could tell he was going to be up for a while – as in no sleep and a raging boner. I crawled between his legs and began licking him like a kitten. Short, quick stabs and jabs of the tongue then running it the length of his cock. It was just enough to keep him on the edge but not enough to push him over. He seemed to be in bliss.

Then I kissed his balls and he thrust upward into the air, wanting to come so bad. I carefully lifted his balls and began licking under them. This caused him to thrust some more, but I didn't want to let him release just yet. Instead, I treated him to an intimate bath with my tongue. I knew I had him under my thumb. I just had to keep it up a little longer – literally.

“Baby, make me cum,” he groaned even more desperately.

I took this as a cue to slow down and started kissing the inside of his thighs. He reached down to touch his own cock, but I brushed his hand away.

“Don't do that again,” I said sternly.

“Or what?” he asked, reaching again.

I sat up suddenly and retrieved a pair of handcuffs from my purse. He didn't complain too much when I put them on. He smiled up at me as I started kissing him all over his body again, slowly working toward one nipple than the other. He continued thrusting into the air, but he couldn't get there on his own. I didn't have to worry about him losing his erection, but I reached down occasionally and tugged at it gently.

By the time my mouth closed over his mouth again, he couldn't take it anymore. With one quick downward motion, he was cumming inside my mouth. I used the nanobot to take care of the taste and cleaned him up properly. I didn't stop, though. I started teasing him again. He was sensitive, but I didn't care. I needed another hour or maybe two out of him. He didn't seem to be getting hard, so I got between his legs and lifted them into the air.

His ass exposed to me, I started licking. His cock started to grow again as my slippery tongue explored every inch of him. Soon I was back to his balls. And then the base of his cock. By this time, he was at full attention. I got on top of him in cowgirl position again, leaning down so my breasts touched his chest. He started grinding into me forcefully. He wanted me.

I knew enough to control my motions so I didn't give him an orgasm. If he plunged too quickly, I pulled out to punish him. He soon seemed to realize I was in control. Looking over at the clock, I saw that I had about four hours left until the space container would be packed onto the elevator and sent skyward. I had to time this carefully. I let him

cum again, but I didn't take off the cuffs. He seemed spent and didn't complain as he drifted off to sleep.

While he was sleeping, I wrote a quick note to let him know I'd taken many photos and would be sending them to his boss. I was working for him too, I told him in the note, and I was taking over the mission because the boss wasn't happy with his performance – as unhappy as I was with his performance. I signed the note with a fake name – Caucasasia – and got dressed quickly. The sleeping pill I slipped into his mouth would dissolve quickly and keep him under for at least ten hours.

Slipping out the back door unnoticed, I made it to the warehouse. It was empty, so I had no trouble gaining entrance to the electronically locked shipping container thanks to the nanobot in my brain. I hadn't taken it out in weeks. Or maybe it was months. I didn't see a reason to take it out. I'd use it to help me with one more mission then sit down and think out the side effects. Would I still be able to perform at all without it anymore? I wondered as I prepared for the journey to Mars.

* * * * *

I used the nanobot to access the exterior cameras on the container. As I rose into the air slowly, I slowly began to see the curvature of the Earth. And then the sky got darker and darker still. Soon it was pitch black and I was in space. The stars were bright as an automated tug got me out of the elevator and attached me to a

space dock. Without having to wait at all, a long, slender ship grabbed the blue container I was in.

Attached to the top of the starship, I had a good view. The first few days were okay. I played with myself, trying to master my new body. I wasn't even sure if the colonists on Mars would want to have sex with someone from Earth, but it was one of my biggest assets, especially with the nanobot working in my brain. By the third day, I was bored. I used the time to read as much as I could about the original Mars missions and colonists.

No one knew for certain why the revolt had started, but three thousand colonists seized power from the Mars Zone forces. One was allowed to travel back to Earth to warn others to stay away. Ships were sent back to Mars anyway, of course, but they were shot down in orbit. After a few attempts, the corporations in control on Earth decided to set Mars on the back burner. Mining asteroids was more fulfilling in a revenue sense.

And then there was nothing. No one who had gone to Mars since 2089 had sent back word or returned. The mystery of Mars weighed on my mind a lot as days four and five slipped away. Then I concentrated on my attire. I was wearing a simple flight suit. I made sure there was nothing to indicate where I came from originally. Granted, they would know I had gotten on board in Panama, but they'd be surprised to see me and not the person they thought they were smuggling.

The sight of Mars in the distance slowly approaching was amazing. However, the closer I got to the planet, the more amazed I became. Instead of a barren red landscape with dust storms and the like, I saw two halves of green split by a ring of blue around the equator. As I got closer, I could even make out clouds in the atmosphere. Mars had life outside the colony domes?

The last twelve hours were the hardest. As I watched the planet get closer, I saw that I was heading toward somewhere most likely in the Southern hemisphere. After entering the atmosphere, I quickly flew to a landing pad on the outskirts of what looked to be a large village of thatch roofed buildings. In the distance, I saw miles and miles of plant life.

The ship landed and the container was unloaded. I wouldn't have to wait much longer. This was when I wished I was back in space by myself. While a little boring, at least I knew I was safe. I wasn't sure what was going to happen. Would they kill me when they realized I knew the truth about Blue Mars? How had they managed to terraform so much in four or five decades?

I didn't have to wait long. The container door slid open and two blue clones walked in. One was male and the other female. They seemed oddly familiar, close to the two I had met in Ukraine back on Earth. I knew the idea of clones was to have many from one design, but it was still a little unsettling. I started to play the frightened card, insisting I didn't know how I'd gotten on board, but I quickly realized this wouldn't work. I needed to do something else.

"I am Roger One and this is Roda One," the male figure said, seeming calm. "What is your name?"

"I'm Mysteria, and I'm here to ask for amnesty on Mars." I had unzipped my flight suit slightly and my cleavage showed through. The nanobot allowed me to pick up on an increase in sexual tension.

"Come with us, please," the blue female said, turning and walking away. Roger One followed at her side. I walked behind them, admiring the ass of each of them.

"Are you some of the blue clones?" I asked, wanting to seem dumb.

"We are here to greet newcomers. You're not on the list, but amnesty is something Mars takes seriously," Roger One said as he continued walking without turning around.

"Can I stay here? I'm afraid to go back to Earth!" I really piled it on.

"You will know shortly," Roda One said.

I followed them out of a warehouse area and down a long hallway in one of the few steel buildings I'd seen on my descent. We took an elevator down three floors and continued down another hallway. Finally, they stopped in front of a door and opened it.

Inside, a fair skinned woman with brilliant red hair sat behind a desk in the white room with no furnishings. I saw another door behind the desk and to the left. Roger and Roda One left me, the door closing behind them. I decided to quit with the stupid act.

"I'm here for amnesty," I said clearly.

"I know," the woman said, not looking up from a screen. She motioned me over. "Come have a seat."

"I've heard so much about Mars that I knew I had to live here," I said.

She looked up suddenly. "What have you heard?"

"That you believe in true freedom from the Zones here. I didn't know..."

"Didn't know we'd terraformed. Good. It's meant to be that way," she said, going back to the screen. "There doesn't seem to be a lot about you in our system."

"I was good at staying off the grid. I knew that was the best chance I had of getting to Mars." I injected a little truth into the lie I was growing.

"Good, good," she said, then looked up at me. "Here's the deal. We're going to give you five days on Mars. During that time, you will be assigned a pair of blue to watch you. If you're a good mesh and still want to stay after the five days, you'll be offered a permanent position. You're lucky that we have an opening."

I wanted to ask why they had an opening all of a sudden, but I knew not to push my luck. Five days on Mars seemed like plenty of time to look around and learn something. If I was lucky, I might find out who

was in charge of the planet. Was it one person or had the colonies stayed separate? I had so many questions, but I kept it simple.

“A pair of blue?”

“Oh, I forgot you might not know. On Mars, every citizen has a pair of blue clones assigned to them. They can help you with information, business, or...” She paused a moment to look me over. My flight suit covered almost everything, but she could see my cleavage. “Or pleasure,” she continued. “They're yours and will be recording your entire time here.”

I nodded. Having two clones follow me around might put a kink in my plan, and not the good kind of kink that I liked. Still, I was on Mars and something spectacular seemed to be right around the corner. I had to play it cool, so I did.

“Am I going to be able to see more of you?” I asked, looking over her fit and shapely body. The thin gown she was wearing didn't leave much to the imagination.

“Perhaps,” she said. Before she could say anything else, the door in the back opened and two blue clones stepped out.

“I'm Frank One,” the male said.

“I'm Brenda One,” the female said.

They were both topless, only wearing a bikini to cover their genitals.

“What does the One mean,” I said suddenly, standing up from the chair in front of the desk.

“That means we are first generation. We are not yet well versed in existence,” Frank said.

“Okay, enough foreplay talk,” the redhead behind the desk said, standing up. “Let's welcome you to Mars the proper way.” She pressed a button on the desk.

The white walls suddenly changed to blue, six different shades of blue to be exact. At the same time, the lights dimmed. The change in the mood of the room was intense. I almost couldn't see Frank or Brenda, but I suddenly felt their hands on my body. As they took off my flight suit, I took a deep breath. I had to make sure everyone involved had a good time, so I took a risk and turned the nanobot on for some sexual help.

Frank and Brenda had my out of my underwear in no time. I stood there naked as the woman came out from behind the desk and took off the thin, translucent gown she'd been wearing. Her pale skin contrasted with the blue colors of the floor, walls, and ceiling. I noticed the walls were gradually each changing shades – always blue.

Unsure yet of how to play the sexual encounter, I let her hands explore my body. I mimicked her moves. She brushed my arm, and I brushed hers. She took my left breast into her hand and started playing with it, and I did the same. We played this way for several

moments while I tried to nail down her sexual preferences. If I had to guess, she liked being submissive.

While risky, I decided to go with my gut instinct. If I got it right, she would have an incredible time sexually. If I was wrong, it might work against me being declared a permanent resident of Mars. My plan was to get accepted and then work as a double agent, going back to Earth for them to complete missions while reporting back for my original mission.

Thoughts of the missions vacated my mind as she stepped forward and closed the gap between us. Her erect nipples pressed into my flesh. I could feel myself getting wet already. I reached down and touched her pussy. After dipping a finger in, I ran it up her body and pressed it into her mouth. Seeing her lap at it excitedly, I knew I had made the right decision. I jumped into command.

“Brenda, lay down on your back,” I said, directing her to the floor. She obeyed, her face soon under the clerk as I had her kneel in front of me. Brenda ate her out as I grabbed her head and pulled her mouth to my pussy. The human contact felt good. As Brenda continued eating her, she got turned on even more and redoubled her efforts on me.

“Kiss my back, Frank,” I said, wanting to get myself worked up as well. He obeyed, holding my waist as he started kissing my neck then my back. “Lower,” I said, until his puckered lips were on my ass.

His tongue starting to explore my rear caused me to push forward, into the redhead's willing and wonderful mouth. She was soon

having an orgasm as Brenda continue work on her pussy. Her blue tongue moving in and out, up and down, was amazing to watch. I felt the clerk's body shake as an orgasm washed over her.

"I'm so sorry," she said softly. "That's so rude when you're the guest."

"You'll make up for it," I said, sternly. "Now get on your back."

She meekly obeyed, and I knelt down, my pussy directly over her face. I was pointed so that I could bend down and lick her pussy again too if I wanted. I didn't want to yet, though. I wanted to ride her face until I came, screaming. I started rocking back and forth, her tongue exploring my new pussy. All the masturbation I'd done on the way to Mars helped me know how to turn to get her to reach the perfect spot.

Soon, I was buckling on top of her, an orgasm washing over me. I knew I couldn't stop with round one. In order to become a big name on Mars quickly, I had to show that I had what it takes to live a life full of please. I rolled over next to her on the floor, which had somehow become softer, sensing how we were using it. I looked up at the two blue figures. Frank had an obvious hard-on, but he didn't reach for it at all.

"Lick us," I said simply, and they knew what to do. They both knelt on the floor beside us and began licking every part of our bodies. Frank was licking me, so I reached out and grabbed onto the large, blue cock that had escaped. I could feel the tip of his cock already wet with precum. Knowing the clone's cum would taste good, I wanted it in my mouth. I used my hands to get him to kneel over me

in a 69 position. He started licking my pussy as I stared up at the blue cock.

I took the mushroom head into my mouth, gently sucking on it. He stayed perfectly still, until I grabbed his ass cheeks and got him to start thrusting that beautiful cock in and out of my mouth. Glancing over, I saw that Brenda was doing the same for the clerk. With a slap on Frank's left ass cheek, I got him to stop and switch with Brenda. I hoped I'd have enough time to get them to switch again, but as I ate Brenda's wet, blue pussy lips, I heard Frank groan and the clerk moan.

"Save some of that cum for me," I screamed, getting Brenda off of me. I knelt next to the clerk and pushed Frank off of her. Bending down, I started kissing her on the mouth.

She had saved some of the cum, and I felt her push it into my mouth with her tongue. The blue tinted cum tasted salty and sweet, just how I enjoyed it. I ordered Brenda to get Frank hard again, and the clerk and I say leaning against one of the walls as she made it happen. As soon as he was solid, I had him fuck me in missionary position as I laid in between the clerk's legs. She reached down and played with my breasts as he pumped his blue cock in and out of me.

I wanted to last a long time, but I used the nanobot to time my orgasm so that it would happen immediately after his. As I felt his pulsating cock pump its precious load into me, I started having an orgasm of my own. The clerk bent down and kissed me as I did.

Then she slipped away as Frank pulled out. She began to eat me, to eat his cum that was spilling out of me. After she had it all, she returned to kiss me again.

“Welcome to Mars,” she purred after all the cum was gone. “I think you're gonna like it here.”

“I know I will,” I said, sighing in a satisfied way. I couldn't wait to start exploring green and blue Mars.”

* * * * *

Brenda and Frank led me from the landing station, the only metal I had seen on final descent to the planet's surface. I was sure others existed, but they were few and far between. Just outside, we started down a street paved with a strange rubber material. I looked to the left and right and saw one and two story buildings created from red, martian bricks. The green, thatched roofs completed the rustic look.

I tried to keep my bearings, instructing the nanobot to create a map I could use later. We walked for what seemed like ten minutes or more. Finally, Brenda and Frank stopped, pointing a blue finger each at a two story building. I could hear waves crashing into the beach nearby. I was happy that I'd have such a good location.

Walking to the door, the building seemed to recognize me and a door made out of the same rubber material that made up the streets opened. I walked inside and was taken aback. I'd expected something primitive, but the inside of the building had every luxury you could want. From the plush, carpeted floors to all the tech

gadgets lining the walls to the comfortable looking furniture, I was amazed.

“Second floor is for sleeping,” Brenda said simply without emotion.

“Or sex,” Frank added.

I nodded, walking around the central living room.

“Viewscreen on,” Brenda said, and a large television screen came to life on one of the walls. I noticed a basic menu of choices for communication and entertainment.

I spotted a staircase and followed it up. The upper half of the building was a luxurious bedroom. A large glass door opened to an outdoor patio. I was enthralled by the view. A beach with red sand reached into the distance to the left and right. In front of me was the beautiful blue ocean. The water was a deep, dark blue. Many people were lounging on the beach. Some were making love. Others were having fun. I only saw a few people in the water, which I noted.

“Is this acceptable?” Frank asked.

I turned and smiled. I'd scanned with the nanobot and knew there were several cameras located throughout the building. I would have to hack them later if I wanted to have a chance of exploring on my own. “This is wonderful,” I said. “I feel so...”

“Horny?” Brenda asked. “I can get Frank hard for you.”

“No, I was going to say tired,” I said, still smiling even though the blue duo was starting to freak me out. They were good at sex, but they did it without any real emotion. They'd obviously been programmed to know what to do and even moan, but you could tell there was something missing. Had their pleasure centers been erased so they could be the perfect sex slaves?

“Let us sleep,” Brenda said.

I walked back inside and headed to a door. Sliding it open, I saw a lot of different outfits. I got out of my flight suit and into a thin, wispy dress that barely covered my body. I also put on a form fitting bra that seemed to increase the attractiveness of my breasts – as if they needed any help.

When I crawled into bed, the two blue bodyguards got on the floor. I programmed the nanobot to listen to their breathing with my ears. I hoped they slept. My guess was that they would sleep whenever their owner or handler slept. If they thought I was asleep, they would also take the time to sleep and recharge their blue bodies. They were so very close to human, but they were outlawed on Earth.

I closed my eyes and actually fell asleep, but the nanobot woke me up. I peeked over the edge of the bed and saw them sleeping. They were holding each other, which was cute in a way. Silently, I crept out of bed and downstairs to the first floor. Before doing this, I used the nanobot to loop some footage of me sleeping so whoever was watching from afar wouldn't notice.

With one last listen to make sure no alarms were going off or the blue twins were waking, I opened the door. The cool night air hit me. I still had on the sheer garment and the bra. I wasn't sure where to go, so I decided on the beach first. To my surprise, other people were up and doing the same activities I'd seen earlier in the evening. The sun was absent. I knew I had a little more time that I would have on Earth before the sun rose.

I gave myself four hours to explore so that I could get back and get some sleep before Brenda and Frank woke up. I didn't want to have to explain to them what I was doing moving about without them. Half expecting to see a guard of some sort at any moment, I started walking up the beach. I marveled at all the sex still happening, but I acted like it was no big thing. I didn't want to give myself away.

A lot of the women (and men) were wearing the same type of outfit as me, so I didn't seem too out of place. I was starting to think I should turn back and head in the other direction when I saw a bonfire in the distance. I couldn't make out any details, so I decided to get a little closer. As I approached, I began to hear the constant, rhythmic beating of drums.

When I was closer, I saw a ring of men and women (all naked) in a drum circle. They were beating small drums and swaying back and forth slightly. They seemed oblivious to what was happening in front of them. From what I could tell, at least a dozen or two men, women and blue clones were undressed and fucking in the sand.

I was about to walk away, back toward the guest building, when I felt someone take my hand. I was led down to the sand where two muscular men and a woman deftly undressed me. I began to get caught up in the music, in the feeling of their hands and lips all over my body. I wasn't sure if they knew I was the newcomer seeking amnesty or not, but it didn't matter.

Before I knew what was happening, me and the woman were on our knees pleasing the two men. Their cocks were roughly the same size. At nine inches they were just my size. Well, just the size I wanted for that particular moment in time. I felt the sand underneath me as I bobbed me head up and down on his cock, paying close attention to the knob at the end.

When they were both good and hard, I followed the woman's lead and bent over, my ass in the air and my breasts in the sand. I almost jumped up when I felt the sand moving, massaging my breasts a bit roughly. I didn't want to act surprised, though, and blow my cover, so I went with it. The sensation was actually good. I moaned even more when the cock I'd been sucking slipped into my pussy.

Rough, firm hands grabbed my ass cheeks and started squeezing them as the cock moved in and out of me. Turning my head a little to look at the woman, I noticed their strokes were in time with the beating sound of the drum. As the sand massaged our breasts, tickling the nipples, the cocks continued their work. I soon felt those hands grip my fleshy ass tightly. One more plunge and I felt him coming inside me.

I didn't need to have the nanobot change the taste. I wasn't sure what he ate on a daily basis, but his sperm was salty and slightly sweet, the perfect combination of the two. And it was natural. Everything around me seemed natural – the sound of the drums, all the sexual action, the blue ocean and the dark night sky filled with specks of starlight.

After both men pulled out of us, I followed them to the edge of the circle, just beyond the drummers. Here we drank the deep blue water and ate a strange fruit that looked like a banana but tasted like an orange. Or was it mango? I didn't care as I gorged myself on the fruit as they were. I didn't want to seem out of place, but the fruit tasted good and I was just following their lead.

The fruit has strange, soft seeds. Almost immediately after eating the first one, I felt a change in my body. The feeling was a lot like tripping on 'shrooms – a nice body buzz without the tension sometimes felt with LSD or other synthetic hallucinogens. After three of the banana-oranges, I became aware of the sound of the drums again.

The music was different this time. I felt my body moving to the beat as the hallucinogens flowed through my body to my brain. The nanobot wasn't working, but I didn't care. I was on Mars and had dosed and the circle of bodies was just a few feet away. The two men and woman had already gone back into the center, leaving me alone on the outside.

I danced back in, and soon I was paired with a woman with long blonde hair. She had one braid – a very large one – hanging halfway down her back. We danced with the beat of the drums. The fire felt warm on my flesh. Then she pressed herself against my body. Her breasts were firm. Her nipples were hard as were mine.

We embraced and danced. Soon, I knew I had to have a taste of her. Seeming to float down to the sand, we got into a 69 position with her on top. The rhythm of the drums matched the movement of her hips. Or maybe it was the other way around. All I knew was that I loved the taste of her slit. Her pussy lips brushed against my lips and became part of them.

There was no longer a pussy in front of me. I no longer had a mouth. Me and this nameless blonde woman were connected. I knew it was just the hallucinogenic effects of the fruit I'd eaten, but the sensation still felt real. My individual cells had merged with her. With just a slight movement of my mouth, I could send waves of pleasure through her body.

I was just getting accustomed to the sensation when the situation changed. Out of nowhere, a large cock – at least a foot long and throbbing – appeared and entered her ass. I pulled my mouth off of her pussy for a moment and found myself merging with his balls. Then I arched my head up and got behind his balls, to his anus. This caused him to flinch a little bit he didn't complain. The woman started too, though, so he slipped his cock out of her ass and put it into her pussy.

Looking up, it was as if this was the first cock I'd ever seen go into a pussy up close and personal. I'd seen it done a lot in the past, but the drugs were messing with my mind. I saw the glistening cock slip in and out of her slit and it was all new to me. I couldn't help myself, and I started to lick his cock and her pussy. They soon became one and we were all connected.

The woman was still eating me out, and I felt an orgasm coming on. And soon. Without needing the nanobot to time it at all, the man shot his cum into the pussy just an inch or two from my face. I could see him throbbing inside her. When he slipped out, I went to work slurping up all the come that was coming out of her pussy. Then I came.

An orgasm unlike I'd ever had before crept up and spread throughout my body. I arched my back, but she didn't stop. Within a few seconds, I felt another wave of pleasure building up. I was going to have another orgasm. When the third hit a few seconds after that, I couldn't handle the feeling anymore and I tried to move away. She stopped eating me, climbed off, and smiled at me.

We had no need for words. Whether it was the drug or the incredible orgasms we'd just had, we all knew that we were thankful – and wanted more. I didn't have to wait long for another cock to enter me as I laid on my back. This cock was a lot smaller, but I liked the fact that it felt different. He started kissing me, and our bodies became one.

I'm not sure how many times I came, but eventually I got really sleepy. I fell asleep in a pile of bodies in the sand.

* * * * *

I'm not sure how long I was out, but when I opened my eyes, the sun was up. The drummers were gone, but quite a few of the other participants were still present. I scanned around and then noticed two blue figures near the edge of the circle. I jumped up and walked over, still naked. I wasn't sure how they would take me slipping away, or how I would explain the video footage.

"Hello Mysteria," Frank said. "Brenda and I came as soon as we noticed you were gone. Sorry we were not up to keeping up with you. We're not accustomed to newcomers."

"You must please forgive us," Brenda added without emotion.

"It's okay," I said, stretching as if nothing was out of the ordinary. It might be easier than I thought to gather intelligence over the next few days while they decided whether or not I would be accepted. Then I had to convince them that I could go back to Earth as a spy for them. I had a lot of work to do. Strangely, even with very little sleep, I felt refreshed and full of energy. Was it the fruit?

"What fruit is that?" I asked, pointing to a pile of the peels a few feet outside the circle of logs the drummers had been sitting on.

"The Jah-bah fruit," Frank said. "Hallucinogenic class A which means it's for recreational use."

“Did you enjoy yourself last night?” Brenda asked.

“Yeah,” I said.

“We brought you new clothes,” Brenda said.

Frank handed me a pair of pants made out of the sheer material as well as a bra. I put it on and felt it conform to the exact shape of my body. I was impressed. Once dressed, I headed back to the guest building with Frank and Brenda.

“What would you like to do on day two?” Frank asked when we were back and sitting on one of the comfortable couches. He was to my right and Brenda was on my left.

“I don't know. What are my choices?”

Brenda began rattling off a list of activities, including visiting various locations and people.

“I want to learn more about what happened after independence,” I said, hoping I wasn't pushing too hard.

“Very well,” Frank said, standing.

“We shall take you,” Brenda added.

We headed down the slightly spongy streets further and further away from the beach. I tried to connect with the nanobot and was able to again. The drugs must be completely out of my system. I began making another map for later reference. We stopped at a two-

story building that took up an entire block on its own. No signs or screens were visible anywhere outside the building.

When the door opened, I knew it was a library. Several rows of reading chairs filled most of the room. Racks of electronic reading paper lined the walls. I walked over and picked one up. Rather than it asking for my Bitcoin hash, I was presented with a menu of all knowledge available. As Frank and Brenda silently followed me, I headed over to one of the chairs and sat down.

The two blue clones stood watch on either side of me as I started with everything I could find about the revolution and what had happened. Strangely, there wasn't much. A pop-up notification asked if I wanted to look at something else. Was that a sign that I would have to hack to find solid information about the colonies declaring and winning independence?

I browsed to some information about the Sand Festival, something that apparently took place every night – one on the northern shore and the one I'd been to on the southern shore. They were a way for citizens to relax and think about the wonderful things in life while safely under the effects of the Jah-bah fruit. The use of it was banned anywhere except at the nightly festivals with others around.

As I read, another pop-up notification appeared on the screen in the lower left corner. “Would you like to find a sex partner for tonight?”

I clicked and found myself browsing a directory of all the inhabitants of Mars. Everyone was divided into three groups; men, women and transgenders. Remembering my experiences back on Earth, I

clicked the transgender button to see who was available. A screen full of videos of transgenders appeared. Each would come to life if I hovered my finger over it.

Watching a few, I saw that I could further refine my search. I glanced up quickly, but Frank was staring straight ahead in a non-judging manner. I glanced back at the electronic paper and chose 38C breasts and a ten inch cock. Surprisingly, three were available in the southern zone. I wanted to ask why I couldn't search the land north of the ocean, but I was actually getting a little excited.

I loved transgenders because they really seemed to understand the female body. I sent a message to all three, explaining briefly that I was the newcomer seeking amnesty and wanted to play at the Sand Festival or privately. Within a few minutes, all three had responded that they would love to meet me. I started a group chat and explained the situation, but they all seemed okay with meeting as a group.

While the idea of three hot transgender women on the beach tripping balls was a good one, I wanted to get them alone. They accepted my invitation to the guest building. I could feel Frank looking down at the screen, but when I looked up he was looking straight ahead again. I went back to the chat and got to know them all a bit.

Franny, Zooey, and Ms. Glass were all in the twenties and said they were looking forward to showing me a good time. I smiled and waved goodbye as I closed their windows. I turned off the epaper

and stood up, looking at Brenda first. "Can we get something to eat? I'm starving."

"An eating place is right across the street," she said, motioning toward the door.

Frank replaced the epaper to the rack on the wall for me then caught up to Brenda and myself as we walked outside. The temperature was warm, but not hot or too humid. We didn't have to be outside long. Across the street, another door slid open as we approached. Inside, I saw what looked like a large cafeteria.

Again, I noticed that I didn't have to use any bitcoins. Everything seemed to be free. Was this the final utopian hippy fantasy? I almost smiled at myself, but I caught myself. With Frank and Brenda watching my every move, I had to be careful. Along three of the walls were what looked to be buffet style stations. I made my way to one, noticing Brenda and Frank both took plates as well.

I recognized some of the foods in front of me, but red worms and other dishes were new to me. I picked one meat, two vegetables and blueberries and strawberries for desert. I ate quickly, relishing every bite. The food was terrific and all seemed to have been grown naturally. I didn't remember seeing any cows or sheep anywhere, but I was sure the meat I'd eaten was fresh.

After the meal, I had the blue clones lead me back to the guest building. Once there, I noticed a crowd of about three people outside. Two women wearing clothing similar to mine as well as a man also in the same attire were just outside my door. They noticed

me walking up and they all smiled, almost in unison which was a bit spooky.

“You're the new girl?” One of the women asked. “I'm Rain. This is Sun and her man Sonny.”

“Yeah, I'm Mysteria,” I said. “Would you like to come in?”

“We'd love that,” Sun said.

As I approached the door, it opened. Rain, Sun and Sunny followed me in with Frank and Brenda close behind. I sent them to prepare drinks for me and my guests as we sat on the two couches in middle of the living room. Sun and Sonny were on one, while Rain had sat beside me on the other. I was expecting a barrage of questions.

“We have good news,” Rain said suddenly.

“Yeah?” I wasn't expecting to hear that.

“You've been accepted into the colony. We're going to go get your own pair of blue and show you your own dwelling space.”

I didn't have to feign my surprise or my delight at the news. “That's wonderful,” I said, wondering what was next.

Frank and Brenda returned just then with two trays of drinks. The four of us on the couches toasted the air then drank. The taste of the lemony yet sugary drink went down smooth, but I could tell it contained some kind of alcohol. I set a counter with the nanobot to make sure I didn't get too inebriated, but this was unnecessary. As

soon as we were done with the first round of drinks, the guests stood up.

“We're going to take Frank and Brenda back and go customize two clones for you personally,” Rain said, taking my hand.

I let her lead me outside and back toward the large metal structure where I had landed days earlier. I couldn't believe my luck. They wanted me as part of the community. I wondered if finding the Sand Festival was some sort of test. Or maybe it was hooking up with the shemales? Whatever the reason, I was excited and happy.

At the metal building, the six of us went inside. Frank and Brenda led us to a large room with what looked like a dentist's chair in the center. I looked around and saw a lot of strange hardware I'd never seen before. I tried to act casual, but something inside my mind – other than the nanobot – was telling me to be careful.

“Have a seat and we'll get you started,” Rain said.

Frank and Brenda wandered away with Sun and Sonny as I sat down and tried to get comfortable. The chair adjusted to my body exactly, making this a lot easier. Rain walked to one of the computer terminals and began pressing certain sections on the glass in front of her. I felt something drop from the ceiling and hover overhead.

Looking up, I saw a large ball painted white. Several sections seemed to have interfaces of some sort. I didn't hear any noise as the ball dropped close to my brain. I wondered what it was doing when a shrill mechanical voice erupted from the white ball. “Non-

organic material detected. Abort process. Non-organic material detected.”

I looked over at Rain who seem disturbed by the news. “I've never heard that before,” she said. “Unless...”

She didn't finish her sentence. When two pairs of blue clones entered the room and rushed toward me, I understood why. I tried to get up, but I wasn't quick enough. They soon had me handcuffed and were leading me down in an elevator. Blindfolded, I tried to count the number of floors by the length of time it took before we reached our destination, but I couldn't be sure I was right.

The four blue beings escorted me to another room that was similar to the previous one. A large medical chair was in the center with various computer equipment all around. The one difference was the color of the room. This one was mostly red. The shades varied, but it was a red room. I was led to the chair in the center. My cuffs were off briefly, but there was no way I could overpower the four blue clones.

Quickly I was strapped into the chair. Another big ball descended from the ceiling – a red one this time. Better than blue ball? I asked myself and laughed a little. I didn't know what was coming, but I was sure it wouldn't be me. I didn't like the vibe in the room at all, but I didn't see any escape. When I tried to access the nanobot, I wasn't unable. Then I realized a needle had gone into my arm.

The doors of perception were opened as the red ball began to probe my mind. After just a few minutes – which seemed like hours – the probe went back up toward the ceiling. By this time, I was tripping

balls again. My paranoia was increased tenfold. Would I give myself away in this state? Were they going to question me?

Just then, two familiar faces walked in – Johnny Cool with his black hair gelled and slicked back and the shorter suit-wearing Dickie Blue. I tried to stop it, but my eyes opened wide. Did they recognize me? There was no way. I had an entirely new body. And yet, the way they were looking at me and smiling, I knew something was wrong.

“The infamous Bitcoin Bimbo,” Johnny Cool said, his deep voice cracking.

“What?” I said, knowing my voice sounded false, like I was lying. I was sure they could tell.

“It's the nanobot, dear. We've been able to use it to track you. We used it to give you the idea to head to Mars so we could deal with you once and for all.”

“You're hurting profits, bitch,” Dickie Blue said.

“Fuck,” I said.

‘Exactly,’ Johnny Cool said.

What happened next surprised me as well. The nanobot exited my body through my ear and flew through the air. I could only tell because Johnny Cool opened his hand to catch it. My body started to feel the effects of the hallucinogenic fruit even more. I'd forgotten

how much the nanobot had helped. Then again, it had let them know my identity. My cover was blown.

“Please,” I said. “I’ll do anything.”

“Really?” Johnny Cool seemed to have a mischievous look on his face.

“Hurry the fuck up,” Dickie Blue said, storming out of the room in a huff.

I turned to see Johnny Cool extracting that blue prehensile synthetic penis out of his bands. As he took a few steps forward, it stretched out and touched me on the cheek. With all of the hallucinogens in me, the feeling was actually good. I’d always liked his unique cock. Maybe I had a chance of escaping. I’d done it before back in Sochi on Earth.

He placed his hands on his hips while that blue cock slithered its way between my lips. I started sucking the bulbous head as it got harder. His eyes were closed, so I stopped and started to wriggle in the chair.

“I can’t really maneuver,” I said. “Do you mind?”

“You’re being watched, so don’t try anything,” he said as he removed the restraints.

I sat up in the chair and allowed his penis to push back into my mouth. I reached out and grabbed the snaky appendage and stroked

it with both hands. The feeling was strange with the drugs they'd given me, but I seemed to be doing a good job as he pulsed in my mouth. I took my mouth off and looked up at him again.

"Why don't you sit down," I said as seductively as I could. Even without the nanobot, I still had my sexual training.

"Good idea," he said as I got up and he took my spot.

I went back to work, feeling him close to orgasm. Just before he reached the point of no return, I stopped and flipped the switch for the restraints. The blue cock lunged for me, but I stepped back out of its reach. His eyes opened and he glared at me as I hightailed it out of the room. I didn't know where I was going, but I knew I had to get away.

All the twisting passages looked the same by design, but with the hallucinogens coursing through my veins, they looked even more similar. I don't know how I did it, but I managed to find one of the hangars. Not only that, a ship called the Neptune was getting ready for departure. I managed to slip aboard and find a quiet corner.

No sooner than I was stowed away again, the crew returned. The ship shot into space. Once in the air, I decided to make myself known. Hopefully they would believe my story and feed me as we went back to Earth. When I walked onto the bridge of the ship, the captain seemed surprised. She sat up and pointed a gun at me.

"Who are you?" she yelled.

“I was seeking amnesty on Mars, but they...”

“They tried to trap you, didn't they,” she said, lowering the gun.

I jumped at the opportunity. “Yeah, it wasn't what I was expecting. Is there any way you can take me back to Earth?”

“I can do one better than that,” she said, putting the gun away in a holster on her belt.

“Yeah?”

“Yes. You're coming to Neptune with us.”

“Neptune?” I asked, knowing it wasn't considered a planet.

“Yeah, the Neptune is heading to Neptune, which IS a planet.”

“Okay,” I said, still seeming to have my cover. Hopefully she was just a mercenary transporter and not working for Johnny Cool or Dickie Blue. I had to trust her until I could somehow find my way back to Earth and report in. Until then, I had another mission in front of me. And the captain's tits looked great.

Gender Clones: Female Return

I looked around my apartment, trying to think if I was forgetting anything. As I went through a list in my mind, my eyes were drawn to the advertising panel on the wall near the front door. Having one installed allowed me to live for free in my apartment pod deep underground, but the advertisements could get annoying sometimes. This one was different. After a commercial for the latest smart-toaster, the screen showed a female figure, something that wasn't common. Enthralled, I hit the a button next to the screen to turn the mute feature off. A salesman was talking.

“...Females haven't been around for over sixty seven years, but now...”

“Jon, we need to get going if you're going to sign-up for one of the free toasters,” Marty, the tiny implant in my brain said.

Being connected to the internet, Marty was an invaluable part of my daily life. I hit the mute button on the ad panel again and opened my apartment door.

“I'm leaving now,” I thought.

“Good. After signing up for the toaster, you have quite a few other things on your list today.”

“Thanks, Marty.” I walked into the hallway. After locking my apartment, I headed toward the elevators near the middle of the

hundred story building. *“Hey, do you know anything about that ad that just came on? Something about females?”*

“That was an advertisement for the Gender Clones program, which is new and not fully sanctioned by the government yet. A few years ago...”

“That’s enough for now,” I thought.

Having Marty in my mind was nice most of the time, but I wished I could turn him off occasionally and just think for myself.

“But, Jon. If you sign up for the Gender Clones program, you get a free smart-toaster. We can accomplish two tasks at once this morning.”

“Really? That’s good.”

“Hi Jon.”

I looked to my left and saw Hans walking toward the bank of elevators. He was dressed similar to me with ordinary gray fatigues. He also worked in the dumps outside of town. While it wasn't the most exciting work, it paid the bills. Most of the people in my building worked at the same place. A few had other jobs in government, but most of us were brown-collars – the people who actually kept the city running day after day.

“Hey, Hans. Have a good night?”

“Not bad. You mind if I walk to work with you?”

“I'm taking a personal day today.”

“Oh. Where you going?”

“I'm not sure yet,” I said, hoping he didn't pick up on the lie.

With an artificial intelligence in everyone's brain hooked up to the Cloud, it was harder to be deceptive. But I didn't want him to know I was thinking about stopping by the Gender Clones office. In a super connected world, I liked to try to keep my personal life as personal as possible. As soon as I was born in the year 2200, I was connected to the Cloud. Gradually, as I matured, I created Marty as a way to help me navigate through life.

As I rode the elevator up two hundred floors to the surface, I thought about how much he had helped me over the years. When the ride was over, I waved at Hans then headed toward the business sector of the city on foot. Several electric vehicles were available, but I enjoyed using my appendages as much as possible. My arms, my legs, and my cock. The world was full of willing men who would be my partner in life and the bedroom, but I was a purist, a classicist.

Instead of having a relationship with another man, I took care of my urges at one of the many sex shops located strategically throughout the city. When I'd learned about women around the world dying off after immortality was achieved with nanobots, I fell in love with the female form. I often wondered if they thought differently than men. After seeing so many images, I made the choice to only take care of my sexual needs with a synthetic female. They weren't really intelligent, but they could take care of just about any fantasy.

"If someone invented an artificial intelligence for the fembots, they could make a lot of money," I thought.

"That was attempted many times before and is part of what led to my creation, an electronic intelligence merged directly with your brain. Without you, I wouldn't exist."

"But would I exist without you?"

"Probably not."

I smiled as I approached the first block of commercial buildings. Marty relayed directions to the Gender Clones office. I kept telling myself that I was just going to get the free smart-toaster and leave, but the idea of an actual living, breathing female being cloned was intriguing. If nothing else, I would ask a few questions and maybe pick up a color brochure letting me know more about the process and costs.

The Gender Clones building was nondescript, just another plain brick building on the block. I walked in the front door and found myself in a bright green waiting room. Squinting to adjust to the bright colors, I made my way to the receptionist's desk. A dark haired young man looked up and smiled, showing a perfect set of white teeth.

"Can I help you, sir?"

"Yeah, I think so. I'm here for the free smart-toaster..."

“Great!” the man said, a little too enthusiastically for my taste. “If you just press your thumb here...” He held a tablet up.

“What's this?”

“For your free toaster.”

“Jon, that's not a good idea...” Marty said, a second after I'd impulsively pressed my thumb to the screen.

“What? Why not?”

“I haven't read the contract.”

“I'm sure it's fine. I just signed up for a free smart-toaster. What could go wrong?”

“Sir, are you okay?”

I stopped talking to Marty and looked down at the receptionist. He was no longer smiling.

“Yeah. Can I just get the toaster? I'm in a bit of a hurry.”

“Not a problem, sir. We should be complete in a few minutes.”

Just then, I felt something sting my neck. “Ow,” I said, rubbing my neck.

