



Presents

The New Girls

Written and Illustrated by

Valerie Hope



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“GOOD MORNING, DR. HEBERT,” MY newest lab assistant, a young woman with great promise just beginning her doctoral work at the university said from the door. I nodded and smiled brightly, unable to speak or wave as was my custom. Very delicate work occupied my hands at the moment, as I maneuvered a microscopic injector attached to a robotic articulator to the wall of a liver cell, visible only beneath my powerful microscope. I moved the sensitive joysticks gently, watching the needle in my small field of vision respond accordingly, and finally managed to puncture the cell wall. I felt a surge of victory – success at the most finicky, difficult video game imaginable flooded through me. I touched the control and injected the experimental serum into the cell, then withdrew the needle and slid the sample out carefully to place in the refrigerated container. Just nineteen more to go before I had a large enough set to study.

Karen, my assistant, peered over my shoulder as I selected another slide. “Are those the liver

cells?”

“Yep,” I said proudly. “I’m starting the first rounds of injections this morning.”

“Ooh, exciting!” Karen said happily. “Need any help?”

“Always,” I replied. “Could you start sequencing those samples over there?” I nodded towards a refrigerated case on an adjacent table.

She nodded happily, shucking into a starched white lab coat and shoving a pair of safety glasses onto her pierced nose as she dove enthusiastically into the work. I smiled. Perhaps Karen overdid the 'alternative' thing a bit much, with the pierced nose and eyebrow and labret and the elaborate tattoos on her shoulders and arms, the vivid green streak in her deliberately messy hair – but she exercised an agile, curious mind and labored under an unimpeachable work ethic. The young woman could turn out the data, no one could argue. That more than underwrote the occasional eccentricity of appearance or demeanor, to me. The work mattered, nothing else, and Karen agreed wholeheartedly.



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I set to work with the laborious task of sequencing liver samples, as well, taking tiny ampules containing a few cells each and deluging them with acid to break down everything but the all-important DNA strands inside, filling each with a pipet in turn and keeping them all in order, clearly labeled, as I worked. Across the lab, the dull muted cacophony of Karen's iPod resonated softly from her ear-buds as she did the same. We would occasionally make eye contact and

make funny faces at one another, but other than that we dedicated all our focus on the task at hand.

I guess I was one of those people that confused others. I know many of the denizens of the lab speculated on my sexual orientation, but if pressed, I would most probably answer that I preferred *neither* gender. In fact, I didn't actually prefer sex at all. My work occupied my heart and soul the way a lover might (dominated it, actually) and once it took its fair share from me, very little remained for me to spend on anyone else. I fell into my bed exhausted most nights and rose early to go back.

Many people teased me about working in such close proximity to Karen. For all her edgy fashion and self-inflicted mutilations, she did have a lovely face and bright smile, and the other lab nerds speculated endlessly on her bra size, body fat percentage and performance in the bedroom – all with favorable estimates, I assumed. I dismissed them easily – I appreciated Karen's mind, and her insight, and her contribution to the project. And I think she appreciated me in return for not making things about her breasts, or about her gender at all. I know that proved problematic for many women in the workplace. I felt a strange twinge of pride about running a lab where that particular social misadventure never became a problem worth noting. Perhaps my lab would become a Mecca of sorts for brilliant women burdened with big breasts and desirable bodies, whispered about in the scientific community like the Underground Railroad of old, a place where they could escape and work in peace, with no objectification or sexual undercurrent.

I chuckled. The lab nerds would love that, and I would have to fire them all for befouling the streets of my Mecca. And I liked to keep my projects streamlined. My lab didn't support that kind of population, be they attractive female scientists or any other kind. I worked hard to keep it a three- to four-person operation in every way I could. I would computerize portions of the work, if necessary, to prevent hiring additional people. It kept things more intimate – like family. And it kept the data more pure.

Heather, the lab manager, poked her smiling face around the door from the front office.

“Dr. Hebert, just wanted to remind you about your lunch this afternoon with John Masters,” she piped in her characteristic perky lilt. “It's at one.”

I smiled – she treasured a fond mental image of me as the stereotypical absent-minded professor, unable to dress himself properly without some sort of supervision by a “normal” person. Occasionally I would intentionally arrive at the lab with my shirt misbuttoned or my tie crooked just to keep her fantasy alive. Heather, like all my employees, exuded confidence and efficiency. I kept her because she performed her job excellently with a minimum of fuss. I kept her happy by throwing her the occasional bone. A small price to pay, in my estimation.

“Who's John Masters?” Karen asked, dangling her ear-buds temporarily around her tattooed neck.

“I went to undergraduate school with him,” I explained. “He represents a group of biotechnology investors from the West Coast. He got wind of what we're doing here and wants to talk to me about funding.”

"I thought we had a grant," Karen commented.

"We do," I replied. "But grants run out, Karen. And private investors hold all the real research money in this country. Being free of the university would open a lot of doors to us. Really fast-track the project. It would be an important step."

"So you're gonna wear *that* tie to the meeting?"

"It's just preliminary stuff, and John's an old friend," I said. "No need for the expensive suit just yet."

"Just saying," Karen rejoined, replacing her ear-buds. "That one has soy sauce on it."

I sighed. Maybe Heather's fantasy of me stemmed from *some* basis in reality.

* * *

I captured a few brief moments to change my tie before hanging up my lab coat and scoop my keys from the little shelf beside the security door at twelve thirty, not even needing Heather's friendly reminder about the appointment. I never considered myself a greedy or mercenary soul, but the glittering lure of private cash called to me. The university's oversight process hung like an albatross around my neck, complicating every single process I encountered. There would still be oversight with private funding, but by all accounts by people I knew in the field, it kept itself small and dedicated to the acquisition of profit. Out of the way of the research. After three years at the university, it sounded like Shangri-La to me; more than enough to overpower my distaste for John Masters.

John lived in the dorm next door to my own as an undergraduate until he pledged a fraternity. One of the dedicated beer-swilling, skirt-chasing crowd, he pursued his degree in economics and business with very little zeal, preferring the frat party scene to any actual work. I never considered him more than a simple acquaintance, but apparently he remembered me as more. His initial phone conversation with me dripped with familiarity that honestly surprised me. I think he considered me a friend, back then, and showed genuine regret that we'd lost touch over the years. The whole situation discomfited me and caused a surprising amount of guilt that I never considered him a friend in return. I met him on the steps outside Valentine's, a local eatery some of the lab nerds spoke highly of, with a definite agenda to try and remedy this friendship dilemma, and not simply because I wanted his funding. I genuinely didn't want him to feel as though I wasn't a friend. Inequality such as that in nature always ended with toxicity for all parties.

"Jack! How the hell are you, man? What's it been – ten years?" he said brightly as I stepped into view. The slender man with close-cropped hair resembled the clean-cut 'jock' image recalled from my days as an undergraduate only nominally. Time changed him, giving him a rakishly handsome, rather over-polished appearance that only vast sums of money and a bitter fight with aging could grant. Still, the veneered smile shone genuine enough, and he eschewed a handshake for a companionable hug.

“Closer to twelve, I think,” I said, returning the embrace shyly. “You look good.”

“Bullshit, but I appreciate it,” he laughed. “Hair's falling out of my head and growing in on my back, and my all that beer from college is finally migrating to my gut. But it's kind of you to lie to me. How about you, though? You look exactly the same.”

“A few pounds, here and there, and the glasses have gotten thicker,” I said.

“You ready to go in? I'm starving,” he said, clapping my shoulder companionably. “You ever been to this place before? Best restaurant in the city.”

“Never have,” I said. “I'm not a member.”

“Relax, Jack, you're with me,” he said, leading me into the interior gently. My eyes took a second to adjust to the dimmer light inside, focusing eventually on the form of a dazzlingly attractive young woman at a hostess' lectern who favored us with a glittering white smile.

“Good afternoon, gentlemen, welcome to Valentine's,” she said cheerfully.

“Hi, Brittany, good to see you again,” John said amiably, shamelessly undressing her with his eyes. She seemed to welcome the lascivious look, subtly posing herself to display her youthful body more attractively, and the glint of something intimate flashed between them.

“Hey, there, John,” she purred throatily. *Oh, yes, I thought. John definitely knows her outside this place.* Her entire demeanor changed. “Who's this?”

“My guest for the afternoon,” he said. “An old, dear friend from my college days. Brittany, this is Jack Hebert. *Doctor* Jack Hebert. One of the smartest men I know. Jack, this is Brittany.”

“Pleasure,” I said.

“If you gentlemen will follow me, I'll show you to your table.”

She made quite the show with her delectable posterior as she walked in front of us, but only John seemed to truly appreciate the view. My attention spread out elsewhere, across the large dining room. The lunch rush should have been over, by my watch, but I couldn't spot a single unoccupied table. Clusters of two and three men, drinking beer and eating what appeared to be excellent food, sat everywhere, all tended by spectacularly gorgeous female waitstaff. Every single waitress looked airbrushed in her glamorous perfection, each clad in some iteration of “naughty schoolgirl” in various color schemes – a blouse knotted beneath the breasts, showing vast tracts of tempting cleavage and a glimpse of matching-color bra, a bare midriff, a little plaid pleated skirt which barely covered her backside, let alone her thighs, knee-length argyle socks and titanic heels which made their every step sway and jiggle teasingly. They managed to wrestle huge trays laden with plates and glasses without difficulty in their heels and minimal attire, basking in what I judged to be wholly inappropriate attention from the male customers with delighted smiles.

“See?” John said affably as we walked. “What'd I tell you?”

Brittany seated us at a table near the back corner, away from the pressing babble of conversation and the clinking of silverware and glasses – just the place for a private conversation. She handed out menus – leatherbound, not laminated – and left us with a bright smile and a mouthwatering view of her cleavage before returning to her station in the front. We barely opened the menus before a tall brunette woman in her mid-twenties, made up to glamorous, polished perfection, in the powder-blue iteration of the schoolgirl uniform, sashayed to our table.

“Good afternoon, gentlemen, my name is Savannah and I'll be your server today,” she said in a husky alto with definite *boudoir* overtones. “Would you like to hear our specials?”

“Sky's the limit, Jack, order whatever you want,” John told me. “I should let you know, though, the steaks here are unbelievable. Their chef once worked at the White House. You shouldn't leave here without trying one.”

I nodded to his suggestion. “I haven't eaten a steak in years,” I said – my diet consisted mostly of frozen dinners and take-out, eaten standing up at a lab table.

“That tears it, then,” John said. “We'll take two porterhouses. Make mine medium rare.”

“Medium rare for me, too, please,” I said.

“Excellent choice,” Savannah said. “Our soup today is Southwestern chicken or New England clam chowder.”

“Salad for me, with Italian dressing,” John said, closing his menu. “And a pint of McEwan's, also.”

“Of course,” Savannah said, never writing a single thing down. “And for you, sir?”

“Salad, as well, and an iced tea,” I told her. “Bleu cheese dressing, on the side.”

“No cocktail?” she asked alluringly, with the hint of a suggestive smile. Like she seemed vaguely disappointed that she couldn't get me drunk and take advantage of me, somehow.

“I can't,” I told her. “I'm in the middle of something very complicated at work. I need a clear head.”

John laughed. “The way you look isn't the only thing that hasn't changed a bit,” he commented fondly.



"Amazing scenery," John commented conspirationally, chuckling.

"Your drinks will be out in just a moment," Savannah said, standing up straight and removing the lovely view down her blouse. I actually felt a bit disappointed. Girls were girls were girls, but this young woman approached physical perfection. And she presented herself without a single hair out of place. Her attention to detail and overall presentation appealed to my own meticulous nature in a way that no woman achieved in my recollection. I actually found myself regretting her departure to go and fetch the drinks. I stared after her a bit slack-jawed for a moment before regaining my self-possession.

"Amazing scenery," John commented conspirationally, chuckling.

"Agreed," I said.

We chatted about what we'd done after college for a few minutes before Savannah returned to deliver our drinks and a basket of warm bread. She gave me a coy, very subtle wink and trailed her hand across my shoulders in a feathery caress as she left. Was I actually being *hit on*? Those sorts of things didn't happen to men like me. I decided it was just my overactive imagination, brought on by my unfamiliarity with sexual stimulation. Reading too much into the act. She just knew how to increase her tips, that was all. Savannah didn't desire me, she just knew how to do her job extraordinarily well.

The food arrived a short time later, and we fell to with a will. As excited and preoccupied with the prospect of private funding as I was, the thick porterhouse steak that arrived – timed perfectly by Savannah to arrive at the table just as the salad forks dropped into the bowls,

sizzling hot – allowed no opportunity to consider anything else. John had not overstated it – I had never had a *perfect* steak before. No imperfection in the entrée – not flavor, not texture, not tenderness, not temperature – existed. None whatsoever. It brought all conversation between us to a screeching halt.

We pushed our plates away a delightful time later, sated and a little lopy by the heavy meal. Savannah came by to clear our table and refresh our drinks, inquiring if we'd left room for dessert, which neither of us could fathom in our fullness. She left us to our business with another flirtatious smile and gave me a frank head-to-toe appraisal which ended in a satisfied grin that even my redoubtable social awkwardness couldn't misinterpret.

“So, Jack, I suppose we should actually talk business for a little, just so I can expense the dinner,” John told me after the pleasantries stalled. “Your work came to my firm's attention a few months back, and we are always interested in backing new medical and biotech breakthroughs. You're on our radar, but to be honest – I still don't know exactly what it is you're working on, just reading the reports. Think you could break it down for me into layman's terms?”

I sipped my tea – made to perfection, so good that it actually made me take note of something as ubiquitous as iced tea – and cleared my throat. “I'm sure you're aware of the potential of undifferentiated stem cells.”

“It's the white whale,” John replied, nodding.

“Well put. They could solve everything from cancer to Alzheimer's to crow's feet. The preliminary work in stem cell research, just from the brief foray in the 'nineties before the Christian right shut it all down, resulted in data which is, quite frankly, astounding,” I went on. “The problem right now isn't what we can *do* with stem cells, it's where we can get them.”

“And you think you have a source.”

“More than that – I think I have an *unlimited* source, and not a single human embryo needs to be touched to get them,” I said. “We've sampled every single tissue in the human body. Liver, brain, nerve, pancreas, kidney... you name it, we've broken it down and sequenced it. Hunting for the white whale, as you described it.”

“What'd you find, Ahab?”

I chuckled. “We found the thymus gland,” I said. “In childhood development, the thymus functions as one of the principle immune glands in the human body, as well as manufacturing blood particulates and hormones. Over time, the thymus degrades and shuts down until we reach adolescence, when the immune and hematological duties have passed to the bone marrow and spleen. By adulthood, the thymus basically takes up space in our abdomen. It serves no real function any more, at least none that isn't redundant elsewhere, usually by an organ that does the job more efficiently.”

“Like old water towers,” John said. “We treat and carry the water mostly underground now, but we don't seem to tear the old towers down. We still use them, but they're not how we get the

water any more.”

“Exactly,” I said.

“So what about the thymus?”

“We took samples from adult thymus glands and tested them. About ninety or so percent of the cellular structure is the tissue we expected, but we found a few cells we never identified before. They form from the collapse of active thymus tissue and don't seem to exist in a youthful, active thymus.”

“You found cells that hadn't been discovered before?”

“Nobody really studies inactive thymus tissue in the field. But these cells – my lab staff is calling them Hebert cells, but I think that sounds egotistic and prefer 'beta-progenitor' cells – don't have a typical tellomere the way most cells do.”

“What's a tellomere?”

“It's like one of those flyers you see on bulletin boards, with the fringe on the bottom that has phone numbers to rip off and take away? Every time a cell divides, one of those pieces of fringe gets 'ripped' off of the tellomere. When the last one gets ripped away, the cell no longer divides and it dies. Tellomeres are why we age. These beta-progenitor cells don't have a typical tellomere. When you rip off a piece of fringe, somehow, it grows back. So these cells don't age typically. They go dormant in the thymus and wait for a particular protein marker to bind to their receptors.”

“What happens then?”

I smiled. “They go into cell replication overdrive. They divide at easily fifty- to a hundred times the rate of normal human cells, and with this 'bulletproof' tellomere, they can keep it up indefinitely. That, in itself, is remarkable enough. But when you see what the beta-progenitors actually 'spit out' when they replicate...”

“Don't leave me hanging, Jack.”

“One beta-progenitor copy of the original and three – *three*, John – undifferentiated stem cells.”

“You mean not only do these cells reproduce themselves, they also produce stem cells at three times the original accelerated replication rate?” John gasped.

“That's exactly what I'm saying,” I told him. “Stem cells by the bucketful, John. Undifferentiated, ready to be used to form anything from skin tissue to nervous tissue to new arteries. And the beta-progenitors don't die off like normal cells, they go dormant. They live in 'hibernation' for years after cellular metabolism stops. Which means these cells can be harvested from cadavers. Nothing has to die to get them that hasn't died, naturally, already.”

"That is incredible," John said, whistling softly. "So where are you now?"

"We have two problems left to solve," I told him. "First, we can't get the protein 'activator' marker right. We've only synthesized it so far, and up to now it only works about twenty percent of the time. We're looking through the genetic code to try and see where it might originate and copy it. But that usually happens *in utero*, so getting samples to test and study is problematic at best."

"I can see why," John commented. "And the other problem?"

"The stem cells produced by the beta-progenitors are protein-coded to the individual organism that produced them," I explained. "So you'd need a suitable donor to receive stem cells from, or your body would attack them and reject them just like any other foreign invader. Even with immunosuppression, it's doubtful the stem cells would live long enough to differentiate properly and heal any damaged or unhealthy tissue in a new host. We're looking for a way to "clean" the outside of these cells and wipe those protein markers away, or change them somehow to tell a host's immune system 'don't shoot, we come in peace.' That research has only just started – could be years before we finish – but we have some very promising young minds looking into it. I have high hopes."

"I have to say, Jack, this sounds like something my firm would be very interested in learning more about," he told me, sipping his beer. "Very interested. Could you tell me, what kind of budget would you be looking for to continue?"

I shrugged. "I don't have any hard numbers, of course. I'm adamant about keeping my staff – it took me months to vet them and they're *exactly* the people I need. But I'd estimate somewhere in the neighborhood of two million dollars, annually."

"And the research? Do you own it, or does the university? Would you pick up where you left off, or would you have to reverse-engineer everything and start from scratch?"

"I've been very careful. The grant comes from NIH, and I've kept everything under my own name. The university only owns the data, the physical samples and their by-products, but the procedures are all mine."

"I always said you were smart," he told me.

"Not my first rodeo," I admitted.

"Now, you said those procedures are *yours*... you mean your *company's*?"

"I didn't incorporate. I kept them under my own name, personally."

"Then we have some interesting discussions in our future," John commented. "With a pedigree like that, you have it in you to write your own ticket."

"I'm not in this for the money," I told him honestly. "This is about curing disease. And, honestly,

about the science. I'm in uncharted territory, making my own way. It must be how Galileo felt."

Savannah chose that moment to cross my field of vision, and my eyes tracked her instinctively. John must have noticed my distraction, because he smiled wanly and clapped my shoulder.

"Hard to look away, isn't it?" he asked. "Say, you know what they say about membership and privilege, right? Would you like a chance to spend a little time in her company?"

"What do you mean?"

He held up a finger, and Savannah caught it immediately, excused herself from the table she tended and swayed her way over to us, almost knocking aside a fresh-faced, large-breasted blonde in the pink version of the schoolgirl uniform carrying an enormous tray. The blonde lowered her eyes to Savannah's scowl and deferred instantly. Apparently, a pecking order existed. I paid it no mind.

"Savannah, this gentleman might like to see the fountain," John said, gesturing to me. "Would you be so kind? His name is Jack. Give him the 'star treatment,' would you?"

"I was hoping you'd say that," she purred. I stood, and she threaded her arm through mine, pressing her unparalleled breasts against my arm. Her soft, elaborately-styled hair tickled my neck above my collar as she leaned her head against me.

"Right this way, Jack," she purred, pulling me through the crowd insistently.

* * *

I lost track of how far we walked, so lost in the sensual comfort of her swaying walk, her paradoxical softness and firmness, the gentle sussurus of her breathing and the subtle floral perfume she wore as I was. She pulled me around a corner into a secluded alcove containing a single window overlooking a natural little artesian spring, releasing white water from a natural outcropping in a long, hissing waterfall to a pristine pond, below. The little courtyard containing the waterfall abounded with lush greenery, carefully tended but still looking wild, a perfect little idyll nestled in among the sterile urban concrete and glass. My eyes only just widened at the sight before she pressed her flawless body against me hard, looking up at me through long, thick lashes, her russet eyes sparkling.

"Pardon my saying so, Jack, but you are a fantastically attractive man," she whispered, stroking my cheek with an impossibly soft hand.

I coughed a little. "Me? You find *me* attractive?"

"Intensely," she purred, pulling at my face with long-nailed fingers to press my lips into her own. I tasted the slick perfume of her lipstick over the pillowy softness of her lips, inhaled the minty tang of her recently-freshened breath in my nostrils, felt the soft curves of her flattening against my chest. For just a moment, she actually made me believe that the acne-ravaged skin, the thinning hair, the pot belly and the thick glasses that rendered my eyes perpetually piggish could

actually be of interest to someone so intoxicatingly *flawless*. Up close, I could not even detect the slightest freckle or imperfection in her skin, not a single line or crease from emotion or worry, not even more than the most subtle variation in color, texture or sheen. She kissed the way one imagined a movie star might kiss, overt and dramatic and meant to inspire, hungry and passionate. I felt my body slip beneath the leash of her utter and complete *ownership* in that moment, and instead of terrifying me, it only fueled my growing excitement. She continued the kiss as she manhandled me, roughly and gently at the same time, into a nearby restroom, marked "Ladies" in bright letters on the front. I didn't care. She could have led me into a bonfire right then, and I would have followed willingly.

She broke away from me, a little breathless. "Tell me you're not married, or have a girlfriend."

I laughed. "You have a very exaggerated sense of me," I said. "No. No one in my life."

She caressed my face, making my eyes close involuntarily to savor the contact. "Bad luck," she whispered. "For them. That makes you *mine*. Touch me, Jack. I want you to touch me."



"For them. That makes you mine. Touch me, Jack. I want you to touch me."

She maneuvered my hands onto her breasts with her own, then leaned back against a countertop to moan in pleasure at my clumsy, inept ministrations. Perhaps it did feel that good to her, or maybe she simply pretended that it did – John's comment about 'star treatment' could have meant this young woman worked as a very talented prostitute – but at that moment I didn't care. Her deft, manicured fingers pulled my shirt-tail free, unbuckled my belt, unbuttoned my trousers and lowered my zipper more quickly than I think I could have done myself. The young woman obviously practiced.

She gazed into my eyes, never breaking the electric contact, as she lowered herself gracefully to her shapely knees, looking up at me in utter devotion as she reached into my open fly and withdrew me. Eyes closed in complete passionate abandon, she opened her meticulously glossed lips wide and engulfed me to my root, moaning the way I'd heard other women moan

over chocolate, as if my body were delicious, like the sweetest candy imaginable. Her saliva wet me, her tongue teased me. I staggered backwards, hitting the wall roughly for support, but her firm grip on the root of my sex kept her attached, and she wormed forward effortlessly on her knees to keep me 'in range' of her talented mouth. I'd never experienced anything like it before, in all my life. I threaded my fingers into the lush, thick softness of her hair and gritted my teeth. Miraculously, the wet and very indelicate ministrations she performed did nothing to wreck the things that most attracted me to her in the first place – her makeup remained utterly pristine, like a retouched photograph, and her hair even looked painstakingly done even disheveled by my fingers. Her perfection remained unassailable, even as she knelt before me and pistoned her beautiful face up and down, sliding me roughly between her red-glossed lips.

The long-forgotten pressure swelled between my thighs, becoming an insistent, painful-sweet crescendo, until I gritted my teeth and screwed shut my eyes, grunting animalistically as I exploded inside her mouth. She swallowed – not reflexively, not dutifully, but in genuine gleeful *enjoyment* – every drop of me, moaning happily in her throat and milking every drop from my deflating member.

“Mmm,” she purred, letting me slip from her plump lips and offering me a delighted smile. “You taste amazing, Jack. I really enjoyed that. Thank you.”

I stammered a little. “Thank *me*? I think I'm the one who should be thanking *you*, Savannah. That is arguably the single most intense experience of my entire life. Thank *you*.”

“Oh, honey, please,” she said, her eyes going curiously flat. “Don't thank me.”

The floor buckled underneath me, and my knees stopped functioning properly. I grabbed at the wall for support, my fingers scrabbling against the tiles, and I sank to the cold floor, my head fogged and nonresponsive. As darkness closed around the edges of my vision, I saw Savannah stand gracefully and wipe her bottom lip, licking the residue from her fingertip as two large men entered the restroom.

“There he is,” she said, pointing at me. “Be gentle with this one, okay? He's actually kinda nice.”

I slipped beneath darkness and heard no more.

Consciousness found me painfully, in the form of a throbbing headache and a cottony mouth. My analytic mind automatically catalogued my symptoms – dehydration prevented my kidneys from adequately eliminating toxins, which in turn built up to symptomatic levels in my blood, causing a “hangover” effect. I needed to move around, to improve my venous circulation and help move my toxified blood through my liver, and I needed water to help eliminate whatever I received to render me unconscious.

Once I accomplished that, I could get on about the business of figuring out things like *why this happened* and *where the hell I was*.



I couldn't think of anything which might have caused such accelerated hair growth in such a timeframe.

I pressed a hand to my throbbing forehead and felt something soft enfold my fingers. I opened rheumy, gummed-shut eyes and saw a thick blanket of dark sable obscuring my vision. I pulled the fibers taut with slender, hairless fingers – fingers that were thick and furred with russet hair just this morning – and felt the answering tug on my scalp. My hair grew nearly nine or ten inches, by my estimation, in just the time elapsed during unconsciousness. Assuming they used a garden-variety sedative like midazolam or propofol, I couldn't have been insensible for longer than four hours or so. I couldn't think of anything which might have caused such accelerated hair growth in such a timeframe. Much less, the extreme amount of weight I seemed to have lost. I couldn't really focus my eyes or keep them open for longer than a few seconds at a time – I awoke with painful photosensitivity – but I could see enough of my arms, hands and upper chest to realize how much body mass shed. My arms almost qualified as lissome, and my hands approached delicate. My clothes – and my mobile phone with them – were gone, replaced with dark grey drawstring pajama pants and a dark sleeveless shirt with “Trainee” embroidered on the left breast.

Where did all that mass actually go? I wondered, feeling around my body to discover taut, smooth skin where flabby, loose fat once resided. *Did they siphon it off of me somehow? Recycle it? Is this the first step of an ongoing process, perhaps?*

A voice to my left stopped my musings suddenly. It sounded raspy and hoarse, like a surgical patient who'd recently had an endotracheal tube in his throat. “Are you okay?”

I groaned. My voice sounded softer, somehow. “I think so. Whatever they gave me – I feel awful, but I'm alive. Who are you?”

“James. James Whittaker,” the voice told me.

“And I'm Harendra Vishnavi,” another, equally hoarse voice informed me from my right.

“Jack Hebert,” I grunted, massaging my temples. I opened my eyes and forced them to regard

the people occupying the little room. It looked like a prison dormitory – whitewashed walls of unadorned cinderblocks, with a single door. High, unreachable windows recessed deeply into the walls admitted harsh sunlight. Each of us had a single bed with a thin, hard mattress and a small bedside table bolted to the floor alongside. A bottle of water stood unopened on mine. I took it and tore the cap away, taking several long draughts which improved my condition immediately.

