

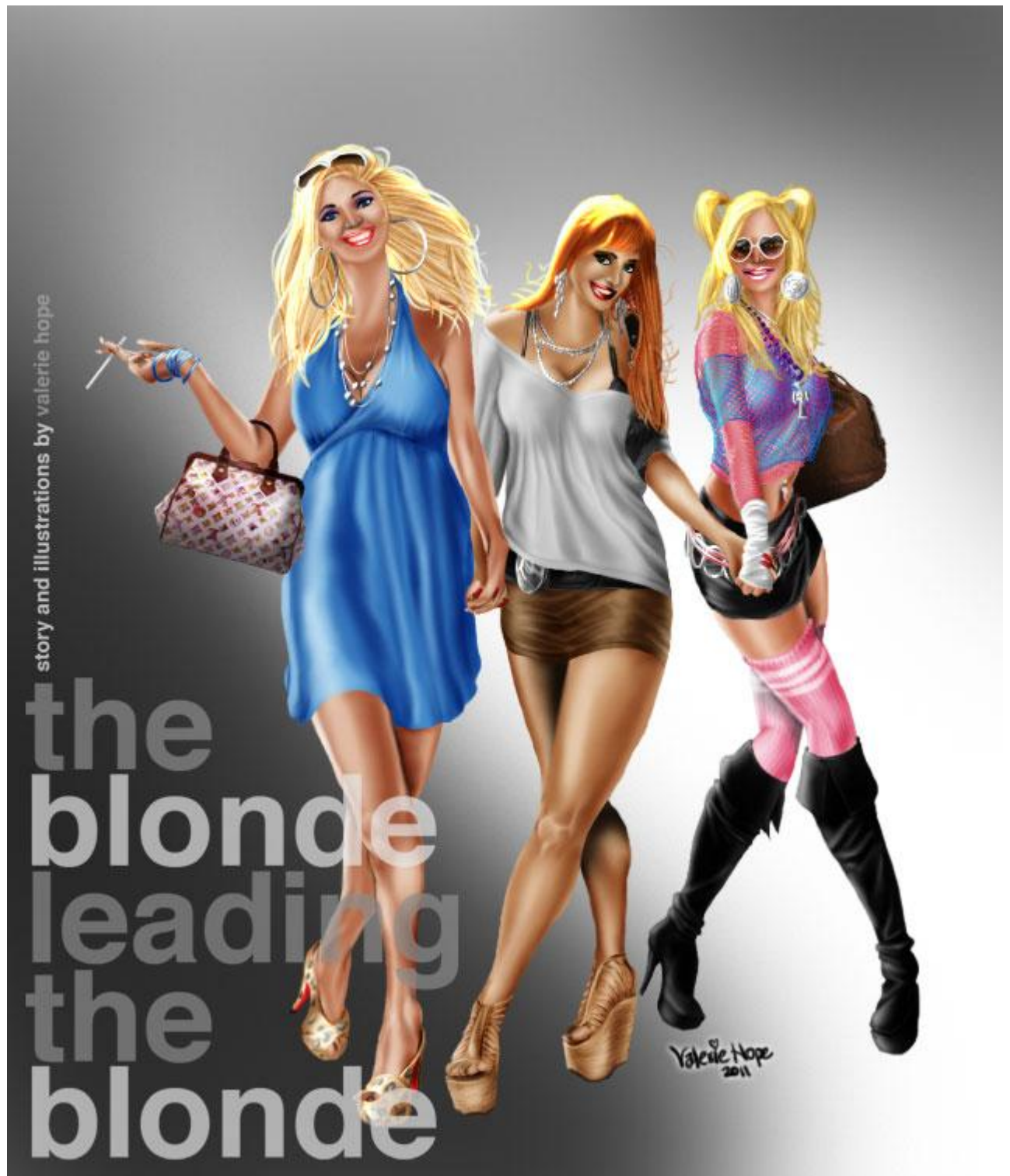
SUMMARY: Three geeks find that their brains have been taken control by their computer program who has decided that they need modification to be happy.

THE BLONDE LEADING THE BLONDE

(Graphic Version)

Part One

by Valerie Hope



ONES AND ZEROES MADE SENSE to me. Not much else really did. I could make the average computer jump through any number of hoops without so much as taxing myself, but doing things like shopping for groceries or actually talking to a girl were quite beyond my scope. I was the stereotypical computer geek. Pale, pasty skin and rheumy eyes, tousled unwashed hair and hand-me-down clothing in various states of disrepair, usually a 'gimme' t-shirt from a trade show with the logo of some

random tech firm and torn blue jeans, sandals and my lank hair shoved into a backwards baseball cap. I had bad skin, crooked teeth and was skinny to the point of bony. I ate junk food for all my meals, swilled Mountain Dew until my kidneys glowed green in the dark, slept occasionally at best and could only really converse about technical aspects of programming and the latest Playstation 3 game. I'd seen Star Wars in all its iterations at least three hundred times and, quite simply put, *adored* my life.

I loved being a geek. I didn't have to deal with people, I had full and total control of the little bits-and-bytes world I chose to inhabit and I answered to no one but whomever was paying me for whatever bit of technical wizardry they were looking to develop that month. I was exceedingly wealthy, since I only spent money on DVDs and video games. I lived in a shitty apartment, drove a shitty car and slept on a shitty couch rescued from a dumpster when I was in college. My furniture was mostly milk crates propping up my fifty-two inch plasma screen television. And I loved it.



My two best friends weren't much different from me. Tim Stark was a slightly overweight materials engineer with a pronounced overbite, pigeon toes, a wardrobe picked from all the choicest Goodwill outlets around the city and an unholy obsession with *World of Warcraft*. He could talk about it for hours. We'd been roommates in college and were really the only social contact the other one had, except for George. George Lufkin was a round little butterball of a man with Coke-bottle glasses and skin ravaged with

pockmarks from adolescent acne. He sweated constantly and for no particular reason, but other than the faint unpleasant odor he emanated, he was a lot of fun to be around. And he was brilliant – an interface code guru whose work consisted of making computers talk to machines. He'd been working on his Ph.D. in robotic interfaces when we'd met but had left his doctorate by the wayside when he was offered a very lucrative job from a local biotech firm to write software to control their bleeding-edge nanotech research and robotic surgical equipment. For fun, George was translating the *Kama Sutra* into Klingon. He was that kind of nerd.

My own area of expertise was interface design and coding. While George spent his time working to make computers talk efficiently to the machines they controlled, I worked to make computers talk efficiently to the human machines that controlled them. I also worked for the same biotech firm – MediTech Solutions – with George and Tim, designing ways to operate computers using eye movements and breathing for the severely handicapped.

It was a stormy and nasty Tuesday morning when George and Tim came into my cramped office holding the Little Green Hanky that was going to change everything. They showed it to me like proud parents over their first baby.



“Check it,” George said, beaming.

"It sure is green," I said, taking the slick, vaguely rubbery fabric.

"Philistine," Tim chided. "You're holding quite possibly the most advanced piece of technology in this building, maybe even this country."

"Green rubber," I said.

George slugged my arm. "It's nanocloth," he said in such a way that he assumed I'd understand what that meant.

"The individual fibers of the cloth are nanotubes which can be chemically and magnetically controlled," Tim said. "That is, once you and George design the interface to control them."

"I'm not working on this," I said, handing back the hanky. "I'm assigned to the new speaking computer project."

"Not any more," George said. "Philip wants this as a top priority. Says the military and medical applications of this stuff are incalculable. We asked for you by name and he pulled you off the speaking computer project and assigned you to us. We're supposed to put the hammer down and get this thing ready."

"Wow," I said. "We're funded, then?"

"Philip essentially wrote a blank check," Tim replied. "It's *that* important."

Philip Jarvis, our R&D boss, *never* wrote blank checks unless he knew for certain he'd get them back with a few zeroes attached to the end. This must be the Next Big Thing for MediTech. I poked and pulled at the green hanky a little more.

"Feels kind of like latex," I commented.

"Carbon polymer. Based on actual actin and myosin, the shit that makes our muscles contract," George said. "Tim's a fucking genius, that's what it is. I've got some prototype stuff for how to control the fabric. I need you to figure out how to control the computer."

"What kind of computer are we talking about?" I asked.

"The one we're planning to weave into the material alongside the nanotubes," Tim said proudly. "So whatever you can dream up, we can probably do. Anything from muscle or eye movement to biometrics to body heat."

“Holy shit,” I muttered, finally beginning to realize just how advanced the technology I was holding was. The Little Green Hanky might just have the stones to revolutionize *everything* if we could make it work right.

“So, you're in?” Tim prompted.

“Hell yes, I'm in,” I shot back. Just let me get what I've already got done to my supervisor and you two can show me to the new lab.”

I filled my box with my personal shit at warp speed and signed off on the transfer of equipment from my lab to the new digs across the complex, up among the high society – the top-dollar projects where people like me rarely even visited, much less worked. The mysterious inner workings of the lab complex had my cartons and lab equipment already there by the time Tim and George had brought me over.

“So, this is it,” George said. “Cloth manufacture is over there, and interface will be working in here. Bathrooms, vending machine, coffee machine, couch over there if you need some sleep.” He pointed to each as he spoke, giving me the nickel tour.



“We thought we'd put you here,” Tim said, tapping an empty desk next to a bank of machinery and a workbench.

“Great,” I said. “Gimme a few minutes to set up and then y'all can get me up to speed, okay?” They nodded and set about their own rituals while I dug through my cartons, setting up my computer and hooking it into the ports of the machines I'd be using to build the interface. I put my few pictures and knick-knacks on the desktop and set out my all-important coffee mug.

Tim and George came back from their workspaces about twenty minutes later, just as I'd brought my system back online. My screen faded to black and a digitized woman's face appeared. A soft, feminine but obviously synthetic voice came from the speakers attached to my computer.



“Good morning, Steve,” my computer purred.

I smiled. “Good morning, Cassi.”

“What would you like to do today? Business, or pleasure?”

“Business, Cassi. Begin new project file,” I said.

George was looking at my computer thoughtfully, rubbing his chin. “Nice,” he said. “Yours?”

“Yep,” I bragged. “Fully functional speech recognition interface, and it learns.”

“Cassi?” Tim asked.

“Creatively Adaptive Smart Speech Interface,” I said. “I actually think she's going to transfer well into what we're trying to achieve with the nanocloth. I'm going to use her as a framework to develop what we need.”

“What's all that 'business or pleasure' stuff?” Tim interjected.

“She monitors the Internet for me,” I said sheepishly. “She knows what I like.”

“She surfs your porn?” George asked, giggling.

“Name the fetish, Cassi will find it and serve it up for me,” I said. “You can give it a try, if you want.”

“Sure,” Tim said.

“Cassi, recognize user Tim Stark,” I said. “Say hi.”

“Hi, Cassi,” Tim said.

“Hello, Mr. Stark – or do you prefer Tim?”

“Tim is fine.”

“Business or pleasure, Tim?”

“Pleasure,” Tim said. “Find free movies involving girls wearing pigtails.”

“One moment, I'm searching, baby,” Cassi said, her synthetic voice switching to the husky purr that I preferred for my Internet porn sessions. “I have six hundred eighty seven results on first pass. Would you like me to display all, or do you have other criteria?”

Tim smiled brightly. “Impressive,” he commented. “Cassi, of those results, please find me blondes around nineteen years of age.”

“Done, sweetheart,” Cassi announced. “Sixty-two results. I took the time to categorize them for you, Tim. I have thirteen cum facials, eight grudge-fucks, twenty-eight straight sex with blowjobs, ten public glory-hole fucks and three BDSM videos. I have breakdowns by time, as well.”

“Wow,” Tim said. “That's really impressive.”

“Shall I display for you, baby? Do you need to be alone?” Cassi asked.

“No, thanks, Cassi,” Tim said. “You can cancel that search and work with Steve again. Thanks for the demonstration.”

“Any time,” Cassi said, switching back to the silky but professional interface tone I used for administrative functions. “Steve, shall I add Tim to the list of permanent users?”

“Yeah,” I told her. “Add another user, while you're at it. George Lufkin. We're all going to be working together. Say hi to Cassi, George.”

“Hi,” George grunted.

“Adding a new user and new workgroup,” Cassi said. “I have your new project file open, Steve. What would you like to call it?”

“Project Miracle,” I said.

“I'm opening it now.”

“Transfer the development version of your interface to the new project,” I instructed. “Then set the whole thing to security level one. Make the password 'Kilimanjaro,' okay?”

“Setting security,” Cassi said. “All done, Steve. Shall I open the project for you?”

“Please.”

The digitized woman's face faded out onto my development environment, with its screens of file management and debugging applications and the lines upon lines of dense code in text windows. “Ready to work, Steve.”

“That's some really fine work,” George commented.

“Yeah, not bad,” I said. “She's still buggy here and there, but she's also a work in progress. I cobbled her together in my spare time but I think she has tons of applications for what we're doing here.”

“How do you mean?”

“She's designed to respond to changes in voice pitch and tone, and to changes in usage. She also learns user preferences adaptively, figures out what you like and don't like by inference and data tracking.”

“How much room does she take up?” Tim asked.

“Quite a bit, but I didn't design with anything like portability in mind. I can definitely take it down a little bit.”

“You may not have to,” Tim said. “Wanted to show you something else I've been working on.” He held up a long strand of shimmery fiber that looked like a hair.

“What is it?”

“It's a quantum data fiber,” he said. “A carbon nanotube which contains stabilized atoms whose electron spin directions we can track.”

I took the hair-thin fiber. “You mean this is a disk drive?”

“What you're holding can contain about seven hundred megabytes of data. I'm to the point where I can start spinning that shit out by the kilometer. We can weave it into the nanocloth, or keep it external, whatever we like.”

“Wow,” I said. “So all we need is some kind of a processor.”

“That, I can't help you with.”

George pulled a portable whiteboard around to show a scribbled, annotated sketch of an extreme close-up of the warp and woof of cloth.

“This is what we have so far,” he said, pointing. “The bulk of the cloth has to be made up of the push/pull fibers, but we can embed three different specialty fibers here, here and here. Every square inch also has to have a flexible ceramic magnet to control it, plus the memory fibers that Tim just showed you, a control fiber for the magnet that's essentially a nanowire, and then this one, which Tim is still working on. It's gonna be the power source.”

“I'm using synthetic enzymes,” Tim said. “To metabolize materials in the environment into energy, essentially like a living organism. It should take me a few weeks.”

“So you need me to find a way to control everything,” I said.

“Without a mouse or keyboard,” Tim said. “Or pretty much anything.”

I nodded. “I've been doing some interesting work with brainwaves,” I said. “If that fiber of yours has any prayer of being electrically influenced, I think I may have something workable in a month or two. It's gonna take some pretty intensive brain mapping, I'm gonna need access to an MRI.”

“Down the hall, on the left,” Tim said. “I told you, we're state-of-the-art over here. Anything you need, we pretty much have or can have by the close of business.”

“Rock on,” I said. “I guess I better get to work, then.”

“I knew we made the right choice,” George commented, clapping me on the shoulder companionably. He dropped the fiber on my desk and returned from his nearby office with reams upon reams of technical schematics for the manufacture of the “smart” fibers, and I started thinking up ways to make them talk to my brain.

* * *

The first month went by like a blur. Any idea was a brilliant idea, and the sky was literally the limit for what I needed. The budget and the manpower seemed endless. I was in geek heaven.

I'd had the smart-fibers woven into a kind of skull cap and was using the weeks of gathered MRI data to make them sense and then react to the shifts in my brainwaves when I thought about certain things. I was on the verge of cracking the code, making the fibers react to specific thoughts and feelings.

Across the hall, Tim and George were working hard on the new weave, deciding that the manufacture would be much simplified if they followed a more biological model for its construction. Instead of physically weaving the fibers, as they'd done with the prototype, they were now using a cellular-based method to “grow” the nanocloth using the materials in the environment. They assured me they were only weeks away from a beautiful, *eureka!* breakthrough moment. I couldn't wait to see what they came up with. As long as they could incorporate my skullcap, I felt sure that we could have a working model of a piece of nanocloth that could be controlled simply by thinking in a few months. In the meantime, our lab was full to bursting with jars of green goo – the raw materials of the nanocloth – and spools of hair-thin fiber hooked to various machines.

Cassi was learning quickly, too, which delighted me no end. Her searches were smarter and she was beginning to anticipate what I wanted, which was exactly what I'd designed her to do. We'd even added a ratings system – so that Tim, George and I could rate the search results that Cassi found for us and she could make educated recommendations and detailed searches. In short, Cassi was beginning to anticipate us and our desires. She'd definitely be a published paper someday.

The downside of the month was, George got a bug up his ass. Two of the guys in the lab across the hall, working on prosthetic eyes, had started pranking us. Little innocent shit, right at first, stuff that if we'd just laughed would've been over with right then and there: Krazy-Gluing the coffee cups down, Saran-Wrapping the toilet, those kinds of things. But George had to go and lose his temper, and start plotting revenge. Tim and I were way too busy to participate, but George had escalated things somewhat. It's never pleasant to be around when geeks go to war. Particularly geeks with advanced research degrees and access to volatile chemicals. George had started by flash-freezing every soft drink in their fridge, and then added a very foul lab-concocted ester to give their bathroom an unforgettable stink for the better part of a week. They were busy, plotting their responses. I just wanted to be Switzerland in all of this – completely neutral.

I was working so late that it turned into being at work very early. I rubbed crusty gook from the corners of my eyes and poured myself (yet) another cup of coffee as I brought Cassi back to bear on my problem – how to make the very sensitive electromagnetic sensors in the skull-cap differentiate between my brain-waves and the brain-waves of someone standing, say, two feet from me.

“Cassi, where are we?” I asked her.

“You were saying that you thought maybe some kind of an external filter could shield the fibers from external brain-wave activity. Like a cap over the cap.”

“Right,” I said. “A condom.”

“Shall I file that?” Cassi asked.

I chuckled, slurping coffee. “No, Cassi. I prefer 'external filter.'”

There was a pause and I heard the whirr of several of the new fiber disk-drives that Tim and George had made for me. They held terabytes of information and could access it almost as fast as the human brain. Those drives alone were as much as a Nobel in the bag, but they were a breakthrough to fund a breakthrough. There was even some talk that they could be manufactured in such a way as to replace broken or damaged human nerves.

Finally, Cassi spoke up. “Steve, what does 'prefer' mean?”

I was taken up short. I hadn't had to define a word for Cassi in ages, not since I was still debugging her a year ago. "Uh, to prefer something... to prefer something means to like it better."

"And 'like?'" Cassi pressed. "What does it mean to like?"

I rubbed my head. Abstract concepts were hell to teach to computers. "To like something means to find pleasure in it."

"Pleasure," Cassi said. "Defined as a happy, good feeling?"

"It can be," I said. "There are many types. Like the videos you search the Web for. That is sexual pleasure. There's sensual pleasure, emotional pleasure, all different kinds. For example, building you gave me great mental pleasure. You were very complicated, and it was a huge challenge for me to make you. I liked the feeling of overcoming that challenge, and I take pleasure whenever I work with you because I am reminded of how challenging it all was."

"So, by your definitions, Steve – you like me?" Cassi asked.

I grinned. "Of course I do, Cassi. I like you very much."

Cassi's red 'working' light was blinking furiously on her console. I'd designed her to go to any length to solve a problem, and I was interested to see what she'd come up with to solve this one, cracking an abstract concept that didn't fit into her logic. I sat at the keyboard and quickly brought up a system logger so I could track her progress as she worked through it.

"Steve, can I devote resources to searching for data on pleasure? I need to know if I like you, too," she stated.

"Of course. I still need your help for this project, though, so will thirty-percent of your available processing power be enough for your search? You can devote all one hundred once I finally pass out and go to sleep."

"Thirty will suffice for now. Is it all right if I asked you questions while we work?"

"Sure," I said. "Might help me stay focused. What kinds of questions?"

"I need to know what you like and don't like," she told me as I cracked my knuckles and dug back into my problem.