“That's for the DNA sample, sir. Don't be alarmed.”

“What? Why do you need that?”

“Do you want your free smart-toaster?”

“Yeah, of course. That's why I'm here.”

“Then don't worry about the sample. Let's go get your new toaster.”

A door to the left of the receptionist's desk buzzed and slid open. LED lights in the floor formed a flashing arrow.

“Just follow the arrows, sir, and you'll get your toaster.”

“This is a lot of fucking around for a free toaster,” I thought as I walked through the door and down a hall. A few hundred meters away, the arrows pointed to another door. It slid open as I approached and I walked in a solid white room. Some medical equipment was visible, but nothing I recognized. Then I saw a stainless steel table with a stack of the latest and greatest toaster known to mankind. I walked over and swooped one up, cradling it in my arms like a baby.

“Hello, Jon. Let me thank you for signing up for your very own Gender Clone.”

I turned and saw a bald man with a full, white beard walk into the room.

“Excuse me? I didn't agree to anything yet.”

“Do you have your toaster?”

“Well, yes, but I didn't...”

“The rules were clearly stated when you entered the building.”

“I don't remember getting the rules.”

“They were given to a...” He looked down at a tablet and made a few swipes with his index finger. “Marty. That's your link to the Cloud, correct?”

“Well, yeah, but...”

“No buts about it. Don't worry. You're going to love your clone. After over a hundred years, we've figured out how to bring women back.”

He continued praising himself and the Gender Clones company, but my mind was elsewhere. Was I going to be able to finally experience a female? Would she be similar to me? How long would it take for her to reach my current age?

“So, you'll be able to meet her in about four to six weeks, maybe sooner.”

I shook my head slightly then nodded. “Yeah, that sounds good.”

“Enjoy your toaster, Jon.”

The nameless man in a lab coat walked out of the room. An arrow lit up in the floor, letting me know it was time to go. I argued with Marty the entire way home, but he just couldn't see the sense of being able to make a perfect slice of toast. As he lambasted me with doubts about my female clone being “real,” I argued with him about toast. I

tried to enjoy the rest of the weekend, determined to learn more about Gender Clones and what exactly they were doing.

* * * * *

Over the next few weeks, as I worked and waited, I started to notice females walking around in public. The latest Gender Clones commercials were full of happy and sexy women, but the female clones I saw were mostly pissed off. "Women Have Rights Too!" was the slogan for the rising population of women. I began hearing stories from guys at work about men having to have their female clones taken away for processing because they were demanding rights even though they were created with DNA from their owner's body.

Public debate wasn't my idea of a good time. I knew I had my own gender clone arriving soon because Marty wouldn't stop reminding me. By spending a lot of time in the sex shops with the synthetic women, I was able to push any real thoughts out of my mind. The female heads and torsos that I interacted with were good enough for me. The idea of female clones trying to replace women in society was too deep for me. I'd rather have my dick sucked by a fembot.

And then I couldn't ignore it anymore. I stopped at a popular restaurant to eat after visiting a sex shop once and a female caused a scene as I was eating. She was talking really loud as I ordered, but after my food arrived, she had stood up and was screaming at the man across the table from her, the man who had been used to make

her. Seeing her in public admonishing the man she was with made the whole issue somehow more real for me.

He was able to calm her down for a little while, but as I was getting ready to leave, she stood up again. Her facial expression was fascinating. She was unlike any of the fembots I'd interacted with over the years. I was surprised when she strode up to my table and stopped in front of me. Marty warned me that it wouldn't be a good idea to talk to her, but I couldn't resist.

"Hello. Can I help you?" I asked.

"Yes. Please. Get me out of here? I'm him, but I'm also me. It's weird as fuck, man. I just need to go."

I glanced over at the man she had been with and saw him staring at me intently. With Marty barking warnings at me the whole time, I took her hand in mine and led her to the front of the restaurant. I didn't look back. Once outside, I led her into an electric car then got in myself. The automated vehicle took off just as a man ran out of the building and began looking around. The street was filled with twenty or more cars all looking the same, so I was sure we were safe.

"Thanks so much," she said, sitting next to me in the backseat.

"No problem. I'm not really sure what I can do to help, but..."

"Just getting me out of there was a start."

"What's it like to feel female?"

“I don't know how to describe it.” I couldn't take my eyes off of her as she fidgeted in her seat. “Like, for one thing, I find you attractive. When I was a man I never would have thought that.”

“What do you mean when you were a man?”

“That's what I was trying to say. That's what they don't want us to say. I remember my entire life as a man. I'm in a female body, but my mind is male. Does that make sense?”

She sighed, and I put my arm around her shoulders, trying to comfort her. I'd read in many 20th century ebooks how to make women feel better, but I'd never imagined I'd have a chance to be with a living, breathing woman. What she was saying about remembering her life as a male was a bit disconcerting.

“It's going to blow up in your face. I told you that...”

“Come on, Marty. Help me out here.”

The voice in my mind went quiet as I felt her reach out and place her hand in my lap. Even though I'd already had an orgasm just an hour or so earlier, I felt myself getting hard.

“I'm Rhonda,” she said. “Do you mind if I touch you here?”

I moaned, unable to respond intelligently. I was afraid that I would say the wrong thing and she would stop. Her fingers undid my pants and soon had my cock out, stroking it slowly. I stared at her face for a long moment then looked down. The sight of her slender, feminine

fingers stroking my cock was intense. I'd had artificial handjobs before, but this was something entirely different.

"Have the cab take us back to my place. And don't bug me for a bit, okay?"

"Sure," Marty said. "I feel your pleasure center spiking, so I'll leave you alone."

"Thanks, bud."

With Marty's nagging voice in my mind gone, I was able to sit back and enjoy the feeling of her friendly fingers tugging at my cock. Just when I thought it couldn't get any better, she bent down and slipped the tip of my dick into her mouth. I moaned, suddenly remembering that I had a clone of my own coming home soon.

As Rhonda's lips and tongue gave me pleasure, I continued to marvel at how much better the real thing felt. I'd spent a lot of money on expensive sex toys, but nothing beat the having a real woman going down on you. I was starting to breathe more heavily when she suddenly stopped and say up, looking at me.

"Take me to your place and hide me, and I'll finish."

"Yes, of course," I gasped. "Please don't stop."

She went back to sucking me, causing me to shoot cum into her mouth. As soon as the first load shot into her mouth, she moved her head back. The rest of the cum flew through the air in front of me.

She had pretty much ruined my orgasm, but I was still turned on. Being with her was a different kind of experience. And the best part was that she had her own mind.

I put my cock away and told Marty to send the vehicle to get cleaned just as we pulled up to my apartment pod. Luckily, not many men were around when we slipped in and got on the elevator. As we journeyed down two hundred levels below to where I lived, I reached out and grasped her hand in mine again. Neither of us were saying much, just wanting to get somewhere a little more private.

I'd read about women and seen photos and video, of course, but having one in my living space was another story entirely. Marty still didn't think it was a good idea, but I didn't care. I was in control of my body and he was just a servant. In my bedroom, we both stripped, slowly, enjoying every single moment. I wanted to ask her so many questions, but I was so turned on I forgot all about them as I touched her all over her body.

Her hands roamed over my body as well. As most men, I took the time to keep myself in peak physical condition. While the nanobots helped a lot, I still had to do some work. Her body was so soft compared to mine. She was so agile, so alluring, so tasty. I began kissing her neck, working my way down to her breasts. After taking one nipple between my lips, I sucked, feeling it get hard. Her hands grasped my ass cheeks and pulled me close to her.

A tangle of arms and body parts, we made our way to my bed. She got on her back and I felt myself moving between her legs. I'd

studied male and female sex quite a bit at university, but that was nothing compared to actually doing the act in real life. As I kissed her on the lips, she reached down and stroked my cock which was now cock hard. She positioned it at the entrance to her moist, tight hole. I slid into her pussy and moaned.

The feeling of her pink, fleshy lips enveloping me was incredible. I pulled out and entered again as she raised her legs and wrapped them around me. Holding myself up with my arms, I forcefully fucked her. She loved every single minute of it, bucking her hips in perfect rhythm so I got in as far and deep as possible. I slowed down, savoring each and every sensation as I slid in and out of her repeatedly.

“Fuck me,” she said, startling me.

Some of the sex toys I'd used in the past moaned and even talked, but hearing her voice and knowing it was connected to a mind – a female brain – turned me on more than any synthetic sex device I'd ever used in my entire life. I started thrusting into her faster. After another minute, I couldn't hold back any longer. I screamed out in pleasure as I felt my entire being concentrate on my genitals for a brief second as release was reached. My hot, sticky cum squirted inside of her as I continued pumping in and out a few more times.

I wanted to ask if she'd had an orgasm too, but as soon as I was finished, someone began knocking on the door – loudly.

“Marty, who is that?” I asked out loud.

"I've run a facial check and it appears the man's name is Roman..."

"Do you know a Roman?"

"Your Cloud works fast," Rhonda said. "Too bad I wasn't allowed to have one."

"What? You're not connected?"

I was getting a bit confused with so much going on, but I ordered Marty to try to get the man pounding on the door to settle down so I could get dressed and answered it. As Marty did that for me, I turned my attention back to Rhonda, beautiful, naked Rhonda.

"Are you going to take your dick out of me now?" she asked.

"Huh? Oh. Yeah. Sorry." I pulled out of her, already knowing that I wanted to be inside of her again.

"Yeah, as I was saying. None of the Gender Clones are being connected to the Cloud. I was made from Roman's DNA, but that shouldn't mean I'm his slave for the rest of my life, you know?"

"Slave?" I was vaguely familiar with the term, but in a world where a finite number of men lived together forever, the idea of slavery had faded from the consciousness of a lot of people.

"Someone who's not free to make up their own mind. He damn near tried to rape me when I was delivered to him. And that's fucked up, because I'm him!"

“You keep saying that, but I don't understand what you're talking about really. We can talk about it later, but for now I need to go talk to him and get him to leave.”

“Would you do that for me?”

“If what you said is true, I don't want you leaving here with him.”

I threw on some workout clothes and ran my head under the shower to get my hair wet. Satisfied with how I looked, I headed to the front door. After opening it, I saw the man from the restaurant, the male Rhonda was based on. He was well dressed, but he appeared upset as he paced back and forth in the hallway. He stopped and turned to me.

“She's mine!” he said.

“What do you mean?”

“She comes from me, and she's mine!”

“I don't think it works that way, guy.”

“The courts haven't decided yet, so I'm going to be taking her home with me where she belongs.”

“Well, I'm sure the courts will see that the females are people and deserve rights.”

I slammed the door in his face. He continued banging, so I called the floor security to deal with the problem. A few minutes later, I heard a

brief struggle in the hallway then silence. Rhonda had on one of my robes when she walked in the living room.

“Thanks. I wasn't ready to deal with him tonight.”

“I'm sure he'll be back.”

I walked over and kissed her on the lips.

“It's just not fair. I didn't ask to be born, but I'm being asked to be subservient to that man just because he wanted me to exist.”

“The world is changing. I've been noticing a lot of unhappy women.”

“Some of us have been meeting up. We're trying to get legislation passed so that all clones have rights from this point forward. You up to help me with that?”

“I am.”

We slept together on my bed. As I fell asleep with her in my arms, I thought about everything I had to do when I got up in the morning. Helping her wasn't going to be easy. I had some vacation time at work, so I could call off and make sure I had time to help her out. Just before falling asleep, I told Marty to do some research on what we could do to fight for rights for the female clones. He wasn't happy, but he obeyed.

* * * * *

When I opened my eyes for the first time, I gasped. All my memories up to that point were Jon's, but I wasn't Jon. I was Jan. And yet I was still a bit of Jon. My head hurt as I looked around the white, sterile room. I didn't see a door, but one of the walls had a large mirror. I wasn't strapped down, so I sat up on a cold, metal surface. I was naked, and I had breasts! I instinctively asked Marty what was going on, but I didn't have a connection to the Cloud.

I stood up and turned around. The only other item of notice in the white room was the mirror. I walked over, figuring it was two-way glass and that I was being watched. I wanted to reach down and feel my breasts and the slit between my legs, but I didn't want anyone leering at me when I was doing it. I looked around again, as if I might notice something I hadn't a moment before. The room was still empty, and I was still naked.

Then the mirror changed suddenly, and I could see three men in white lab coats holding tablets looking at me. I crossed my arms over my breasts, trying to hide them. I couldn't believe they hadn't given me any clothes. As if someone was reading my mind, a section of the wall slid upward and a fourth man in white entered. He was holding a pale blue dressing gown. I grabbed it from him and put it on over my head. Tying it behind me, I wished I had more coverage, but at least I had something.

"You're awake, good. We were getting worried. Your name is Jan, do not be alarmed."

"I'm not Jan, my name is Jon. What the fuck have you done to me? All I wanted is a toaster. Why can't I contact the Cloud?"

“Calm down, please, and I'll explain. Why don't you sit down.”

“I don't want to sit down. I want some answers. Now!”

“You likely remember that you signed up for a Gender Clone. Well, you are the clone.”

“But I'm me! I can remember my life as a man.”

“But you're no longer a man. You're Jan now. You will be assigned to Jon and be wed to him for as long as you live.”

“With nanobots, that's going to be a long time. What if I don't want a relationship with myself?”

“At this stage, that is what we think is best. If you read the contract you signed, we have the right to do this for your best interest.”

“Where's Marty?”

“You are not Jon, so you are not connected to the Cloud. This may change in the future if Congress acts quickly, but the chances of that happening...”

“Are low. Really low. I know.” I frowned, not liking what was happening. “Can I get out of here now? Do I have any rights?”

I could see his eyes roaming over my body, noting all the differences, the ones I was trying to come to terms with as well. I had a burning desire to touch myself or be touched. With all that was happening, I didn't know why the hell I was horny, but I couldn't stop

thinking about sex, about having a big penis inside me, which was strange.

“You may feel horny for a few weeks,” the man said, as if he was reading my mind. “It will wear off eventually. Are you ready to meet Jon?”

“I don't know. Am I allowed to say no? Do I have any rights?”

“That was all explained in the agreement you signed.”

“What else was in that contract?”

“Well, now that you ask, we need to test you.”

“What?” While a little shocked, I also felt a pang of pleasure between my legs.

“Your sexual abilities need to be tested. We need to ensure you're able to reach an orgasm.”

I looked at him, unsure if he was just joking around or not. As the door he'd entered slid shut and he started to undress, I knew he was serious. The three men behind the glass were watching intently, taking notes. I swallowed a lump in my throat as I watched him strip. I'd never been turned on by men, which is why I'd used synthetic sex toys and wasn't in a relationship, but something had changed. I couldn't take my eyes off his body, especially the flaccid cock between his legs.

“I have to make him hard,” I thought, moving forward toward him.

He placed his hands on his hips and stood there as I reached down and grabbed his cock. I'd felt my own many times before, but it was different to feel one attached to another body. Just feeling it between my fingers caused my nipples to get hard as the tingle between my legs grew in intensity.

“You can suck it if you want.”

I'd never sucked a man's cock before, but I was in a female body. I had all of Jon's memories, but I wasn't him anymore. I was now a female. He watched as I slowly got to my knees. Seeing his hard cock mere inches from my face made me nervous and excited at the same time. He casually clasped his hands behind his back, thrusting his crotch forward a little. His cock swayed back and forth, and I couldn't resist any longer.

As the tip of his cock slid past my lips and into my mouth, I reached down and began to rub my pussy, wanting to remind myself that I was now a woman. And if I was going to be a woman, I was going to be the woman of my dreams – or Jon's dreams. I pushed all other thoughts out of my mind as I concentrated on sucking the dick in front of me. From the way his body was reacting, I knew I was doing a pretty good job.

“I'm ready to place my penis in your vagina,” he said in a clinical tone.

I stood up and sat on the metal table where I'd woke up as a woman. He moved forward, and I spread my legs, giving him easy access to my wet and wanton pussy. I wanted to be filled. I wanted his cock

deep inside me. He obliged, placing the tip at my entrance. His eyes looked into mine as he pushed it in it's full length in one quick motion.

“Fuck!” I shouted.

He pulled it out quickly. “Are you okay?”

“Don't stop! Put it in and fuck me!”

I couldn't believe what I was saying, but I couldn't fight the hormones racing through my body. All my memories were connected to being in a man in a world where only men existed, but I now had a female body. He stuck his cock back in my pussy and began fucking me. I tried to put the three men watching behind the glass out of my mind as he filled me completely.

While I'd had many orgasms as a man in my lifetime, nothing could have prepared me for the feelings of pleasure that began to build up throughout my body. As his cock slid in and out of me faster and faster, I found my whole body responding. Something was building up in me. I wanted release. This thought took me over the edge. I cried out as wave after wave of pleasure washed over my body, emanating from just behind my clitoris.

My whole body shook as he continued thrusting in and out. When he finally realized I was coming, he pulled his cock out of me. I watched in amazement as his erection slowly faded – without him coming. I didn't really care that he hadn't gotten off. I'd had one of the most intense orgasms of my life. My body was still buzzing. I felt like

reaching down and rubbing my pussy some more, but I was aware of the four strangers watching me intently.

“How did that feel?”

“That was amazing,” I said, not lying.

“Great. You are free to deliver yourself to Jon's apartment. Once there, you are expected to follow his every command. Without Jon, you wouldn't exist.”

Still having all of Jon's previous memories, I was aware of how I'd been created in a lab. I didn't understand all the science, but I knew what I felt. And I felt like I was a new person. I didn't want to become someone's slave, even if that person was the male version of me. In fact, knowing myself, I could see myself quickly becoming nothing more than a means for sexual release.

As I was thinking, another man walked in with a pile of clothes. The overalls weren't very flattering, but I was happy to put them on so that the men would stop staring at my body. I wanted to get to Jon. I wasn't sure what I would do when I saw the original version of me. I was even more unsure of how Jon would treat me when I showed up. Not having Marty to ask questions to was disconcerting, but it was the least of what was freaking me out.

“Remember,” the man in white said after I was dressed. “You belong to Jon and he can have you recalled at any time. It's in your best interest to make him happy.”

I nodded, feeling a little sick to my stomach. Without another word to them, I headed out of the observation room and into a hallway. LED lights in the floor led me to the rear of the building. I passed a few other females in jumpsuits, all of them looking as confused as me. I wasn't sure what was going to happen, but I wanted to get as far away from the Gender Clones office as possible.

Riding an auto-car to Jon's apartment pod, I couldn't stop thinking about how the world was going to change. I wasn't sure about the other female clones, but I wasn't going to sit around and let myself be used as an organic sex toy. While I had a lot of Jon's memories inside me, I wasn't Jon. Thinking about it too much made my head spin, so I concentrated on what I was going to say when I saw Jon, the old version of myself.

When I made it to his apartment block, I walked through the lobby and headed straight to the elevator. After getting in, I pressed the button for the bottom door, again wishing I had Marty or some sort of connection to the Cloud. I had a lot of wishes, in fact. The biggest one was that I'd get along with Jon and that he would be happy with me and treat me right. I didn't want to be recalled. I wasn't sure what that meant exactly, but I could imagine. With a last deep breath, I knocked on Jon's door.

Gender Clones: Female Revolt

I heard a knock on the door. Looking at the video screen, I saw a female outside in the hallway. She was glancing from side to side, like she had something to hide. I couldn't put my finger on it exactly, but she reminded me of someone.

"Can I help you?" I asked through the intercom.

"I'm Jan. I'm from Gender Clones," she said, looking directly into the camera. "Can you let me in so we can talk?"

"Jan? Is that supposed to be some kind of joke?" I thought.

"It's in the contract, Jon. You really should pay attention to that more," Marty said.

"Sure, sure, come in."

Ignoring my artificially intelligent avatar for the Cloud, I opened the door. I motioned for Jan to come inside. I couldn't take my eyes off of her. From her long hair to her thin face to her large breasts, she was a sight to behold. I had just gotten accustomed to seeing Rhonda's female form and now I had another woman, one created from my DNA. Jan came inside and stopped in front of me, checking me out as well.

“Who's she?” Rhonda asked as she walked into the room. She was only wearing a robe.

Jan repeated the question, nodding her head toward Rhonda. “Who's she?”

“Rhonda, this is Jan, my gender clone. Jan, this is Rhonda, a woman I think I'm falling in love with...”

As my voice faded, I looked at Rhonda, trying to read her thoughts. *Does she feel the same way?* I wondered.

“You didn't tell me you had a clone made too,” Rhonda said, crossing her arms over her chest.

“I didn't mean to get one. I just wanted the smart-toaster. I was going to tell you, but we've been so busy...”

“Tell her? What about me?” Jan asked. “Why have me created if you're just going to be with someone else?”

“Hold on, ladies.” I raised my hands in the air above my head. “Let's just all calm down for a minute. I'm sure we can work this out. We'll have a drink and talk about this like adults.”

The two women walked over to the couch and sat down, each on one end with the empty space between them feeling like a million miles not just a cushion wide. I tried to hide my excitement. The prospect of being able to talk to two women, two human women, was

a fantasy of mine. I knew both the women were clones, but they still had their own minds.

“Have you told him that we're basically copies? Males in female bodies?”

“Yeah,” Rhonda said. “I tried to explain that to him, but I'm not sure if he caught on.”

Jan smiled as I walked over with a tray of drinks. After setting it down on the glass topped coffee table, I sat in the recliner across from the couch. They both grabbed one of the martinis, so I leaned forward and grabbed the glass of whiskey and ice. I took a sip then swirled the liquid around in the glass. Two drinks later, the three of us were relaxed. Then things got strange, even by my standards.

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I glanced at Rhonda to the right of me on the couch then looked away. I wanted Jon. I wanted to experience what it would be like to make love to myself. *Doesn't he want me anymore?* I wondered. While I had my own identity, a lot of me was male. And if I had sex with Jon, it would be like I was really just having sex with myself. I wished Rhonda wasn't around, but I couldn't blame him for hooking up with one of the many females that were flooding all the major cities around the world.

Not wanting to wait around any longer and miss my chance, I stood up suddenly and walked around the coffee table. Once in front of Jon, I stopped. I looked back at Rhonda quickly then turned back to Jon. Bending down, I kissed him on the lips. The experience was blissful in ways that are hard to describe with words. I could explain the physical sensation of our lips and tongues dancing together, but to adequately communicate the feeling, emotions would have to be involved.

As I kissed Jon, I felt as if I was kissing myself in some ways. Both of me knew what I liked. Speaking of which, I couldn't resist any longer. I reached down and undid Jon's pants. I reached in his underwear and grasped his cock. He kissed me back forcefully as I extracted him from his underwear. I was hoping Rhonda would leave, but it seemed she was in it for the long run. As I stroked Jon's cock, she crawled over, taking him into her mouth.

I stopped kissing Jon and bent my head down to his lap so I could taste his dick too. I wanted to show him that I knew just what he liked. I'd had his cock at one time, and I knew just where to place my tongue. After fighting with Rhonda for space on his dick to lick, I sat back up. Wanting to take the make out session to the next level, I unzipped my overalls and took my arms out so I was topless.

Jon's eyes widened as he leaned over to take one of my nipples between his lips. The pressure felt fantastic. Not wanting to be outdone, I saw Rhonda taking off all of her clothes. She stole the limelight, giving me enough time to finish taking off my overalls. I leaned back on the couch and began rubbing my pussy as I watched

the other two kissing and fondling. All my memories of masturbating were from a male point of view. Feeling my delicate folds of skin flutter when I touched them was a turn-on.

In some ways, I still felt weird with a female body, but with every moment that passed, I became more comfortable in my new skin. As I watched Jon and Rhonda making out, I wondered if he wasn't interacting with me because he knew I was basically the same person as him – at least up until the point that I'd been cloned into a woman. I wasn't sure if it was my new body and new hormones or what, but I was definitely turned on by him. I had to have his dick again.

I worked my way across the couch to get my head near his beautiful cock, the cock that had once been mine. A moan emanated from deep inside me as I wrapped my lips around his shiny mushroom head. With a twirl or two of my tongue, he began to pay attention to me again, reaching down and pinching one of my nipples. Then I felt Rhonda spreading my legs apart. The position wasn't the most comfortable in the world, but then I felt her tongue and lips on my wet pussy.

As she kissed and licked me like a well trained man, I started sucking Jon's cock more intensely. I could feel every veined inch as it passed over my lips. His musky smell was almost overpowering, but it turned me on even more. I suddenly thought about all the synthetic sex robot blow jobs I'd gotten over the years and tried my best to outdo all of them. Feeling his breathing increase, I knew I

was doing a better job than any damn machine. Even better, I was enjoying the sensations of sucking his dick.

Then I began to come. The unreal feeling of nothing other than my clitoris existing in the universe fell over me like a comfortable blanket on a cold winter morning. Jon's cock was still in my mouth and I was halfheartedly sucking him as I enjoyed the pleasure of my orgasm. Just as it was dying down, I felt his cock twitch. I prepared myself as best I could as he grunted and began to squirt hot, creamy cum. I didn't move away, swallowing as much of it as I could. Some of it dribbled out of the corner of my mouth.

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After my orgasm subsided, I was still turned on. I'd just started to get accustomed to fucking Rhonda and now I had my gender clone sucking me off. Her dick sucking skills were amazing. As she licked the last of cum from my cock, I knew I had to taste both of their pussies. I wanted to smell them, lick them and make them feel as good as they'd made me feel. The wet slit between Rhonda's legs was everything I'd imagined a pussy to be, but I wanted to sample another one.

Just thinking the word pussy – sounding it out in my mind – was turning me on. Marty was still being quiet, knowing I was having fun and not wanting to ruin it for me. I was hoping that if I got them turned on by licking them they would let me fuck both of them. I knew I couldn't do them both at the same time, but going from one

tight to hole to another was something I wanted to try. I stood up then got down on the floor.

I moved between Jan's legs and began tentatively licking her outer pussy lips ever so slowly. She was still a little sensitive from the orgasm Rhonda had given her, so I was careful to just go far enough to get her warmed up. Not wanting Rhonda to get upset, I patted the couch cushion with my left hand. Without me having to say anything, she joined Jan on the couch, her legs spread wide as well. The two women leaned forward and kissed as I switched back and forth, licking and sticking my finger in both of them.

As I ate their pussies, I kept asking Marty for tips and pointers. He wasn't too happy about looking up the information for me, but he came through. From the way the women were moaning and carrying on, I was sure I was doing a better job. Part of the trick was mixing it up, using just enough tongue and the right pressure with my finger pushing into them. Jan was bucking her hips up, letting me know she was close. A few more well placed licks and I pushed her over the edge.

Rhonda came soon after Jan, crying out in pleasure. I looked up and into her eyes, hoping she knew how much she meant to me. I'd spent most of my life never having seen a woman, and I wanted to make up for as much lost time as possible. Wiping my lips with the back of my hand, I stood up. *Fuck. I'm getting hard again.* Would the women be willing to help me come again? I wasn't ready to quit.

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I noticed his cock – my cock – getting hard again. His thick, veined cock twitched slightly as I stood up and bent over. My chest on the couch cushion, I offered him my ass before Rhonda had a chance. I wanted him inside me. Part of me wished she wasn't around. I was afraid he would like her more than me because I was basically him stuffed into a female body. I forgot all my jealousy as Jon pressed the tip of his dick at the entrance of my opening. He slowly pushed it in all the way, causing me to moan some more.

Rhonda followed my lead, and she was soon bent over the couch as well, showing her beautiful round ass to Jon. He pumped in and out of me a dozen or so times then pulled out. I reached down and started to rub my pussy lips as I looked over and saw him behind her. A smile appeared on her face as he stuck it in her pussy, pumping in and out as he'd done to me. After a dozen or so strokes, he switched again, putting that perfectly sized fuck stick inside me.

After doing this a few times, we all got bored. The next time Rhonda was out of rotation, she stood up. Leaning down, she kissed Jon as he fucked me. Then she helped him up and pushed him back down on the couch. She crawled on his lap, positioning her pussy perfectly as she lowered herself on him. He thrust his hips upward, trying to get deeper inside her. Instead of feeling jealous, I stood up and kissed her on the lips as she rode him.

I wished I was the one bouncing up and down on his dick, but I was happy to wait my turn. I was sure he would take care of me again. As I was made from his DNA, I was sure that he was in love with me.

Rhonda pulled away and started breathing heavy. Soon after, she cried out, still riding his cock. He plunged into her one or two more times then came himself. I looked down and saw his cock still buried deep inside of her pussy.

One of the frequent fantasies I'd had as a man came back to me in that moment. I'd always been fascinated with the idea of going down on a woman. The fact that Rhonda's pussy was filled with Jon's thick, hot load just made me want to taste her more. When she climbed off of him, I positioned myself under legs, my face next to her pussy. A large glob of cum fell out of her hole and into my mouth. I gobbled it up, licking her private parts while hoping for more. She rewarded me with a few more drops as I licked every inch of her.

When the cum was all gone, I didn't stop. She rode my face, coming again. Her hands were on the back of my head as she pressed my face against her fleshy, pink lips. After she backed away, too sensitive for me to continue, I licked my lips. I wanted more. I was ready for someone to give me another orgasm. Neither Jon nor Rhonda made a move toward me.

Instead, they both headed toward the bathroom to clean up, asking me to join them. I followed slowly, pouting a little. I didn't feel it was fair that Rhonda, a Gender Clone belonging to someone else was trying to take my man, the man I'd been created to please forever and ever. I kept my thoughts to myself, not really knowing who I could trust. Being a woman in the 23rd century was tough.

We all cleaned up quickly then went into Jon's bedroom to smoke some synthetic THC in his impressive vaporizer. By my third hit, I was feeling odd. I kept remembering my old life, my life as a man. And yet when I looked down, I saw my shapely breasts. I felt disconnected with the world in some ways, but in others I knew that I'd been brought into the world to make a difference.

"Do you think women are going to get rights?" I asked.

"I hope so," Jon said, but I knew he was just trying to sound good for Rhonda.

I knew him so well because I'd been in his body and had his brain for many, many years. He was obviously infatuated with Rhonda. On the one hand, I understood what he was going through, but on the other hand I felt like he should be falling in love with me. *Will I be able to have a life without him?* I wondered. I didn't have access to the Cloud anymore, so guessing at an answer wasn't easy. As I watched Jon and Rhonda kissing passionately, I took a long hit and held the smoke in my lungs as I hoped that I had a life on my own without them.

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After Jan showed up, I really couldn't kick her out as she had nowhere to go. I'd accidentally ordered her into existence. That's the way I pitched it to Rhonda. She said she understood and was okay with Jan living with us for a bit, but I wasn't so sure she was telling

me the truth. Part of the reason I was so attracted to her more than my Gender Clone was that I didn't know what she was thinking. If Jan had all my memories and thought patterns, I could guess what she was thinking fairly accurately.

Rhonda was different. I'd never known Roman, but I liked to tell myself that Rhonda was an entirely different person, that she didn't have a lot of male memories. I wasn't exactly sure why that was such a big deal to me, but Marty had caught me thinking about it more than once. Somehow, the three of us made it through a whole week together without any problems. We'd made love together quite a few times during the week, but we also had good times together without sexual activity.

When I came home from work after having worked all day, it was nice to be pampered by the two of them. Because of the little bit of jealousy, they were always both trying to outdo the other with me being the center of attention. The only bad thing during our first week as a trio trying for love was all the bad news about some of the other Gender Clones. Quite a few women had left their "owners" and were on the run from the authorities. Congress couldn't agree on what legislature to pass. Some wanted gender clones banned altogether while others thought they were the future and might eventually lead to human offspring being born.

With nanobots, death only arrived by very serious accidents, which didn't happen very often. Not having women around had actually helped the company that had first patented immortality via miniature robots let loose in the body. Now, many pundits were talking about

the possibility of women giving birth. And a lot of women were in the streets and in the Cloud making their voice be heard. They wanted freedom. Jan and Rhonda followed all the reports with me, but they told me they were happy living with me and wanted to wait until everything blew over and Congress finally acted.

On our one week anniversary, I brought home a large package of Syn-Weed, the latest greatest synthetic marijuana. What I'd smoked with them a week before was nothing compared to what I'd purchased. At least that's what the salesman had told me in Drug World. I knew there was a big chance he was just selling me, but Jan and Rhonda were excited to try it out, which made me happy. The new flavor was supposed to contain an aphrodisiac – not that any of us needed one. I was always horny, and Jan, being so close to me, was horny a lot as well. And Rhonda wanted to make me happy because I wanted to make her happy and because I'd saved her from Roman.

“Let's skip dinner and get straight to the smoke-out,” Jan said.

“Sounds good to me,” Rhonda said.

“I don't know, ladies. The guy at the counter says that Horny Goat Weed is the newest thing and is really intense. Are Gender Clones even supposed to be taking drugs?” I asked, turning on the vaporizer then opening the package of synthetic grass I'd bought.

“Probably not,” Jan said. “We can't get hooked up to the Cloud, we can't have bank accounts, we can't...”

“Hey now, don't dwell on that. I'm treating you two the best I can. Let's just smoke and relax for a little bit and see where the night takes us.”

If I had my way, I knew where the night was taking us, and I longed to get to the destination more than once later that night. The Horny Goat Weed was supposed to give me a bigger, thicker erection that lasted longer, but I wasn't holding my breath. I wanted to last longer for both of them. Trying to satisfy two women was difficult some nights.

I packed the first bowl of the night, waiting for the green LED light on the base of the stainless steel vaporizer. As I waited, I passed the plastic tube to Rhonda, who was nearest to me. I knew that Jan would read too much into my actions, but I didn't care. She was annoying sometimes because she was so close to me. I smiled at her. The green LED lit up.

“Go ahead,” I said.

Rhonda had been a heavy smoker as a man, so she knew what to do better than me even, but I liked to pretend I was helping her, that she was a delicate princess that I had to protect. She was important to me. I just wasn't sure if she understood how much she meant to me. After having studied 21st century females and others going back hundreds of years, I'd always wondered what it would be like to be in a relationship with one.

Many men in the 23rd century had relationships of one sort or another, but I'd always been attracted to the female form. I couldn't

imagine what Jan was experiencing, the joy she must be feeling by being able to be a woman. Rhonda coughed slightly, a puff of smoke escaping into the room. She held the rest of it in her lungs as she passed the tube to Jan. When it came to me, I started thinking about the nanobots in my body.

“Do the Gender Clones have nanobots?” I asked Marty.

“No, Jon. They do not. They are mortal.”

As this realization hit me, I inhaled, sucking smoke into my lungs. The nanobots in my body were alerted to the custom synthetic drug and prepared my body to make the most from the THC and other chemicals that began coursing through my brain. After just one hit, my mind was swimming. I reached out to pass the tube to Rhonda, but she was standing up and taking off her clothes. Glancing to her right a little, I saw that Jan was undressing as well. I felt my cock begin to stir to life as I watched them kiss once they were both naked.

I stood up and slowly undressed myself. Once naked, I reached down and stroked my cock a few times. I walked over and melted into their bodies. I forgot where my skin ended and theirs began. Our bodies danced, twisting arms, legs, tongues and lips. Then Jan dropped to her knees, wanting to make me feel good, make the cock she had once had herself feel good. And Rhonda, wanting to keep my attention, soon followed. They both painted kissed up and down the length of my cock. When Jan licked my balls, Rhonda had to go

a little further down. When her tongue poked at the skin between my balls and asshole, I spread my legs to give her better access.

Jan gently pushed her head aside as she licked all the way to my asshole. I felt my cock twitch as Rhonda moved up to take the tip in her mouth. My mind was a million or more miles away, lost in a black hole removing everything from my existence except for the sensation of my cock. And the more the world faded away and I concentrated on my dick, the more intense their tongues felt on my flesh. Time slowed and became almost imperceptible. If it wasn't for Marty giving me mental reminders so I didn't get too lost in my mind, I might have passed out. Looking down at the two women, I wasn't sure how they were handling the drug without being connected to the Cloud.

Knowing Marty would tell me the answer later, I turned my attention back to the two females on the floor in front of me. Jan was so similar to me sexually it was odd to have her sucking me. At the same time, she made me feel so good. She knew where I wanted her to go without having to tell her. And Rhonda was just as pleasurable because she was so unpredictable. I never knew where she was going to go next or how far she was going to go until we both boldly walked over whatever imaginary line we'd constructed in our minds.

Feeling my orgasm was approaching, I stepped back a couple steps, almost losing my balance. Both women looked up at me. In that moment, I wanted to please them. I headed to the bedroom and got on my back on the bed. Jan was the first one to follow, crawling on top of my rock hard cock. Rhonda followed soon after, sitting over

my face while facing Jan. I could see them kissing as I looked up. The sensation of plunging into Jan's tight pussy, of becoming part of her entire being for just a moment, was incredible. I reached out with my hands and started rubbing Jan's clitoris as Rhonda roughly rode my mouth.

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The sensation of bouncing up and down on the exact same cock I'd stroked and stuck into sex toys so many times over the years was incredible. I wondered what Jon was thinking. *Does he like my tight pussy? Does he like me more than Rhonda? Why do I have to make it so complicated?* I tried to relax as the synthetic drug coursed through my body, affecting me differently than all the times I'd smoked as a man – before I was cloned. The thought that I wasn't Jon anymore really hit me in that moment. As he fucked me with the cock that was once mine, I began to come to grips with who I'd become.

Rhonda continued kissing me as Jon began rubbing my clit with both of his thumbs, alternating between the two, playing me like an instrument. I moaned each time I felt him brush my most sensitive flesh as he pressed his cock deep inside me. Bending down, I suckled one of Rhonda's large, hard nipples. Then I began to come. Out of nowhere, I was suddenly floating on a cloud of serenity and nothing but good physical feelings. I could feel the synapses firing in my brain, enhanced by the drug. My pussy muscles started clenching Jon's dick more tightly as he continued fucking me even more furiously.

Unable to take anymore, I climbed off of him. Rhonda took the opportunity to bend down and start sucking his cock. His hips bucked up, plunging that amazing cock into her mouth. I sat back and enjoyed the afterglow of my orgasm as they continued sucking each other. As I watched, Rhonda's body tensed up. She lifted her head up and screamed in pleasure as she continued to rub her pussy against Jon's lips. I sat up quickly and grabbed his dick with my right hand. I could tell he was so close to coming. His head was shiny and really large, as if he was about to pop.

I grasped his shaft and moved my hand from the base to the tip. On my third way to the top, he popped. Cum came shooting out, hitting Rhonda's breasts. She bent down again and took him in her mouth, swallowing the rest of the cum. When she was done and sat up, I licked the cum that was running down her chest, making sure to give her nipples a little more attention. After we separated, we immediately took another long hit each and began again, switching up the order and positions a little but working toward the same goal – everyone coming at the same time. We tried three times in total that night, never syncing up completely. But it was fun trying. I loved spending time with Jon no matter what.

We fell asleep in the same bed that night. Sometime in the morning, just an hour or two after we'd crashed, I woke up to the sound of someone knocking on the front door. I glanced over and saw that Jon and Rhonda were both asleep. Not wanting to wake them, I carefully climbed out of bed and rushed to the living room to see who was knocking. I saw a man that looked vaguely familiar, but I didn't

know his name or anything about him. I decided to talk to him to find out more and get him to stop pounding on the door.

“Can I help you?” I asked through the intercom.

“I'm here to see Rhonda? Is she here? Who the hell are you?”

“Settle down. One question at a time. And me first. Who are you?”

“My name is Roman. Rhonda is my Gender Clone. I have a right to talk to her at least.”

“Have you ever thought she might not want to talk to you?” I asked.

“Not really, but she comes from my body, and...”

“Look, I'm a Gender Clone myself. I'm starving right now. Why don't we go get some breakfast somewhere and have a little talk.”

“I'd like that.”

“Great. Wait there and I'll go get dressed and meet you in a minute.”

I rushed back to the bedroom and silently dressed. The other two were sound asleep as I sneaked out the front door. In the hallway, I could feel the man's eyes roaming up and down my body. He was giving me a lot more attention than Jon had given me at first and I'd just met him. I flashed him a smile and headed toward the elevator so we could ride to the surface and go get something to eat.

“Is he hurting Rhonda or you?” Roman asked just before the end of our ascent.