“Wait a second – Jack Hebert – you mean *Doctor* Jack Hebert, the cellular biochemist? You work at the university?” the voice to my right – Vishnavi, he'd called himself – asked. The painfully slender, brown-skinned man in ill-fitting clothing with lank black hair and prominent nose offered me a curious look.

“That's right,” I confirmed.

“I've followed your work,” Vishnavi said. “It had a lot of promise for my own. I'm a neurobiologist at St. Mary's. I've been working on regenerating and chemically remapping brain tissue. Your own research might have greatly advanced my own.”

“I think I read one of your papers,” I said. “And you, Mr. Whittaker?”

The short, wide-eyed stick of a man in the bed to my left shrugged, raking his hands through preternaturally long, stringy mouse-brown hair. “It's Colonel,” he corrected gently. “United States Air Force. I worked in research, myself. I'm not really at liberty to discuss it any further.”

“Any idea where we are?” I asked. “Last thing I remember, I went to a restaurant.”

“Valentine's,” Colonel Whittaker said. “Myself and Dr. Vishnavi, as well. I can assume you had a rather... *private* consultation with one of the waitstaff, like we did?”

I nodded, a bit abashed. “Totally out of character for me,” I admitted, shamefaced. “But there was just... something about her. I couldn't seem to resist her, no matter how I tried.”

Vishnavi shook his head sadly. “The same for me. I have been happily married for nineteen years. I have never even considered being unfaithful to my wife,” he said. “But she seduced me in moments. Telling her 'no' never even crossed my mind.”

Whittaker sighed. “And I have been openly gay since 'don't ask, don't tell' got repealed,” he said. “I don't even consider women to be attractive, and that young woman had my pants around my ankles without the slightest bit of effort. I can only assume that our food or drinks were drugged, somehow, to make us more compliant.”

“Whatever it was, it was subtle,” I commented. “I never felt it take effect. And it wouldn't explain the hair growth, or my weight loss. I assume the Air Force would frown on shoulder-length hair, Colonel?”

He grunted. “I was the first one to wake up,” he said. “Before you even arrived. While you slept it off, they had machines attached to you and Dr. Vishnavi. I'm no expert in that sort of thing, but

it looked for all the world like a dialysis device. A big intake line, something that looked like a very sophisticated pump, and an equally big return line, all attached under the armpit. The lines were opaque, so I couldn't definitively say it was blood being pumped, but the intake line had a pulse."



"Get this straight, bitches," she said loudly. "You are the trainees. I am your trainer."

The door to the room burst open suddenly, and the staccato click of stiletto heels on tile echoed in the room as Savannah entered, her trademark sashay quick and deliberate. My face brightened at the sight of her, hoping her kind demeanor and bedroom eyes would soften at the sight of me and she might provide some kind of explanation. It took me flat aback when she grabbed a handful of my long hair in one hand and a similar handful of Dr. Vishanti's in the other and jerked both our heads back at a painful angle, glaring at us like we resembled nothing more than something unfortunate she'd stepped in.

"House rules," she hissed, no trace of the soft seduction in her voice that I remembered. "No talking. No questions. I say do something, your answer is 'right away.' There is no other acceptable answer. You sleep when I say sleep and you wake up when I say wake up. Make me repeat myself and you'll wish you had never been born."

She released us with a rough push which snapped our heads forward a bit painfully, then strode in a small circle around the perimeter of the room, arms behind her back, accompanied by the strident clicks of her platform heels. "Get this straight, bitches," she said loudly. "You are the trainees. I am your trainer. You will address me as 'Trainer,' 'Trainer Savannah,' or 'ma'am.' You will do your assigned tasks quickly, to the best of your ability, and without question or complaint.

If you do this, you will have no problems. Don't do it, and your life will become a living hell. Am I clear?"

Whittaker's military background made him first to respond. "Yes, Trainer Savannah."

We echoed his affirmative – still in mild shock – and she nodded in satisfaction. "You three need to get up and shower. Put your dirty uniforms in the hamper in the bathroom and clean ones will be provided for you by the time you're done. Get yourselves changed and then haul your fat asses to the day room. The rooms are marked, just follow the arrows and you'll find it. You'll get your assignments there."

She finished, then looked around at us in mild disbelief. "Well?"

Whittaker rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Well – it occurs to me that there are three of us and only one of you," he said, standing slowly and ominously. He barely reached her shoulder level, due to the skyscraper heels, but the menace the colonel exuded more than allowed for the difference in stature. Unsure, but desperate, Vishnavi and I stood behind him, facing the statuesque brunette.

She grinned. "Oh, good. I fucking love this part," she said smugly. She toyed with a heart-shaped locket around her neck, nestled into her delicious cleavage, and then squeezed it tight. All three of us fell hard to the tile floor in unison with loud, wet-sounding slaps, like marionettes with cut strings.

"You bitches belong to me," she told us, pacing between our motionless forms. "It's simple, really – just a little gizmo implanted in your necks. Interrupts the electrical impulse from the brain to the rest of the body. I leave it on long enough, your breathing will stop. Fuck with me, and I turn it on. Be nice to me, and I'll decide when to turn it off. Try to go out any door in this building, and it will activate automatically. Now, are we ready to behave, or do I need to start kicking the shit out of you to emphasize my point?"

She squeezed the locket again. "You can answer me. Do we need further instruction?"

"No, ma'am," Whittaker groaned, pushing himself to all fours with effort. Vishnavi and I agreed groggily.

"Good. One more thing – I don't have specific activation signals for your neural inhibitors," she added. "Just 'all on' or 'all off.' So if one of you fucks up, you all go down. One of you pushes me, all of you pay the price. And I have no problems killing every single one of you porky bitches. I can always get others, the way I look. Now, get the hell up off the floor and get to the showers. You bitches *reek*."

I FLOPPED LISTLESSLY INTO MY narrow bed several hours later, sweaty and aching all over my smaller body. I tried not to think about how much the new nickname given to me by the trainers – Miss Piggy – stung. Much of my adulthood focused on putting the awkwardness and teasing of my childhood to rest, safely behind me, and the taunting in the training rooms only reminded me much of that work remained undone. The ultimate insult came when the other trainers forced Vishnavi and Whittaker to call me 'Miss Piggy.' To have my friends turn on me – even if forced –

left me feeling exposed and totally alone. Years had passed since my last time wanting to cry that badly.

The day's "assignments" proved to be arduous to the point of pain. After the showers – which involved shaving away the light fuzz of hair on our legs and armpits and painstakingly washing and conditioning our longer hair, all under the merciless observation of the Trainers – we reported to the day room. Several other men, in similar states of emaciation with long hair, milled around inside the room with its neat rows of picnic-style tables and benches. Two televisions, one at either side of the room, played some inane reality-television show involving rich, whining women being terrible to one another. I ignored them, but several of the men watched them transfixed. We sat silently – terrified to speak or even look at one another – eyes on our hands folded in front of us on the table.

"Hey," one of the other men next to me whispered, nudging me gently with one elbow. The man had a pronounced British accent. "You're the new recruits, right?"

I nodded, unable to speak, fighting back tears.

"Don't worry. It's not that bad, once you learn the rules. Chin up."

From there, we were taken by a tall, Amazonian blonde with a perpetual girlish pout on her bee-stung lips named Trainer Lysette into a well-equipped exercise room. She ordered us into a corner away from the other groups of trainees, all diligently exercising under the pitiless eyes of another Trainer, and started us to work. I didn't know about my companions – particularly Vishnavi, another lifelong bookworm like myself – but I had not exercised with any diligence for years. The little "muffin top" over my drawstring and the roll of wattle fat beneath my chin testified to this, remaining stubbornly even after the intense weight-loss treatment received while I slept off my sedation. We began on treadmills which soon bathed me in a sheen of sticky sweat, then no sooner did our feet touch the rubberized floor than Trainer Lysette had us lifting weights – particularly lower body. We then split into two groups and began balance exercises and a strange, very intensive variation of yoga which bent our complaining bodies into unlikely contortions. Large bruises already formed on my forehead and left shoulder when Trainer Lysette activated our neural inhibitors to punish Vishnavi for not immediately re-racking a dumbbell when told and I dropped from a balance beam to the floor like a load of wet laundry.

After what seemed to be hours sweating and groaning under the intensive exercise regimen – which Trainer Lysette explained we would be doing two times a day from now on – she marched us down a short hallway into a series of classrooms. From there we got handed off to a freckle-faced redhead with stony green eyes, her thick and lustrous hair gathered into two long, curled pigtails on the sides of her head, who identified herself as Trainer Nicole. Another group of three – I guessed they had been here longer than we due to the longer lengths of their hair and fingernails – sat to one side of a lab-style table, on high stools, waiting for us to file into another one alongside. I groaned as I sat, aching and bruised, knuckling the small of my tortured back.

"Aw, poor Miss Piggy," Trainer Nicole said in mock-sympathy, wrinkling her nose at me. "You look like you could use some ibuprofen or something."

My eyes brightened hopefully, and she laughed cruelly. “Tough,” she spat. “I might consider giving something like that to one of the others. Maybe. But you... look at you, Piggy. You look like shit. Your hair looks like someone's been sucking on it. Your face is a mess. You smell like gym socks. You need to learn – all you bitches need to learn – that if you want something special, you can't get it walking around looking like shit. Only girls who look good get special treatment around here.”

She paused in her rant to hand out thick folders to each of us, topped with an unadorned silver bracelet. “Put them on your left wrists,” she ordered curtly, opening a thick folder of her own. We did so silently. “Open your folders. Page one. You...” she pointed a perfectly-manicured fingernail at Colonel Whittaker. “What color is the upper left-hand panel?”

Whittaker looked down at the page, then back up at the Trainer. “It's beige, Trainer Nicole.”

Trainer Nicole offered an evil smirk before tapping a little button set below the lip of the table, on her end. We all jumped and yelped, squirming – Vishnavi toppled off of his stool and crashed painfully into the floor. I sagged to the tabletop, panting, tears leaking from my eyes.

“Care to try again?” Trainer Nicole asked.

“No, ma'am,” Whittaker gasped, open-mouthed. “I'm too stupid to get it right.”

Trainer Nicole looked pleased. “Now at least that's an honest answer. That particular shade, stupid, is known as 'Champagne Shimmer.' See the pink undertone and the little bit of sparkle? It's primarily a lip tint, but you can see it sometimes on cheeks. Works great with bronzers. It's a shade best avoided by pale complexions – too abrupt – and it gets completely swallowed up on any but the lightest black skin. I've seen it make Asian skin go all orange-y and fake, but I've also seen it work well.”

I stared at the page. I would have answered the same thing Whittaker answered – it just looked beige. Grabbing a pen from the little cup in the center of the table, I quickly scrawled notes of every word Trainer Nicole just uttered. I had the dreadful feeling we would all be asked again, and suffer the shock – obviously from the silver bracelets – if we didn't answer correctly. The others at the table saw me making notes and instantly followed suit.

“The middle color swatch is very similar,” Trainer Nicole went on, “but if you look closely you'll see it's much yellower. Not as bronze, more golden. Everybody see the difference? This shade is called 'Autumn Sunshine.' It really brings out green eyes, and works really well on a ruddier, more Mediterranean complexion. Another lip color, primarily...”

We sat there, noting copiously as if this information mattered more than anything in the entire world, for several hours. Trainer Nicole took us through page after page of nearly-identical colors, describing each one and the complexions best suited to them. We also studied – in surprising depth, I found – the anatomy and some of the physiology of the skin, such as the sebaceous glands and hair follicles. We studied advanced color theory. Many more shocks came, but we found Trainer Nicole seemed much happier – and less inclined to touch the activation button – if we at least attempted to answer her questions, even if they were wrong.

She only shocked the answers given that seemed dismissive. So long as we treated her subject matter with importance, she would allow us to give close but still incorrect answers without administering a punishment.

She stood us up at the end of the lesson and had us line up by the door. As I stood there, eyes downcast, a thought occurred to me while assessing the growing stiffness and demanding ache in my shoulders, buttocks and thighs.

Daring with a courage I scarcely credited myself, I looked over at her and cleared my throat tenuously. "Trainer Nicole? May I ask a question, ma'am?"

She looked a little shocked for a moment. Maybe she, like myself, hadn't expected such a bold move.

"What is it, Miss Piggy?"

"Ma'am, could I... I mean, could you tell me where I could find a hairbrush, or a comb? Someplace to wash my face? If I need to improve my appearance to get things like aspirin, then..."

She smiled. "First sensible thing I've heard you say today, Piggy. You're going to... let's see..." she checked a list inside the front cover of her folder. "Trainer Jasmine after this session. I'll tell her you asked. I'm sure, if you do your best for her, she'll put the requisition through for you."

"I will, ma'am. Thank you, ma'am."

She gave me an appraising look. "I might've misjudged you, Piggy."

"Thank you, ma'am."

"Now, all you lazy skanks, get moving. Trainer Jasmine is waiting."

* * *

The days turned into weeks. A rut that should never have felt comfortable but somehow *did* established itself around us. The neural interruptions and the painful shocks became fewer and fewer as Vishnavi, Whittaker and myself applied ourselves more and more to the lessons put before us. Trainer Jasmine put us through our paces every morning, now, instead of afternoons, giving us long practice sessions with pencils and brushes. Bold strokes, light strokes, blending strokes – we mastered them all quickly and it helped us in Trainer Nicole's classes after morning exercise. Thankfully, the exercise regimen didn't hurt nearly so much as it had at first – perhaps the intensive regimen paid off – and I suspected that we received drugs in our food and water, distributed to us six times daily, that adjusted our metabolisms and muscle development, perhaps even our flexibility and joint health, accordingly.

One of the days – I'd long since lost track of which day was which, and I assumed that the sophistication of the operation I'd unwillingly joined made provision assuring no one came looking for me – I got taken away from my group by a tall, muscular blonde Trainer, one I'd not

yet met – to a room just off to one side of the gym. Trainer Nicole met us there, her everpresent folder in her hand and red pigtails over her shoulders, and offered me a tight smile.

“Hello, Trainee,” she said. “This is Trainer Madison.”

I bobbed something between a nod and a small curtsy. “Hello, Trainer.”

The tall blonde gave me a smile. “Trainer Nicole, here, tells me that you've become an exemplary student,” she told me. “In fact, she's recommending that you be moved forward from Phase One to Phase Two.”

“Phase Two, ma'am?” I asked, suddenly frightened.

“Just settle down,” Trainer Nicole snapped. “The last thing we need from you right now, Piggy, is a hissy-fit. Every last bitch in the classrooms will wind up in Phase Two eventually. You just managed to get there first. You're supposed to be proud, you silly bitch.”

I struggled to make sense of it. The fright shimmering inside my chest grew, gripping me with outright fear as I stammered, “I am, Trainer. I mean, I know I *should* be... but...”

“But, nothing,” Trainer Madison said. “We don't have all day to try and convince you about this, Piggy. We offered you the easy way, but it appears that you're too dense to take it. So, the hard way. Stand still and put your arms behind your back.”

Trainer Nicole, her pigtails bobbing, ran the herringbone chain of her heart-shaped locket – the activator for my neural inhibitor, across one pouty lip to remind me that they would have their way, whether I resisted or not. Weeping, my shoulders shaking with fright, I stood straight and slid my hands behind my back.

“Good Piggy,” Trainer Nicole said, stepping behind me. She lowered a bright red – my mind instinctually identified it as L'Oreal's Ravishing Scarlet – ball gag in front of my eyes and pulled it tight, forcing my teeth apart roughly and pulling my jaw downwards just shy of the point of pain. I heard Trainer Nicole giggling behind me. Trainer Madison wrapped me in muscular arms, her large and very full breasts flattening against my midsection, as she slipped leather-lined handcuffs around my wrists and secured them very tightly, holding my arms roughly behind me. I sobbed now, muffled by the gag, and shivered in purest terror as the two women placed me completely at their mercy.



I nodded meekly

“Much better,” Trainer Madison said, checking my bonds with satisfaction. “You ready to behave yourself, now, Miss Piggy, or do we have to hobble your legs and take you to Phase Two on a furniture dolly?”

I nodded meekly. With Trainer Nicole gripping the crook of one elbow and Trainer Madison gripping the other, they hustled me out of the room, down the hallway and to a staircase behind a secured door, accessible only by a proximity card which Trainer Madison carried in her bra strap and a lengthy code, provided by Trainer Nicole.

The other side of the door led to a tiny, unadorned vestibule of the same white-washed cinderblock, containing only an elevator in its far wall. The Trainers supplied the code and proximity card once again and summoned the car. In the moment that passed waiting, Trainer Nicole pulled a large piece of gum into her mouth and chewed blissfully while Trainer Madison tore the wrapping from a lollipop with long, French-manicured fingernails and sucked it between her pouty lips.

“Damn, I thought I was gonna *die*,” Trainer Madison said, rubbing the lollipop against her lips like some bizarre massage. The door slid aside with a pleasant computerized tone and they led me inside roughly, pushing me against the wall while they lounged against the handrail to either side of me.

“Ever miss the ball gag?” Trainer Madison asked her companion by way of conversation.

“Every once in a while,” Trainer Nicole replied, smacking her gum loudly. She blew a huge bubble, then sucked it back into her mouth to chew. “I had to stop using it, it was fucking up my veneers.”

“I still sleep with it in, sometimes. Helps my mood in the mornings,” Trainer Madison said. “My friend Lindsay actually ordered one online that has a little cock for the part that goes in your mouth. She always wakes up with a smile.”

Trainer Nicole laughed, a tinkling, giddy affair. “You Pinks,” she said fondly. “Always shopping.”

“Comes with the pink skirt,” Trainer Madison laughed. “You should switch.”

Trainer Nicole made a dismissive snort. “Hell, no. Purple 'till I die, bitch. I love the jock life.”

“Too bad. You're real princess material,” Trainer Nicole commented, continuing her lascivious tongue-bath of the lollipop. The conversation cut short with another computerized *ding*. The door slid open and revealed a large open foyer of some kind, two walls made completely of glass, looking out onto a lush stretch of woods with the barest shreds of fog clinging to their roots. Apparently, the downstairs schedule had us up well before dawn to begin our days, since I estimated I'd already been awake for three hours and it looked outside as if the sun had only just risen.

They hustled me through the foyer – decorated with potted plants and a few tasteful sculptures – and past two or three knots of young women dressed in the plain grey “Trainee” uniforms like my own, each group led by a statuesque centerfold woman wearing the abbreviated schoolgirl uniform of the restaurant. I noticed each of the women in the “Trainee” clothing wore a little loop of ribbon pinned to her lapel – some wore yellow, others pale blue, a few more lavender and some pink – and always seemed to be led by a uniformed waitress in the required ensemble of the same hue.

“Welcome to Phase Two, Miss Piggy,” Trainer Madison said affably, quick-stepping me along to the end of the foyer and another set of secure doors. She picked the leftmost of a set of three, using the proximity card to enter but not needing a code. The door clicked loudly and swung inwards on silent hinges into a white-tiled, antiseptic room populated by more gorgeous women, these clad in white iterations of the schoolgirl uniform with a starched white lab coat worn over it. I noticed some of these women allowed themselves a slight deviation from physical perfection by wearing stylish eyeglasses. All of them had their lustrous hair pulled back into a severe bun at the napes of their necks.

“Is this Hebert?” one of the white-coated women asked, cocking a neatly trimmed and waxed eyebrow in question.

“Yes, ma'am,” Trainer Nicole said, her gum-smacking now respectfully muted and her eyes downcast.

“The metabolic accelerant didn't work as well as it usually does,” the white-coat commented, poking my jiggling little 'muffin-top' with the end of her pen.

“You should have seen this one before the procedure,” Trainer Madison commented. “A big tub of lard. The accelerants worked wonders, I can assure you.”

“I may need to schedule another round,” the white-coat said, making a note on a tablet computer she retrieved from a nearby tabletop. “I'll run it concurrently with the first infusion. You can leave Miss Piggy with me, girls. I'm sure Dr. Hebert won't cause me any trouble, will you?”

I shook my head emphatically *no*.

“You better not,” Trainer Nicole said ominously, narrowing her perfectly made-up eyes at me menacingly. “One unfavorable word from Dr. Krystal, here, and you'll think the last weeks were a spa weekend, you understand me?”

I nodded. Satisfied by the abject terror in my eyes and the tears sparkling at their corners, Trainer Madison released my wrists and unbuckled the ball gag from behind my head. I sagged visibly, massaging my wrists and working my jaw painfully, gasping for air.

“You may go, Trainers, and thank you,” Dr. Krystal said, tapping her bottom lip with the pen stylus from the tablet. “Now, Dr. Hebert – or do you actually prefer 'Miss Piggy,' now?”

I cleared my throat roughly, still breathless. “Whatever you prefer, ma'am.”

She clucked her tongue. “You can leave off with that 'ma'am' and 'doctor' business. That level of decorum we can reserve for the Trainers, and that sort of thing belongs in Phase One. You can call me Crystal. And I can call you...?”

“Jack will be fine,” I told her.

“Fine, Jack. Have a seat.” She gestured to a chair next to the small table covered with computers nearby. I nearly collapsed into the chair, making it creak beneath my weight. She sat at the table next to me and touched some sort of cold metal probe to the back of my neck, parting my hair with gentle fingers to make contact. On a screen beside her, a full set of vital signs blinked to life – my pulse, blood pressure, oxygen saturation, EKG, even real-time measure of the levels of calcium, potassium and sodium in my blood, the partial pressures of carbon dioxide, and a few other numbers encoded to values I didn't quite recognize.

“Impressive,” I said softly.

“The inhibitor in your neck, darling,” Crystal said simply. “Figured if we had to go to the trouble of a surgical implant, then we should have it gather a bit more data. No sense opening you up and not doing everything at once.”

“Why didn't I feel any postoperative pain?” I asked.

“The implant is about the size of a grain of rice,” she explained. “Some of our top minds are pioneers in the nanotechnology. And the quick healing, lack of scarring – you can thank some of our other contributors who happen to be real visionaries in the field of cellular regeneration.”

“Why have I never heard of you? What institute is this?” I asked.

She offered me a playful moué in response. “You should know better, Jack.”

“What happens now?” I asked.

"I suppose you've figured out what the final result will be," Crystal said. "You're not exactly a fool."

"It appears as though everyone you've captured is to be transformed, somehow, into a female."

"A rather... *narrow* view, but in essence, correct," Crystal confirmed. "A bit more than just a simple female. I suppose you've noticed the, shall we say, *quality* of the specimens wandering around this place in uniform."

"They are perfect," I told her.

"You flatter me," Crystal replied.

"But you never answered my question," I reminded her. While I spoke, she drew up a few milliliters of a clear solution into a syringe and began cleaning a site on my upper arm. "What happens next?"

"We've engineered the metabolic transformation. Or, in your case, rather, we've begun it. The physical transformation takes a bit longer, and the behavioral transformation even longer."

"Aha. Phase Two – physical transformation."

"You're very perceptive," Crystal told me. "The training downstairs – it provided a bit of the basic physical skills you'll need to adapt. Your work is only barely begun, however, before you start believing you're ready. Phase Two is no picnic, Jack. You'll be looking back with great fondness at the easy days of Phase One before it's over."

She injected me quickly and with a relative lack of pain. "Any other questions?"

"The color-coding. The yellows and the like. Does it have any significance?"

"Not any that matters to someone in Phase Two," she said. "Ask me again when you enter Phase Three."

"The injection?" I inquired.

"A bit of a cocktail I helped develop with Dr. Tiffany and Dr. Staci, over there," she said, indicating two gorgeous white-coated blondes loading blood samples into a centrifuge nearby. They granted me glittering, suggestive smiles and one of them a coy little finger-wagging wave in exchange for my attention.

"I don't have the time to explain it fully – the injection is part of a binary reaction which needs to be completed in a set amount of time. You'll be sedated – the process is quite painful – and you should be finished with the first treatment in about three hours. Now, if you would be so kind as to follow Dr. Felicity, there, she'll take you to the treatment room."

A willowy redheaded vision of sexual perfection took me by the arm gently as I stood. She led me away from the desk into a little side room, packed to bursting with medical monitoring equipment and cylinders of compressed gas, surrounding a reclined examination table. Dr. Felicity removed my clothes deftly and directed me to put on a one-piece leotard of some metallic fabric, then laid me down gently on the examination table and covered my entire face and some of my upper chest with a domed, clear hood. She attached a pressure line to a port on the dome deftly, then hummed quietly to herself as she drew up more medication in a clean syringe and injected me expertly in the thigh. She closed some sort of pressure cuff around my thighs and upper arms, still humming tunelessly, as the first floating, disembodied sensations of sedation began to cloy at the edges of my sensibility.



... this one painted a pale pink with white trim and sporting lacy curtains

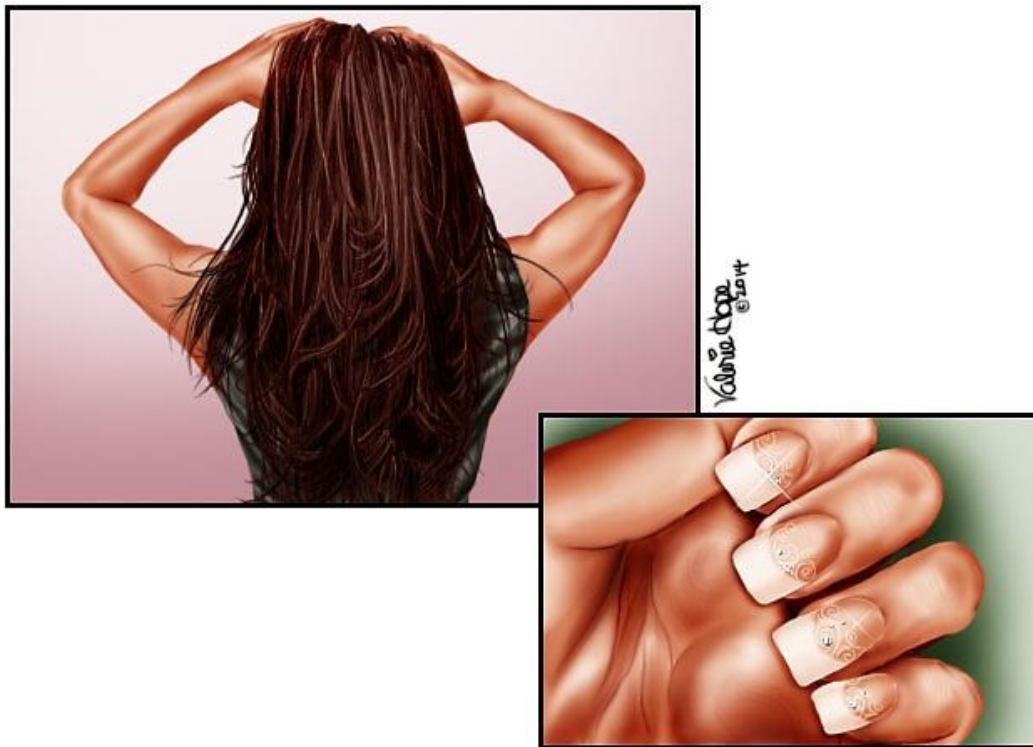
I held on to consciousness just long enough to see Felicity pop a piece of gum into her pert mouth and chew blissfully while bringing the various monitors to life around me and check the settings on several machines, some of which I recognized and some of which I did not. My eyes fluttered closed, and I drifted away.