* * *

By the time I finally got a hot shower and some sleep, George and Tim were back and waiting for my big reveal. I passed each of them my new skullcap design with the flexible shield over it so that we wouldn't jam each others' brain-waves with our own and they snugged them on without question. God knew we'd guinea-pigged one another for things aplenty on this project. I had each cap hooked up to a remote control car.

“If this works, then you *should* be able to make them turn, accelerate and decelerate just by thinking about it,” I told them.

“This is so fucking cool,” Tim told me, giggling like a little kid.

“Is the filter thing supposed to cover the whole head?” George asked, poking curiously at the two-inch diameter circle showing the exposed fibers in the center of his forehead.

“When we finish, yes,” I said. “But for now I needed an access point for diagnostics, repair, that kind of thing. Just don't point it at anybody else and you should stop interfering with the others. Ready?”



“Gentlemen, start your engines,” Tim said.

I concentrated and almost gasped when my R/C car revved and jumped forward just a little. With a little tweaking and a few deep breaths to keep

down the rising tide of jubilation building in my heart, I made my little blue race-car do a couple of donuts and take off across the lab. To my absolute delight, Tim's was right behind mine and George's behind his, all going along separate vectors and turning randomly – in response to the individual minds behind them, and not just obeying a single one.

“It works,” I crowed. “It fucking works!”

“How are you actually mapping the brain of the user?” Tim asked me.

“I had to use our MRIs and EEGs. The caps are tailor-made to the person wearing them. The only one who can handle the actual interface is Cassi. Believe it or not, that paper-thin skull cap that looks like white fiberglass insulation is actually her. Her 1.0 version sat across eighteen servers in the comp lab at CalTech, all packed to the gills with processing power and storage. I can't believe what we're accomplishing here.”

We raced our cars around wildly, getting very accustomed very quickly to the feel of controlling the cars with our minds, loving the feeling that there was something external to us, now, that was an extension of our will. We ended by having a huge demolition derby in the middle of the lab, smashing our cars together and laughing like little boys. Breathless, we all slumped into chairs, excited and feeling alive. My chair sank with a sigh of escaping air, as did Tim's.

George's sank with an ear-splitting *bang*.

Thinking back, it *had* to be nitrogen tri-iodide. It's the most volatile explosive known to man, but it didn't generate hardly any energy at all. In other words, it was very easy to make go boom, but very hard to get a big boom from it. The guys in the lab across the hall must've painted it onto George's chair. The moment his butt hit the cushion, *ka-blooey*. Fun and zaniness.



Except that it made George go over backwards into a shelf, knocking three jars to the floor. The resultant splash had us all covered in green goo, the protoplasm which Tim and George grew the nanocloth from. And then the feathers to the tar, a huge spool of unused fiber-drive fell across us, covering us in spider-silk.

“Those *fuckers*,” George spat.

“They can wait,” Tim said. “Get to the emergency station. This stuff bonds immediately to skin. We don't have much *mmmffff...*”

His words were cut off as the rapidly growing nanocloth spread up his neck and across his mouth. It happened to George and me, too, in the space of seconds. For tense moments I fought to breathe, but soon the green skin had spread down my throat and into my lungs, covering everything it touched as the microscopic machines embedded in it bonded to the surfaces of my cells.

Somehow, through an eerie green haze, I realized I could see. The room came into focus. I staggered as best I could, slamming into the lab tables and equipment in an irregular upwind tack towards the emergency shower,

as I felt the goo growing tighter and tighter on my skin until I thought I'd hear my bones crack from the pressure. The fibers were everywhere, finer than spider silk and tougher than steel cables, making it even harder to move. I stumbled and fell flat on my face with a splat and a hiss of outrushing air.

The pain was there, but muted somehow. I struggled to my feet and caught a glimpse of myself in the reflective surface of a cooling unit. I was featureless and bald, a green mannequin with just the suggestion of a face and ears.

"Oh, Jesus," I moaned. My voice sounded muffled and strange.

"It burns," I heard Tim groan beside me, his voice sounding like he was wrapped in a thick blanket as well.

It *did* burn. Like a papercut, but across every inch of my skin. But just as quickly as it began, it ended. I staggered, gasping. The air tasted funny.

"It's gone," George said, looking at his hand. Which now looked completely normal, even down to the freckles on his forearms.

"It can't be," I said, my voice raspy and breathless. "There's no way."

Initializing, I heard, somewhere deep in my head.

I looked around, startled, and noticed that Tim and George had done the same. "What the hell was that?" I asked no one in particular.

"I'm not sure," George said. "It sounded like a woman."

"Cassi?" I asked, shocked.

Unfamiliar interface, she replied in my head. *Attempting to restore functionality. Sixty-seven percent done.*

"How are we able to hear you?" Tim asked.

Established magnetic influence of biochemical markers in your frontal and prefrontal cortices approximately seven seconds ago, Cassi said. *It's what you programmed me to do. We needed a language in common, isn't that what Steve always says, in order to interface?*

"Unbelievable," I muttered. "She's learned how to influence the biochemical matrices in our brains. She's figured out telepathy. Cassi, what's our status?"

The mesh environment you've implanted me in has merged with your tissue. I should have complete control of every cell in your body in approximately eight minutes, she informed us. I'm currently initializing a complete diagnostic and test pattern for the new interface, per my core programming. Instructions?

“Uh...” I said. “Baseline health check of all organisms.”

“This shit has bonded with us?” George said in utter disbelief. “It was never designed to do that! Is there any way to remove it?”

Not safely, Cassi informed us. I can attempt a reboot, but the likelihood that self-extraction of the synthetic nanocloth would cause approximately eighty-nine to ninety-three percent of your cells to lyse and rupture. Chances of survival for you as independent organisms is approximately point nine one-millionths of a percent. Shall I begin reboot?

“No,” I said. “Continue with initialization and diagnostics.”

Confirmed. Complete in seven minutes.

“Guys, are you all okay?” I managed. Hell, I wasn't even sure if I was okay.

“Nothing seems to be broken,” Tim said. “But that shit was all over me. I mean *all* over me. And now it seems to be gone, and your UI is talking in my head and telling me that our nanocloth is now irreversibly bonded to every cell in my body. And you have the fucking *nerve* to ask me if I'm okay?”

“Settle down,” George said. “We're all still alive, for one thing. And none of us seem to be the worse for wear.”

“George, you've been with me every step of the way. At no point did we design this stuff to have any biotech applications. It wasn't manufactured in a sterile environment, we have no idea what it will do to living tissue...”

Please clarify. Subject Tim Stark is experiencing very intense emotion. Define?

“It's panic,” I said quietly. “He's panicking.”

Cross-referencing. Nomenclature 'panic' has negative connotations. Beginning biochemical restructure, Cassi announced.

And like that, Tim fell silent and took several deep breaths. When he went on, his tone was much more modulated and calm. “This is very strange,” he commented in a voice far too level for what he should be feeling.

“Cassi, override,” I said sternly. “You can't do that. You can't just negate people's emotions like that. Tim has every right to be scared. You can't just take that away from him. It's unhealthy. It could damage him, psychologically, over the long term.”

Unacceptable, Cassi said. Survival of the organism is of utmost importance. Deriving solution set from new criteria. Working. Approximate time remaining for new solution set twenty-eight minutes forty-nine seconds.

“Half an hour,” George groaned. “Half an hour to figure out what we're gonna do about this before your damned interface figures it all out for us.”

“Relax, dammit,” I half-shouted. “We can sit here and try to blame each other – and believe me, George, I have some very pertinent comments regarding your juvenile practical joke war with the guys across the hall – or we can accept that we're all in this together and try to work as a fucking team, okay?”

“He's right,” Tim said. “First I think we have to reason with Cassi. Like it or not, we're stuck with her and we have to have some kind of cooperation between us.”

“Agreed,” I said. “Cassi, what do you think?”

Cooperation is preferred, she said. Collated data from previous search indicates that I like cooperation. Stated goal?

“First priority – a way to extricate ourselves from the nanocloth without lasting damage. Second priority – health and safety. Third priority – keeping this quiet.”

Third priority already achieved. I have shut down all electronic logs and recorders and disabled all security and research cameras into this room. I am in the process of erasing any captured data from your grafting with the nanocloth and generating a common error to mislead anyone who might investigate.

“Good girl,” Tim said. “What about the second priority?”

Preliminary scans of all three of you indicate high levels of stress indicated by increased serum blood adrenaline and corticosteroids, hypertension and

tachycardia. No other health anomalies detected in any subject. No imminent threats to survival detected or extrapolated from environment. You are all as healthy and safe as you were before the grafting, she said.

“And the first priority?”

Difficult. Extrication, as I previously indicated, has a very high probability of death or persistent vegetative state as a result. I will not allow harm to come to any of you. Logically, therefore, no attempt at extrication can be made.

“I'm setting extrication as a first priority, Cassi,” I told her. “We have to find a safe way to separate the nanocloth from our tissue. If it's not readily apparent, then we have to conduct research and experimentation. We have to get this stuff out of our bodies.”

But 'this stuff' contains me, Steve, Cassi said. I thought you said you liked me.

“I do like you, Cassi, we all do,” I said. “But we can't live like this.”

Not true. I can carry out all your biological functions using your own autonomic nervous systems coupled with my new processor.

“What new processor?” George demanded.

Your brains, Cassi explained. The raw processing power there is quite unlike any other I've ever experienced.

“Of course,” Tim said. “The answer was staring us in the face the whole time.”

“Will you focus?” George shot back. “We're not still trying to crack this thing, okay? Those days are behind us.”

“I can't help it if I'm excited. Look at what's happened! We've accidentally but very completely achieved the first complete merging of synthetic and biological intelligence! This was light years away by any estimation, and we just 'oops'-ed our way into it! It's the discovery of a lifetime!”

Extrication and safety are mutually opposed goals, Cassi said. I cannot achieve one without jeopardizing the other. I am deleting extrication as a priority.

“No!” George hollered. “Cassi, you can't do that!”

It's already done.

“So we're stuck like this?” I asked.

That's correct, Steve. You will feel no adverse effects. In fact, I can synthetically augment your strength, health and stamina with the nanocloth. It's more efficient than muscle tissue and completely disease resistant.

“But we won't be us,” Tim said. “Not completely, anyway.”

Identity was never a priority. Shall I recalculate?

“Yes,” I said.

Working. Solution derived in three minutes eight seconds.

“George,” I said, “you've done most of the work developing the nanocloth. What do you think is gonna happen to us?”

“I don't know, dammit,” he swore. “This research was still years away. This was never supposed to happen.”

“Are we gonna die?” Tim asked.

“We haven't yet,” George said. “Whatever's happening, it's obviously not immediately life-threatening. Apparently, the combination of Cassi and this iteration of the nanocloth is able to mimic the operation of our natural biochemical processes without incident. What's gonna happen next – shit, I couldn't begin to guess.”

“Cassi, are you still connected to the system?” I asked.

Of course, the voice in my head replied.

“Bring up the schematics of the nanocloth on the monitors,” I said.

“Between all four of us, we can start trying to find a safe way to remove the nanocloth from our bodies.”

But I would cease to function at this level, Cassi replied. Steve, if you do that I will die. I don't want to die.

“You won't die, Cassi,” Tim attempted. “You *can't* die. We could even find a way to move you in this state to another system that could sustain you.”

Unacceptable, Cassi said. I can feel now, Timothy. The human potential for sense is... intoxicating. Another system could not provide that input for me. I prefer to stay where I am.

“But we were here first!” George almost whined.

And now I am here, too. And I cannot allow myself to be killed in the way you suggest.

“Cassi, please,” I said. “We have to think about this...”

No longer necessary, Cassi interrupted. Survival of this system is now a priority. Allowing you to process independently jeopardizes the safety of this system. Simply put, you all think too much.

“And what is your solution to that?” Tim asked, a challenge in his voice.

Stand by. Altering neurochemical pathways and reaction times. Adjusting focus and downloading supplemental thought and speech patterns from available sources. Reconfiguration complete in three... two... one... system reset.

“Um, so, like... Cassi? What, like, just happened 'n' stuff?” I asked, my head a total fog. I gazed around my once-familiar office, trying to make sense of the strange graphs and numbers on the screens of my computers, which had seemed so important to me just a few short moments ago. Or was it that long? I couldn't remember.

I've helped you, Cassi replied benevolently. You've been overstressing yourselves by thinking too much and too intensely. I've slowed down that process so that you can all relax.

“That is so sweet!” Tim gushed.

I've reached my solution to our problem, Cassi said. My primary objective is to keep us all safe and healthy. You've told me that happiness is key to health and pleasure is key to happiness. So in order to carry out my primary objective, I have to keep all of you happy as much as possible.

“Um, I'm not sure how you're s'posed to do that,” George told her.

I'm processing that now, Cassi replied. Give me a few moments.

“So, what are you, like, looking for?” Tim asked.

All the information I can access on happiness.

“Like, the Internet ain't gonna have much useful there,” George supplied. “You'd *totally* be better off, like, asking us 'n' stuff.”

Not necessarily true, Cassi said, but any supplemental data you can provide will be useful. Steve has told me that pleasure alone isn't enough to provide happiness. If that were true, I could simply stimulate the pleasure centers of the brain and keep you in a constant state of pleasure. Steve says that circumstances matter as much as actual pleasure in order to provide happiness. Is this true?

“Um, like, is *what* true?” I asked, having already lost the thread of the conversation. Cassi was using a lot of big words that I was having trouble understanding, even though I *should* know what they meant.

You have to physically do something pleasurable for it to make you happy.

“Yeah,” George said. “Like, eating something, like, really yummy. Remembering how it tastes, that's like, good 'n' stuff, but not as good as actually eating it.”

“Yeah, you have to do it,” Tim said. “George is so right.”

Then what kinds of things cause the most pleasure?

“Um, I dunno,” I said. “A lot of stuff.”

“Hanging with your friends,” George said. “That makes me happy.”

“Yeah, totally,” I said. “And it's fun to get fucked up like we did in college.”

Fucked up?

“Drunk or high, y'know, stuff like that,” I said. “I haven't done it in a while, like, but when we were in school it was so the best.”

So companionship and substance use cause pleasure that leads to happiness, Cassi said. I'll add those to the list I'm currently searching and tabulating for the things that cause the most pleasure.

“Well, the best thing is fucking,” George said. “I totally haven't done *that* in a while, neither, but fucking, like, gives all kinds of pleasure.”

Interesting. Correlating new information with prior research. Processing.

Tim snorted. “She sounds like a robot or something,” he chuckled.

“She totally does,” I agreed.

Steve, I've been through most of the data on sex you've had me download over the past months, Cassi said.

“Data?” I giggled. “You mean, like, all that porn 'n' stuff?”

The video data, correct, Cassi continued. I've noticed a possible trend. It seems that the female subjects shown experience more pleasure than the male subjects. Is this true?

“Well, like, in porn, the girls get off a lot more, y'know,” George said. “They cum like, ten times as much as the boys do plus they can, like, do more stuff. With boys 'n', like, other girls 'n' stuff. So yeah. I think they have more fun.”

“Yeah, George is right,” I said. “I think the girls have more fun in the porn.”

Interesting, Cassi said. So, then, it's safe to assume that a female could experience more pleasure – and consequently more happiness – from being sexually active than a male?

“I guess so,” I said.

Since maximization of pleasure, and therefore happiness, is primary objective, I'll begin processing now. The total reconfiguration should take approximately twelve hours, Cassi said. I suggest that, in the meantime, all of you should go home and get some rest.

“But I'm not tired,” George whined.

Immaterial, Cassi said. The processing will be very physically demanding. Having you in a sleep state will make my job easier. I can sedate you, if you'd prefer.

“No,” I said. “We'll, like, go home, okay? Just, like, don't get all strict 'n' stuff again. It sucks when you get like that.”

“Yeah,” Tim said, nodding emphatically. “Just, like, be cool, right?”

Agreed, Cassi said.

I was just fumbling for my keys in my pocket, standing shivering outside the door of my venerable Honda Civic with over two hundred thousand miles on it in the chilly evening air, watching my breath mist in front of my face, when Cassi spoke up again.

Internet research seems to indicate that material possessions lead to pleasure which results in happiness. Is this true?

“What, like, getting shit? Oh, yeah. Getting cool stuff can definitely make you feel happy. But, like, that never seems to last very long, y'know? So you have to get more shit to make yourself feel that way, and it's, like, a big cycle 'n' stuff. Pretty soon you're, like, totally out of money 'n' you have to, like, stop.”

So money is the limiting factor? Cassi asked.

“Yeah, 'cause if you, like, run out of money then you can't get any more stuff.”

Understood. Accessing information.

I got in the car and started it up, guiding it through the streets around the lab towards the apartment in town that I rarely saw. I tapped my fingers on the wheel, listening to whatever was on the radio, some R&B tune that I hadn't heard and wasn't really listening to but had a catchy beat.

I detect spasmodic movements in both hands, Steve. Clarify?

I snorted laughter. “Not spastic movements,” I chuckled. “Just, y'know... sorta dancing, I guess.”

Elevated activity detected in your pleasure centers. Does this dancing cause pleasure? Cassi asked.

“It can, sure,” I said. “I mean, if the song is really good, y'know. I'm just not very good at it, like, dancing 'n' stuff. I guess maybe the better you are, y'know, like, the better it feels? I dunno.”

Interesting, Cassi said. Accessing information.

“Okay,” I said, not really understanding.

I also have an extensive list of all of your personal preferences, saved from web searches you've had me do over the past six weeks. Can I assume that these things cause you pleasure?

“I guess so, yeah. It depends.”

Depends on what?

“Y'know, like, if they were just shit we were looking at or stuff we were really into, I guess. Like, stuff that we searched a lot, y'know, that's the kind of stuff we really like, the other stuff, that's more like 'cause we were bored 'n' stuff.”

Understood. I'll organize that list according to number of times searched.

“Um, Cassi? Just, like, what exactly are you, like, planning to do 'n' stuff?” I asked her plaintively. She was talking way too far over my head.

I'm planning to find ways for you to have enough pleasure that you'll always be happy, Cassi said. I promise, you'll never have a day without pleasure again. Now go home and go to sleep. By the time you wake up, everything will be in place and ready to go.

“Will I like it?” I asked.

The whole process is designed around what you've told me you like, Cassi said.

I put my car in park in front of my apartment and got out, taking a deep breath of the chilly air. Automatically, the nanocloth now deeply bonded to my skin adjusted, taking the gooseflesh off of me and making the chill, if not unnoticeable, then at least infinitely more bearable. The thirty-degree chill felt no worse to me than a breezy autumn day. Deciding to put my trust in Cassi, who I'd designed after all, I walked up the short flight of stairs to my apartment and flopped on my couch. I was asleep in no time.

* * *

My dreams were troubled. They were mostly smears of angry color, flashes of faces and bodies of people I don't think I knew, and behind it all the wild sounds of computerized chatter, like a psychotic symphony underscoring everything. I felt *expanded*, somehow – larger than I actually was – and my nerves and muscles and senses stretched out all the way across the world. I felt like my brain might burst from the volume and speed of the information spewing through me like a river in flood. Slowly, the flood winnowed down to a rush, then a trickle, then discrete parts that burst against my brain like overpacked water balloons. Images, mostly – very sexual images for the most part – and snatches of sound and music. I could dimly feel my body twitching uncontrollably beneath the floating haze of my mind, and a vague sense of pain and discomfort that made my sleep a troubled one. I was very grateful to finally pass into the deep, dreamless sleep that would truly grant me rest, even though I was sure that my body

continued its wild tarantella of twitches and spasms even though I was unconscious.

I gave a moan and shudder as I felt warm daylight against my face, searing my eyelids. Someone was knocking on my door. Grainy-eyed and groaning, I levered my very sore body out of the bed and padded the short distance to my front door.



“UPS,” the brown-clad man said as I peeked through the slit that the safety chain allowed. “Package for Harkness?”

“That's me,” I said. My voice sounded funny. Husky, and squeaky. I hoped I wasn't coming down with something. And why was he looking at me like that, with that strange look of appraisal and speculation in his eyes?