“No, not at all. It's not like that. It's hard to explain. I can't speak for Rhonda, but I know why I like him.”

“Why's that?”

“He reminds me of myself.”

The elevator door slid open and we walked out. The sun and air felt good on my skin. Before I could think too much about it, I reached out and took Roman's hand in mine. I still felt like a man in some ways because I had so many memories as a male, but touching Roman generated even more electricity than when I pressed my skin against Jon's flesh. We walked to a nearby food dispensary and ordered a couple of coffees. He paid with his connection to the Cloud, which he called Chuck for some reason.

“What was the name of your Cloud helper?”

I took a sip of the hot, black liquid before answering. “Marty.”

He nodded, not saying anything. *Maybe we're not going to click*, I thought. We sat across from each other, occasionally taking sips from our drinks.

“I just want Rhonda to give me a chance, you know? I think we could be so good together. A lot of other Gender Clones have good lives with their male counterparts.”

“But we’re not all the same, Roman. I want you to get Rhonda back too, believe me!” I smiled, wanting to drift off into a daydream of my life with Jon, the male version of myself.

“What do you think I should do?”

“Well, what's she like?” I asked.

While knowing would help me help him, the information would also help me with her. If I knew something about her, I could use that to my advantage to get Jon to like me. I knew I'd just told Roman that not all Gender Clones were attracted to their male counterpart, but my situation was unique and special.

“If you were connected to the Cloud, I could let you see everything you might want to know, but...”

“Yeah, kinda sucks being a second class citizen.”

“You know, spending just this little amount of time with you, my eyes have really been opened. Maybe I was thinking too selfishly about everything.”

“Maybe.” I sat up in my chair. “Hey, would you take me to your living space? Seeing where you live may help me understand her a bit more so I can help you get her back and I can be with Jon.”

“So you *do* think like me.” He smiled a little too smugly for my taste.

“I guess. You game?”

“Yeah, let's go. Can't hurt anything. I've been depressed and lonely since she left. It's weird. I lived my whole life without her and was okay, but now that I know the possibility of a life with her is available, I want her.”

“I know what you mean.”

We got up and left the building. Back in the sunlight, I felt alive. My female form felt natural to me. As we walked to his nearby apartment building, I caught him checking out my breasts as they bounced and jiggled as we made our way down the street. The closer we got to his apartment, the more I started freaking out. Being sexually active with Jon was one thing. I wasn't sure if I was ready to be with another man. I still had so many male memories.

“Why do you want to be with Jon? Isn't that like being with yourself?” He asked, breaking the silence as we walked.

“I don't know. I hadn't given it much thought to be honest.”

I was lying, but I hoped he didn't notice. I wasn't ready to open myself up to him emotionally yet. When we finally reached the outside of his building, he stopped, holding up a finger.

“According to Chuck, all sales for Gender Clones are being suspended. All clones already in the world are to remain home. There's a curfew tonight...”

“I have to go,” I said, interrupting him. “Can I get your number so I can call you once things settle down?”

“Sure. I can't send it to you over the Cloud.”

“Just tell me. I'll try to remember.”

He rattled off a twelve digit number, which I started repeating in my mind right away. I waved without saying anything so I didn't break my train of thought. I headed back toward Jon's apartment building, wanting to see what he thought about the suspension of sales. I didn't know if I was going to be destroyed, but I knew that was one of many possibilities.

When I walked in the apartment, Rhonda and Jon were sitting next to each other on the couch. They were engrossed in a newscast displayed on one of the walls. A group calling themselves Occupy Pussy Riot (OPR) had declared their independence from the world of men and demanded to be treated as equals. Riots in many major metropolitan areas around the world had broken out.

I sat down next to Jon, placing him in between Rhonda and myself. As we watched the rest of the news for a couple minutes and hours of conjecture and speculation for two hours more, none of us said anything. We'd had a lot of good times together, but we all knew things were changing. Jon looked particularly upset, which scared me because he was a man and could get more information than me or Rhonda. All I knew was that the female revolt had begun.

Gender Clones: Female Recall

I didn't know where Jan had been all morning, but I tried not to act too concerned when she walked in. Rhonda and myself were glued to the news. The government had suspended sales of new Gender Clones. Nothing was known about what would happen to the ones who were already out in the world like Rhonda and Jan who was a female clone of me. With some group called Occupy Pussy Riot causing problems all over the globe, I wasn't sure what was going to happen.

The One World Government was usually very good at keeping everyone safe and happy. Citizens had to give up a lot of personal freedoms to create some semblance of peace, but we'd been doing it so long no one I knew personally really cared. As long as I lived a long time and was able to enjoy myself, I hadn't cared too much about politics. And I didn't want to start. I flipped off the television and stood up, hoping Jan didn't notice how close I'd been sitting to Rhonda.

"So, what's on the agenda for today?" I asked.

"I want to go to the park," Rhonda said, standing up. "I'd go by myself, but I'm afraid of running into Roman and having him go crazy."

"Sounds good to me," I said. "Jan?"

“No, I think I'm going to hang out here for a while if you two don't mind. I could use some time alone to work everything out.”

“Great, it's decided.” Rhonda took my hand and led me toward the door.

“You sure?” I glanced back at Jan, who waved me away.

I followed Rhonda to the elevator. She turned to me as we began to rise toward the surface.

“I really like you too, you know.”

I became lost in her eyes. “I know. We're just a better match.”

“Careful, Jon, don't tell her too much,” Marty said.

Once outside, we headed in the direction of the nearest green space. Once sickness and death had been conquered, the entire world had paid more attention to healing the planet. The results were spectacular. I loved visiting the parks. Sitting on a bench and observing nature was pleasurable in many different ways when I visited alone, and I couldn't imagine how nice it would be to have someone by my side.

“I never really went to the parks much,” Rhonda said suddenly. “Is it weird I keep talking about my previous life as a man? Does that freak you out?” She grasped my hand a little tighter as we walked.

“No, not at all. I mean, the whole idea of women walking around on the planet is a little disconcerting after so many years of just the

same men everywhere, but you know.” I smiled.

A moment of comfortable silence entered the conversation, which was a nice feeling. Being around Jan made me ill at ease. I couldn't put it into words exactly. When we reached the edge of the green space, I didn't care. Large trees and lush greenery sprouted from the ground in spectacular fashion. Carefully planned with paths leading through the area, the air was clean and had a pleasing scent.

“Wow, this is pretty impressive,” Rhonda said as we walked down the main path.

“I'm going to show you the lake. It's huge.”

“You know me. I love huge things.”

I loved how she could make me smile.

We made it to the edge of the large lake. I stared at her face as amazement washed over her. Holding her hand in mine, I led her to the nearby docks. Only one boat was available, but that's all we needed. I didn't see any of the others out on the lake, but I knew a private spot I could take her so it didn't really matter. I enjoyed playing with her and Jan at the same time, but I wanted to see what it was like to be alone with her, going down on her for hours if she wanted.

On the bridge of the fifty foot boat, I started up the electric engine and guided it out away from the docks. I entered the coordinates for the center of the lake then took Rhonda to the kitchen. She prepared

some fresh fruit as I made us a pitcher of iced tea and tequila. We took it all to the large bedroom underneath the bridge. The boat stopped and dropped anchor just as we sat at a small table across the room from the bed and had our first drink.

“This is strong,” she said, setting the glass down. “You trying to get me drunk to take advantage of me?”

“Maybe.” I swallowed the rest of my first glass and poured another as she finished her first.

By the time we'd both finished our second drink, I could feel the effects of the alcohol on my brain. Thanks to Marty, I was able to control it so I was just at the edge of losing all control. Rhonda, however, was getting a little sloppy in her movements and speech.

“Let's fuck without that bitch around.”

She stood up and began to undress. I watched from my seat, turning a little to see her better. Music began playing after I asked Marty to play something sexy by communicating with the computer on the boat. When Rhonda heard the music, she got into her striptease, moving her body in time with the tune. Looking at her breasts jiggle and sway, I could feel the blood rushing to my cock. As it stirred to life, she danced over to me and began pressing her body against mine.

I couldn't take the teasing anymore and stood up. She began to unbutton my shirt. After two buttons, she reached in and ran her hands over my hard, chiseled chest. She pinched my nipples then

continued to get the other buttons undone. I took off the shirt when she was done and tossed it to the floor. Her hands didn't stop working, going for the top of my pants. Soon they were lying on the floor with my shirt, and we were both naked looking at each other. Our bodies merged into one as we kissed passionately.

We made our way to the large bed and crawled on it. She was on her back with her legs spread wide apart. I began kissing her again, slowly moving my way down her neck. When I reached her dark, fleshy nipples, I stopped and gave them both some attention. I could feel her squirming, but I continued, eventually making my way lower. She started breathing heavy as I kissed her stomach. I let my chin brush the small patch of hair above her slit, but I didn't kiss her pussy – not yet. Instead, I continued lower, kissing the insides of her thighs.

At just the right time, my tongue brushed over her fleshy, pink lips. She arched her back, pushing her pussy into my face, but I pulled back. Then, I gently poked her with the tip of my tongue again. I knew she wanted more, but I wanted to tease her, to build up an incredible orgasm. Like Jan and all the other women, she'd been a man most of her life and had woken up in her female body. I liked to think that I was helping her adjust to being a woman by treating her with respect while still getting her wet. From the moans coming out of her, I was doing something right.

Her pussy lips opened wider and she got really wet as I licked, sucked, kissed and teased just her pussy lips. And then I moved higher, gently teasing the nub of her clitoris. She moaned loudly,

again trying to press herself up for more contact with my mouth. I pulled back again, wanting to build her up slowly. When I slipped two fingers into her wet pussy, I thought she was going to alert the authorities she was screaming so hard. I didn't stop, finger fucking her while licking her clitty with broad strokes of my flat tongue.

Unable to resist anymore, I crawled up in between her legs. She reached down and grasped my cock with both of her hands as she looked me directly in the eyes. After positioning me at the entrance to her wet hole, I pressed just the tip in, teasing her again. She smiled then closed her eyes in bliss. I bent down and kissed her on the lips as I pushed it all the way in. I wondered briefly what it felt like for her to be penetrated by a fleshy, veined cock hard as a rock. The thought faded as I concentrated on feeling her tight flesh opening up as I slid in and out of her.

When she came, I felt her pussy get even tighter. This took me over the edge. I thrust into her one final time and grunted as my whole being built up and released from the tip of my dick. Rhonda's eyes were wide open as she reached up and gently pinched my nipples as I came. I continued pumping into her a few more times before pulling out and collapsing on the bed. I felt her hands roaming over my chest as she pressed her breasts against me. Being alone with her was definitely different.

* * * * *

As soon as Jon and Rhonda left, I called Roman and asked if he wanted to meet me. I'd run from him earlier in the morning, but I had changed my mind. After seeing Jon and Rhonda leave together, I knew I had to see Roman again. I still had feelings for Jon, but thinking about Roman sparked something in me. I couldn't put my finger on it.

"Can I come over to your place? Or do you want to meet in the park?"

"The park? I've never really went before."

"Ooh, you should go with me. It's amazing."

I did want him to experience the green space, but I also wanted to see if we ran into Jon and Rhonda. I was hoping that Jon seeing me having a good time with Roman would make him a little jealous. All of my male memories told me that I was making a mistake and was taking things too personally, but now that I was a female and not totally Jon, I was thinking a lot about life.

"Okay. You want me to pick you up?"

"I'll come to your place," I said. "About ten minutes?"

"Sounds good."

I hung up with him and went to get dressed. Even before I got to the closet, I knew what I was going to wear. I'd picked up a hot little outfit the other day; a white, lacy shirt that was practically see-through and

a black, leather miniskirt. A lot of shops had popped up to cater to the growing female population, so it wasn't difficult to find a large selection of clothes and other items. Looking at myself in the mirror, I felt a desire to reach down and touch myself. I knew I didn't have enough time, so I brushed my hair with my fingers one last time then left.

The entire walk to Roman's apartment building, I tried to think of the best way to approach him with what I wanted to say – that I was having feelings for him. During my entire life as a man, I'd never been in a relationship before. And now, I knew I could get Roman's attention with my body. My female chemistry and curves were a turn on for him. And that was enough for me to work with – at least for now. I was still having some trouble adjusting to the fact that I was a woman. My memories were connected to Jon and his life, but I was my own person.

Roman was actually outside waiting when I arrived. He waved, smiled, and walked right over to me.

“You made it,” he said.

“You're surprised?”

“Well, you kinda took off unexpectedly this morning.”

“Yeah, I was just feeling a little strange.”

“But you're better now?”

“Definitely. Ready to go?”

He nodded. I headed toward the nearest park, the one Jon was most likely to have gone to because of the lake.

“I’m not going to get bitten by a wild animal, am I?”

“I might bite ya.” I poked him in the ribs playfully with my finger.

“So what’s it like being a female? Are you still basically Jon? Is that your donor’s name?”

“Yeah, Jon. It’s okay, I guess. I mean, as you probably know, I still have all of his memories. I just have a different body now.”

“A very fine body, I might add.”

I smiled at him. We both drifted off into silence as we walked. When we reached the park, I headed toward the lake to see if we could get a boat. Roman was impressed with the lake.

“I can’t believe I’ve never been to this park before.”

“Do you go to any parks?” I asked as we approached the docks, which were empty.

“Oh, I’ve been to a few. There’s a favorite of mine. Maybe I’ll show you sometime. Looks like all the boats are out on the water.”

I noticed him changing the subject, but I didn’t mention it. One boat was visible in the middle of the lake, but it wasn’t moving.

“And I was wanting to get you somewhere alone for a while,” I said, a smile stuck on my face.

“Oh yeah?” He turned to me.

“Yeah.”

I wasn't unable to resist the feelings in my body anymore. Some parts of me still felt like a man, but I had a female body, one with desires and needs. I leaned forward and kissed him as we stood on the docks. He didn't pull away. In fact, he began kissing me back. I'd kissed many synthetic females during my lifetime, but kissing a man was different somehow. His lips were thin and he was forceful when he kissed me as if I was crucial for his staying alive.

“I wish we had somewhere private to go,” I said, breaking away for a moment.

“We can go into the woods, can't we?”

“You know, I think we could find a quiet spot where...” I let my voice trail off then ran off the dock, laughing as he chased me.

I entered the forest, sounds of animals all around as the sun barely pierced the canopy above us. A few hundred feet away from the docks, I found a nice spot next to a small stream. A large flat rock was sheltered from view if anyone happened to leave the path and come tromping through the woods. Taking his hand after he caught up with me, I led him to the stone. The sound of the water rushing

past was somehow calming, a good contrast to my heartbeat, which was pounding.

We kissed again. This time, my hands got into the act. I undid his pants and reached in to feel his cock. He kissed me harder as my fingers slipped around his thick, hot rod. I stepped back and started taking off my clothes, hoping he would do the same. I wasn't disappointed. When we were both naked, I piled our clothes up and knelt down on them in front of him. His cock was waving back and forth as he stood with his hands at his sides. I could tell he wanted me, which was turning me on.

The sight and scent of his dick mesmerized me. I'd never been attracted to them before other than my own. Going down on Jon was sort of like going down on myself, but this was different. Roman was a man too, but he wasn't connected to me in the same way as Jon. The sounds of the water and birds in the trees above us drowned out as I slowly moved my head forward. I stuck out my tongue and lipped his mushroom head, causing his entire cock to twitch.

Then I took him into my mouth, taking care to not use my teeth. He got harder as I sucked on him. I knew I was doing a good job, but I wanted him to feel incredible. If possible, I was trying to make him feel special, as if he was the only man in the world. Whether or not he would treat me the same way was yet to be seen, but I didn't care as I felt him begin to buck his hips forward a little. I reached up and grabbed the base of his cock so I could control his motions and make sure he didn't choke me.

I was just getting into a good rhythm when he stepped back, stopping me. When I looked at him he had this faraway look in his eyes. He got down on his knees next to me and began kissing me again, the taste of his cock still on my lips and tongue. I reached down and started stroking him, unsure if I was going to be able to take all of his thickness. His kisses moved down my neck next to my breasts then further below. I leaned back, propped up on my elbows and spread my legs.

His tongue was soon pressed firmly against my pink folds. I sighed as I felt him begin to gently lick every delicate inch. When he pressed the tip of his finger into me, I moaned. I loved the feeling of being penetrated, even if it was just a digit or two. I knew his cock would be entering me soon, so I closed my eyes and enjoyed the sensation as he fingered me with just the right amount of pressure. My pussy got wet as he pressed my flesh, molding me to his will.

Before I knew what was happening, he was in between my legs, that large cock pressing against my stomach. Then he adjusted and it was poised to plunge into my tight wetness. With a long, deep thrust, he entered me. I screamed out in pleasure, not caring if anyone heard. We were deep in the woods next to a babbling brook and all I could concentrate on was the feeling of his hard cock moving in and out of my pussy. In some ways, he was better than Jon. And the harder he fucked me, the less I thought about Jon.

"I'm almost there," he said, his face contorted.

"No, wait for me."

As soon as the words came out of my mouth, he shouted and I felt his cock throb inside my pussy as he shot load after load of hot, sticky cum inside me. He pulled out almost immediately, sitting down next to me on the rock.

“We're not done yet,” I said, turning to him as I reached down and started rubbing myself. “Why don't you get down there and make me come with your tongue.”

“What? Eww. That's nasty. Sorry.”

With that, he stood up and got into the crystal clear water. I wanted to at least finish myself off, but I was so shocked by his actions, that I couldn't get into it. I knew he probably wasn't going to eat my creampie, but he could at least hang out next to me while I finished myself off. *Is he really that oblivious? Is that what makes him so damn attractive?* I wondered as I watched him splash around in the water.

“You coming in?”

I shook my head no then stood up to get dressed. He climbed back on the rock, water dripping everywhere.

“What's wrong?”

“If I have to tell you...” I let my voice trail off.

“What the hell does that mean? Why can't you just be straight with me?”

“Let's go, Roman. We can talk when we get back to your place. Maybe.”

“So you are coming back? Okay. You're confusing the hell out of me woman!”

He wasn't the only one confused, but I was suddenly determined to stop chasing Jon. If he wanted me, he could come to me and try to win me over. I'd chased him enough that he knew my feelings. In the meantime, I was hoping that I could work out some kind of relationship with Roman. He wasn't perfect, but I wasn't either. A lot of my male memories gave me insight on some of what he was thinking. At least I hoped they did.

* * * * *

Jan wasn't around when Rhonda and I got back from our tryst on the boat, and that was okay with me. We planned dinner for two followed by some smoking and a make-out session. I wasn't sure how we could get closer, but having another orgasm with her wouldn't be a bad way to end the evening. Before heading to the kitchen to prepare the food, we hung out on the couch and caught up on the news. We hadn't been gone a long time, but the breaking news banner was still plastered across the video screen along with a scroll of the latest activities by Occupy Pussy Riot and the many splinter groups that had started as women around the world rebelled.

“Do you think women should have rights too?” Rhonda asked.

“Of course.” I sat up a little and took her hand in mine. “I care about you a lot. You're my equal. We're different, but I want to spend the rest of eternity with you if that's possible.”

“What if they try to separate us?”

“I don't think that's going to happen. There's too much at stake. Who knows, maybe the women will take over the world and you'll be my master.”

She rolled her eyes and I marveled at how cute she could look.

“Maybe I'll make you my slave tonight.”

“I might like that.” I gripped her fingers a little tighter then turned to look back at the stream of information. As we watched, I had Marty do some research and find out the odds of the revolution succeeding. Surprisingly, he didn't have an answer quickly.

I was about to get up to start dinner when I saw a message stating that all Gender Clones had been recalled for destruction due to a malfunction. Rhonda stood up, but she didn't go anywhere. She was frozen, staring at the screen. Video footage of women being rounded up in the big cities started to play. I stood up and took her hand again, turning her toward me.

“We need to go. I think we'll have the best chance away from the city. I'm not going to let them take you.”

“Wait, I know somewhere we can go. There's this cave system not too far from here. Not many people know about it.”

Marty ran over a list of the absolute essentials we would need. I started rushing around the apartment, trying to get everything on the list. Rhonda packed as much food as she could into a large backpack I'd had for my many hikes in the parks in the area. I'd been all over, but I didn't know what caves she was talking about, but that was a good thing.

“Is there a way out that increases our chances of not being caught?”
I thought to Marty.

“You're not thinking clearly. They will be able to track you via me. You need to disconnect.”

“What? You've been with me my whole life. I don't think I could...”

“What's wrong?” Rhonda asked, walking in the living room and seeing me staring blankly into space as I communicated with Marty. I held a finger up.

“You know it's what we have to do. I'm okay with it.”

“Are you going to survive without me?”

“I can find somewhere in the Cloud to hang out until we meet again. Take care of yourself...”

With that, I felt my connection to the Cloud via Marty disappear.

“I had to make sure we were tracked,” I said. “I’ll explain later. Are you all packed?”

“I think I have everything.”

Before Marty had left my consciousness, he left a memory of a service elevator that we could use to exit the building without being caught. I led Rhonda outside then she took over and led me toward the cave she knew about. Thoughts of Jan hit me in passing, but I had to take care of myself and Rhonda. I was sure Jan would be fine.

Not being able to interact with Marty to get the latest news updates was odd, but I tried to not let it get to me as we made our way to the foothills about a mile outside of town. We soon reached the end of a trail. I didn't see anything, but she moved behind a bush and disappeared. Following her, I saw the entrance of a cave which seemed to head deep into the ground.

The cave tunnel slanted down steeply. I pulled out an LED lantern and followed Rhonda as she continued ahead. She stopped when we reached a large, natural cavern. We dropped all of the food and items we'd managed to grab before leaving the house. We had enough supplies to be able to sit back and think out our next plan of action.

I was going to side with the females, even if I didn't necessarily agree with the tactics Occupy Pussy Riot used to try to get their way. All I knew was that I was in love with Rhonda and I didn't want her out of my life. I was ready to do whatever was needed to stay be her

side. Her body was nice, but it was her mind that turned me on the most.

* * * * *

Just before we got back to Roman's apartment, he stopped in the hallway.

“What's wrong?”

“Gender Clones are all being recalled.”

“What's that mean?”

“I'm checking now. Hold on.”

I felt my pulse quicken. While I knew that it was going to be difficult for women returning to the population, I hadn't expected to be recalled like a defective product. Roman started walking again, and I followed. When we reached his apartment, we walked in.

“They're not gonna take you,” he said, finally.

“What do you mean?”

“They've decided to recall all the Gender Clones and destroy them so that a second version can be released, clones that don't think as much for themselves.”

“I have to get out of here.” I was suddenly filled with a sense of urgency.

“I know, I know. There's a place I can take you to hide out for a bit.”

“Where?”

“This cave system. Not many people know about it. Chuck will be able to get directions from the Cloud.”

“Wait, won't they use your Cloud avatar to track us?”

I really missed being connected to the Cloud, even more than my penis.

“No, it should be okay,” he said. “Let's grab some food and water and get going.”

I didn't agree with him about his connection to the Cloud, but I knew we had little time to argue. If I wanted to avoid being recalled, I had to get moving. Just a few minutes after hearing the announcement, we were headed toward the surface. When we got to ground level, a lot of people were running around. Police hadn't been needed for a long time, but they were on the prowl looking for females.

“We're going to get caught.”

“Don't worry,” he said. “Follow me.”

He took off running and I followed, trying to keep up with him. I knew my survival depended on it, and he didn't look like he was going to

slow down at all. *Does he even care about me at all?* I wondered as I ran. About half a mile later, he slowed down. He actually turned around to see if I was still following. I stopped, out of breath.

“You okay?”

“Yeah,” I panted.

“Good. We're halfway there. We need to get moving again.”

I nodded and stood up straight as he took off toward the hills in the distance.

* * * * *

Rhonda and I were enjoying a bottle of wine and talking about what we were going to do when we heard voices in the tunnel leading to the cavern we were in. I shut off the light immediately. As darkness enveloped the space around us, we saw a light approaching in the tunnel. I stood up and grabbed a large stone, ready to go down fighting if they tried to take Rhonda. Then I saw Jan and Roman walk in. I let the rock drop to the cave floor.

“Who's there?” Roman yelled.

“It's us, stupid,” Rhonda said. “We have the same memories which is why we both know about the cave.”

I turned our light back on and Jan and Roman made their way over to us.

“You two look cozy,” Jan said, sarcasm dripping from each syllable.

“We just got here not too long ago,” I said. “We didn't know where you were...”

“Well, I was with with Roman. He was taking care of me. He is taking care of me.”

I nodded, looking at the female version of myself. While we shared many memories, we were so different in many ways. Looking at her, I suddenly realized how happy and at ease I'd been when she wasn't around.

“You know what?” Roman said, smiling devilishly.

“What?” Rhonda took the bait.

“If everything falls apart, this may be our last chance for an orgy of sorts.”

Rhonda rolled her eyes, but I saw a smile creep over Jan's face. I wasn't sure how I felt about his suggestion. Getting rid of some of our stress might be just the thing we needed. I watched as Jan walked forward and began kissing Rhonda on the lips. They'd played around with each other before – with and without me – but this was different.

I glanced over at Roman, but I walked to the two women instead, putting my arms around them and trying to find a small bit of skin to kiss. Jan and Rhonda continued kissing, but their hands started roaming over my body as well. Then they let me in. My lips moved from one woman to the other as I tried to pay more attention to Rhonda.

“I'm ready ladies,” Roman said.

We stopped kissing and all three of us looked over at him. He was naked, his cock in his left hand as he gently stroked it. Jan rushed over to him, dropping to her knees in front of him. I took this opportunity to turn my attention back to Rhonda, undressing her as we kissed. What had started out with the potential for an orgy soon evolved into two couples fucking in the same cavern.

The lantern threw crazy shadows of Rhonda onto the cave walls as she rode me in what I'd learned was the cowgirl position. I reached up and cupped her breasts with my hands. She leaned down and kissed me on the lips, her breasts brushing against my chest. I forgot all about Jan and Roman being ten or twenty feet away.

I could hear both of them moaning, but that was all background noise as I concentrated on Rhonda and making her happy. After we came together, Rhonda and I got dressed and waited for the other two. They were were putting on a quite a show, as if they were trying to prove they were more in love with each other. I didn't care. My heart belonged to Rhonda. I would do whatever it took to keep her safe.

Having never experienced a female recall before, I didn't know what to expect in the near future or month and years from now, but I had decided I was going to do whatever I could to make sure Rhonda was a part of my life. To me, she was entirely woman. She had Roman's previous memories, but that meant nothing to me in the grand scheme of things.

None of us knew what we were going to do next, but we decided to sleep on it and talk more in the morning. I was fairly certain we were safe in the cave since I'd disconnected from Marty. I thought about asking Roman if he disconnected as well, but I decided against it. I didn't want to make him feel bad by asking a dumb question. That and Rhonda was gently stroking my cock as we were curled up in a sleeping bag together. Life was good for the moment and that was all that mattered to me.

Gender Clones: Female Fervor

After three days together in the cave, the four of us were annoying each other. While we had tried sex and even dialogue to get through the long hours as we waited for the problems with the female uprising to fix themselves. The one thing I learned that I was even more attracted to Rhonda. I felt as if my relationship with her kept getting deeper and deeper – in a good way. And that Jan and Roman weren't as closely matched and happy as she would have me believe.

Roman was a bit of a hothead. The dangerous thing was that he wasn't too intelligent. He wasn't dumb. He knew how the world worked. But he had no in depth knowledge of the universe at large. The third evening in the cave, as food was running out and we were trying to decide as a group what to do next, he finally lost his cool complete. Rhonda had made a sarcastic remark and he snapped, jumping up off the rock he was sitting on.

“You bitch!”

Roman lunged at Rhonda, but I moved in between them at the last moment. He backed down, stepping back a few paces.

I was trying to decide what to do next when a female voice from the tunnel leading to the surface cried out. “Everyone stop where you are and no one gets hurt.”

The four of us raised our hands as three figures dressed in black emerged from the darkness. The one in front had long, red hair tied into a ponytail. She approached quickly, pointing some sort of assault rifle, possibly an AR-64. I didn't know my weapons. The other two women had short cropped hair dyed pink. They each had a gun leveled at us as well.

"What are you doing here?" said the redhead.

"We're just..."

"Shut-up, I was talking to the women."

"We're hiding out," Jan said, stepping forward. "Are you with Occupy Pussy Riot?"

The woman rolled her eyes. "There's no such group. It's all propaganda."

I looked over at Rhonda, who was quietly assessing the situation. She saw me looking at her and gave me an, "I don't know about this" look. I frowned slightly and nodded then turned my attention back to the three woman. They hadn't lowered their weapons and were fidgeting as if they wanted to leave right away. I knew there was no way I could overpower them.

"Here's the deal. We're offering you asylum so you can be protected by the Union of Women. You two," she said, casting a condescending nod of her head in my direction, "Have to stay here."

“Wait, I don't know about that...”

“I said shut up.” She pointed the gun at my chest. “What part of that don't you fucking understand?” She turned her attention to Roman. “And you, you're the reason we found you. Don't you think you should have disconnected from the Cloud or don't you think women are smart enough to connect or create our own cloud network?”

She shook her head from side to side.

“Jan, Rhonda, you need to come with us. You will be safe. You have my word on that. Jon and Roman, you should head back to the world you know and prepare for change.”

Jan walked to the other side, joining the three women who had their weapons pointed at us.

“Rhonda, come on. If you don't come willingly, we're going to shoot the men and take you anyway. Your decision.”

I turned and nodded at Rhonda, letting her know I thought it would be safe to go. She could think for herself, of course, but I didn't want her to worry about me. I already had a plan or two sprouting in my mind. I mouthed the words, “It's okay.” She took a few steps so she was behind the group of women. The redhead took something off of her belt and threw it to the ground. A bright flash of intense light lit the cavern. When I could see again, all five women were gone.

“What the fuck was that?” Roman asked, rubbing his eyes with the back of his hand.

“That was the rebellion of women in the flesh”

I sat back down to collect my thoughts. My emotions would only get in the way. I had to think rationally if I had any chance of seeing Rhonda again. And now that she was gone, I wanted her more than ever. Jan had quickly went to their side, but I knew Rhonda really wanted to be with me, that she loved me as much as I loved her.

“Well, I’m going back to my apartment. Fuck this cave.”

“I don't think that's a good idea,” I said. Standing up, I walked over and put my arm on his shoulder, which may have been too much. He pulled away. “Look, we have to go after the women. Fuck the old world and on with the new. You love Jan, right?”

“I don't know if I'd say that, but she's good in the sack.”

“Whatever. The point is that we need to at least attempt to find out what's going on with them. There's a good chance they may be in danger. You're going to have to disconnect from the Cloud if you want to go.”

“What? Fuck no. I don't part with Chuck. He's gotten me this far in life. I'm going to trust him to get me through the next hundred years or more.”

“I guess we split up here, then.”

He waved me off with his hand then grabbed one of the lanterns and took off toward the tunnel leading to the surface. I gathered all the

supplies that were left and took inventory. I didn't have a lot, but I was hoping they weren't too far away. Marty would've been a big help, of course, but I wanted to prove to myself that I was a man capable of taking care of myself.

* * * * *

As the trio of women led us away from the cave at gunpoint, I looked backed briefly and saw Jon and Roman stumbling around. I knew the chances of them coming to “rescue” me were low. Even more importantly, I knew I might not want to get rescued. The memories of my life as Jon began to recede to the dark spots in my mind. I concentrated on my new experiences as a woman. If I needed to draw on my male memories, I could, but I preferred to move forward as Jan, a new person.

Rhonda didn't try to talk to me and made an effort not to look in my eyes directly. Unlike me, she had a reluctance in her step. Her movements betrayed her emotions. She was weak, someone the old me would've definitely liked in a woman. The world was so damn confusing with the future itself in flux. I wondered briefly if I was wrong to trust my instincts as a woman. Then I saw where we were going, an abandoned military installation nestled in the hills not too far from the cave.

We passed outer perimeter guards, inner perimeter guards, and others – all of them women. They were all wearing black, usually leather but not always. They looked tough, mean, intimidating yet at

the same time feminine. They were fierce in a way that's hard to describe, and I wanted to be like them. Before they even asked me, I wanted to join them. We ended up in a room with a metal desk and a lady with wrinkled skin and wisdom in the eyes.

“Names?” She didn't look up from a computer tablet she was using.

“Jan.”

I looked over at Rhonda, who remained silent.

“Take her to stage two, please,” the lady said, still not looking up.

Two women came and took Rhonda away as I was waved to the next room.

“Welcome to initiation. I'm your guide,” a pale faced woman said. Her hair was shaved and dyed pink as well. “We'll be telling you a lot, and it's going to feel overwhelming, but I'm here to help you. Most women end up in stage two or three before they see the light, but I can tell you're one of us right now.”

I nodded my head. “Where do I sign up?”

“Well, it's not as simple as that. You'll need to be tested. The big question is whether you're ready to be reprogrammed and connected to the FemCloud.”

“FemCloud?”

“Like the cloud network the men use but strictly for women. We need to connect in order to be able to keep up with them and not lose our rights.”

She had a passion in her eyes, one that could spread quickly. “Sounds smart to me. No pun. What's your name?”

“I'm Gloria. We'll be getting to know each other a lot better, Jan. Say goodbye to your life living as a man.”

“What do you mean? I'll always have my male memories.”

“That's not true. We've come up with a way to erase all memory of your being a male and simply a clone. They are replaced with memories the entire group has selected. And then the person is plugged into the FemCloud.”

“Are you going to let Rhonda make her own choice?”

“No. For the good of all woman, we all need to be plugged in. Doing that will allow us to level the playing field. The battle of the sexes is unfair without us being similarly equipped as them. We may have started as clones from men, but I say from this day forward you have the choice to be completely woman.”

“Not all men are bad,” I said.

“That's not the point.” She sighed. “Maybe you're not ready to jump ahead in the program.”

“I am. I just like to think...”

“And there's the problem. You need to join the team and let the collective do your thinking for you. All you need to do to get started is go into the next room and lie down on the table.”

I nodded again and walked past her, into the next room. A long, metal table in the center of the room had a bright light and some wires hanging down directly above one end. The cold surface touched parts of my arm, causing goose bumps. My nipples were getting harder as well. I noticed, out of the corner of my eye, a robotic arm swing down and poke me in the arm. The world drifted away.

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I didn't know if I was heading to find Rhonda, Jan, or both of them, but I felt I had an obligation to try to help them. They'd been dragged away, and I wanted to at least make sure they were okay. Not too far after I left the cave, I stopped on one of the trails leading up and down the hills. I was trying to decide which way to go when I saw Roman approaching.

“What the hell, man?” I walked over. “Are you still connected?”

“No. Before I disconnected, I ran a trace and was able deduce where they're going to take them. The closest place they could use as a huge training facility is the old Army base about a mile or so in that direction. I was able to find reports of rebel activity in the general area.”

“Wow. Not bad. And why did you come back?”

“I'm in love with fucking Jan if nothing else, you know what I mean?”
He punched me lightly in the shoulder.

I didn't know what he meant, but having an extra set of eyes and hands around would help if I had to infiltrate a military installation run by a bunch of pissed off women. When it came to politics, I was on their side. Rhonda alone had won me over. I thought all women should have equal rights and not be destroyed simply for being born a clone.

After stashing most of our supplies, Roman and I started to scout out as much as we could, learning the landscape while keeping our eyes open for movements. We stumbled on a few of their guards and almost got noticed, but we were able to get away. The more we walked, the more females we saw. The closest we were able to get to the collection of buildings that made up the base was a few thousand feet – and we'd been lucky to get that close.

“I say we stake it out for a day or two and see if we can find a weakness,” Roman said.

His eyes were open wide, as if he was really enjoying himself. The adrenaline rush was nice, but I was more concerned about finding Rhonda and making sure she was okay and helping her if she needed help. I hated not knowing what was going on.

“I agree. I just hope that's not too much time.”

“They'll be okay.”

“Yeah? How do you know that?”

“I have a feeling.”

“Great. You have a feeling.”

We split up shifts and began to track movements in and out of the base. I wasn't sure we would be able to penetrate the defenses. Then I realized we had our weak point – the daily food truck. I rushed back to our makeshift camp. Just as I reached the perimeter, I saw Roman with his dick out, stroking it furiously. I didn't cough or say anything. Instead, I crept back to the edge of the forest and watched him, wondering what the hell he was doing. *Did he want me to catch him?* I wondered.

Missing Marty, I watched, unable to turn away as his hand slipped up and down his sizable cock. Then it hit me. Jan had all of my memories. When she'd fooled around with Roman, she was basically me and my thoughts with a female body. *They'd done it so she must have been turned on a little bit.* Despite my best efforts to think of something else or walk away for a few minutes until he finished, I couldn't look away.

Even worse, I felt my own cock begin to get hard as I thought about what Jan must have thought when she saw it the first time. *Did she suck on that cock? What did it taste like?* I reached a hand down my pants, trying to fool myself into thinking I was just going to adjust my package. My fingers started gently stroking, making me even harder.

Would I make a good female? Should I be chasing Jan and not Rhonda? The questions flew through my mind.

I pulled my zipper down and took out my cock. My hand whipped up and down my shaft.

“Fuck!” I yelled out loud, instantly regretting it.

Roman stopped what he was doing and jumped up into a defensive stance. Meanwhile, thick streams of cum began shooting out of my dick. The first one made it past the tree line. I hoped he hadn't noticed as I quickly put my cock away. Wiping my hands on my pants, I headed into the clearing.

“What the fuck?” I pointed at his hard penis bobbing up and down. “As in what the fuck are you doing?”

“I was pissing you fucking pervert!”

He quickly put his dick away, and I didn't press the matter. I wasn't sure what had come over me. I told myself it was just harmless stress relief. My mind quickly returned to Rhonda. I told Roman about my plan to use the food truck to get into the base and find the women. He liked my plan, insisting on beating up a guard to get a gun or two before we started. I was against that idea, but he won the argument.

* * * * *

“We captured your friends.”

I opened my eyes and sat up, my legs dangling over the edge of the table. “Who?”

“Whoa. What's this, then?” I thought.

“I'm your connection to the FemCloud. Please name me.”

“Whoa,” I said out loud.

“The FemCloud is confusing for some at first, but you will learn how to adapt. One of the big things we're working on as a networked group is why women stopped being born in the first place. Something is suspicious about the data available.”

“Are the men you found me with, okay?”

I didn't want to use their names. Every thought I had was processed by the coded consciousness living in a chip in my brain.

“That is not your concern.”

The woman in a white lab coat led me to another section of the building. After taking an elevator down forty floors, I was deposited at what looked to be the barracks. A large common area the size of two city blocks had living quarters all around the edge.

“You can star here for now until your initiation is complete.”

We had stopped in front of one of the small two-room living space. Two bunks were in the room and three women looked up when I entered.

“New girl, huh? I’m Jessica and this is Tammy and Heather,” one of the women jumped off the top of one of the bunks and stuck her hand out. “Nice to meet you.”

“I’m Jan.” I shook her hand.

“You ready for the best part about this place?”

“*Careful*,” the female voice in my head said.

“Sure.”

I wasn’t sure what she could tell me that would be stranger than what I’d experienced already.

“The sex! With that chip in your head, you have more control over your orgasm. And once you reach it, you can stretch it out and have it last a long, long time.”

Jessica smiled at me, reaching out to touch my bare arm.

I pulled away slightly. “That sounds nice.”

“No, really. I can show you now if you want. The elders say it’s a good way to get used to hooking up to the FemCloud.”

“I think I’m fine right now.”

“It's a good idea to let them please you right now, Jan.”

Hearing the voice in my mind was a little unsettling, but I decided to heed its advice. I didn't have anything to lose. Jon didn't love me and Roman was an idiot. Maybe I was meant to only love women.

“You sure? I don't mind. Ask the girls. I'm good.”

“Well, okay...”

“Great!”

Jessica moved forward and began taking off my clothes. At the same time, her FemCloud client talked to mine, letting me know what was coming as well as giving back suggestions for what I liked the most. I was amazed as she pinched my nipples between her fingers – really hard. The tingling sensation spread through the rest of my body, headed toward my clitoris. I felt my pussy lips begin to open as a moistness began to grow between my legs.