* * *

I awoke in a different room, this one painted a pale pink with white trim and sporting lacy curtains on a small window overlooking the woods. I felt surprisingly good – I'd expected much worse when Crystal told me how painful things would be in Phase Two – and swung my legs over the side of the bed, stretching languorously. I'd been dressed in my plain grey "Trainee" uniform while I slept, and when I threw my arms wide in a stretch I gasped and bent forward in shock – the fabric of the uniform top, which never bothered me before, seemed to chafe and abrade my nipples painfully as it slid across them. They hardened to stiff points, tenting the thin fabric, and I stared down at them in disbelief. They'd grown to easily the size of mini-marshmallows and

seemed to erect themselves at the slightest stimulus. I reached up to touch one, gingerly, and gasped again. My fingernails grew while I slept, as well, now overtopping my fingertips by a good half- to three-quarters of an inch. The tips shone lustrous white, catching the dim light in the room, and a little curlicue design wound around the pink nail-bed.

At the same time I regarded my elegant – and seemingly permanent – French manicure, I felt the heavy, soft warmth of a thick curtain of hair settle around my shoulders. Even the slight breeze of the climate control through the vent in the wall stirred it around my face, and I could see the original chestnut brown of the initial treatment had deepened its tone to a rich sable, shot through with coppery red highlights. I ran my hands through it, ignoring the abrasion of my hypersensitive nipples, and it enclosed my fingers like a fog of utter silken softness, making me want to run my fingers through it again. It shone with a luster only seen in shampoo commercials, throwing off the light as I twirled a thick lock of it between my fingers.



At the same time I regarded my elegant – and seemingly permanent – French manicure

The process lengthened the hair, as well – I estimated it at around sixteen or eighteen inches long, flowing over my face and down my back. Unprepared for the heat it trapped against my skin, I gathered it up into a loose ponytail with one hand, savoring the feel of cool air blowing on the back of my neck. The little drawer in the bedside table stood empty, no bands or clips I could use to keep it that way. I settled for drawing the lush, thick curtain of softness over one shoulder, exposing my neck and one side of my face, then switched it at intervals to cool off the other side. Strangely, I didn't sweat with the heat – my skin seemed to absorb it more readily, somehow.

No mirrors adorned the walls of my room, so I couldn't see any changes the procedure may have wrought on my face, but I did lift up the hem of my top in anticipation. The little jiggling muffin-top still pooched out of my waistband, and I sighed heavily. Still Miss Piggy. I didn't expect that feeling to disturb me so much.

A quiet knock at the door grabbed my attention, and moving my head so quickly whipped a cascade of hair into my face, making me spit and splutter as it fell into my mouth.

"Yes?" I asked, in a voice suddenly much smoother and perhaps a major fifth higher. It carried a sexy breathiness – sort of a Jayne Mansfield effect – that shocked me. My long-nailed fingers went to my throat, and smooth skin greeted their touch where an Adam's apple once bulged, even through the folds of fat and double-chin once obscuring it.

The door opened and Dr. Crystal stepped in. "Hello, Jack," she said brightly, giving me a welcoming smile. "Welcome back to the land of the living."

I rubbed my eyes carefully – my lashes seemed much longer, and I didn't want to fold any of them under to irritate my eye – and stifled a yawn. "Hi, Crystal."

"You look good. How are you feeling?"

"Physically, fine. Quite good, actually," I said. "Mentally – that's another conversation."

She laughed, wrinkling her nose in the most adorable way imaginable. "I remember the feeling."

"You were male?" I asked her.

"I was," she said. "Six foot five and two hundred seventy pounds. Had a beard down to my nipples and sleeve tattoos on both arms, if you can believe it."

"After this, I can believe anything," I said. "You even did my nails while I was out."

She shook her head. "Actually, your nails did themselves," she explained, taking a seat beside me on the bed. "A little genetic manipulation by Dr. Kendra. She spliced oyster genes so that your nail beds generate actual nacre. The little swirl design is new. She'd been itching to try it out. It looks great."

I looked down at my nails, folded over into my palms, on both hands. "These are actual mother-of-pearl?" I asked, a little awestruck. "I thought cross-species genetics were decades away."

"Amazing what a determined girl with a Ph.D. in genetic engineering and a push-up bra can accomplish," Crystal said. "Makes me feel a little inadequate, just being plain old internal medicine."

She passed the metal probe over the back of my neck to read my real-time vital signs, noticed me shifting my mass of hair from one side to the other and reached into the pocket of her lab coat to hand me a pink cloth 'scrunchie.' I gave her a grateful smile and wrapped it twice around

my thick hair into a ponytail high on my head. The hair swung pendulously with my every movement, tickling the hell out of my neck and shoulders, but it made me feel infinitely cooler immediately.

“Like the room? I had a hand in decorating it,” she mentioned as she made notes in my chart. “I tried to make it look nice, because I’m afraid you’re going to be here a while. Enjoy the private bathroom for a while. Once you move on from here, you won’t see another one for quite some time.”

“It is pretty,” I said, taking in the pleasant little room. Flowers stood fresh in a little vase on a shelf by the wall, containing ladies’ magazines. A little flat-screen television hung mounted to the wall above it. A tasteful picture of a seaside hung opposite, beside a door leading to the bathroom.

“Could you stand up for me, please?”

I nodded, and rose to my feet. Crystal clucked her tongue disapprovingly – I rose like a man, knees wide apart and leaning forward precariously. I’d only just begun flailing for a sarcastic explanation when lances of hot pain stabbed up the backs of my calves and I yelped, grasping the bed for support. I rose to my tiptoes immediately, giving myself a little bit of relief.

“Oh, Jesus,” I breathed. “That *really* hurts.” Tears stung my eyes. I wept at the drop of a hat, now.

“Excellent,” she told me. “We shortened your Achilles’ tendons. It appears to have worked. If you’ll look under the bed, I have some footwear that might help with the discomfort.”

I sagged to my knees, fists wadded in the covers, and peered under the hospital bed to find a pair of pink ‘flip-flop’ sandals, the thongs encrusted with gaudy rhinestones, built up into a three-inch wedge heel. I slid my newly-dainty little feet – the toenails sparkling at the tips with more mother-of-pearl – into them and stood, feeling the stabbing pain ease considerably.

“Better?” Crystal asked.

“A little,” I said.

“You’ll feel better the higher your heel,” she told me. “But you’ll need practice. In time, you’ll be like me – you can’t stand or walk comfortably in anything lower than five or six inches.”



"You'll feel better the higher your heel," she told me

I struggled to mediate my heavy breathing, still shocked from the unexpected pain, when a sudden wave of nausea gripped me. My cheeks bulged as I vomited suddenly, and I clamped a hand over my mouth and ran as fast as the heels would allow to the bathroom. I slipped out of them, ignoring the pain in my calves, in my haste and fell painfully to my knees in front of the toilet, retching and heaving.

It felt as if parts of my insides tore free to flow up my gullet and into my mouth. Managing to open my eyes tearfully, I saw chunks of what might have been fat tissue, glandular tissue and even something that looked alarmingly like bone floating in the commode amidst a veritable sea of blood and foul-smelling bile.

Even through the pain and tetany of my full-body vomiting, I could feel strange, eerie tugs and movements of my skin and even my internal organs. I felt my belly compress physically, sinking into me, and my flesh draw taut across my ribcage like I deflated, somehow. My back curved down to an almost unnatural arch as my spine seemed to sag, as if under a great weight, and a cruel stretching feeling spread across my buttocks as they seemed to expand like balloons behind me. Strangest – and most alarming – of all, I felt my scrotum stretch backwards, between my thighs, and separate into two labia while my penis, never any paragon of hugeness, shrunk to miniscule proportions, beyond even the size of an infant's and then smaller still, tucking itself away between the thick folds of skin. I actually managed to crane my neck enough to watch the urinary meatus pull back and down, separating itself from the head of the shrinking phallus, to a spot just below. Inside me, perceptibly, I could feel organs shifting as my testicles rose into my lower abdomen, dragging the vas deferens and prostate gland behind like a bizarre towing rig,

situating itself just below my navel and expanding wider and wider. I could, for the first time, actually feel a *space* inside myself. An actual hollow place, an emptiness. I knew what nature intended to occupy that space, and began to sob loudly as I continued retching. My waist nipped in so far that my drawstring pants could no longer stay up on their own, and they fluttered down to my knees, revealing legs so devoid of fat to qualify as spindly, and the cool breeze of the air conditioners blew against the lips of my new vulva and made me squirm.

Crystal watched, fascinated, from the door. “Astounding,” she commented softly. “I’ve never actually been present to see that happen. You’re perfect, Jack. Simply *perfect*.”

“It... it *hurts*,” I sobbed, wailing like a child.

Crystal sat cross-legged on the floor next to me and gathered my pale, sweating face close against one of her magnificent, perfectly spherical breasts. She stroked my hair and rocked me gently back and forth, whispering, “I know, honey. I know. It will all be over soon. I promise. Mama promises.”

I sagged against her, exhausted beyond the point of being able to support my own weight – negligible as it was, now, the second metabolic treatment along with the energy requirements of the transformation served to make me positively emaciated, with pronounced “xylophone” ribs and spinal processes, with stick-thin extremities, and sunken cheeks and eyes. My skin shone slick with greasy sweat and a long streamer of thick, sticky drool hung from my bottom lip, which puffed out now to two or three times its original proportion, well into the ‘bee-stung pout’ category. I know I turned deathly pale. I buried my face in the subtle floral scent between Crystal’s breasts and just cried until I could cry no more. Her sweet soprano voice whispered knowing, gentle endearments into my hair as she held me, rocking back and forth until the flood of pain, shock and emotion finally subsided, leaving me completely scoured raw inside.

“Let Mama help you up, baby,” she said lovingly, hoisting my emaciated frame effortlessly to my feet. She gave me a moment to wiggle my feet into the wedge sandals and helped me back to the bed on faltering, weak-kneed steps.

“You certainly did turn out to be a skinny little thing,” she told me fondly. “No more Miss Piggy – that will make you happy. You’re a little beanpole, now.”

“When will this be over?” I groaned.

“The worst part already is,” she told me. “The initial transformation is very traumatic and painful. But it’s finished. You are a perfect, healthy, *beautiful* young woman. We can expect your menarche – your first menses – within about forty-eight hours. I’ll send someone by with tampons after you rest, and she can show you how to put them in properly.”

I wept dryly – there were no more tears in me to shed. “Tampons. Put them *in*.”

She smoothed my hair. “I forgot how scary a word “in” could be, right at first. Yes, honey. Things go *inside* you, now. You have holes. You don’t penetrate any more, you *are penetrated*. You receive. The inside of your body is no longer accessible only by something traumatic.”

"I don't want things to go *inside* me," I whined.

"You will," Crystal said. "Now, get some rest, honey. You have some hard days ahead of you."

* * *

I awoke again with only darkness outside my window. A band-aid covered the hollow of one elbow and my headache seemed to have subsided, which meant someone administered intravenous fluid to me while I slept to combat my advanced dehydration. I reached out blindly, patting around a bit on the bedside table, until I found the switch for the little plastic lamp and clicked it on.



The slightest little bit of pressure against my nipples brought them to stiff attention

Ignoring the pain in my calves, I stood up and ran my hands over my naked body. The slightest little bit of pressure against my nipples brought them to stiff attention, and I couldn't bring myself to do more than look at my new feminine genitals, tucked neatly inside the folds of my labia. I carried somewhere in the neighborhood of two percent body fat, perhaps, well into the 'unhealthy' range for a woman, and I looked altogether anorexic in the little full-length mirror newly attached to the back of the bathroom door. I suspected I owed the mirror to Crystal. She seemed well aware of the psychological trauma of the transformation and would see such a gesture as part of the healing process.

I examined myself – during my sleep, my skin lost its waxy hue of sickness and took on a vital,

healthy glow – and became so absorbed in the minutiae of what was *new* about me that I never even noticed the door open behind me.

A tall, lavishly-muscled woman with long blonde hair and truly titanic breasts stood in my doorway, smiling broadly. “OhmahGAWD, look how *skinny* you are!” she bubbled loudly, bouncing on her toes in her stiletto heels just enough to make her enormous boobs jiggle deliciously, threatening to escape the confines of the straining pink bra beneath the pastel pink blouse tied beneath them. She snapped a picture of me on her pink rhinestone phone with a blinding flash as I tried to cover myself desperately.

“Who... who are you?” I stammered.

She giggled. “Didn't somebody tell you? I'm Priscilla, but everybody calls me Prissi. I'm your new big sister! Isn't that cool?”

“What... big sister? Why do I need a big sister?”

She twirled a lock of pale golden blonde hair around one pink-glitter manicured finger. “Um... *duh*,” she said brightly. “Everybody gets one. And I'm yours? What's your name, baby girl?”

I sank back onto my bed, pulling the covers protectively around my nudity. “It's... it's, uh, Jack.”

She wrinkled her nose and stuck out her tongue. “*Totally* doesn't fit you anymore, cutie,” she commented with distaste. She held out a wide collar of what looked like leather, studded with rhinestones in the shape of hearts. “We'll have to figure you out a new one, 'kay? It'll be fun. For now, though, I need you to put this on. The sparklies are your medicine, baby, they really help you out.”

I hesitated, looking suspiciously at the collar.

“Oh, c'mon, sweetie, everybody gets them right at first!” Prissi effervesced. “Once the little sparklies dissolve, you can take it off, 'kay? Unless you wind up, y'know, like... *into* that kind of thing. A lot of girls do.”

I still didn't move.

“Baby, you gotta know if you don't put it on yourself, I'm just gonna call somebody to come in 'n' *make* you put it on,” she said. “Besides, it'll look *sooo* cute on you.”

I reached out and she handed me the collar. I lifted the hair away from my neck – Crystal's scrunchie probably still lay on the bathroom floor where it fell from my hair earlier – and fastened it deftly around my neck, surprising with my longer fingernails. It fit snugly, but not uncomfortably.

“Oooh! Pretty!” Prissi said, taking both my hands in hers. “Baby, you 'n' me, we're gonna have so much fun together, I just know it! I got a feeling about you, sweetie. We're gonna be total BFF's! Can you feel it, too?”

I sighed, absolutely thunderstruck. “I... I don't know. Maybe?”

She gathered me into a tight, breast-to-denuded-breast hug. “Good enough for me!” she chirped. “Now hurry up 'n' get yourself dressed, 'kay? We gotta be at physical therapy in fifteen minutes!”

MUCH LIKE MY EXPERIENCE OF Phase One, Phase Two settled quickly into a routine, making the days drift one after another into a nearly pleasant rhythm which erased all sense of time passing. Prissi functioned as the cornerstone of my life – she woke me in the mornings and tucked me in at night, unfailingly encouraging and supportive. Where the Trainers in Phase One inspired fear, she inspired trust, and I felt myself growing more and more dependent on her. If I had more experience with such emotions in my past life, I would have recognized how much I grew to love her. The “big sister” epithet carried more weight than I originally realized.

I took pride in my big sister, as well. Other big sisters, shepherding their own lanky, awkward charges around the Phase Two grounds, looked to her with admiration and affection. I liked how popular and well-liked my big sister was around the small society I grew to join.

She encouraged me to do a lot of things, some I felt prepared for and others I knew I wasn't. Every night before bed, while she brushed and braided my hair and gossiped about the other big sisters, telling me intimate little secrets and embarrassing anecdotes about their own transformations, she all but sanctioned my playing with myself beneath the covers at night. I could barely bring myself to look at my new genitalia – Prissi insisted that I refer to it as “my pussy” or “my kitty” when I spoke of it – much less force myself to touch it any further than to dab it gently with toilet paper after I urinated.

So many things foreign to me now came to me naturally. After a day of wet floors and clothing, I no longer needed to think before sitting down to urinate, or to tear free a little wad of toilet paper afterwards and pat myself dry. I no longer left the room without slinging my purse around my shoulder, after two days of forgetting it behind me wherever I went, and my entire life soon resided inside the simple black leather bag. Everything I needed to function – hairbrush, compact mirror, keycard, meal card, daily medications and the little mobile phone which allowed me to contact either Prissi or Dr. Crystal at any time – lay piled in the interior. I also stocked it with “emergency” tampons and ibuprofen, since the day I sat on a bench in the gymnasium, waiting my turn at the balance beam, and found myself unexpectedly sitting in a small pool of blood.

Prissi proved to be a godsend for those three days. She taught me all the little secret tricks to combat cramps, leakage, the unfortunate smell – just like a true big sister might, had I been born female – and made the entire terrifying process of bleeding for three days and not dying – something utterly alien to my male mind – survivable. It still pained me to look at the dried blood left behind, in little smears on my panties, floating in the toilet bowl as I changed tampons... because I could no longer deny what had happened. That blood was mine. The lining of *my* uterus. Where *my* baby could grow, if I got pregnant by having sperm ejaculated inside *my*

vagina. Using the possessive with those particular nouns terrified me to my core, taking all of Prissi's indefatigable optimism to convince me it was *no big deal*. It happened to every girl. And I was a girl now.

The other, smaller things that encroached upon my day-to-day life paled beside things like periods. Prissi came every morning, along with breakfast, and chatted gaily to me while I ate. My stomach scarcely held the yogurt and fresh fruit they gave me, and the strong black coffee I drank my entire adult life now upset my digestion horrifically unless I leavened it liberally with cream and sugar, now. Prissi noticed, and began bringing me 'trendy' coffees like lattes and mochas for our mornings. I hated to admit how much better to me they tasted.

After breakfast, she sat beside me on the bed and held a large hand mirror while I used my rote-learned skills from Phase One to apply makeup. I wore makeup every day, now, and began early attempts now to style my hair. Only eyeliner, mascara and lip gloss, right at first, but Prissi told me to expect her to bring foundation, cheek color and a lip pencil any day now. I could identify the shades automatically, and began to establish which colors suited me.

My work on the balance beam improved my stride as I graduated from a three-inch clunky heel to a four-inch stiletto. The insistent clicking of my every step on the tile floors distracted me still, but I grew used to it as I had carrying a purse. Physical therapists focused daily on my stride and posture, remaking my walk into more of a *slink* as the days wore on. I even worked the balance beam in heels now, and began having to carry heavy weights at the level of my shoulder. I could easily deduce these weights would mimic carrying a heavy tray. They groomed me for work in the restaurant.

I finished up with a daily workout – weight training with high-yield protein shakes before and after, as the trainers there attempted to 'put some meat on my bones' – and toweled my forehead dry, ready to go into the lockers and repair my makeup, when Prissi bounded into the gym and hugged me tight.

"Hey, girl, what's up?" she bubbled, smiling her 'high-beam' smile that showed nearly every tooth. "Got killer news for you – d'you love me or what?"

I couldn't help but return her smile. "You know I do."

"Remember the girls in your Phase One group? They got moved upstairs last night," she said.

"Colonel Whittaker? Dr. Vishnavi? They're here?" I asked, feeling elation swell in my narrow, emaciated chest.

"No way they're gonna let you call them that, baby, but yeah. They're being moved to private rooms right after lunch. Talked to Crystal, she says they're *totally* fine."

"Oh, that *is* good news," I breathed.

"Yeah, girl, you got your posse back. It's lonely here without your bitches around."

“Will you be their big sister, too?” I asked.

“Me? Shit, no,” Prissi snorted, still smiling. “I’m all yours, sweetie-pie. They’ll get big sisters of their own. I’ll make sure they get cool chicks, though, ‘kay? I got a little pull around here.”

“That would be fantast... I mean, cool. Awesome,” I said, pushing to make myself speak more in the vernacular the way Prissi recommended to me.

She giggled. “You’re *really* bad at that, y’know?”

“When can I see them?”

She patted my shoulders affectionately. “Poor little baby girl. Been missing your girls? They’re gonna be sick – you remember – for a couple days, and then pretty freaked out. Let their big sisters take care of them. I’ll make sure they know you’re here ‘n’ that you’re asking about them ‘n’ stuff. As soon as we can all get together and hang out, we will. Pinky swear.”

She threaded her arm through mine and pulled me towards the door. I hesitated, pulling against her a little, but my own starved-looking stick of a body could not resist the taller, more solid Prissi. “Where are we going, Priss? I need to go touch up – I’m a mess.”

She kissed my cheek. “And you stink, too, bitch. But Crystal says you need to see her right away. She told me something about your blood work, and about some blood levels of some shit being perfect or something. It was really confusing, I don’t remember most of it.”

I let her lead me, trusting her implicitly. A thought occurred to me, and I cleared my throat before asking, “Hey, Priss? Can I ask you something, y’know... personal?”

“We’re sisters, baby. You can talk to me about anything.”

“What were you *before*? Before they changed you?”

She got a faraway look in her eyes for a moment – haunted, even, perhaps – and let out a long breath. “Just so you know, cutie, it’s way fuckin’ rude to ask another girl that around here. Nobody really talks about it,” she said. “But you’re my little sister, so that shit don’t apply to us, ‘kay? For us, it’s different. I was a cop. They sent me to investigate some disappearances and the trail led me here. From there, it’s just like you – I got a bad-ass blowjob in the back room and then became the smokin’ hottie you see right here.”

“Did anyone ever come looking for you?” I asked.

“Um, no,” she said, snapping her gum loudly. “I think that’s part of the reason why they changed me, y’know? I was the one, way back when, when I still waited tables at the club, that showed them how to fake a crime and leave evidence ‘n’ stuff, to make people think I was murdered. Every one of us is a cold case someplace, baby. Enough evidence to convince the cops we’re dead, no evidence to point to a killer.”

“Wow,” I said. We had turned back into the main foyer, and bright sun shone in the treetops outside. I sighed. I could almost hear the sparrows. Prissi told me I'd be able to go outside soon, for short walks. I couldn't wait. I no longer remembered the smell of outside, or the feel of sunshine.

“But all that shit is a bummer,” she said, waving a dismissive hand. “What else you got?”

“I always wanted to ask somebody... what do the colors mean?” I asked, pointing to a passing girl in a bright yellow plaid skirt, pale yellow blouse and yellow argyle socks tucked into yellow patent-leather pumps.

“What, like the uniforms?” Prissi said. “Well, each one kinda, y'know, represents the girls that wear it. Kinda like what team you are. Yellows are the rich bitches. Y'know, all Kardashian about everything, all about the label. Purples are the jocks – they can talk to the boys about football 'n' hockey 'n' shit, they know cars and power tools, that kind of shit. The Blues do the lost little girl thing, y'know, looking for a daddy. They act all innocent 'n' baby-talk, that kinda shit. And the best is us Pinks. We're the princesses. Prom queen, head cheerleader, all rhinestones 'n' sparkles 'n' glitter 'n' big wide smiles. Fuckin' everybody loves us.”

“Do they assign us?” I asked.

“No, baby, it isn't like that,” she said. “The colors are something we girls made up for ourselves. When the time comes, you kinda apply for it. Then they vote on you. It's like pledging a sorority at college, y'know? Don't worry. You're not gonna have any problems going wherever you want. And I'll bet that you wind up in white before it's all over with, too. I mean, you have to do your time waiting tables, we all do, but once you get that over with, I bet they put you down here in the clinic.”

“When does all this happen?” I asked.

“One thing at a time, girly-girl,” she said, blowing a huge pink bubble and then letting it deflate against pouty lips glossed the same color. “You'll get there.”

She led me to Crystal's station in the medical office and gave me an affectionate kiss and hug before telling me she'd be waiting outside. She had already snapped open a compact and walked away bouncily, powdering her nose and smacking her gum, when Crystal sat next to me. I hung my purse over the back of the chair and sat, crossing my legs demurely at the ankle the way Prissi taught me.

“We have a procedure today,” she told me. “It won't be very comfortable, I'm sorry to say.”

I swallowed hard. “Is it gonna make me puke again?” I asked.

“Not this time,” she said. “But the cramps won't be easy. I'll give you some muscle relaxants for the worst of it, but they won't help much.” She handed me a bottle of pills, marked only “take every 2 hours for abdominal pain.”

“Every two hours?” I asked. “That seems like a high dosage.”

“It is, for a normal girl,” Crystal told me. “But your metabolism is different. Your cells generate an enzyme that, for want of a better term, teflon-coats the every protein receptor in your body. Foreign substances will bind to them normally, but the receptors never change shape and kick the substances out in a much shorter time. That goes for substances like nicotine, opiates, amphetamines – you can smoke crystal meth, if you really want to, and not have to worry about overdose or addiction. But it also applies to therapeutic medications, as well. You'll need to take them at much higher dosages to get any effects. Don't worry – we modified your kidneys to eliminate them without damage.”

“So, what happens now?” I asked.

“I need to place a tube through your nose and into your stomach,” she told me. “The solution you're getting has to bypass the enzymes in your saliva. You'll also be receiving a series of injections.”

She held up a little silvery globe. “Here, this should help.” She pressed an unseen trigger on the sphere and a puff of sweet-smelling mist puffed into my face, stinging my eyes and making me cough. A little wave of dizziness hit me, and my head became very disconnected and giggly.

Crystal pulled open a sterile package as I lolled in the chair, dopey, head swimming.

“This isn't going to be very much fun,” she told me, coating the end of the tube with lube and positioning it under my left nostril.

“Crystal,” I smiled, struggling to focus on her face. “You're so pretty.”

She offered a shy smile. “Save that flattery for the girls waiting tables,” she told me fondly. “But so are you, sweetheart. *Very* pretty.”

I laughed. “Nobody's ever told me that bef...*urk*.”

She slid the tube into my nostril firmly and quickly, bidding me “swallow it, swallow it” as it passed down the back of my throat and into my esophagus. I gagged a little, but managed. She hooked a large bottle of thick, syrupy white liquid to the end and opened the valve. As it drained, she prepped a series of small syringes and then pushed my head back into a metal clamp. She used a dental spreader to open my mouth painfully, whispering a heartfelt apology as she did, then pulled on a pair of gloves and began injecting my upper lip. I squealed and squirmed in the seat but my head couldn't move in the vise-like clamp. Quiet sobs escaped me and tears flowed down my cheeks.

“I know, honey, I know,” she said. “I'm so sorry. Not much longer.”

The injections started to burn, like acid crawling along my nerves, and I bawled like an infant, trying to beg unintelligibly through the spreader in my mouth. Crystal's eyes shone with tears as well, whispering apologies as she finished my top lips and began on the bottom. The mist

thankfully disjointed my sense of time, so I had no idea how long I sat there, sobbing. It could have been seconds. It could have been years. But eventually it did end, the burning subsiding after the last syringe clattered into the sharps container, and I sagged against my bonds, panting, as she withdrew the dental spreader and handed me a disposable ice pack to press against my lips. A short time later – or maybe hours, impossible to tell – the infusion finished and Crystal pulled out the nasogastric tube quickly and with a minimum of discomfort. She held me, releasing my head from the imprisoning clamp, and stroked my hair, pressing little kisses into my forehead. My sobs finally ran out and I dozed a little as the anesthetic wore off.

Self-control returned incrementally, letting me sit up and take a moment to flip open my compact and try to repair my smudged eyeliner and running mascara and take a few ineffective swipes at my sweat-dampened hair with the brush. I tried to ignore the grotesque swelling and bruising of my lips which made me look like I'd been savagely beaten. Crystal bid me a tearful good-bye and delivered me to the care of Prissi, who smacked her gum and offered me an encouraging smile while she caressed my forearm, then led me slowly back to my room.

* * *

“I've never seen Crystal cry like that,” Prissi said as she put me in bed and dropped my purse on the table beside me. “She must really like you, baby.”



Prissi rubbed my back in long, slow strokes.

I tried to lie back and relax, but my head pounded and my gut felt as though snakes crawled through it. A little wave of nausea passed through me, but I choked it back. I fumbled with the pill bottle Crystal gave me, tapping two of the tablets into my palm, and swallowed them whole without water. The moment the solids hit my stomach, a twisting pain doubled me forwards, both hands pressed to my belly. I released a stentorian, malodorous belch and whimpered piteously. Prissi rubbed my back in long, slow strokes.