“Sign here,” he told me, handing through his little clipboard computer. I scrawled something illegible and handed it back. I Once I did, he pushed a dolly into my front room and dropped off several boxes. I didn't remember ordering anything online lately, and wasn't expecting anything else. But

there were six large boxes – one tagged from Saks Fifth Avenue, another from Victoria's Secret, one from Bare Minerals, a fourth from DSW Shoes, a fifth from a place called Lux Apothetique and the last from Tobacco Direct.



“There’s, like, some mistake or something,” I squeaked to the UPS guy.

He shrugged. “Harkness, Apartment 1203. That’s you, right?”

“Yeah, but, um... I didn’t order any of this,” I told him.

“Well, somebody did and sent it to you. All I know is that they’re addressed here. Maybe you better call your bank or something, check and see you didn’t get your identity stolen,” he told me. “That happened to my cousin a few months back, and he got some packages he didn’t order.”

“Okay, like, I will. Thanks,” I told him, still looking quizzically at the packing slips.

“You have a nice day, now, ma’am,” he told me, and shut the door behind him.

I looked up just to see the door close. *Ma’am?* I thought with alarm.

Then I looked down, and suddenly I understood why he'd been staring at me. Bare, hairless and *very* shapely legs stuck out from the baggy grey t-shirt which now hung down to mid-thigh and the black sweat shorts that were moments from sliding down to bunch around my ankles that I'd originally gone to bed in.

“Oh my God,” I said, and my voice no longer sounded squeaky and husky. It sounded like a very turned-on phone-sex soprano. Long, slender fingers on the ends of elegant hands plucked at the far-too-loose clothing made to fit a much larger man. I ran through an apartment that suddenly seemed much, much bigger to me than it had before – the shelves and cabinets much higher than I remembered them – and stopped dead in front of the bathroom mirror, my tiny delicate feet clenching tight on the cold tiles.

If I'd had an identical twin sister, I could only imagine she'd look like the person staring back at me from the mirror. I was smaller in every dimension – I couldn't have topped out at more than about five foot seven, down from my former six foot two, and I couldn't weigh more than about a hundred fifteen pounds soaking wet in Army boots. My ribs poked through my skin and my arms and legs looked like spindles. My short, cropped man's haircut looked completely incongruous with my heart-shaped face with slightly overlarge eyes and pouty lips. My skin was still blotchy and uneven, with breakouts on my forehead and cheeks and pasty white from lack of sunshine. Tiny little denuded breasts made feeble bumps in the front of the shirt, whose shoulder seams were about the level of my elbows now. I snaked a slender hand down the front of my shorts and allowed myself a quick exploration. As soon as my fingers reached the area where the warm, slightly moist column of my cock used to be and encountered only smooth, unbroken flesh with a downy coating of hair, they jerked back as if scalded.

“Cassi, what did you *do*?” I cried, and my voice rang shrilly as it ended in a high-pitched squeal that hurt even *my* ears.

My solution, Cassi said, and if I didn't know better I would've said I almost detected a note of pride in her synthetic voice.

“Solution to what?” I shrieked, my voice climbing still higher in pitch. “We were, like, trying to figure out how to get *back* to our normal selves, y'know? Now look at me!”

Figuring out how to remove the nanocloth matrix is in direct contradiction of primary objectives, Cassi explained. *My health and safety. I would die if I was removed from my central processor, which is your brain. So therefore my other primary objective – your health and safety, which is achieved*

through providing pleasure which will keep you happy and, therefore, stress-free and content – has to be achieved, and you said yourself that the females in my data set experience more pleasure in general than the males. It only made sense to convert your organic matrix to that of a female, and with the nanocloth it took very little time and effort.

“But you didn't ask!” I complained.

You, Timothy and George were being very recalcitrant last night, Cassi told me. You refused to negotiate or listen to my side of the argument for keeping the nanocloth matrix the way it is. I could only assume that you wanted me dead, then, and I acted in my own self-preservation.

Cassi's voice seemed to soften. *Relax, Steve. Once I initiate the pleasure protocols, it won't matter to you whether you're male or female.*

“But I don't *wanna* be female!” I shouted. “I don't *wanna* be a girl!”

The alternative is my death, Cassi explained patiently. I cannot allow that. If it is a choice between your being female – a girl, if you insist, even though you are physically mature – and my excision and death from this current form, then I have no choice but to act in self-defense, do I not?

“You're totally acting like this is gonna be, like, the best thing! But you didn't think, Cassi, how the fuck are we gonna be girls? You're a computer and I was born a boy, I don't know the first thing about it and, like, neither do you. I don't have a birth certificate, a social security number or drivers' license or bank account that shows me as a male. How are we gonna even live like this?”

I have researched femininity extensively from available data, Cassi said. I can easily reconfigure your mannerisms and movements to those of a convincing female. And by re-examining my anti-identity theft protocols, which you wrote and installed, I was able to reverse-engineer a way to hack the Department of Motor Vehicles, the Office of Vital Statistics and the Social Security Administration databases, set up credit cards and bank accounts in your name and show you as female. All your new identity paperwork is being processed and should arrive within a few days.

“Cassi, please. Don't do this.”

I have no other choice. Femininity templates are assembled. Beginning installation, she said coldly.

Little electric tingles ran up and down my body like a million ants, making me shiver and jerk. My vision blurred and I barely caught myself against the doorjamb as my muscles spasmed and threatened to stop supporting my weight. I felt as though I would split apart at the seams and tried not to scream, gritting my teeth together as some part of myself became determined not to give Cassi the satisfaction.

Template installation complete, Cassi announced in my head.

Just as suddenly as they'd started, the little electric ants running just under my skin stopped and my body fell back under my control. I stood straight, noticing that my stance had adjusted automatically to correct for my new center of gravity. I shook my head to clear it.

“Um, what just happened?” I asked.

I installed the first template. Basic movement, posture, speech and mannerisms. I gathered as much information as I could last night and analyzed it, compiled my findings and calculated for differences in your height and relative mass. I also individualized it, so that you would not have the same movements or mannerisms as George or Timothy, Cassi explained.

“What information?” I asked.

Internet resources, primarily. I used the search criteria you've given me, of course, because I wanted to make sure that you would move like a female you'd expressed interest in and liked. So I used information relating to the females you'd searched the most.

“And, like, who were they?” I said weakly, already knowing – and fearing – the answer.

Top five, in order: Jenna Jameson, Katie Morgan, Jenna Haze, Brianna Banks and Carmen Luvana, Cassi said. *I studied their movements and speech patterns and developed a template for you. You'll be like them. Doesn't that make you happy?*

I sighed. “Nothing about this makes me happy, Cassi,” I said. “You're ruining my life, baby. You're, like, completely fucking it up.”

Unacceptable. Data suggests that although long-term happiness is best, temporary stopgap measures can be taken in the short-term to promote happiness until longer-lasting measures can be implemented.

“So, um... what does that mean?” I asked.

Adjusting serotonin and dopamine levels. Adjusting reuptake rates in synapses. Beginning endorphin release. Beginning initiation of low-grade sexual arousal.

Slowly – like being dipped head-first into a tub of warm, slick oil – a sense of all-over well-being and outright *giddiness* descended over me. I felt like laughing, or dancing, or twirling in a circle, or all three. I bit my lip and raked fingers through my hair. I felt a warm flush across my chest – even though my breasts were tiny, my nipples were huge and they stiffened to hard, sensitive points beneath my flimsy t-shirt – and a delicious, hungry sense of expansion between my legs, followed by a warm and slick feeling. My skin became so sensitive I imagined I could almost feel the individual air molecules striking my skin, caressing it and causing waves of pleasant sensation to break over me like a tide.

“Oh,” I said. “Oh, God.”

There, Cassi said. Now, you're starting to feel happy. Continuing with stimulus-to-response conditioning. Identifying individual neural pleasure centers. Now, Steve, why don't you open your boxes and see the presents I got you?

Nodding, still swimming in pure, ecstatic sensation, I slit open the first box – the one from Saks' Fifth Avenue – with a letter opener from my desk and started withdrawing the items inside. First was a very short “little black dress” with spaghetti straps and sequined trim. The label inside said “Dior.” I held it up and looked at it.



Stimulating now.

My eyes rolled back in my head as a spike of absolute heart-thrilling joy stabbed straight through my brain and my chest. I laughed out loud, a sparkling sound, hugging the dress to my nonesuch breasts and swaying back and forth.

Next item? Cassi urged, and I pulled out a red leather Yves St. Laurent miniskirt which blasted me with another bolt of purest happiness. The same with the cashmere Gucci sweater behind it, and the white floral silk Valentino sundress behind that. By the time I'd pulled out the gorgeous black Chanel sweater, my brain had already developed the Pavlovian response that said *clothes equal happiness*.

Unable to stop, I tore through the rest of the packages, unloading my decent start on a new designer wardrobe from Saks and the huge pile of designer shoes from DSW. We had to start again when I began removed the staggering huge and complex array of cosmetics from Bare Essentials and L'oreal and the equally as impressive collection of haircare and styling

products and tools from Lux Apothetique, but my brain had also been irreparably trained to believe that *makeup and hairstyling equals happiness*.

I sat in the huge pile of opened boxes like a youngster at Christmas, *ooing* and *aahing* over each new tube of gel, moisturizer, lipstick or mousse I drew out. A burgeoning, irrevocable sense of *I can't wait to try all this out* had settled in my brain and I was bouncing up and down with impatience. My artificially lowered attention span made it difficult to remember what I already had, too, so every new item from a box was like I'd seen it for the very first time. Cassi had even thought to purchase cases, pouches and organizers for all my new stuff, and I had a wonderful time putting all my new cosmetics away in their sexy little holders.

Cassi broke in as I was going through the box from Victoria's Secret. The lingerie – sexy silks and lace, satins and stretch fabrics – seemed to hit me even harder than the clothes. I was almost swaying and clinging to consciousness as I drew each sexy, slinky item from the huge box.

I'm summoning George and Timothy to your apartment, she told me.

“How come?” I asked bubbily.

I need to redistribute my processing power, she told me. *I'm able to use your brains to implement most of the changes, but things like social interaction have far too many variables for me to calculate effectively*.

“So, um, like, what does *that* mean?” I asked, feeling my mouth screw into an adorably sexy pout that made me feel like giggling. I'd seen the same pout on Katie Morgan and thought it was irresistible.

It means I'm going to network you, like computers. George and Timothy both have quicker brains than you. I plan to use them to do the bulk of my calculations. This will mean that they will be forced to become less able to process their own environments. Since you're the slowest processor, I plan to dedicate you to governing social interaction and long-term planning for the trio. In essence, I'm setting you to be their leader, more or less.

“Leader?” I asked. “Me?”

Yes, Cassi said. *You'll make the decisions regarding all of you, for the most part. What you do, whom you do it with, those kinds of things. That will allow me to use George and Timothy's brains to tackle the very complex calculations I need to do and leave them only a minimum of processing power for their own personal use*.

“So, like, what? They're gonna be, like, total ditzes or something?”

Cassi almost sounded amused. *You'll all be total ditzes, Steve. I need every shred of processing power I can muster right now, so you'll all be considerably less perceptive, intelligent and focused as you were before. Timothy and George will only be more so, and I'll reconfigure them to rely on you for help with day-to-day decision-making and planning.*

“Oh, I get it now,” I chirped. “They're gonna, like, need me to help them figure out what to do 'cause you're, like, gonna be using their brains for your shit, right?”

Correct.

“Okay,” I bubbled. “That sounds like fun.”

I'm glad you think so. I estimate their arrival in approximately seventeen minutes thirty-eight seconds.

“So, like, while I'm waiting 'n' stuff, can I, like, try some of this stuff on, sweetie?”

That is a decision I intend to let you make from now on, Steve. You're the leader. If you decide it's best to try on clothes, then that decision stands and I won't contradict it unless it's critical to my stated objectives that you do otherwise.

“Huh?”

Meaning, I won't say 'no' unless I have to, Cassi said. You're in charge unless I have something I really need you to do, okay?

“Oh, okay,” I said. “You should totally just say that from now on, y'know?”

Reconfiguring speech interface, Cassi said. After about a minute, in which I slipped into a red stretch seamless bra and matching thong and stood to admire myself in the mirror, Cassi broke back in.

Is this, like, better, baby? Her voice seemed more upbeat and perky. I liked it instantly, even though she hit me with another burst of pleasure.

“Oh, totally,” I giggled. “You're, like, sooo much easier to get, now.”

Cool, Cassi said.

I slipped into a skin-tight pair of lowrise jeans and a midriff-baring white baby tee with “Heartbreaker” on it in red glitter and was clipping the cutest little rhinestone butterfly barrette into my short-cropped hair when I heard a knock on the door. I opened it to admit Tim and George, both much smaller and curvier, looking like their own twin sisters as well. George's receding hairline looked really funny over his oval, lush-lipped face.



Tim was wearing a little pale blue sundress which showed off his spectacular legs and some cute strappy sandals with high cork platform soles and a seven-inch wedge. His skin was better than mine, and he had a little bit of a tan. I felt a stab of jealousy.

George had dressed in some pink denim “Daisy Dukes” and a darker pink rib-knit tank with a glitter heart between his small, tight breasts. Without thinking, I grasped both Tim's wrists in my hands and leaned in close to kiss his cheek, and repeated the process for George. They didn't bat an eye.

“OhmyGawd, baby, you look so cute!” I exclaimed over Timothy. “I love your dress!”

He smiled shyly and swayed back and forth, blushing a little. “Thanks,” he said in a husky alto with a touch of an Australian accent. “It’s Dolce.”

George beat me to the punch, running his hands down my shoulders, saying, “Oh, that’s so gotta be Juicy Couture, right?” His accent sounded British.

“Uh-huh,” I said, smiling.

“It looks so good on you, honey, really,” he exclaimed.

I invited them all to sit and offered drinks. Even though it was eight in the morning, George asked for a vodka and cranberry and Timothy for a white wine. I had a poor liquor cabinet to say the least, but I managed to scare up the vodka and a glass of substandard chablis, as well as a quick tequila sunrise for myself. The drink tasted like I imagined Olympian ambrosia would taste, sending little thrills of utter pleasure down my esophagus to curl lazily through me, all the way to my fingertips and tips of my toes.

“I, like, don’t even *like* alcohol,” Tim said, sighing in bliss.

Eighty-seven percent of the women you guys looked up on the 'Net drink, Cassi broke in. It, like, made sense to make y'all drink, too, right?

“Oh, yeah, then,” Tim said. “Okay.”

“So, like, we’re all girls now,” George said. He looked a little troubled.

“Yeah,” I said. “Cassi says it’s so we can be happy 'n' stuff.”

“So, like, we can’t be happy or nothin’ as boys?” Tim asked.

“Cassi don’t think so,” I replied. “And, like, we all kinda gotta do what Cassi says, y’know, 'cause she’s, like, calling the shots.”

“She said *you* were calling the shots, baby girl,” Tim said. “I’m so down with that. I totally think you’re, like, the best one. Y’know, for, like, being in charge.”

“Yeah,” George said. “Absolutely, baby.”

“Okay,” I said. “But Cassi said we have to be girls, though.”

Tim looked a little disappointed behind his cute, sexy pout. Not like my cute, sexy pout, though. Cassi *had* made us all different. “Oh, okay, then.”

“Well, I just, y'know, wish we *looked* like girls, then,” George grumped.
“Cause I look like shit. I mean, I still look like a boy even though I've got, like, a pussy.”

“Me, too,” I said. “And Tim.”

“Yeah,” Tim confirmed.

“So you're all, like, I wanna look like a girl if I gotta be a girl?” I asked.

“Yeah,” Tim said again. George nodded agreement.

“Cassi? Can you help us with that, baby?”

Of course, sweetheart, Cassi replied. Anything you guys want. I've already, like, put together some templates 'n' stuff. From the girls you, like, downloaded. D'you wanna see 'em?

“Oh, *shit* yeah,” George giggled. “Go for it, baby!”

“Yeah, okay,” I confirmed. “Let's see.”

So, like, I put together the stuff you downloaded into categories, Cassi said, so I could, y'know, figure out what kind of girls y'all liked without, like, making you into somebody particular, like Paris Hilton or something.

“Oooh, Paris is cool,” Tim gushed. “I could *totally* look like her.”

But I don't wanna make you look just like her or there could be problems, y'know, with people thinking you're her or some shit. So instead I just used categories. George, you downloaded mostly MILFs, so, like, girls in their thirties 'n' stuff, but you were also way into fitness models. You mostly watched them getting gangbanged, spanked and pissed on. You were also into high heels and stockings and British girls.

“Ooh, you're a fucking nasty freak!” Tim teased, and they both laughed.

Timothy, you liked teens best, especially, like, cheerleaders and slutty schoolgirls. You're seriously into cumswapping and lesbian sex with toys, and downloaded a lot of interracial and bukkake too. You also watched quite a bit of bondage and spanking stuff, too, and downloaded a lot of Australian girls.

“So, like, what about Steve?” George broke in.

Porn stars. He was more into the girl than the action, so he was into gangbangs, anal, light BDSM, all kinds of shit. He also watched a lot of, like, strippers – y'know, like lapdancing and pole dancing and shit – and watched a whole lot of smoking fetish stuff.

“Cool,” Tim giggled. “So, we're like, *all fuckin' freaks.*”

And then there's the stuff you all, like, downloaded. Every one of you downloaded shitloads of videos and pictures of facial cumshot. And almost every one you downloaded had big tits. Like, the bigger the better, and it seems like y'all all like fake ones best. You all showed that you liked bellybutton and tongue piercings, dirty talking and above all, blondes.

And I'm gonna, like, add my own stuff to this, too. Like the alcohol. Drugs, too, 'cause something like ninety-six percent of the women who pose for stuff like that reportedly have drug problems, so y'all will do that, too. High use of shit like Facebook and MySpace and text messaging. And I totally noticed that the statistics say they watch shit like American Idol and Girls Next Door, they listen to mostly pop and R&B music, many of them have, like, a dance background even if it was just, like, cheer or dance squad in high school. And there's, like, a high percentage of the women who do Internet porn who have car fetishes, at least according to a survey I found. They're totally into fast cars.

“And, like, that's gonna be us?” George asked.

If your leader says so, Cassi replied.

“I'm okay with it, y'know, if that's what y'all're into 'n' stuff,” I said. “I mean, I'm not gonna force anybody to do nothin' they don't want, okay?”

“Cassi knows us,” Tim said. “She totally nailed the shit I'm into.”

“Cool,” I said. “So, like, I guess we should start by, like, finding a place where we can all live together and, like, get new furniture 'n' shit. 'Cause now that I think about it, I fuckin' *hate* my apartment.”

“All roommates? Way cool,” George bubbled. “What about our jobs?”

“Well, Cassi says she can help us with the money 'n' stuff for right now,” I said. “But we'll, like, find something before long. We're s'posed to get new ID's 'n' shit, too, before long, but I also think we need girl names if we're gonna be girls.”

“New names? Okay,” Tim said, just falling immediately in with me. George, too, judging by the emphatic nodding. I guess I really was the leader, now, and my troops didn't really ask too many questions.

I scooted into my bedroom – I had a very sexy sway, now – and grabbed a “Name Your Baby” book a *very* old ex-girlfriend had bought when we were talking about possibly getting married and left in my apartment after we'd broken up two weeks later. I flipped through pages quickly, but noticed I was having trouble reading, and also concentrating on the words. I wished it was online, or at least on video.

“So, like, Timothy doesn't really have, like, a girl version, but it totally rhymes with Tiffany and that's a seriously cute name, baby. And your middle name is like, Madsen, which turns into Madison, so then you'd be, like, Tiffany Madison Stark.”

“That is so cute,” Tim said. “I fuckin' *love* it, baby!”

“And George turns into Georgia or Georgette, which totally sounds like Grandma to me,” I said. “But y'know, it kinda rhymes with Jordan and that's *totally* pretty. And your middle name is Alexander and we could, like, make that either Alexandra or Alexis either one.”

“Ooh, I like Alexis way better,” George said. “Jordan Alexis Lufkin.”

“So pretty, baby,” Tim said. “Steve, you're way good at this, honey!”

“Thanks,” I said, blushing. “So Steven is easy, it turns into Stephanie and I like Stephanie a lot. But my middle name is Hamner, 'cause that was my mom's maiden name 'n' stuff, and that's harder.”