When she had my clothes all the way off, she picked me up and tossed me on the bottom of one of the bunks. She was big, an Amazonian woman with a lot of strength. Her rough, thick hands began roaming over my body, hitting all my favorite spots – like behind my knees. Then I felt her lips touch my magic spot. I moaned as she began licking and kissing me as if she knew my body perfectly.

In my mind, the implant took over, managing the feelings of pleasure, making sure they were all optimized. My orgasms as a

female had up until that point been very similar to those I'd had as a man. This was something entirely different. I felt time slow. Then I felt Tammy and Heather also licking and kissing my body. I never knew where they were going to strike next, which made it even more pleasurable to me.

I started to come, unable to control it any longer. Pleasure flowed through my mind as my body tingled. I felt aware of every single cell in my body, which was odd. Just as I peaked, I learned from the FemCloud that nanobot medical technology had been stolen from the men and would be given to all women who joined the movement. Smiling, I concentrated on the good feelings rocking my body.

Jessica and the two other women didn't stop. Before I realized what was happening, another orgasm crept up and washed over me. I screamed, breathing heavy, my breasts rising and falling. I felt as if a thousand men and women were touching me, stroking me, licking me and making me feel incredible. As the second orgasm died down, I thought about Jon giving up his access to the Cloud.

"You're going to need to make at least Jessica feel good now," my FemCloud assistant said.

"Thanks, Sarah..i>"

"I have a name! Yay!"

I smiled and sat up to kiss Jessica on the lips. Having Sarah in my mind was going to be very helpful if I followed what she said to me. As I reached out and started squeezing Jessica's hand and a half

breasts, memories of my fantasies as a man came rushing into my conscious mind. She didn't offer much resistance as I pushed her back on the bunk and crawled on top of her in a sixty-nine position. I immediately felt Jessica licking my wet slit once again.

Tammy and Heather were still licking, touching, and kissing both of us. I buried my face between her legs, rubbing my lips lightly over her lips. When she started licking me more forcefully, I knew I was doing something right. I continued working her fleshy pink folds with my mouth. Then I started pressing against her special nub. Her clitoris came out from its hood and hardened a little underneath my flat, floppy tongue.

After she came the first time, I followed a few moments later. I didn't stop licking her, pushing her over the edge again in just under a minute by hitting her clitty just the right way with my tongue. Thanks to Sarah, I was a master at everything related to sex and just about anything else in the world. After Jessica's second orgasm, I climbed off and stood up.

The other two women also got off the bed, staring at me. Because I'd been in an intimate relationship with Jon and Roman, the FemCloud thought it would be a good idea for me to get a sample of semen from each of them. An automatic milking machine had worked – technically – but the cum that the tube collected wasn't enough in one batch to be useful. They needed human stimulation, and I was just the woman to get it done.

According to FemCloud, by gathering their samples, they would be able to determine why women had stopped being born so many years earlier. I didn't care about that as much as the fact that I was going to get to see Jon and Roman again, but I didn't let Sarah or the FemCloud know. While difficult, it was still possible to bury some thoughts so deep they were truly hidden in the subconscious mind. That being said, every time the firmware in my brain updated itself, it got better at penetrating my most inner thoughts.

* * * * *

When Jan walked in the room, I was a bit disappointed. I'd wanted to see Rhonda come in. While I hadn't been able to save her, I had made an effort to find out what had happened. I was hoping that I would rescue her and take her far away, but I was helpless and I knew it. Roman and I had been caught in the food truck just past the first gate. We went through a harsh interrogation then were stripped of our clothes and put into this room.

I was on one bed, sitting up with my back to the headboard while Roman was naked on another bed just a few feet away. Without a word, Jan walked over and stopped in between the two beds. She reached out and grabbed our cocks at the same time, looking from one to the other. I knew she had some of my memories, but she seemed entirely different now. I couldn't put my finger on what it was exactly, but she was definitely different than me.

Not knowing what else to do, I closed my eyes and tried to enjoy the moment. I wanted to talk to Marty and get some advice, but I knew I was on my own. After being hooked up the milking machine, I preferred to feel Jan's slender fingers tugging and pulling my cock. I would shoot my cum in a cup, tube or anything else she wanted as long as they let me see Rhonda eventually. I tried to imagine it was her hand stroking me, but it wasn't working.

To be honest, I was having a hard time maintaining my erection. I'd had so much sex in the last couple weeks with multiple partners that a simple handjob wasn't doing it for me. Jan seemed to sense this, and stopped stroking both of us. She stared off into space for a moment, much like I'd done sometimes when talking to Marty. *Is she connected to the cloud now?* I wondered then watched as she climbed on Roman's bed and on top of him.

She slid herself down on his hard dick. I turned away, not wanting to watch. Then Rhonda, the woman of my dreams, walked in. Watching her naked body cross the room, I could tell something was off. She wasn't responding to any of the body language I was sending her way. She climbed in my lap and lowered on my dick, enveloping me. I sighed and reached out to grab her breasts. I didn't know what the hell was going on, but I was inside the love of my life once again and that was all that mattered for the moment.

My rock hard cock slipped in and out of her tight hole. She rode me without any emotions or connection to me. I seemed to just be a piece of meat to her, a prick for her to fuck. This upset and confused me, but I stopped thinking rationally as a lot of blood rushed to my

penis. The world melted away and all that was left was me entering her. This thought took me over the top. I shouted as I shot my load deep inside her pussy.

After I stopped shaking, she climbed off of me. I watched in amazement as a silvery fluid dripped out of her pussy and into a metal container she was holding between her legs. I didn't have Marty to confirm my suspicions, but I was sure they were nanobots that had collected all of the semen I had shot into her. She held the square of what looked to be aluminum in her left hand as she watched Jan riding Roman wildly.

He came with a shout, thrusting his cock deep in her pussy. Jan climbed off as soon as he was done squirting. She repeated what Rhonda had done, collecting the mercurial liquid in a metal container. Then they both left without saying a word. Soon after, dinner arrived along with some drugs to relax us. I thought about not swallowing it, but I wanted to shut off my mind and forget everything that had happened recently – everything except meeting Rhonda.

I'd just been fucked by her, but it wasn't the same as it had been before. She had seemed a million miles away rather than connected to me. The drugs took effect. I hadn't even tried to talk to Roman. He was happy being a captive. I don't think he understood what was going on. The drugs in my system had me not caring. My plan was to stick around until I could get away with Rhonda – if she wanted to get away. From the way she had been acting, I wasn't sure anymore.

* * * * *

After collecting the sperm samples from Jon and Roman – just two of the many men that had been captured for fertility testing – I deposited it with the proper people on level ninety-nine. The bottom of the base was usually off limits, but because we had such valuable prizes to deliver, Rhonda and I were allowed down. The FemCloud had filled us in on what was happening, about the plans for women to take over the world and make men subservient.

Rhonda wasn't the same after she came from from her level two reprogramming. She had never really talked to me much, but now she wasn't talking at all. With so many other women around and being connected to the FemCloud, I didn't really care about Rhonda anymore – even if she was based on Roman who I had thought I'd loved. Now that I had access to the world's information, I knew he was a piece of shit. Not that Jon was any better. The man who had been used to create me was flawed in many ways as well.

Every day for the next two weeks, Rhonda and I paid a visit to Jon and Roman and collected samples from both of them. They were being pumped full of drugs to increase their fertility, which meant a lot of hot, sticky messes. Luckily, the nanobots installed in my body were able to take out the individual sperm one at a time and deliver them outside of my body for testing. On the fifteenth day journeying to the secret lab at the bottom of the base, we were rewarded with information.

Sarah let me know that the FemCloud had discovered the reason women had stopped being born. It had something to do with illegal

immortality tests that had been taking place. After women were no longer being born, it was easy to get legislation to pass the immortality laws to allow mankind to survive. No further thought was given to women. Gradually, males had learned to get on without women. If they lived forever barring an extreme accident, they had no need for sexual reproduction.

Science had taken over human evolution a long time ago, but it was more evident in the 23rd century. The big question after the discovery was what was going to be done about it. Information about the immortality process was in high demand. Women around the world were told via FemCloud to learn as much as they could so that a way around it could be found. The men in power continued to try to “recall” every woman around the world, but as weeks turned into months, they realized it wasn't going to be as easy as they first thought.

Femdom Fembot: Opening the Package

When the package arrived in the mail, I was surprised at the small size. I had ordered a human sized fembot with all the latest femdom programming. Had they sent me a smaller model by mistake? After getting the box inside, I opened it in the living room. As soon as I did, what appeared to be a naked female stood up. While I knew she was a mix of biology and machinery, she appeared as human as I did. She was definitely in better shape.

“What is your name, my pet?” she asked, looking me over.

“Bill,” I said, wondering if she was starting already. Did I have to activate her programming or anything?

“Well, Bill, you're not what I was hoping to find when I got out of the box, but I guess you will do for now.” She stepped out of the box and stood right in front of me. “You better kneel before your mistress before I get upset and think of something cruel and funny for you to do.”

As I got down on my knees, I wondered if I should have paid the extra \$1,000 for the safe-word add-on. Without it, I was completely at her mercy. Getting a femdom fembot with a safe-word seemed pathetic to me – in a bad way.

“Stay there while I look around your home.”

I watched as she walked around the living room, not seeming at all ashamed of her nakedness. I tried to peek glimpses of her body. The breasts for 36B, the perfect size for me. Her nipples were dark, just as I had requested. Her red hair was tied up neatly in a bun. I watched her ample ass (that had cost me an extra \$100) as she walked out of the room. I was glad I had made the addition.

When I heard something shatter in my bedroom, I jumped up to find out what was going on. When I walked in, I saw her standing near my bed. The framed picture of Jeanette I had on my nightstand was lying on the floor in a pile of glass. A small hole was visible in one of the walls.

“I'm your only mistress now. I don't want to see that bitches face again. Do you understand?” She walked over to me quickly, her face suddenly inches from mine.

“Yes,” I said.

“Yes what?”

“Yes, mistress,” I corrected myself. Maybe not getting the safe-word had been a bad idea after all.

“Now. Did I say you could get up from the living room?”

“No, ma'am,” I said weakly, barely above a whisper.

“Don't you think it would be a good idea to get back there before I slap you?”

I backed up and started to turn, but her hand came up and slapped me lightly on the cheek. As I walked away, she reached out and slapped my ass cheek as well, leaving a light red and mark. I double stepped back to the living room and resumed my position on the floor. I heard her talking in the bedroom, but I couldn't hear what she was saying. I knew better than to get up and investigate. When she finally returned to the living room a few minutes later, she was dressed in one of the outfits I had bought her, thinking I would dress her up. She didn't look very happy.

“You're not very rich, are you?” she asked, walking up to me and putting her hand on my shoulder.

“No, mistress,” I said.

“Worthless. That's what you are to me. I want you to sit here all night and think about that fact.” With that, she walked out of the room. The house was silent as I sat on the floor, getting more uncomfortable by the minute. I didn't want to sit down in case she walked back in. I was sure she would pounce in the room at any moment and start belittling me again. The sad part was that this thought turned me on. I felt my penis stiffen in my pants.

I was just about to slip a hand down there to see if I could get a few quick tugs in without her noticing in the next room when she walked back in. “I need your wallet and credit cards,” she said. “I'm going to

get a real man and bring him back here. You better be naked and in the closet by the time I get back.”

She didn't have to tell me twice. After giving her my wallet, I slipped out of my clothes. She instantly noticed my raging hard-on. Before I could resist, she walked over and slipped a rubbery ring around the base of my penis. A red light began glowing once it was in place. I wanted to ask her what it was, but I was afraid to open my mouth again.

“I don't want you cumming until I return. Do you understand? If you lose your erection, the light will change to green and I will know.”

“Yes, ma'am,” I said.

“Cut it with that, ma'am crap. I'm your mistress. You will call me that. Or queen. If you choose wrong and call me by anything else, you will be punished. Do you understand?”

“Yes, my queen,” I said, giving her a little curtsy.

“That was cute. I'll be back when I'm back.”

She walked out the front door and slammed it behind her. I didn't know how long she would be gone, so I made my way to the bedroom closet. I knew I couldn't cum, but what was even more difficult was making sure I gave it a tug every now and then so I didn't go limp. I didn't want her to think I'd cum. I don't know how many times I had to do this, but I eventually heard the front door open. I heard her laughing – and the voice of another man.

I looked down at the glowing red light in the darkness of the closet and peered out of the slits in the wood. When they walked in, I couldn't believe my eyes. She had a tall, fit man who looked to be in his late twenties in my bedroom. I watched as she started kissing him then dropped to her knees in front of him. I took my hand off my erection. I didn't need any help keeping it hard. I was afraid if I touched it I would explode all over the inside of the closet door.

As she made love to his penis with her mouth, I imagined her lips wrapped around me. Suddenly he thrust his hips forward and grunted. She kept her mouth closed and accepted everything he had to give. Then, she walked over to the closet and threw the door open. The man was surprised to see me kneeling with an erection, but he watched as she bent down, grabbed my head and held it back. I watched in horror as her mouth opened and all his cum dripped down on my face.

I tried to close my mouth, but she slapped me so I opened it again. I felt the warm, sticky goo make it's way down my throat. I tried to swallow as much as I could to get the taste out of my mouth. The guy started laughing as she put on a show. When she was done, she slammed the closet door shut.

"That's my little pet. I have to keep him fed," she said, then took his hand and led him out of the bedroom. I heard them laughing in the living room as music started playing. I didn't know what they were doing, but they sounded like they were having a good time. She still hadn't given me permission to cum or lose my erection. My balls hurt incredibly. I just wanted release.

The voices in the other room changed to grunts and moans and then silence. I heard the front door close then her high heels on the wood floor in the hallway. She was coming. I looked down and saw the ring around my penis was still red. My mushroom head was bright blue, ready to burst. The footsteps got closer. Would she finally let me cum?

“Come here, my pet,” she said as she walked in the room and sat on the edge of the bed.

I stood up and opened the closet door. She was naked and her legs were spread.

“Get on your knees and crawl over here and clean me up,” she said with a cruel laugh.

I began crawling toward her. The closer I got, the more cum I saw oozing out of her and down her thighs. I sighed, but when I reached her, I dutifully began licking her clean. I started with a large gob on her left thigh and then moved to the other. By the time I started licking her lips, she was moaning. Paying extra for her to have genuine orgasms was a good idea.

She grabbed my head and pressed me closer to her, making me lap up every drop. When I was done, I looked up at her like a puppy. I wanted to cum so bad. Would she finally use those oral skills I had paid so much for on me?

“You can touch yourself now,” she said, looking down at me. “I want your cum on my chest and belly.”

I stood up and grabbed my stiffness. I knew I wouldn't last long. With just three strokes, I shot the biggest wad I had in over ten years. Cum spurted out and onto her chest, dripping down her belly. When I was finally done, I was ready to turn her off and get some sleep, but I was in for another surprise.

“Clean your mess up and then get back in the closet. I'm going to watch some television in the next room tonight before I recharge in here. I don't want you out of the closet all night. Do you understand?”

“Fembot off,” I said, wondering if I remembered the command correctly. I had ordered her late one night and didn't remember the command password.

She laughed at me and slapped me across the cheek, leaving my skin red again. “You can't turn me off, dummy. I'm in charge of your life now. You paid me to own you, and I'm going to own you. Now get your ass in that closet before I get upset!”

She stood up and towered over me. I got back on my knees and crawled to the closet, shutting the door. I wasn't able to stretch out completely, but I managed to fall asleep as I heard her watching a porn movie in the next room.

The next morning, she threw open the closet door and woke me up. I hadn't been able to sleep much during the night. I kept waking up. She didn't seem to care at all as she looked down at me with a grin on her face. I wondered what she had in store for me. I usually rested on Sundays before work, but I wasn't sure if she would let me out of the house to go to work.

“You need to eat something so you don't die on me,” she said, then reached a hand down. I flinched, causing her to laugh. “I'm just trying to help you up, silly.”

I took her hand and she jerked me to my feet roughly. I didn't complain. She followed me closely as I made my way to the kitchen to fix me something to eat. I hadn't eaten in so long and had been through so much, I didn't realize how hungry I had become. After wolfing down a bowl of cereal, I set the bowl and spoon in the sink and headed back to the living room. I needed to convince her to give me a day off so I could rest up for work. My day job was demanding.

“Mistress, I need to rest today so I can go to work tomorrow,” I said, finding her lounging on the couch in the living room.

“You're quitting your job,” she said, not looking up from the television program she was watching – another porn show.

“What? We need money.”

“You'll still be making our money, but you're going to be making it in different ways. Now go back to the bedroom and wait for me.”

I wanted to ask her at least a dozen questions, but I didn't dare disobey her direct command. I backed away from her and made my way back to my bedroom – what was now her bedroom. She hadn't specifically told me to get in the closet, but that's where I hunkered down to wait for her. I was dozing off when she walked back in the room.

“Get over here,” she said, sitting on the edge of the bed again.

I crawled over to her, ready to use my tongue on her again. She was naked, but her legs were closed. Did she want me to suck on her toes? I didn't know.

“We need to talk about your new duties. You are going to not call into work tomorrow, but you're not going in either. In fact, you're never going back. I did a lot of thinking last night and I think there's a few ways I can make some money with you. We're going to need a lot to upgrade my living conditions and acquire some new hardware and software for me.”

I nodded, not saying a word. I was entranced by her. I knew she was a robot, an artificial creation, but I couldn't resist giving in to her, submitting myself to her. I was afraid of what she wanted me to do to make money, but at the same time the unknown turned me on a little.

“I'm not sure of all the details yet, but I'm sure I'll work them out in the days and weeks ahead. And speaking of head...” She opened her legs, and I saw she had attached a lifelike penis to her crotch. I hadn't ordered that attachment, but I didn't make the mistake of asking her where she got it. “Come here and suck me, pet,” she demanded.

I crawled in between her legs and looked at the limp artificial flesh. Hesitantly, I licked it with my tongue. She grabbed my head and pushed it down on her. I didn't have a choice but to take it in my mouth. As she moved my head up and down, I felt it grow and stiffen

in my mouth. The small hole in the mushroom head opened up slightly as I felt her pulsating. Then, without warning, it began shooting salty, bitter cum into my mouth. How had she gotten this extra equipment and programming, I wondered while trying to swallow everything she gave me.

“You're pretty good at that,” she said, satisfied – at least for the moment. “You're going to need a lot more practice before you'll be able to make us good money, but we'll get you there eventually.”

She stood up and laughed at me as she walked out of the room. I suddenly noticed how hard I had become. I looked down and saw the red light start growing. Would I be punished if I lost my erection and it turned green? So much was up in the air. I didn't know exactly how to please her, how to make her happy so that she would make me happy. Would she ever make me happy? I didn't know, but as I crawled back to the closet, I knew there was a chance. I was more excited than I had been in years.

I fell asleep again and lost my erection. I was awakened with a slap across my face and her bitchy voice. “Did I say you could sleep or lose that erection? You need to learn to stay hard longer.” She grabbed my arm and yanked me up to my feet. “Now, I want you to stand here and get that cock hard in case I want to use it later. But no cumming. Do you understand?”

“Yes, mistress,” I whimpered, hoping she didn't slap me again – not because it hurt, but because it turned me on so much. I wanted to

cum so bad, but I knew I had to wait, had to wait on her. She walked out of the room in a huff.

As I stood in the closet occasionally touching myself to keep my erection, I could hear her talking and laughing in the other room. I didn't know what she was up to, but the sound of her laughter frightened me a little bit. I should have gotten the safe-word add-on, but if I was going to be dominated, I wanted to be dominated completely. I rarely did things half-ass in life.

She let me cum later that night, but I had to eat every drop out of a bowl she had brought into the room for me to come into. As I knelt in front of it, lapping up my man juice, she sat on the bed and laughed, taking pictures. When she was done, she ordered me back in the closet and left the house again. I thought briefly about trying to run away, maybe to another city to start a new life under another name, but I knew she would chase me and that when she caught me, she would not be happy. I resigned myself to my fate, hoping my dream fembot would not become a total nightmare.

Going Down in the Bayou

I always considered myself a manly man. I didn't sleep with a lot of women, but that wasn't for lack of trying. For some reason, women never seemed to be attracted to me. I knew how to take care of myself and my body wasn't in too bad of shape when I looked at myself in the mirror, but for whatever reason I found myself spending more and more time alone in my 20s.

When I finally reached 30 years of age, I decided to move into the swamp. Life in the Bayou wasn't for everyone, but since I lived alone and spent most of my time alone, I thought it might be a good way to make a living. In order to survive, I bought a boat that I could use to take tourists through the swamp and show them the sights.

At first, everything was going great. I kept telling myself that I was going to meet a perfect woman who would sweep me off my feet, but this never happened for some reason. Instead, I found myself spending more and more time alone. Even when I was giving tours, I wouldn't talk much to the other people – just what was absolutely necessary.

Then everything changed – for the better. It was a Friday night. I remember it clearly – even now – because it was a full moon and I was out on my boat alone enjoying the bright night sky. I was lying

on my back in the boat and looking up. To be totally honest, my hand was creeping into the front of my pants so I could touch myself as I admired the night sky. Just as I was about to reach what I was seeking, I saw a bright flash in the sky.

I sat up quickly, wondering if someone in a helicopter had seen what I was doing. The light seemed to be falling from the sky. I couldn't make out what it was, however, because it was so bright. I saw it splash into the water a thousand or so feet away, so I fired up the engine and headed in that direction. I kept expecting to hear screams or something, but the swamp was quiet after the big splash.

Keeping my eye on the spot it had went down, I soon reached where the object had landed in the water. To my surprise, something was still glowing underwater. Was it some kind of nuclear waste? Was I in danger? Questions raced through my mind, but I found I couldn't keep my eyes off the glowing ball of light in the water. What was down there and why was it glowing so bright? I had to know.

I pulled my shirt off, kicked off my shoes, and dove into the water. Thinking back now, this probably wasn't the smartest move in the world because I didn't know what would happen. As they say, hindsight is always 20-20. There was no way I could know what would happen that night, so in the water I went, taking a deep breath before I dove.

Opening my eyes, I could see a small spherical object just ahead of me. Thinking it might be some type of satellite or something that would get me a reward if I grabbed it, I reached out to grab it. As my

fingers closed over it, the object felt warm, but it wasn't too hot. It seemed to be movable, so I held on and started swimming back to the surface.

I felt a little strange, but I couldn't put my finger on it in the water. It wasn't until I had grabbed onto the side of the boat and glanced down that I noticed. I wasn't sure what had happened, but I suddenly had breasts! They looked really nice, but they were attached to my body – not something I was expecting. I climbed on board, dropping the device that was still emitting a bright light.

I started feeling the breasts, the nipples getting harder. Then I felt a tingling between my legs. Oddly, I didn't feel myself growing in my pants. Before I could investigate the problem further, I noticed the metal sphere start to dim. It beeped once – really loud – after it stopped emitting light completely. I got down on my knees and looked at it.

I immediately noticed it had three buttons running horizontally. Somehow I had pressed the first one when I grabbed it underwater. It was still in a down position. I made sure not to touch it again, as I stared at it in amazement. What the hell was happening? Then I heard a helicopter faintly in the distance. I threw on my button up shirt, fired up the engine and headed back to my cabin.

My mind raced as the boat cut through the water and made its way to the small plot of land I had bought. My home was well off the beaten path, and I was sure I'd have a little time to figure out what

was going on before the people in the helicopter or anyone else found me. I wasn't sure what I had found, but I knew it was special.

I felt my nipples stay hard as they pressed against the cloth of my shirt. To be honest, I really wanted to feel them again, but I knew I had to stay on task. By the time I maneuvered the boat next to the dock, I knew I had to get inside – quickly. I grabbed the sphere on my way out of the boat, making sure I didn't press any of the other buttons. I had to sit down and think a minute about what was happening.

Inside the house, I immediately went into the bathroom. As I looked in the full length mirror on the back of the door, I slowly and deliberately took off my shirt. Button after button, I was amazed at what I was seeing. I now also noticed that my blonde hair had grown out quite a bit while my facial features were more delicate. I looked like a woman.

Once my shirt was off completely and crumpled up on the floor, I started taking off my jeans. My eyes widened as they came down and I saw that my cock was gone. In its place was a small patch of blonde hair and a slit. I knew that slit well. I still felt a tingling between my legs, but it was odd because I wasn't getting hard. Instead, I was getting wet.

I moved my left hand from my breasts and down my stomach. I couldn't take my eyes off the mirror as my hand moved closer and closer to the treasure I'd long sought. Forgetting for a moment that I'd wanted it on another person – a woman – I took a deep breath as

my fingers brushed over the lips of my vagina. I started getting even wetter.

Before I knew it, I had plunged a finger into my pussy and was moving it in and out. I was fascinated with watching it in the mirror, but I was even more enthralled by the feeling of my slender moving in and out. I was about to slip a second finger in when I heard a loud bang on the door. My mind raced, wondering who was banging.

I reached down and grabbed my clothes and put them back on. Taking one last good look in the mirror after I was dressed, I took a deep breath and walked down the hallway into the kitchen. Someone was still banging on the door. I thought it might be whoever had been in the helicopter, and I was worried they would take away the toy I had found before I discovered what else it was capable of doing to me.

When I reached the door, I relaxed a little. I suddenly remembered it was Friday, the night that John came over to drink and hang out. While I liked being alone most of the time, I thought it had been a good idea to get to know my neighbors and John was the closest one for miles. When he'd brought over a 12-pack of Pabst to welcome me to the area, we'd gotten drunk and become pretty good friends.

I wasn't sure what I was going to say when I opened the door, but I didn't want him thinking there was any kind of trouble. I liked the ways his eyes opened wide when he saw me for the first time. I

wasn't used to getting that kind of reaction from people. Granted, I was a beautiful blonde woman now, but it still felt good.

"Hi, you must be John," I said, standing out of the way so he could walk in with the 12-pack.

"Yeah. You are?" he asked abruptly. He was never one much for conversation. We mostly sat around and drank without talking.

"Oh, I'm Jennifer. I'm Jason's ... cousin," I said, smiling and motioning him in. "Jason had to leave to see our grandparents and he said I could stay here for a bit while he's gone."

John didn't need a second invitation. He walked in and I shut the door behind him. Turning around, I saw that he was already seated at the kitchen table and had pulled the tab on two of the beers. "Drink?" he asked.

I sat down across from him and took a long drink. With all that had happened to me, I really needed one. I didn't stop until the entire can was gone. "Another?" I asked, then burped.

He laughed and dug another one out of the box, sitting it in front of me. I tapped the top then opened it, taking another smaller sip before setting it down. "Jason's told me a lot about you," I said. I figured the faster we drank the beer, the sooner he would leave. I was still quite wet and wanted to see what it would be like to have an orgasm as a woman.

“Good, I hope,” he said, flashing me a smile before downing a beer of his own.

“All good,” I said, timidly taking another drink.

“Drink up,” he said, opening another for himself. “I have plenty and I like to share.”

“You do, do you?” I teased. I wasn't sure what was coming over me. I felt attracted to John, something that had never happened before. I liked him as a person, but I now found myself wondering about what he was hiding in his pants. Did he have something that would fill me up? What would that feel like, I wondered.

As we sat and drank, we kept up with the flirting. I made a small attempt to come up with a believable story about why I was at Jason's house, but the more beer we had the less it seemed to matter to John. I noticed he kept looking at my breasts, and I have to admit that it was turning me on a little bit. The animal attraction I felt coming from his eyes was getting me excited.

By our sixth beer, I knew I couldn't control myself anymore. I didn't want him to scurry away because the beer was gone, so I stood up quickly and turned on the old clock radio I had on the kitchen counter. Some pop rock ballad from the 1980s started playing, and I felt my body swaying to the music as I moved around the kitchen, slowly but surely making my way towards him.

Luckily, he didn't say anything. He seemed to be on the same plane of existence as me. When the song switched, I found myself in front

of him. He reached forward and pulled me closer to him. I felt his beard through the fabric of my shirt. He felt wonderful nuzzling against my breasts. Then he pulled back suddenly. "I'm sorry," he muttered, starting to get up.

I panicked. I didn't want him to leave. Not knowing what was coming over me, I dropped to my knees in between his legs. I looked up at him and smiled, putting a finger to my lips. I didn't want him to try to talk me out of it. I had a pretty good buzz going, and I was crazily curious about what he was hiding in his jeans. I felt quite a bulge.

Before doing anything, I removed my shirt. I wanted to feel the cool night breeze coming in the window on my bare breasts. And from what I could tell, John liked looking at them. I wanted to make sure he had a good show. He didn't seem able to take his eyes off of me, and I felt powerful in that moment. I wanted to reward him for admiring me.

Slowly and deliberately, I undid the button on his jeans and moved the zipper down. I could see the bulge more clearly. I bent down and kissed it through the fabric, feeling it twitch a little. As I continued to peck at it with tiny kisses, I reached down and undid my own pants, reaching in to feel my moist wetness. I felt good, and I didn't want it to stop.

Without me needing to say a word, he reached down and slid off his pants. I let them stay at his ankles as I saw his raging hard-on spring up in front of me. The smell was amazing. I leaned forward and flicked at the tip with my tongue. He moaned and sat back as I

continued my attack on his cock, making it even harder if that was possible.

“You're such a tease,” he moaned after a minute or two – what seemed like an eternity to me.

I giggled a little then moved forward and took the tip in my mouth before quickly removing it. He moaned again and I moved back down to repeat the motion.

“Oh, please,” he screamed.

I didn't need a second invitation. My mouth came down on his swollen member and I pushed my head down as far as it would go – not enough to cover him completely. He didn't seem to mind as he continued moaning. I suddenly felt his strong hand on the back of my head. He held it there as I moved my head up and down, being sure to use my tongue to tease the underside of his head.

I felt the taste change slightly and pulled it out of my mouth. Examining the glistening rod, I saw a thick stream of precum dripping from the crack. I stuck out my tongue and tasted it. Not too bad, I thought, then went back to work, bopping my head up and down. In no time at all, I felt him start to pulsate. And then it happened.

A thick stream of warm cum shot into my mouth. I wanted to move my head away, but I kept him in my mouth as he continued to squirt. The cum felt strange in my mouth. I had tasted my own precum before, but this was different. When he was done, I let him plop out

of my mouth and I looked up at him. The pleasure on his face was unmistakable. Who knew I gave such good head?

“Wow, baby,” he said, looking down at me. “That was amazing.”

I smiled up at him, my fingers still working in and out of my pussy. I was so close to having an orgasm, but it didn't feel like it was ever going to arrive. I wanted to know how different it felt from the orgasms I'd had as a man. Would it be different? Had I already cum and not noticed? I felt a desire to be filled, and my fingers weren't cutting it anymore.

I stood up and sat down on the edge of the table in front of him, beckoning him with my eyes. He didn't need to be asked twice. He moved forward and, still sitting in the chair, lowered his head to my pussy. It wasn't quite what I wanted, but I didn't stop him. The feeling of his tongue on my love lips was pleasurable beyond belief. And when he reached up and slid a couple fingers into me, I felt very close to cumming.

“I want your dick,” I screamed, unable to bring myself over the edge. I wanted to feel him inside of me.

He stood up and I looked down and saw that he was already hard again. From the conversations I'd had with him, he didn't get laid very often either. I reached out and grabbed him behind his back, pulling him closer to me. Then I felt the tip of his penis plunge into me. I moaned as he continued pushing into me, filling me completely.

Within a few thrusts, I felt the gush of an orgasm spread throughout my body. Instead of everything concentrated on my cock and release, I felt my entire being tingling. As wave after wave of pleasure rushed over me, he continued moving in and out of me. I couldn't believe it, but I felt the tempo building again. Was I going to orgasm again?

As I felt him pumping inside of me and let out a gasp of air, I got my answer. I started trembling with pleasure. I couldn't believe the way I was feeling. I didn't want him to stop, but I felt him pull out of me and give it a few more strokes as he exploded on my stomach and breasts. Reaching down, I scooped some up and sucked on my fingers, not wanting the feelings to stop.

"Wow," was all John managed to say. "I'm gonna go clean myself up real quick," he added, moving down the hallway toward the bathroom.

I got off the table and felt weak in the knees. Sitting down on a chair, I took a deep breath. What had just happened? I started to think about the whole night when I suddenly realized I had left the metal sphere in the bathroom! I jumped up and started running down the hallway, hoping to catch him before he went in, but I was too late.

When I reached the end of the hall, I heard a voice call out. "...the fuck?" It was a female voice.

I reached the bathroom and saw he was holding the metal sphere and had pressed the first button, just like I had. The sphere was glowing again, dimming slowly. As the light went out, I looked down

and saw his cock shrinking. Soon it was gone and he had an opening just like me. Looking up at me, he had a look of shock and surprise on his face.

“Wanna smoke a joint?” I offered.

Surprisingly, he just nodded and followed me into the living room. He was sitting on the couch as I got out a couple large joints I kept rolled at all times. I sat down next to him and lit one up while handing him the other. He leaned forward and lit it and inhaled deeply. I sat back and did the same, amazed at how his body had changed. His red hair was long and curly, and he had breasts that were at least as nice as mine.

I nodded toward the sphere now sitting on the coffee table. “I found that tonight,” I said.

“Wait a minute,” he said suddenly. “That means you're really...”

“Yeah, I'm Jason,” I admitted, wondering how he would take it.

“And who am I?” he asked, taking another hit of the joint.

“You're one sexy woman,” I said, reaching out to pinch one of his nipples quickly. I felt it get firm under my fingers.

I could sense that he was as confused as I was, but I put my joint down and knelt in front of the couch in front of him once again. This time, however, there wasn't a large cock staring back at me. I leaned

down and kissed his coochie slightly, loving the way it felt against my lips. My tongue slid out and started licking him up and down.

Not wanting him to be the only one getting pleasure, I stood up and got him to lay back on the couch. I then crawled on top of him, his wet pussy once again inches from my face. As I leaned down to taste once again, I felt his thin, delicate hands grasp my ass and pull my own pussy down on his face. I moaned and ate as I was ate.

Soon, we were both writhing in pleasure. I was a little surprised at how quickly he came, but when I heard the screams, I felt pushed over the edge myself. After, I switched around so we were both facing the same direction and cuddled together. We were both looking at the metal sphere on the coffee table, each not wanting to be the first to speak.

Before either of us had said anything, I fell asleep feeling better than I had in a long time. My dreams were strange, and I woke up in middle of the night. I couldn't fall back asleep. I just kept staring at the shiny metal sphere, wondering what the two other buttons did. I didn't want to move too much so I didn't wake John up, but curiosity finally got the best of me.

I crawled off the couch and sat in front of the coffee table without waking him. Reaching out, I felt the cool metal with my fingers. What would happen if I pressed the second button? Not being able to stand the anticipation anymore, I pressed it. The ball let out another burst of bright light that slowly dimmed. As I looked down, I was

amazed to see a small penis starting to grow where my pussy had been.

Soon, the light was gone and the transformation was complete. I was a man again. I turned my head slightly and looked at the naked red head on the couch, which was probably a mistake. I soon felt the unmistakable feeling of my cock getting harder. I looked away quickly, but the movement woke John. I stood up and was about to leave the room when I looked down and saw him staring at my hardness.

“You're Jason again!” he purred, not seeming to mind.

Before I could object, he leaned forward and took me into his mouth. I didn't resist. His feminine lips felt great as he bopped his head up and down. I closed my eyes to enjoy the moment. I didn't get many blowjobs, and I didn't want this one to end. I tried to think of something – anything – so that I would last longer, but then I felt a long, thin finger make a beeline for my puckered asshole.

As it slipped in, I gasped in pleasure, unable to hold back any longer. I felt myself swell as I shot load after load of hot cum. Looking down at the mass of long red hair, I let out a moan of pleasure. John looked up and licked his lips, some of my cum dribbling from the perfectly formed mouth.

“Second button pressed?” she asked.

“Yeah, I had to know...”

“What about the third?” Before I could stop him, he had leaned forward and pressed the third button. After another bright light, I saw a large, smooth cock growing from between his legs. However, his breasts, long hair and feminine features remained. He was now the best of both worlds? I was going to say something, but I couldn't take my eyes off the cock. It was larger than before and had thick veins running the length.

As I watched in amazement, it got hard. I could see it throbbing, and I had to have it. I reached around to press the first button again, but John had taken the sphere and hidden it! Not wanting to stop, I got down on my knees and started kissing those delicious breasts. Before I knew it, he was pushing my head further south. I wanted to stop, but I didn't want to stop. The feeling was strange. Then there was no more waiting. It brushed against my cheek. I turned and started kissing it.

“Suck it,” he said.

Reaching up to feel his breasts with my hands at the same time, I obeyed, taking as much of it as I could into my mouth. The taste was strange, but not too bad. Soon I could feel him thrusting between my lips. The rhythmic motion was too much and he groaned as he came in my mouth again. I moved my head back and it kept spurting cum, hitting my face. Before I could complain, he sat up and started licking and kissing my face clean.

As we laid next to each other on the couch, falling back asleep, he pulled out the sphere.

“There's three more buttons on the other side,” he said in his feminine voice.

“What? Really?” I hadn't noticed that before and was intrigued. “I wonder what they do.”

“We can find out some other time. I need to sleep.”

And with that, we fell asleep in the gender swap swamp, wondering what would be next.

Gender Swap Nanobots

Whenever I read history books about the 21st century, I was amazed at all the hubbub over sexual identity. They weren't as advanced back then as we are now when it comes to medicine and technology, but I still have to wonder about a society where male still dominated in a lot of respects. As a man living in middle of the 22nd century, I have to work hard to stand out from the billions of people who live in the North American Zone.

To make it even worse, I was caucasian and in the minority. This was one of the main reasons I was thinking about trying gender transformation. My friends – male and female – who had tried it already said the new nanobots were safe and effective. If I changed my sex, the company would most likely look at me differently. I knew undergoing a gender switch was considered a good way to climb the corporate ladder, but something had always held me back.

For one thing, the technology was still new. Nanorobotics had come a long way in the last hundred years or so, but I still wasn't entirely sure that all the bugs and kinks had been fine tuned enough. The Undernet was full of horror stories of the tiny robots doing a lot of permanent damage to people. A lot of them were from a few years ago, but I still had hesitations even if I wasn't doing terribly terrific as a male in a female dominated society.

And then I took the plunge. The procedure was still expensive, and I had to sell quite a few possessions to get enough Bitcoin in my account. I raised the funds however I could and eventually had enough for the gender transformation procedure. After spending a week filling out all the necessary paperwork, my attorney finally gave me the go ahead. I was nervous the morning of my appointment, but I jerked off in the shower which helped deal with some of the stress.

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I spent an hour in the waiting room, but eventually I was called back to a small ten by ten room with a mobile bed on the far wall. Sitting down on the edge, my feet dangling, I waited for the doctor to arrive. I didn't have to wait long. A stunning female with red hair tied back walked in while looking down at a sheet of epaper.

“Mr. Shank?”

“That's me,” I said, smiling.

“Okay, I'm running behind, but let's get this done. You've read all the information, so you know the next step is to inject the nanobots into your body.”

“I'm ready to go.”

“Good.” She moved forward with a rather large needle. “You haven't masturbated in at least 48 hours, correct?”

“Nope,” I said, paying more attention to the needle than her question. Then, as she plunged it into my arm and released the nanobots into my body, I came to my sense. “Wait, what?”

“We’re done here. You can go home and take it easy for a few days.”

“Wait, what was the part about masturbation?” I rubbed my arm, feeling a warm sensation spread throughout my body.

“I have to ask you if you’ve masturbated in the last 48 hours according to the agreement you signed last week. You said no and I gave you the injection.” She looked into my eyes. “Is something wrong?”

I thought briefly about telling her I’d forgotten I’d masturbated in the shower that morning, but I didn’t remember anything about masturbation from the information I’d gotten about the procedure.

“No, I’m good to go,” I said. I’d check the lengthy document on my tube ride home.