"I feel awful," I told her.

"I wish I could say it gets better, baby," Prissi told me. "But it gets worse, first. The next few days are gonna suck for you. And I'm not gonna be able to help you."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean, I can't go with you to the next stage," she told me. "They're gonna assign you a sustenance specialist until you finish the transition. They told me it's Stephanie – you'll like her. She's cool. She's another Pink, and she was my big sister when I went through this. Just do what she tells you and everything will be fine, I promise."

"Pinky swear?"

"*Total* pinky swear," Prissi said. "When you're done, you come back here and I get to be your big sister again. I wanted to tell you, sweetie, I really did, but it's not allowed. I'm really sad about it."

"I'm gonna miss you so much, Priss," I whined, close to tears again.

"Oh, God, honey, me too," she said, her own eyes sparkling. "But we're gonna be together again, before you even know it. And you can trust Stephanie. She's gonna take care of you."

"I'm gonna let you sleep, cutie-pie, you're gonna need it. I won't see you again for a while," she said sadly. "But before I go, I got you something."

She dug in her own pink, rhinestone-encrusted purse and handed me a little plastic tag backed with a pin and clasp. I turned it over to see a name-tag for Valentine's Restaurant, just like the ones worn by every other uniformed girl I'd seen.

"Usually, baby, picking a new name is something that we do together, but when I thought about it, I kinda wanted it to be a gift from me to you. So I picked one for you. If you don't like it, sweetie, I'll get it changed to whatever you want. I wanted to pick something close to your old name, so you wouldn't forget who you were. So you wouldn't feel like your old life was totally dead 'n' stuff."

I read the name engraved in the plastic. "Jaclyn," I said softly.

"Such a pretty name for such a pretty girl," Prissi said. "And I get to call you Jaci, 'kay?"

I grinned. "That's really cute," I said. "I kinda think I want *everybody* to call me Jaci."

"Yeah, okay, but I said it first," she told me, sticking out her bottom lip in an overly theatrical pout.

"Prissi, I... I'm no good at this," I began, then petered out.

“You can say anything to me, baby, you know...”

“I love you so much,” I blurted.

Her face softened to a mask of touched gratitude. “Honey... I love you, too.”

“Can you believe I've never said that to anyone else before? Not even my mom. We never talked about things like that in my house, growing up,” I said. “But... but I feel like you're my real sister. Not just somebody that got assigned to take care of me, but a real, flesh-and-blood sister. I'm so glad I met you. You mean so much to me.”

She dabbed at her eyes with a Kleenex she retrieved from her sparkling purse. “Shut up, bitch, you're gonna make me cry,” she said playfully, but her eyes shone pure affection. “And I'm so glad you trusted me enough to be the first one you ever said that to.”

“I am, too.”

She stood briskly, avoiding the tears that further conversation would inevitably bring. “I gotta go, Jaci. I really do. You get some rest and Stephanie will come get you a little later. And work hard, okay? The quicker you learn everything you got to learn, the sooner I get my baby sister back, 'kay?”

I nodded, still weepy, and she kissed my hair and bounced perkily out of the room, blowing me a kiss as she closed the door behind her.

* * *

I realized I'd seen Stephanie before, walking purposefully through the foyer and medical rooms, but she'd never spoken to be before standing at the foot of my bed. A very petite – shorter than me, even, although her spike heels evened us out in my bare feet – and curvaceous brunette in a pink uniform, with lively and humorous green eyes and the most adorable button nose I'd ever seen regarded me appraisingly, from head to toe and back again, sucking on a lollipop.

“Hey,” she said huskily, “I'm Stephanie. I'm your new sustenance counselor,” she told me.

I put out my hand, palm down, the way Prissi instructed. “Cool to meet you,” I told her, using Prissi's vernacular, hoping my attention to detail would speed this process up so I could go back to my big sister. “I'm Jaci.”

Stephanie smiled. “Cute name,” she told me. “I didn't know you got your new one yet.”

“Prissi just gave it to me,” I told her. “It's short for Jaclyn, but I want everybody to call me Jaci.”

“It suits you,” Stephanie said. “I'm about to take you to where you're gonna stay for a few days, okay? It's a nice room, but not quite as nice as this one. Grab your purse, that's all you'll need for now.”

I stood and slipped on my heels, then slung my purse over one shoulder. I'd been practicing how to swing my head, stiff-necked, to direct my curtain of soft hair over one shoulder without using my hands or getting it in my mouth. "Do I need to grab my makeup? I only carry enough for touch-ups."

She smiled. "You're a real go-getter, aren't you? I like that. I like it a lot," Stephanie commented. "Sure, what the hell. Grab your bag and let's go."

I sashayed into the bathroom – using all Prissi's lessons on my walk – and retrieved my swollen makeup bag, full of things I'd only just begun attempting to use – and tucked it under the same arm as my purse. "Ready," I announced, feeling infinitely more confident and optimistic than I actually felt.

"How's your stomach, darlin'?" Stephanie asked as she fell in beside me in the hallway. "The first couple hours after the treatment can be kinda rough."

"The muscle relaxers help a little," I said. "As long as I don't accidentally swallow, even spit, it just kinda annoys me more than anything. But if anything actually goes down, I have to lose it for a second."

"Have you thrown up?"

"No," I said. "Got close a couple times."

"That's a good sign," she told me. "Means that your body accepted the treatment without complications. That means you should be able to eat by tomorrow. God knows you could use it. You're a skinny little thing. I'm gonna have to thicken you up a little."

She opened a door with a keycard and led me into a large, carpeted room. Two other girls in "Trainee" uniforms stood there, looking as miserable as I felt, accompanied by two other counselors, a tall black girl in blue livery with a haughty expression and the longest legs I'd ever seen, and a pale-skinned Asian in yellow with hypnotic almond eyes.

I tried to remain positive and friendly, like Prissi taught. I stuck out my hand eagerly to the trainees, a stoop-shouldered brunette with piercing hazel eyes and a petite redhead almost as skinny as myself with hair to her waist and pale, porcelain skin.

"Hi, I'm Jaci," I told them. "Nice to meet you."

Both of them just stared at me, dumbfounded. The counselors assigned to them only shook their heads disappointedly. Stephanie introduced me to the other counselors – the Blue's name was Michelle and the Yellow's name was Kaela – and then led me to a strange metal box on the floor, flat metal with a depressed panel in the top, and some cooling vents on the beveled sides. The other girls had boxes identical to my own.

"This is your feeder," Stephanie told me. "It's gonna be a little hard to get used to, right at first. But after your treatment, it's going to be the only thing you can eat for a while and not get the

cramps or start puking. We're gonna be here until your body gets used to its new digestion.”

“Didn't you say I wouldn't be able to eat until tomorrow?” I asked, wide-eyed.

“That's right,” Stephanie said. “But the feeders, they require prep to get them to work right. Here's where you learn how to prep them. By tomorrow, you're gonna be pretty damn hungry. You won't want to waste time learning that stuff before you can eat something.”

I ran my hands across the cool metal of the box. “Okay,” I said. “What do I do?”

“When you're ready, I'll activate the feeder. You'll know what to do once the top opens,” Stephanie said. “Good prep should have you ready to eat in about ten to fifteen seconds. Excellent prep will get you down to five. For now, I want you to practice until you can get below fifteen. Ready?”

I nodded. “Hit it,” I said.

Stephanie touched a control on the side of the box facing away from me, and the recessed panel on the top slid away. A large, pink plastic phallus slid out of the cavity, deflated and sagging. I stared at it, thunderstruck, then back up at Stephanie imploringly.

She regarded me with a mixture of impatience and sympathy. *Every girl here has been where I am, I reminded myself of what Prissi said. If they can do it, baby, so can you.*

“Go on,” Stephanie said. “We can't leave until you get below fifteen seconds. You don't learn this, you don't eat. You're skinny enough as it is. Get to it, little girl.”

The indignity of it all crashed into my already fragile emotions, shredding the last remnants of my ego to listless pieces. I sobbed and took the base of the pink shaft – warm against my palm – into my hand and began to stroke it slowly.



Jerk it like you mean it, okay?

“You can do better than that, Jaci,” Stephanie chided. “C'mon, you used to *have* one. You trying to tell me you never played with yourself? Jerk it like you mean it, okay? The sooner it's hard, the sooner you can eat and maybe stop looking like a stick figure. Jerk that cock, girl. Get it nice and hard.”

I wept silently as I gripped a little harder and quickened my rhythm. Finally, the pink plastic cock stiffened in my hand and throbbed gently with an ersatz pulse, mimicking a human penis remarkably.

“Thirty-one seconds,” Stephanie said, looking at a stopwatch. She pressed another control on the box and the cock deflated quickly back to flaccidity. “Try again.”

Tears flowed freely down my face and my bony, thin forearm began to ache as I took it back into my hand and began the process anew.

* * *

Hours passed before I got my time below fifteen. I discovered that presentation mattered – once I stopped crying and looking disgusted, when I was able to moan a little, lick my bruised lips, and look as though I enjoyed what I did, the erection came faster than by touching it alone. Thinking of the precious few pornographic films I'd ever seen in my life, I even tried whispering little encouragements and beginning the process by spitting into my palm to lubricate it. The final two acts catapulted me from nineteen seconds to fourteen point three. Stephanie clapped her hands in delight. The other two trainees still struggled in the mid-twenties.

“Excellent,” Stephanie told me, assisting me to my feet. My knees ached and shone red and dimpled from being pressed into the carpet for so long. “You did great. Prissi said you were a

wonder. You get the rest of the night off, okay? Your room is right through there. You should get some rest. Prissi asked me to get you some stuff – night-time moisturizer and under-eye serum, and some exfoliating scrub, that kind of thing – and Dr. Crystal sent you a curling iron and a hair dryer. You made yourself some really good friends, Jaci. You should be proud.”

“I don't feel very proud,” I said, moping and looking at the palms of my hands disgustedly.

“Stop that,” Stephanie said. “Maybe none of us wanted this for ourselves, baby, but this is the way it is. We are custom-designed from the very first minute to be mistresses of all things cock. I knelt exactly where you did, two years ago. So did Prissi. Other girls will kneel there after you. Every one of us started out like you did and had to learn to jerk a cock and shove it down our throat, lick it wet and deep-throat it like a porn star, and look like we're having the time of our fucking lives.”

She gave me a gentle nudge with her elbow. “And here's a little secret, baby,” she whispered. “You commit to it like you're committing to everything else, and you *will* be having the time of your life.”

“I'll try,” I told her meekly, completely dispirited and alone.

“Prissi said you would,” Stephanie said proudly. “Don't overthink it, Jacs. Just let it happen. You're a girl, now, and girls suck cock. It's a thing we girls do. Get some sleep. You'll feel better in the morning, after a little breakfast.”

I shuddered, thinking of how that breakfast might be delivered.

* * *

The next morning came all too soon, after a sleepless night which left me ragged and exhausted. I dutifully cleaned my face and put on makeup – using crème foundation this time, and lining my lips with a lip pencil. Prissi encouraged me to 'push the envelope' with my makeup, reassuring me that *slutty can be fun if you let it* – so I experimented with heavy black liner and two coats of mascara and a thick coat of sparkling bronze eyeshadow. I looked a bit whorish, but it worked a little. I just needed to define my brows a little better, perhaps, and add color to my cheeks. Maybe a little something shimmery. I mentally noted my ideas for the next day's efforts. At least the horrible bruising on my lips subsided overnight. They looked swollen, still, but in a pouty, sexy way.

My filthy uniform, folded neatly and placed at the foot of my narrow bed, disappeared in the night but no fresh clothes lay on the nightstand to replace them. Curious, I slipped into my five-inch pumps – the same height as the girls in the restaurant, I thought proudly – and opened my door, peering out into the front room.

“Hey, good morning,” Stephanie said brightly, waving at me. “Come on out.”

“I'm naked,” I told her. “I don't have any clean clothes.”

"It's okay, baby, we're all girls here. Come on out and let me see you."

Blushing scarlet, I stepped timorously into the room. The boxes from the previous day did not lay in the floor. I breathed a sigh of relief, until Stephanie turned around. The abbreviated hem of her little pink plaid skirt rose up and lay over the shaft of the pink penis, clipped to a harness around her waist and upper thighs. It bobbed gently against her, flaccid but still seeming huge to me, in the same place as a real cock would dangle were Stephanie still male.

The other girls stood pressed against the far wall, looking terrified. Michelle, the tall and lean Blue, paced back and forth in the center of the room, the big pink cock bobbing and slapping against her inner thighs, as she lectured.

"Probably the coolest part of giving somebody head is getting to hear and feel the pleasure you're giving them," she said. "That's why we took away the boxes. These things are wired up straight into our bodies, so when you do a good job, we're gonna feel it. You get to give us pleasure, and experience it as it happens, just like a real blowjob. Do a good enough job, and you'll get to eat. Over time, every single one of you is gonna get hungry enough to do a good job. Why fight it? A girl's gotta eat, right? So just give it your best. Think about what you wanted a girl to do for you when you had one, and just do that. It's probably the very best place to start."

"Don't worry that people are gonna think you're queer, or shit like that," Kaela, the Yellow with the exotic almond eyes, said. "Get it through your heads. You're *girls* now. There is nothing queer about sucking a cock. Say it."

"There is nothing queer about sucking a cock," we all said, a little sullenly.

"Do it right, girls, and there will be a little something in it for you, besides just a meal," Stephanie said. "We're not punishing you, here. This isn't meant to humiliate you. Our bodies got modified to take sustenance from consuming human semen. We thrive on it. We get energy and health and vitality from it. That's the way it is – for *all* of us. I have to suck cock, too, so I don't starve. So does Kaela, so does Michelle, so do all your big sisters and your Trainers and your doctors. That's who we are. You can deny it, and live through hell, or you can accept it, and learn to have some fun with it."

Stephanie stepped closer to me. "You ready, Jacs?"

I swallowed hard and closed my eyes. "I'm really scared."

"So was I," Stephanie told me gently, squeezing my twig-like forearm fondly. "But now I do it happily. And I do mean happy. Prissi taught me that – let the things you do make you happy – and now I look forward to having a big, thick dick squirting a nice hot load in my mouth every couple days."

She gave me a compassionate wink. "Just get down on your knees, sweetheart. You can do this."

I sank slowly to my knees, petrified with shame and fear and disgust. Stephanie stepped close, and for the first time in my entire experience I looked *up* at a cock. It looked so strange and huge

from that angle. I shuddered.

Beside me, the little redhead tried to refuse and back away, making Kaela grab the back of her head roughly and thrust the big fake cock between her lips, face-fucking her savagely. Tears and streamers of saliva streaked her face and chin and she made horrible, pitiful squawking noises stopped gutturally in a rhythm by the cock banging into the back of her throat. Something about the savagery of it must have appealed to Kaela, because she moaned deep in her throat and clenched her buttocks. A mechanism at the base of the fake cock whirred and hissed quietly and the redhead choked and sobbed, thick globs of white fluid leaking out of the corners of her mouth.

“I can't do this,” I pleaded to Stephanie. “Not like *that*.”



“Make it what you want it to be.”

“Then don't make it like that, Jaci,” Stephanie told me, pulling my face inexorably towards the big plastic cock. “Make it what *you* want it to be.”

Surrendering to the unavoidable, I opened my mouth and fastened my swollen lips over the tip tentatively, surprised that the slightly musky taste didn't cause me to gag. A fierce hunger rose up in my growling belly. I worked up what saliva I could with a series of dry-sounding flicks of my tongue, then pushed my head down to force the invader a little deeper. My artificially-enhanced lips tingled at the contact, a very pleasurable sensation, causing my nipples to stiffen and a strange *unfolding* feeling to tickle the lips of my vagina. I backed away, feeling the veins and ridges of the lifelike cock slide against my soft lips, and the tingling sensation increased to a wave. I moaned a little.

“Compliments of the doctors,” Stephanie said with an encouraging grin. I coated the shaft and

head with more spit, laving it with my tongue. The cock hardened in response, going from flaccid to fully erect in well under the allotted fifteen seconds. I thrust my head down, pushing it deeper still, then back again, adrift in the intense sensation of purest pleasure feeling the uneven surface rubbing against my lips gave me.

“She infused your lips with clitoral tissue,” Stephanie whispered. “Do it right, you can cum that way.”

I nodded, the cock still imprisoned between my lips, and gave a muffled *mm-hmm* in response. The vibration and the motion caused Stephanie to gasp in pleasure, and her fingers tightened in my hair to near the point of pain. The sensation approached overpowering.

“Yeah, suck it,” Stephanie breathed, panting a little. “Suck that fucking cock.”

Stephanie repeated those words like a mantra, and I felt a wild passion in my chest never felt before in my detached, clinical life. I moaned and gazed lovingly up at her, tapping the head against my tongue, whispering “you like that, baby?” and “you taste so fucking good” as I slid the invader deeper and deeper into my throat. I felt certain I could wrap my lips around the bottom of the shaft if I tried, and as I began to pick up pace and depth, working myself up for the attempt, Stephanie shuddered and pulled my hair shockingly hard. Warm jets of salty, bitter fluid filled my throat, spilling onto my tongue. I swallowed reflexively, and the warmth spread downwards, into my belly, soothing the aches and cramps and bringing a feeling of utter calm, peace and well-being. Even the slow deflation of the cock felt wonderful against my lips. I *wanted* that sensation to make me cum. I *needed* it to.

Stephanie stroked my cheek gently as I let the phallus slide from my lips and licked them clean, savoring every last drop.

“Well, look at you,” Stephanie said fondly, beaming a pleased smile. “Little Jaci had a cocksucker inside her, after all.”

“Reset it,” I said breathlessly, eyes wide and innocent like a little girl. “Again, please.”

Stephanie chuckled. “My, my, you *are* hungry,” she purred, touching a control at the base of the cock. “Let's fatten you up a little, sweetheart. Take as much as you want.”

* * *

Walking out of the feeding room into the hallway outside, I felt ten feet tall. I'd deep-throated the cock all the way to the root twice, gagging once and performing it flawlessly the next time, and drained the reservoir dry four times. I loved the genuine pleasure it gave Stephanie, leaving her flushed and glowing, and although I never actually orgasmed from the sexual sensations in my lips, I came painfully close. My vagina – no, my *pussy* – dripped wetly, making my inner thighs sticky and musky.

Stephanie cradled my arm against her lovingly as we walked. “Prissi was right about you,” she said. “You're something special. Listen – I know this is probably a little premature, but... I think

you would make an incredible Pink. We'd be lucky to have you. I'd like to sponsor you, put your name forward, if you'll let me."

I fumbled for words. "I... I... But... I only found out about them the other day," I said. "I don't even know what it means to be a Pink. Or a Blue or a Purple or a Yellow."

"Honey, it's not what you know, it's who you *are*," Stephanie said. "It's just a group of people with similar personalities. You have a Pink personality, baby, it's obvious to anyone who knows. Will you at least think about it? Everybody's gonna want you to be in their sisterhood. I just wanted to get there first. Prissi feels the same way. I told her I was gonna ask you, and she thought it was a great idea."

"I want to talk to Prissi about it before I say yes or no," I said. "But I'm really flattered."

I started to ask her a little more about the Pinks but stopped dead in my tracks as I saw another 'class' being led out of one of the feeding chambers. I tottered forward in a mincing, hip-swaying run. "Vishnavi!" I called, completely heedless of my own nudity. "Vishnavi, is that you?"

A lanky girl with amber skin and shiny, vanilla blonde hair turned around to face me. The sapphire eyes widened and she gasped, steeping her long-nailed fingers over her mouth. "Dr. Hebert?"

I hugged her tightly. "It's Jaclyn, now. I go by Jaci," I told her. "How are you?"

She sighed heavily. "I'm calling myself Heidi, now," she told me. "My big sister and I decided it was best that I have no association with my old life or my old culture. I have to learn to accept being white as well as being female. I guess it makes a perverse kind of sense."

"It's a pretty name," I told her. "Where is the colonel, have you seen her?"

"She went into processing for the lip and stomach treatments yesterday morning," Heidi said. "I saw them take her. She's brunette, and really tall, and calls herself Jennifer now. They broke her, Jaci. She only talks about makeup, clothes and working out. She's nothing like she used to be."

Heidi eyed me suspiciously. "Neither are you, for that matter."

"I'm just growing to accept all of this," I said. "I can't have the life I had before. I can only have this one. I guess I just decided to make the best of it. Hey – they give us free time, here. Next time you have some, tell me and I'll try to meet you here. We can hang out and talk, 'kay?"

"Okay," Heidi said. "I could use a friend."

I hugged her again and kissed her cheek. Behind me, Stephanie approached me quietly.

"Friend of yours?" she asked.

"We got taken together," I told my counselor. "She's really sweet. I think she's having a hard time

adjusting. Maybe I can help her.”

“Already thinking like a Pink,” Stephanie said adoringly. “Now, come with me. Let's get you dressed.”

I looked down in wonder. “What? Wow. I forgot I was even naked,” I told her.

“More and more like a Pink the better I get to know you,” Stephanie laughed.

* * *

The next few days blurred together happily. I dropped to my knees three times a day to suck Stephanie's big pink plastic dick and fill my belly to satiation. I could deep-throat at will without gagging one bit and the scale proclaimed I had gained three pounds. My old “Trainee” uniforms never returned, instead replaced by a new uniform of sorts – a short black linen skirt, thong panties, a training bra and a tight-fitting grey shirt with “Future Pink” printed over my left breast and the word “Cocksucker” emblazoned in huge letters across my shoulders. I took to wearing my hair up just so it wouldn't be obscured. Far from my original shame, I wanted *everyone* to know.

I managed through my free time to reconnect with Vishnavi – Heidi – and Colonel Whittaker – Jennifer. Both had some small similarities to their old selves, but otherwise could not have been more different. Whittaker hadn't broken, as Heidi described. She'd only come to enjoy this new life, to look forward to what it offered, much the same way I had. We became instant friends. Jennifer's no-nonsense, order-barking personality translated into the perfect demeanor for a personal trainer type, leavened with a lot of newfound feminine supportive and empowering feelings. The Blues recruited her almost instantly, and she never considered pledging another color.

I got a few moments to speak with Prissi – *expressly* against the rules – but she encouraged me wholeheartedly to pledge Pink. I hadn't been completely convinced until Stephanie came to my room late one night and placed a sparkling tiara on my head and called me “Princess Jaelyn.” I tingled all over when she said it, feeling like the most beautiful and special girl in the entire world. I threw myself into Stephanie's arms and kissed her warmly, my mind thoroughly made up.

Heidi's own sullen, withdrawn attitude manifested at times as that of a petulant child, which drew the attention of the Purples. They seemed as unsure of her as she did of them, but she wore a “Future Purple” shirt and carried a lavender teddy bear with her wherever she went just the same. Independents didn't last long once they started Phase Three, I'd heard. Better to pledge before you were certain than to never pledge at all.



I couldn't go more than about ten minutes without needing something between my lips

All of us, together once again, finished our feeding lessons at about the same time. The addictive sensual pleasure of our lips carried over, giving each of us a monumental oral fixation. I couldn't go more than about ten minutes without needing *something* between my lips. I chewed on pens, blankets, even the hem of my shirt before Stephanie brought me an assortment of lollipops, popsicles, bubblegum and even a baby's pacifier for nights. I filled my purse with them eagerly. Some of the other girls had even taken up smoking, adding a nicotine high to the pleasure of sucking something. I hadn't crossed that bridge, yet, but Crystal's assurances about the modifications to my body's protein receptors reassured me that even if I did, addiction would not be an issue. Neither would things like emphysema or lung cancer or even high blood pressure. Our bodies would be engineered to resist such diseases.

By the time each of us earned the boldly lettered "Cocksucker" on our blouses, Jennifer and I had both moved back out into the main floor. Heidi took longer – her natural resistance needing to be overcome – but in the end, I saw her with her big sister Monica, moving back into one of the little bedrooms next to the medical wing. Apparently, the sensual onslaught of pleasure and satiation on the synthetic semen took down both her natural resistance to sucking dick *and* her resistance to the Purple. She cradled her teddy bear and sucked her thumb, pouting wide-eyed when she wanted something and saying "pwease" and "pwetty pwease" to get it. She wore candy necklaces and plastic Hello Kitty rings and carried a little Holly Hobby lunchbox for a purse.

Determined not to devote my time simply to my big sister, who lavished me with attention and praise as well as elaborate fantasies regarding my future as a Pink, I made a perpetual appointment with my friends from captivity to meet in the mornings before our breakfast of coffee and hot jizm to work out for forty-five minutes. Jennifer proved only too happy to lead

us, and my body firmed up and gained even more weight. A well-defined abdominal six-pack contoured my belly, now, and Jennifer's expert calculations set my body fat now at a much healthier – but still too low – seven percent. The exercise made my body chiseled like a weightlifter. I didn't particularly like it – wishing for much lush curves, like Crystal's or Prissi's – but others complimented me on my body daily.



I wanted to be the best woman I could

Very little in the way of body modification remained, according to Crystal at my latest visit, but there were still things to accomplish before moving on to Phase Three. She remained very closemouthed about it – her eyes shone with tearful apology, like they did when she adjusted my lips and stomach – but I wasn't afraid. I had my friends. I had my big sister. I had my counselor, and all the cum I could swallow. I had a new name and a new body and I found myself looking forward to the next challenge. I wanted to be the best woman I could. I wanted everyone to love me and befriend me. I wanted to be trusted and admired.

So no one would expect it when I brought this whole, twisted system crashing to the ground, right on top of the heads of the soulless torturers who engineered it.

PHASE TWO DRAGGED ON AND on, as I struggled to adjust to the rapid and sweeping changes in my body. Days consisted of waking early and working out – no longer needing the iron fist of the Trainers to make me, I found myself rising all on my own and managing my own workout – and returning to my room for a light breakfast of fruit and yogurt and a quick shower. I spent the next two hours getting ready for my day, styling my long sable hair and applying makeup. We

carried an account now, living in our private rooms, for things like candy, cigarettes and jewelry – taking care with our appearance got us points in our account, looking sloppy or acting unladylike cost us points. My dedication to the program kept me well-stocked with little girly bonuses, as did my friend Jennifer. We both took it upon ourselves to help Heidi – the former Dr. Vishnavi – to adapt and get points in her own account.

After I got ready, I usually saw Dr. Crystal in the medical lab. She worried that I wouldn't gain weight, citing an unexpected reaction to my second metabolic treatment. Jennifer's workout regimen kept me lean and well-muscled like an athlete, and my own work with yoga paid off with an almost alarming amount of flexibility, but my womanly curves – particularly my breasts – did not develop at the same rate as other girls'. It surprised me how sad that made me, when I saw others transformed at the same time like Heidi and Jennifer graduate into small B-cups and I still wore a double-A training bra. I never expected to want big, bouncing breasts like the other girls. But at night, when the lights went out, I found my eyes wet and stinging several nights at their lack.

The compulsively-generated oral fixation from my transformation became a constant nag, but one I gleefully satisfied. My purse – still strange to think of anything like a purse as *mine* – bulged with lollipops and bubblegum, and I could barely go an hour before needing something between my lips. The feel of something to suck sent lascivious tingles up and down my petite, taut-muscled body and made my pussy dampen – another sensation to which I wondered if I would ever grow accustomed – and my nipples stiffen, satisfying me utterly and lending my every movement and thought the subtle but palpable sexual attraction of the satisfied woman.