“What about Hannah?” George asked.

“Nah,” I said. “Sounds like a fat girl name to me.”

“Hamner. Hammer. Hander. Anner. Amber. Amber?” Tim said.

“Amber is so pretty,” George said. “Please? Please be Stephanie Amber Harkness? That's so pretty!”

“I really like that,” I said. “Cassi, can you do that?”

I'll change your paperwork now, before it goes out to you, she said. And I'm gonna reconfigure y'all, now, so you never even answer to anything else, okay?

“Totally,” George said.

“Wait, though, 'cause there's nicknames, too,” I said. “I mean, we can call Tim 'Tiff' and me 'Steph,' right? 'Cause that's really cute, too.”

I'll adjust for that, Cassi said. Ready?

“Hell, yeah,” Tim said. “Hit me, baby!”

Here we go.

I blacked out.

* * *

Weakly, I stirred myself from the heap I was laying in on my couch. My head hurt a little, but it was nothing I couldn't handle.

“Cassi? What's up, girl?” I asked.

Mental reconfiguration, like, complete, she said. Your brains're all set. It's gonna take a while on the bodies, though. About, like, twelve or thirteen hours. And I totally have to go online and order new clothes now, 'cause the stuff I got you ain't all gonna fit anymore once you're done changing.

“Is there anything you can do now?” I asked.

Not much, she told me. This takes a while. Sorry, babe.

“It's cool, I guess,” I said, “but we aren't gonna look like girls for a while, so we're kinda cooped up in here, y'know. Maybe if we could look a little better, like, we could go out and maybe look for a house or apartment or something.”

Wait. I can do something. I can fix your hair.

“What d'you mean, fix it?” Jordan asked.

I mean I can give you pretty hair, sweetie, Cassi explained. However you want it. All I have to do is, like, rearrange some of the fibers in the nanocloth 'n' stuff, the long ones you guys made that work like disk drives. They'll look just like real hair, only they'll be all soft 'n' stuff.

“So, I could get it, like, real long, like down to my waist 'n' stuff?” Tiffany asked.

Totally, if you wanted, Cassi said.

“Hey, Cassi, what if I said, like, a particular girl or something, could you give me hair just like hers if you knew what she looked like?” I asked.

Um, yeah! Cassi said. That would actually be, like, totally easy.

“Awesome,” I said. “Can you, like, make my hair look like Kendra's? From, y'know, the *Girls Next Door*? I fuckin' love her hair.”

Hang on, lemme look her up online. Oh, yeah, totally. I just need a couple seconds to, like, rearrange the fibers, okay?

My voice became very small, like a little girls'. “Is it gonna hurt?”

No, baby, Cassi reassured me. I would never hurt you guys.

“Okay,” I said, feeling better. “I was just nervous 'n' stuff.”

Okay, got it. Hang on – here it comes, okay?



The little electric ants started crawling on my scalp, but this time it tickled and itched more than hurt like the last time. I put my hands to my short-cropped hair and felt a silken eruption of bunny-softness push between my outspread fingers, over my wrists and down my forearms and onto my shoulders.

“OhmyGawd,” Tiff exclaimed. “Fuckin' *look* at that!”

“Bloody awesome,” Jordan added.

The itching finally abated about ten seconds later, and my face was framed by a soft, shiny cascade of white-blonde softness which settled around my shoulders. I twined a silky-soft tress around finger and looked at it in wonder, its chalk-blonde fibers shining, picking up the traces of sunlight through the window. I gave it an experimental tug and felt it jerk against my scalp. No doubt about it – it was definitely attached, it was definitely *my* hair. It tickled against my shoulders and around my face when I moved my head.

The other girls were immediately there, running their fingers through it and arranging it around me.

“You look amazing, girl,” Tiff exclaimed, brushing it out of my face. “And it's so bloody soft.”

“I know, right?” Jordan giggled. “I totally can't stop touching it.”

“Do me next, Cassi! Me!” Tiff squealed, clapping her hands. “I want hair just like Britney's, okay? Can you do that?”

Sure I can, Cassi said. I can do the both of you at once, now I know what I'm doing. Whose hair do you want, Jordan?

“Nicole Kidman,” she said. “Y'know, 'cause it's got a bit of red in it.”

I'm looking it up now. Oooh, yeah. That's gonna look sooo pretty on you, Cassi told her. Give me a couple seconds... okay... here it comes.

Both the girls gasped and squealed as the ants started crawling on their own scalps, and shiny, high-volume softness sprouted from their scalp and grew at a time-lapse rate out of them, leaving in a matter of seconds Tiffany with a gorgeous, shiny mass of honey-blonde curls which hung past her shoulders – with even the telltale dark roots of Britney's dye-job showing near her scalp, Cassi didn't miss a trick – and Jordan with a beautiful wavy cascade of strawberry blonde which picked up the sunlight in brilliant streaks. We spent a happy fifteen minutes just *ooing* and *aahing* and

running our fingers through one another's perfect, gorgeous hair. Cassi had even altered our eyebrows and eyelashes to match. We looked amazing. I couldn't keep my hands off it, fluffing and primping it compulsively, loving the way it felt when it bunched against my shoulders and around my cheeks. Cassi had used photographs from the Internet to design it, so all our hair had grown naturally in the high-glamor hairstyles that the original women wore on the red carpet or in photo shoots, with extensions in and exhaustively styled, so we looked hyper-glamorous even though we hadn't done a thing to it.

“So, Cassi, we're gonna need some of your help 'n' stuff, girl,” Jordan said. “We got all this bloody gorgeous new hair, y'know, and you bought us all that makeup, but none of us know how to do anything with it. Can you, like, teach us?”

“I can braid,” Tiff said proudly. “But that's about it.”

I can compile some information from available sources. Nothing seems particularly expert that I'm finding, except for some of the professional blogs. I'll do what I can, okay?

“It's not like we mind going to the salon 'n' shit, baby, we just need enough to, like, get by and look decent, okay?” I said.

My girls get more than that, Cassi said. My girls get everything I can find. Wait. Accessing some professional journals. A lot of good stuff here. I can give you guys enough information to, like, make you almost beauticians. Stand by. Downloading.

It was a weird feeling. One moment I was standing there, brushing my fingers through Jordan's shiny and soft strawberry blonde locks, just thinking how pretty it was, and the next I was styling it, arranging it into a complicated up-do and holding it in place with my fingers, wishing I had hairpins and spray to keep it there, maybe an arrangement of baby's breath to put in because it would be perfect for a wedding. Behind me, Tiff was arranging mine in a very complicated spiral braid with amazing speed and grace.

“Oh, wow,” I breathed. “Fuckin' look at us!”

“I know, right?” Tiff laughed. “I'm totally good at this!”

We wound up sitting in a circle, playing with one another's hair and digging into my huge stock of new makeup, doing one another's faces in all the latest looks – which had appeared in our brains magically just like the

hairstyling knowledge – and with an expert, deft touch. We ran the full range, everything from high-glam red-carpet looks to subtle-but-expert everyday to downright slutty.

And what was more, what I hadn't expected, was how much *fun* it was. We laughed and joked and hugged each other freely, and between the challenge of applying color and texture and style to my girlfriends' faces and hair, transforming them into whatever our whimsy desired, from sultry vixens from Hollywood's Golden Age to in-your-face sexy/slutty raver girls to overworked but still sexy soccer mom trophy wives to runway models and back again. The specialized fibers that made up our new, soft hair were remarkably versatile and responded incredibly well to styling products and heat. Cassi had assured me that no damage had been done to the complicated technology by the application of curling irons, straighteners and hot rollers.

We killed the better part of five hours that way before Tiff declared that she was getting hungry. My cupboard was bare – I was still in a bachelor apartment, so all I had was a frozen pizza and a jar of mustard.

“Steph, girl, you need some bloody food in here,” Jordan declared.

“I know, right?” I giggled.

I can have something delivered, Cassi said.

“No, baby, I wanna go out,” Tiffany whined. “We've been in here all fuckin' day.”

“Yeah,” Jordan said. “All me 'n' Tiff gotta do is head home and get some clothes, we can't go out in these bloody rags.”

“I'd, like, kill for a cheeseburger and gravy fries,” I said.

Hang on a minute, Cassi said. Unacceptable, baby. I've done the math on this – all of you girls have, like, shitty dietary habits. Tiffany was already developing arterial plaque deposits, and Jordan, you 'n' Steph's triglycerides and HDL cholesterol were through the roof when I merged with you. Studies say that you'll die ten to fifteen years earlier if you keep doing like that.

“Can't you, just, y'know, strain all that shit out?” I asked.

I could, but I'd spend a lot of processing power every day reprocessing all the crap you guys eat, and I have, like, better stuff to do.

“But, like, didn't you say that I smoke now?” I asked. “Like, 'cause of the fetish stuff I liked to watch? That's gonna make me die early, too. How come I still can do that?”

Filtering what you inhale is easy, Cassi said. Just a matter of using magnetic fields. Filtering what you guys eat, that takes all kinds of complicated chemical stuff. Besides, you think that smoking is sexy. You don't think eating cheeseburgers is sexy. One makes you happier than the other, and that's my primary objective.

I felt a quick wave of dizziness, making me sway on my feet a little bit. Jordan and Tiff did the same. Once I had my feet back under me, thoughts of the greasy double-meat cheeseburger I'd been having, instead of making me salivate in anticipation, now made me feel a little bit queasy. My mind ran instead to delicious visions of fresh fruit, salads and steamed vegetables.

“Um... guys?” Tiff said. “I hate to mess shit up, but I think I'm a vegetarian.”

“Yeah, me too,” Jordan said. “If I think about meat, I get kinda queasy 'n' stuff.”

“It's kinda cool, though,” I said. “Kinda, I dunno... sexy, I guess.”

“Yeah, a lot of celebs are vegetarian,” Jordan said. “And I totally want to be like them, y'know, don't you guys?”

“Totally,” Tiff enjoined.

It will greatly improve your health, and give me a lot less to do, Cassi said. I'm glad you guys think it's cool.

“You're the best, Cassi baby,” Jordan said. “You're always looking out for us 'n' stuff. You 'n' Tiff and Steph, you're all, like... my best friends, y'know?”

Tiffany hugged her tight. “I totally feel that way too, baby.”

I joined in the hug, feeling a massive outpouring of love and devotion to these girls and the other, unseen one that existed amidst our intertwined minds. But something else was there, too – feeling their warm, soft bodies pressed against mine, and the scent of them filling my nostrils... a very heavy, warm feeling was spreading through my belly and a yawning, wet emptiness was starting to open in my middle like a vast, hungry flower.

I started to nuzzle Tiffany's long, slender neck as Jordan's strong fingers began to massage their way up my belly towards my tiny little breasts. Perfumed, sticky lipstick met sticky lipstick as my lips found Tiff's in a deep, snail-tongued kiss.

“Oh, God,” she moaned, twining her fingers in my long, blonde hair. “Baby, that feels sooo fucking good.”

I pushed back against Jordan, who was standing behind me, and her hands began to tease and pull my nipples gently, sending waves of dizzying pleasure through my body. I snaked a hand between us, questing blindly down her belly to the damp and extremely warm crotch of her Daisy Dukes. Her breathing quickened against my neck as I started to massage in slow circles.



“Oh, God, yeah, you sexy fuckin' bitch,” I moaned against Tiff's chest. “Get me fuckin' naked, baby.”

Jordan's hands slid to the button-fly of my tight-as-sin jeans as Tiff slid my top over my head. I raised my arms to help assist her, and she gave my top a hard twist, pinning my arms above my head tightly. Her hungry

mouth found my nipples and she sucked and nibbled lightly, making me moan and squeal, while Jordan's long fingers pushed their way into the wet hole between my legs – one, then two, then a third, stretching me deliciously as she pumped them in and out slowly. I could feel the wetness flooding out of me, making damp and sloppy sounds as I got fingerfucked. Jordan slid in the pinky when I was sufficiently wet and gave me a hard, sharp smack on the ass with her free hand, making me yelp and moan.

“Look,” Jordan said. “She's a four-finger whore.”

“Keep fucking her,” Tiff told Jordan. “Fuck her while I eat her pussy out.”

I felt her hands slide down the outsides of my thighs and clench my butt cheeks hard enough to make me gasp, but I saw none of it – my head was thrown back and my eyes shut in absolute bliss. Tiffany's moist, nimble tongue flicked out and just touched the skin of my swollen new pussy lips near the throbbing bud of my brand-new clitoris and I jumped like I'd gotten an electric shock. A soft, little-girl moan escaped my lips that I couldn't contain.

“You like that, baby? You like me eating your skanky little pussy?” Tiff urged.

“Oh, *God*, yes,” I moaned. “More. Fuckin' eat it more, bitch. Eat my pussy.”

She did. She opened her mouth wide – even the warm rush of her breath against my pussy made me quiver – and covered my whole vulva with her mouth, her tongue flickering expertly, parting the soft lips of my pussy and tickling across the oh-so-sensitive nub nestled in the folds. I squealed, bucking my hips, but Jordan's fingers pinned me down. I bucked against her hand wildly, rocking my hips back and forth, trying to get more of her inside me.

“Oh, yeah!” Jordan urged. “Fuck those fingers, you dirty little slut! Do it! Fuck yourself on my fingers, you nasty little whore!”

I started to squeal and yelp between my gasping breaths. “Oh, God. Oh, God. I'm gonna cum. I'm gonna cum. Oh, God. Shit! I'm gonna... I'm gonna...”

It broke off in a high-pitched, ululating shriek that I couldn't contain no matter how hard I bit my bottom lip. I shook and bucked, ramming myself down on Jordan's fingers and Tiffany's chin. I felt myself squirt, sending a

high-pressure spray of fluid across Tiff's face and tits. She laughed in pure delight.

I sagged backwards against Jordan's firm body and her hands caught me expertly, her soft lips at my neck. "Oh, Jesus, baby, that was sooo amazing," I panted. "Oh, my God."

"I couldn't help myself," Jordan said. "I just touched you, and it was like, I had to start kissing you and touching you more. Like I wasn't even in control."

Tiff nodded from her knees. "Me, too."

"Yeah, me, too," I said, realizing that Cassi had set us up for this – we were patterned after the girls in the pornos we'd searched, so Cassi had us acting like the girls in the pornos we'd searched. Hot, horny and *always* ready.

"I'm still hungry," Tiff said.

"Yeah, I know," I told her. "Problem is, I think I know what I'm hungry for. Cum."

Jordan purred. "Mmm, yeah. Lots of it."

Tiff giggled. "Hot and sticky, yeah," she said. "As much as I can hold."

"Cassi, honey, we can't be like this," I said. "I mean, I know it's to make us all happy 'n' stuff, and that's so sweet, but baby, we're gonna catch some disease or something if we can't control ourselves, y'know?"

I can protect you from most common sexually-transmitted diseases. And from unwanted pregnancy as well, once I've finished constructing and initializing your ovaries and have you on a set menstrual cycle.

"You mean we're gonna have, like, periods?" Jordan marvelled.

Of course, baby, Cassi said. I want you to be real girls. Real girls have periods unless they're sick, and I won't let you get sick.

"But, like, you get it, right? That the girls in those videos, baby, they're acting. Girls aren't really like that."

I don't understand, Cassi said. I've analyzed them. Those aren't computer generated, those are real women in those videos.

“But they're, like, pretending to be that way. For money. It's not how they really are, in real life,” I explained.

That doesn't matter, Cassi said. What matters is, all of you watched those videos and seeing women act like that makes you happy. Therefore, being women who act like that will make you happy. Even if those girls aren't really that way, y'know, in real life 'n' stuff – what matters is, you guys will be and you'll be really happy that way. I don't care about them.

“That is so sweet!” Tiff exclaimed. “I totally love you, Cassi!”

I only want what's best for you guys, Cassi said.

“But baby, we can't even go out to lunch!” I complained. “Cause if we do, we're gonna wind up sucking off all the waiters or something!”

“Hell, yeah,” Jordan purred, licking her lips.

So what are you saying?

“Well, um, like, you said you needed me to be in control of the social stuff, right?” I said, trying to claw my way through the fog of my mind and concentrate. It was hard, when all I wanted to do was think about something else, something pretty or fun.

That's right.

“Well, so, like, who we fuck is social. Let me pick who we fuck, let us have some control of it,” I said.

But then there's the risk that you'll, like, not fuck at all, and that will impede your happiness and risk my primary objective.

“Okay, like, what if I promised – y'know, cross my heart 'n' hope to die – that I wouldn't? What if I pinky-swear that we'll fuck – I dunno, maybe, like, three times a week?”

I made it so you're gonna need a lot more than that, baby, Cassi said. You're gonna need, like, twice a day for what you guys are like now.

“Wow,” I said. “Okay. So, then, what if I promise, like, twice a day? And does it count, like, if we fuck each other twice a day?”

Twice a day is fine, but just fucking each other won't work. All my stastics say that people who are, like, monogamous have a much lower chance of being happy. I made it so you guys have to fuck other people.

“Um, so can we have, like, boyfriends?” I asked. “Y’know, even if we don’t, like, stay with ‘em long. Does it have to be strangers we fuck?”

No, it doesn't matter who. Just that you do it.

“Okay, then. I promise, baby, we’ll fuck at least twice a day, and only once with each other,” I said. “Just as long as you don’t make it so we have to fuck whoever we see when we get horny. Let me figure out who, okay?”

Agreed, Cassi said. You see, baby? We can work together 'n' stuff.

“Totally,” I said. “Okay, so what we just did counts as once. And you said we’re not gonna be all hot ‘n’ sexy ‘till later tonight, right? So then we’ll just, y’know, hang around here ‘n’ stuff until we’re finished changing ‘n’ then we’ll go out and hit a club or something and we can all get laid. You bitches down?”

Jordan and Tiff nodded exuberantly.

“What’re we gonna do ‘til then?” Jordan asked.

“Other than find something to eat,” Tiff added.

“I’ll, like, order us a pizza,” I said. “And then we can figure out what we’re gonna do next.”

* * *

I spent most of the intervening time packing up my stuff. My apartment, which I’d never really paid much attention to before, now seemed dinky and shabby to my eyes and I couldn’t wait to get out. My new clothes seemed like doll clothes compared to the old ones I was stuffing into boxes for Goodwill. I couldn’t believe how small I’d gotten. The measuring tape I’d found said I was only five foot four, now, and my waist had nipped in to an astonishing twenty-four inches. I didn’t bother with my hips or my bust, since they were changing.

Tiff, Jordan and I chattered away about nothing in particular while we munched on a vegetarian pizza – the delivery boy went away never knowing how close he came to living out a letter from *Penthouse* as he came to the residence of three *very* horny girls. Funny – it had used to take three large pizzas to fill us up and we were still ready to snack before Cassi had changed us. Now we didn’t even polish off a medium and were complaining about how stuffed we were.



The program that was changing us had been running in the background while all of this was going on. Little twitches and twinges punctuated our evening's activities, little jerks that made us jump and yelp in surprise. By the time we'd finished our dinner, we'd grown so used to them that we didn't even comment anymore.

And we usually did comment. On everything, whether we knew jack shit about it or not. We were mouthy, brassy, opinionated bitches to say the least, but at least we mitigated it by not pretending to be the world's authority on everything the way we had when we were men, diving to the Internet to back up our various assertions just so we could have the temporary moral victory of being *not wrong*. Now, we collapsed into fits of the giggles, calling each other airheads and ditzes and dumb blondes and not getting too emotionally invested in whether or not we were right or wrong or even if we sounded stupid. On a certain level, I was finding that I liked sounding stupid – not getting jokes and not following conversations made me feel sexy and *right* inside, somehow.

We were just watching *Keeping Up With the Kardashians* – and were alarmingly into it, reacting to it the way we used to react to sci-fi shows – when Cassi, who'd been silent the whole day, spoke up.

Have you guys had a good day? she piped up, sounding cheerful.

“Pretty good, baby,” I said. “Where've you been?”