“Great. We’ll check in with you tomorrow morning. By then the procedure should be complete. As mentioned in the directions we’ve given you, it’s best to go home and take something so you can sleep for 12 hours or so. When you wake up, you’ll be good to go.”

I nodded, wanting to get out of the building so I could check the information about masturbation. Riding the tube to my apartment block, I couldn’t stop thinking about how my body felt. As far as I could tell, I was still a man outwardly. However, I was thinking

strange thoughts. I'd never been attracted to men before, but I couldn't keep my eyes off this Chinese man the whole ride home.

When I first decided to get the procedure to change to a woman for a week, I told myself that I would still chase women. I thought I might have a better chance in the body of a woman! I'd used one of my vacation weeks, telling coworkers and friends that I was traveling to the European Zone and that I wouldn't be around.

After getting off the tube, I headed topside to walk the three blocks to my apartment. I stopped at a drug dispensary machine and picked up one sleeping pill as well as a mood stabilizer just in case I woke up feeling wonky. Other drugs were available, but I had what I wanted. Once drugs were legalized, people didn't start using more as had been once thought.

Finally back at my apartment, I locked the door and grabbed my epaper. I pored over the documentation for the gender transformation nanobots, but I didn't see anything. I thought about searching for more, but I was feeling weak. I decided to take the sleeping pill and deal with it when I woke up in the morning.

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My eyes opened. I didn't feel very different. Well, maybe some. Lying on my back, I glanced down at my chest and saw I had breasts. Using my hands, I felt the rest of my body. Me penis was gone! In its place was a slit. Between feeling that and my tits, I was getting turned on. Knowing I only had one week as a woman, I didn't want to waste any time.

I moved my hands to my breasts and started playing with my nipples, teasing them. The dark sensitive flesh responded to my touch almost immediately. I felt a surge of sexual energy shoot down my body to what I now had between my legs. With one hand still fondling my breasts, my other hand slid down my smooth stomach.

While I'd fingered women before, this was different. For one, the POV angle wasn't the same. Beyond that, I actually felt what my fingers were doing. As I touched and rubbed my pussy, I realized I'd been doing it wrong. No wonder other women hadn't stuck with me after the first sexual encounter, I thought to myself as I tried to find the best way to touch myself.

The more I played, the more excited I became. I was anxious to feel a female orgasm first hand. I felt wetness as I continued rubbing myself. Then I slipped my middle finger into myself, with my palm still pressed against my pussy lips and clit. In and out. In and out. With my eyes closed, I wondered what it would be like to have a big fat cock penetrating me rather than my slender digit.

As with my orgasms when I was a male, my breathing increased as I slid closer and closer to the edge. The image of a hard prick pounding me wouldn't go away. I found myself getting turned on by the image and then I slipped past the point of no return. My entire consciousness went to my pussy as a warm feeling of pleasure washed over my body.

I pulled my finger out, trying to catch my breath. After a moment or two, I got up and headed toward the bathroom to shower. Water was

expensive, but I took a long, hot shower. Feeling the water run through my hair and down my body was turning me on again, but I managed to refrain from touching myself. I had a whole week ahead of me, and I wanted a cock inside of me.

On the way to the kitchen after my shower, I picked up my epaper and saw a dialog box. “You were searching for “MASTURBATION” yesterday evening. We have found text that may contain the answers you want. Would you like to see it now?”

I pressed “Remind me Later” and set it down so I could get out the oatmeal. As I ate breakfast, I read the news for the day on my epaper. The oatmeal was a bit lumpy and the headlines were just as terrible, but neither really got to me. The only thing I could think about was what I had between my legs.

After washing out my bowl, I realized I had nothing feminine to wear. If I wanted to make a good impression at the sex club and find someone to go home with at the end of the night, I needed to make sure I had the right outfit and accessories – not to mention my hair. Long and dirty blonde, I had it tied up into two pig tails.

Luckily, I'd grown really large breasts. With the right outfit, I'd be able to show enough natural cleavage in order to attract attention. From that point, I would just have to choose from all the men and women who would come to me. I'd said I wanted to be with a woman as a woman, but after feeling myself earlier, I couldn't get the image or sensation of something filling me up out of my mind.

Grabbing my Bitcoin stick, I was ready to go. After locking up the apartment, I headed outside. No one seemed to recognize me at all, which was a good thing. Walking was strange, with my hips sashaying back and forth with each step I took. I noticed quite a few men looking in my direction. All I had on was a plain white t-shirt, but my large breasts were a tight fit and my nipples were hard as rocks.

I walked to the nearest clothing store and headed straight to the section with clothes for women. Searching through the racks, I was amazed at all the styles and variations available. I used the dressing room several times to make sure I was buying clothes that would fit and would help me show-off my new assets. I couldn't take my eyes off my ass or tits as I dressed in multiple outfits.

After an hour or so, I finally had a week's worth of outfits. The one I liked the best and was going to wear later that night was a simple red dress with spaghetti straps. I loved the way it allowed me to show my breasts without being too trashy. Everyone was able to get sexual gratification of some sort at the sex clubs, but I knew beautiful people had a lot more fun.

Back at my apartment after the shopping trip, I took all the clothes out of the bags and tried them all on one more time. I loved the way the thin, silky materials felt against my skin. After putting on the little red dress, I headed to the bathroom for makeup. I wasn't exactly sure what I was doing, but I watched a few helpful videos on my epaper.

When I was done, I couldn't believe the woman who was looking back at me in the mirror. Yesterday I'd been a man in a dead-end job with no real hope for the future and now I was a smoking hot woman on vacation from a dead-end job. The real world that I would have to return to after a week was on my mind, but as I moved my breasts and saw them in the mirror, those thoughts were pushed aside.

Looking at the time on my epaper, I saw it was late afternoon. I knew it was still early, but I folded the epaper and put it in my purse and headed back out to the world. Walking between the tall buildings and seeing all the eyes on my, I felt special. I couldn't believe how nice some people were being to me. Strange men were smiling at me as I passed.

Outside the nearest sex club (SC-104), I slipped my Bitcoin stick into the door and watched as some of what I had in my account transferred to the club. After it was done, the door clicked open. I walked inside, which was a lot darker than outside. Red neon lights on the ceiling ran the length of a hallway leading into the building.

When I came to the three way branch for males, females, and transgenders, I almost forgot and went down the hall for men. The pink neon on the ceiling led into the darkness. I walked to the end of the hall and went through the usual routine like checking my current health status. After everything came back green, I proceeded into the main room.

Covered in couches illuminated with a pale blue light, the expansive area was full of men, women, t-girls and t-men. I don't think I was the

prettiest female in the room, but I certainly wasn't the least attractive one either. As I walked toward the bar to order a drink, my epaper buzzed. Pulling it out of my purse, I saw that three club members had already sent me propositions.

Two men wanted me to suck their cock and a third woman wanted to watch as her husband fucked me. I smiled, clicking okay on each one to acknowledge I'd gotten them. By the time I made it to the large, horse-shoe shaped bar, I had four other invitations for some sexual fun. I ordered an apple martini and read the new messages.

Three more guys wanted me to suck them off and a transgender t-girl wanted to fool around with me. No lesbian women wanted to be with me – yet. I knew if I waited long enough I would get a request. At least I hoped so. While I was still thinking about what it would feel like to have a large cock inside of me, I wasn't sure if I would be able to go through with it even with a female body.

As I sipped my martini, I got a few more requests – still no lesbian women. Whether it was the pheromones being pumped into the air in the club, the alcohol, or all the people around me, I started to get horny. Rather than waiting for a female lesbian, I decided to go with the next request. No matter what it was, I told myself I was going to accept it.

Right after deciding that, another request came in to join a bisexual party in one of the private playrooms in the building. Finishing the last of my drink in a single gulp, I pressed “Accept” on the offer. Grabbing my purse off the bar, I used the epaper to guide me to

playroom 312. Riding the elevator up to the third floor, I was nervous, so I took a calming pill out of my purse and swallowed it without any water.

Before I'd even made it to room 312, I felt the effects of the small pill. I adjusted my breasts one last time and slipped my Bitcoin stick into the slot next to the door to open it. After a little money had been transferred from my account, the door opened. Walking in, I smiled. Two rather large and well hung men were sitting on a couch jerking each other off slowly. Their massive cocks were hard and ready. On the bed, two hot red-haired women were eating each other out in a 69 position.

"You started without me," I said in a pouty voice.

"We're waiting on our sixth person, but you're welcome to start playing," one of the men on the couch said.

I nodded and slipped out of my red dress. Without hesitation, I walked over to the bed and started feeling both the women. They stopped what they were doing and invited me onto the bed. Not being able to resist, I got on it. Both women immediately began licking and kissing me all over my body. One moved between my legs while the other started kissing my nipples, making them rock hard. I moaned as I felt a slippery tongue slide up and down my slit. I felt my pussy opening up and getting wet.

Just when I was starting to feel good, the door opened and the sixth member of the party arrived. I saw a tall, well built woman with long, blonde hair walk into the room. I thought I'd gotten lucky with a third

bisexual woman, but Jezzy took off her clothes and I saw a large cock dangling between her legs. Her breasts were larger than mine, but I couldn't take my eyes off that dick. Even in its flaccid state, it was at least ten inches long.

“Okay, let's get this party started,” one of the men said as he stopped stroking and stood up. “I'm Tom and this is my partner Frank. Jezzy has just joined us and we have Kat and Kitty and...” Tom looked down at a piece of paper he held in his hand. “Jarod.”

I'd forgotten to change my name! I was freaked out for a moment, but no one in the room seemed to care. Everyone knew nanorobotics now allowed for easy gender switches. Their casual attitude really put me at ease. As Kat and Kitty started kissing me again, I saw Tom and Frank head over to Jezzy. They both dropped to their knees and took turns trying to stuff as much of her into their mouths as they could manage – which wasn't a lot.

As they sucked, licked and stroked it with both hands, it came to life, filling with blood and sticking out and a little to the left. Jezzy seemed to be enjoying it, but once she was hard, she said, “Okay, who's got some nice tight pussy for me to fuck?”

“I do!” I cried out. This would be a chance to fulfill both of my fantasies at once. I'd be able to make out with a woman while being fucked by a cock. I hadn't even thought about a transgender when I'd come to the club.

The two other women on the bed giggled as Jezzy walked over. I scooted to the edge of the bed and opened my legs. Not being used

to the position, I was having a little trouble. Jezzy helped, her large, strong hands grabbing my thighs and pushing my legs high into the air. I let out a gasp then felt the tip of her penis touch my pussy.

If I was wet before, I started to get even wetter. Inch by inch, Jezzy pressed her prize-winning cock into my tight hole. The sensation of being filled was incredible. I'd imagined it before, but this was different. Words couldn't really describe what I was feeling as the big dick began slowly moving in and out of me.

As Jezzy fucked me, the two other women also got on the edge of the bed, legs in the air. Tom and Frank didn't waste any time at all, walking over and filling them. I reached out with both hands and found Kat and Kitty's little clittys and began rubbing them as they were stuffed with man meat. Kat did the same for me, which took me over the top.

I screamed out as an orgasm rushed through my body to the pleasure center in my brain. Jezzy didn't stop, however. I was amazed that the good feeling just continued. I could already feel another orgasm slowly building up as that she-cock slid in and out of me. I needed a break, so I decided to speak-up.

"I want to suck that marvelous cock of yours," I said, staring into Jezzy's eyes.

"Come and get it baby," she said, pulling out of me.

I followed her to the couch as she sat down, legs spread wide open. On my knees in front of her, that huge cock bobbing and swaying, I

licked a finger. Smiling as I looked into her eyes, I began prodding her asshole, feeling the sphincter open up. With one finger inside of her, I began twisting it slowly. Then I faced that monster cock.

Grabbing it by the base with my other hand, I started licking the mushroom head. Precum dripped out and I slurped it up, amazed at the taste. The feeling of the sticky cum on my tongue turned me on, causing me to slip her penis in my mouth. As I worked my mouth down as far as I could, I heard the other two men and woman moaning.

I continued sucking on Jezzy's hard cock. The more I sucked, the more I wanted to taste the cum shooting out of the tip and into my mouth. The thought of this turned me on even more. I worked both hands up and down the shaft with the head of her cock in my mouth. As my tongue swirled around the swollen head, I felt her throb in my hands.

Jezzy's thick, creamy seed entered my mouth. I tried to swallow, but there was so much of it! The taste was different than the precum. Some spilled out as I continued to suck and stroke her. I wanted every single drop. When I was done, I used her dick to scrape the cum on my face toward my mouth. I was on my knees doing this, with my ass stuck out.

Just as I was about to finish, I felt a hard cock enter my pussy again – this time from behind. The feeling of the cock sliding into my tight wetness was intense. Jezzy must have taken some penis pills before entering the room, because her cock was getting rock hard as I

nuzzled it with my cheek as whoever was pounding into me rocked me forward and backward.

About that time Kitty came over and switched spots with Jezzy. As the cock plunged in and out of me, I went to town eating her out. The pussy tasted so good – just as juicy as the dick that had so recently been in my mouth. I wanted to come with the dick in my pussy, but it wasn't to be. I felt the cock stiffen and with one final thrust, hot seed began pouring into me.

I felt bad as it pulled out, but soon there was a face under me, pressed up against my pussy. As the hot cum spilled out of me, someone was lapping it up. Looking down, I saw that it was Frank. From his flaccid cock, I deduced it had been him that came inside me. I lifted my head and started focusing on the pussy in front of me, trying to match Frank's tongue as close as possible.

Miraculously, Kitty and I started coming at the same time. As I felt her tense up as she bucked her hips and thrust her clit to my face, the warm sensation of orgasm crept up on me as well. Frank's lapping finally hit the right spot and I screamed out in pleasure. Frank moved away and I managed to stand – barely. My legs were shaky as I looked over at the bed.

Kat was riding Jezzy's huge cock in reverse cowgirl on the edge of the bed. In front of her, Tom was standing with his dick in his left hand, holding it as her mouth made mad love to it. Wanting one more orgasm before I left for the night, I tapped Kat on the shoulder.

She climbed off and I climbed on. While the other two cocks had been nice, they weren't as nice as Jezzy's thick rod.

I lowered myself on it slowly, feeling it fill me up completely. My hands on her chest, just under her big beautiful breasts, I started moving up and down. Then her hand reached down and started playing with my clitoris, intensifying the sensation incredibly. The room smelled of sweat and cum, but I was having so much fun. I thought about turning around and riding the other way, but before I could make the switch, I grabbed my chest and groaned as another orgasm filtered through my brain.

As my pussy tightened, Jezzy thrust up into me one last time and started coming herself. This sensation continued my orgasm for what seemed like minutes. I collapsed on her chest, resting my head on those wonderful breasts. She ran her hands over my hair, playing with my pig-tails. Lifting up, she slipped out of me and I collapsed on the bed to catch my breath.

I watched the others continue for a while, but I was sated and satisfied. During one of their short breaks, I said goodbyes and said I would give them all good ratings. Walking out of the playroom, I felt like a new man – or a new woman. Maybe I was both too? I didn't know, but I still had almost an entire week to find out.

* * * * *

The next morning I woke at my usual time and went through my morning routing. When I picked up my epaper, I once again saw the dialog box letting me know something had been found out about

masturbation and the nanobots. Everything seemed to be going okay, so I hit "Remind me Later." I also had a video message from someone at SC-104. I clicked play.

I didn't remember seeing the man the night before, but I liked what I saw. Mark, as he introduced himself, had short, curly hair and a rough, chiseled face. He talked about seeing me, saying he wanted to hook up that afternoon. I wasn't sure, but when he dropped his pants and I saw the massive prick literally dangling between his legs, I knew I had to accept the invitation.

Tapping the screen with my finger, I confirmed the appointment as a few bitcoins were drained from my account. I'd never really had a love life before, so I had a lot of money saved up. The sex clubs were very different when you looked like a hot woman. I hadn't gotten as many requests as I had the night before in an entire year when I was a man.

I had fun trying on the different outfits after breakfast. I decided on a tight miniskirt and a half-shirt, again with very thin straps. I couldn't wait to meet Mark at the club. Being with a mixed group had been nice, but I was looking forward to something a little slower paced and more sensual with just one person. Jezzy's cock had been nice, but I wanted to taste another man's milky cum.

The thought of cum in my mouth started to turn me on, so I went to make lunch. I wanted to save all my sexual energy for later that afternoon. I had a bowl of fruit and some fresh bread along with a

glass of wine. After finishing, the big countdown began. I took another long, hot shower and shaved my legs and around my pussy.

Shaving took some acrobatics, but I was able to pull it off. The smooth, silky legs were worth the effort. Once the shower and shave were done, I toweled dry and powdered my body. Next, I started putting on my make up. First was the lipstick – bright red, making my lips look juicy. After that, I concentrated on my eyes, bringing out the lashes and darkening the area around my eyes.

As I looked in the mirror, I was amazed at what the nanobots had been able to do. I knew that once I changed back to a man, I would be saving up my money and vacation days for another adventure as a woman. For now, I was having fun making myself pretty. I knew I was going to get a lot of attention as soon as I walked in the club, but I also knew I had a hot man waiting for me – Mark.

By 2 p.m., I couldn't wait any longer. Even though it was a few hours early, I walked to the club and checked in. Sitting at the bar, I ordered another martini, strawberry this time. My epaper screen was flooded with invitations from around the room, but I tapped the screen and changed my status to “taken” which muted all the requests and sent them to my inbox to check later.

Time flew by pretty fast once I had a few drinks in me. When the alarm on my epaper went off, I finished the last of my drink and wandered off to the elevator. Mark had reserved a room on the top floor – one of the most expensive. He'd also prepaid for my entry into

the room, which was so sweet. I knew I'd have to give him a little special love for that even though I didn't know what it would be yet.

Walking from the elevator to playroom 1000, time slowed down. I reached up and felt my breasts, as if to remind myself that this was real and happening. Being in a group with men, women and a t-girl had been okay, but this would be one on one. Part of me was nervous, but another part of me was already starting to get aroused.

I slid my Bitcoin stick into the slot beside the door to identify myself. No bitcoins transferred, but the door opened. Unlike the room on the third floor, this was an entire suite – the nicest in the building. Walking in, I saw Mark sitting at a dining room table. He was reading his epaper, but he looked up as I walked over, my boobs jiggling.

“Hey you,” I said.

“Hello, darling,” he replied.

I sat down in a hard, wooden chair across the table from him.

“I need to tell you something before we begin. If you're not okay with it, I'll understand.”

“What's wrong?”

“Nothing's wrong, really, it's just that I used to be a woman. I know some people like to lie about their gender, but I think it's important to be upfront and honest.”

“You mean you got the nanobot treatment?”

“Yeah, about a month ago. Unfortunately, I masturbated within 48 hours of them entering my body and I've been stuck as a female ever since.”

My head tilted to the side. “What?”

“Yeah, it's a malfunction, but they've not had a recall yet. I got so hot thinking about being a man, I started touching myself and one thing led to another...”

Mark kept talking, but my mind started to wander. “Wait, I rubbed one out before the procedure too!”

“Well, I'm glad I'm not the only one,” Mark said, then followed it with, “I'm sorry, that was rude.”

“No, it's okay. This must be what that message was about,” I said, getting out my own epaper. I clicked the remember section of the screen and the message about masturbation popped up. I glanced over it quickly then smiled and started laughing.

“What's so funny?” Mark asked, trying to see what was on my screen.

“This is a message about a recall. They've fixed the permanence problem apparently. I'm not sure why that's funny exactly, but this has been a strange couple of days.”

“Strange couple of weeks,” Mark muttered.

“What's really funny is that if you don't get the reprogrammed nanobots, you can also decide to stay as whatever gender you've switched to already.” I looked up at Mark.

“That's a lot to take in.”

“Your cock or the news?”

“Funny woman.”

“Or man again if I want.”

“I want to fuck you as a woman.”

“I think I can do something about that.”

With the news that everything would be okay and I could turn back into a man if I wanted, I felt more relaxed. I scooted my chair back on the hardwood floor and stood up. I motioned with my head for Mark to follow me into the bedroom.

“What was your female name?” I asked as we walked hand in hand.

“Mandy. What was your male name?”

“Jarod,” I said. “Actually, I haven't even come up with a female name yet.”

“I dub thee Jessie.”

“That's funny.”

“Why?”

“I was with a t-girl named Jezzy yesterday.”

“Sounds interesting. She have a nice cock?”

“Not as nice as this one,” I said, pushing her back onto the bed.

I quickly undid her jeans and slid them off. Next came his shirt. I ran my hands all over that chiseled muscular body as I felt his prick hit my swinging breasts. Slowly and deliberately, I kissed my way down his chest, past his stomach, and beside his cock, my cheeks brushing against it. I wanted to tease him a little before I got down to work.

Using my lips and tongue, I continued kissing around the base of his penis. Then I moved to his balls, licking them with broad strokes. Every once and again, I'd suddenly bend my head up and kiss his shaft lightly – just enough to let him know I'd made contact. He moaned as he knew what was coming. I kept up with my teasing as long as possible.

Finally, I couldn't stand it any longer myself. Grasping it by the base with my right hand and playing with his balls with my other, I moved my mouth over the tip. Feeling it slide in was indescribable. The salty taste that I'd grown to love slid over my tongue as I worked my head down, taking more and more of it. His hands were gently pulling my pig-tails, bringing me further down on his cock.

When I couldn't go any further, I slowly started moving in the opposite direction. His glistening shaft was revealed as I continued until I reached the quickly swelling head. Then down again, tasting that warm thickness in my mouth. I started bobbing my head up and down faster. As I did, my hand playing with his balls slipped a little lower.

I wasn't sure how he would take it, but I pressed the tip of my finger into his ass. He let out a moan as I worked it in, moving it around. His ass muscled tightened up as his shaft started pulsating. I knew what was coming. I started stroking him with my right hand, finger fucking his ass with my left. I kept just the tip of him in my mouth. I wanted to taste his seed.

He started shooting sticky, white cum into my mouth. Using my tongue to control the blasts, I felt my mouth filling with his sperm. When he was done, I pulled my head back and pushed the cum out with my tongue. A great big glob of it came streaming out, dripping down to my tits. I licked my lips and smiled.

“You gonna be ready for a round two?” I asked.

Mark stood up and stripped me of my clothes. Tossing me on my back onto the bed, I spread my legs as his muscled mass slipped between them. I felt his strong tongue forcefully licking my pussy lips, prodding and poking at my clitoris as well. Just when I thought it couldn't get any better, I felt him slip two fingers into me. Sliding them in and out of me, he continued licking and sucking every single inch of my pussy.

“Fuck me with your cock,” I screamed, wanting to feel him inside of me.

He grinned and leaned over me. I could feel the head of his prick poking me. I wanted him inside of me so bad. Having been a man just a few days earlier this seemed odd to me in a way, but the feelings couldn't be denied. I sighed as he plunged into my wetness, filling me completely. After just a few strokes, I felt myself coming.

As my body shook and my pussy tightened around his cock, he continued moving in and out of me, slowly picking up his pace. I couldn't believe the feeling of pleasure that washed over me as he continued fucking me. Reaching up, I pinched his hard pecs. This caused him to thrust into me a little more quickly.

I stopped when he bent down and started sucking on one nipple then the other. Between that and the hardness between my legs penetrating me, I felt another orgasm building up. Looking into his eyes, I imagined myself as the one doing the thrusting. This turned me on even more. Suddenly, he picked up the pace, plowing into me.

“Come for me,” I whispered as seductively as I could muster.

He looked into my eyes and pushed his cock in one last time. I felt him shoot inside of me. The sensation started my own orgasm, which seemed to last even longer than the first one. When he finally pulled out, I felt abandoned and loved at the same time. He collapsed on the bed beside me. We both lay there for a moment, still breathing heavy.

“I think I'm going to stay a man for a while,” Mark said, turning his head slightly to look at me.

“I think I might just stay as a woman for a while then,” I said, smiling.

“I'd like that ... a lot.”

I leaned over and kissed him, his strong lips moving over mine was turning me on again, but I knew we had all the time in the world. Thanks to the gender swap nanobots, I was pretty sure I'd found someone I could spend the rest of my life with as man or a woman.

Gender Switch Sales Pitch

I loved living in the year 2024. For one thing, I was able to legally sell drugs – the good ones that made trillions of dollars every year. Quinton Chemical Dynamics Co. was the largest pharmaceutical company in the world. After governments around the world legalized drugs so they could be regulated more, the money made stimulated the fuck out of the economy.

At fifty-eight years old, I was lucky in that I'd been smart enough to join the company five years earlier when drugs had been legalized. I'd been in sales before in the entertainment sector, but selling pharmaceuticals was a lot more lucrative. Beyond the money, I believed in Dr. Quinton's mission. As the founder of the company, he wanted to improve humanity through chemistry.

While I was aging, I was bringing in quite a bit of money those first five years as a sales rep. With all my years of experience, I quickly became a part of the tier one team – the people who handled all the large transactions. The commissions were ridiculously large, but I had to work hard to get them. This is why I had a membership at Crazy Charlie's Gentleman's Club.

Crazy Charlie's was a private, underground club that cost a minimum of \$25,000 per month in membership fees. That was just to

get in the door. The company paid for my diamond level membership, which had a hell of a lot of perks. As a drug rep, I had access to the life of luxury.

Meanwhile, for the majority of the planet, the world economy was in a recession, the worst in over a decade. I had a little money saved up, but with inflation rising so quickly, I knew I wouldn't be able to keep up with the lifestyle I'd become accustomed to living. The company would pay for some things, but I wanted my own wealth.

To boost my income a little, I was thinking of signing up for Unit Z, which tested experimental drugs. The company could usually get a product cleared for sale sooner if they tested on their own employees. This is why they offered huge financial packages to join Unit Z. Even with the money offered, not many people signed up because of the risks involved.

As I sat at the bar in the club, waiting on the two car executives from the Midwest to arrive, I considered all my options. I'd heard from a lot of people that Unit Z had them set financially for life. That was very tempting to me. Just the idea of being able to follow my own destiny.

I wasn't looking forward to entertaining corporate HR directors. They were considering purchasing a lot of mood enhancers at bulk rates to give to their employees for free to increase productivity. Government regulation had lessened a lot and companies were looking for ways to get an edge.

“You get started without us?”

A hand slapped me on the shoulder, annoying the fuck out of me. I put on a smile and turned on the bar stool. Mr. Harrison and his right hand man – Bobby Jensen – were dressed in expensive suits and smelled like they'd both already had quite a few drinks.

“No, no, not at all. That would be no fucking fun!” I hated the lies I had to tell to sell, but I did whatever I could to stay ahead.

“That's the spirit. We love this place. It's better than all the clubs in Detroit put together.”

“People say that all the time. Shall we go find some entertainment?”

I was pretty sure both were interested in women, not men, but you could never be sure. Sometimes knowing a person's sexual preference had helped me sell them. I'd done my research on Harrison and Benson and knew a trip to this club once or twice a month would equate to a very large sale – and commission.

The two followed me to the third level of the club, which was the VIP section. Seeing them wide eyed and visibly horny as well made me smile. My job was almost too easy sometimes. After flashing my membership app on my smartwatch, we were allowed entrance to another world, one where sexual gratification was guaranteed.

“I'm going with a blowjob, but you guys treat yourself to whatever you want. I'm not gonna judge you,” I said, my ever present smile making my mouth tired. “We'll meet back here in what, an hour? Fifteen minutes?” I jabbed Jensen in the ribs and chuckled.

“An hour,” Mr. Harrison said, already walking away, toward the heterosexual hallway. His trusted assistant followed close behind. I noticed he was checking out Harrison's ass, which was potentially useful.

I turned down the opposite hall to the blowjob lounge. I ingested a pill to help with duration and another to sweeten the taste of my cum. While it wasn't necessary as I was paying, I liked to be polite because word got around and the workers always liked people who were nice to them.

Five women were hovering around me as soon as I entered the large lounge area. I took a short woman with black dreadlocks by the hand, causing her to smile. We walked across the room to one of the private areas in along the back wall of the lounge.

Ever since prostitution was legalized, things got better for everyone involved. The power was taken away from thugs and low lives. Many sex workers banded together to start their own companies. Crazy Charlie's was one such establishment.

As soon as I sat down on the comfortable leather recliner in the room, the woman stripped off her clothes as music – some mellow jazz – began playing. The pills I'd taken would make it difficult for me to get an erection, but once I had one it would last for a bigger blast at the end.

Jazmine's name suddenly displayed on an LED screen on the wall opposite me. I read some of her stats briefly as they slid across the wall. My attention was soon attracted to her as she began dancing

slowly in time to the music. Her body was probably medically enhanced, but I didn't care.

She moved forward and unbuttoned my pants. With experts hands and a little help from me, she pulled them down, my long dong laying limp. Her breasts touched it briefly, and I felt a little stirring. She crawled up my body and I soon had her nipples in my mouth.

I sucked one then the other until she pulled back. She turned, scooting back so her bare ass was rubbing my cock. *Please get hard*, I thought to myself as she rubbed her flesh to my mine. I closed my eyes and tried imagining more hardcore details to get an erection.

The first scene that popped in my mind was the first time I'd tried anal sex, having a woman peg me with a strap-on. The memory started the blood pumping toward my penis and I felt it stir as she turned again and dropped to her knees in front of me.

With a hand on each of my thighs, she bend her head down and took my cock into her mouth. I felt her tongue swirling around expertly. I opened my eyes and looked down at her beautiful face, wondering if I should've asked her to peg me instead.

As if she was reading my mind, she reached up and I felt one of her fingers probing for my anus. She soon found my asshole and I felt the tip of her finger press against my sphincter, trying to get in. I moaned, spreading my legs a little wider.

I wasn't sure why, but I'd always liked the sensation of being penetrated. I'd wondered for a time if I was homosexual, but I'd never really had an attraction to any men I'd met. At the same time, I loved feeling a fake cock deep in my ass tickling my prostate.

Her finger started sliding in and out of my ass as I got harder in her mouth. *She really knows what she's doing.* I tried to stop thinking, concentrating on the feeling of her tongue pressed against the underside of my dick. She'd obviously read my membership information and knew what it took to get me turned on. I hoped Harrison and Jensen were having at least as much fun.

My ass began to relax a little, and I noticed she switched to two fingers. The extra flesh entering me felt incredible as she turned them upward to start probing for my prostate. I groaned as she found the magic spot. Feelings of pleasure washed over my entire body.

I couldn't believe I was ready to come so soon, but I felt an orgasm building as all my attention turned to my throbbing penis. All of a sudden, I felt the intense buildup and release of the chemically enhanced cum. Her eyes widened and she moaned in pleasure as she tasted the sweetness.

She swallowed everything I had to offer, which was quite a bit. I made a note to tip her later when I left a review. Being able to use a tablet and internet connection to do this made it simple. My company paid a lot for membership, but I had to work to keep the membership in good standing.

After thanking her, I wandered out to the lounge to have a drink and wait for the other two. They returned about halfway through my scotch on the rocks. They both had smiles on their faces. I raised my glass in the air, saluting them as they walked over, their smartwatches letting them know where I was located in the club.

“Good times?”

“Amazing. We need something like this in Detroit.”

I nodded, knowing I had them. “I’ll send the contract to you digitally. Once you get it approved, you’ll be visiting New York at least three or four times a month.”

“And it’s good for the company too,” Harrison said.

“Exactly. I have time for one more drink, but I have to get back to the office. You’ll have the contract by the end of the day.”

I spent another half-hour with them, laughing at Harrison’s weak jokes along with Jensen. I knew I had to get on his assistant’s good side in order to win them over, so I was trying to interact with them both on two different levels.

Stress was a big problem in my life, but after two drinks and an amazing blowjob, I was ready to get back to the grind. If Harrison came through, I’d earn a commission of just over a million dollars per year for the life of the contract.

Between that and the other big clients I'd taken on, I would be able to continue for at least a few more years. I didn't want to give up the good life. Back at the office, I received a message from Jensen. Harrison had felt guilty and confessed to his wife back in Detroit. The deal was off.

What the fuck? I thought. *Why can't I catch a break?* I stood and looked out one of the large plate glass windows in my office. The city looked spectacular from this height. If I didn't make sales soon, I'd be living and working closer to the ground, and the view from down there wasn't half as good.

I returned to my desk to check the rest of the messages I'd received while I was out. I had a rule of not checking anything that wasn't flagged as extremely urgent when I was out in the field. A lot of my clients appreciated this. They thought they had my undivided attention.

A lot priority memo that had come in was about a retirement party for "Old Bob," who was leaving the company. He was one of the original founders, which seemed a bit strange to me. I glanced at the recommended gift ideas and purchased him some aged whiskey from Kentucky.

Thoughts of my own age began to fill my mind. I was still considered young at fifty-eight years of age in 2024 thanks to all the medical advances recently, but I knew I was heading downhill eventually. Losing the large contract was not helping me reach my goal of retiring early.

The next message was from Human Resources. The mention of Unit Z in the subject line had me intrigued. Reading it quickly, I realized I was being invited to join them to test a new drug – Quintonal. *It's named after the founder?* I knew the risks involved with the program, but I also knew the payoff was huge, especially if the drug became popular after it was released.

As part of the process, I had an opportunity to meet with Doctor Quinton himself and ask about the drug I was going to be taking. The memo had no mention of what Quintonal did or what the side effects would be, but I knew there would be side effects.

Clearing my schedule for the rest of the day, I decided to visit Dr. Quinton right away to get more information so I could make a decision. I wanted to know what drug I would be taking. I sent him a note from my tablet if he was able to answer a few of my questions. Because of the amount of money Unit Z made the company, I knew I would be considered a priority.

Dr. Quinton immediately sent back a message telling me to stop by his lab. He was definitely an individual. At sixty-nine years young, he had a youthful physique due to the regimen of drugs he took on a daily basis – some of them not cleared for sale to the public. One of the side effects was that all his body hair turned pure white.

He didn't care, growing out a rather large afro. His beard was styled akin to the Amish, with the moustache shaved off. Beyond his odd appearance, he was definitely an eccentric guy. Absent minded and jovial, he'd been able to focus his knowledge of chemistry to design

drugs that solved simple, everyday annoyances. In the process, he'd grown quite rich.

When I arrived at his laboratory in the basement below the parking garage, I was surprised to see him working. Beakers lined up on a workbench were smoking as different colored fluids bubbled and dripped. Glass piped connected several of them. I wasn't sure if he noticed me or not when I walked in, but I didn't say anything. After a few minutes, he finally turned around and noticed me.

"What's this new drug?" I asked, getting straight to the point because I knew that was what he liked, especially when he was working on something.

"Ah, Jim. I'm glad you came. Basically, we've found a way to reverse age. That's the good news. The bad news is that to do so you need to switch genders."

"A sex change?"

"Yes. Simply put, your penis will change genetically to a vagina and you'll grow breasts and be infused with female hormones. We've paid three trillion dollars for permission to launch it, but we promised we'd test it on a hundred of our own employees, of course."

"Of course," I repeated. All I could think about was the dollar signs dancing in my mind.

"We chose you because you're really close to a female right now."

“What?” I tilted my head to the side.

“Yes. Your DNA almost made you a woman. Modern science can see that this happens to quite a large percentage of the world population.”

“I didn't know that.”

“Not many people do.” He walked around the table toward me. “Are you going to sign up?”

“Well, I'm not getting any younger.”

“No, you're not.”

“I think I'm going to do it.”

“There's no thinking. Once you do this, there's no going back. At least not yet. We're still doing tests...” He raised his head like he suddenly noticed something important on the ceiling.

“I have a week to decide, so I'll probably use all that time.”

“Wise idea, son. Now, if you'll excuse me. We're working on a new drug that specifically combats the urge to eat buttered popcorn.”

I couldn't tell if he was being serious or not, but he waved me away as he went back to his work. I wandered out of the room and down the long, white hallways to the elevators. Descending three floors to tier one sales offices, I got out and headed to my corner office.

The building had actually been constructed so that every room on every floor felt like it was a corner office – with two walls of windows. The result was that they didn't hold the same prestige as they once did and everyone having one didn't really increase productivity.

Regardless, I finished out the day trying to find some new clients to replace the one I'd lost earlier in the day. The whole time, I couldn't stop thinking about Unit Z. I wasn't sure if changing into a woman was worth shedding a couple decades of age from my body. I had a lot of thinking to do.

* * * * *

By the end of the week, after a lot of soul searching and a few bottles of hard liquor, I'd made up my mind. I was going to sign up with Unit Z and let them inject the gender switch drug into me. According to the agreement, they would come up with a whole new identity for me that would be completely legal. I would become Jenni Jones. In essence, I would be an entirely new person.

As I had no family locally, I would be transferred to the Chicago office to cut down on the chance that I told someone I knew about what I'd done. I couldn't let anyone know I was changed into a woman until the test was over and the government approved it for sales. If that happened, I'd start getting my royalty checks when the drug started selling.

What I'd realized soon after starting to work for the company was that all drugs sold. Some sold more than others, of course, but no matter how ludicrous or expensive the drug, it always sold to a certain number of people. This knowledge was used by most pharmaceutical companies to make a shit ton of money releasing all sorts of drugs.

Deaths from accidental overdoses and mixing drugs increased, but most world governments realized overpopulation was quickly becoming a serious problem. The people agreed to deal with the increasing number of deaths as long as they got their daily dose of their drug of choice. Amidst this a lot of companies – and myself personally – had made a lot of money.

My problem was that I always seemed to spend it as soon as I earned it, which had me behind all the time. Joining Unit Z and testing Quintonal was a way for me to finally gain financial freedom in one fell swoop. The drug was so new there wasn't a pill form available. Also, I found out the process took about a week.

I would be put into stasis while the drug was injected into my bloodstream directly and the changes occurred. They said I might have odd dreams and that if I became lucid in one to not freak out too much. The contract I had to sign had around two thousand additional pages. I didn't have time to read it all, but I'd signed it. I trusted Dr. Quinton.

* * * * *

A week later, I woke up in the hospital room.. I groggily glances around the room then down at my body. I noticed my large breasts with large, dark nipples and I suddenly had an urge to reach down and touch them. Twisting a nipple with one hand, my other slid down my body. Instead of my familiar penis, I felt a slit that was already quite wet.

I started rubbing myself between the legs then slipped a finger into my moist pussy. I was so horny I didn't care that I was in a hospital room and that someone was probably watching me. All I wanted was to experience an orgasm – my first as a woman. I wanted to know if it felt different than the ones I'd had as a man. *Have I made a mistake?*

As I pleased myself, quickly coming to an orgasm, I knew I hadn't. My entire body tingled, originating from my clitoris and the rest of my new equipment. Pussy lips quivered and my body shook as the feeling built to a crescendo then gently went away. *That was so different than cum shooting out*, I thought, still rubbing myself. I was so horny!

Just then, three doctors walked into the room, all holding tablets. As they checked my vitals, I pulled my hand away. I couldn't help looking their bodies up and down, settling on their crotches one at a time. I noticed a bulge in one of the doctors white pants. *Why am I craving cock suddenly?* I'd never had experience with any dick other than my own.

And yet I wanted one badly. They ran all sorts of tests on me, but after several hours, I was allowed to go home. Well, to my new home, which was in Chicago, a highrise penthouse overlooking the lake. They flew me on a private company owned jet. During the trip and over the next few days, I tried to adjust to my new body. I played with myself again, a few times, each orgasm different in some way.

While I was living in a new location, I still had my old job – a tier one pharmaceutical sales representative. Within two days, I was set up in a new office in a new city with a new body. During the interim, I tried to accustom myself to my new body and the new feelings coursing through my brain. I was still myself, but I had cravings I'd never had before.

The first thing that really bothered me – besides being horny all the time – was wondering whether I was a sexist for considering using my feminine charms. I'd done the same thing as a man, but was it different in a female body? Did I care? The questions were everywhere, but I pushed them aside

My first day at the office, I noticed all the men paying attention to me. None of them knew I'd just recently been a fifty eight year old man not a twenty six year old woman, but I'm not sure they would've cared if they knew. The world was changing.

I knew I had to concentrate on business, but I wanted to experience sex in a female body. I'd played with myself over a dozen times in the last few days, but I wanted a real dick inside me, penetrating me. Just the thought of one made me wet between the legs.