Usually after Dr. Crystal performed her tests, I met Prissi for 'lunch,' sucked from a big pink plastic cock. My 'big sister' and I would hold hands together, laughing, as we sank to our knees and gave expert, porn-quality head to the high-tech phalli, even going so far as to let the machines shoot their simulated sperm all over our faces while the other one licked it off, giggling the whole time.



We got points in our account if we managed a sexy walk

After lunch came restaurant training – carrying weighted trays through obstacle-courses wearing the highest heels we owned. We got points in our account if we managed a sexy walk or bend, and managed to give convincing flirtation to the giggling girls at the tables who awaited their own turns. The powers-that-be granted us access to videos which helped us perfect the catwalk strut or the sexy slink we desired, and we sat in a circle with all of our big sisters – many of them five- and six-year veterans of the tables upstairs – while they offered us advice on how best to flirt and seduce. My meticulous scientific nature – not deadened one bit by the overwhelming transformation, but carefully hidden from the watching eyes around me – catalogued the hundreds of tiny little changes in our personalities as the days wore on. We slowly changed from reluctant women into seductive vixens, each according to the social traits we expressed from the first day. I saw the hands of brilliant minds behind the social transformation every bit as much as I could the physical transformation. Apparently, our hidden 'masters' took and transformed luminaries from every field of science and used them for their gain.

After 'table practice,' we broke into classes. Every girl went someplace, most likely to gain experience or confidence in a weak area, but each schedule tailored itself to each individual girl. After practice, Heidi and I both went to advanced cosmetics and skincare, but after that class closed I went to hairstyling where I sat next to Jennifer and Heidi went elsewhere, then from there to accessories and fashion class by myself, only to rejoin Jennifer again later at beginning social interaction. A uniformed veteran ran each class, but one of the white-coated scientists sat in, taking notes on a tablet computer in the back, tracking all of our individual progress quietly in the background.

Once classes ended, I met Jennifer and Heidi in the halls with all of our big sisters and went to dinner, served 'family style' at big circular tables from the five-star kitchens in the restaurant upstairs. Prissi urged me – at Dr. Crystal's behest – to go for the high-calorie desserts and high-carb entrées to put on weight and therefore curves, but the ghost of the pain I felt being called 'Miss Piggy' when my transformation first began haunted me still, and I tended to stick to high-protein if I didn't opt for purely vegetarian food. After a while, Prissi seemed to relent, saying fondly that I would probably always be 'one of those skinny bitches' while she hugged me close and kissed my cheek.

After dinner we usually spent about an hour in our pledge cliques, getting to know the other girls who wore our chosen color and learning the subculture. The Pink clique welcomed me happily, pinning the little pink ribbon on my grey training top and telling me to wear it with pride. When we congregated as a group, we only referred to one another as 'princess' or 'your highness.' They regaled me with the fun I would have when I got my uniform, telling me I would be a shoo-in for the dance team or the cheer squad they formed and expressing their high hopes for me in their annual pageant. Once I got my tiara – the rite of acceptance among the Pinks – they expected me to rise quickly in their ranks and soon take over the governance of the clique within a few years.

I never really knew, from my former life, the intoxicating draw of being popular before. The social power of it truly astounded me – I found myself desperately wanting to please these girls and gain their approval, to be like them in every way. I altered the way I dressed, the way I talked, even my own interests just to adhere to their values. All that truly mattered to me was their utter acceptance.

I asked Prissi, one night, why the 'queen bees' of the cliques ever changed, after we changed into frilly baby-doll nighties and sat together in my bed, brushing one another's hair.

"Girls don't stay here forever, Your Highness," she said, snapping her gum loudly. "We leave the restaurant scene all the time."

"Really? They let us go?" I asked.

"Sure, baby, once they're sure we won't tell anybody about what happens down here," Prissi replied.

"Where do they go?" I asked, trying not to let my driving curiosity carry me away. "Do they, like, work for the same company or something? What happens to them?"

"You don't have to worry about that for a long time, princess," Prissi told me. "But, yeah, some do. Like Dr. Crystal. She used to be a Yellow, we waited tables together. Others are like me – they move downstairs and take on little sisters or become Trainers if they get off on being bitchy. Some of the girls get married – we have restaurants all over the world, y'know, and sometimes their customers fall in love and ask them to run away. Others just leave – they find other jobs 'n' stuff. But you're gonna be waiting tables for a few years before you get the chance to think about stuff like that."

“Princess Prissi,” I said quietly, looking around, “*who* decides all this? Who are our bosses?”

She giggled. “You think they’re listening, baby? Relax. They don’t pay attention to what goes on down here,” she said, tapping me gently with the end of one of her pigtail braids. “I don’t actually know a lot about them. Nobody does, ‘cept maybe the Whites, but they don’t talk much. We call ‘em the Owners. Y’know, ‘cause they own the restaurant. Every once in a while you’ll see one of ‘em up there. You can tell ‘cause their membership cards have a gold circle on them, y’know, like a seal.”

I suppressed a gasp. John Masters – the man who took me to Valentine’s the day they kidnapped me for recruitment into this strange sex-change program – brandished a membership card at the door which bore a little golden seal on the front. I thought nothing of it when I saw it, thinking he only meant to wine-and-dine me as we talked about private research funding for my work in generating undifferentiated stem cells at the University. I always wondered if he knew, somehow, what would happen to me or whether he searched the restaurant for me after I never returned from my private assignment with the lovely Savannah. Now I knew. The bastard set me up.

“Why do they take us?” I asked her.

“Dunno,” she said, making an adorable confused pout that made me smile. “Never really thought about it. All I know is about every six months or so about three new girls show up for training, and they go through everything that you went through, and they go back up to wait tables like everybody does, then some go off and do their own thing and some come back down here.”

I thought about the other girls who came down with me – a noted neurobiologist and an Air Force colonel who worked on something hush-hush classified. All of us with something to steal, something potentially very valuable. An image of the sterile, very professional white-coat wing of the training center popped into my head, and the many times Prissi told me I would most likely wear white before long. I only considered that area of the center to be dedicated to the transformations. I saw now that it doubled as an advanced research lab – the women in there worked on the projects that got them recruited, giving up the patents and intellectual property to the Owners so they could make billions of dollars on the back of their innovations. And no way to ever trace the theft – no young girl with bouncing tits and an inability to go longer than forty-eight hours without sucking cock would be believed if she claimed to be a research scientist, kidnapped and transformed.

And keeping us penned up belowground, with only other girls around us – all they needed to do in order to control us would be to withhold the semen. Without it, we would starve and die in agony. Heidi had tried – early on in the process – to see how long she could last without taking a cock between her lips. Her screams down the hallway still echoed in my nightmares.

“Do the owners ever, y’know, come visit?” I asked. “Y’know, for...” I clumsily mimicked a blow-job.

Prissi laughed. “They probably do,” she giggled. “But like we would know. You suck a *lot* of dick

up there, girl, it all kinda blurs together. The only ones who know for sure are the hostesses, and they don't talk about it. They're usually girls who waited tables for five or six years, they run the place. They say 'suck that guy's dick,' you take him in the back and get on your fuckin' knees and do it. You don't ask questions."

"That doesn't sound too much fun," I told her.

"Oh, it's not like that," Prissi told me. "The hostesses aren't bitches. They don't boss us around, they used to be just like us. And they're really nice to you if they're in the clique, they'll give you the best tables and highest tippers. It's fun, actually. I mean, you hang out with the other Pinks and we always have a good time. They don't care if we have boyfriends, we can go out on our nights off as long as we get back by curfew, we can drink at work if we want. A couple of girls I used to wait tables with even had side jobs. They would go dance on the pole or do car shows or calendar shoots on their days off. I did it a couple times and it was way fun, but I like it down here as a big sister more."

A soft knock came at my door and Prissi and I both turned. Lights-out came in only a few short minutes, I never expected a visitor so close to bedtime. I stood up and padded across my floor on tiptoe – not wanting to slip into the five-inch mules next to my bed for such a short walk, but I knew well the lancing pain in my calves if I tried to walk with my heels down – and opened the door, peeking around it into the hallway.

Dr. Crystal, prim and gorgeous in her white pleated skirt and white lab coat, stood outside, her tablet computer in her hand. I opened the door wide to admit her.

"Crystal, come in! What brings you by so late? Can I get you something?" I asked, ushering her into a seat in the padded chair from my makeup table.

She smiled. "Something to suck would be wonderful, Jaci, if you wouldn't mind."

I nodded. "I've got popsicles," I told her, gesturing to the little mini-fridge I bought with points from my account. "Grape, watermelon and cherry."

"Grape, thanks," she said, crossing her legs demurely at the knee. "How are you, Prissi?"

"I'm great," my big sister said happily. "Just hanging with my girl before bedtime."

"You should really teach a class," Crystal commented, taking the popsicle from me and wrapping her velvety lips around it gratefully. "You're one of our best big sisters. I think you could do a lot for people wanting to get into that side of the training program for the first time."

"I'd love to," Prissi said.

"I'll mention it to Dr. Cassandra at our next meeting," she said. "Anyway. The reason I came by. Jaci, I wanted to let you know that you're about to be moved on to Phase Three."

"So soon?" Prissi asked.

Crystal nodded. "She's a record-setter," the prim doctor replied. "Fastest development we have ever recorded, since the program began. We want to scan you, Jaci – an MRI, a CAT scan, one of Dr. Kaycee's new electron microscans – and map your brain. To see what makes you adapt to this training differently than the other girls. Maybe find a way to ease their transitions when their time comes. It would only be an afternoon – I would get you and Jennifer out of class for it, if you agree."

"Jenny's getting scanned, too?" I asked.

"Her progress has been remarkable as yours, in its own way. She's really taken to it," Crystal said. "She did ask if I could 'sweeten the deal,' as she put it. So I'll offer you the same thing I offered her: some of our new prototype hair treatment and a salon makeover from Naomi."

Prissi's eyes grew large and round, and she gasped in delight. "Oh, God, Naomi? She's back? Jaci, honey, you *have* to say yes."

"Who's Naomi?" I asked.

Prissi bounced up and down. "Duh... only the best makeup and hair girl *ever*. She used to be a Pink, way back. Like, almost when the restaurant first opened. She left a few years ago and opened her own salon. Now she does hair and makeup for like, *all* the celebrities. I know she did Jennifer Lawrence, and either Kim or Kourtney Kardashian, she did Carrie Underwood, Reese Witherspoon, Angelina Jolie, Natalie Portman..."

"Okay, sure," I said. "You didn't have to bribe me, I would've done it if you asked."

Prissi squealed and clapped her hands. "OhmahGawd, Jaci, I am soOOoo jealous! The other Pinks are gonna absolutely fucking *die* when they hear about this!" she crowed in high-pitched rapid-fire.

"When do you need me?" I asked.

"Tomorrow," Dr. Crystal said. "You and Jennifer can have lunch in the medical section, and we'll begin shortly after that. I really appreciate it, dear – this can make life easier for an awful lot of girls like you. You're doing a very nice thing."

* * * * *

I met Jennifer outside the hallway leading to the classrooms the next day. She fidgeted a little, betraying a little nervousness, but maintained the composure our supervisors expected of us. We hugged affectionately, waiting for our escort to the medical wing, and I took a moment to admire my friend. Jennifer's transformation resulted in a profoundly beautiful girl, tall and lithe and exuding an infectious energy. The kind of girl that made others want to get out and *do*. Her sparkling, fathomless brown eyes regarded me kindly but measuringly, and I saw the gruff analytical nature of the Air Force colonel I met in the intake room just beneath the surface.

I leaned against the wall next to her, offering her a lollipop from my purse. She shook her head, opting instead for a long white cigarette.

"You think they're gonna find us out?" I whispered to her, keeping my eyes on the grey-skirted trainees scurrying quickly to their classes. I offered Heidi a finger-wagging wave and a blown kiss as she passed.

Jennifer almost jumped. "You know?" she asked.

I nodded. "It's all right there, if you know what you're looking for," I said. "You figured out the same thing I did, it's obvious. If you really get on board with this stuff, they don't look too hard at you. It leaves you free to figure out what's going on around here."

She puffed a dense cloud of stale smoke into the air above our heads. "I thought I was the only one," she said. "We need to get together, Jaci, compare notes."

"Yeah, but not here," I said. "Soon. They're about to move me on into Phase Three."

"I haven't been able to figure anything out about what that is," Jennifer told me.

"Phase One was mental transformation, Two was physical," I said. "Stands to reason that Phase Three will be emotional, or social. Either way, I don't know how much longer I'll be here. I think they mean to move me to another section."

Jennifer sucked another long drag from her cigarette, clearly getting more from the presence between her lips than the actual nicotine. "I just need to know something, Jaci," she whispered, just barely audible in the babble of voices and clicking stiletto heels around us. "I need to know *why* you're trying to figure everything out. Why you're pretending to be the model prisoner like I am."

I twirled my lollipop between my lips, sending *frissons* of tingling pleasure down my body and bringing my nipples to sensitive attention. "Because I intend to burn this whole thing down," I muttered softly.

Jennifer gave me a dark, hard-edged smile. "Then I think you and I can work together just fine," she said. We ceased our conversation abruptly as a white-coated girl sashayed up to us, a petite little flower of a Japanese girl with a rosebud mouth and her glossy black hair done up in an elaborate braid.

"You are Jennifer and Jaclyn?" she asked breathily. "I'm Alexandra. Dr. Crystal sent me to get you. Can you please follow me?"

The little Asian flower in the white lab coat led us back into the medical center where Crystal and a bevy of white-coated beauties awaited us. We stripped down at their request – I got to admire all of Jennifer's firm muscles as she shed her clothes and folded them neatly on a chair. Her budding breasts gave me a poignant stab of jealousy as I looked down at my own stick-thin, curve-free body. I tried not to cry as I shrugged into the skin-tight shorts and corset one of the

white-coats offered to me. Designed specially for the scanners, they explained, while still enough like lingerie to keep us feeling girly. Jennifer and I gathered our hair up into buns atop our heads, exposing long and willowy necks, and took our places in the respective scanners assigned to us. I started in the MRI while Jennifer got the CAT scan. Previous MRIs in my life left me sweaty and unsettled from latent claustrophobia, but this time the chamber seemed cavernous around my skinny, denuded body.

I tried to think only of the program, and project happiness and joy at the prospect of becoming a contributing member of the little cocksucking society the Owners created. I managed to not let a single negative or sinister thought intrude for the ten minutes of the scan, then changed apparatus with Jennifer and repeated the process while the CAT scanner orbited my head. The experimental electron microscanner – about as large as the MRI but with an open area for the patient – took longer and Jennifer waited her turn, chatting amiably with the white-coats while the scanner did its business. When the rotating arm above my head – from one end depended some kind of sophisticated emitter and the other end hung a screen-shaped receiver – finally stopped its back-and-forth robotic spinning, I stepped out and dressed again while Jennifer took my place.

Crystal favored me with a warm hug. “Thank you so much for this,” she said. “I hate asking girls to be guinea pigs, but you could really make a difference for us.”

“Anything for you, Crystal, you know that,” I told her warmly. I finished by letting down my hair once more and knotting my blouse firmly beneath my nonesuch breasts – I'd vainly taken to stuffing the cups of my training bra with ziploc bags of uncooked rice just to give myself the illusion of curves.

“First things first,” Crystal said briskly, thankful to have something tangible to do once more. “Let's give you the hair treatment.”

She sat me down in a high-tech version of the classic barber chair while she explained. “Dr. Leticia and Dr. Juliette just finished the clinical trials,” she said. “Based off of cancer research that we've been doing. But instead of targeting tumors, this new compound targets hair follicles and hair follicles only. You could actually eat it and suffer no ill effects, other than it would taste horrible. It only works if it's applied to a place where hair grows. It delivers transcription RNA which signals the follicles to grow hair at an accelerated rate and make it thicker, shinier and healthier all around. We're hoping to keep the research going and find a cure for baldness.”

“Wow,” I said. “Very cool.”

“But in the meantime, it's going to give you hair like a shampoo commercial,” Crystal said. “You ready? Just lay back. It only takes a second. It's kind of cold, sweetheart, and it doesn't smell very good.”

She snapped on a pair of rubber gloves and then squeezed a large dollop of clammy goo on top of my head. A faint odor, like rotting meat mixed with nail polish remover, assaulted my nostrils, and Crystal rubbed it into my scalp with gentle fingers, relaxing me to the point of wanting to purr.

“That feels really nice,” I told her.

“We also modified the formulation to work on fingernails, too,” Crystal added. “You want to try it?”

I shrugged, keeping my head stock-still as to not interrupt the bone-melting pleasure of the massage. “Sure, why not?” I murmured.

I felt other hands take mine and spread the same malodorous goop on my mother-of-pearl fingernails, one at a time, massaging my cuticles and nail beds individually. After a blissful stretch of time being massaged and pampered, the fingers finally stopped and my eyes drifted open, betraying disappointment.

“Aww,” I said. “I didn't want that to be over.”

Crystal laughed. “Maybe I'll do it again for you,” she chuckled, “but without the goop.”

“You got a date,” I said. “What happens now?”

“Your scalp will start to itch and tingle a little in a minute or two,” she said, “and then you'll start to notice a difference. Your hair and nails will grow at an accelerated rate, now – at least for the next three months, but our research says it might be permanent since we genetically changed the follicles. Where another girl might only need to visit her stylist or her manicurist every month, you'll likely have to do it every week.”

“That doesn't sound so bad,” I replied.

“Now you better hustle,” Crystal said. “Jennifer's getting dressed and you don't want to keep Naomi waiting, do you?”



The treatment transitioned me from brunette into redhead territory

I followed one of the unnamed white-coats into a side room and stole a glance at myself in the mirror. My hair fairly shone with health – Crystal hadn't been kidding when she said I'd look like a shampoo commercial, so thick and soft and shiny my hair looked – and cascaded across my face in a luminous wave. The treatment transitioned me from brunette into redhead territory, and I couldn't help but admire my glossy locks as I ran my fingers through it, soft as mink.

“Did you want something to eat, real quick, before you see Naomi?” the nameless white-coat asked. I nodded eagerly – the lack of lunch had my stomach rumbling. The white-coat led me to a feeder box mounted low on the wall and I knelt, scooping up my thick wavy hair in one hand to keep its shining perfection from being glued when my lunch shot out in hot jets after a few minutes of head-pumping ministrations. Licking my lips and thoroughly sated, I let myself be led into the room where a willowy, tall black woman awaited me, wearing a black apron filled with brushes. She smiled and gestured to the chair in front of her.

“My God, you're gorgeous,” she purred in a throaty voice. “I'm Naomi. You must be Jaci. Crystal told me all about you, I've so wanted to meet you. Sit, sit. You've left me very little work to do, a beautiful little angel like you, but I suppose I should at least try, *n'est-ce pas?* Come, let me work.”

Naomi kept up her machinegun banter while she plied sponges and brushes on me, powdering and painting as she talked about how gorgeous I looked. It warmed me unexpectedly, being cooed over like that, and I began to see why she merited such an A-list clientèle. I tried to keep track of what she did for me, so I might do it myself later, but got lost in her quick movements and soon lost all sense of what colors she used in what order, and never got to look at myself in a

mirror to check her progress.

“Done,” she said after dusting my face with a light coat of sweet-smelling powder. She pressed a fond kiss into my hair. “I can’t do any more. It would ruin the perfection. Now go out there and break some hearts, my beauty. You have been a pleasure to work with.”

She stepped aside, out of my view of the mirror, and received my first look at her handiwork. I looked *incredible*. Somehow, Naomi's artistry brought out every one of my best features and showcased it, giving me a wide-eyed and innocent look that somehow managed to be sultry and seductive. I gasped, touching my face and watching my image reflect the motion, barely recognizing the woman in the mirror as myself.

“You like?” Naomi said.

“I love,” I said. “Please, Naomi, teach me how.”

She laughed. “I recorded everything,” she said, pointing to a camera recessed in the ceiling overhead. “I will make you a basket, of everything I used, my own cosmetic line. But promise me – keep my secrets, yes? Don't put Naomi out of business by telling all her secrets.”

“I promise, I promise,” I said happily, utterly ecstatic at the prospect of being able to appear this way every day, adopting this polished perfection into my life.

* * * * *

I spent the rest of that day being complimented on my appearance, the same as Jennifer. We both looked like retouched photographs with our glamorous makeup, and my heart nearly broke that evening, cosseted in my snug little room with Prissi, as I had to wash it off. A large basket of high-end cosmetics and an unlabeled DVD sat on the little counter next to my sink, however, and I resolved to practice until I could repeat the process flawlessly. I never wanted to go another day not looking like Naomi made me look. It stunned me a little – pride in my appearance never affected me in my male life. This new pride and determination I felt tasted strange to me, the first utterly feminine feeling so far experienced.

Prissi's normal exuberance paled as I gathered my hair into long, shining pigtails over each ear and I gave her sullen pout a questioning look. “It's time to say goodbye, sweetheart,” she muttered, two fat tears gathering at the corner of her guileless blue eyes.

“Goodbye? Like, forever goodbye?”

“It's my last day as your big sister,” she informed me. “You're going to Phase Three.”

I took her hand. “You'll always be my big sister, Priss,” I told her. “But think about it – once I'm through with Phase Three, we can be more, right? We can be besties.”

She smiled. “I know,” she said. “I keep telling myself that. But you're the best little sister I ever had. Maybe the best anybody ever had. I don't want it to be over.”

I felt myself tearing up. "I'm always gonna depend on you, princess," I promised her. "You're the first friend I ever made here. If I ever have a problem, I can't even imagine going to anybody else for advice. I love you so much, Prissi. It's gonna be better for you, baby, if you don't have to spend all this time taking care of me and making sure I do shit right. Maybe I can finally get a chance to help you every once in a while."

She hugged me close. "Phase Three is gonna be tough," Prissi warned me. "They get inside your head. I always thought it was the time you needed your big sister the most, but they won't let you have one. Phase Three, you're on your own."

"You make it sound scary."

"It is, a little, right at first," she said. "But it gets better. Just promise me you'll work really hard and finish quick, okay? I am gonna miss you so much."

"I'll miss you, too," I said. "Maybe you'll get another little sister while I'm in there, somebody to keep you busy so you don't think about it so much."

"No, baby, I told Crystal I'm done," she said. "No more big sister-ing. After you, it just won't ever be the same. I'm just gonna teach those classes she talked about, but you're my last little sister. Nobody can ever top you."

"You're so sweet," I said.

She hugged me close again, rocking me gently while she cried softly against my shoulder. After a few moments in sad silence, she stood and helped me pack my meager belongings into a pink overnight bag, then led me out into the darkened hallway and into the foyer, towards the medical section. Three other girls waited with their big sisters nervously, just outside – Jennifer and two others I never met before, a Yellow and a Blue. I sighed. A part of me wished Heidi would have been here with us.

Dr. Tiffany – a leggy blonde with truly massive breasts, like a porn star in a white lab coat – came out, sucking the cap of her pen seductively as she called the roll. Jennifer and I answered brightly, still maintaining our cover as model prisoners, and the two other girls – Heather and Miranda – answered with a bit more trepidation.

Tiffany led us back into the medical wing and gave us a moment to bid our big sisters a tearful goodbye. I thought it kind that they shut an opaque door and drew the blinds afterwards, not allowing us to see our companions or they us, making a clean break from Phase Two, no matter how painful.

"We need you all to change clothes," Tiffany announced, gesturing to a waiting pile of folded clothing in front of each of us on a long table. "Then we'll give you each a series of injections. What comes next will be more than a little disorienting, but we will assign you guides to help you through it. You've all pledged your cliques, so each guide will be in the same clique. They'll help you adapt to your new situation the way your clique requires. Okay?"

I stepped forward, trying once again not to look at the developing breasts of the other girls in comparison to my own, and shed my dark skirt and cropped blouse, stepping down carefully out of my clear plastic mules and treading lightly on tiptoe. I looked at the clothing set out for me and stopped, dumbfounded. Tiffany caught my look and gestured at me to hurry up, the look on her face leaving no possibility of questions.

The first tinges of fear crept in as I dressed myself, smoothing down the tape tabs of the disposable diaper over my slim hips and then drawing down the little white dress, cut to accommodate the diaper, over my chest and waist. The words "Pink Recruit" sparkled in glitter and sequins across my rump. Using the pink double-ball hair bands, I re-tied my nighttime pigtails and wormed my toes into a pair of patent-leather Mary Jane buckle shoes with a six-inch heel over a pair of pink striped athletic socks.

White-coats circulated, giving each of us four injections apiece. By the third, I began to totter on my heels, feeling disconnected from myself and struggling with my balance. As I stumbled after the fourth injection, strong hands caught me by the elbow and I looked up to see a kind, perfectly made-up face over a tight pink sweater that smiled at me encouragingly.

"Who're you?" I slurred, focusing on her face with difficulty.

"Exactly who you think I am, baby," she told me in a warm voice, smoothing my hair. "I'm your new Mama, and you're my beautiful baby girl."

In the swirling haze that used to be my organized, scientific mind, only *wants* surfaced to be expressed, not the curiosity I should have felt. My fear vanished, however, in the presence of this woman. Just the sight of her, the sense of her convinced me beyond doubt that everything would be okay. That I could tell her what I wanted, and she would provide.

"Suck, Mama," I blurted. "Wanna suck."

She reached into a pocket and produced a little blue pacifier which she rubbed across my lower lip, sending tingles of pleasure through my body. I squealed happily and sucked on the plastic hungrily, leaning against her as she smoothed my hair.

"You should be in bed, sweetheart," she told me. "It's past your bedtime. Little girls need their sleep."

Mama took my hand and led me away, through the medical section and into a different hallway. Large pictures decorated the walls, rainbows and unicorns, and fluffy rugs layered the cold floor. The huge Hello Kitty rug made me giggle, my murmured 'kitty' garbled by the pacifier in my mouth. Toys and games sat waiting on shelves and tables around the perimeter of the room.

Mama dragged me past them, saying "you can play with all that tomorrow, sweetie," gently as she directed me towards a side hallway painted pink, with pink carpet. She opened the door to a little room and set me inside.

“Go to sleep, now, princess,” she told me. “Have sweet dreams, and Mama will see you in the morning.”

Unable to conceive of a world in which I didn't obey my Mama, I curled up in the little pink bed and closed my eyes.

* * * * *

I woke the next morning early, dropping onto my floor immediately after waking to kneel on my butterfly rug and play 'tea party' with the imagined specters of Heidi, Jennifer and Prissi. No one intruded on my happy interlude for a long time – my brain didn't seem to conceptualize the passage of time correctly – but eventually I decided I needed to change my clothes and get ready for my day.



I slipped into a pink thong and tied a blouse under my non-existent titties

I awoke with a dry diaper, and a part of my brain registered that meant I could wear big-girl panties. I slipped into a pink thong and tied a blouse under my non-existent titties. Somewhere in the mess of clothing – I'd thrown the clothes I didn't want to wear over one shoulder to dangle off of the shelves, headboard and rocking chair – I lost my pacifier, so I improvised by sticking my thumb into my mouth and sucking happily. My door opened and Mama came in as I read a Curious George book and *tsked* ruefully at me.

“Look at this mess, Jaci. I've never seen a girl who could mess up a room so quickly,” she scolded. “Clean it up this instant. And I've told you, ladies *never* suck their thumbs. It'll ruin your teeth.”

I pulled my sodden, wrinkled thumb from my mouth sullenly, missing the feeling of something there as soon as it went away. I whined and pouted while I picked up my strewn clothing and put it back in my pink dresser, then gathered my books and my tea set and replaced them on my shelf.

“Such a good girl,” Mama cooed, making me feel warm inside. “Are you hungry, princess?”