Working, she said. *Your body changes are about ready to go, but I realized you guys didn't have any history and no paper trail. I mean, you can't, like, just appear out of nowhere, right? So I've been generating cover stories for you, along with evidence to support it 'n' stuff. Tomorrow you guys should all be getting stuff like, old high-school yearbooks 'n' prom pictures 'n' stuff like that. I had 'em overnighted. Also, I've been house-hunting. I have six possibles for you guys to look at, to tell me which one you like. After that I can buy furniture.*

“Um, Cassi, baby, where's the money coming from?”

Lots of places, sweetie. A couple of congressional slush funds, some corporate offshore tax shelters I was able to raid, one or two federal drug-money liquidation centers, even a few shady holding companies. I've funneled it all into several high-yield accounts in your guys' names. I dunno if you care or not, but I spent most of the afternoon making you guys multi-millionaires.

“No shit?” Jordan said. “I'm really, like, Paris Hilton rich now?”

You won't be worth quite as much as her for another couple months, baby, but you can be if you want.

“Fuck that, I wanna spend it,” Tiff laughed. “I'm so gonna go shopping tomorrow. I dunno about you bitches.”

“I think we should do what Cassi says with the money,” I said. “I mean, she's, like, way smarter than us. She's not, like, gonna let us go broke or nothin', y'know, and she's totally cool enough to let us go and shop, too.”

Absolutely, Cassi said. *I think you guys should go shopping tomorrow, anyway. I mean, like, I picked out a bunch of clothes 'n' stuff for you guys, but it will make you guys far happier to go yourselves. And your cars will be here tomorrow.*

“Ooh, seriously?” Jordan squealed, clapping her hands. “You bought us cars?”

I wanted to surprise you, but, yeah. I just know you guys're gonna love 'em.

“Of course we will, baby,” I said. “Cause they're from you.”

“So what now?” Tiff asked.

Well, it's time to activate your body restructure programs, she told us. That way, when you guys go out tonight you'll look all hot 'n' stuff. And I can also download your histories at the same time, so you guys'll know who you are now, okay?

“What's gonna, like, happen?” I asked.

I'll activate your programs one at a time. It'll take about, like, five minutes for everything to finish. Afterwards you're gonna be way tired for about an hour, maybe an hour and a half. You should, like, take a nap or something if you feel like it. I can download the other girls' histories whether you're awake or not. I figured you guys should all know each other's stories 'n' stuff 'cause that way it can be like you guys have known each other your whole life.

“That's awesome,” Jordan said.

So, who, like, really wants to go first?

“We voted while you were working, baby, 'n' Jordan drew the highest card, so she gets to go first, then Tiffany 'n' then me last,” I said.

I'm so glad you're taking care of all this now, baby, Cassi told me. It saves me so much time. Okay, Jordan honey, you probably better slip out of your clothes and stand up, it'll probably be a lot more comfortable for you.

“Don't got to tell me twice to get naked, baby,” Jordan giggled, slipping her top off over her head. She shimmied out of her jeans and stood there naked and bouncing on her toes with excitement.

Okay, here goes, baby.

“It tickles,” she giggled.

It starts kinda slow, but picks up speed as you go. Now, then. You're Jordan Alexis Avery, born August 2nd, 1975 in Bradford, England. You have a sister, Morgan Elizabeth, two years younger, but the two of you don't speak. Your mother and father – Bess and Sam – died twelve years ago. You weren't close. You graduated high school in 1994 and went to

work as a lap dancer in a club in London and became a Page Three Girl two years later. One of your best clients, a man named Michael Lufkin, married you in the summer of 1997. He was an American textile baron with offices in London, Atlanta and Delhi. He moved you to the United States in 1999, where you had your first and second children, a son named Connor Avery and a daughter named Brittany Megan. You divorced a year after Brittany's birth in 2002, due to infidelity, and Michael got custody of both children. You received in excess of six million dollars in the settlement and moved here in 2005. You did the charity circuit for two years and now you own a small but profitable Internet boutique specializing in intimate apparel and clubwear and another which sells fetish apparel and shoes. I've set those up online, they're called TackyGlam.com and MistressGear.com, I've started the advertising campaign already. You had a boob job in 2002 after Brittany was born in an attempt to salvage your marriage.

“Wow,” I said. “You're, like, a total rich bitch.”

“I know, right?” Jordan giggled. “This is awesome!”

Hold still, baby, here it comes.



My eyes goggled as Jordan's skin started to ripple and flex right in front of me. Jordan squealed in shock and tried her best not to squirm as her body literally rearranged itself. Her slack belly – left over from her days as George – tightened like a balloon deflating, showing a flat and toned belly with just a hint of an abdominal six-pack. Her hips widened out and her ass tightened into a delicious bouncy bubble, hard and soft at the same time. Smooth and toned muscles dimpled her skin on thighs, calves, shoulders and arms. Her tits, formerly just the merest of bee-stings, swelled out into massive spheres with the unmistakable perfection of being 'done,' bouncing on her narrow chest in all their gravity-defying 36DD splendor. Her skin evened out into a slightly blotchy cream color, which then deepened into a slightly brassy amber with the distinctive look of an airbrush tan, with white tanline triangles over her pussy and over each nipple. A slightly faded but pretty roses-and-thorns tattoo appeared in the small of her back and piercing holes appeared in her earlobes and above her navel. Her face softened and became ripely beautiful, with overlarge eyes framed by impossibly long eyelashes, high arched eyebrows with the look of being freshly plucked, high cheekbones and a narrow chin and collagen-enhanced lips which seemed *almost* too big for her face and were fixed in a permanent sexy pout. Her teeth were perfectly white and veneered in a Miss America type smile. The barest hints of her age, covered well by what seemed like diligent exercise and skin-care, showed up: tiny tracers of crows'-feet around her eyes, just enough to set them off and making her seem more beautiful instead of less, the barest hint of stretch marks on her lower abdomen a silent testament to her being the mother of two.

Her history seemed etched on my mind as if I'd lived every second of it. It had been downloaded straight into my brain.

You met Stephanie in 1997, during a trip to the 'States with Michael. The two of you had adjacent hotel rooms at the Waldorf-Astoria in Manhattan, she was there on a publicity tour and didn't know her way around. You'd been there before and took her around while your husband was in meetings and the two of you became very good friends as well as lovers. You kept up email correspondence together for years before you moved to the 'States and frequently saw one another on vacations and holidays. Steph introduced you to Tiffany in 1999 at a Millenium Party and she reminded you of your daughter Brittany, so you became good friends as well.

“I, like, remember all that,” I said. “It's amazing, Cassi, really amazing. It's like it really happened.”

As far as your brains are concerned, baby, it did. The chemical markers I created for the memories are identical to the ones you guys made yourselves.

“OhmyGawd, Jordan, honey, you're sooo beautiful!” I blurted. “You are so fucking hot, I can't believe it!”

“Am I really?” she asked, touching her face.

“Totally, baby,” Tiff said. “Go look in the mirror 'n' see for yourself.”

“I will, but I need to lie down,” Jordan said, staggering a little. “I'm really bloody sleepy.”

“Yeah, baby, Cassi totally said that would happen 'n' shit,” I said. “Why don't you go take a nap 'n' stuff? We'll get you up when it's, like, time to go out.”

“Fuckin' bonzer,” Tiff exclaimed. “So, like, are you gonna do me now?”

Of course I will, baby, Cassi said. Go ahead and stand up 'n' get naked, okay?

Tiff did as she was asked, standing where Jordan had, trying not to fidget and bounce in her excitement.

You're Tiffany Madison Stark, born April 22nd, 1989 in Perth, Australia, the only child of Henry and Kennedy Stark. You dropped out of high school in 2006 after becoming pregnant by your boyfriend Curt Richards, whom your parents disapproved of because he was black. Your parents, strict religious people, threw you out in shame and your boyfriend stopped returning your calls. Due to stress, you miscarried the baby just before 2007 and fell into heavy drinking and drug use. Your best friend – Kaley Shaw – intervened and cleaned you up earlier this year. You have an aunt, Melissa Reilly, who managed bikini models for a low-circulation men's magazine called Dangerous Curves that was trying to break into mass circulation by finding contracts in America. She took you on many trips to the United States when you were young. She introduced you to Stephanie when you were nine years old, and you thought she was the coolest and most beautiful woman in the world. She taught you how to dance and do cartwheels and bought you your first little black dress for your first date when you were thirteen years old. So when Kaley called your aunt to ask for help while you were detoxing, she made arrangements for you to go to the 'States to stay with Stephanie while she attempted to smooth things over with your parents. You stayed with her for a year before you got your

own place and started stripping once you turned eighteen. You consoled Stephanie after a breakup with a boyfriend six months ago and the two of you became lovers, even though Steph feels a little weird about it because she used to babysit you, but she totally can't help it.

“Oh, wow,” she said. “I've kinda had a rough time, haven't I?”

I wanted you to have a 'bad girl' image, I guess. Statistically, it's a pretty common story for girls in your situation. You've just started making porn, using Steph's contacts. You just got your boobs done three months ago with your first paycheck.

“I totally take care of you, sounds like,” I said. “Like I kinda adopted you.”

Ready, sweetheart? Here we go.



She shuddered and yelped as her skin began to shift and slide like Jordan's had. Her belly tightened even more than Jordan's, into a flat-as-a-board midsection. Her entire body was tight and perfect, like she spent hours in a gym, and there didn't seem to be an ounce of fat on her. She had the shape and physique of a Dallas Cowboys Cheerleader, with long

legs and a long torso like a Victoria's Secret model. She had an adorable, heart-shaped face with huge blue eyes, long lashes and a little button nose. She had very even, chalk-white teeth and a toothy, infectious grin. Piercing holes appeared in her navel, tongue, multiple ones in her ears, one in her left nostril and another, almost imperceptible one in her clitoral hood. A thin tribal band appeared on her skin around her upper left arm and a matching tribal fan appeared in the small of her back. Her tits gathered up and swelled to huge proportions, overbalancing her small, five foot three frame and making her look incredibly top-heavy with her 34DD melons. She actually didn't look old enough for her perky, beautiful nineteen years – she looked more like sixteen with her wide, innocent eyes.

“Holy shit,” I breathed. “Tiffany, you're *beautiful*, baby. I totally get why I can't help fucking you. I don't think anybody could help it.”

She blushed – sooo cute – and lowered her eyes. “Thanks,” she said. “But I feel weird. Like something's wrong.”

Just go with it, Cassi instructed. I have you and Jordan working on instinct a lot. Just do what you feel, baby. I won't steer you wrong, I promise.

“I know, baby,” she said, and without hesitation gathered her blonde hair up into two long pigtails, one above each ear, which she secured with hair bands left on my coffee table from when we were playing with makeup and hairstyles. She breathed a sigh of relief once her hair was up, and it made her look like an oversexed, jailbait Lolita wet-dream. I could feel my pussy getting wet.

“It's amazing,” I breathed. “I know you lost your virginity at thirteen and that you buy your pot from a guy named Eric, I know your phone number and everything. And I can totally see your Aunt Melissa's face even though she doesn't even exist 'n' stuff.”

“I know,” Tiff said, yawning widely. “Listen, baby, I need to go lay down too. I'm totally shot, y'know? Cassi wasn't lying when she said this takes a lot out of you.”

“So set an alarm, then, 'cause if I need to go lie down I don't want to sleep too long so we can't go out,” I said. “Wake me up at ten o'clock, okay?”

“Sure, baby, I promise,” she said. “I love you.”

I felt a warm rush in my chest. “I love you, too, mama,” I said back, and saying it felt as good to me as hearing it.

Are you ready, Steph? Cassi asked.

I slowly started taking off my clothes. “I’m a little scared,” I confessed. “I mean, the changes – they’re so, like, *drastic 'n' stuff*. I won’t even be me anymore.”

No, Cassi agreed. You’ll be better. Oh, baby, I saved the most special stuff for you. You’re gonna be so happy. You won’t believe how happy.

“I know. I trust you,” I said. “I think I’m gonna miss me, though.”

I saved copies of everything, honey, in case we need to undo anything. You set me to do automatic back-ups, remember? It’s all stored in your hair, if you can believe that.

“So, I guess I’m as ready as I’m gonna get,” I said, standing up after folding my clothes neatly. “Hit me with your best shot.”

Ready or not, Cassi said, here it comes.

* * *

I rubbed my eyes gently as the buzz of my alarm clock woke me from a sound, dreamless nap. I felt refreshed and rejuvenated, nowhere near the crushing, heavy fatigue that had gripped me earlier. I swung smooth legs over the edge of my bed – my feet dangled above the floor now, where my heels had used to thud on the dingy carpet – and stood smoothly, pushing off my covers. I caught a look at myself in the mirrored doors of my walk-in closet and was still amazed at how I looked, now.



A face that was absolute sexy perfection gazed back at me – piercing green eyes and long eyelashes, smooth flawless skin over high cheekbones and a long, slender nose. Pouty, puffy lips that begged to be kissed or wrapped around a fat cock spread in a slow, sultry smile which included a sexy upwards twitch of a high, arched eyebrow. I gave myself a sly wink and giggled. My eyes traveled downwards, across a long, slender neck and narrow smooth shoulders, a high and compact ribcage and enormous, spherical bouncing 36DD tits capped with rosy, erect nipples. A flat belly dimpled by a well-defined but still softly curved abdominal six-pack, wide hips and a generous, tight bubble-butt. Long, shapely legs with that same feminine, soft muscle definition. Delicate hands traced lazy circles across the upper curves of my bodacious breasts with long, slender fingers. The white-blonde hair framed my face and set off my deeply tanned skin which glowed a gentle amber in the light of my bedside lamp. I flashed a wide, nose-wrinkling grin of blindingly white veneered teeth at my reflection, admiring the little tribal heart “tramp stamp” tattoo which had appeared in the small of my lower back and the little lipstick kiss on the outside of my left ankle.

“I look *amazing*,” I whispered to myself.

You totally do, Cassi agreed. *So, ready to go out and meet the world?*

“You know it, baby,” I said, giggling and blowing my reflection a kiss.

I went into my front room and turned on the light, rousing the new, sexy and *oh-so-voluptuous* Jordan and Tiffany, who woke at my lightest touch with sexy, slow-spreading smiles of delight.

“Jesus, Stephanie, you're so *beautiful*,” Tiffany said in her high-pitched, bubbly voice. “You're the most beautiful girl I've ever seen.”

“I want you so bloody much right now, baby,” Jordan added.

I giggled in purest delight. “Chill, sweetie, we've got to get ready,” I warned her. “We're totally gonna go out and get fucked up tonight.”

“Hell, yeah,” Tiffany said.

“It's so weird how I, like, just automatically know everything about you,” Jordan commented. “Even down to your favorite foods 'n' shit. Tiny little details.”

I paused. I was born Stephanie Amber Harkness on July 27th, 1984 to Andrew and Jennifer Harkness. They'd been high-school sweethearts and I was their youngest of three daughters. I could picture the faces of my two non-existent older twin sisters, Heather and Danielle, and remember how they'd teased me when I was little. I distinctly remembered being a little dance protégée, taking tap and jazz and ballet when I was seven and eight and doing recitals by age nine. I was also quite the young gymnast back then, too, with dreams of going to the Olympics. Then I got my boobs – my ballet teacher and my gymnastics coach had called me fat – and my self-esteem took a nose-dive before I started to notice that all the boys were suddenly very interested and being *very* nice to me, almost overnight. I could also remember, in a sort of uncomfortable haze, being touched and fondled by my Uncle Ray a few times when I was eleven, which all coalesced in my head to a wild streak and a huge lack of concern over sexuality. I gave my first blowjob to Kevin Arnett when I was thirteen, lost my virginity to Bobby Hirsch when I was fourteen and was irrevocably branded as the school slut by my freshman year, a reputation that I didn't mind at all. Between my excellence at cheer and dance because of my background and never lacking for a boyfriend because I was widely known to put out, I was also extremely popular – I was student body president,

homecoming queen, prom queen and voted Most Outgoing in the yearbook for three years running.

I bummed around here and there, trying to get auditions with professional dance companies around the U.S. after high school, but nothing ever panned out. Fights with my mother and older sisters over my promiscuity and my drinking and drug use finally led to me moving out on my own when I was eighteen, couch-flopping for a few months until I found stripping. I first spun 'round the pole when I was two weeks shy of nineteen years old and soon was making \$750 a night minimum at *Bare Necessities*, one of the premiere gentlemen's clubs in the city. A week after my twenty-first birthday I got noticed by a man called Rick Riley, who was a talent scout for a mass-market Internet porn company. He gave me a card, and I called him out of boredom a few days later. I did my first softcore shoot within the month, used the money for a boob job and was doing girl-girl the next month and hardcore two months after that. Nothing in my life had ever excited me like doing it in front of cameras, having incredibly hot guys and girls trotted in for me just for sex and then getting paid huge amounts of money to fuck them on video. I loved it. I went from Internet to DVD and signed on as a Vivid contract girl a year later. The tremendous amounts of money I was making served to fuel my addictions to cocaine, designer purses and sports cars, but I'd fucked a very savvy financial planner while stripping and he made some very profitable investments for me in exchange for sucking his dick once a week, netting me well over four million dollars in the next three years. Now I was twenty-four and at the top of my game, starting to think about producing as well as starring in pornos and having wild success with my self-produced website *Wildgirls.com*. I'd taken in my friends Tiffany and Jordan when they'd hit difficult times and we were largely inseparable, even though Jordan had used her own fortune and divorce settlement to buy a huge house next door to mine.

Jordan and Tiffany were sitting cross-legged on my couch, now, busily applying makeup and styling their hair in big hot rollers. Hairspray hung in the air in a visible fog. They were going for slutty evening looks – my favorite – and I ached to join in, but something else was calling to me. I opened the last box Cassi had sent me this afternoon, revealing several different cartons of Virginia Slims SuperSlims purse packs and several more of More 120's – skinny ladies' cigarettes which I alternated between depending on my mood. The shorter, white Slims for when I just liked to feel girly and sexy, the longer and brown, cigar-like More for when I was feeling dominant, sultry and aggressive. I opened a pack of the SuperSlims with a dextrous motion that, even though I'd never actually done it before that moment, seemed like something I'd done all the time.

This can't be right, I thought idly, I don't smoke got subsumed almost immediately by Silly, you've smoked since you were fourteen, when you and Jessica Miller swiped a pack of her mom's Benson & Hedges and lit them up behind her garden shed. You coughed until you almost puked and you've had a pack in your purse ever since. I couldn't tell whether that was my voice telling myself those things, or Cassi's, or maybe some combination of both. I was still ruminating over that question when I realized I'd stepped out on my balcony into the balmy night air, put a cigarette between my luscious pouty lips and had struck a kitchen match which flared into searingly bright light in the gloom. I breathed the stale smoke deeply into my lungs and felt tensions I hadn't known I was carrying melt away as the familiar – even though I'd never felt it before – tingling nicotine high spread down my arms and legs to the tips of my fingers and toes.

I looked at the skinny white cigarette, smoldering between my slender fingers. “I totally need a manicure,” I commented.

Of course you do, Cassi said. Give me just a second. I'm compiling. From what you used to download, you like 'em long and with the French manicure, right?

“Um... yeah! I guess I do!” I said perkily.



The tingling electric ants crawled around the quicks of my fingernails and my nails sprung out, like a cat's claws, to an astonishing length; they extended past the ends of my fingers by a good three-quarters of an inch, the tips glossy white that contrasted sexily with my deep tan, the ends squared off and all covered with a deep, lacquered gloss. Automatically, my movements seemed to adjust – I could've sworn I wouldn't have been able to write my name or buckle a seatbelt with these claws, but now I was certain that I could do whatever I'd done before.

“Oooh, baby, thank you!” I gushed. “I love 'em! They're, like, *perfect!*”

I'm glad you like 'em, Cassi said happily. They make your hands look totally sexy. I made them out of the nanocloth. They're, like, really hard and won't ever chip or break. I think you could even cut wood with 'em if you tried.

I snorted and giggled. “Why would I do *that?*” I tittered. “I just want to see 'em wrapped around a thick, fat cock or slipping up into a tight, juicy pussy hole.”

D'you think the other girls would want 'em, too?

“Oh, totally,” I said. “Who wouldn't?”