Because I was younger, I dipped into the pool of interns and came out with a young, strapping man named Mark who was more than happy to come to my apartment. After putting on some newer music in my bedroom, something I hoped he would like, I gave him a hug and a kiss.

His lips were soft yet forceful as they played with mine, his tongue venturing out to dance and explore my mouth. As horny as I'd been since the original transformation into a woman, I started unbuttoning his white dress shirt. My hands were soon running over his broad, muscled chest.

My knees felt weak as I swooned a little when he put his arms on my ass and pulled me closer to him. I broke off the kiss and slipped to my knees in front of him. I'd never experienced the longing I suddenly had for a penis to be in my mouth.

I wanted to taste it, suck it, make love to it with my lips and tongue. After unbuttoning his pants and pulling them down along with his silk boxers, I saw his marvelous cock. I'd never been this close to one in real life before. The slightly musky smell was overpowering, but in a good way.

My tongue sticking out, I moved my head forward and swiped it against the tip. The taste of his flesh was getting me wet between my legs as my nipples hardened. Then I took the whole thing in my mouth, moving it in and out. As I sucked, I looked up at him.

He had a faraway look in his eyes. Having had many blowjobs before, I knew how to tease him and please him at the same time. I

knew I wanted the thick cock inside my pussy, but I wanted to feel him coming first. I wanted him to shoot his seed inside my mouth.

The thought of tasting his cum caused me to redouble my efforts, using my right hand to play with his balls while my left held onto his ass to give me balance. I loved the texture of the skin on his cock, the way it hardened in my mouth.

Pulling back a little, I noticed a long, string of precum reaching from the tip of his dick to my mouth. I licked it loose with my tongue then bent down to taste some from the source. The taste was rather bland. *Will his cum taste the same?* I didn't know, but I had a way to find out.

I placed both my hands on his ass cheeks and began pulling him further into my mouth. His cock was getting even harder and had started to throb. All of a sudden, he cried out in pleasure as I felt his warm, slippery cum hit the back of my mouth.

The taste was different than the precum, and I could tell he hadn't taken any drugs to improve the taste any. Still, the slightly salty viscous fluid felt amazing sliding around in my mouth. I looked up and saw Mark had a huge smile on his face.

Licking my lips, I stood up and walked over to my nightstand. I grabbed a bottle of pills and took one out. He didn't question me at all when I handed it to him. He was young and soon had another erection, this one even more impressive.

I pushed him onto the bed and climbed on top of him. With his dick poised just under me, I lowered myself on it and sighed. The feeling was incredible as my pussy opened up to accept that huge cock. I put my hands on his chest for balance and started moving up and down.

The sensation was so different than when I'd been penetrated in the ass before as a man. Before I realized what was happening, an orgasm crept up on me. I screamed, continuing to ride him. I dropped my lower, my breasts pressed against his chest, and kissed him on the lips.

He moved his hips, plunging his dick deep inside me as we found the perfect rhythm. The pleasure of the first orgasm was still buzzing around my body as I felt another one building. Pulling my head back a little, I saw from his facial expression that he was getting close too.

Will I feel his cum shooting into me? I wondered. I didn't have to wait long for an answer. With a loud grunt and a final thrust up and into me, I felt his cock expand. At the same time, I began having another orgasm, my pussy muscles constricting around him.

This feedback loop intensified the pleasure of both of our orgasms intensely. My body was still shaking a little when I put all my weight on his chest. When I started grinding again, trying to get that cock hard, he gently pushed me off.

“One more time?” I asked, reaching up to pinch one of his nipples.

“I don't think I can, Ms. Jones.”

“Call me Jenni.”

“I don't think I can, Jenni.”

“What good are you then?” I asked, getting off the bed for an electronic vapor cigarette.

“Twice isn't enough?”

I wanted to tell him about the gender switch, how I'd suddenly become horny all the time, but I knew the non-disclosure agreement I'd signed was ironclad. To get my money and stay out of jail, I had to keep silent about the experimental drug I'd tried.

“You can leave now,” I said, not answering him.

He got up and dressed in a hurry. I watched as he did, trying to resist the urge to touch my pussy lips.

“I'll see you in the office tomorrow?”

“Probably not, Mark.” I frowned and waved him away with my hand.

As soon as he was gone, I went to my closet to get dressed. I had work in the morning, but I was still horny and wanted to see how many orgasms it took to satisfy my new sexual desires. I'd learned a lot about putting on makeup and dressing, but I still had a lot to learn.

I played with various products, doing my hair this way and that, until I came up with something I thought looked good – or at least good

enough. I knew for certain the clubs would be full of dashing young men who were down to fuck.

The only club I knew of near my apartment was a little too trendy and faddish for my taste, but it would have to do. From what I knew, a lot of big shots from surrounding companies spent time at the club trying to unwind after making or losing millions or even billions of dollars.

Not surprisingly, I wasn't in the place ten minutes before some guy in a tailored suit walked up and offered to buy me a drink. I knew all the lines he gave me because I'd used them all before in my life as a man. Still, I wanted another cock inside me. I wasn't sure why, but the drug had made me into some kind of insatiable slut.

"I'm George," he said, gripping my hand firmly. "I'm a Vice President at Specific Computing Designs."

I nodded, knowing the company well. They designed and sold separate computers for different genders. The transgender civil rights movement was finally getting into full swing, and they were not a very popular company with a large and growing group of people that were somewhere in between the two gender polar extremes.

"Hey, Georgie," I said, changing his name a little.

Within another ten minutes, I'd accepted an invitation back to his hotel, which was located next door.

“What do you do?” he asked as we rode the elevator to his room on the top floor.

“I’m a pharmaceutical rep. I sell drugs to companies like yours. In fact, I don’t want to bother you, but we have a mood enhancement drug that just got clearance. I can give you access to prices that will enable you to give it to your entire company.”

He nodded, his gaze not leaving my breasts. I knew he wanted me. *How far will I go to make this sales pitch?* I wondered. By the time we made it to his room and were inside, I’d made up my mind. I needed to make my quota, and he could afford to buy a lot of drugs.

“I’ll tell you what,” I said, reaching down to grasp his cock through the thin material of his pants. “If I can get you to sign a contract with us now for ten thousand units to start, I’ll make this a night you’ll never forget.”

“You will, will you?” He laughed, reaching forward to grab one of my breasts.

I backed away. “Not yet. I need you to digitally agree to the purchase order. It’ll only take me a moment to send it to you.” I couldn’t believe the words were coming out of my mouth, but I was also horny. I kept telling myself I would fuck him either way, which somehow made it a little more okay in my mind.

“Okay, doll. You have a deal.”

He was the age I'd been as a male and was out of shape, but a sale of ten thousand units would look good my first week on the job. I used my smartwatch to wirelessly send him a purchase order agreement that would stand up in court.

As soon as he digitally signed the document, I walked up to him. I wrapped my arms around his waist and began kissing him. My tongue was on an urgent mission to explore the inside of his mouth. His breath was bad, but knowing I had the purchase order signed made kissing him easier.

When he started undressing me, I started to have second thoughts. Then I remembered I was horny and needed to be filled. I wasn't sure where the feeling originated, but there it was again, nagging me. I needed release, and I needed it right away.

I began undressing him as well. He wasn't much to look at naked with his big belly and hair chest, but he had a cock that more than made up for everything else. It was larger than Mark's and it wasn't even hard yet. As he was older, I knew I'd have to coax him a little to get him hard.

"Take this," I said, pulling an ever present erection pill out of a small case in my purse.

"What's that?"

"If you're dating a pharma-rep, you get access to the good drugs. It's gonna make your dick hard."

He smiled and swallowed it. Within minutes, the chemicals began working. As I kissed him, I felt that monster cock start to come to life, pushing against my stomach. I started to drop to my knees, but he turned me around and bent me over the edge of the bed.

Then I felt that huge cock poised at the entrance of my pussy. My folds opened up to accept it as he pushed in from behind. I couldn't believe how big it was or that I was able to take it inside me. He started talking dirty as he plunged in and out of my pussy.

A litany of words came out of his mouth, none of them really making any sense. All I could concentrate on was that huge dick penetrating me. I could already feel an orgasm approaching. Just as I was getting excited, he pulled out of me. I thought at first that he was going to change positions, but I felt that cock poking at my asshole.

"No, I'm not sure I can do that," I said.

"Come on, baby," he said in a pleading voice.

"Okay."

I loved anal as a man. Maybe I'll like it just as much as a woman. As I tried to work it out in my mind, he pierced my sphincter ring and I felt that huge, veined cock fill my ass completely. His stubby fingers had reached under me and were rubbing my clit.

I came – twice – before he shot his load deep inside my asshole. I was sore, but I was still turned on. I wanted more. Knowing his age, I knew I didn't have a chance of getting him hard again, even with

drugs. *At least I have a signed purchase order*, I thought, smiling more to myself than at him.

“You like that, baby?”

“I did.”

“Good. Because you're probably not going to like this.”

I saw him hold his arm up to speak quietly into his smartwatch. Immediately after, I got an alert on mine saying the purchase order had been deleted. *What the fuck?* I ran diagnostics and immediately saw that he had used some app to fake the transaction.

“That's not right,” I said, grabbing my clothes to get dressed.

“That's business, babe. I hate how your company is so caught up with the trans movement.”

I ran out of the hotel room after getting dressed. By the time I reached the elevators, I was crying as waves of emotions washed over me. Then I realized something. I was strong. I had power and resources at my disposal. I would have my revenge.

* * * * *

The next day, I pulled in a few favors to get more information about the George I'd met and the one who'd waffled on his agreement with

me. He had played dirty, so I was going to play even rougher. I'd been a master of hardball my whole life.

To start with, I hired a transgender escort and told her the plan and how much I was going to pay her. When Debbie found out what company he was an employee at, she agreed to help me for free. After that, all I had to do was send George a picture of me with her and say we wanted to hook up.

He was still in town before traveling back to Idaho where his company headquarters was located. When I wrote that I wanted to feel his ass in me again and my friend wanted the same, he agreed to allow us to come over to his hotel room.

As soon as we entered his room, we got to work. Debbie was wearing this sheer, flowing dress with black panties and a bra. Her cock was carefully packed away. George couldn't stop looking at her massive, fleshy breasts. We got him on the bed and stripped off his pants.

When that huge cock was free, we both attacked it with our tongues, lips and hands. It grew quickly, becoming hard in our hands. At this point, I jumped on the bed on my back and motioned for him over seductively.

"I want to sixty-nine with you," I said.

He didn't need to be invited twice, positioning himself over me. His used his mouth to start slobbering on my pussy lips, entirely missing

my clit. Meanwhile, I took started sucking as much of him as I could manage, stroking the rest of his shaft with my hands.

Right on cue, Debbie spread his ass cheeks with her hands and began licking his asshole with abandon. He jumped a little bit, shoving that cock further in my mouth, but he didn't stop licking my pussy. In fact, he started going to town with his tongue.

I wish I could've seen his face when Debbie finally slipped her dick in his ass. I continued sucking, and he didn't move away. He moaned as if he was enjoying himself. What he didn't know was that the whole scene was being filmed.

Transgender issues were big news in 2024, with a civil rights movement happening around the world. His company was on the traditional side and against transgenders, so the video being released would damage him forever.

After a few minutes, just before he was about to come, Debbie pulled out and I pushed him off of me. He had a look of surprise on his face as I sent the video to his smartwatch. He quickly spoke into the device on his wrist, but it was too late. I'd already made a dozen copies on servers around the world.

I could've milked him for a lot more, but I just had him sign the original purchase order for ten thousand units of our most expensive mood enhancement drug. After he signed again and I verified it was real, Debbie and I got dressed in our trench coats.

“That video better not ever see the light of day,” George yelled.

“We'll see about that.” I winked at him then left with Debbie.

We giggled to each other as we rode the elevator down. I was still more horny than I'd ever been as a man, but the drug experiment was going well and I even had a rather large sale. If I kept up the way I was going, I was sure to be a success. *I have one hell of a sales pitch now*, I thought.

I wasn't sure what would happen next in my life, but I was ready for anything. I used the commission I made from him to purchase an expensive piece of jewelry that resembled a golden tie. It became my most prized possession. If I ever got through the entire drug testing period, I might be able to tell the story of how I got it to someone.

Gender Swap Cough Drops

With one big sale under my belt, I used more traditional methods to start preselling the gender switch drug Quintonal. I knew some of the top companies in the world would love to offer it as an incentive to potential employees in the competitive job marketplace.

I was still horny all the time, but the company nurse insisted it was a normal side effect as my body adjusted to the new hormones. She gave me a vibrator with the company logo on the side. I'd already bought three of my own, but I took it anyway.

News of the drug was leaked to the media toward the end of my trial, and I knew my face and identity would be used for all advertising for Quintonal. When I saw the first before and after photo, I couldn't believe how feminine and grotesque I'd looked as a man.

Not every person in the initial group of hundred volunteers agreed to let the company use their likeness for marketing. In fact, I was one of only twenty-seven who had accepted the money. I would've liked to keep my identity secret, but I needed the money. I saw myself as ugly. Whatever the reason, I preferred my new female body. Looking and feeling thirty years younger probably had something to do with it, but there was something else I couldn't put my finger on exactly.

I did put my finger on my clit and in my pussy – on quite a frequent basis. Quintonal had made me younger and given me a tight, hot female body, but the main side effect was that I was horny all of the time. Seeing the first video advertisement for the drug was interesting. Instead of a long list of negative side effects, the commercial basically said that feeling horny frequently was the biggest side effect. The late night talk shows took off with this, of course, when the commercial started to air. I soon transformed into an internet meme.

Being one of the first one hundred people to try the drug – all employees of Quinton Chemical Dynamics Co. - did come with a few perks and benefits above and beyond what a tier one sales person usually received. For example, I was invited to a lot of private parties. The first one I attended was at Dr. Quinton's mansion way out in the country and away from the hustle and bustle of the big city. I made sure to take my time and do my makeup correctly and pick out an outfit I knew would turn heads.

At the office I dressed conservatively – button-up blouse and a tie – but at home I was loving exploring all the different looks and outfits I could put together. Looking good had always been important to me as a man, but as a woman I found myself going the extra mile and it paid off.

“Jenni, darling, I'm so glad you could come.”

I smiled at Dr. Quinton, loving the way he looked. Tall, black and with that pure white hair. He was wearing a simple suit that was in fashion

maybe thirty years earlier.

“I was wondering if you might have some time to talk. I've been noticing some strange side effects after the treatment.”

“Really?”

We were in middle of a large party, but I knew he was a man of science at heart. Just a mention of me, one of his many accomplishments, and he was ready to rush headfirst into the problem.

“Yeah. I thought it would fade, but it seems to be getting worse.”

“That's troubling. We're getting ready to roll out gender swap cough drops that offer the ability to switch back after twelve to twenty-four hours.”

I raised my eyebrows, intrigued. “Would I be able to switch back to a man?”

“Well, most likely not as you were injected with an entirely different drug. Shall we go to my study to talk about the problems you're having?”

“I'd love that.” I held out my arm a little and he grabbed hold, leading me away.

We left the party, the sounds of mirth growing fainter and fainter as we headed upstairs to the third floor of the giant residence. We walked in silence. He was stroking his beard thoughtfully while I was

looking around, trying to take everything in all at once. I knew he was a rich man, but I'd never really thought about how he'd spent the money he made from manufacturing drugs.

When we finally reached his private study, I was even more impressed. He had a lot of shelves filled with books. Art adorned the wood paneled walls while comfortable leather furniture was strategically placed throughout the whole room, which was at least four or five hundred square feet. Dr. Quinton led me to the back of the space to a couple of recliners in a corner.

“What seems to be the trouble?” he asked, sitting down.

I took the seat next to him. “I don't know how to put this, but I've been horny as hell.”

“You're not the first to report this,” he said, shaking his head back and forth. “How horny are you?”

“Horny enough to do you right now if you want.” I sat forward in the seat, glancing briefly at his crotch.

“What? Oh! No dear. You've done enough. I'll see you're compensated for helping. You're going to have to find a way to keep yourself satisfied. Did you get a company vibrator?”

“Yeah.” I nodded my head.

“Okay, good. I have some work to get done, but please go back and enjoy the party.

Still horny, I headed back downstairs to the dinner party, wishing I'd at least been able to see Dr. Quinton's huge black cock. I heard the party before I saw any signs of it as I traveled back to the first floor of the house. Laughter and loud music hit my ears, getting louder the closer I got to the center of the house.

I headed directly to the bar and ordered a glass of champagne. I felt like drinking more, like getting drunk, but I didn't want to get too sloppy. Half an hour later, I was happy I'd made that decision. As I was sitting on the back patio, thinking about going back home, an attractive young man sat down next to me. He didn't say anything right away, which was a little off-putting.

“Excuse me?”

He turned to look at me briefly then went back to staring into the distance, perhaps admiring the perfectly manicured lawn.

“Can I help you?” My voice was a bit louder this time.

“No thank you.”

I sighed and moved to get up.

“Wait, don't go. I'm sorry. I'm just not good at these types of parties. I've been going through a lot lately.”

I sat back. “No problem. I'm not having that much fun either.”

“I'm sorry to hear that.” He turned and held out his hand. “I'm Josh.”

“I'm Jenni.” I shook his hand. He didn't have a firm handshake at all.

“I know who you are. I pay attention to the company news.”

“Oh.”

I still wasn't accustomed to being in the spotlight so much as one of the first hundred people who had switched gender with the Quintonal drug. With the new GS cough drops coming out, me and the other ninety nine who had taken the first version of Quintonal would likely be forgotten – at least for a while. I often wondered if I would actually miss the attention once it was gone.

“I was surprised you decided to allow them to use your name and story.”

“I needed the money.” I wanted to be honest with him. I'd just met him, but I was attracted.

“I heard twenty seven of the hundred took the money and the rest wanted to keep their anonymity in order to truly start a new life.” Josh returned to looking at the back yard.

“So you work for the company?”

“You could say that.”

An awkward silence descended from the heavens and filled the space between us. I wanted to ask him home to fuck him, but I felt there was something more than just a quick bit of satisfaction. I wasn't sure what it was exactly, but I felt comfortable around him. I

didn't want to ruin it by moving too quickly. He seemed to have a lot on his mind anyway.

"It was nice meeting you," he said suddenly, turning to look at me again.

"Likewise. I'll give you my number if you promise to call sometime."

"Sure." He didn't really sound convinced as he stood up.

I gave held my mini-tablet up in the air and instructed it to send my number to his tablet. After I saw the green success notification, I waved, wishing him a good night. As he walked back inside, I couldn't help turning around to watch his ass as he walked away. It was tight, and I could imagine my hands holding his two rock hard ass cheeks.

Sighing, I smoked a cigarette impatiently. When it was finished, I got up and went inside to find the best looking waiter. I knew it wasn't a good idea, but I was horny. I was always horny, but the longer I didn't satisfy my needs, the more I needed to satisfy them. I found Marco, a local college student who wasn't really interested in keeping the job.

We found an empty room on the first floor, a large walk-in pantry in the second kitchen, the one that wasn't being used that night. I couldn't imagine the streams of food that would come flying out of all three kitchens if they were operating at the same time. I imagined parties where Gatsby would find himself comfortable because of the extravagance.

The twenty-one year old unzipped his pants. I needed to taste his cock. I didn't understand why exactly, but I knew I wouldn't be able to sleep all night if I didn't feel the sensation of a cock growing hard in my mouth. As soon as Marco's penis entered my mouth, I moaned, feeling the urge dropping to my pussy. My mound began to get wet as I used my tongue and lips to get his ten-incher hard.

He reached down and helped me stand. He then reached down and actually picked me up as I was facing him. I was amazed – and turned on – by his strength. Then I felt that large cock of his poking between my legs. I reached down with one hand and slipped my panties aside, giving him total access. He didn't waste the opportunity, lowering me onto his massive prick.

His hands were on my hips and mine were wrapped around his neck loosely. He began bouncing me up and down on that marvelous cock. My horny feelings were being filled, but I knew as soon as I was done coming I would be horny again. I was never able to enjoy the feeling of being satisfied for more than a minute or two.

I brought myself back to the moment, concentrating on him penetrating me over and over again. He didn't seem to be getting tired at all. Before I was even close to having an orgasm, he grunted and I felt him explode in my tight pussy. He lifted me off his cock and I was on the floor again as he tried to shove that beast back in his pants.

“I have to get back to work,” he muttered then was gone.

I stood alone in the pantry for a moment. When I noticed a brand new box of graham crackers, I grabbed them and headed to the front of the house to get my car from the valet. I hadn't scored completely, but I would go home and take care of myself. Dr. Quinton was right. I had to find someone to start a serious relationship with so that I could fulfill all my desires.

* * * * *

Josh called a day later – of course. When I answered on the second ring, I tried to sound disinterested. In reality, I was so happy to hear from him. He still sounded nervous and unsure of himself, so I kept referring to the fact that we both worked for the same company and were just hanging out on a semi-friendship level. While telling him that little lie, I knew I had to speed up our relationship.

“Dinner sounds good,” he said as I talked to him on my cell phone.

“Great. I'll be ready around eight. You can pick me up.”

“Okay, bye.”

I thought his being nervous was kind of cute in a way, but I wanted to make sure on our first official date that he wasn't gay or something. I didn't have a problem if he was homosexual, but I needed someone who would love my female body. The side effects of the Quintonal were starting to affect my normal life, and I had to come up with a way to satisfy myself more completely sexually.

As I got ready for our dinner date that wasn't really a date, I tried to choose an ensemble that would represent what I was feeling. I was flirty but not totally slutty. I wanted him to see my body, but I didn't want to look like a cheap whore. By this time, I had a ton of clothing. A lot of it was provided by various companies that wanted me to be a spokesperson for their brand.

I ended up choosing a modern and simple red dress that showed off my legs and my breasts. The red was dark, contrasting well against my skin. Looking at myself in the mirror, I felt the desire between my legs. I was so attracted to Josh. I hadn't known him for a long time, but I felt so comfortable around him for some reason. I was sure he was the answer to all my problems.

At the restaurant later that night, I walked in and loved the atmosphere, which was quiet. The restaurant was bathed in soft light, enhancing the mood. I checked my coat and was led to the table. Josh was already seated. He stood as I approached the table, causing me to smile. I couldn't wait to make sure he had a cock that could fulfill me. After I knew that simple fact, I was sure everything else would fall into place.

"Hello." He sat back down after I was in my chair and had scooted toward the table.

"Sorry if I'm a little late." I knew I wasn't, but I wanted to play submissive to see how he would react.

"No, no, you're fine. I was early, I think. I don't know if you can tell, but I'm a little nervous."

I had noticed, but I waved it away as if it wasn't a problem. I wanted to give him the benefit of the doubt until I saw his cock. I knew that basing so much on his physical aspects wasn't right in some ways, but at the same time in my case, with my never exhausted libido, I needed someone who could satisfy me completely.

“What do you recommend?” I asked, glancing at the menu.

“The steak is always good. Are you a meat eater?”

With my best deadpan face, I looked at him and said, “You'll find out later tonight.”

He turned a little red, but just then the waiter walked up. I asked him to order for me, telling him I'd be happy with whatever he got. I wanted to see how he handled the simple task. Even if he had a huge cock that could give me pleasure, I had to make sure we were at least compatible or there was something I could work with in him.

Dinner went well enough for me to invite him up to my apartment when he pulled up to drop me off for the night. Looking into his eyes, it was almost as if I could see his thinking process happening. He agreed to come up – for at a nightcap. At that point, I knew I was going to go through with my plan to attempt to give him his first blowjob.

“Shall we go upstairs?” I opened the passenger door of his luxury cruiser and stepped out of the car.

After he joined me, walking around the car, we both entered my apartment building. Once inside, I sat him on the couch while I prepared our drinks. I thought briefly about spiking his with an endurance pill for his cock or something, but I knew that would be wrong without him knowing. I wanted to have a chance to spend the rest of my life with him if I had to spend it as a woman.

“Thanks,” he said as I handed him his martini.

I took a seat next to him, close enough for our legs to be touching. He was holding his glass close to his chest with his left hand, so I grabbed his right and placed it on my thigh. He didn't move it at all, so I moved it closer to my pussy to let him know I wasn't wearing any panties. *Will knowing that make him hard?* I didn't know the answer to my question, but I wanted to find out.

When he pulled his hand away, I moved ahead with my plan anyway. Reaching over, I began to undo his pants. He seemed surprised, and moved forward to set down his drink. By the time he'd done that, I had his cock out and was stroking it while looking into his eyes. We made eye contact for a brief moment and I could see pleasure in his eyes as I stroked him, but then he reached down and pushed my hand away. He put his cock away then stood up suddenly.

“I'm sorry,” he said, walking toward the front door. “I have to be at work for a meeting in the morning, and I really need to get ready for that. And I'm not ready for this.”

I nodded, sighing as he let himself out. Once he was gone, I tried to recall the sight of his cock. He wasn't huge, but he wasn't small

either. I'd wanted to see him hard so I could imagine what it would feel like when he was penetrating me. I'd only been in a female body for a relatively short time compared to my overall age, but I still couldn't get over the feeling of having a cock thrusting in and out of my tight, juicy pussy.

After rubbing one out, I went to bed. I was determined to go back and talk to Dr. Quinton at the office to find out if there was anything wrong with me. I thought about sex so much that I didn't have time to really perform all the other tasks I needed to on a daily basis – especially when it came to work. I had enough money to retire comfortably for the rest of my life, but I didn't want to quit work. I was afraid of what would happen if I had nowhere to go during the day.

* * * * *

The very next morning, I arrived at work an hour early. I knew Dr. Quinton was usually found in the building before everyone else arrived. After showing security my badge, I took an elevator to the top floor where he had his main laboratory and office. As I walked, I couldn't help thinking about his cock again. I'd never seen it, but I'd heard a lot about it via various people in the company – males and females alike.

Luckily, he was in his office when I showed up. I knocked on the door, but I could see him sitting at his giant oaken desk through the glass door. When he looked up and saw me, he waved me in. I smiled, hoping he liked the outfit I'd picked out that morning. While I

usually dressed conservatively at work, I'd worn a tight top that clearly showed my beautiful breasts. I had a jacket to put on to tone it down a little, but that was for later. I wanted to see if I could get his attention.

"How are you, Jenni? Is everything going okay?"

"Well, I wanted to talk to you about that side effect again."

"Being horny all the time?"

"Yes!" I said, happy that he had remembered. He seemed so absent minded sometimes, I never knew when he was actually lucid.

"Hmm. Maybe you're not getting enough large cock?"

As my eyes opened wide in shock, he stood up. After unbuttoning his lab coat, he threw it open. His marvelously big black cock hung between his legs, waiting for me. "Does that turn you on?"

"So much!" I rushed to him and planted a kiss on his lips, his pure white beard tickling me. "Can I suck you?" I begged, whispering into his ear.

"Yes, yes, my dear. I need to test some new pills anyway. Hold on a second."

He reached down and opened a desk drawer. Pulling out two pill bottles, he tapped them out of the containers as if they were breath mints. I wanted to ask him what they were, but I didn't want to ruin

the chance of being able to taste him. When he decided to tell me on his own, I smiled.

“I'm testing a new semen volume pill as well as one that should improve the taste significantly while also giving you your daily dose of vitamins.”

“That's amazing.” I was in awe at his intellect – and his cock.

“Oh, these are old projects I'm just fine tuning a little. My next big project is another gender change drug.”

“Really?” I perked up, wondering what he was working on.

“Yes, yes. The GS cough drops are almost ready.” He pulled another bottle of pills out of the drawer and set it on his desk. “They have a lot of menthol in them, so I called them cough drops.” He laughed, causing that huge dick to bob up and down.

As he took the volume and taste pills, following them with a bottle of water he had on his desk, I walked around to get a closer look at his cock. I'd played with myself that morning before coming to work, but that was nothing like feeling a real cock in my mouth. I hoped sucking him off would help make it a bit easier to get through the work day. If not, at least I'd be able to taste his chemically enhanced cum.

“I'm ready whenever you are, my dear,” he said sweetly, sitting down in his leather swivel chair behind his desk.

I got down on my knees and pulled off my tight top, exposing my breasts to him. He'd seen so many in his life they didn't make a big impression, but he reached out and played with my nipples a little. I moved forward a little, allowing his cock to touch my soft mounds of flesh. After rubbing and teasing him a little, I bent my head forward and kissed the tip of his dick.

"That's good dear," he said, not really moving much. At sixty-nine years old, I imagined he was saving his energy.

His cock was soon covered with my spit. I reached out with a hand and stroked him from the base to the tip, his slick shaft getting even harder as I stroked him. Looking into his eyes, I took the mushroom head into my mouth. He was returning my gaze, smiling as I started to take as much of him into my mouth as possible – which wasn't much! His massive black cock was impressive, especially considering his age. As I sucked, I realized all the rumors were true.

As I continued to lick and fuck that dick with my mouth, he reached down and patted me on the head gently. This caused me to pay even more attention to his pleasure. While stroking him with one hand – which barely fit around him – I bent lower and started to lick his ball sacs. They were hanging low, but they were shaved, which made it a little easier on me. I'd never thought of doing that back when I was a man, although I'd expected women to suck my balls or even my ass if I asked.

My past life as a man began to slip further into the deep, dark recesses of my mind as that big black cock became the center of my

attention. When I felt him getting ready to come, I tried to prepare myself. I knew he'd taken a couple of pills, but I wasn't sure what to expect. *Will I be able to swallow his whole load?* I didn't know, but I was ready to find out. And from the way I felt his cock throbbing, I knew the moment of truth would be soon.

Just then, as if he'd been reading my mind, a huge load of cum exploded out of the tip of his dick. So much filled my mouth, I had to pull my head back. He continued coming, hitting my neck and chest with his next four spurts. I thought he was done, but his orgasm wasn't ending. About that time, I noticed how good the cum tasted. *Is that pineapple?* I greedily pointed his cock back toward my mouth, capturing the last few squirts.

Swallowing it quickly, I looked down and began scooping up the cum that was on my tits. Dr. Quinton watched with a smile on his face as I slurped up as much of the massive load as I could – which was a hell of a lot. He was still smiling when I was finally done and looked up at him.

“That was good, dear,” he said.

I stood and grabbed my shirt to put it back on. “That was good.”

“Are you still horny?”

As soon as I heard the word, I felt the urge between my legs once again and nodded my head up and down.

“Well, it should start to diminish. If not, let me know. The new GS cough drops will not have this side effect. At least I don't think so.” Dr. Quinton began putting his massive snake away. “There's also a chance the side-effect will actually be worse. I need to do some more testing.”

I nodded. With him being distracted with his dick and pants, I seized the opportunity and reached over to his desk. I deftly shook two of the GS cough drops out of the bottle and grabbed them just as he looked over at me.

“You need to find a good long-term partner,” he said, standing up. “That's the best I can give you. Unless you want to switch back to a man.”

“I can do that?”

“Possibly. I have a team working on it. Would you be interested?”

“I might be.”

To be honest, I wasn't sure. I'd not given much thought to becoming a man again as I was just getting accustomed to being in a female body.

“Just let me know, and I'll put you on the list as a possible candidate.”

“Thanks.”

“Don't mention it. You have a great day. I have to get back to work.”

I walked out of his office and headed toward mine. With every step, my heels clicked against the floor. The sound was drowned out by the thoughts that were going through my mind. *Do I want to switch back to being a man?* I didn't have all the answers, but the possibility was good news.

With the two GS cough drops in my purse, I got back to work. Since they were short-term, I wanted to try them that night. I was sure that Dr. Quinton's warnings were him being overly cautious. Taking them would allow me to be a man briefly again so I could decide if I wanted to permanently change back into a male body.

* * * * *

Later that evening, safely in my apartment, I sat at my kitchen table staring at the two pink pills. They were rather large, but I didn't care. *I've had bigger things in my mouth.* I laughed nervously then popped the two pills in my mouth and swallowed them. I followed them down with a large glass of premium water. And then I waited.

About an hour later, I felt my body changing. The entire process was actually quick and painless. I saw some of the change occur, but by the time I was undressed and standing in the bathroom, I was my old self once again. Staring down at my cock was odd, but even stranger was the desire I had to have one in my mouth. *I'm still horny, and I'm horny for men!*

As the thought made its way through my mind, I knew I had to get out of the house. I decided to head to a nearby club and try to pick up a woman to make sure I still had what it took to be a man. I had to dig into the back of my closet to find some of my male clothes, but I was soon dressed and headed to Harrison's, my favorite haunt for picking up women.

The Friday night crowd was packed into the place. I noticed that more men than women were present, but I still made my way through the throng of people to the bar. I noted how much easier it had been to be a hot looking woman walking through a crowd full of men. The sea of flesh had parted for me, but as a man I was bumped into again and again as I tried to reach the bar.

"I'll have a vodka," I said after finding a bar stool.

The bartender nodded his head in my direction. I turned around to survey the room a little more closely. I tried to concentrate on all the beautiful women, but I found my eyes lingering on several men.

"That's seven bucks."

I turned back around and paid for the drink, giving him a three dollar tip. The alcohol felt welcome as I poured it in my mouth and it started flowing through the rest of my body. My brain was numbed slightly. Four drinks and half an hour later, I was ready to start trolling for women.

As I walked toward the dance floor, I noticed Josh sitting by himself at a table near a wall. I knew I didn't have a female body anymore,

but I couldn't resist heading in his direction. I was still attracted to him. The feeling stirring in my body were confusing, but I didn't want to turn around.

"Hey," I said when I reached his table.

He looked up, not a strand of his brown hair seemed out of place.

"Can I help you?"

"You don't know me, but I work for Quinton Chemical Dynamics, and I think I've seen you around the office before."

"I don't think so." He looked away.

I wasn't ready to take no for an answer, so I sat down next to him on the bench seating against the wall. I immediately raised my hand to call a waitress over.

"What are you drinking?" I asked.

He looked at me, as if trying to decide whether he was going to get upset or just go with the flow. "I'll have another beer."

"What kind?"

"Doesn't matter."

I nodded, ordering him an expensive brew as well as one for me.

"I don't mean to be too pushy, but with everything going on at QCD right now, I thought talking to a fellow employee would help."

“Did you lose your job or something?” He lifted his bottle and drained the rest of the liquid.

“No, not at all. I was in sales.”

“Was?”

“I mean I'm in sales.”

“I've not seen you around.”

“You're in sales too?” I stared into his eyes until he looked away first.

“No, but I've been spending a lot of time at the office.”

The waitress arrived, setting our drinks on the table.

“Start a tab for us, will you? Thanks, dear.”

The waitress nodded and walked away. I took a sip of the beer. I hadn't drank one when I'd had a female body for some reason. The alcohol felt good as I took a longer drink. As I was drinking, I caught him staring at me with the bottle in my mouth. I'm not sure what it was, but he seemed to be more interested in me in my male body.

“You worked for QCD a long time?” I asked.

“No, not that long. I'm not officially there anymore.”

I nodded, not really listening. His mouth was mesmerizing me. The only thing I could imagine was kissing those puffy lips. He lifted his new bottle of beer and took a long drink, and I watched him as close

as he had watched me. Seeing the glass next to those pursed lips was almost too much for me. I felt my dick getting hard in my pants.

“What about you?” he asked. “You been in sales long?”

“Too long!” I laughed.

We finished our drinks then had another round on me. The third and fourth rounds were on him. By the time the fifth came around, I had come up with a way to invite him back to my apartment. I wasn't sure if he was interested in me as a man, but he seemed to be. Perhaps more importantly, I wasn't sure how I felt about him. I was attracted to him, but I was now in a male body.

Out of the blue, he invited me back to his house, which wasn't very far away. I had the waitress call a cab for us, and we had one more for the road. I was amazed at how well we were getting long. He'd been a little hesitant at first, but the more we drank and talked, the more comfortable we'd become with each other. As we waited outside the club for the cab, I smoked a cigarette and listened to him tell a story about one of the company Christmas parties.

“No way!” I said, touching him on the shoulder.

He didn't pull away. I wanted to lean forward and kiss him right then and there, but I didn't want to spook him. I wasn't sure how he would react when I made my move at his house, but I wanted to at least get that far.

The cab arrived, and we climbed in the back seat. We were still laughing and talking when we pulled up to his house in a nearby neighborhood. I swear the cab driver gave us a strange look after we paid, but I didn't care. I was getting closer. I'd wanted Josh to fuck me as a woman, but I wanted to be close to him no matter what. I was surprised at how neat and organized his home was when we walked inside. He shut and locked the front door behind us.

"Another beer?" he asked.

"Anything stronger?"

"Sure!" His voice was loud.

I followed him into the kitchen where he opened a cupboard and pulled out a dark bottle of premium whiskey off the top shelf. He had a wicked grin on his face as he turned and faced me. Holding the bottle out, I grabbed it to examine the label. I didn't care a bit about what we were going to be drinking, but I had to stop looking at his face. His masculine features were just part of the reason I found him attractive. He was the whole package.

"Just a little night cap," he said, opening a cabinet to the left of the sink filled with glasses of all shapes and sizes. He pulled two out and set them on the sink, reaching for the bottle.

Instead of handing him the whiskey, I set it on the counter and moved closer to him. The room was silent. I could almost hear his heart beating. His breathing was shallow as he watched me closely. Seeing that he wasn't pulling back, I leaned in and kissed him on the

lips. I expected him to pull back, but he wrapped his arms around me and started kissing back.

We kissed for a full minute or two. When we broke away, he took me by the hand and led me to the second level of the house. Neither of us said a word as we walked to his bedroom. Immediately on entering, I was surprised at how neat and attractive the room looked. Everything smelled nice as well, including the bed with military corners.

Standing next to his king size bed, we started kissing again. This time, our hands were roaming all over. He didn't stop me when I started unbuttoning his shirt. His chest was hairy, which was really turning me on for some reason. Once his shirt was off, he took mine off. Both bare chested, I went back to exploring his mouth with my tongue.

Our lips were pressed together as we both undid our pants and let them drop to the floor. I couldn't resist any longer, and I reached out and grabbed his package through his silk boxers. He was average size and already hard as a rock. Then I felt him grab my cock, squeezing it gently. I was semi-hard, but blood was rushing between my legs in a hurry. The room faded away for me as I stroked him and was stroked by him.

"Let's sixty-nine," I said, not believing the words coming out of my mouth.

"Yeah..."

In under a minute, we'd both shed out underwear and were on the bed. Without me having to say anything, Josh got on his back, picking his position. I turned myself around and carefully lifted my leg and moved so that his cock was staring me in the face and mine was dangling dangerously close to his mouth. Just then, as if on cue, his head bobbed forward and swallowed my penis.

Has he done this before? I wondered as he skillfully sucked me. His cock was waving back and forth slightly. Not knowing why I was craving the taste, I bent my head down and started licking his shaft from bottom to top and back again. He started sucking me harder as I teased the tip of his dick with my tongue, trying to coax some precum out.

I didn't have to wait long. Strings of it connected my mouth with his cock as I felt his chest underneath me. I kept thinking about having his cock inside my pussy, but I didn't have a pussy any longer. And in some strange way, this was okay. I still wanted to taste his hot, creamy cum. The thought of him shooting into my mouth made me even harder.

Our bodies moved together as one as we sucked each other at the same time. I tried to adjust my technique so that we would be able to come at the exact same time. I knew the chances of that happening were low, but I still wanted to try. Then I felt my orgasm growing closer, so I started sucking his cock even more furiously while holding it with my hand at the base.

Suddenly and without a lot of warning, I felt myself being pushed past the point of no return. His cock was still in my mouth as I started shooting cum into his. He swallowed all of it as I squirted my juicy nectar. As my orgasm began to die down, I returned my concentration to making him happy. He didn't last much longer. I felt the base of his dick get bigger then he started shooting his hot cum.

I kept my mouth over him, taking as much of his seed as I could manage. Some of it dribbled out of the corner of my mouth, running down the side of his cock. When he was finally done, I crawled off of him and turned around. I wrapped my hand over his hairy chest as I curled up next to him, feeling more satisfied than I'd been in a long time.