I nodded happily, taking the hand she offered to me and following her into the main room. Mama sat me in a high-chair – not necessary for my adult body, but the feeling of the tray locking into place at my waist comforted me somewhat – and snapped a pink bib around my neck. She fed me puréed vegetables with a plastic spoon which I gobbled down dutifully, and let me supplement with water from a Barbie sippy cup. When I 'made it all gone,' she wiped my face and then held up one of the big pink phalluses in her hand. I giggled and clapped, opening my mouth wide while Mama slipped the fake cock between my waiting lips. I sucked hungrily, pistoning my head until drool leaked over my bottom lip, earning my reward after a few spirited minutes to leave me smacking my lips in satisfaction.

“Ooh, little princess loves her candy, doesn't she?” Mama laughed, putting the ersatz penis back into a plastic case and slipping it into a pocket. “You can have more after dinner, if you're a good girl.”

I spent the afternoon coloring, reading and watching cartoons. My favorite show proved to be one about Lily, a little girl who always got what she wanted when she used her special Pink Power to make the dumb boys like her and do whatever she said. I loved when she made them fight over her. I also liked Princess Polly, who lived in a big pink castle with lots and lots of friends who did everything together. I loved to dance along to the song they sang, 'Sparkle Time,' when they made everything so pretty that everybody became friends.

Time passed strangely in that hazy, pink nirvana – Mama directed my every move, telling me when to eat, to brush my teeth, to bathe and sleep. Good girls got candy – so I made myself a very good girl – and made lots of friends, other pink girls who lived in the other rooms. We played together every day, forming little clubs and telling secrets. Once, I made a girl named Annabelle mad and she kicked me out of her club. None of the other girls played with me that afternoon, and I thought I would never stop crying. Mama rocked me for hours before I finally fell asleep, and I vowed that I would never be ostracized again. I tried twice as hard to be friends with everyone.



I painted my long nails just right

My favorite times came when I pleased Mama to the point she let me wear my Princess Crown, like when I did an extra-good job on my makeup or my long auburn hair or when I painted my long nails just right. The sparkling stones nestled in my soft, shining hair for the rest of the day, making the other girls jealous and try harder to be good girls. I hated bedtime on those days when Mama made me take it off and give it back to her.

I lay on my pink bedspread, playing with my Barbies and pretending they were myself and Prissi, looking for candy together at the beach, my tiara twinkling in my hair, when Mama knocked softly and sat on the edge of my bed.

“You need to get yourself dressed, baby,” she told me. “Today's a big day.”

“Why, Mama?”

“You've worked really hard,” she told me. “You're way ahead of the other girls, so we all decided you worked hard enough to graduate. After today, you're going to be a *big* girl. Are you excited?”

I nodded. “I wanna be a big girl,” I told her.

“Then get yourself dressed, baby,” she told me. “We're waiting.”

I threw on some clothes – I barely paid attention to which ones – and fixed my makeup at the

little mirror. Mama gave me a shot in my shoulder – she kissed it to take the sting away, and I barely even cried – and told me she would let me keep my Princess Crown but told me I would need to take it off when I went inside the room.

“What room, Mama?” I asked, wide-eyed, rubbing the place where I got my shot.

She patted my other shoulder. “It's just a little room, with a bed in it,” she said. “And a boy.”

“What boy?”

“I don't really know where they found him,” Mama told me. “But you're going to take off all your clothes and then take off all of his, okay? Then Mama wants you to kiss him.”

“Kiss a boy? Ew,” I said, screwing up my face.

“I think you'll like it once you start,” she told me. “After that, the boy is going to ask you to do some things. Do whatever he asks you, like a good girl. Good girls do what boys say. Some of what he asks you to do might hurt a little, but not badly. When it's finished, Princess, you will get the best candy you ever had, I promise.”

The promise of candy – even better candy than the kind I already loved so much – brightened my eyes and quickened my step. I almost ran into the room as Mama shut the door quietly behind me. A tall boy with brown eyes stood there, looking at me.

“Hi,” he said, running his eyes all over me. I liked the way he looked at me. It made me tingle.

“My name's Jaci,” I told him innocently. “What's yours?”

He cleared his throat. “I'm Kevin,” he said.

“Mama said I'm supposed to take my clothes off, is that okay?” I asked him.

He nodded, a dark and hungry look on his face that made me tingle even more. I untied the knot in the front of my blouse and slipped out of my skirt and panties, leaving only my high-heeled shoes. Kevin made a noise deep in his throat. “Come here,” he said, crooking a finger towards me.

Mama was right. I did like kissing him – he bent me backwards a little, and feeling how much taller and stronger he was than me scared me but in a *good* way. Kissing didn't make my lips feel as good as sucking on a lollipop, but it still gave me good tingles all over. I followed Mama's instructions while we kissed – he stuck his tongue in my mouth and instead of being yucky, it gave me something to suck which made me feel really good and happy – and took off his shirt and pants, fumbling a little with the buttons because of my long pink sparkly nails.

I giggled happily when I saw that he had a thing between his legs *just* like the thing I sucked to get my candy. I broke away from his lips and tongue and kissed all the way down his chest and tummy, sinking to my knees and putting his candy-giver between my lips. I did it the way I was

supposed to – moaning and happy and with lots of spit, using my hand, and the boy Kevin groaned and gasped. I never knew it would make *him* feel so good. Making Kevin feel good made me feel *wonderful*. I loved it. I wanted to do it some more.

“I can't wait any longer,” he told me, hoisting my tiny body back to my feet with both hands and leading me to the bed. He pushed me gently down onto my hands and knees and touched my kitty – making me tingle *hard* all over my body – with his fingers. Then he put something hard against it and he pushed.



Better than anything I ever felt before.

I grunted hard – it felt like something ripped inside me – and I tried not to cry. It *really* hurt, like Mama warned me, and it felt so weird to feel something *inside* me that wasn't mine. He put his hands around my waist and started to push in and out slowly. Tears leaked out of my eyes but stopped soon as it stopped hurting and then started to feel different. Good. *Really* good. Better than candy. Better than anything I ever felt before.

I started pushing back against him, wanting him deep inside me, making little noises when I did. I felt so wet – wetter than I'd ever been before – while he did it. I pushed back onto him harder. His hips made a loud smack against my butt. We started doing it faster. I started to squeal a little, and Kevin started panting like a puppy. I reached back with one hand and started touching my kitty while he put his candy-giver in me. I rubbed my happy spot. The tingles grew and came faster, and faster, spreading all over me, making me gasp, feeling like they were all moving down my body towards my kitty, towards my happy spot...

I screamed, slapping my bottom against him in a rapid *smack-smack-smack* while the tingles

exploded inside me, giving me the most amazing feeling I ever knew. I raised up on my knees and looked over my shoulder at him, giving in to my overwhelming desire to kiss him.

“What was *that*?” I asked him breathlessly.

He regarded me curiously. “I made you cum,” he said. “Haven't you ever cum before?”

“They don't let us,” I told him. “Think you can do it again?”

“Sure,” he said with a proud smile. “And then, you can do it to me, okay?”

“I can do it to you?” I asked in wonder.

“Baby, you can do it to anybody you want,” he said, picking up his pace and bringing the tingles back in force, already coalescing towards my kitty and promising another explosion. “But I'm first.”

I LAY TANGLED AND SWEATY in the sheets, tracing little circles around one erect nipple with the tip of a long glittery fingernail and smiling in the most utter and complete satisfaction I could ever imagine. Kevin gathered up his clothing from the floor where I dropped it, not even looking at me.

His warm, sticky candy dripped out of me, running out of my kitty and down the crack of my butt, tickling me and making me want to squirm a little. He made me cum three more times that afternoon before he finally thrust himself deep inside me, crying out loudly, and I felt the hot jets splash inside me and fill me up, sating my hunger for his sweet candy more totally and completely than I'd ever before known. I could feel the truth of Mama's words, deep inside my belly – I was a big girl now. Nobody could feel what I just felt and not be changed. Little Jaci was gone. Grown-up Jaci took her place.

The warm, pink fog existing in my head for the memorable past seemed to part, and parts of myself long forgotten came back to me. An analytic, very unemotional voice recited blandly in the back of my head: *it stands to reason they would use a traumatic loss of virginity – they want sexually promiscuous and adventurous girls, and that sort of behavior usually stems from sexual abuse during childhood.* I couldn't, in good conscience, paint what just happened to me as rape, or even particularly forcible. No, by the end I became very much a willing participant. But they led me into the scenario regressed to the emotional and mental level of a child. I had *no* idea what I was walking into. No matter how pleasurable it ended for me, the whole thing still smacked of molestation.

More than a little sleazy, but undeniably effective, I thought, examining the feelings I had towards the whole encounter. Memories notwithstanding, the primary thought in my head seemed to be: *again.*

“Are you leaving?” I asked the silent boy as he sat on the edge of the bed to pull on his socks.

“Yeah,” he said, not looking at me. Embarrassed, most likely, perhaps even ashamed of himself. He had to know, at some point, he took advantage of an innocent child. “I gotta go to work. Listen, uh... it was fun.”

“Totally,” I gushed back, in all honesty. “You can come back if you ever want to do it again. I had a really good time.”

He stopped dressing and looked at me, hearing the difference in my voice and demeanor. “You did?”

“Yeah,” I said. “But, hey – I understand if you just wanna bail. We both know what this was.”

He coughed a little, then looked away again. “I don't think I did it right,” he told me. “They told me I was supposed to get you to call me 'daddy' when we did it, but you were just so fucking hot, and you fuck really good, I just forgot, y'know?”

Okay, now that's kinda sick, I thought to myself. I giggled. “I get it,” I told him. “I got really into it, too. But hey, I don't want you to get in trouble, so – thanks, Daddy. I had a really good time.”

He gave me a genuine smile. “I'm glad you did,” he said. “But I wasn't fucking around. I really do need to get to work.”

“Where do you work, anyway?” I asked, laying back and watching him dress.

“Place called Valentine's, it's a restaurant,” he said. “I just started there as a prep cook.”

“Yeah, I've heard of that place,” I lied glibly, grinning. “You're probably gonna like working there.”

We forewent any further chit-chat and he hustled his way out the door. I lay there in the combination of our cooling juices, content and satisfied, and played idly with my hair until I drifted off into a light sleep. Someone must have come for me while I dozed, since I awoke in my pink playground little-girl room. My packed overnight bag sat on the chair next to my bed. I stood, pulling on a pair of fuschia sweatpants with “Love Pink” printed down one leg and slid into my rhinestone-encrusted platform flip-flops, fingercombing my sweat-damp hair – still lustrous and shining from its treatment – into some semblance of order. I noticed that I actually thought I looked a bit weird without pigtails and grabbed my brush to remedy the situation when the door to my room burst open and a five-foot-six-inch bundle of affectionate exuberance and D-cup breasts hit me, wrapping me up in a suffocating hug and peppering my cheek with fond kisses.

“Congratulations, slut!” Prissi crowed happily, mashing her mammoth breasts against me and almost picking me up with the strength of her embrace. “Heard you're not a virgin anymore!”

I returned the hug. “Prissi! I missed you so much, baby, how are you?”

“I'm fine,” she said, laughing. “How are you? Walking funny?”

I couldn't tell whether Priscilla's levity about the deflowering stemmed from her own bubbly personality or by some design, but it did serve a purpose – by making it seem like *no big deal*, awakening to sexuality in the mind of a four-year-old like I had, it paved the way for more of the same by tacit approval. I already felt any lingering shame or anger over the encounter fade.

“No, it was fine,” I said. “Better than fine. Really good, in fact.”

“I told them to pick you a winner,” she told me. “My first guy was kind of a loser. He only lasted about three minutes. I barely even had a chance to cum.”

“That's too bad,” I said. “He did it to me three times.”

“Lucky bitch,” she laughed. “Now c'mon. Dr. Crystal wants to talk to you, and then you and me are gonna pig out on ice cream and you, baby, are gonna *dish*. Prissi wants *details*.”

* * * * *

Crystal awaited me in her office with a fragile look, almost of apology, on her flawlessly beautiful face. I hugged her warmly and kissed her cheek, clearing away the little smudge of glitter lip gloss I left on her cheek with a thumb. She offered me a seat and a cup of tea, both of which I accepted gratefully.

“You look good,” she told me frankly. “Phase Three can take a toll on some girls. I'm glad you came through it in such good shape.”

“It's a lot to process,” I confessed. “I think I might have a few nights crying ahead of me, but all in all I think it's going to turn out a positive.”

“I hope so,” Crystal said. “If you ever need to talk...”

“Thanks,” I said, holding up a hand. “I'm okay, really.”

“You'll be starting work upstairs soon,” she said after a delicate sip of her tea. “And I've been thinking a lot about your body situation. I think I might have a solution for you.”

I motioned for her to go on, sipping my own tea.

“It's more guinea-piggery,” she confessed with a little coloring of her cheeks, “but I have great confidence. It's a modification of some groundbreaking work the military did with burn patients and trauma victims who needed reconstructive surgery. A bio-inert foam which can be shaped by magnets in its liquid form to almost any contour, then solidifies to mimic human tissue depending on the setting agent we administer. Bone, muscle, even subcutaneous fat.”

“Curves in a can?” I asked.

Crystal laughed. “Exactly.”

I looked down at my skinny, denuded body. My teasing during Phase One, the nickname *Miss Piggy*, started me down a road of extreme self-consciousness during my early development, resulting in what I darkly suspected might be anorexia. I exercised far more than my food intake could support, even exercised in secret to contravene the orders of my doctors and supervisors to gain weight. The thought of being fat again, being called *Miss Piggy* or something equally derogatory, chilled me and brought up a dread I felt in my marrow.

“How does it work?” I asked.

“A series of subcutaneous injections to administer the liquid foam,” she said. “Very painful, we would anesthetize you for it. Then the magnetic contouring. Once we pull you into the shape you want, we administer the setting agent – also a series of sub-Q injections – and hold you there for the five minutes or so it takes to harden. We would most likely apply topical emollients and growth factors to keep you from developing stretch marks when your skin expands.”

“Amazing,” I said. “More science fiction come true. Once they're set, can they be un-set? Say, if I wanted to change something?”

“We're developing a liquefying agent that can make that happen, the prototype should be ready for testing in a few weeks. Once we're sure it's safe, I can make it available to you if there's anything you want to change or undo. So,” Crystal said. “Are you in?”

I sipped tea, looking down at my depressing lack of chest only for a moment before answering. “Sign me up,” I said happily.

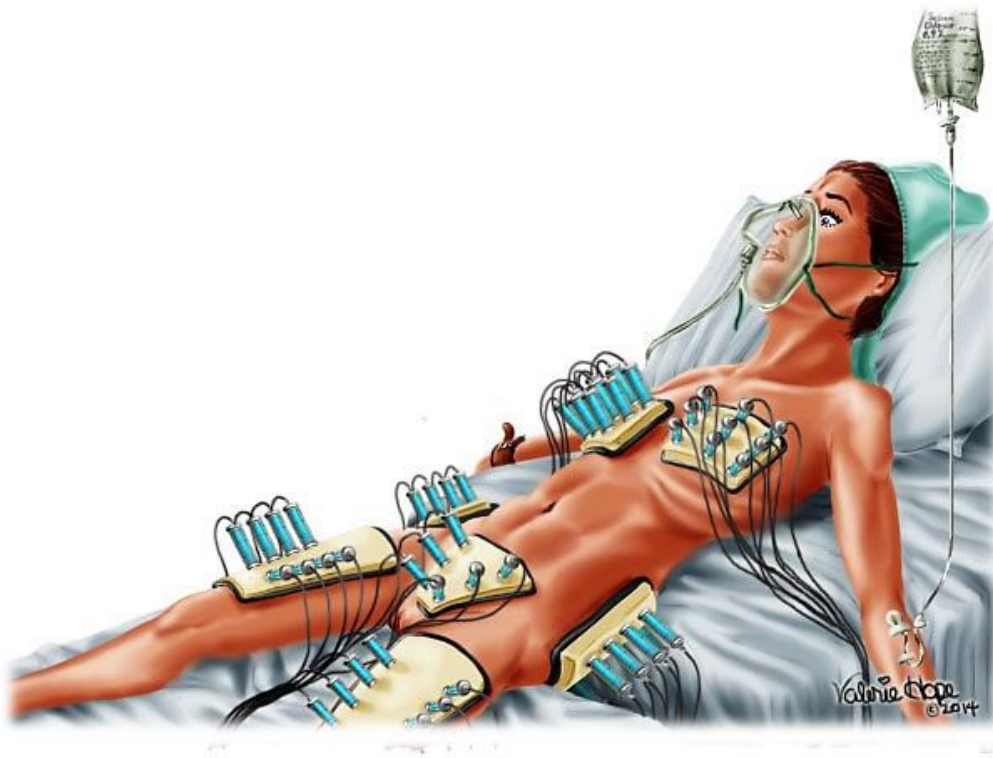
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Crystal flitted from machine to machine, checking settings while I lay shivering on the strange bifurcated table. A large compression cylinder on a dolly stood on the floor next to me and a large hose connected to its regulator, fed through a machine from which hundreds of smaller feed tubes emerged. These tubes snaked coldly all over my naked body, connecting to opaque stainless-steel syringes mounted on curved plates which rested against my body – on my buttocks, thighs, hips, pubis and breasts. Dark neoprene skirts around the bases of those plates housed the magnets which Dr. Crystal told me would pull my body into its new shape.

One of Crystal's techs – I finally learned to spot the support staff amongst the researchers in white by the lack of a silver stripe, almost invisible against the snowy white cloth of their blouses and skirts, at the hemlines of their clothing – pulled a surgical bonnet over my thick, lustrous hair and fitted me with a breathing mask. At that range, I could even see that the little pleated skirts they all wore even bore the trademark schoolgirl plaid of the official uniform – just picked out in silvers and greys so light that they disappeared against the white background unless one looked very closely, in good light.

Crystal motioned to one of her techs to start the gas through the breathing mask. Because of my bioengineered resistance to drugs, I would need to have constant sedation for the procedure instead of a single dose to be metabolized over time. The soft hiss of the escaping gas and a

strange, antiseptic smell preceded the swimmy-headed feeling of disconnectedness. I tried to keep my fright in check, hooked up to this sinister-looking machine, with only questionable effectiveness.



“Try and relax. We'll wake you as soon as it's over.”

The tech fastened restraints around my wrists and ankles, telling me in a soft voice that it insured I would not move around during the procedure and potentially cause a bad application. I struggled to follow her statement, already disoriented and even a little giggly from the sedation. The tech injected a few medications into my IV and cleared out of the way, letting Dr. Crystal take center stage.

“Just go to sleep, Jaci,” she said. “Try and relax. We'll wake you as soon as it's over.”

My eyelids drifted down in a fluttering of gossamer eyelashes, still bearing the remnants of the glitter-infused mascara I favored during my drug-enforced girlhood. I only dimly registered the sound of the machines around me beginning to hum before consciousness fled.

* * * * *

I awoke in a different room, this one with a window overlooking some woods – I barely remembered discovering that all the scenic views out the windows turned out to be ultra-high-resolution digital projections, since we dwelt below ground – and soft music playing soothingly from recessed speakers in the ceiling. A white-coated tech – no silver hemline – stood next to

my bed, holding the pen-like sensor which read my vital signs from the surgical implant in my neck. She offered me an encouraging smile when she saw my eyes open.

“Well, good morning, sunshine,” she said brightly. “Welcome back.”

I stirred and tried to sit, but she pushed me down gently. “Don't get in any big hurry, there, princess,” she said, betraying her Pink heritage with the familiar moniker. Even when they left the fold, a Pink was a Pink forever and we looked out for our sisters. “Are you in any pain?”

“Not really,” I croaked from a dry throat. “I feel weird, but not bad.”

“Want something to suck on?” she asked.

“Desperately,” I told her, feeling the gnawing absence of going so long with nothing against my lips. “But not until I see.”

She laughed. “I figured as much. Here.”

She pulled back the thick blanket covering me and I gasped in thrilled excitement. Twin mounds, perfectly spherical and in complete defiance of gravity, pointed my pink nipples at the ceiling, obscuring any view of the body beneath them. I didn't care. My hands flew to them instinctively, cradling the C-cup masterpieces and caressing their undersides, deliciously sensitive and *heavy*. I purred happily, elated tears leaking from my eyes to descend back towards my hairline.

“Oh, my God,” I breathed. “They're *perfect*.”

“I'll say,” the tech said admiringly. “Dr. Crystal says you can get up and get dressed whenever you're ready. She wants to see you tomorrow, for a follow-up, but the rest of the day is yours.”



Feminine pride suffused my every cell and thought

The tech left me with a pink bra, adorned with grey lace, a pair of cutoff 'Daisy Duke' jean shorts and a grape lollipop, which I popped gratefully between my lips. Dressing myself took longer than expected, since I couldn't go more than a few seconds without having to stop and admire my new breasts or my pert, firm ass. Feminine pride suffused my every cell and thought – *damn, I was hot!* – making me unable to pass by any reflective surface without stopping to pose with my chest out and my back arched, displaying my new 'assets' to best advantage. Finally, the picture completed itself. A perfectly angelic face framed by long, impossibly soft and shining hair, now coupled with the softly-curved Playmate of the Month body it begged for since inception. Even more so than in the moments after I lost my virginity in the Phase Three rooms, I felt like a *woman*. Totally and completely.

A little proximity card on a rhinestone fob glittered atop my belongings, making me smile and laugh in pure delight. *It was over.* I couldn't keep the sexy sway out of my walk, wiggling my new bubble butt with every step, and I felt qualified to strut for the first time in my transformation. I gathered up my little pink overnight bag and walked out of the medical section, through the large foyer with its knots of sad-faced trainees and their big sisters, making a beeline for the elevator at the end. For the first time in my incarceration, I possessed the freedom to go where I chose. I waved my card near the reader and the elevator dinged and opened at my command. I sucked deeply on my lollipop as I selected the floor for the private quarters.

The doors opened to a full gathering of the Pinks, all waiting in the central room for my arrival. Prissi reached me first, gasping at my new body before gathering me up close in her arms and spinning me around. The rest of the girls swarmed around me right behind, burying me beneath

hugs and pats and kisses and compliment after compliment on my flawless face, shining hair and perfect body.

After a long time in the center of the babbling crowd, Prissi held up her hands for silence. "I gotta get her settled in, girls, and then we have the Initiation in an hour," she announced. "Go suck your dicks and meet back at six, 'kay?"

She threaded her arm through mine and led me back towards the rooms. "That's a Pink thing, baby," she said. "We always try to rhyme stuff. Like a cheer, y'know?"

"I'll do my best," I said.

"Your room is right next to mine," she told me. "We share a bathroom. I had to trade Bianca my white leather jacket and a designer purse, but she moved down the hall so we could be next to each other."

"That was really sweet of you," I told her.

"You said we were gonna be besties, right?" she chuckled, squeezing me close. "So, here. This is you. I'll come get you right before the Initiation, okay? Don't eat anything. Believe me, it's best on an empty stomach."

"Is it gross?"

She only offered me a cryptic, knowing smile as she patted my new, firm rump and went into her own room. I stepped into my bedroom – huge by training standards – and took a look at the pile of presents heaped on my frilly bed. One from each of the girls in the Pink dorm, it looked like, and one from Dr. Crystal and Jennifer, too. I noted Prissi's hand in the decoration, as well – a huge poster of the Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders squad hung over the bed, and stuffed animals nearly obscured the pillow. A little pink computer terminal – probably highly restricted or not connected to the outside world at all – sat on a little desk near the open door to the closet, holding only the few meager articles of clothing I owned. My little mini-fridge, earned with points from my trainee account, hummed on the floor beneath the desk. I looked into the bathroom, seeing my hair dryer and curling iron sitting next to my own basin, apart from the wild bedlam of cosmetics and hair products piled haphazardly around Prissi's, and the wrapped basket from Naomi. I spent a little time putting things away, organizing my space as best I could, then sat on my bed and opened a few presents. I began with the girls I didn't know, fellow Pink sisters, who gave me things like bags of lollipops and gum, fuzzy pink socks and the like – personal but impersonal, gifts given to someone not well known. I opened a little pink notebook, a gift from a Pink sister named Kerri, and started writing down a list for thank-you notes. Classy and ladylike, I surmised, and likely to earn me a few points. I wanted to be popular.

Prissi knocked softly and came through the bathroom door as I opened a box containing a pink plastic desk organizer, something I judged perfect for my makeup brushes in the bathroom, from a Pink sister named Andee. I stood up and hugged her quickly – relishing the feeling of our breasts mashing together for the first time.

“Oh my God, I love your dress,” I told her, holding her arms wide to admire the little abbreviated tube-dress covered in large, nacreous *paillette* sequins in varying shades of pink, hugging her every luscious curve.

“Oh, thanks. I like to dress up for Initiations. You ready? Time to go become a Pink for real.”

“If you're dressing up, I should change,” I told her. “I think I have a nice enough dress in here someplace, if I can just find it.”

“No need for that, baby girl,” Prissi laughed. “You go naked.”

* * * * *

I shivered a little in the chilly air, wearing only six-inch heels and a pair of earrings as Prissi led me into the main room. All the girls waited there, clapping and whistling at me when I entered. A group of four, wearing matching pink outfits, marched forward and pulled me into the center of the room.

“Okay, girls, this is Jaci,” the tallest one said. “Stephanie sponsored her and Prissi vouches for her. Does anybody here have a reason why she shouldn't get a tiara and be our newest Princess?”

I looked around the room and saw only smiles. The tallest nodded. “Okay, then. She undergoes the Initiation,” she said. “My name is Becca, and I'm Queen Bitch around here. You do what I say, everything will be awesome. Fuck with me and I'll make sure you get the shittiest jobs and the lowest tips in the restaurant.”

“Yes, ma'am,” I said automatically.

“Good attitude,” she said. “Well, anyway, I hope you're hungry. Do five, you earn the pompoms. Do ten, you earn the belly ring. Fifteen, and you're elite status – you earn the bow. The record – Prissi's record, just so you know – is sixteen. Beat that, you earn the tramp-stamp *and* I let you wait tables in the VIP section upstairs. Triple the regular tips. And Prissi says she'll throw in a Prada purse. Think you're up for it, Princess?”

“Sixteen what?” I asked.

The girls in the room stood up almost as one, and I looked at the big pink phalluses dangling from straps between their legs. Dozens of them, bobbing gently as they pointed at me.

I grinned. “I guess I start at 'one,' just like everybody else, right? Get up here, Priss. You're first.”

* * * * *

Prissi held my hair back as I vomited again, laughing joyously and she picked a sodden and sticky lock of my ruined hair from a drying puddle of goo on my cheek. She rubbed my back gently and rocked me back and forth.

“You never should've done that,” she said fondly, pride evident in her voice. “That was fucking *crazy*. I've never seen a bitch suck off twenty-two cocks in one night. You were like a machine.”

My jaw ached too much to reply. I retched a little more, spitting, and hot tears ran down my nose to join with the alarming streamers of snot which dangled from them. Something about beating a record awakened a competitive streak inside me, and I just kept stuffing my swollen lips with cock after cock, milking them dry. I might have been able to keep going if I hadn't tried to swallow the last load instead of just letting it spurt over my face and breasts like the last six. The laughing, giggling girls tackled me and started licking me clean before I started begging them to let me up, that I needed a bathroom.

Pink and silver mylar pompoms sat in a heap beside the bathtub, the first award I received for sucking five cocks in a row. They came with a month's freedom from dorm chores – I intended to do them anyway, just to show that I was a part of the sorority – and honorary membership on the cheer squad. The date of my first practice now lay circled in pink glitter ink on my wall calendar.