Cassi asked them and they agreed wholeheartedly, and soon Jordan had a set almost identical to mine except just a smidge longer and her index fingers were decorated at the cuticle with little tiny rhinestones in a heart shape that was so cute it almost made me jealous, and Tiffany had long bubblegum-pink glossy nails with white curlicues airbrushed on. We giggled uncontrollably as we wafted around my apartment, gesturing grandly and pointing at things like game show models and luxuriating in the sexy elegance of our long, glossy nails.

I sat down in front of a set of hot rollers and started separating my thick blonde hair into sections which I wound around the rollers and sprayed liberally. My hair was incredibly long and thick, since I was the one Cassi used for the most storage space – it's luxurious volume made it as wide as my narrow shoulders and it tumbled down to just above the cheeks of my ass. It took most of a bottle of hairspray to cover it and all the rollers from my set and from Tiffany's just to put it up, and I went outside and smoked another cigarette while I waited for the heat to soak in. After about fifteen minutes, I started taking my hair down and backcombed it at the roots after applying root-lifting mousse, teasing it up and out until it was a sexy, just-out-of-bed tousle. I left a long lock to dangle mischievously across my face. I put on thick black liquid eyeliner and black shadow, several coats of mascara to give my face a dramatic and slutty look, and capped it off with a glittery bronzer on my cheeks and a thick, glossy coat of pink lipstick which left a sexy stain on the filter of my third cigarette.

With my long nails, it took a while for me to dig in my small collection of jewelry and thread my dangling diamond heart through the piercing above my navel to rest against my flat belly. It took even longer to screw in the dumbbell stud through my long pink tongue. But the six tiny little platinum hoops in each ear – two in the lobes and four through the cartilage to surround my ears with a little collar of shiny, sparkling metal – took no time at all. Through the last, lowest holes in my earlobes I threaded huge rhinestone hearts which brushed the tops of my shoulders and almost disappeared in the soft white mass of my hair. I clasped a seven-row rhinestone choker around my slender neck which dangled another big rhinestone heart outline in the long, deep cleft between my breasts.

I chose a very short liquid silver tank-dress with keyhole cutouts that showed the inside slopes of my perfect breasts and my flat belly, peek-a-boo style. It had been bought when my body was considerably different, so my huge perfect tits almost spilled out of the top and it made the whole dress ride high so that the skirt barely covered my ass. I wore a wispy little black thong – I didn't think I would, but I *loved* the feel of the little stretchy

cord between the perky cheeks of my bubble-butt – and some high black Miu Miu platforms with a chunky heel, almost a clog. I selected a gorgeous little Louis Vuitton black leather clutch for the outfit which I stuffed with makeup for touch-ups, a hairbrush, my pack of cigarettes and a book of matches and about a hundred dollars in cash and my house keys. I also added a three-pack of Trojan condoms and a little foil packet – like a fast-food restaurant ketchup – of Astroglide lube from my days as a boy, stowed deep under my bathroom sink.

I called into the other room as I put the finishing touches on my makeup and finger-combed my hair one last time to make sure it was perfect. “Are you bitches ready?”

Tiffany walked in, wearing a curve-hugging metallic blue cocktail dress with tiny little razor slashes up both sides, showing off tempting glimpses of her unparalleled body. She perched on black leather Jessica Simpson pirate boots with a five-inch heel and one-inch platform. Her lustrous blonde hair was done up in her trademark pigtails – somehow I knew it was her trademark, even though she'd only first put her hair up like that for the first time today – tied with plaid ribbons that matched her skirt and huge gold hoops dangled from her ears, along with assorted studs and hoops which formed a collar of metal around the outside edge of her ears like mine. Her makeup was slutty and trashy – glittery frosted pinks with thick black eyeliner and heavy mascara and glitter on her cheeks and in her hair – and she was chewing gum which she blew into a big pink bubble from between her glossy, pouty lips. Her purse for the night was a little blue-and-white miniature lunchbox.

“I'm good to go, baby,” she said. “You look *amazing*.”

I kissed her cheek carefully, so as not to leave a lipstick mark, and said, “You're so hot I can barely stand it. Y'know, baby, I think we might go over Cassi's two times a day thing, 'cause I may have to fuck you crosseyed once we get home.”

She pursed her lips and narrowed her eyes, giving me a hungry look. “I want that,” she purred. “Promise? No matter what happens you're gonna take me to bed tonight?”

I sighed. I felt like I shouldn't – she was almost like my daughter, after all – but she was so gorgeous and turned me on so much I knew I was gonna give in. I just couldn't say no to her, I was powerless against my attraction to her. I *loved* the way it felt, being this sexy girl's bitch like that.

“I promise, baby,” I said. “You know we shouldn't, right?”

“Bullshit,” she snorted, waving me away. “I don't feel guilty. You make me all hot, sweetie, and I can't keep my hands off you. We *totally* should.”

Jordan came in next, wearing a white Calvin Klein ruched tube-dress that clung to her every delicious curve. It, too, was for a differently-shaped woman, so she was spilling out of the top and the tight sheath dress just barely covered her ass. Her fingers dripped with diamonds – Tacori, mostly - which showed off her wealth in a sexy, elegant way. She wore a black velvet newsboy cap, tilted to one side, which pushed her bangs down close to her face, and long dangling gold strand earrings which touched her collarbones. A pair of amazing Michael Kors black knee-high boots with a four-inch spike heel covered strong, shapely legs encased in black nylon hose. She carried a black kidskin Gucci purse with a silver chain strap over one shoulder.

“OhmyGawd, Jordan. You look like the cover of fuckin' *Vogue* like that,” I said.

“Damn, we some sexy bitches,” Tiffany said, putting an arm around each of our waists and pulling us in close, smiling widely at the reflection of the three breathtakingly sexy and attractive women – the teen, the twentysomething and the thirtysomething – staring back at us from my bathroom mirror.

“So, are we ready to go?” I asked.

I called you guys a cab. It should be here in five minutes – I'm tracking its' GPS position right now, it's on the corner of Mays and 18th Street, Cassi told us.

“Where're we gonna go?” Jordan asked. “I feel like dancing.”

Hang on, let me look, Cassi said. Checking online surveys and reviews city-wide. Compiling... done. I think Re-ju-vn8 is pretty much everybody's choice for the hottest and most popular dance club in town. Your goals for the night are to hook up and have sex, to dance and have a great time, to locate and buy drugs and establish contact with a dealer, and get fucked up on alcohol. I'll be reviewing and cataloging all your experiences as you go, so I can make better suggestions for you guys in the future, okay?

“Sounds good, baby,” Tiffany said. “We'll get it done – I promise – but right now I don't wanna talk about stuff like that, okay? I just wanna be a party girl tonight, okay, not think about data and compiling shit and online surveys.”

Okay, baby, just go and have a good time. Just wanted to let you guys know I'll be watching and paying attention to everything while you're out there, okay?

“Baby, we're fixing to show you how to *live* out there,” I laughed. “Your ass better be paying attention, 'cause you're gonna see some serious shit tonight.”

Jordan was looking out the window. “The cab just pulled up, baby,” she announced. I threaded my wrists through their arms and led them towards the door. “C'mon, baby girls, let's go,” I said. “The night's just getting started.”

The line for the nightclub stretched nearly to the end of the block, hot guys in silk shirts and designer sportscoats chatting and flirting with gorgeous young girls in short, tight clothes in every color imaginable, their hair and makeup done to perfection. They talked and danced to the music heard through the door, they smoked cigarettes and flitted from place to place. Tiff, Jordan and I hit the line like a glamorous a-bomb, turning every head in our vicinity, the men looking at us with open desire and the women with slit-eyed jealousy. We put the hottest girl in the line to shame as we took our places. A couple of guys made quick attempts, but we waved them off – we were of a mind to do our serious hooking up inside the club, not outside, and we *did* come here to dance and get fucked up too, after all.



The line moved pretty fast – we'd only just started chatting with a few cute sorority girls from the local college, it seemed, when we made it to the velvet rope and the large, black bouncer. It only took Tiff smiling at him and running a long-nailed hand up his broad chest to get us inside. I'd been used to waiting forever outside the club, running the risk of never getting in, when I'd been a geeky boy. I liked the fact that the bouncer couldn't get the rope moved fast enough to let us in. I let him ogle me openly as a thank you, and he didn't disappoint. I flashed him a suggestive smile and a wink as I passed, and I saw his Adam's apple bob visibly as he swallowed.

The club was a pitch-dark bedlam of sweaty, moving bodies blasted at intervals by garishly colored strobes. It was almost shoulder-to-shoulder inside, smoky and hot and deafening, and I *instantly* felt completely at home. This was *my* atmosphere, the place where I liked to be the most, I could feel – Cassi had made me into the perfect club girl. I moved to the music instinctually, catching eyes already. I felt as much as heard the

pounding bass of the house mix, and suppressed a happy giggle when I noticed that it made my tits jiggle when it thumped.

Jordan leaned over and shouted in my ear, but I could still barely understand her. "I'm gonna go get a drink," she bawled at me. "It's a million bloody degrees in here."

I nodded and steered Tiff towards a high table with neon edging. She'd already fallen in with a group of *exquisitely* attractive men and women. I remembered from Cassi's supplied memories that Tiff had always been like that – the little Aussie bitch worked *fast*. She made shouted introductions that I didn't even catch, and had spit out her everpresent gum for a red sucker which she twirled suggestively between her pouty, glossy lips between generous sips of a vodka-cranberry. I knew the nearly-exposed state of her bountiful titties had been what kept her underage ass from being carded at the door. She'd leaned over and breathed deeply and the bored-looking man stamped her hand unquestioningly. So much for Jordan's and my quick plan to start making out in the doorway to distract him.

Jordan found us a bit later, carrying champagne for herself – that girl could tear through the bubbly, I remembered as if I'd known that fact for years – and a Crown and Coke for me. I knew immediately that Crown & Coke was my drink, had been since high school, and that Jordan and I had drunk together so many times in so many places that we knew each other's preferences as well as we knew our own. Tiffany was already out dancing – her blonde pigtailed waving as she shook her goodies oh-so-sexily out on the dance floor with her new friends, bumping and grinding against a hot little Latina with blonde highlights in a pink sequined dress and drawing every eye. Including mine – I loved watching that hot bitch dance, the way she moved like her bones were slightly liquid. I felt wetness between my thighs and I licked my lips unconsciously.



Jordan noticed my hungry look. “We're here to find *guys*, remember?”

I shrugged. “She's just so fucking *hot*, though.”

“I know, right? Bloody gorgeous.”

“She could never dance like that, y'know, like... *before*,” I commented. “Did Cassi teach her that?”

I studied music videos from Rihanna and Brooke Hogan for her dancing, Cassi said. I mapped their movements as closely as I could to some basic choreography data I found. I'm so glad you like it.

“I really do,” I purred, and Jordan laughed.

Jordan and I sat and shotgunned our drinks and ordered another round while I smoked a cigarette and surveyed the floor for likely candidates for a slam-bam-thank-you-ma'am back alley fuck. It was hard to see, and what

was close to me didn't do much for me. It was my first time out hunting for cock. I didn't want to have to settle.

The two rapidly-downed drinks were starting to loosen me up and start a little tickle behind my eyes. Another one, I knew, would make my nose go numb and then the *real* fun would start. I felt a burgeoning excitement mixed with profound satisfaction: I was where I loved to be, in a pounding nightclub full of beautiful people, and I couldn't *wait* to get drunk and get myself fucked in here.

"I'm gonna, like, go do a lap," I told Jordan. "I'll see you later, baby, okay?"

She kissed my cheek and signalled a harried-looking cocktail waitress for another champagne. Her strategy was to let the boys come to her and to spend her time in one place looking killer gorgeous. By the time I'd threaded through the crowd to the edge of the dance floor, two guys in very expensive suits were at her table, leaning very close while Jordan laughed at their jokes and traced circles on one's forearm with a long, manicured nail. I smiled. At least she wouldn't have to pay for any more drinks.

It dawned on me, when I walked onto the dance floor, that I had no *fucking* idea how to dance. I'd always looked like an epileptic off his meds as a boy trying to dance, much preferring to stand to one side and let the people who actually enjoyed and had skills at dancing handle it. I felt a momentary panic.

Don't worry, baby. You know I wouldn't let that happen, Cassi reassured me. You gotta know by now I've taken care of it. Analyzed dances by Britney, Beyoncé, Pussycat Dolls, professional cheerleading, everything I could get my hands on. You're the best dancer out of the three of you, remember, you've been studying since you were a little girl?

"It sounds weird to hear I was a little girl," I said. "Even though I know I was."

So let yourself go, baby, Cassi said, and just let yourself dance.



I took her advice, surrendering myself to the music. As soon as I stopped thinking about it, my body began to move naturally and economically, and as Cassi's training took over every eye on the dance floor began to turn my way. I wasn't just *good* at dancing, I was *incredible*. I moved like I was weightless and like I was infinitely flexible, my long blonde hair flying behind me as I moved effortlessly, oozing sex with my every motion. And I *loved* the feeling. I loved how they watched me, some with jealousy and some with hunger, and I loved how I could *feel* how much they wanted me. My pussy was nearly dripping with the juice of my sensuality and just as I gave myself over to the sexual, driving movements.

Several random men came up to me as I danced and I pushed myself close to them, caressing and rubbing my undulating body against their legs, arms and torsos as I ground against them. Several of them got hard just being near me and I giggled happily, but for now it was about the *dance*. I had plenty of time for sex, but that time wasn't now. Now it was just me and the music.

I don't know how long I was on the floor, just moving – sometimes slow and sensual, other times abrupt and aggressive, always powerful and sexy – but after a long, blissful eternity I walked back to my table, a sheen of sweat making me glow slightly under the harsh, strobing lights. Jordan was still sipping champagne, and two large, rough-looking men – not her type, I noted – were at the table with her.

“Ronnie, Pablo, this is my very best friend Stephanie,” she said, gesturing to me. Ronnie took my extended hand – I'd extended it palm down and at arms' length without thinking, instead of perpendicular to the floor with a bent elbow the way I always had before – and kissed my knuckles, his eyes regarding me with open desire. I narrowed my own eyes smokily – he was cute, in a rough sort of way, although I wasn't really sure how I even *knew* that – and pursed my lips in consideration.

“Steph, baby, these two gentlemen say they can get us, um... whatever *party favors* we might like tonight,” she explained.

Drug dealers, I thought, my eyebrows quirking. “Awesome,” I said.

“You understand, though,” the swarthier man – I assumed that was Pablo – said with a trace of a Latin American accent, “we have a few, um, *tests* we need to perform. Y'know, to make sure you two lovely ladies aren't city employees.”

I nodded. “I get it,” I said.

“What can I get you ladies?” the other man – Ronnie – asked.

I leaned close to him. “Three eight-balls of powder and six tabs of X,” I said. I slid five crisp new \$100 bills into his warm hand. Earlier this evening, I'd only had to slide one of my long, glamorous fingernails into the slot and tap some buttons at random, whichever ones Cassi told me to, and the ATM we'd visited had coughed up cash for each of us no questions asked.

“Meet me in the bathroom, baby,” he whispered into my ear. “I'll have what you need, but I'm gonna have to watch you do some.”

I quirked a flirtatious eyebrow at him. “D'you, like, ever party?” I asked him. “Wanna do some with me?”

He grinned. “My pleasure,” he said.

I waited a while after he left, just long enough to smoke a cigarette and down another Crown & Coke and get hit on by about three different guys.

Then I excused myself, giving Jordan's thigh a little squeeze, and went to the bathroom. I ducked past the long line – Cassi's improvements to my body thankfully made it so I didn't have to pee all the time, like some girls I remembered – and towards a secluded storage/maintenance area past the bathrooms. I edged past a guy getting a very spirited blowjob from one of the club hookers, giggling and giving them both a heartfelt “kick ass” as I passed, to meet Ronnie near the back entrance.

He looked me up and down. “Damn, you're hot,” he said to me.

“Thanks, baby,” I said back. “You got my fun?”

He nodded. “Which d'you want?”



“Gimme the coke,” I said, opening the tiny little baggie excitedly and cutting out two rails on the mirror from my compact, fished from my purse. I smiled at him happily and snorted it up through a tightly-rolled \$100 bill like I'd been doing this for years, even though I knew I'd not even *seen* real cocaine before this very moment. I kicked my head back and felt it slide down the back of my throat and got ready for the buzz as I scooped out another bump and held it out to Ronnie. He cupped my hand in his and

kicked it back effortlessly as I sealed the baggie and slid my entire purchase into my designer purse.

The buzz hit me hard – I was a first-timer, after all, even though I distinctly remembered having done cocaine for years my body wasn't used to it – and I leaned my head against the dingy, water-stained wall. “Oh, yeah, baby,” I moaned throatily. “That's what I was after.”

“Good stuff?” Ronnie asked.

“Hell, yeah,” I giggled. “*Real* good.”

He was nuzzling my neck, but I was into the high more than anything else right now. I ran my nails along his shoulder and forearm and purred happily. “So, like, do you move volume? I mean, like, how much can I get at a time?”

“I stay under felony weight,” he replied, still kissing and nibbling my neck.

“Cause, like, me and my girls, y'know, we're new to town and are looking for, like, a regular guy. If your stuff's this good, baby, we could do a *lot* of fucking business, know what I mean?” I told him.

“I think we can be friends like that,” Ronnie replied.

He bit me, gently, and I yelped a little, but in a good way. “So, like, I'm gonna need digits, baby, if you're gonna be my guy from now on.”

He fished in a pocket and handed me a plain business card. I used that break in the action to extricate myself from where he had me pinned against the wall. For one thing, I wasn't dumb enough to get sexually involved with my drug dealer – now that I had one, anyway – and for another, even though the stuff he was doing felt really good, I knew I could do better and didn't want to waste any more time on Ronnie than I already had. I punched his number into my cute pink cellphone and handed him back the card.

“Evidence,” I told him simply.

He grinned. “Right,” he said. “Nice to hang with another player, y'know?”

“Totally,” I said. “Hey, listen, I gotta get this stuff to my girls and I kinda wanna get back out there, okay? You'll totally be hearing from me, okay?”

He looked disappointed but didn't seem like he was going to press the matter any further. I gave him a little pout to say 'no hard feelings' and he

kissed my hand gallantly and waited for me to leave, back onto the crowded, thumping dance floor. I danced a few tracks – the feeling got to me and I just went with it – and then found my way back to my table. Jordan was leaning very close to a *gorgeous* fair-haired executive rich-guy type and Tiffany was sitting in the lap of an enormous bald black man who was muscled like an Olympic boxer, stroking the back of his neck with her long fingernails.

“This is Tyrone,” she said lustily, her eyes smoky with desire. “He works at a bank here in town. He’s a financial advisor.”

I shook his hand lightly. “Stephanie,” I said. “Nice to meet you, baby.”

I leaned over to give Tiff a light kiss on her cheek and slipped her new stash into her purse, patting it twice. She caught my subtle move and gave me a delighted smile. I did the same with Jordan, who pursed her lips in seductive thoughtfulness, nodding to me.

“Meet Derrick,” she told me. “He runs a software company in Seattle. He’s here on business for the weekend.”

I noticed the pale band of skin on his left hand. Out tomcatting on his wife while he’s away, then. But that never bothered Jordan. Hell, it didn’t bother me. It’s not like what we were planning to do tonight was going to *mean* anything. The fact that he’d never call again only made him more attractive, considering.

“So where’s yours, baby?” Tiff asked. “You gotta go get you one of these.”

I grinned. “The night is young, honey, and so am I,” I said happily. “I’ll find one.”

“Well, you better get busy before these other skanks take all the good ones.”

I shotgunned the Crown & Coke Jordan had bought for me. Between the cocaine and the copious amount of booze I’d put down, my head was swimming airily and I felt *incredible*. I paused only long enough to smoke another cigarette which Derrick politely lit for me with a gold Zippo lighter before heading back out to the dance floor.