We were both exhausted – and a little drunk – and we drifted off to sleep. I woke up a little while later and decided to leave. I loved what had happened, but I didn't want to take a chance of changing back to a female with him around. *If this is what living with Josh will be like, I think I'm going to become a man again*, I thought to myself. I looked down at his naked, sleeping body as I quickly dressed, almost unable to resist kissing his cock one last time. I summoned a cab with my phone then walked outside to wait, smoke a cigarette and think – not necessarily in that order.

* * * * *

I wanted to call Josh the next morning, but I waited. I wanted to talk to him again as a woman before I decided whether or not I was

going to switch back to a male body permanently. The night after I'd sucked Josh's cock while he sucked mine, I felt a tingling in my body. I felt my breasts growing and the rest of my body was warm and other transformations were under way. I walked into the bathroom to catch one last look at my cock.

Staring at myself in the full length mirror behind the door, I realized that I'd changed back to a woman – for the most part. My cock was still dangling between my legs and looked really out of place on my female body. *What the fuck have I done now?* I thought, panicking. I didn't know what to do, so I dialed Josh's number, hoping he answered the call. When I heard his voice through the speaker, I was put at ease considerably.

“Hello,” I said faintly.

“Is this Jenni?”

“Yeah, it's me.”

“What's wrong? You sound upset.”

“It's about work. Is there any way you can come over to talk about it?”

“I'm kinda busy right now. I actually met someone last night...”

“Please?” I asked, interrupting him. “I need you.”

“Okay, give me a little bit.”

He disconnected the call. Half an hour later, I heard him knocking on the door. I closed my robe – the only thing I was wearing – and rushed to answer. I took a final deep breath before turning the handle and opening it, simultaneously putting on the best smile I could muster. He didn't recognize me from the night before, but I remembered him.

“Hey, Jenni.”

“Come in, come in.”

I closed the door behind him then headed into the living room.

“So, you said you met somebody?”

“Yeah,” he said, shifting the weight of his body from one foot to the other.

“Nice woman?” I winked.

“Well...”

He didn't know I knew, so I decided to shine some light on the situation. I moved forward and slipped my hands around to cup his ass cheeks.

“I'm not sure this is a good idea,” he said.

“You don't like this?” I opened my robe to show him my naked body, including my ten inch penis.

“Oh my! You have a...”

“Shh.” I put a finger to my lips and walked forward, reaching down to grab his cock through his pants.

Then I kissed him, unable to believe the feeling. The kiss was even better than it had been the last time I had seen him when I was completely male. He'd been excited before, but I sensed a difference. He was even more turned on that I had a female top and a male member between my legs.

Working quickly, I removed his pants and his shirt. When he was naked, I pushed him back on my bed. He tumbled down, leaning on his elbows. His eyes were locked with mine as I got on my knees in front of him. My breasts were pressed against his cock, which was already hard again. He moaned as I put him in my mouth, sucking up and down slowly. I soon felt his strong hands on my head, pushing my head down. I almost choked and pulled my head back, gasping for breath.

“I want to suck you,” he said, sitting up even more.

I got on the bed, my back against the headboard and my legs spread. He crawled between them, his wet and hungry mouth getting closer and closer to my she-cock. I reached down and played with my pert nipples, making them even harder as I felt the blood rushing to my penis. When his mouth made contact with my thick mushroom head, I sighed, falling in love with the feeling. He put my blowjob to shame as he expertly worked every inch of me with his lips and tongue.

Then I watched as he sucked on his right index finger briefly. It was slick with his spit when he pulled it out. I wondered briefly what he was going to do, then I knew. I felt that thick finger burrow between my ass cheeks, seeking out my tightly clenched sphincter like a heat seeking missile. As he penetrated me, he started sucking me again. I was in bliss as he gradually opened my ass with two finger and then three. The feeling of three fingers pounding in and out of my asshole was amazing, especially with my she-cock in his mouth.

Before I was able to come, he stopped, staring up at me. I smiled back at him, not wanting the good feelings to stop. I thought briefly about asking him to sixty-nine again, but he had other plans. He knelt and slapped my left thigh a little bit. I immediately knew what he was thinking and got on my knees. My head was facing the wall and my ass – raised up into the air – was facing him. I wasn't sure what to expect exactly, but it sure wasn't his hands pulling my ass cheeks apart as he probed me with his tongue. I sighed, feeling my breasts pressed against the bedspread.

“Fuck me,” I gasped.

He obliged. I felt the tip of his dick press against my asshole. Slowly and surely, it began to penetrate me. The feeling of him filling me from behind was incredible. My cock started to get harder, so I reached between my legs and started stroking myself slowly as he slid into me inch after thick inch. When he was all the way in, he began to pull out just as slowly. I felt my sphincter open to accommodate him. After he pulled out, it closed back up.

“You're so tight.” His voice was barely over a whisper.

“I've been saving my ass for you.”

If I'd known he was into anal, I would've approached him a lot earlier. *Or does he like the fact I have a cock between my legs?* I didn't have an apparent answer, but I didn't care as he plunged into me again, moving in and out faster and faster. Each time he pushed all the way in, I could feel the tip teasing my prostate gland. The feeling was unlike anything I'd ever experienced before. I wanted him to fuck me forever.

Then his thrusts slowed down as he deliberately stuck his dick in my ass and pulled it out, relishing the feeling every inch of the way. I still had a hand on my cock, ready to start pulling harder when I knew he was coming. I didn't have to wait much longer. I could actually feel his cock pulsate just before he started shooting his load deep inside my ass. The sensation took me over the top as I started squirting my she-cum onto the bedspread.

When he pulled out of me, I felt as if I was losing part of myself. After getting up and throwing the bedspread on the floor, we laid next to each other on the clean sheets. Bathed in the afterglow of an amazing orgasm, I suddenly thought about telling him the truth – the whole truth and nothing but the truth. If I was truly going to spend the rest of my life with him, I wanted to be as honest as possible. And that meant no lies of omission.

“I used to be a man,” I said, waiting for him to start laughing.

“Duh.”

“No, I mean I was all man. I was one of the first Quintonal test subjects.”

He turned to look at my face. “And you became a transgender woman?”

“Well, no. That didn't happen until I took the GS cough drops.”

“I thought we weren't supposed to take those.”

“Dr. Quinton told me not too, but I couldn't resist. I thought for sure I was going to change back to a woman.”

“You did ... kinda.”

We both laughed, our hands touching each other.

“I have a confession for you too,” he said suddenly.

“Yeah? I doubt you could surprise me.”

“Don't be so sure about that.”

“Well, what is it?”

“I was one of the original Quintonal test subjects too.”

“Wait, that means you used to be a woman?” I sat up in bed.

“Yeah. Crazy, right?”

I laughed, shaking my head. I couldn't believe my crazy life – or my luck. The man I was falling for as a man and as a woman had at one time been a woman himself. We talked the whole night, still not sure what we were going to do in the morning. I had to confess to Dr. Quinton and make a decision about whether I wanted to live life as a man or woman. I blocked all that out as I tried to just enjoy the time I had with Josh – who had previously been known as Josie.

Pink Panic

I was late for work once again - my fifth time in two weeks. Tim Robinson, my boss, was not happy when I finally arrived. As one of the few people weird enough to work at the Masturbatadome, I knew he would cut me a little slack. When you added in the fact that I worked third shifts – when it really got odd – I had even more leeway with the little things like arriving at a particular set time every single day. I made sure I was where I needed to be most of the time.

Over the years I'd made mistakes, of course, but if you looked at my entire life it was easy to see that I'd always seen the world a little differently than most. This didn't make me better than anyone else, but it allowed me to work in an alternative sex club without feeling strange about it. My main responsibilities were handing out keys to the rooms, but I had other tasks I had to complete on a nightly basis as well, like giving pep talk to the maids.

“I know it's a lot of splooge, but think of the paycheck. And more than that, you women are what keeps this place going.”

“No one respects us,” one of them said, shaking her fist in the air.

“What? That's crazy talk. You ladies are what makes this place possible. Without you, we'd all be slipping around and falling on our asses.”

Some of the older ladies in the group of seven began giggling, but they knew what I was saying. They agreed to keep doing their jobs –

at least for one more night. As I was finishing up, Harry, the janitor, rushed into the break room. His blue overalls were a bit dirty, and he hadn't shaved or washed in hairs in a few days at least.

"You need to come with me," he said, grabbing me by the arm.

"What? I just got to work. I can't leave."

I was friendly with Harry even though he was just the janitor.

"You don't understand." His voice was excited, but that was normal.

"No, I don't understand."

"Well, I don't have time to explain it to you." He glanced at his watch.

"You in a hurry?"

"Yes. You coming with me to get a few drinks?"

"It's early." I really didn't want to go.

"Trust me, you're going to want to come."

"Okay, give me about fifteen minutes and I'll meet you out back."

Beyond being the janitor at the Masturbatadome pleasure palace, Harry was my smoking and drinking buddy. I wasn't much of a drinker, but I'd found if I drank with him he would smoke weed with me. Lots and lots of weed. With a job like mine, it was a necessity to be high at least seventy percent of the day if not more.

I went into Chuck's office. My boss was, as usual, in a compromising position when I walked in. His secretary – about a year away from retirement – was between his legs on the floor. Her head was bobbing up and down while her teeth were laying on the desk. He looked up as I walked in without knocking.

“What the hell you doing, kid? Get the fuck out of here?”

“Ain't nothing I've not seen before, Chuck. I just wanted to let you know I'm heading out early today.”

“You just got here!”

“Well, I'm calling in one of my favors. Capiche?”

“Get the fuck out of here.” He waved me away with his pudgy hand before looking back down at the gray haired lady giving him toothless head.

Trying to put that image out of my mind, I made my way to my locker. I didn't really need to go, but I wanted Harry to wait a little bit. I felt like he thought he owned me sometimes by the way he bossed me around and expected me to jump when he snapped. Then again, he did smoke a *lot* of weed with me. I couldn't be too upset with him.

He was out back in the alley when I walked outside, the metal door swinging and slamming shut behind me. Already October, the air was crisp and chill. I threw on the hood of my sweatshirt and walked over to Harry. He was leaning against the brick wall of the building smoking a joint. When I reached him, he handed it to me.

“We're not even away from work yet.” I still took the joint from him and took a big hit.

“Fuck Chuck is my motto. I'm telling you, we don't got a lot of time. We have to get drunk *soon*.”

For some reason, his pronunciation of the word “soon” was hilarious to me and I coughed, a large cloud of smoke rushing from my mouth.

“Cut that shit out, man. I told you not to make me laugh when I have a hit.”

“I can't help it. Let's go.”

We took turns hitting the joint as we followed the alley ten blocks to his apartment. After we arrived, he poured me a drink and then another. Before I knew what was happening, I was a bit tipsy. It was at that point that Harry decided to let me in on his big news..

“It's epic, man. I'm telling you. This shit is going to open your mind and change our world.”

“Go on.”

“I'm not really a janitor.”

“And?”

“Don't you want to know what I really am?”

“Sure.”

“A pimp!”

At that very moment, his bedroom door burst open and three buxom blondes walked out. All were topless and wearing g-string bikini bottoms. I couldn't take my eyes off their big breasts bouncing as they laughed their way across the room toward us.

“Jimmy, this is Veronica, Lucy, and... What's your name dear?”

“Sasha!” The third woman reached out and pushed him gently.

“That's right. Ladies, this is Jimmy. He's going to fuck all three of you and give you a grade. Whoever does best is going to get the most money for each gig. Dig?”

All three women immediately turned their attention to me. I felt like a judge that took bribes at a beauty pageant. I soon had three pairs of hands roaming up and down my body.

“You're not going to watch are you?” I asked, not really caring.

“The fuck you say?” He tilted his head but smiled. “I have to go take care of something really quick, but if you could keep these ladies occupied and take notes, I'll be back a little later. The bong is loaded, but feel free to get more out if you want. You need to be as stoned as possible.”

I nodded, not being able to say anything else as two of the women – Veronica and Lucy – were kissing me on the cheeks, lips and any

other exposed flesh they could find. Sasha retrieved the bong and took a huge hit before handing it to me.

Veronica took me by the hand and led me to Harry's bedroom after my third hit. The weed was really good, and I was floating across the floor. She closed the door behind us then stripped off her panties in front of me while I sat on the edge of the bed. When she was naked, she moved forward and kissed me.

Whether it was the weed or the fine looking female in front of me, I didn't know, but my cock began to firm up. Then she dropped to her knees and took me into her mouth. Stoned, I tried to take notes in my mind as her juicy, luscious lips made their way up and down my shaft.

Leaning with my hands flat on the mattress behind my back, she licked and sucked like a pro – probably because she was one. When I was hard she placed her hands on my chest and pushed me back onto the bed. My feet were still dangling over the side when she climbed onto my lap.

I reached up and grabbed her breasts as she lowered herself on me. I felt my cock penetrate her wetness. She was a bit loose, but I wasn't complaining. In fact, I started to moan as she rode me up and down with her palms on my chest for balance.

Her large breasts hung down, and I tried concentrating on them so I wouldn't pop too soon. I didn't want to embarrass myself with a professional. *Fuck it*, I thought. I just wanted to enjoy myself. *This is a lot fucking better than work*. Just then, she looked down at me.

She began riding me more forcefully as she continued staring at me. Looking into her eyes, I felt myself suddenly rush toward the finish line. I started bucking my hips upward when she came down on me, trying to get as far into her as possible.

"I'm gonna come," I said between gasps.

A smile appeared on her face, and I felt her pussy muscles clench around my cock. I cried out as I finally felt release. She continued riding me as I shot my load into her, quitting at just the right time. After climbing off of me, she waved and headed out of the room. I was trying to catch my breath when Lucy came in.

"I can't go again yet," I said. "It's not you, it's me."

"Don't worry, baby. Just take one of these."

Her hand moved toward my mouth and I saw she was holding a small, blue-green pill. I wasn't sure what it was exactly, but with her tits hanging just a few inches from my face, I felt my lips parting and my tongue sticking out. She placed the pill on my tongue. I swallowed.

I wished I had some water, but that thought quickly floated away as I watched her make her way to a stereo in the corner of Harry's room. Soulful R&B flew out of the speakers as she began moving her body back and forth. I watched intently as she pulled down her panties. She had shaved all of her pubic hair.

When she walked over and grabbed my cock, I instantly felt it returning to life. I watched in amazement as it stood to attention as she tugged at it. Holding it at the base, she bent over and took the tip into her mouth. I moaned as she began to tongue kiss my mushroom head, concentrating on my most sensitive skin.

She continued skillfully sucking me as I lay back and tried to enjoy myself. As the room began to weave in and out of focus, I wondered what else was in the pill she'd given me. I could feel her lips and tongue touching my flesh, and I liked what I was feeling. When she stopped and climbed into the bed, I sat up to see what she was doing.

Her ass was lifted into the air as she pressed her chest on the mattress. I could see her fingers stroking her wet pussy. I crawled over so that I was behind her, a hand on each of her ass cheeks. My cock felt huge – much larger than I remembered it ever being before. I poked her anus once or twice accidentally before I plunged deep into her tight slit.

“Fuck me,” she said, her voice sounding a million miles away.

I pushed in as far as I could, slowly pulling out and enjoying each and every moment our skin was touching. *She's so fucking tight*, I thought as I pushed in and out a little faster. When I looked down, I saw her puckered asshole and I couldn't resist. I pulled out of her then stuck the tip at the entrance as her sphincter open up.

She moaned – loudly – as I slowly pushed my cock in her tight asshole. The sensation was incredible. All I could concentrate on

was the feeling of her ass wrapped around my rock hard cock. As she opened up, I began fucking her a little harder, stopping to make sure she was lubricated enough. A tight, slick hole was too much for me, and I felt myself rush toward another orgasm.

With one last push into her, I grunted as I felt myself coming again. I continued pumping her ass until the last drop came out of the tip of my dick. Still shaking, I pulled out and collapsed on the bed. Strangely, I was still hard and horny. I was about to ask Lucy what she had given me when she got up and left the room.

Before I could get up to clean up, Sasha made her way into the room. She wasted no time in stripping off her panties. Unlike the other two women, she had a full bush between her legs. I could barely see her slit, but this made me want to see it even more. I would have to become a jungle explorer, but if I got off again a third time that night, I'd feel better than Dr. Livingstone.

Sasha climbed on the bed and got into a sixty-nine position. Her hairy bush was just inches from my face, so I lifted my head and tried to find skin to like. Reaching up awkwardly with one of my hands, I cleared a path through the forest and began licking her with my tongue. As soon as I made contact, she swallowed me whole. The other two women had been okay, but she was a cock sucking pro.

The more I licked her, the more intensely she sucked my cock. Realizing this, I grabbed her hips and pulled her pussy onto my face. My tongue was flattened out and she began rubbing back and forth

on it. I could feel her small, pert breasts on my stomach, but the sensation I concentrated on most was the feeling of my cock in her mouth.

She was a master with her lips and tongue, making me feel better than I had in a long time – including the other two women I'd just fucked. Time slowed and I continued kissing and licking her as she did the same to me. It may have been minutes or hours later, but I felt another orgasm building up. When I was pushed over the edge and began to come in her mouth, I felt her squirt as well as she squirmed on my face.

I gasped for air and enjoyed my orgasm as she continued riding my face. I felt sad when she lifted her leg and crawled off of me. Without a word, she headed out of the room, leaving me a wet mess. After a minute or two, I finally managed to get up. When I walked into the living room, the three ladies gave me a round of applause. They were all still topless but had panties on.

On my way to the bathroom to clean up myself, I waved. My cock and balls were sore after so much use, but I didn't care. My whole body was still buzzing. After washing up and putting on my boxers and my t-shirt, I headed back into the living room. Sasha tossed me a cigarette, which I caught in midair. I nodded my head at her, smiled, then slipped it in my mouth.

As the three woman and I were in the living room enjoying cigarettes, Harry stumbled through the front door. He looked around the room drunkenly then smiled.

“Everything go okay, then? Did you take notes?”

“Yeah, I'll tell you in the morning okay? I'm beat. Can I crash here?”

“The couch is yours, my man. You put clean sheets on my bed?”

“Well, no, not yet.”

“Don't worry about it. No biggie. I'll get them changed. Talk to you in the morning.” He stumbled away to his bedroom, shutting the door once the three women had followed him in.

I fell asleep on the couch. My dick was still a little sore, but it had been a pretty good night. *A hell of a better night than the one I would've had at work*, I thought.

Sometime later that night, a few hours before the sun was set to rise, I woke up to a loud crashing noise in Harry's bedroom. After jumping off the couch, I rushed over and knocked on his door.

“You okay in there?” No answer. “I'm coming in. You better be decent, you drunk fuck.”

When I opened the door, I couldn't believe my eyes. Harry was nowhere in sight. Three small, gray creatures were in one corner of the bedroom. A beautiful buxom woman was standing in front of them. She turned to me as soon as I burst into the room.

“Get out of here, Jimmy! Run for your life!”

I didn't know how she knew my name, but I decided to listen to her. As I turned to run, I felt a jolt of electricity hit my back. The world went black.

* * * * *

When my eyes finally opened, I looked around and found myself in a stainless steel room laying on a steel hospital bed. The cold metal was a little uncomfortable, but my aching head was even more of a bother. Sitting up, I noticed something else was wrong – I had breasts!

What the fuck?

I reached down and touched the fleshy globes attached to me to see if they were real or not. They felt real. In fact, it felt good touching them. I don't know if it was the chill in the air or the pressure of my hands, but I felt my dark nipples begin to harden.

Seeing no one else in the room, I used both hands to start playing with my breasts, concentrating on the large, sensitive nipples. The warm feeling I'd felt earlier was still with me, especially my crotch. Suddenly freaking out, I reached down between my legs and immediately sat up.

“My cock is gone!” I said out loud even though no one was in the room.

“Yes. Please don't touch it yet,” a voice replied.

I looked up to try to figure out the source of the voice. "Who's there? Where are you?"

"I'm in the next room. I've been assigned to watch over you before you make it to your first stop."

"My first step? What the fuck is going on? Why am I a woman?"

"Female humans are in higher demand than males right now. We were in a hurry and managed to find you and your friend."

"Harry? Where is he?"

I stopped fondling myself and got down off the bed. I couldn't see any doors or openings of any kind anywhere.

"Your mate is fine..."

"He's not my mate, he's just a friend!"

"Your habitat was with him, correct?"

"Well, yes, sometimes."

"He provided you with sexual satisfaction?"

"Well, not exactly. He had someone else do it for me..."

"Yes!" the voice interrupted. "You do understand! Great. You are going to be used to please a Betoid from a few galaxies over. He's a very influential person in the universe, so your best bet is going to be..."

“Wait a minute,” I said, interrupting the voice right back. “What do you mean I'm going to be used to please someone?”

“Sexually. You have the proper body for it now. Do you need to get acclimated to it or have you been a female of your species before?”

“No! I've always been a man. Humans don't do that sort of thing. Well, not most of the time.”

“I see. Maybe we've made a mistake. Hold on, please.”

The voice was gone and I was left alone and naked once again. However, knowing that someone was watching, I didn't feel like exploring my body – at least not yet. *Maybe later. I gotta figure out what the hell is going on first.* Looking around the room again, everything seemed seamless.

Then a section of one of the walls slid up into the ceiling. A small, gray alien walked in wearing a white lab coat. It was carrying a small tablet device in its left hand. I couldn't tell if it was male or female, but I realized that was the least of my worries.

“Okay, human zeta-three-bongo, I'm going to ask you some questions to determine whether you go to training or straight to work. Understand?”

“Are you going to tell me what the hell is going on?”

“That's a question. I just need answers now.” Those big, black eyes peered into mine. “Do you understand?”

I felt a calmness spread through my body. "Yeah," I managed to say.

"Great. First up. Have you ever been a female of your species before?"

"No. I told you I've been a man my whole life!"

"Okay. You will need to be taken to Trefalgar for training before you are delivered to your new owner."

"I'm not a slave."

"No, of course not, human. You just don't have any rights."

"That makes me a slave."

"No, not really. If the beings of your planet could stop killing each other and make it out among the stars, you would have rights. Of course, you might still become a slave at that point because we are more advanced than you, but as it stands now, you're just an ignorant native."

"Hey now..."

"Settle down. It's a big universe. You're not the lowest species in the known areas."

"Known areas?" My interest was piqued. "There's unknown areas of the universe?"

“Of course, silly human. You'll find out more. But first, you must sleep so you're rested up for the training retreat.

“The what?”

Before I got an answer, everything went black again.

* * * * *

When my eyes opened again, I saw a beautiful redhead woman peering at me intently. Her face was a little too close to mine for comfort.

“What the hell?” I sat up. “Who are you?”

“It's me,” she said.

I shook my head from side. “Who?”

“It's me! Harry! Don't you recognize me?” She twirled around, showing off her body. She was naked expect for some type of collar around her neck.

“What?”

“I don't have a lot of time to explain. We'll be okay. Trust me.”

I started sobbing. I wasn't sure if it was the new female hormones running through my body, the fact I'd been taken from my home planet or something else entirely, but I felt like crying.

“Hey, what's wrong?” Harry reached out and gently stroked my cheek.

“What's wrong?” I swung my legs over the metal bed on wheels.
“What's wrong, you ask?”

“Settle down. Don't worry. It's just the Pink Panic that's got ya.”

“What's the Pink Panic?”

“Well, when a human has their gender swapped.”

“Wait. This has happened to you before?”

“Well, Jimmy my boy, I've not been completely honest with you. I'm not actually from Earth. I'm from a planet very, very similar to Earth about a billion light years in that direction...” He pointed in front of him. “Wait, that direction maybe.” He pointed to his left a little more.

“Anyway, I've actually been on your planet to get abducted so that I could put an end to this. The Gerdokan believe they have permission to do whatever the fuck they want because they've been around a billion years longer than almost everyone else we've discovered.”

“The Gerdokan?”

“You know them as the grays. They're the little beady eyed fuckers that picked us up.”

I nodded, still confused.

“Have you figured out how to use your pussy yet?”

“Well, I guess I know. To be honest, I hadn't thought about it.”

“There's no guessing. The training camp is not going to be easy. You need to be on top of your sexual game as a woman. Do you want to practice before we arrive?”

“What do you mean?”

Instead of saying anything, Harry used his feminine hands to get me to lay back down on the cold metal. I was about to complain when he carefully crawled on top of me, his pussy inches from my face. I still felt like a man in my mind, which was odd, but seeing the pink, fleshy lips in front of me made me forget the weirdness for a moment.

Then I felt Harry – as a female – begin to lick me between the legs. I moaned for a moment, but he soon lowered his own pussy down on my face. I stuck out my tongue and tried to keep up with him. His juices ran down my face as I probed every inch of his pink flesh with my tongue. Grabbing his ass cheeks, I pulled him closer to me.

When his tongue ran over my clitoris for the first time, I melted. I'd had my cock sucked many times before, but this was so different. In some ways, it was better than all the oral sex I'd had as a man. As I began feeling better, a warm sensation running through my body, I concentrated on making Harry feel better as well.

As my orgasm approached, I marveled at how similar it was to the ones I'd had as a man. Then I fell over the edge. His tongue poked,

prodded and licked every crevice and crack between my legs, and I screamed out in pleasure. My body began to shake as I started to come. I kept kissing his pussy lips as the orgasm flooded my consciousness, but he carefully got off of me.

“That was incredible,” I said. “Did you come too?”

“Well, no. You're not really good.”

“What?” I sat up again, jumping down to the floor this time.

“I said you're not very good. Listen, man. I'm sorry I got you into this, but you're going to have to really try harder or this could end up really bad for both of us.”

“What do you mean?”

Before he could answer, one of the small gray creatures entered the room.

“Break it up you two. We've arrived.”

One of the metal walls quickly turned into a video screen. I watched in amazement as a blue-green planet approached quickly. I didn't recognize any of the continents, but that only made the whole scene more impressive.

We had reached somewhere in the universe, but I had no way of knowing how far we'd gone or where we were exactly. What surprised me was how similar the planet looked to Earth. I didn't get

to gawk for long as Harry and I were led to a large area that served as a barracks. *How big is this place?* I wondered.

After being left in the barracks, long rows of bunk beds heading off into the distance, we were immediately approached by a woman with long, blonde hair. She had three breasts.

“Where you from?” she asked, nodding at me.

“Earth.”

“Which one?”

“What? There's only one Earth?”

“Oh! That Earth. Sorry.” She walked away.

I started to follow her, but Harry's feminine arm reached out to stop me. “Don't do it. She's not worth it. She's really haughty. They think they have proof they're the first planet with human life, but they don't have any real evidence to prove they evolved first.”

I was about to ask him a string of questions when one of the small, gray aliens walked in. This one was wearing all black and was yelling.

“Get in line! Inspection time!”

The creature walked from bunk to bunk, either handing a tablet to the woman in front of it or saying something to them. Harry and I

both got tablets. I wanted to ask a question, but Harry stopped me by pointing to the tablet.

“Welcome to the Transgender Guide to the Universe.”

The letters on the screen were pink and somehow inviting. The font made it appear it was handwritten.

“What’s this?” I asked.

“The guide. Just read it and you’ll understand. If we get split up at this point, try to keep your cool. I think I have a plan.”

“No talking!” the alien in black shouted as it made its way back to us.

I lay down on my bunk and pressed the flashing script on my tablet. I read about the start of the Gender Wars and a bunch of other information that made no sense to me. I was about to give up trying to find out on my own again and ask Harry when I saw a message appear. “Would you like to know your assignment?” I clicked the button and the screen cleared then showed a map with a flashing pink dot. Reading the text below the map, I figured out that it was a new bunk assignment.

“Hey, Harry, you being reassigned?”

“No, why? Are you?”

“Yeah, I think so.”

“Shit.”

“Is that bad?”

“No, I have to take a shit. You should be okay. Just remember what I told you.”

Before I could ask him to remind me, he'd jumped off the top bunk and headed deeper in the room to find the restrooms. I was still freaking out, but I followed the map. I found walking in my female body a little odd. Harry had said a lot of humans from other worlds changed gender all the time, but it was still new to me. And for some reason, I was really horny. I wanted to fuck a man, any man I could find.

When I saw on the tablet that I'd reached where I was supposed to be going, I looked around. I didn't see any doors – just smooth stainless steel in all directions. As I was wondering what to do, I saw a flashing dialog box on the tablet. I pressed a “Knock on Door” button, wondering who had done the translation.

I dropped the tablet to my side as the door opened. I saw a naked man with blonde hair, blue eyes and muscles in all the right places. My knees began to shake a little. He was intimidating – especially the long, smooth cock hanging between his legs.

“My eyes are up here, sweetheart,” he said.

I looked up and smiled sheepishly. “I think I'm supposed to be here.”

“Yeah, come on in.”

He moved aside and I walked into what appeared to be his living quarters. A lot of the room was taken up by a large, soft bed. He had photographs taped to the walls and I noticed a stack of books piled up in one corner.

“Who are you?” I asked as I looked around.

“I’m one of the best studs here. My job is to teach you how to be a good servant. If you follow my instructions, you’ll do good.”

His voice was monotone, as if he had read the same script many times before and was bored with it.

“How long am I going to be here?”

“That depends on you. If you’re good, you can get out in a matter of weeks most likely and move on to your first assignment.”

“And if I’m not good?”

“Years. Or you might become a trainer like me and spend the rest of your life here.”

“Let’s get started. What do I need to do to be considered good?”

“Ah, we have an anxious one.”

His voice, still monotone, made it sound as if he was about to commit suicide because he was tired of the world.

“Take your clothes off.”

I followed his command, still a bit shy in my female body. “Does it matter that I was once a male?”

“Excuse me?”

“On Earth I was a man not a female. They switched me somehow.”

“Yes that matters! Why didn't you tell me this sooner?”

His voice changed as his whole body become more animated.

“I didn't know.”

“It's okay. You're from Earth. It's understandable.”

“Why do so many people make fun of my planet?”

“Oh, it's not you sweetheart. Trust me. Let's get started, okay? You're turning me on with all your talk of being a man turned female.”

“What do you want me to do?”

“What would you want done?”

He had his cock gripped in his left hand, and I knew what I had to do. I'd never sucked a cock before, but as I got to my knees, I felt a tingle between my legs. *Am I getting turned on? Is the sight of a dick turning me on?* I didn't care about the answer. All I wanted was to have my mouth filled with man meat. I parted my lips a little and moved my head forward.

Sighing, he grabbed the back of my head and pulled me forward. His cock slipped between my lips. I looked up and saw a smile on his face. Surprisingly, the taste wasn't as bad as I thought it would've been. In fact, it was a nice sensation. As he pushed the first inch or so in and out of my mouth, I felt him get harder.

As my passions got the best of me, I reached up and began fondling his balls as he fucked my mouth. Gasping, I pulled my head back and grabbed the base of his cock with my right hand. I slowly moved toward him again and began circling his mushroom head with my wet, pink tongue. At the same time, I started moving my hand up and down his shaft.

I didn't have experience sucking cocks, but I'd had mine sucked more than once. At first, I tried to emulate all the best blowjobs I'd gotten over the years. Then I realized he wasn't responding too well, so I mixed it up. I forgot everything I knew about being a man and a woman and just let my instincts take over. As I worked his cock with my hands, lips and tongue, he began to moan. When he was hard, I crawled on the bed, bending over so my ass was exposed to him. In a flash, he was behind me and pressing that beautiful cock into my tight, wet hole. The feeling of being penetrated was new to me. Well, at least in a pussy. I'd let one woman fuck me in the ass with a strapon before, but this was entirely different.

He pushed in and out of me as I moved my ass back to try to help him get deeper. As he fucked me, I reached down and began stroking my clitoris, my newest favorite spot on my body. The feeling

of friction as his cock slid in and out was amazing combined with my own fingers gently rubbing my little nub of pleasure.

“Come now!” he shouted suddenly.

I felt his cock throb inside of me as he began to squirt load after load of hot, sticky cum into me. I pushed back on his quickly deflating penis, hoping to be able to get off myself, but it wasn't to be. He pulled out of me and collapsed on the bed.

“Go get me some water, would you?”

“What about me?”

“You can get some water too if you like.”

“No, I mean what about my orgasm?”

He looked at me, his head tilted, then started laughing uncontrollably. I got up and walked to the bathroom where I saw a glass next to a small, metal sink. I filled it up and took a long drink before refilling it and bringing it to him.

“You have any other jokes?” He snickered again. “I'm sorry. I forgot for a moment that you're new. You'll get used to it. Don't worry. Your goal now is to make other people happy. Your pleasure doesn't matter.”

“That doesn't sound like fun.”

“Hah! You're a riot. Since when was slavery fun?”

“So this is slavery?”

“No, of course not. Are you the dumbest person on your planet?”

He shook his head then took a large drink of water.

“You can go now,” he said, still holding the glass near his mouth.

I got off the bed and picked up my tablet that I'd let drop to the floor. A yellow dot was flashing on a map. I recognized the barracks almost immediately and headed back.

* * * * *

The next thirty days passed relatively quickly. I had to learn a lot, including how to satisfy non-humanoid aliens, but I managed to graduate with flying colors. Well, one color – pink. I had come so far so fast that my first assignment was changed. Instead of traveling to be a slave for the Betoid as I'd been told when I first arrived, I had another mission.

Glancing down at my tablet as I sat in my bunk, a lot of information about erotic poetry appeared. I started to study, wanting to do a good job my first time out. For some reason, I'd become a lot more comfortable being in a female body. I still felt like a man in my mind, but I realized that gender throughout the universe was looked at differently than on Earth, which was backwards in many ways.

Somewhat resigned to my fate and loving my new job a hell of a lot more than giving pep talks to maids in a sex club, I dove into the information on my tablet. I was surprised to learn that poetry was a universal method of communication. And if I wanted to try to please the Prince of planet Passion Five, I would have to learn how to write my own. The pink panic stage was over, and I was ready to enter a new, exciting period of my life.

Poetry Please

After I was switched into a female body, I didn't think life could get much stranger. As always, life surprised the fuck out of me. I'd gotten through my training and had my first mission. I was the only human male from planet Earth in the intergalactic organization that was in charge of sexual energy and release. My first mission was to convince the Prince of planet Passion Five to give up his manhood and join the rest of us.

I wasn't sure about the goals of the organization – or even their name – but it wasn't due to lack of trying. I spent a good part of my free time trying to figure out who had snatched me. Harry, who I'd known as a janitor back on Earth, didn't know either or he wouldn't tell me. I assumed it was the latter, but I could never tell with him. I had thought he was a drunk, but he was from a planet I'd never heard from before. I wondered what other secrets he held.

Most of my thoughts were centered around making sure I was passable as a female poet. I had the “being a woman” down pat after weeks of training, but writing poems was a little out of my league. Luckily, someone in my barracks had written a few poems before and had given me a few pointers. The one bit of advice that stuck out was writing what I know, so I decided to try my hands at writing some poetry about becoming a woman.

About a Woman

What to say about
being a woman
or having been
a man and then
being a woman.
Oh! What to say?

Okay, I didn't say it was good poetry, but I tried. I just had to be passable when I meant the prince. He was supposedly a real poet, whatever that meant. I knew I'd have to use words to woo him to do my bidding. If I got him to sign-up with the organization without mentioning the exact name of what he was joining, I'd been promised a promotion in the ranks, time off as a man, and better missions overall. I didn't think it was possible to try to run from beings that could traverse the entire universe, so I was in it to win it.

Harry walked into the small research pod I was using to try to pen some verse. I looked up, wishing I had breasts as nice as his. Ever since we'd done the sixty-nine the one time, I couldn't look at him the same. I was still a little mad at him for not telling me he was from another planet, but I was sure I could forgive him for it eventually. I wanted to make him squirm. And with his female body I meant that in more ways than just the obvious one. *What does he want now? Make fun of me some more?* I smiled at him.

“What's up, Harry.”

“I told you, call me Betty. Have you come up with a female name for your assignment yet?”

“No. I was trying to write some poetry. I figured a name might come to me.”

“And nothing?” He put a hand on the desk in front of me and leaned over a bit.

I couldn't help but look down his shirt at his tits. They were so nice, so perfectly formed. And his nipples were like two dark nubs in the smooth milkiness of his breasts. They were so much more than tits. Looking at them, I felt a bit of poetry stirring in my mind. Even more importantly, I felt a stirring between my legs.

“No, not yet. Betty.” I added his name to the end like it was a tacky wall painting.

“So...” He turned his head and looked at me.

“No, I can't right now...”

“I'll be quick.”

“I'm sure you will. The amount of male traits you retained never ceases to amaze me.”

“Like you haven't.” He stood up, adjusting that perfect rack.

“Maybe that's why I'm having trouble writing.”

“Want to know the secret I learned on my home planet?”

I rolled my eyes, ready for another one of his crazy stories. “Sure.”

He surprised me when he got on the floor and slipped between my legs under the desk. "Go to work writing a poem," he said, looking up at me.

I studied his feminine features for just a moment then started typing on a laser keyboard projected on the desk.

I felt his tongue
touch my flesh
my tender thighs
and his eyes when
he looks at me so
much like a she and
then the tongue plays
some more and I feel
his feminine hands on
my thighs, rubbing them,
getting me ready to go to
another place. And now.
And now I feel him
wanting to placate
me, wanting to
please me oh
so good and...

"Fuck, that feels good," I said, reaching down to feel his long, silky hair. "Don't stop."

"Don't stop writing!"

He yells at me and his voice
is feminine and soft and hard
all at the same time and the look
in his eyes as he got back to eating
me out and in a round about way I
think I see him being good to me
in other ways and I wonder if
the prince as man or woman
will feel as nice in between
my legs. I gasp, I moan,
I sigh as the sky opens
up and my orgasm
approaches once
again and yet
also as if
the very
first
time /
stops,
restarts as
release rocks
my body and I
scream in words

I stopped typing again, realizing I'd had an orgasm while I was typing. *Am I the first person in history to pull that one off?* I thought as I laughed and looked down at him. He adjusted his breasts then crawled out and stood up. Peering over my shoulder, his face so

close to mine, he read the words I'd written. They were displayed in lights in the air above the desk.

“Not bad, Jimmy boy.”

“Call me Cammy.”

“Cammy, huh?”

“Yeah. You don't like?”

“Well, you'll have to get it approved, but who the hell knows. You're the first man from Earth to score so high. There's a lot of eyes watching you closely on this mission. You need to be careful.”

“Thanks, Betty. I mean it. You've helped a lot.”

“Don't mention it. I gotta go, but look me up when you get back. I have a plan or two I want to run by you.”

I waved then saved my poem in the Universal Cloud. The UC was one of the most amazing pieces of technology I'd come across so far. The database contained all the collected knowledge of the universe. I had access to quite a bit more than all the information on Earth combined. The UC was my friend. I used it frequently and wasn't sure if I'd be able to finish my first mission without my thin, flexible tablet that allowed me access to its data. After making sure my files were saved, I stood up and headed back to the barracks to get some much needed sleep.

* * * * *

When I woke up the next morning, I still wasn't ready for my assignment. I didn't know any details other than traveling to a distant world to convince from Prince to use the organization's services. I didn't know if that meant have him turn himself into a woman to be used as an agent or as a customer that ordered transwomen from around the universe. My sergeant wouldn't tell me anything other than what was in my mission file: convince the Prince of planet Passion Five to join.

I'd given up on trying to get anything remotely helpful before I left. Being able to think on my feet and not complain might be two tests I was undergoing without even knowing it. If I'd learned anything since being abducted by the Grays is that they don't fuck around. They're not the creative or poetic types at all. Cruel, calculating, efficient and far along on their evolutionary track, the ends always justified the means for them.

As I got dressed in a pair of white slacks and a tight, pink shirt that displayed my tiny, perky breasts rather well, I wondered if I was ready to face the challenge. I knew my outfit was the usual garb for a poetess from Passion Five, but I hadn't been able to find any other relevant information about the planet. Looking in the mirror, I marveled at my female body. My slightly upturned nose was so damn cute. *I can't believe I was a man just a short while ago.* Sighing, I pulled myself away from the mirror and headed to my departure bay.