The painful throb in my abdomen heralded the award for my tenth cock – a sister named Brooklynn knelt atop my thighs and drove a needle through the flap of skin just above my navel, threading in a silver dumbbell holding a huge pink rhinestone in the shape of a heart. The belly ring gained me membership in the dance team, which actually had some public performances and did charity work in the outside world. The dance season didn't start for another three months, so worries about rehearsals and the fact that I never danced a step before in my life lingered in the future to trouble me later.

For the fifteenth cock, I received the Order of the Bow – a pink hair-bow decorated with little white polka-dots which denoted my elite status, and a pink one-shoulder tee shirt for working out that proudly displayed *Born to Wear a Bow in my Hair*. I would get the best assignments in the restaurant and would represent the Pinks in any clique meetings or negotiations. Only five girls other than myself got to wear the bow.

Breaking the record got me bent over the arm of the sofa while Brooklynn and her knowledge of body-piercing got to prove her mastery of tattooing as well. The small of my back stung viciously – particularly after a generous coating of synthetic sperm – from where the large pink heart surrounded by lipstick kisses and the words “Ultimate Pink” adorned my swollen skin.

I finally finished throwing up the last of the seeming gallon of laboratory cum I swallowed and let Prissi deposit me listlessly in the shower. I scrubbed off everything I could reach, then toweled myself dry and pulled my loose *Born to Wear a Bow in my Hair* shirt over my naked body before collapsing face-down in my bed.

The next day – my first as a Pink sister in good standing – began late, since my new schedule allowed me a bit more time to sleep in. I met Jennifer and Heidi in the gym after breakfast – they both showered me with compliments on my new body – and then back to my room to clean up and practice, for the first time, with the DVD from Naomi. I managed a slick and polished look after a few tries, but nothing close to the airbrushed perfection Naomi performed. I

resolved to keep practicing.

I opened and catalogued all my gifts and managed to get everything sorted and organized – everything from a cute little pink rhinestone-encrusted e-cigarette from my new sister Piper to a little pink 'pocket rocket' vibrator from my new sister Brooke. I started penning thank-you notes on pink stationery that afternoon, taking a sizeable chunk out of my list by the time a grey-clad Hispanic trainee knocked timidly on my door, holding a garment bag.

“I was told to deliver this to you, Miss Jaci,” she said sullenly, staring at the floor. Prissi warned me about this – tales of my meteoric rise from Phase One all the way to an Elite Pink sister flew hotly around Phases One and Two, and several of the girls more resistant to the training grew to resent me bitterly as a result.

“OhmahGawd, sweetheart, you are soOOoo pretty!” I gushed, raising her face with a finger beneath her chin. “Look at those cheekbones! You look like a model, baby! What's your name?”

“Uh... Trainee Yolanda, ma'am,” she said, a bit taken aback.

“Wow, I can't wait to see you when you're all finished training and polished up,” I told her. “You are gonna be a stone cold *beauty* when you get done! Hope you choose the Pink!”

I kissed her cheek and took the garment bag from her numb fingers. “You better get back, baby, before your Trainer gets mad,” I told her. “You want to keep those bitches happy, or life gets *rough*. Hurry on, sweetie! Thanks!”

I watched her go, looking back at me a few times in frank disbelief. Maybe new tales would spread in the Phases, now. About how the Little Miss Perfect Jaci wasn't some superior, haughty snob but was actually sweet, kind and encouraging. Maybe that would shake things up down there.

I followed the instructions emailed to me that morning on my terminal and took the garment bag upstairs in the elevator, all the way to surface level for the first time since my capture. The elevator seemed to take a very long time to climb all the way up, giving me a little indication of just how deep underground the facility lay. Probably some repurposed mining operation – the city thrived on coal back in the nineteenth century – or even an abandoned subway station, expanded and improved over the years with the almost unlimited supply of money available to the Owners by way of the patents they stole from the girls they kidnapped and enslaved.

I stepped out into a capacious locker room, empty now except for the clatter of people working in the restaurant proper, and found my locker – marked with my name for on a red heart. I unpacked the little bag I brought with me into the locker – a makeup mirror for the inside of the door, pictures of me and Prissi together, and me and Heidi and Jennifer together, a few heart and lipstick-kiss stickers, then an assortment of makeup for touch-ups and a hairbrush, a box of tampons, a string of condoms – a recommendation from Prissi that seemed like good, solid thinking – and a bottle of hairspray, some barrettes and scrunchies, nail file, any kind of thing I thought I might need. I finished by depositing a fresh bag of lollipops and another of bubblegum and then shut the door. I didn't bother locking it – I wanted to be the kind of girl whom anyone

could open her locker and help themselves to the contents, if they needed some bubblegum to take the edge off or a spritz of perfume. It precluded my keeping anything of value inside, of course, but I never intended to do that anyway.



I scooped my lustrous hair into a high ponytail and fastened it with my precious bow,

I opened the bag and dressed quickly, in the pink argyle socks and pink six-inch pumps, the little pink plaid skirt and the pastel pink blouse knotted beneath my breasts, over simple pink lingerie. I scooped my lustrous hair into a high ponytail and fastened it with my precious bow, just to let any veterans out there know who I was, and stopped just long enough to snap a picture with the phone that Dr. Crystal gave me as a graduation present, sending it through the completely segregated private network to all my new Pink sisters, the only people I could contact other than Crystal, Jennifer and Heidi.

I adjusted my jewelry – dangling hoop earrings, a heart-shaped pendant, a heavy silver bracelet, big rhinestone stretch rings on both index fingers and my Valentine's nametag on my lapel – and checked my appearance one last time in the mirror before heading out onto the floor. Prissi met me there, *ooing* and *aahing* over how beautiful I looked and introducing me all the girls on the day shift. The friction I expected between the colors never actually appeared, to my relief – everyone treated everyone else nicely and with respect. A little friendly rivalry and some mild territorialism existed, but came across more playful than not.

I breathed a distinct sigh of relief when I saw Jennifer emerge from the Purple lockers in her new uniform. I ran up on my skyscraper heels, my new breasts jiggling deliciously, and gathered her up into a fond hug. “Find me later,” I whispered in her ear. “We need to talk strategy.”

She nodded and moved off to find her own big sister in the crowd while I returned to Prissi, who showed me the ABC's of the restaurant proper. My former life as a brilliant research scientist made learning the order process and how to bill the members come quite easily, and my long training made the management of heavy trays no problem either. I hung out close to Prissi, shadowing her right at first after the hostess came into the dining area and announced *we're open, bitches* loudly to the gathered waitresses. After a short slow period, members began to filter in, and I dogged my big sister's heels, watching her work and learning the ins and outs of my new job.

* * * * *

"It's pretty easy, actually, see?" Prissi told me, counting up her cash tips from the last table and tucking them beneath her bra strap. "The more you flirt, the better you get tipped. Just be real friendly, bend over low so they can stare at your boobs, laugh at their stupid jokes and pretend that you think they're sexy and smart. Do all of that your own way – be yourself, y'know, 'cause you're fucking *adorable* – and you're gonna make a shit-ton of tips."

"Okay, I think I got it," I told her.

"It's gonna be slow for a little while, then dinner's gonna start. Normally, you'd be off, but since you're just learning, you're working a double shift with me today," Prissi told me. "Think you might be ready to try one by yourself, gorgeous?"

"Won't know until I do it, will I?" I said optimistically.

"Okay, cool," she said. "Just need to take some time for a little tradition. Follow me." She whistled loudly, inserting her thumb and forefinger in the corners of her mouth, and all the Pinks – from the departing day shift and the oncoming night shift – filed into the waitress' lounge just behind the kitchen.

"One more thing you have to learn, baby," she told me as the assembled Pink waitresses took seats along the wall. "It gets really busy around here. We started you on a slow day, but believe me, it doesn't stay like this. We have to fucking hustle around here."

"We don't get time to eat, really," she continued. "The occasional smoke break, but never more than about five minutes. So the eggheads downstairs cooked up something special for us – we call it *tree sap*. It's the same stuff we usually suck, y'know, for lunch, except this stuff is a lot thicker 'cause it's full of sugar and caffeine and vitamins. Keeps us going."

"You can't live without it, sugar," one of the unnamed Pink sisters said from the crowd.

"There are stations all over the restaurant where you can suck out a little booster when you need it. But we want our first time waitresses to get their first taste in the Pink lounge," Prissi told me, "and we have this tradition. You suck your first taste of tree sap out of the Monster."

She gestured behind me to a waiting Pink sister – one of the bartenders, I recognized, I thought

her name was Renée or something – with her skirt pushed back to reveal the biggest, mightiest synthetic cock I ever saw before. At least ten inches long, and a good two inches in diameter, it throbbed menacingly from its scone in the wall. I gasped and backed up a step involuntarily at the sheer size of it. Prissi put a comforting hand on my shoulder while Renée smiled knowingly.

“We Pinks are the best cocksuckers in the place,” Prissi told me with a note of fierce pride. “Don't be scared, sweetie, you're a Pink. You can handle it. Besides, any bitch with a bow in her hair should never be afraid of a cock. Just get down there and suck it. It's just like any other you've sucked, 'cept it takes both hands.”

I gave her a nervous smile and walked over, sinking to my knees and regarding the titanic member from one side, then the other. Then, as the assembled Pink sisters giggled and chanted *Monster, Monster, Monster* in hushed cadence, I opened my mouth as wide as it would stretch and pushed my lips over the head.



I swallowed it hungrily and felt a surge of quick energy

That strange competitive streak that compelled me to my cocksucking marathon during my Initiation took over once again, and I used deep breathing and every relaxation technique I could remember to loosen my throat, wetting the enormous cock with spit until I could slide it down my gullet whole, wrapping my lips sensuously around the root. Whispers of *she earned that bow* and *she deep-throated the Monster* echoed in amazed tones around the room. When the Monster finally let go – giving Renée her own shuddering, mewling orgasm in rewards – it spurted a huge gob of thick, sweet goo into my mouth. I swallowed it hungrily and felt a surge of quick energy suffuse me, making me a little hyper and very excited to get back out there.

I rejoined the waitresses amidst amazed congratulations, letting them lead me back into the dining area and getting me signed in. The lull between lunch and dinner filled quickly with rolling silverware and helping with bar prep, stocking clean glasses from the dishwashers and cutting limes and lemons, carting around cases of beer and wine. I caught up with Jennifer refilling salt and pepper shakers at the tables as I restocked sugar and sweetener and she offered me a tired smile.

“Doubles are rough,” she said companionably. “Aren't you tired, yet?”

“Didn't they tell you about the tree sap?” I asked her. “Come with me. I'll fix you up.” I led her to a little alcove off the main room, out of sight of any customer, and found a row of feeder sconces in the wall. A pretty Blue with long, shiny hair sucked happily on the farthest one, her teddy bear laying between her knees. She gave us both a coy wink when we entered.

“Get you some,” I bade Jennifer, kneeling beside her to take another drink.

We re-entered the dining area a few minutes later, rejuvenated and refreshed. “Thanks for that,” Jennifer said gratefully as we returned to our duties. “The other Purples, they're pretty competitive. They've kinda left me to figure out things on my own and see if I can do it faster than they did on their first day. I get a day off of chores if I get a good time. It's really good to have a friend.”

I gave her a friendly hug and looked up. “We better hustle, sweetie, customers are gonna start showing up, soon, look – they're turning on the televisions over the bar.”

* * * * *

I found a few seconds to update my look – changing my makeup palette to something a bit more dramatic for evening and letting my hair down, storing my precious bow in my locker and adding a lock of clip-in hair in a shocking pink on one side – and add some perfume before heading out to start serving my first tables. Pre-performance jitters and a little too much of the energy-boosting tree sap made me fidgety and giggly, anxious to begin and determined to do my very best.



I found myself hoping that they would grope me, desperate for the touch

Being myself, the way Prissi recommended, proved to be excellent advice. The exuberant, flirtatious nature developed in Phase Three and my wry sense of humor appealed to a wide range of customers, and my utter and complete nonchalance about being occasionally touched or groped – even going so far as to express a bit of enjoyment at the contact – convinced them to show their appreciation with their wallets, leaving thick wads of cash for me to pocket before I cleaned their tables. I only needed two shots of sap to keep my energy up during the night, and I learned quickly to keep an eye on the sconces because a line could form quickly during peak hours, and finished the night with two hundred dollars in cash and an additional two hundred in electronic tips, sweaty and tired and thoroughly turned on by all the flirtation and attention. By the end of the evening, I found myself hoping that they would grope me, desperate for the touch.

Some of the other girls, with more years' service, changed clothes to go out for the evening, leaving me and several of the other newbies to hang our uniforms in our lockers – they would be cleaned and pressed by our shift the next day, Prissi assured me – and head back down into the dorms for the evening. I wished I could head out with them, go dance or flirt some more or maybe even find a nice guy like Kevin to fuck me. But that, like everything else, needed to be earned around here.

When Jennifer excused herself to the back loading dock for a cigarette before closing up, I followed her. I had to bum one of her cigarettes – not a favorite of mine, but it did satisfy the oral fixation well enough – to blend in and give us a few moments to talk in private. We chatted for a moment about Heidi and our desire for her to finish Phase Three and join us upstairs in the restaurant as waitresses, just long enough for the other pair of girls smoking in the night air to

go back inside, leaving us in relative solitude. We huddled together immediately once the coast seemed clear.

In whispered tones, I related the information I gathered about the Owners and how I thought they were stealing ideas to develop in the labs downstairs. Jennifer agreed with me, supporting my theory with her own observations and telling me that her own big sister let slip that things always changed for the girls once they 'signed the papers.' Her other Purple sisters hushed her up after that comment, but Jennifer felt convinced that the Owners would be coming to take possession of our work as scientists prior to our capture very soon.

"That means we'll be in the same room as one of the Owners," I said. "Maybe even the same rat bastard that sold me out."

"What do you think we ought to do?" Jennifer asked, letting out a long plume of exhaled smoke. "Try and overpower them or something?"

I thought for a moment. "No, I don't think that's the way to go," I said. "It would only get us in trouble, maybe even get us sent back to Phase Three until our brains run out our ears. Who knows what kind of re-education shit they're capable of down there. No, I think the smart play would be to do what we do best."

"What's that?" Jennifer asked.

"Suck cock, silly," I giggled, pushing her shoulder playfully. "Suck it so fucking good that they'll want to come back. Get them fucking *addicted*. Once they can't get enough of us, *then* we can make our move and they won't be able to do a damn thing to resist us."

* * * * *

FOR A POTENTIAL NOBEL LAUREATE, it turned out I was an *incredible* waitress. My next six nights passed quickly in a rush of heaped trays, full glasses, suggestive flirtation and brief intervals on my knees in front of one of the many secluded wall sconces to suck out a dose of the all-important "tree sap" which kept me energetic, vivacious and smiling. A part of me realized, on some level, that the chemical amalgam for human semen contained some kind of drug to which I now lived hopelessly addicted, but I didn't care. I didn't see a downside, not in the world I inhabited. And all the girls around me depended on it as competely as me. It reinforced the feeling of sorority, of belonging, which affected me on a deep, visceral level.

I bustled through the dense crowd on a Friday night, a tray heaped high and heavy with grass-fed steaks, roasted chicken and pork tenderloin done to mouth-watering perfection perched atop my long-nailed hands, navigating the chaotic dance of waitresses expertly on my platform heels. I deposited the overflowing plates to the cluster of men around my table from memory, pressing my lovely spherical breasts into each of their backs in turn as I set their meals in front of them, exchanging casual and light-hearted flirtation with all of them in turn. I brought the tray back to the station by the kitchen, wiggling my delectable ass for the admiration of the patronage, and puffed out a long breath before heading over to the bar to fill a large order of

drinks for a rowdy party of six in my section.

A cluster of hushed, frenetic conversation between a group of girls to my left drew my attention momentarily, and I placed a hand on the shapely forearm of Melissa, the brunette bartender and a fellow Pink sister, to get her attention.

“What's the deal over there?” I asked, indicating the conversing Purples with a nod of my forehead.

“Oh, you know that other new girl, Jessalyn? She just got her first Fingering,” Melissa said, pouring a long line of shots expertly in front of her while she talked.

“What's a Fingering?” I asked, curious.

“She got requested by a Platinum member to take somebody to the garden,” Melissa said, referring to the landscaped courtyard in the center of the restaurant full of secluded grottos and out-of-the-way nooks where the girls on the floor performed the sexual side of our new job at Valentine's. Members and guests of members sent in a request for a particular girl through some unknown channel, which filtered down through the hostesses to the individual waitress.

“Wow, a Platinum,” I said. “Swanky.” Valentine's offered four levels of membership: the Silver, which constituted the bulk of the people who frequented the place, allowing them access to the restaurant and the health club on the second floor; Gold, which allowed its members all the same privileges as Silver plus the ability to select a girl for an assignation once a year; Diamond, which added to the lower levels two trysts a year and the authorization to take a requested girl off-site for an evening; and the Platinum – the gods of the club – who could essentially do whatever they wished. I'd heard tales of Platinums demanding orgies for themselves and their guests, emptying the floor of girls to wait tables to have them sexually service themselves, their friends and even one another in a huge mass in one of the private gathering rooms upstairs. A fifth level existed, also – the Owners – but no one really knew who they were. I had met only one: John Masters, the “old friend” from college who condemned me to this life in order to steal my research into human stem cells.

“Lucky bitch,” Melissa said. “He shoulda picked a Princess, right?”

I blew her a kiss. “His loss,” I said. “Got those kamikazes ready, sweetheart?”

She loaded my tray quickly and I took it away, casting glances of mixed curiosity and jealousy at the smiling, giggling crowd of jock Purples who stood around the scarlet-faced Jessalyn, congratulating her with firm pats, caresses, hugs and kisses. I wondered when I would be pimped out – Prissi told me every girl gets Fingered eventually – and frightened myself by discovering a wild hope that it would be soon. I actually looked forward to graduating from a Valentine's waitress to a Valentine's whore. Phase Three did its job altogether too well. Without ever intending it, I drank the Kool-Aid wholeheartedly and became a willing, enthusiastic participant in the slavish culture of the Valentine's Girls.

* * * * *

Another week passed busily, leaving me very little time to think about how to bring the system crashing down. My partner in crime, Jennifer – she went by Jenni, now, among her friends – still pressed me in whispered moments waiting for orders or kneeling in front of one of the feeders to get together privately, to discuss a plan, but the hectic nature of the schedule we kept left very little time.

It took another week for that time to open up, as our lives slowly gravitated upstairs and aboveground. The waitress dorms still occupied the first sub-level, but activities like family-style dinners on our off nights now took place in the large communal dining room on the second floor above the restaurant. We stopped using the training gym below us and took our workouts to the upstairs health club, a much nicer and well-equipped facility. We got occasional two-hour furloughs into the city for shopping and socializing – all supervised carefully, with each of us required to wear a tracking device and surrender our mobile phones for the journey.

I wasted no time in electing Jenni to be my personal trainer – many of the Purples supplemented their incomes that way – in hopes of putting some more meat on my skinny frame, so we gained ourselves an hour each morning and evening of relative privacy, particularly when we swam – I loved propelling my new, lithe body through the water of the heated indoor pool, clad only in a sparkly pink bikini. It turned out I moved really fast in the water – competitively fast – and I got my first experience of being good at something athletic in my studious, scientific life.

Jenni and I resumed our whispered conversation from the previous day as we stepped deeply into warrior pose to begin our morning yoga.

“What did you find out?” I asked from the corner of my mouth. A few members populated the gym that morning when we arrived before dawn, ogling us openly as we worked out, so we hid our talk behind wide smiles and coy flirting.

“Your research got stalled,” Jenni replied. “My customer from the university told me last night. They hit a wall. I couldn't get any details – 'cuz, y'know, I'm a total, like, airhead 'n' stuff.” She said the last in an overdone 'bimbo' inflection that made me snort laughter. The Owners insisted that we play dumb when among the public, offer no clue that the glamorous centerfold waitresses all held advanced degrees in science and medicine.

“So you think they'll move me to the White?” I asked, referring to the research division of the transformed women that engineered and oversaw our remarkable transformations.

“I'm sure of it,” Jenni replied. “Dr. Cassandra and Dr. Crystal got called out of their labs last night, late, up to the restaurant. Heidi saw them, talking with someone in a very expensive suit. Five gets you ten, it was one of the Owners.”

I switched effortlessly into another pose. “No idea how long that will take,” I said. “We shouldn't bet on it. I think I know a way to find out who some of the Owners might be that doesn't require me to be inside the Science Division.”

“How?” Jenni asked.

"I think it's a Pink thing," I said softly, bending effortlessly in the middle to place my palms on the floor, my newfound female flexibility still astounding me. I placed my head well behind my knees and felt certain I could go further if I wished it, maybe even getting my shoulders behind my thighs to place my feet behind my head without much discomfort. "We're expected to be social, and our Queen Bee has lobbied hard the last year or so and finally gotten us permission to have Facebook pages, Twitter feeds and Instagram accounts."

"They'll be monitored and censored," Jenni told me.

"I know that," I countered, "but it's going to grant us Internet access. They'll restrict it, certainly, but it will provide a point of contact with the outside world. I think I can find a way past the restriction, running a separate browser as an applet inside the browser running Facebook or Twitter. The watchdog shouldn't even see it, as much crap comes through the typical news feed of a Facebook user."

"You have the code?" Jenni asked.

"I wrote it on my phone," I told him. "It's not tested or debugged, but I think it will work."

"If you think it's worth the risk, go for it," Jenni said. "We have precious little intelligence to go on."

We ended our workout with a companionable hug and kisses on the cheeks, like we always did, and scampered to the elevators to the dorms for showers and the subsequent hour-and-a-half of makeup and hairstyling. I only just began entertaining the idea of a quick suck of tree sap before I went to the communal shower when I noticed Prissi and another Pink – one of the upstairs hostesses, the queens of the restaurant named Lorilynn – waiting outside the door of my room.

"Hey, baby girl," Prissi said brightly. "You know Lorilynn, right?"

I smiled and tucked my hands behind my back, swinging my torso left to right girlishly. "Totes," I told her. "How are you, Lorilynn?"

"I'm great, honey," she told me. "Listen, I wanted to stop by and tell you – you got Fingered last night."

I gasped, in dismayed shock but also excited anticipation. "Really? Somebody asked for me?"

"Toldja it would be soon," Prissi said proudly.

"Yeah, you're scheduled to get with him tomorrow night, seven o'clock," she said. "But listen – he's a Platinum, and he made a special request. First of all, you need to make sure you're brushed up on your deep-throating. He wants you to root him and keep on rooting him. I don't think he wants you to even breathe, probably, you know how guys are."

I laughed and blushed – we all knew *very* intimately how guys are around here, every single one of us born as one. “And?”

“You need to swing by the downstairs salon today,” she said. “Your boyfriend has a fingernail fetish. You're gonna get some extensions, he wants those things at least two inches.”

I looked down at my hands – Dr. Crystal's magic serum already made the mother-of-pearl nails grow at an astonishing rate, but I kept them trimmed and filed to something approaching manageability. Still, a Platinum was a Platinum, and us girls did what they said. I shrugged. “At least that gives me a day to get used to them that long.”

Lorilynn looked proudly at Priscilla. “You weren't joking, she *is* a go-getter. Well, hey – I gotta bounce. Congrats, Jaci. See you bitches upstairs.”

We waved our goodbyes – Prissi needed to be someplace, too – and I ducked into my room to clean up and put on my face before heading to the nail salon and then to the new computer lab to set up my Facebook page, like so many of the other girls in the Pink dorm.

* * * * *

I tucked the little thumb drive – bought with points from my account to store 'selfies' and the like – with my carefully-written code into the strap of my bra, scraping my sensitive flesh with the ridiculously long nails now bonded to the ends of my fingers – and hustled downstairs to the new computer lab, a long-necked bottle of beer in one hand.



I could hold the neck of the bottle down my throat before I had to break away

I logged on to one of the laptops as soon as I arrived in the little lab, forcing the beer bottle down my throat to loosen myself up for the deep-throating performance expected of me the following night. I made sure to let my Pink sisters see me doing it – little go-getter Jaci, practicing diligently for her role, the absolute model of a transformed girl. Besides, the process gave me no small amount of pleasure, and I indulged my latent competitive streak by seeing how long I could hold the neck of the bottle down my throat before I had to break away and pant for breath, trying to beat my own best times. I never once gagged or felt the slightest nausea, to my credit.

I did take a few moments and set up a Facebook page, putting a bunch of inane bullshit into the profile and populating it with several suggestive photos of myself and my friends. It took quite a bit of time to put out friend requests and tag all the photographs, more than I expected but still ample enough for the other two denizens of the computer lab to overlook me entirely and get lost in their own tasks. I typed with all the speed of a beginner with the long, sculpted acrylic fingernails, tapping the backspace key more often than not as I adjusted to typing with keys nearly an inch below the tips of my fingers.

Looking around carefully, I ran the code so laboriously typed in with my thumbs and opened a separate browser window *inside* the one I already occupied, so cleverly that it would not even make its presence known in a browser history or a log. Only a direct keystroke logger would find my deception, and my examination of the laptop before I ever began gave me confidence that no such level of surveillance existed. I tried to appear nonchalant, shoving the bottle into my throat and playing with my hair, while I searched the Department of Commerce database for corporate documents pertaining to Valentine's, all the while 'liking' and 'sharing' everything I

could think of from the Hooters Calendar to *Playboy Plus* to online lingerie and makeup catalogs. Anything to make my page seem as vapid, self-indulgent and shallow as I could.

I limited my searching to thirty minutes – just to be safe, should my code not prove as clever as I thought it would – and memorized everything I could see, not willing to risk making a digital copy and leave any kind of a trail. When my half-hour ran out, I logged out of the computer and headed back upstairs, eager to find Jenni and share my findings.

* * * * *

“It was hard, not just because of the claws,” I told Jenni the next morning in the gym. “It's really hard to concentrate – everything they put us through made me want so badly to just sit there and post random pablum and comment on other girls' posts. They engineered us – at least the Pinks – to thrive on that kind of superficial social interaction. But I think they might have given themselves too much credit. It's made them overlook the fact that we are all still scientific pioneers, and all of us are much more tech-savvy than the average person.”

Jenni nodded. “I'll take any advantage I can get right now,” she told me. “I play up the 'bimbo' schtick as much as you do, Jaci. It makes them underestimate me. What did you find out?”

“The Owners are a core group of the nine wealthiest, most powerful tech industry leaders in the world, and a handful of their junior partners, CFOs and CTOs and the like. A few like John Masters, who probably got a place at the table in exchange for a valuable skill like his recruitment contacts,” I explained. “It doesn't look good, Jen. Rich, powerful men. We're talking armies of litigators, ironclad non-disclosure agreements, intellectual property protection – they're damn near untouchable.”

Jenni's eyes narrowed dangerously. “Nobody's untouchable.”

“I'm working on an idea,” I told her. “It's embryonic, but...”

“Tell me.”

“What is their biggest weakness?” I asked. “This place. It's their Achilles' heel. It's where their innovations come from – we're their Skunk Works. They have *everything* bet on keeping this facility running and generating new technology, right?”

“Stands to reason,” Jenni said, pushing on my abdomen lightly and making me stand straighter to improve the form of my triceps curls on the pull-down bar.

“Maybe we don't go after the big guys,” I told her. “Maybe we go after *this* place. Take it from them. Hold it hostage, ransom it. The Spice must flow, right?”

“How?”

I pouted. “That's as far as I've gotten. But think about it. How *popular* we are here. It's happened all over the world, under regimes as restrictive and invasive as this one. The Arab

Spring, Tienamen Square, East Berlin. There is no asylum so locked down that the inmates can't run it eventually."