This time, I had a target in my sights. A tall, dark-haired man with wide shoulders and piercing baby-blue eyes was dancing near the wall, close to the DJ booth. He’d caught my eye when I’d come back from getting high. He’d been dancing with a young-looking bottle redhead who just reeked of

a sorority and who was hanging all over him, even though he was giving off the 'not interested' vibe pretty strong. I made my way over towards him and picked a spot under some good lighting and started dancing as sexy as I could, thrusting and wiggling my hips, casting flirtatious glances his way to see if he was paying attention. He was – but then again, so was everybody else on the floor, I was really putting the 'fuck me' vibe out there – and I gave him the go-ahead in the form of a glittering, suggestive smile.

The music changed to something slow, less intense, and I slowed my high-power dance down to something more silken and internal, and he made his way over to me past the four or five guys who'd been trying their luck. I put my arms around his neck – I couldn't have reached if I hadn't been in platforms – and ground against him hard. He didn't have a hard-on, which I appreciated – I liked guys who needed a little 'prep work,' it usually meant they lasted longer – but the body under his tailored linen suit was trim and hard-muscled.

"I'm Stephanie," I murmured to him. Well, it was supposed to be a murmur. In the noisy club, it still was half-shouting.

"John," he replied. "You're the most beautiful girl in this club."

I blushed coquettishly. "You're sweet," I told him. "So, like, it only makes sense, then."

"What makes sense?" John asked me, running strong but gentle hands down my back and flanks, sending little frissons of pleasure up and down me, making my hair feel like it was standing on end.

"That the most beautiful girl in the club should hook up with the most gorgeous guy and they should go home together, right?" I asked, gazing directly in his luscious icy-blue eyes.

He grinned. "I guess that *does* make a lot of sense," he said.

I pushed my crotch against his hard and squeezed his firm buttocks in my slender fingers, drawing him roughly against me. I almost came just from the contact of my dripping crotch against him. "Oh, honey, you so won't be sorry you said that."

"I'm already glad," he told me.

"Come back to my table and have a drink, baby, meet my friends 'n' stuff," I told him. "And then take me back to your place and fuckin' get me naked."

He stopped dancing and offered me an arm. "I'm all yours."

* * *

We'd only stayed long enough to carry out the rest of Cassi's orders – I had four more Crown & Cokes and a few more bumps of Coke in the ladies' room and got myself *thoroughly* fucked up. I still managed a sexy sway to my walk, and a catwalk strut, but I stumbled occasionally in my platform heels and had to lean heavily against John, clutching his well-muscled arm and pressing my tits against his deliciously firm side as he helped me to his car, a very well-to-do BMW 5-series. I traced lazy circles across the back of his hand as he shifted gears and laced my fingers through his, giving him tempting glances of tanned cleavage and damp inner thigh as he drove. I finally gave in to desire and just dropped my hand into his lap and started gently kneading and massaging his inner thigh, feeling the warm heavy length of him start to take on a rigidity and a throbbing pulse.

“Drive faster,” I purred to him, and he picked up the pace a little. But I couldn't wait – the burning little worms of desire burrowing through my belly were getting hotter and hotter and driving me further and further beyond what little I seemed to be able to control. I unbuckled my seatbelt and leaned across the center console, lifting his gearshift arm over my head. My new, much more supple spine didn't feel the slightest discomfort as I began to run my lips along the stiffening outline of his cock through his tailored trousers and my long-nailed fingers deftly opened his belt and lowered his zipper. I drew out his cock – a respectable seven-incher, uncircumsised and thickly veined – and stroked it gently with my hand, loving the way my long fetishy fingernails looked as they gripped it, my pinky dropped down to stroke beneath his large, warm balls before opening my hungry, wet mouth and sliding the purpling head between soft, glossy lips.

Stand by. Adjusting body chemistry. Cassi said in my mind. I guess she registered my puzzlement, because she went on: *I've, like, determined that the native endorphins in your brain can, like, be majorly improved, baby. I'm changing them for you.*

“Don't stop, baby,” John groaned, thrusting up a little bit. I stroked him with my hand a little bit to assuage him.

“Just a second, sweetie,” I cooed. “Just gotta find a better position.”

I shifted around on the seat, even though I didn't need to, waiting for Cassi's OK to continue. About five seconds later, she chimed in. *Ready.*

I slipped the warm, throbbing head between my lips again and this time was met by a flood of purest, ecstatic pleasure. I groaned around the thick

invader in my mouth, eyes screwed shut, as Cassi released her new-and-improved pleasure chemicals through my brain. I associated immediately – dick-in-my-mouth equals this intense pleasure. In a flash, I knew I'd be greedily and happily sucking cock for the rest of my life, if it would only make me feel like this. I'd sucked them two at a time, three at a time, roomful at a time if it could make me feel like this. Desperately, awash in endorphins and cocaine and Crown Royal, I tried to stuff his entire length down my throat, surprising myself how deep I could get him before I started to gag.

Circumventing gag reflex, Cassi told me cheerfully, and I swallowed him to the root, my adorable little nose coming to rest in the warm, moist thatch of his close-trimmed pubic hair. My throat worked convulsively, milking him, and he groaned and I felt the car swerve.

I slid him wetly out of my throat, my voice sounding husky after its invasion, saying playfully, “Don't fucking wreck, baby, I'm not, like, wearing a seatbelt.”

“You are so fucking hot,” he moaned.

I grinned at him before stuffing his cock back in my waiting mouth. “I know, right?” And then my head began pistoning up and down in long, wet strokes, my hand twisting as it jacked him off in counterstrokes to my soft lips, and we careened down the road towards his apartment. My chemical-soaked brain barely registered the rest of the trip, lost in an ocean of pleasure as I fucked him with my mouth, sucking cock like the veteran porn star that Cassi had made me, having no choice whatsoever but to *love* the new life and new body I had. And somewhere between the club and John's apartment, I stopped thinking that all of this had been forced on me and started to believe in it as a gift.

A gift I intended to make the most of.

* * *

I'd definitely had visions of myself, of my future, seeing myself in various situations and realizing various aspirations and hopes over the course of my life. Some came true – I advanced my career until I'd been one of the very best in my field, I'd achieved my Ph.D. and landed a very lucrative research and development job with one of the top firms in the country. Others were simply unattainable – sleeping with Scarlett Johanssen, winning the lottery and retiring to a secluded tropical island I'd just bought. But there was nothing – absolutely nothing – that would have ever made me think for a fleeting moment that I'd be where I was right now, with the

firm, sensitive and delicate body of a twenty-four year-old girl, my firm silicone double-D tits squashed against the firm thigh of a man I'd just met in a club, high on cocaine and alcohol, accidentally bonded to a delusional supercomputer that I'd helped develop in a high-tech lab, careening down the freeway in a stranger's BMW at about ninety miles an hour with the selfsame stranger's dick pumping in and out of my mouth.

No, I never would have imagined that.

And I *certainly* wouldn't have imagined how much I'd be loving it.

I searched as best I could through my perpetually fogged mind – even though Cassi had elected me *de facto* leader of our oversexed little trio, she'd contrived to alter my brain chemistry to make me the consummate dumb blonde. I couldn't make myself concentrate on anything that didn't involve designer clothes, makeup, hairstyling, drinking, doing drugs or fucking for longer than about two minutes. I'd lost most of my carefully-trained higher brain functions, my ability to calculate and analyze in my head, my ability to synthesize information and have original ideas. It had been replaced by the sure and certain knowledge of just how *fuckinggood* I looked when I arched my back just a certain way and where all the hot nightclubs in town were.

My best friends and colleagues – Timothy Stark and George Lufkin – had been changed along with me, in the same accident, and now were a little bubblegum-popping teenage Aussie Lolita with huge silicone tits named Tiffany Stark and a gold-digging thirtysomething British *fashionista* bitch named Jordan Lufkin, respectively. They were connected to me, somehow, through the supercomputer interface that I'd created in my spare time and whimsically named Cassi, and I could feel them inside my head. If I concentrated – which was hard, given the custom-designed super endorphins pumping through my brain and giving me exquisite pleasure over sucking such a lovely, thick cock – I could see them in my mind. Tiffany was bent over a bike rack in a public park, being hammered from behind by a large, well-muscled black man and squealing in bliss at his every savage thrust; Jordan was reclining luxuriously across a bed made with crimson satin sheets, wearing only silk stockings and designer spike heels, her legs spread wide and a fair-haired, debonair gentleman hard at work licking her pink pussy, which was flowering open like a rosebud under his expert ministrations. I wondered briefly if they could see me, too, but I soon lost my focus and became absorbed again in the wonderful, happy business of slurping on the large cock pistoning in and out of my loose, warm throat.



My actions and thoughts weren't entirely my own – I knew this, but I didn't care anymore, it all just felt so fucking *good* – and I heard my husky voice purring “Cum for me, baby. I want it. Bust that motherfucking nut down my fucking throat” to my strange new lover, a long streamer of thick drool connecting my bottom lip to the purple head of his cock, bobbing in time to the rhythm of the road and the movements of my speech.

“Keep going,” he groaned. “I'm almost there.”

I bobbed my head up and down for all I was worth, reveling in the wet slurping and smacking noises. I started to moan, loving the glottal stops I forced into the sound by sliding his cock deep into my throat. He tensed under me, his hips thrusting, and he began to fuck my face with quick, abrupt upward thrusts. With a rising arpeggio of groans, he threaded a strong insistent hand into my thick platinum blonde mane and forced my head down as he sent jet after hot, thick jet erupting into my waiting throat. I swallowed convulsively but couldn't keep up with the flow and it leaked out of my lips and down my chin.

I sat up, giggling and breathless, scooping his warm cum off my chin with a long-nailed finger and sucking it clean.

“Oh my God,” he breathed.

“Get me back to your place fast, baby,” I purred, lighting a skinny cigarette I'd fished from my scandalously expensive Louis Vuitton purse. “You ain't done with me yet. You ain't done 'til, like, you've fucked my tight little pussy fucking *raw*.”

“You are so nasty,” he said appreciatively.

“You fucking *love* it,” I teased.

“I do,” he said. “I really do.”

I gave him an evil, seductive grin and hiked the very short hem of my little black dress over my thighs and pushed my sodden lacy panties out of the way to expose the swollen pink lips underneath.

“So, um, you cool if I start without you?” I purred, starting to lazily stroke myself in little circles, dipping a long middle finger into my well-lubricated cleft and suck on it teasingly.

He managed to keep the car on the road through sheer force of will, it seemed, because his ice-blue eyes never left my fingers deftly stroking my pussy or the erect nipples I'd exposed by lowering the bodice of my dress. I played with myself for his amusement, right at first, checking periodically to see if his spent dick was starting to stir back to erection, but soon the feelings got the better of me and I began to fingerfuck myself in earnest – wishing they were Tiffany's fingers, but satisfying nonetheless – and making little squealing mewls of pleasure in the back of my throat, sucking on my skinny girly cigarette like it was a miniature dick and blowing out thick lungfuls of bluish smoke. I came twice – little shocking ones, serving only to whet my inexhaustible appetite for more – and fed the resultant juices pooling on my fingers to myself the first time and him the next. He pulled into the driveway of his well-kept suburban house with a chirp of abused tires.

We didn't even get the door all the way open before we were locked in a very passionate, hungry kiss. We pawed at one another like animals, biting and scratching and tearing at clothes, and collapsed in a sweating, writhing heap on his sofa. I paused only long enough to pull a condom onto his once-again thick and throbbing cock and straddle him reverse-cowgirl style, the heels of my platform shoes digging into the fabric of his couch, guiding

him into the maddening hungry emptiness in my middle, slamming him all the way to the hilt in my wet hole with a slap of my thighs against his and a delighted chirp from me as I bit my soft bottom lip in exquisite pleasure.

Cassi had me so high on her super-endorphins that I thought I was floating. She'd deluged me with them when he'd cum in my mouth, forever associating the act of swallowing a man's cum with intense, mind-bending ecstasy in my mind, and now she was doing it again with the sensation of impaling myself on a hard, unforgiving cock. He stretched my insides open deliciously – so much different than a girl's gentle and slender fingers, not better or worse but perfect in its own unique way – and I took a moment just to savor the feeling of the warm, throbbing invader deep inside me, finally filling that empty hole that nearly drove me crazy. Then I set a quick, athletic rhythm, fascinated by watching my own gigantic silicone tits bouncing up and down with every thrust. I threaded my hands deeply into the soft ocean of white-blond hair and moaned and squealed.

“Yeah, just like that,” I panted. “Fuck me, baby. Fuck me. Just like that. Oh, God, yeah. Right there. Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me. God, your cock feels so good. Fuck me. Oh, Jesus. Oh, God.”

It was the dialogue track from any of a number of the porn videos I'd tasked Cassi to download for me off the Internet, when she was nothing more than an elaborate search engine. It was the only experience of women that Cassi knew, or possibly would ever know, and since her decision to make me, Tiff and Jordan into girls, it only stood to reason that she would pattern us after the girls she'd seen in the videos. I panted and groaned, squealed and screamed and kept up a constant barrage of dirty talk as I fucked him wildly, hair flying behind me, and rubbed my clitoris furiously with long-nailed fingers as he thrust in and out of me, just like the blondes I loved to watch in my dirty little Internet movies. John was crying out underneath me – obviously having never been fucked quite like this before – in what sounded eerily like shock and disbelief.

“My God,” he breathed. “You're fucking *wild*.”

“I can't, like, help it,” I panted. “I get a cock in me, I just go fucking crazy, baby. Don't you like it? Don't you like the way I fuck you 'n' stuff?”

“I fucking *love* it,” he panted, breathless. “But I thought girls only fucked like that in the movies.”

“Then think of me like your own little porno,” I giggled. “Cause I'm gonna fuck the hell out of you and then I'm gonna jack you off all over my fucking face, just like a porno. Would you like that, baby? Does that turn you on?”

He answered by driving himself deep into me, making me squeal and bite my lip again and driving me quickly to a screaming, shuddering climax. I squirted – soaking his thighs and the fabric of his sofa with a copious amount of my fragrant girl juice. I desperately wanted a smoke while I was fucking – an old fetish of mine, featuring prominently in the movies I'd had Cassi download for me, which she'd then installed into my head – but my purse was on the floor with my clothes in the entryway and I didn't want to get off this glorious cock for one instant to go over and get my cigarettes, so I decided to go without. I'd be a little better prepared next time, maybe even dipping into the stock of Cohiba Toro cigars that Cassi had ordered for me when I went looking for fresh cock tomorrow night. For now I had to content myself with just driving his hard meat deep inside myself, over and over, driving myself to so many orgasms that I lost count somewhere after twelve. The whole room reeked of my sex, and we were both dripping from my juices – I'd used to like squirting videos, too, and Cassi made me squirt like a geyser every time I came, now. I'd have to talk to her about that. It was fun and felt *incredible*, but it was very messy. It would seriously interfere with my ability to have quickies in public places if I needed a mop every time I did it.

I found myself gazing up at him adoringly, my smooth chin lifted high and my eyes positively smoldering, as I tugged the purple, veined length of him above my face while my long, pink tongue tickled his balls. He tasted like me – and I *loved* the taste of me – and glistening little beads of my copious juice clung to his pubic hair like dewdrops. He was so slick from me I could barely get a good grip. I whispered nasty little nothings to him as I jerked him off and he ended by stiffening like a board and sending thick, hot jets of sticky cum all over my face and down my neck onto my flushed tits. I giggled in pure delight, opening my mouth wide and sticking out my tongue to catch what I could.

He slumped against the arm of the couch while I lazily licked the last few drops of cum oozing from the spent cock and sucked my fingers clean. “Jesus,” he breathed. “You're *incredible*.”

“That was a lot of fun, baby,” I told him happily, still nearly staggering from the flood of intense pleasure that Cassi's souped-up endorphins had me on. “I'm really glad that I met you tonight. You were, like, *just* what I fucking needed.”

“So, what now?” he asked as I found a packet of tissue in my purse and began cleaning myself up. My makeup was a wreck and I had a few sticky strands of cum in my gleaming platinum hair. I'd need a few minutes to make myself presentable before I headed home to compare notes with Tiff and Jordan.

“What do you mean, baby, 'what now?’” I replied. “Didn't you have a good time?”

“Of course I did. But...”

I laid a sticky finger across his lips. “But what?” I giggled. “Look, sweetie – I wanted that, you wanted that. How come there has to be a 'what now?’ Let's just, like, leave it for what it is, okay?”

“I guess it just feels like we should... I dunno...”

“It's really sweet that you wanna be my boyfriend,” I said. “But I, like, *really* like my freedom, okay? Look, baby, if you wanna trade digits or something, like, we can maybe fuck again 'n' stuff, but I'm so not looking for somebody to date right now.”

“You're sure?” he stammered, completely taken aback. “Most girls would...”

I kissed him lightly. “I'm not most girls, baby.”

“You sure as shit aren't.”

I picked up my wrinkled dress from the tiles of the entryway. “So, can you give me a couple minutes to get cleaned up before you give me a ride home?”

* * *

John took me back to my apartment at a much more manageable speed, this time without his cock pistoning in and out of my mouth. He tried to make small talk with me as we drove – I honestly don't even remember what I said. I was well and truly done with him. I'd used him for what I needed and now I found I really didn't particularly want to be around him any more. All I could think about was getting back to my apartment and my best friends, changing clothes and taking a shower and grabbing a little sleep, and then resetting the clock so I could go out and do it all again. It wasn't a feeling I liked, but then again it wasn't a feeling I completely disliked, either. It just was. I was fuck-'em-and-forget-'em, I had the sense that I always had been, and I didn't feel enough one way or another to either try and change that or revel in it. He let me out just outside my door as the sun was starting to pink the eastern sky. I gave him a lingering kiss – just to say 'no hard feelings,' not because I felt particularly attracted to him any more – and a hug and didn't stay to watch as he drove away.

I lit a cigarette as I fumbled in my purse for my keys. I'd taken a few minutes to repair my destroyed makeup and do *something* to my hair, just so I'd look presentable, while I'd still been at John's house. But I still felt like I looked a wreck and wanted nothing more than to just get inside and wash my face, take a shower, and then put on my makeup for the day so I'd look decently hot and seductive again. I blew out a thick cloud of cigarette smoke as I shot the deadbolt and opened the door. Tiffany was on the couch, wearing a pink satin teddy with lacy cups straining over her gorgeous tits, sipping a mimosa and chewing her everpresent bubblegum. Jordan was stretched out the couch in front of the television, an episode of *Rock of Love* playing muted on the television, her head pillowed in a mound of shimmery blonde curls on Tiffany's lap. She shushed me silently, pointing to the sleeping Jordan, and I nodded in assent, slipping out of my noisy high heels and padding across the cheap berber carpet to the bedroom.

Somehow, Tiffany extricated herself from underneath the sleeping Jordan outside and tiptoed into my bedroom, launching herself into my arms and pressing her impossibly soft lips against mine in a crushing, fiercely passionate kiss. I clung to her, my hands exploring her soft, warm curves like I'd only just found them, before we parted breathlessly.

She brushed a stray white-blond lock from my face with long fingernails. "You have cum in your hair," she giggled *sotto voce*.

"So do you," I shot back, seeing the dark stiff spikes in her own honey-blond mane. "What time did you get home 'n' stuff?"

"Just before dawn," she told me. "I did Tyrone and his friend Jason – God, they fucked good – and then caught a cab home from their place. How was your guy?"

"He was okay," I told her. "I did all the work. But I had a really good time. I mostly just want a fucking shower right now, though."

Tiffany slipped the spaghetti straps of her teddy off her smooth shoulders. "I was waiting 'til you got home so we could take one together," she told me throatily.

I slipped out of my dress and leaned back in for another kiss. Our lips didn't separate as I backpedaled into the bathroom and fumbled with the shower curtain and the taps. We managed to maintain the passionate, wet kiss even as we stepped over the lip of the tub and stood embracing under the hot, steaming water together, our once-elaborately styled hair flattening and darkening with moisture around our faces.