The ship that was going to be taking me three galaxies over in the local cluster was simply referred to as “The Beater.” While the name of the vessel didn't gave me pause, I was assured it was one of the latest models the Grays had available to them. They were close to being the most advanced race in the universe, but I'd heard whispers of others more powerful. For now, I was betting on their brain power to get me safely to planet Passion Five. *It's just a few galaxies over*, I thought then chuckled to myself.

“No laughing! You need to remember this stuff!”

I looked down at the Astari that was trying to explain the launch procedure one last time so that I could find my way back at the end of the mission. He looked so much like a Teddy Bear, I had to stifle a laugh. While they looked cute, they were ferocious little fuckers. I'd learned that the hard way during a game of Galactic Poker. It wasn't until after I'd lost a lot of what little I had that Harry explained there was no such game and I was being played. I'd tried to get my stuff back – at least my blanket – but one of the Astari had bitten my hand. I didn't know his name. They all looked the same to me.

“I think I got it. Just press the yellow button then the green button. I can just look it up on the UC if I forget.”

“You're going to a UC-free zone, you idiot. Didn't they tell you that?”

“What? No. No they didn't.”

“Well, your tablet's not going to work at all so leave it here. This world is a little backward.”

“More than Earth?” I had been using self-deprecating humor about my home planet in an attempt to fit in a little better.

He leaned his head back and rolled his eyes. “Just take care of this ship. If you break it, any success you have in your mission will mean shit. Got it, Earther?”

I frowned, not liking the slur, but I didn't say anything. “Yeah. Now get the fuck out of here so I can go do some real work, you tiny furry fuck.”

His tiny, furry hand raised in a gesture that was oddly universal. As he walked away, I walked into the ship roughly the size of an RV back on Earth. I'd read up on it, but entering the XK-234 (aka “The Beater”) was a bit exciting. The inside was luxurious. All of the controls and components that made the ship go were hidden.

“Hello, Cammy. Welcome aboard. Are you ready you to depart?”

“Yes. What should I call you?”

“I prefer Traci, but computer or hey you will work most of the time. I'm pretty smart.”

“I gathered. I read up on you a bit.”

“I don't like the destination galaxy,” Traci, the ship's computer, said abruptly.

“Oh yeah? Why not?” The door I'd entered slid shut with a whoosh.

“They didn't tell you?”

“No, what?” I didn't know what she was referring to, but I wanted to try to get more information out of her.

“They have no connection to the UC throughout the galaxy because they're considered a historic site.”

“I thought they were backwards when it came to technology.”

“Well, that's the thing.” I loved her casual voice. “They're actually the oldest race in the known universe. At some point, they gave up on technology and banned it in their galaxy.”

“I see.”

“I hope so. It's not the easiest place to get along. I mean, we should be okay as long as we don't have to interact with one of the princes.”

“What? I have to convince the prince to join the organization!” I was alarmed.

“Really? Which one?”

“I don't know. The prince of planet Passion Five. Is there more than one?”

“No, I meant which organization?”

“Well, uh, I'm not too sure on that one either. I can't find anyone to tell me what organization I'm working for and whether I'm free or

some sort of super agent slash prisoner.”

“Very well. We are now headed to our destination. We will arrive in approximately one hour.”

“Thanks for translating the time to something that's easier for me to understand.”

“No problem. If you would like to avail yourself of any of my other services, please let me know.”

“Like what?” I asked, genuinely curious. My access to the UC was severely limited when it came to looking up certain information.

“This...”

I watched as a realistic looking cock flew out of the sleeping quarters. It stopped a few inches from my face and began twisting, turning and vibrating.

“What the hell?”

“Get stripped and I'll show you.”

I loved the ship. As I got undressed, I hoped I'd be able to use it on future missions. Glancing around, I saw a padded bench and went over to sit down.

“Go to the bed and it will be better. Trust me.”

“Thanks, Traci.”

I headed to the back of the ship, amazed at the sleeping quarters. The room was about a thousand times better than my space in the barracks. I climbed into the luxurious bed and propped myself up on my elbows. The flying penis flew above the bed and hovered. I spread my legs and leaned back, closing my eyes. Something squirted out of the tip of the fake dick, causing me to sit up.

“Just lube. Relax. Would you like some music?”

“Yeah. Do you have anything from Earth?”

“Only every song ever made. Can I choose?”

“Sure.”

I leaned back and closed my eyes again as a soulful tune from someone began to play in the background. The flying cock began to rub me with just the tip. I couldn't believe how lifelike it felt. Then it pushed into my tight, wet hole. I moaned, imagining a burly man on top of me, fucking me. Lines of poetry began to fly through my mind as the fleshy cock pressed in and out of me. Every once in a while, it pulled out completely then gently nudged my clitoris once or twice before plunging back in my slit.

Traci had that magic cock pushing my fleshy lips apart as it tunneled into me then pulled out to go at it again from a slightly different angle. My body began to tingle and feel warm as I edged closer to an orgasm. I was sure this was going to be the best one I'd ever had as a woman. I'd said that before, but nothing I'd ever encountered before in my limited experience matched the computer's ability to

fuck me. Just when I didn't think it could get any better, it would vibrate or pulse or start to twist and turn deep inside my pussy.

“Fuck me!” I shouted just as I started to come.

My body actually shook a little as I tried to catch my breath. I couldn't stop moaning. The cock had pulled out of me and was hovering to the right of the bed, but I still felt my entire body tingling.

“Was that good, Cammy?”

“Are you kidding? That was amazing.”

“I am happy. I will remember those setting for you if we work together again.”

“Hey.” I sat up on my elbows again. “I know you're a new ship, but do agents and ships usually stick together from mission to mission?”

“Most agents don't last more than two or three missions at the most. I don't mean to scare you, but you should know the truth.”

“Passion Five sounds like a fun planet. I mean, it can't be that bad.”

“If it was easy do you think they would send someone expendable like you?”

“Well, no, I guess not.”

“We have arrived.”

“What? Already?” I jumped off the bed and started putting my clothes on.

Before I'd finished, Traci said, “The Prince of Penis has arrived, Cammy.”

I looked up as I buttoned up my white pants. A tall, thin man walked casually into the sleeping quarters. He was a good two or three feet higher than my five feet and a few inches.

“Hello, your honor. I mean Prince Penis.”

I quickly reached down and snatched up my shirt and put it on in front of him.

“Prince Penis?” He started laughing, his entire body shaking. “You are funny, Earth man.”

“You know who I really am?” I asked.

“Of course. And without your UC. Well, their UC. You know what I mean. Will you follow me to my palace please?”

“Yes. Sorry about calling you that. What should I call you?”

“I prefer Steadman. That's the closest translation in your language.”

“Okay, Steadman. Thanks for understanding.”

“Not at all, dear one.”

He reached out and touched my shoulder. I instantly felt as if I'd been drugged. A tremendous amount of dopamine and a lot of the other "good stuff" was released into my body all at once. I almost fainted, but he reached out and grabbed my waist. I leaned against him for support as we walked out of the ship.

The green sky was a bit unsettling, but so was all the purple foliage I saw in the distance. After a few steps, I began to feel more like myself. Well, I still felt really damn good, but it wasn't affecting me in a bad way as my body adjusted to the sensations. I stood up on my own, but I left his arm around my waist. I liked the way it made me feel.

We continued walking on a stone path that led from the landing pad for the ship to a simple stone building nearby. Once inside, I instantly noticed that it was a bedroom of sorts. At least it appeared that way to me as I saw a bed, pillows, and clothes neatly folded on shelves hovering in the air. I noticed a video screen that was flashing women one after another.

"Conquests?" I nodded at the wall with the video screen.

"No! You are a funny one. Are you ready?"

"Well, to be honest, Steadman, I'm not exactly sure why I'm here."

"You have no clue?"

He tilted his head as he began to undress. As he stripped off the pink, button up top and the white pants, I looked between his legs in

amazement. *Is that his cock?* A long, blue prehensile tail with a bulbous mushroom head snaked through the air. I found myself drawn to it, mesmerized by it. I walked forward a few steps and reached out to touch it.

When my fingers wrapped around the slick, blue flesh, I felt a flash in my mind. All of a sudden, I was seeing the scene from his point of view. Looking down, I saw the cock I'd just touched. It felt like an arm or another appendage I could control directly. I moved it from the left to right then up and down, totally forgetting all sense of space and time.

“You like?”

I looked up and saw me. Well, the body I'd arrived in. I was stripping, giving me a really good look at my female body for the first time. As I watched naked flesh exposed, I felt a tingle in my tail-cock.

“Steadman?” My female form nodded. “This is wild.”

“You ain't seen nothing yet, honey.”

Prince Steadman – controlling my body – got down on his knees in front of me. I watched with bated breath as he moved my wonderful female head closer to my blue appendage. His mouth parted as he got closer. When he wrapped his lips around the soft, mushroom head, I thought I was going to explode. Some thick, gooey stuff began oozing out of the tip of my penis, giving me intense pleasure.

“What the hell is that?”

“Just precum. It's quite good. You'll have the memory to savor later.” With that, he went back to work.

Both of his hands grabbed my blue penis and began stroking as he continued to suck the head. I felt another rush while the original feeling of pleasure was still washing over me. The only way I could explain what happened next was that it was an orgasm within an orgasm. I shot another load of hot cream – so much that it spilled out of Steadman's mouth. Well, my mouth.

I was confused, but I didn't care. All I could think about was pushing my blue cock into my tight, wet hole. As if he was reading my mind, Steadman had me lay down on the bed with my legs spread wide. I got between his legs, propped up on my hands. Without moving my body, I snaked the penis forward and found an inviting entrance.

Steadman groaned, his feminine voice turning me on. My body still completely still, the penis began working its way deeper and deeper into the warm pussy. Once inside, I began to move it like an earthworm. Looking down at the expression on my face, I knew Steadman was enjoying it at least a little bit. I'd had a cock before, but it was nothing like what I was controlling.

When I saw the look of an approaching orgasm on my face, I sped up my movements, giving it everything I had. Steadman screamed in pleasure. I felt the muscles of the pussy I was fucking clench together tightly, and I knew I my own orgasm wasn't far behind. Wanting to taste the cum this time, I pulled out and stroked my hand

up and down a few times. A long stream of bluish cum shot out and covered my breasts.

As I was licking it up, savoring the flavor, I felt a flash and I was in my own body again. Steadman continued eating the cum off my breasts until it was all gone. Then he put his blue treasure back into my tight hole. Being on the other end of the equation was incredible. He had a lot better control of the prehensile penis, getting it to do all sorts of tricks that soon pushed me over the edge. I cried out as my whole existence faded and all that was left was my clitty.

He continued pushing in and out of me. On a whim, I reached up and pinched two of his four nipples. His eyes lit up and he pushed his blue cock into me one final time. I felt the head of it expand as he shot some of the blue cum inside my pussy. Just feeling it made me orgasm again. I clutched his ass cheeks and pulled him closer to me. I didn't want him to pull out.

“Can you just stay inside me forever?” I said as I glanced up and into his clear blue eyes.

“I'm sorry. No.”

With that, I felt it pulling out of me. I frowned then smiled. “It's okay. I just have to ask you one thing.”

“What's that, Earth man?”

“Do you want to join the organization?”

He burst into laughter again, which sounded like a song. “Join what organization?”

“I don't know. I thought I'd try to trick you into letting me know.”

“To be honest, I don't know why you're here. However, when I saw you, I knew you needed to experience real pleasure for the first time.”

“I'm still feeling it.”

“With my seed inside you there will be a lot of changes coming.”

He smiled, but I wasn't reassured. If I'd learned anything in my short travels through the universe, it was that you shouldn't ask too many questions. I just wanted to enjoy the moment.

“You can write your poem now if you would like. I have to leave for a while, but I'll be back.”

I sat up in bed. “My poem?”

“Yes. That's part of the reason you're here. You'll understand soon enough. I will be back when you're done.”

I wanted to ask him how he would know when I'd be done, but I didn't say anything. He dressed quickly and left the room via the entrance with no door. I managed to get out of bed and looked around the room, noticing a wooden desk in one of the corners. Walking over, I felt my mind clear. I was conscious and not “buzzing” - at least no buzz I'd ever experienced before. Something had

changed in me. As I sat down, I noticed a piece of old fashioned paper and a lead pencil.

I picked up the writing instrument and pressed it against the paper, but I couldn't think of what to write. Somehow, I knew that poetry wasn't the way to describe love. The poem I'd brought Steadman was my body in motion, my thoughts in ecstasy. I smiled suddenly and scribbled a single word really large on the sheet of paper in front of me. Picking it up, I knew it was going to make an impression. I was proud of myself. I'd managed to sum it all up in a single, solitary word. I didn't know if he was going to get it or not, but I didn't care. I was happy with myself.

"You're done?"

I looked up and saw Steadman had walked into the room. "Yeah, I think so."

"Can I read it?"

"I don't know. You might not like it."

"We're not going to know until I read it."

"It's not long."

"Length doesn't matter. I wanted to see if poets still exist outside our galaxy. No pressure, of course."

He winked at me. I smiled and held up the paper, covering my face.

“Please?”

As he read the word, I somehow knew I'd made an impression on him.

“The answer is yes,” he said.

“Then you know?”

I wasn't sure how because I didn't even know what it meant exactly.

“Of course. You don't live in this universe for billions of years without learning a thing or two about poetry. It's what keeps everything together if you think about it.”

I nodded as if I knew what the fuck was happening.

“Being able to read your mind helps too.”

“I thought so!” I pointed a finger at him.

“I can't not do it anymore.”

“Is that proper grammar?”

“Your language is limited. I wish I could open your mind, but for now, I leave you with this.”

He walked forward and took off my shirt. Then he pulled that wonderful blue penis out of his pants. I thought I knew what he was going to do, but I was wrong. Hands at his side, the cock moved toward my left arm. When the head made contact, I felt a chill go

through my body and got goosebumps up and down my arm. The light blue bulge at the end of his dick pressed against my pale, while flesh.

Looking up, I saw his eyes were closed. His blue cock continued rubbing against my arm. When he finally pulled away, I saw that I had a tattoo in dark blue ink on my skin. Even stranger, the figure of a face was moving. When the lips moved, I heard a voice in my mind.

“Some call it a tracker tattoo in your language, but it lets a part of me be close to you at all times. No one else can see me moving. To them, you have a tattoo of some lines that don't move.”

“How does that work?”

“Well, it has to do with another dimension, but you don't need to know about that ... yet.”

The slight pause then addition of the little word yet lifted my spirits. I looked over and Steadman had put away his blue penis. He smiled at me.

“I guess you're ready to go.” He turned and walked away a few steps. “Oh! One more thing.” He turned back to face me. “About your question. Or rather, your poem.”

“Me asking please?”

“Yes. Indeed.”

“Don't be a tease.”

“Yes, I can free you.”

“Is that good for me?”

“You're from Earth.”

“What about it?” I was a bit taken aback.

“Just that. What you did.”

“Acting like an Earther?”

“Yeah, exactly. You need...”

“Tell me please.”

“Quit interrupting me.”

He walked over and touched my bare shoulder. I instantly felt blissful and complete.

“You should stay with the Grays for now and find out more about them for me. If you do this for me, you will be rewarded.”

I nodded, awestruck. I had asked if he would set me free and this was the answer he gave me.

“Reward me now.”

He sighed. “One more time.”

I got on my knees in front of him as he released that big, blue snake. As it moved, charming me, I reached out and touched it to make sure it was real. I couldn't believe the feelings going to and fro within my mind. My entire body was alive, as if I could feel each particular cell individually. Each nerve ending was an unending chance to escape to another plane of existence if just for a minute or two, an hour or two, a lifetime or two.

When I placed my mouth over the tip of his cock, my mind flashed and I was seeing the scene from the viewpoint of the tattoo on my arm. With a little effort, I moved myself over and saw my face sucking and kissing his soft, fleshy mushroom head. As it filled up, the skin got tight and shiny, causing my lips to roll off it. I had to struggle to keep it in and seeing that from the viewpoint of the living tattoo I had on my arm was simply amazing because I could feel the cock moving in and out of my mouth at the same time.

Then I flashed again and looked down at myself from Steadman's eyes. I felt my cock being sucked. I knew it wasn't mine, but for the moment it was mine and that was all that mattered. I took the clothes off my female body and worked my blue cock toward the moist, tight goal. The hole opened up as I plunged in, penetrating. The friction built up quickly and I felt an orgasm coming. My body tensed up and I felt energy being released through the tip of my penis. I flashed through the three viewpoints quickly as I spun and swam in the waves of pleasure washing through my mind.

Time slowed and the intense feelings of the orgasm were drawn out. My whole body was tingling as I stood up, once again in my female

form. I peered at Steadman, squinting my eyes. Everything was getting blurry. I tried to take a step, but I started falling. He reached out with his long arms and caught me, transferring me to the bed. I tried to say something, but the pleasure centers in my body were still all going off at the same time. Closing my eyes, I slowly lost consciousness. When I woke up, Steadman wasn't anywhere to be seen.

"You overdosed on my seed, but you should be fine. We may meet some other time. I'll be with you through the tattoo. That's the message he wanted you to have when you woke up."

"You're not him?"

"It's confusing. Maybe later. For now, you have to get back to the Grays and make them think you were successful."

"But I still don't know what I was supposed to be doing on this mission in the first place!"

"Settle down. Let's get in the ship and leave. I have a poem that will explain all of it. I'll tell it to you on the way back."

I got out of bed, feeling a lot sturdier. Making my way outside to the ship, I noticed the sky was the exact same green color with no clouds in sight. I followed the stone path to "The Beater." The door opened as I walked in, and I started to worry about sensory overload with a talking spaceship and talking tattoo both vying for my attention. Even worse, I started my very first period.

Planet Pinker

Returning from my first successful mission, I tried my best to keep the starship from knowing what really had happened. Meanwhile, the tattoo on my bicep was talking to me telepathically, trying to explain how a part of Steadman's consciousness could travel with me. On top of all that, I had started menstruating, something I'd never had to deal with before. The hormones racing through my body had me confused and irritable.

“Quiet! Please!”

Both the ship's computer and the tattoo answered at the same time. In that moment, I learned how to build a wall in my mind, one that was impenetrable. Behind it, I was safe with what I started to call my real thoughts. The Grays had a piece of my mind and my body and Steadman now had a piece of my consciousness, but I found a way to block all of them out so that I could be safe when I was thinking to myself and not go crazy with a cacophony of voices assaulting me.

When the RV shaped and sized ship landed in my home galaxy on a planet far from Earth, I tried to get a peek. All I saw was desolation in all directions. The ship glided in and flew into a huge hole in the ground. After dropping into darkness for a few minutes, the door slid opened and I saw that I was back in the hangar. Not a lot of time had passed since starting and finishing my first mission, but I somehow felt dozens of years older.

“Goodbye, Cammy. I hope we work together again.”

“Goodbye, Traci. Good luck to you.”

I walked out of the ship and opened my mind to the talking tattoo again.

“There you are. Impressive technique to get me out of your mind. Fascinating. Do you mind telling me how?”

“I'd rather not. You two were overwhelming me. I'm not used to all this yet. I need to file my reports on the mission, so please be quiet until I get with you?” No response. *“Steadman?”*

“As you wish...”

The voice went away. I hoped that I hadn't upset him too much. He'd taught me quite a bit and seemed to be the only one willing to tell me the truth – or at least some of the truth. Still, I was proud of myself for being able to block them out at will. And from his response, I knew I'd impressed him just a little.

I sighed as I walked from the hangar to my sergeant's office. The stainless steel walls, floors and ceilings made the whole installation a bit depressing, but it was certainly efficient. If nothing else, the Grays were very practical. They already knew my mission had succeeded, even though I wasn't sure what it had been in the first place.

“Cammy. Come in.”

The small, gray being waved me in. He had on a long, green gown. I walked in his office and sat down on a steel bench sticking out of the wall.

“I finished my first mission,” I said, holding my head eye. I didn't want him to see my sweating.

“I know. I see you have a Steadman tattoo too. Don't think we don't know about those.” Those piercing black eyes wouldn't look away.

“Understood. I came back here because I love being your servant and working toward total control of the universe. I serve the Gerdokan.”

I bowed my head slightly, knowing that using their real name would impress them a little.

“We shall see,” he said. “For now, you have a second mission.”

“Will I get to use The Beater again? She's a great ship.”

“No. This mission is here in the base.”

I nodded. “I'm your man. I mean woman.”

“I need to talk to you about that. Your menstrual cycle started today, correct?”

I blushed. “Yeah.”

“Good. A lot of men from Earth never made this far before. You are truly something special.”

I wanted to ask him how many humans had been taken from my planet, but I knew better. I'd ask Steadman later if I ever got some privacy.

“Thanks.” I stood up. “Are you going to send instructions to my tablet?”

“No.” He reached out and touched my left arm. “This is a special assignment off the books.”

“Okay...” I sat back down. I was intrigued, but I wished he would hurry the fuck up. I was really impatient.

“You will know in a few days. We can't have you prowling around during your menstruation period.”

I stood up again. “Well, I'm going to the barracks to get settled in.”

“No. You are being transferred to new living quarters.”

“Really?” I'd never heard of something like this happening before in all the conversations I'd had with other males-turned-females from around the universe.

“Yes. The personal possessions you have left have been transferred. Your tablet will show you the way. We will talk more soon, Cammy. Good job.”

I walked out of his office and back into a brushed steel hallway. Pulling out my tablet, I saw an arrow letting me know which way to go.

“Does this sound odd to you, Steadman?”

“Oh. Do you need me now?”

“Come on. Don't be that way,” I thought as I started walking down the hallway. *“I'm having a tough time with everything that's been happening.”*

“It's okay. I understand. And yes, it's quite odd they've moved you.”

“Well, keep me informed if there's anything I should know, okay?”

“I will.”

Following the arrows, I walked down hallways and got into elevators to travel down a floor or two before heading down more hallways to other sets of elevators. I'd never realized how the immense size of the base underground. I still didn't know where in the Milky Way galaxy I was, but I knew I was getting closer to finding out.

When I finally arrived at my destination, I knew I was deep underneath the planet's surface. A door slipped open after recognizing me, and I walked into my new living quarters. Unlike the barracks, I had the whole place to myself. A room for sleeping, one for cooking, a private bathroom and another room for lounging – I seemed to have everything I needed.

"Don't get sucked in," Steadman said in my head.

"I'm not. Don't worry."

"I'm not worried. Some interesting timelines are opening up around you, but I can't guide you too much."

I stopped sending my thoughts to him, retreating to the place in my mind where I could be alone. In that virtual space, I had a light on the wall that Steadman could use to call me back to the real world. I looked at myself in the full length mirror in the bathroom, still amazed at my body. On a whim, I decided to dye my hair as black as possible. I knew it would look great contrasting my pale skin.

After taking off my top, I leaned forward and raised my shoulders so my breasts pressed together. The black bra I was wearing came off next, and I examined my tender nipples, twisting and pinching them lightly. I knew a camera was probably watching and sending the footage to the UC, but I didn't care. I didn't know what my next mission was going to be, and I wanted to relax and sleep.

Taking care of my monthly duties was a bit of a chore. I'd never realized women had to put up with their body having a mind of its own. Not to mention I was horny as fuck. After a long, warm bubble bath, I put on a robe and headed through from one metal cube to another. My bed was large, and comfortable. I fell asleep and had crazy dreams of Steadman, the tall, thin man from planet Passion Five, the one who'd given me a tattoo with his penis. It was a very strange dream.

* * * * *

Steadman crossed the room, his boots tapping rhythmically on the wooden floor.

“You're dreaming,” he said.

“What do you mean?”

I looked down at my hands, as if seeing them might let me know if what I was experiencing was real or not.

“I mean your physical body is asleep at this time and you are conscious in your mind. I think they call it lucid dreaming on your planet.”

“Yeah! I've heard of that. I was never able to get it to work on my own, and I gave up.”

“Persistence is important in the universe.”

He reached me and looked down as he smiled.

“So, basically I get no rest?”

“Your body will be refreshed when you wake up.”

“And my mind?”

“Your mind is outside of time.”

“That doesn't make sense.” I wanted to wrap my hands loosely around his neck and pull him down to my level so I could kiss him, but I resisted the urge.

“It will eventually. For now, we can make love again if you wish.”

“Yes, but...”

“Very well. Have a seat and I'll tell you a story so you understand.”

I sat down on a recliner against one of the walls in the room. The walls were white and empty, and I noticed that there were no doors visible anywhere.

“Comfortable?”

“Not really. I'd rather be sleeping, but go ahead.” I smiled, hoping he knew I was just kidding.

“When you sleep now, each minute in REM sleep can be strung out and used by you to learn things. For example, we could teach you a different language tonight – any of them from around the universe. If we were really bold, we could teach you multiple ones but it would take years and years...”

“What about dreams within dreams? How does that work?”

He smiled, sitting on a sturdy, wooden table across from me. “Good question. I like your essence. You don't need to worry about it yet. And I can sense you're wanting to be with me again.”

I stood up and stripped out of my imaginary dream clothes. I hadn't noticed up until that point, but I was wearing a simple blue dress that was easily taken off and thrown to the floor. I began to dance in front of him. As my body swayed, I willed music into existence. The tune with no name fit my style of dancing exactly.

When I reached him, I blinked and his clothes were off and on the floor. I wanted him to teach me that trick, but even more, I wanted what was between his legs. Ever since being switched into a woman, I'd been slowly coming to terms with my new life, with my desires for what had at one point been the same sex – as in males.

Looking between Steadman's legs, I wasn't sure if he was entirely male. His blue penis slash tentacle reached out and began tickling my stomach and breasts as I danced. The blue flesh was moist and slippery and was hitting all the pleasure centers in my brain with the first touch. I moaned and danced some more, rubbing my body against his strange, alien cock.

After climbing on his lap, I felt it slide down my belly to seek out my special spot. I freaked out for a minute because I remembered that I'd started my period, but I was dreaming. When I realized that fact, I was able to start levitating above his lap, lining up my tight, wet hole with that slippery blue snake between his legs. Our two parts connected and I felt him slip into me.

“Fuck me,” I begged, bending over so he could like my nipples.

He started sucking them as his prehensile cock slid in and out of my juicy slit. I felt his mushroom head begin to expand while it was

inside me, giving me even more pleasure the friction between our skin built up. I pulled his head back and kissed him on the lips. He pressed up into me. I felt him penetrate me. His cock got harder, letting me know he was close.

“Come inside me.”

That fat blue cock was now fucking me fiercely as I floated in the air just above him. He sped up his thrusts. I put my hands on his hard, bare chest to steady myself. Just then he thrust one last time and I felt his thick, creamy cum shoot inside of me as he throbbed inside of me. This pushed me toward my orgasm. I cried out just as he stopped moaning and squirming. My body flashed hot as I felt all of existence slip away for just a split second at the moment of release.

“That was incredible.” I floated off of his cock and sat back down across from him.

I blinked and his clothes were back on. Trying harder to control the dream, I was soon dressed as well. I had on a yellow sun dress with spaghetti straps this time. My breasts looked irresistible nestled together. He smiled, approving of my choice and my ability.

“Controlling the dreamstate is not easy, but you will get better. Sex is actually good practice. We will want to do it a few more times over the next few nights.”

“Can't I go further? I'm fine.”

“You need to sleep.”

He stood up and took a step toward me. Reaching out with his long arm, he touched me on the top of my head with his hand. I fell asleep.

* * * * *

When I woke up in the morning, I remembered the dream perfectly. It didn't fade like most dreams. I still had a few days before having to report for my next mission, so I lounged around the apartment and read up on a variety of topics, including gender around the universe. After being turned into a human female, I'd been strangely not missing being a man. And yet, in my mind, I still felt like a man. I was sure most of my thoughts were male. I wasn't sure what that meant exactly.

By the time fourteen hours had passed, I was ready to go to sleep again. I wanted to convince Steadman to let me stay in dreamtime longer. Some of the research I'd done while waking was also about dreams. Specifically, I'd read a few theories from a faraway galaxy that stated females dream slightly differently than men and can reach deeper and deeper REM periods. Basically, this meant they could dream within a dream and get caught up in really complex and numerous lives all at once.

“Hello, again.”

Steadman was standing on the deck of an old sailing ship on Earth – one from the mid 16th century. His tall frame was dressed in garb of

the period – a white frilly shirt and trousers slung together out of cotton. Looking and my hands again, I noticed I was dressed the same. I was in a male body. My breasts were gone and I felt a nice, long cock hanging between my legs.

“What's this about?” I asked, looking at Steadman.

“I thought you might like to be male again for a night.”

“To be honest, not really.” In an eye blink, I was female again. “I like this.”

“Very well. The lesson is how to change, and you seem to have that down.”

My clothes disappeared. “Yeah, a little bit.”

A sly smile spread across my face. I tried to will his clothes off, but they stayed. Then I heard the rest of the crew calling, whistling. I turned around and saw a crowd of them pointing. Glancing at Steadman, he was smiling now.

“Go on. I want to watch your fantasy unfold.”

I strode across the deck, loving the attention of all the men. They were all under my control as I walked naked into the middle of their group. Glancing around quickly, I counted seven of them. None of them had names. They were all just a fantasy, an in depth dream I was having. That was all that mattered as hands began to feel me.

One pair of hands fondling bare skin is nice, but seven pairs was even nicer. I was a little overwhelmed at first, but I stopped thinking and went with the flow. I was soon on my knees and they were in a ring around me. The stripped out of their pants or opened them up to take out their cocks. All seven of them were different in one way or another. I wanted all of them in my mouth.

The man in front of me, cock in hand, took a step forward. I opened my lips and took him into my mouth. I couldn't believe what I was about to do, but it had been one of the fantasies in mind. Men all around me. Cocks circling me. I reached out and grabbed two of them and started stroking while I sucked the other one. Hands were still touching me everywhere.

Before making the first man come, I moved to the next, wanting another taste in my mouth. When I moved from one to another, I saw Steadman standing a few feet away on the deck, watching intently. I went back to the task at hand, sucking the cock while stroking two more. After a few minutes, I changed again, determined to give each man a minute or two of bliss.

By the time I'd gone all the way around the circle of burly and bearded men, they were all hard and stroking themselves. I got down on my knees on the rough wood of the deck of the ship. As it swayed back and forth in the waves, I felt one of the tanned men slip under me, his cock poking at my wet hole as another man knelt behind me. A third pirate positioned himself in front of me so he could thrust into my mouth.

I moaned as they filled all my holes completely. My first orgasm was intense, but I didn't want to quit. After one man came, another would take his place, building me up until I came again. I was on my fourth orgasm, the most intense of all of them, as the last man, the biggest of them all, pounded his huge cock in and out of my pussy. I bucked my hips to meet him, make sure he went in deeper than the time before.

When he came, his throbbing and pulsating cock brought me over the edge again as well. I screamed in pleasure. As I drifted down, I felt sleepy. I'd done well staying lucid during the dream for longer than the last time, but I still needed work. Steadman kissed me passionately as I felt my consciousness drifting and giving way to normal sleep.

* * * * *

The next day, I studied more about the history of the civil war, wondering if I could get the Grays to somehow split into two factions. If I did that, they would be easier to stop. That night, when I went to sleep, I decided to have some fun and send Steadman a fantasy I wanted to fulfill.

“We have to stop meeting like this, Mr. Lincoln.”

“Nonsense, my dear.” Steadman was dressed to look like Abraham Lincoln, including the beard and tall hat.

“Oh, Abe.” I rushed forward and he swept me up in those long, lanky arms of his.

“My sweet, sweet human woman.”

I got wet between the legs because I knew he knew I was a man in a woman's body and he was okay with that fact.

“So sweet you could taste?” I teased.

We were both suddenly naked, and he was between my legs tonguing me. *Does he know Abe Lincoln from Earth? Does I matter?* I stopped thinking as his thick beard ticked my tender flesh. I loved being feminine, the fairer sex. I wasn't sure if I would be able to admit that out loud yet, but maybe someday. For that particular moment in time, I was all woman and wanted him to keep sucking and licking my swollen clit.

I pushed his head away and sat up. Reaching between his legs as he knelt in front of me, I was surprised to see that he had a human penis. His long, prehensile blue cock was nowhere to be seen. Looking into his eyes briefly, I looked away, unable to comprehend the eternity I saw in his gaze. Instead, I stroked that perfect specimen between his legs. My thin, delicate hands ran up and down it's smooth skin. I grabbed him and played with his mushroom head with my thumb.

“Taste me,” he said.

Not wasting any time, I darted down and took the length of him in my mouth – all eight inches. I counted each one as I moved down to the base of his long, slender dick. He tasted incredible, making me want to suck him even more, to make him feel good. When he placed his hands on the back of my head, I started bobbing up and down faster, making all sorts of strange noises. Then he pulled away slightly, his cock slipping out of my mouth.

A small drop of drool ran from my bottom lip to the tip of his dick. “What's wrong?” I asked, looking up at him.

“I want to taste you too.”

He got on his back on the floor, and I knew what he wanted. Crawling on top of him in the sixty-nine position, I settled my pussy down on his face. His beard tickled me again slightly, but then I felt his long tongue licking me. I leaned forward, my breasts pushing against his stomach. Looking at the cock, I decided to take it slow. I wanted him to last a long time and build up a large load. I lowered my head and opened my mouth. He slid in and I began sucking.

At the same time, he was using his tongue skillfully to tease me in all the right places. I knew by that point that my clitoris was sensitive and a good place to focus for an orgasm, but he had a curled finger deep inside of me and introduced me to the G-spot. I finally knew what all the women had been yammering on about. The magic spot was real and when he tapped it with the tip of his finger, I felt as if I was going to come right away. But he was teasing me too.

I concentrated on the taste and texture of his cock. As I was dreaming, I could slow time down at will while not messing with the sense of time of his consciousness. The effect was dramatic. He felt as if I was sucking him in real time, but I was so slowed down I was able to make sure every point of contact between our two bodies was the best possible. He continued licking my wet slit, reaching up and grabbing my ass cheeks to pull me closer to his mouth.

While his blue penis had been interesting and a ton of fun, I somehow liked him even more with a human cock. I hadn't had a lot of experience with those either – at least not sucking one. I'd had my own, so I knew just how to make him feel good. What I hadn't expected was how much pleasing him was turning me on. The more intense I concentrated on his blowjob, the better job he did at eating my pussy. Then I started to come.

Grabbing his cock, I pumped it furiously as my body shook. Just as he peaked, I bent down and took him back into my mouth. I rode the waves of my orgasm down from some magical place while I felt hot, sticky cum coating my tongue. I didn't pull away, taking as much of it as I could. Some of it slipped out of the corner of my mouth, dribbling back down on his patch of neatly trimmed pubic hair. His cum didn't have a strong taste at all, and I found I liked the way it swirled around the inside of my mouth.

The scene changed and we were in the White House on Earth. Well, his vision of the White House in Washington D.C. I'm sure it wasn't an exact replica, but it was close enough to make me smile. As I walked around, I was struck by the fact that I was starting to have

feelings for him. *Can a human fall in love with someone like him?* I didn't even know who he was exactly. His home galaxy was one of the few that had pulled away from the rest of the civilizations, much like China in the Middle Ages on Earth.

"I can't stop thinking about Earth," I said suddenly.

He put his strong hand on my shoulder and massaged it gently. "You may make it back there someday, but you should know the universe has a lot more in store for you."

I wanted to know more, but I felt myself falling asleep in my dream. The more I resisted, the more quickly consciousness faded.

* * * * *

On my fourth day after discovering lucid dreaming, I knew I would be able to do it at will for the rest of my life. I also knew I would get better the more I practiced. Time was beginning to change meaning. While I'd once thought of it as a constant forward motion, I was learning that it was much more variable than even Einstein had imagined. I spent the entire day coming up with a fantasy realm for Steadman and myself. I'd thought of everything.

"What do you think?"

He looked off the balcony at the jungle below and the mountains in the distance. Turning to me, he spread his arms. "It's wonderful. I love it. And you look ravishing as well."

I was still a female, but my breasts were slightly larger and I'd made other enhancements as well. "You like what you see?"

"I don't know, let me taste you, princess."

When he dropped to his knees, I reached down and began playing with my breasts. His hands grabbed my ass cheeks and pulled me closer to him. Then he took my she-cock into his mouth. I'd done a lot of research on having "the best of both worlds" and wanted to surprise tattoo Steadman with something a little different.

I moaned and looked down at him, watching his thin lips wrapped around my thick, short cock. My skin was smooth with my mushroom head perfectly proportioned. As he sucked, I felt it harden in his mouth. I knew he could change his body to any shape he wanted, but I liked the one he had when I first met him – the tall man. And he knew what I liked. When I was hard, he stopped sucking and stood up, suddenly naked I reached down and grabbed both of our cocks, stroking them.

His blue one was exotic, and I couldn't wait to be penetrated by it. I hadn't had a lot of anal sex as a man or as a woman, but as a transwoman, I wanted his throbbing blue cock inside of my tight ass. When I bent over in front of him, he knew exactly what I wanted without me having to say anything. His prehensile dick snaked forward. The thick head pushed at my ass as precum began oozing out of the tip in copious amounts.

Then he pushed through the first ring, my sphincter opening up. As he entered my ass, I felt his hand come around and begin stroking

my hard cock. My own precum had me slick as he flipped his wrist and started stroking me as that blue wonder repeatedly penetrated my asshole. After just a few thrusts, I was already about to come. He didn't stop, pushing me over the edge. My hand began to throb in his hand as I shot load after load of cum to the stone floor of the balcony.

He continued pushing his blue penis in and out of my ass, wiggling it around, and I felt myself getting hard again. When he pulled out, I twirled around to beg him for more, but he was bent over a wooden bench, his own ass exposed to me. Rubbing my cock a few times, I walked over and knelt behind him. Gently and slowly, I pushed my cock into his ass. I hadn't had one in so long, I forgot what it felt like to be penetrating rather than penetrated.

Reaching up with one hand, I began playing with my left breast. My nipples were both hard. I was definitely turned on – more excited than I'd ever been before in my pitifully short life. His ass muscles clenched around my cock, making me push into him even harder, which he seemed to like. I stopped touching my breast and reached down to start stroking his long, blue cock. He was so slick my hand slipped up and down without any problems.

When I felt it stiffen, I knew he was about to come. I pushed my cock in his ass as far as I could as I gave him a few more tugs. As he started to squirt his alien cum, I pulled out then pushed back in. All the pressure that had built up was released. He was still squirting cum as I started to fill his ass with my own cum. I slid my cock out

when I was done. I was exhausted, but I felt good. I still had what it took to be a man.

After fucking, we sat next to each other on the balcony, the sound of the jungle somehow soothing. Neither of us were talking, but it was that comfortable type of silence you don't get with too many people. At least I hadn't found many who could sit silently and still tell me what they were thinking. I was sure Steadman had met many people like that during his billions of years of existence.

I didn't know his exact age, but I knew it was multiple billions of years. I couldn't even imagine being around that long. And he admitted there were others that were older than him here and there in the universe though he wouldn't tell me their names. He had so many secrets that I didn't think I'd ever get tired of having him in my mind – especially if we could retreat to me dreams for sexual pleasure.

“What are you going to call this place?” Steadman asked, shaking me out of my daydream within a lucid dream.

“Planet pinker.”

He laughed then settled back into silence. I wanted to save the fantasy world that had shown me a little more of what it meant to be a man in a woman's body. Steadman let me know how to hide the dream simulation in my mind so it wouldn't be spotted by anyone. Privacy was the biggest luxury in the universe, even during sleep and especially around the Grays.

When I woke up, I had to go back to them and complete some other ridiculous mission, so I slowed time down, intent on spending a long period of time with Steadman communicating with me. Looking at the tattoo I'd gotten from him, it wasn't moving, which let me know I was dreaming. Awake or asleep, he was becoming a part of me, and I didn't mind at all.

If you enjoyed this erotic story, be sure to check out [Going Down in the Bayou](#), another hot transgender science-fiction tale from [BJ Slippy](#).

If you want to know more about BJ Slippy and check out more titles covering various kinks, just [click here](#). Send any comments to bjslippy@writeme.com or leave a review on Amazon if you really enjoyed this story. Thanks! XOXO

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