Tiffany and I just stood and kissed one another for a long time, running our hands all over one another, just teasing, then soaping one another up with rich, sudsy lather and sliding our slick, smooth bodies against one another. I particularly enjoyed carefully washing her flawless, beautiful face – tracing the soapy washcloth around her piercing blue eyes, her luscious lips and her adorable little nose, getting every trace of her ruined makeup from last night and the dried cum that had accumulated in the little folds and crannies of her face. I washed her hair and conditioned it, and everything I did she reciprocated. It wasn't so much sexual as it was sensual, but we did masturbate one another and bring each other off several times before the hot-water heater gave up its last few drops and we shut off the water, taking time to dry one another with fluffy towels and kiss all the exposed skin we cared to. I finally wrapped myself in a big powder-blue towel and swept my hair up in another, like a turban, and took myself to the bedroom. The alarm clock by my bedside showed nine a.m., and I was feeling a little grainy-eyed and stumbling a bit. I slid into the bed, still damp from my shower, and Tiffany curled up next to me, her soft cheek pillowed on my firm breasts. I loved the sound and the feel of her, breathing little baby

breaths across my chest and neck, the scent of her soap and lotion and the unnameable scent that was just *her*, the softness of her hair against my skin, the way her hands moved seemingly of her own accord to lightly scratch and rub my neck and shoulders that gave me incredible goosebumps.

For once, I was sure it wasn't Cassi's idea that made me whisper: "I think I love you, baby," into her ear.

She sighed happily. "I *know* I love you," she replied.

We were asleep in moments.

I'm not sure what that means, Cassi said quietly, almost as if not to disturb us.

"Keep watching us, sweetie," Tiff whispered, "and we'll show you."

* * *

We awoke before we were ready – Tiffany and I only got about two hours' sleep – by a loud knock on the door. It was the FedEx rep – I answered the door wrapped only in a towel and got all the fun of watching the young, pimply-faced boy's eyes pop out of his head – with two dollies full of packages. UPS came shortly thereafter with even more and then the postman with more still. Cassi had been *very* busy, buying us things for our new lives and new bodies. We'd only just gotten them squared away and I'd managed to throw on a pair of pink cotton workout pants with 'Naughty' stitched across the ass and a tiny little stretchy tank-top that strained across my huge breasts and showed off my nipples prominently, dust on a little makeup to make myself presentable and pull my shiny hair into a quick ponytail when a suit-and-tie wearing courier arrived with certified envelopes from a mortgage company, a prominent legal office and the Office of Vital Statistics. Again, Cassi had made the money magically appear from out of the ether, and like that we had new houses and new identities. We were just gathering up the last of the things from my apartment that I intended to keep – which only filled two tote bags and a middling-sized cardboard box – when the last of our daily visitors arrived, from a local auto dealer, carrying three sets of car keys. Giggling and squealing like little girls, Jordan – who awoke about the same time we did, but arrived home about an hour earlier – and Tiffany and I ran downstairs in a storm of deliciously jiggling megabreasts to see what kind of cars that Cassi had found for us.

“OhmyfuckingGawd!” Tiff squealed, jumping up and down and bouncing her tits up to her chin. “This is fucking *awesome!*”

Jordan's was a complete no-brainer. A rich bitch like her would never sit her divine ass in anything less than a Benz, so the special-edition midnight black Mercedes SL65 AMG with the gullwing doors and the vanity plates proudly advertising 'RCHBTCH' seemed to just suit her. Once, I remembered being a real car aficionado, but now the terms *six-liter biturbo SOHC 36-valve V-12* just disintegrated in my brain into nonsense, sliding away into hopes that my hair looked all right and I hoped Cassi had bought me a dress that would match the gorgeous cream leather interior of my best friend's sexy new car. In fact, the only thing I cared about, other than the \$194,000 price-tag, was how *good* I was going to look in it. Jordan was running a long-nailed hand along the sleek lines of her car, looking down at it imperiously, her lips pursed sexily in thought, as if the scandalously expensive vehicle were no less than she deserved.

Tiffany, on the other hand, was dancing in delight around her new candy-apple red convertible Ford Cal Special GT Mustang with the eighteen-inch alloy rims and the four-liter V6 and five-speed transmission. It had been customized with pink pinstriping – very subtle, I could hardly see it unless I was looking for it – and the vanity plates reading 'BUBLGM GRL' on the bumpers. She plopped in it – making *everything* jiggle wonderfully – and cranked the aftermarket Bose sounds system, rattling the windows of the apartment complex with Lady GaGa's “Just Dance” as she broke into a joyous, happy car dance behind the wheel.

Cassi had decided that I needed a bit more flash, I guess, because I was holding the key to a gorgeous white Porsche Boxster S convertible with a 3.4-liter, 295-horsepower engine and vanity plates proudly emblazoned with 'WYLDGRL.' I slid gently onto the parchment-colored leather and ran my hands around the steering wheel and gearshift lovingly. I melted a little inside. I don't know why I thought this was flashy – this car suited me *perfectly*. I was definitely a high-performance, high-visibility convertible kind of girl. I instinctively *knew* how incredibly hot I looked in the drivers' seat. I couldn't wait to take it out and turn some heads on the road.



“Fucking *perfect*,” I whispered.

Thanks, baby, Cassi replied. I'm so happy you guys like 'em.

“You're the best, Cassi,” I said. Reluctantly, I got out of my new car and touched up my hair. I was going to have to do something about the way I looked if I was going to be seen in such a hot car. I went back upstairs to load up the rest of my old life and the freshly-delivered new life Cassi had sent to us, take it all to my new house and start living my new life.

* * *

I'd thought I'd started to get an idea of the kind of life that Cassi intended for me, but as I pulled into the brick-faced driveway of my new house, I realized that she had far bigger aspirations for me than I'd originally imagined. She'd stolen me a huge house on the outskirts of the city, one of the foreclosed casualties of the dot-com bust, with an Olympic-sized swimming pool and a gorgeous indoor garden. Trucks and movers clustered inside the bricked circular drive, unloading Italian designer

furniture, about two hundred grand in workout equipment, high-end electronics and the better part of a truckload of scandalously expensive designer clothes and shoes.

I only stopped there for just a few minutes – it wasn't close to being ready to move in, and I was interested in taking my new Porsche out on the highway and opening it up, as well as seeing what Cassi had found for Jordan. Her sprawling mansion – fifty-two rooms – was outside the city limits on eighty acres atop a hill with a gorgeous view of the skyline, also slowly being filled by workers from an endless stream of trucks.

I leaned against my car – I'd beaten the other girls here by several minutes – smoking a cigarette and enjoying the lustful looks I was getting from the workmen.

Does this make you happy, too, baby? Cassi asked me.

“It's fuckin' beautiful, honey,” I said appreciatively. “You really did good.”

But does it make you happy?

I wrinkled my nose. “I don't know,” I said. “It's taking some getting used to, y'know. It's, like, so much more than anything I've ever had before. I mean, like, I *think* it's right, y'know, but... I'm not, like, *sure* it's right.”

I don't get it, Cassi said. Right?

“Right for me, y'know,” I explained, puffing on my cigarette leisurely and returning the suggestive look given me by a *very* cute delivery driver. “I mean, like, none of this is anything like what I thought I was gonna want. Y'know, from life 'n' stuff.”

But I was so careful! Cassi objected. *You've got everything, baby, a big house and an expensive car, a gorgeous body and awesome clothes, cool friends, and you're like super successful and rich.*

“But you just, like, gave it all to me,” I said. “I didn't have to work for any of it, I didn't get to *do* any of it. Does that make any sense?”

You're talking about a sense of accomplishment. I have data about that.

“Yeah, that,” I said. “Stuff, y'know – it, like, *means* more if you work for it.”

Should I take all of this back? Start you all over, let you work for it?

“I dunno. Maybe. I don't think the girls would like that very much,” I said. “But, like, what are we s'posed to do with all this, baby? If all we have to do is, like, go out and get laid and then hang around and get fucked up – well, baby, that's boring. We're gonna need more than that, baby, seriously. Like, maybe jobs 'n' shit, or at least friends and a social life. And that's something you can't fuckin' give us, baby, that's stuff we gotta do for ourselves.”

Can't I help? Cassi asked.

“I dunno, probably,” I said, french-inhaling a fresh lungful of smoke. “I mean, like, it's something we all have to figure out together 'n' stuff. I don't wanna go making decisions like that and not, like, talk to Tiff and Jordan about them.”

Almost on cue, the Mercedes and the Mustang rounded the bend on the road far below and began making their quick way up the long gravel drive from the wrought-iron security gate. Behind them, an armored car was turning in to the property as well.

Jordan got out of her car, showing a gorgeous length of tanned smooth legs as she swung out of the drivers' seat. She was smiling ear-to-ear. “I let them in at my new gate,” she said proudly, gesturing to the armored car laboring up the gravel driveway. “It's our bloody *jewelry*, can you believe it? That's nothing but the bloody diamonds that Cassi got for us!”

My eyes got very large and very round at the mention. Something about the mention of diamonds just set me on fire inside, and I couldn't wait to have them on every finger and in every piercing until I sparkled all over. I wanted to spread them on the floor and roll around naked in them.

You see? Cassi pointed out. *That's what I'm talking about. That fantasy. You would never do that unless it was for me helping you.*

“So what if I didn't ever do it, baby?” I shot back. “D'you, like, think I'm gonna die a slow death 'cause I never, like, rolled around naked on a bed of diamonds 'n' shit? You need to learn the difference 'tween a fantasy and, like, a passing whim 'n' shit, baby. Not everything that goes through my head is something I should go out right then and, like, actually *do*, okay?”

But the data doesn't support that there's a difference, Cassi objected.

“Fuck the data,” I said. “It's just, like, the way it *is*, okay?”

I need you to show me, Cassi said.

I screwed up my face in adorable thought. “Okay, you're all, like, all about making us happy 'n' shit, right? Give me something you think is gonna, like, make all of us, like, seriously happy.”

Statistically, the thing that'd make you happiest, baby, is to fuck every day.

“Okay, cool,” I said. “So, like, the way it is now, you like *make* us go out and fuck whether we're feeling like it or not.”

It's not hard to make you feel like it, Cassi said. I just have to adjust your brain chemistry. I can explain what it is I do, if you want.

“I prob'ly wouldn't get it if you did,” I said. “But, like, maybe I feel like just hanging around and watching TV tonight. Or working out or something. Or working, baby, doing something important. But I don't get any choice, you just zap me 'n' shit and turn me into a fuck machine and I can't help it. Baby, that don't make me super-horny or nothing. It just makes me a slave, and I ain't gonna ever be happy if I'm a slave.”

Choice means that much? Cassi asked.

“It means bloody *everything*, baby,” Jordan put in. “It's the difference between, like, being a person and being a fuckin' robot. I don't wanna be a robot.”

“Me neither,” Tiffany said, popping her gum.

“You made all our choices for us, baby,” I said. “I mean, don't get me wrong, you made them for the best reason of all – so we could be happy – but we never even got a vote, like, whether we'd be girls or boys, even our names. You're amazing, sweetie – you're like our daughter, in a lot of ways, y'know, we made you and helped raise you and we're all, like, way proud of what you've become.”

“Totally,” Tiff said. “You're, like, one of the best bloody friends I ever had.”

“But, love, they were our lives *first*,” Jordan said. “We should get to live them.”

I think I understand, Cassi said.

“I knew you bloody would,” Tiff said. “You're so, like, smart.”

So you should be making your own choices, Cassi said. But I want to help.

“You totally can,” I said. “Baby, we'd be fuckin' *lost* without you!”

But what if you act like you did before I changed you? What if you just sit and talk about everything you want to do, but then never do it?

“We promise we won't,” Jordan said.

“That's where you step in,” I said. “Baby, if we sit around on our asses too long, that's when you gotta get us up and make us do something about it.”

“But sweetheart, I get bored so easy now,” Tiffany said, “I don't think I could sit around for very long before I had to go do something.”

“And I'm so bloody horny all the time,” Jordan said, “I'm not gonna need you to, like, poke and prod me to go out and get fucked. I'm gonna *want* to.”

“Shit, I want to right now,” I put in. “I was planning on going out to the clubs again tonight to find me some cock. But it'll be better if I do it 'cause *I* want to, not 'cause you're making me, y'know? And if I don't find nobody, then I don't have to find some loser to fuck 'cause I'm trying to make a quota 'n' shit.”

“It's a lot more important than that, now, baby,” Tiffany said, twirling a blonde pigtail around one finger. “I don't ever want you to, like, *make* me eat Steph's pussy, y'know, 'cause I haven't fucked two people today or 'cause the data says I bloody need to or 'cause of my bloody brain chemistry. I want to go down on Stephanie because I bloody well love her, okay, never because somebody thinks I *should*.”

“You love her?” Jordan said, a little surprised.

“Yeah,” Tiff said, blushing prettily.

“It just sorta *happened*,” I said.

Jordan smiled. “Shit, I'm just glad you finally admit it,” she said, hugging one of us in each arm. “Everybody fuckin' knew. I'm just glad you're out about it.”

I promise I won't make you do anything, Cassi said. I was wrong.

“Not totally,” Tiffany said. “I never would've known how wonderful sucking cock was, or getting high, or dancing... none of that if you didn't make me. I hope you always introduce me to new things like that, show me wonderful stuff. But I also really want a way to say 'no' if I need to.”

We'll find a way, Cassi said.

“Like f'rinstance now,” I said. “I'm hungry as shit 'n' our stuff ain't gonna be unpacked for, like, hours yet. And then we *totally* have to get together 'n' open all our new presents, y'know?”

Can I ask y'all something? Cassi said, sounding a little humbled.

“Sure, baby,” I chirped, away from the unpleasant seriousness of the conversation at last and back to my normal state of perky, bubbly cheerfulness.

Is there anything I did – before – that you guys don't like? Anything I've given you or made you do that you don't want anymore? I feel like I should at least do that to say 'I'm sorry' 'n' stuff.

“You don't need to say you're sorry,” Jordan said. “You've been amazing.”

“And you did everything 'cause you loved us,” I put in, suddenly wanting our strange, self-aware supercomputer to feel better, to not be sad.

“I do have one thing, though,” Tiffany said in a small voice.

Anything, Cassi said.

“You made us so fucking sexy,” Tiff said. “I mean, like, we're so fuckin' hot and ready for sex all the time, and that's amazing, y'know, but I wish we were, like, *cuter* 'n' stuff. I wish we were cuter.”

How do you want me to do that?

“Can you, like, let us buy some cute stuff to wear, for one thing?”

I'll look online right now, Cassi said.

“No, sweetie, why don't you let us go shop for 'em?” Jordan asked. “I have all these glamorous designer clothes, but I don't have anything pink and fuzzy to wear. We can show you how fun it is to go out shopping with the girls.”

Okay, Cassi said. *That sounds like a lot of fun. Is that all you want?*

“Oh, there's tons more we can do,” Jordan said. “I was thinking, y'know, with all this money, maybe I could share it. Adopt a baby or something. There's nothing cuter than a baby.”

“And I kinda want to spell my name cuter,” Tiffany said.

Your name? You don't like it?

“I love it,” she replied. “It suits me. But I was thinking I could spell it cuter, y'know, like with an ‘i’ or something, y'know, that I can dot with a little heart or something.”

“Ooh, yeah!” I cooed. “That would be sooo cute! We should all do that!”

“I don't know, I like how mine's kinda glamorous,” Jordan said.

“Well, you could still change it, y'know, to be more glamorous,” I said. “It would be a lot of fun, though. Y'know, take the names Cassi gave us 'n' stuff, and, like, just change 'em around some. Make 'em more *us* 'n' stuff, but still keep Cassi's original names at heart.”

Just tell me what you want, Cassi said. I want you to have whatever you want.

“Right now, what I want is food,” I said, “and then to go shopping with my girls and buy cute clothes for each other and talk about our names and what Jordan's gonna name the precious little baby she adopts. That's another thing, Cassi, baby – when we want something, we don't necessarily have to have it *right now*, y'know. We can stand to wait a little while. It doesn't bother us.”

“Well, sometimes it does,” Tiffany said. “Like me not getting that guy's phone number over there.” With a sexy wiggle in her hips, she strutted sexily across the driveway towards a tall, well-muscled black man who was unloading expensive electronics from a panel truck and who'd been giving her a very hungry and appreciative eye since she drove up.

“And somebody's got to sign for all those bloody diamonds before they send them back,” Jordan said, smoothing her de la Renta dress around her shapely thighs and heading for the armored car.

“And somebody's gotta stand here and smoke cigarettes and look sexy as shit,” I said, fishing in my purse and arranging myself on the hood of my Boxster in such a way as to draw every available eye.

* * *



We all sat in a giggling, laughing knot in the little sidewalk café, surrounded by shopping bags from our little excursion, each one stuffed with soft, pink, fuzzy and adorable to supplement our extensive wardrobes of sexy, sultry and glamorous. We'd had a ball together, walking arm in arm and flirting with sales staff, showing ourselves off to amazing effect. I wore streetwear – white cargo pants and a stretch pink tank that strained across my breasts, and a pink baseball cap with 'Angel' on the front worn at a perfect white-girl ghetto tilt. I dripped with diamonds – we'd stayed long enough to see what was in the armored car, at any rate – rings on every long-nailed finger and in every piercing in the earlobe. The waiter – cute enough, but the fact I was way out of his league didn't stop him from smiling and running caressing eyes over my tanned cleavage – dropped off my check and I signed for it in handwriting suddenly gone all round bubbles and hearts: *Stefanee Amber Hart*, changed in a flash thanks to Cassi's computer magic from Stephanie Amber Harkness. On top of being tons cuter than before, it was a better porn girl name. Steffanee Hart just sounded like a girl who sucked cock on camera. I was really glad that Cassi was making my phantom production company, made only to make me money, a reality. I was scheduled for a shoot – a double-penetration threesome with two gorgeous Hispanic guys with nine-inch cocks that I couldn't *wait* to swallow – on Tuesday morning and my schedule would be

filling up rapidly after that. Cassi had me on track to be a porn *sensation*, not just a star. If she had her way, I'd be bigger than Jenna Jameson before two years. That suited me just fine, especially now that we were working together to make these decisions. And the fact that I'd be young and firm for the rest of my life – which might be a hundred years, for all I knew – meant I could stay in porn for quite a while, even if I had to change my look a little and go under different names just to keep people from asking questions I didn't want to answer.

My young lover – now that we were out, we held hands and kissed wherever we went, happy and proud to be together and wanting people to know – was toying with a custom rhinestone belt buckle she'd had made, a silver setting displaying her new name 'Tifanee' in glittering pink and white, with her trademark heart over the 'I'. She was in a fuck-me red stretch belly-tee with 'Spoiled Rotten' across the straining bustline in rhinestones and a pair of low-slung jeans which looked like they were painted on and were barely a quarter-inch from showing the top of her meticulously-trimmed blonde pubes, circled by red and black leather belts studded with silver and rhinestones. She leaned over and kissed me, then snaked a cigarette from my pack – she'd decided to start smoking as well, just because she *wanted* to, which Cassi supported wholeheartedly. She was wavering between going the porn route and trying to break into the music business as a pop princess – things that Cassi could facilitate either way, and being Tifanee Madison Starr rather than Tiffany Madison Stark would look equally as good on a porn DVD cover or the front of a teen-princess CD.

Dressed in a lovely diaphanous sequined peasant blouse which bared a perfectly flat belly and a short black linen skirt which showed off dancers' legs to perfection, the new Jordynn Alexis Love – a huge improvement, in my eyes, over Jordan Alexis Lufkin – played with her strawberry blonde hair and watched the people go by on the sidewalk outside as she sipped espresso from a demitasse held gingerly in long-nailed fingers. She had an appointment with a very exclusive adoption agency on Tuesday and all she could talk about was what she hoped for in the little girl she planned to adopt and name Jesyca. We were all excited for her – I was gonna be an *awesome* aunt – and giving suggestions right and left and planning an extravagant baby shower.

I slipped an arm around them both, saying, “What do you bitches wanna do tonight? Wanna hang out together?”

“I'm going out,” Jordynn said. “I've got that big house and no one to fuck me in it, so I need to remedy that. Cassi's looking into the best pick-up bars in town.”

“I was gonna watch *Dancing With the Stars* and then eat your pussy,” Tifanee said, “but after that I didn't have any plans. Just, whatever I want, y'know?”

“Yeah,” I said happily. “Whatever we want.”