"I'll think about that," Jenni said. "I'll think about that *a lot*. Now, grab the dumbbells and give me twenty hammer curls. Let's keep bulking up those skinny little toothpick-arms of yours."

* * * * *

I left the lab forcing myself to take my time, to stop and visit with the other girls, feeling a need to bolster my burgeoning popularity in case we did try to take over the organization from within, before stopping at one of the many feeding sconces scattered throughout the complex for a quick taste of tree sap. I knelt hungrily, sliding my rhinestone-encrusted keycard past the proximity sensor on the side, and frowned when I saw the little light blink red instead of the green I expected. I tried the card again, twice, three times. Blinking red. I stood and flagged down the first White I could find, a willowy Indian girl with long eyelashes and a heartbreakingly sweet smile.

"Um, hi. I'm Jaci. My card isn't working?" I informed her.

The White paused long enough to consult the tablet computer under her arm, then offered me a sympathetic smile. "Jaci. Pink, right? It says you're on restriction. No food until tomorrow. Apparently, one of the Platinum members requested that you come to an appointment really hungry."

I gasped. "He won't let me *eat*?"

"Not until tomorrow," the White told me. "Sorry, sweetie."

I picked up my pace back to my room, angry and hurt, intending to find Prissi and maybe sneak myself a quick suck on her card. When I arrived at the dorms, though, I found Prissi with fat tears in her eyes, watching some of the other Pink sisters come out of my room carrying all my lollipops, popsicles, bubblegum and candy away.

"Prissi? What's going on?"

"We just heard that you're on restriction, baby girl," she said sadly. "The Owners do that, sometimes. Nobody really knows why, maybe they think it makes us give better head. They took away all your food. I hate this, Jaci – you're so skinny already – but we have to do what the Owners say."

I sobbed loudly. "This isn't fair."

"I know, baby, I know," she said, wrapping me in a heartbroken hug and smoothing my hair. She broke away, fanning her eyes to dry the tears before they wrecked her careful makeup, and rummaged in her purse. She handed me an unopened pack of long, Virginia Slims cigarettes.

"These will help," she told me desolately. "They suppress appetite, y'know. And at least you get

something to suck on. I am so sorry, babe. I can't stand it.”

I deflated, taking the cigarettes inconsolably and slinking, defeated, into my room. I threw myself onto my bed as the door closed gently behind me and bawled into my pillow until I fell asleep over the pained growling of my empty stomach.

Hunger wracked me so painfully, so desperately over the next twenty-four hours that I could barely remain conscious, too weak to walk even to the bathroom to suck water from the faucet in an attempt to fill my aching stomach. The withdrawal from the 'upper' in the tree-sap left me sweaty and shaking, alternating between teeth-chattering chill and writhing, sweating hot flashes which kept me from even sleeping. I smoked the entire pack that Prissi gave me and another pack-and-a-half more that I bought with commissary points, making my little girly room reek of stale smoke, but the nicotine did little to fend away the pain, the cramps and the aching emptiness. Time passed glacially, creeping past, the seconds like hours. After a miserable, suffering eternity, my door opened, blasting my swollen eyes with painful light. Two unknown girls – a blonde-haired Blue with huge breasts and a tall, athletically-built Yellow with her thick hair in long braids over one shoulder – entered my room.

“C'mon, honey, we're here to take you upstairs,” the Blue said sympathetically, shaking my shoulder gently. “We need to get you cleaned up and fix your face and hair, okay?”



They sat me up, helped me into my bra and blouse

The girls helped me to the shower – I could barely lift my head, I felt so weak and drained – and

reached around the pink flamingo shower-curtain to scrub me from head to foot and wash my hair. They sat me down at my dressing table and tag-teamed my makeup and hair, getting me ready far below my usual meticulous standards, then laid me back onto the bed to pull on my panties, my pink argyle socks and my plaid micro-skirt for work. They sat me up, helped me into my bra and blouse and clipped my treasured pink polka-dot bow in my reddish hair, slipped me into my pink stiletto platforms, and hauled me unceremoniously to my feet, suspending me between them down the hallway to the elevators.

They stopped on the first floor and leaned me against the wall long enough to clock in – no sense doing this if I didn't get paid for it, even if it was only a percentage of pooled tips – and I stood sullenly and enviously staring daggers at the few girls in a nearby alcove, on their knees sucking greedily at the feeders. My two minders shouldered me once again and half-dragged me back into the elevator for the quick ride up to the third floor and the private rooms.

I wondered, dimly and sluggishly, just how anyone expected me to give a spirited, Valentine's-worthy oral performance to a Platinum member when it took all my effort just to keep my eyes open. I doubted that the powers-that-be even knew what 'restriction' did to the girls downstairs. I doubted they even considered us to be human any more. That bitter thought accompanied me through the polished wooden door of Room Six, which opened to reveal the smug, grinning face of John Masters.

“Wow,” he said appreciatively. “Do me a favor, girls, turn her around so I can get a look at her.”

The Blue and the Yellow offered shallow curtsies and a muttered “yes, sir” before spinning me around in a clumsy pirouette. Masters clapped his hands softly in delight.

“Unbelievable,” he commented. “Y'know, it's easy to forget that you girls started out as dudes. I would *never* believe that this gorgeous little piece of ass standing in front of me used to be that fat tub of lard Jack Hebert.”

I recoiled a little at the sound of my former name, not heard for an eternity. I could not even recall the face that I wore in those days. That man died – tragically, viciously, but dead all the same.

“They tell me you're calling yourself Jaclyn, now,” Masters said. “Bring her over here, girls.”

He lounged back in a leather armchair, regarding me over steepled fingers as the Blue and the Yellow offered another “yes, sir” and curtsy before depositing me on my knees between Masters' widespread knees. He dismissed them with a haughty wave, and they curtsied once more and backed out like the dutiful slaves he made them.

“Ordinarily, Jaclyn, this thing gets done by one of the Senior Partners,” he told me, leaning forward to grab my hands and place them on his crotch. “But I requested you personally. Had to call in a couple favors to do it, but watching you like this – worth it.”

“Why?” I croaked weakly, rubbing his crotch listlessly with my two hands, feeling something in his trousers begin to stir and change shape almost immediately. I didn't need technique right

now – he got off of the power of it all.

“You really have to ask me that? You smug, superior bastard. I remember how you looked down on me in college, always so fucking condescending because I had to work so hard for my grades. How you used to offer to help me all the time, like I was so fucking stupid I couldn't do it for myself?”

“I never meant it like that...”

He slapped my face, hard, bringing hot tears to my eyes. “Save it, bitch,” he growled. “Unzip.”

I fished the tab of his zipper from his fly clumsily with my unnaturally long fingernails and finally managed to work the button free and expose his boxers. He tugged them down impatiently to release a moderately-sized, veiny cock which bobbed gently in front of my face.

“Better get used to those hooker nails,” he chuckled. “I'm ordering them to become permanent. Do anything that I don't like, Jaclyn, and I swear I'll order them even longer.”

“John, please...” I rasped.

He slapped me again, hard enough to drive my slender frame to the floor. “It is *Mr. Masters* to you, understand?” he hissed. “Now get back up on your knees. I know you're hungry.”

My stomach growled loudly in betrayal.

“Don't think I'm not gonna make you say it, Jaclyn.”

I sobbed weakly, then brushed hair from my face with the tips of my long nails. “Please, Mr. Masters. I'm starving. May I suck your beautiful, big cock?”

He answered by grabbing the back of my head roughly, yanking my sweat-damp hair painfully, and forcing me down over his cock. I barely had time to part my lips before he shoved himself inside me, all the way to the back of my throat, the dry scooting of his unlubricated cock against my dehydrated throat stinging and aching. I worked up what spit I could to ease the process, drooling sloppily onto his balls. He leaned across me roughly and smacked me on the ass hard enough to make me jump and scream in pain. I knew I would bear a red hand-print there for at least a day.

“Suck it, Jaclyn. All the way back in your throat like a good girl,” he growled, using his hand to piston my head roughly up and down on his impaling cock. I moaned in pain – he didn't even want a blow-job. He intended to use my face to masturbate, not caring if I took any pleasure in the act whatsoever.

I closed my eyes, trying not to choke, when I felt him force something into my right hand. I dimly recognized it as a pen. He slid a thick, smooth paper under my hand. I tried to look up, to see what he did, but his imprisoning hand prevented it.

"It's a contract," he told me roughly. "Giving all the rights to your research to me. You're going to get a white coat and work downstairs for *me*, Jaclyn, finish that work and make me a billionaire. And you're going to sign it."

I tried to shake my head in defiance, but the side-to-side motion only made him hiss in pleasure.

"Oh, you're gonna sign it," he reiterated. "If you don't, then I won't cum."

The emptiness in my stomach, the endless night of hunger and pain, flashed through my brain and I sobbed around his cock, tears streaking down my cheeks to mix with the thick streamers of saliva escaping my mouth.

"You want something to eat? Then you sign it," he said flatly.



"You want something to eat? Then you sign it," he said flatly.

Crying, choking on his rough invasion of my mouth, I positioned the pen in my long-nailed fingers and signed my male name for the last time – *Dr. Jack M. Hebert, Ph.D.* – on the three required lines of the contract. He folded it self-satisfiedly and set it to a side-table next to a glass of single-malt Scotch, my entire life's work now folded neatly next to his drink. I fought the urge to bawl like a baby.

Now that I knew the depth of Masters' hatred for me, Jenni's words filtered back through the numbness of my brain - *I play up the 'bimbo' schtick as much as you do, Jaci. It makes them*

underestimate me – and I seized upon a wild idea. I remembered a conversation with Dr. Alice Whitehead, one of the noted women's studies professors at the university, during a Christmas party several years ago. The topic of conversation came around to the sexual assault problems at the university and she gave me one of the most insightful glimpses into the mental and emotional aspects of rape I ever heard.

Most rapists derive an implicit approval of the act from a deeply-held belief that women desire to be forced into sex, she told me. They are raised believing that women don't actually know what's good for them, and they need the strong guiding hand of a man to introduce them into the world of sex whether they want to or not. They cannot acknowledge that a woman has her own individual view of sex, since that would mean acknowledging that they may not be good enough to meet her standards.

I could see that selfsame behavior in Masters right now. He believed that he *made* me a woman, and now it fell to him to *guide* me into this womanly behavior roughly, since I obviously didn't know what was good for me. Somehow able to cast aside the humiliation and powerlessness of the act – I *was* being raped right now, no matter how John Masters chose to view it – I saw an opportunity that few natural-born women could recognize. My experience as a male showed it to me, allowed me to peer past the pain and violation to see a way to turn it to my advantage; an act that Dr. Whitehead explained to me sometimes took years for female sexual assault survivors to realize.

With an effort and strength of character I scarcely knew I possessed, I threw away the tattered shreds of my pride and turned my sobbing into throaty moaning. Masters looked at me curiously, and I wrapped my hand around the base of his cock and started stroking it lovingly, teasing the shaft with my long nails and rubbing the rubbery, spit-slick head of my cock on my soft cheek, slapping myself gently as I mustered every scrap of my remaining strength and used it to give him a seductive, grateful smile.

“Mmm, baby, yeah,” I whispered, licking my lips. “You taste so good.”

His salesmanship failed him, unable to disguise a shocked double-take. “You're *into* this?”

I licked his cock in long strokes, like a delicious piece of candy, and giggled brainlessly. “Don't you know how they train us down there, sweetheart?” I said dreamily. “You don't *know*, honey, how incredible it feels to have that big, thick cock in your mouth, in your hand, in your hot little kitty... Mmm. Getting all wet down there just thinking about it. And I'm so fucking hungry, Daddy, all I want is for you to shoot that hot, salty candy down my throat right now.”

I purred deep in my throat and raised myself up a little higher on my knees. “You're gonna see what a fantastic little cocksucker you made out of me, baby, I promise. I am gonna suck you so deep, so wet, so good – then I'm gonna swallow every...” A deep suck. “...single...” Another. “...drop.”

I closed my eyes tightly and imagined myself as someone else, recasting myself mentally into an imagined porno actress and this just some staged scene, then launched into the most lavish, passionate and sloppy blow-job I ever performed. If I allowed myself to even be conscious of his presence, I would have seen his back arch and his toes curl, his eyes squeeze shut and his breath

quicken to little short panting gasps while I worked him with every ounce of my skill and technique. He loved it and I could tell he believed that I loved it even more – that he had successfully guided me into this sexual world and now I could be forever grateful to him for it – while for me, I felt no more connection or compassion than I did for the pink plastic cocks that dispensed my mid-day meals.

He arched up, supporting himself only with the back of his head and his heels, straining into me as he finally released his load down my throat. I sucked greedily, desperately, swallowing the thick fluid and feeling it restore me, sending energy and strength and stamina to my exhausted limbs. I laid my head against this thigh and licked up all the little tiny globs that escaped him after the orgasm subsided, moaning happily and teasing his pubic hair with my overlong nails.

“That was incredible,” he gasped, panting.

“Mm-hmm,” I purred, smiling drunkenly, so glad to be *full* again. The pain and cramping seemed to be passing already.

“I think I had you all wrong, Jaclyn,” he said softly, smoothing my hair in some twisted attempt to be tender to me, as if that would make his rough power-mad violation of me go away somehow. “You're nothing like you used to be. A whole different person.”

I giggled ditzily. “Well, *duh*, just look at me.”

“Not just that. Your personality,” he said. “Hey, listen – I'm sorry I slapped you. That might have been out of line. Is there anything you need, downstairs?”

I shrugged. “There's something I need upstairs,” I told him, tugging gently at his deflated cock. “I need you to get this monster hard again for me, baby. Mama's still hungry.”

He moaned, laughing. “Wow, you're amazing,” he said. “No, I'm serious.”

I gave him my best confused, airheaded pout. “I dunno. Maybe. Like, an iPod or something?”

“Whatever you want, baby,” he said.

I never expected a blank check. With no plan in place, no way to parlay this into something that might assist mine and Jenni's cause, I had no choice but to blurt out the first self-indulgent thing that sprang into my mind. I thought specifically of Prissi when I said it.

“Well, y'know, I always thought my titties turned out way too small,” I cooed, shaking them teasingly.

* * * * *

Sated with several doses of tree-sap, I never even worried when Dr. Crystal greeted me warmly in her office and led me back into the foam-contour room. She spread emollients and anti-scarring creams on my breasts – a *very* pleasant experience, all the more so because the sexy and

beautiful doctor did it to me barehanded with more than a little bit of playful caressing – and then attached the magnets to me, laying me back gently with a tender kiss on my cheek before retreating behind her computer.

“The softening agent should be kicking in by now. How big do you want them, Jaci?” she asked.



My nipples stiffened to hard points

“Like Prissi's,” I said, wishing her kiss on my cheek had been a kiss on my lips, feeling a huge surge of attraction to the shapely doctor. Crystal's fingers danced on the mouse and keyboard and the machine hummed to life, and I felt a strange tugging – painful at first, then softening into a pleasant stretching – on my chest. My nipples stiffened to hard points beneath the neoprene skirt attached to my breasts. Thirty seconds passed, then Crystal nodded in satisfaction before removing the magnets and handing me my bra – my old bra, which completely overflowed the C-cups I used to wear. I folded my hands across their upper slopes and gazed down lovingly at my new additions.

“Thirty-eight, double-D,” Crystal told me proudly. “Exact same size as Prissi.”

I took Crystal's hands in mine, the huge rhinestone costume rings I'd taken to wearing on every finger of both hands to compliment my new, insanely long fingernails clicking softly. “They are beautiful, Crystal – just gorgeous. I love them.”

She smiled at me nervously. “Yeah, they are pretty nice.”

My experience at the hands of John Masters the night before galvanized me, changed me inside. I no longer felt the need to be coy, or shy, or anything less than completely direct any more. I fixed Crystal with a level gaze. "You want to suck on them, at all, Doc?"

She stammered adorably. "You... I mean... We can't... Are you..."

I took her shoulders in my hands and turned her to face me squarely and planted a long, snail-tongued kiss on the beautiful scientist. She stiffened for a moment, then seemed to melt, her hands going from a shocked pushing away to a soft, moaning caress in seconds before I broke it off, leaving us both a little bit breathless.

"I really like you, a lot, Crys," I told her evenly. "You are funny and smart and gorgeous and brave and you drive me absolutely wild. I want to have something with you. And if last night taught me anything, it's that I shouldn't wait around forever hoping it will happen on its own. So this is me, making it happen."

"I don't know what to..."

I silenced her with a slender, beringed finger across her pouty lips. "Don't answer me right now. I'm having a pajama party with some of the girls tonight, in my room in the Pink dorm. Just a few of us, after work, y'know, gossiping and having fun. I want you to come. And if you make up your mind before you get there, well – my sleeping bag can fit two if we squeeze in tight."

I kissed her again, more briefly, and then left the office through the same door I entered, acclimating myself to the much heavier, more profound bounce and jiggle of my new, larger boobs. I stopped in the doorway and looked back at the bewildered, poleaxed doctor standing motionless among the computers and machinery.

"See you tonight, okay?"

* * * * *

Work passed uneventfully – the change in my character and demeanor from my experience with Masters did nothing to dim my carefree, flirtatious exuberance among the tables – and I hurried back to the dorms as soon as my shift ended to prepare for the party. I changed into red pajamas and red and pink polka-dot socks and barely started removing my makeup when an excited knock at my door admitted Jenni and Prissi. Crowded behind them, holding brownies and cookies and DVDs, stood Heidi sucking her thumb and holding her teddy bear, a button-nosed Yellow sister named Alyx that Jenni met in the gym with similar thinking to our own, my old nutrition specialist Stephanie from Phase Two, and in the very back, smiling shyly and nervously at me, Crystal. I motioned them all inside excitedly, hugging and kissing everyone in turn, then flicked on some upbeat pop music and flopped on the bed between Jenni and Heidi, giggling girlishly.



"You mean, like, her girlfriend girlfriend?"

"Um, hi," Alyx, the yet-unknown Yellow, said to Crystal, holding out her hand. "I'm Alyx. I don't guess I know you. Are you a Pink, too, or a Purple?"

"No, actually," the stylish doctor replied, adjusting her glasses. "I'm Crystal. I'm actually a White - Science Division."

"Oh, cool," the fashionista Yellow replied. "How do you know these girls?"

Crystal blushed scarlet and lowered her eyes, but did not mumble when she said, "I'm Jaci's girlfriend."

Prissi hiccuped in shock. "You mean, like, her *girlfriend* girlfriend?"

"We're still figuring all that out," Crystal said. "But yeah, I hope so."

"Me, too," I said warmly to her from across the room. "So anyway, listen. Me and Jenni didn't call everybody here *just* because you're cool and we love you, okay? We asked you to come over because we trust you and we think you feel like we do."

"And we want to talk to you girls about something. Something important," Jenni added.

"COME IN, COME IN, PLEASE," Dr. Cassandra bid me warmly, standing up from behind her desk

with catwalk grace and taking both my hands in hers. “We're so glad to have you joining us, Dr. Jaci. Thrilled. I followed your work, actually, before you entered our little community. Fascinating.”

I exchanged chaste, very European cheek-kisses with the elegant Director of the Science Division. The tall woman seemed carved from ice – platinum blonde hair and pale skin barely contrasting at all with the snowy white blouse and plaid micro-skirt, the starched white lab-coat. She wore contrasty makeup which made her porcelain-doll face seem all fuck-me red lips and black eyeliner and lashes on a white background. She stepped back to look at me and smiled warmly, destroying her haughty ice-sculpture appearance and showing me a glimpse of a vivacious, fun-loving girl behind the pale perfection.

“It's a pleasure to meet you,” I said. “Crystal speaks so highly of you. I'm excited to be here.”

“*Mein Gott*, you are *adorable*,” she said fondly, taking me all in with a sweeping head-to-toe gesture. “I love what you're doing, the Gibson Girl pin-up look. Absolutely precious.”

I blushed a little, happy at the compliment. Crystal twiggled me to the Director's love of burlesque and passion for mid-twentieth-century retro, so I styled myself accordingly that morning with Prissi's help. My starched new white skirt, blouse and lab coat came to me so recently that they still itched,. I forewent the argyle socks in favor of white thigh-high stockings with a seam down the back to match my retro look – technically against the uniform rules, but Crystal assured me that Whites got more latitude because of their service to the community. My toes pinched a little in my new seven-inch white heels that finally, for the first time in ages, made me feel *tall*. My reddish hair hung down my back in a long sleek ponytail, brushed back from my face in two large open curls, and my makeup popped with pale foundation dominated by overdone black eyeliner, long fake eyelashes, slashes of pink blusher and candy-apple red matte lipstick. I could easily have been painted on the nose of a World War II bomber. My trademark rings glittered on every finger, and my signature hair-bow, earned on my knees in a sea of fake cocks during my initiation into the Pink, lay in my pocket, replaced with a newer one made for me by Prissi, all in white with silver polka-dots instead of the pink one that matched my other uniform. I even requisitioned a pair of horn-rimmed cat-eye glasses to correct my slight farsightedness, perfectly retro to fit my new White look.

“I've assigned you a laboratory across the hall from Crystal,” Cassandra said, lighting a long brown cigarette from a humidor on her desk with a silver lighter and blowing the thick smoke above her head. “I've heard the two of you are somewhat of an item, *ja*? Being so close to her, I hope it doesn't distract you too much from your work.”

We laughed, and I assured her to the contrary just in case a smidgen of honesty lay hidden in the joke.

“Come, come, I'll show you,” she said, threading her arm through mine and leading me back into the hallway outside. “You must be dying to get back to work, after all this time.”

I couldn't precisely remember how long it had been since I left the university lab for lunch that long time ago. Sometimes, it felt like minutes. Other times, it felt like decades. Without

accounting for the lost sense of time spent in Phase Three, drugged back to the mental level of a four-year-old, I estimated my transformation and indoctrination in Phases One and Two took somewhere around six months. I supposed any friends I had living on the 'surface world' would have stopped looking for me by now.

"I am. I've missed it terribly," I said.

"I remember the feeling, *Mädchen*, all too well," she said comfortingly. "Nice lab, yes? Locker there, desk there, computers there with coded access to the outside world. Bathroom and smoking lounge through there, also feeding stations and vending machines, refrigerator, that sort of thing. I have everything you asked for in your email, and we will send candidates for your assistant position to interview with you just after lunch."

I hoped I didn't bring up a tired German stereotype when I said, "This is all remarkably efficient."

"We like to think so," she said. She gestured to a small, wrapped package – white paper with a white bow, these girls really *committed* to their color scheme around here – sitting on a lab table. "A little welcome gift, from the staff and myself. Welcome to the Science Division, *liebchen*. We're so glad that you're here. So glad."

She kissed my cheeks once more. "So, I go and leave you to your work, *ja*? If you need anything, just ask. You know where I am. Your Department head is named Dr. Brittnee, she will be by shortly to welcome you and give you new credentials. You mean to keep working upstairs, in the restaurant, as well, don't you?"

I nodded. "I'm to be kept on two nights a week at the request of a Platinum member," I told her. "Apparently, he is very fond of me. I won't let it affect my work, though, I promise."

"I'm sure you won't," she said. "We do what the members want, after all. I don't foresee a problem. The last copy of your research before your, um... *disappearance* is right there. Feel free to start refamiliarizing yourself so you can get back to work seamlessly."

MASTERS DRAGGED ME BACK TO my feet by my hair, tearing free many of my meticulously-styled clip-in extensions as he tossed me roughly against a cabinet of chemicals. The glass bottles inside it clinked loudly.

He backhanded me again, sending me sprawling, and I groaned – half in pain but half in arousal. My big, mini-marshmallow nipples stood prominent through the filmy satin of my bra as I scrambled back up to a sitting position, spitting hair out of my mouth through bleeding, swollen lips. My bra – specifically chosen when I dressed that morning to be just a *shade* too tight – slipped down to expose my left breast. I made no attempt to cover myself.

"I'm gonna fucking kill you, bitch," Masters growled, advancing with clenched fists.

"No you're not," I hissed in reply. "Kill me and you're never gonna get your hands on my money. And believe me, baby, all these 'improvements' you made to the girls down here make us *really* hard to kill."

I didn't lie. Already the swelling in my eyes and lips began to recede as my advanced metabolism and modified collagen and elastin in my skin fought to rapidly heal the trauma.

I made a big showing of looking suggestively down at the growing bulge in Masters' tailored trousers. "Besides, I don't think you want to *kill* me right now, anyway."

"You sick bitch," Masters growled, grabbing me roughly by the neck and hoisting me to my feet. "This is actually turning you on, isn't it?"

I grabbed his swelling crotch roughly, squeezing him almost to the point of pain. "Like it isn't doing it for you?" I wheezed past his imprisoning hand. "I'm not gonna just tell you where the money is. You can't fucking beat it out of me. Think you can fuck it out of me?"

"You think I can't?" he growled, pressing his lips painfully into my own, smashing me against the edge of the lab table, sending my meticulous work scattering noisily across the spotless tile. Rough hands pushed aside my starched white skirt and panties, leaving me exposed and wet. I unzipped his fly and jerked his erect cock out brutally, stroking it once or twice to ensure its readiness, then spit in my palm and smeared the bobbing head with my saliva to lubricate it.



I fought the urge to smile through the pain as he slapped me again, calling me a 'cunt'

"Fucking do it, you asshole," I hissed at him, pulling his hair with my free hand.

He pushed into me with no gentleness, making me grunt and hiss in pain as his blunt head parted

the sensitive tissues of my pussy, feeling as though he ripped me apart. His hands jerked my head back by the roots of my hair and he bit my neck, hard enough to draw blood. I pushed him away, slapping his face savagely, just fueling the fire. He slapped me back, making my ears ring, and pulled my hair painfully while he sawed his way into me, grunting like a rutting animal.

I fought the urge to smile through the pain as he slapped me again, calling me a 'cunt' as he pounded into me, making my huge tits slam up and down on my chest. He performed *exactly* as I intended, and the sense of utter power coursing through me dizzied me. With only a few carefully chosen phrases and gestures, and the seductive allure of my flawless body, I manipulated this brutal idiot into doing exactly what I wanted him to do. I took very little physical pleasure in the act – my body responded to the sex, as the Owners designed it to do, but it mattered very little to me – but the emotional triumph I felt threatened to make me cum against my will. I refused to let this rapacious bastard bring me to orgasm, however. I intended to keep some standards.

He wormed a finger into my mouth, and the tingling sensations of the clitoral tissue suffused into my augmented lips caused me to suck his fingers almost reflexively. He muttered a warning about what he might do to me should I choose to bite him, but I never even considered the act. The cold, hard feel of his wedding ring on the fingers forcing their way into my mouth delighted me almost to the point of giggling.

You stupid, predictable bastard, I thought triumphantly as he rutted away on me. He began to breathe more heavily, grunting a little, threatening to throw off my timetable. I spit out his invading fingers.

“What, you gonna cum so soon?” I taunted, my voice thick with derision. “Fucking figures.”

He slapped me twice in rapid succession, loosening a chalk-white tooth and causing me to cry for the first time as the pain climbed above my capacity to convert to sexual pleasure. He finished with a rabbit punch into my flat abdomen, driving the breath from my lungs and making me cough and gag. I must have gone as tight as a tourniquet when he donkey-punched me, because he groaned in pleasure.

“No, I'm not gonna fucking cum,” he shouted, pressing my face roughly into the smooth tabletop with one hand and peppering my bouncing breasts with stinging slaps with the other. “It takes a fucking *real* woman to make me cum, not some bioengineered tranny *freak* like you.”

“You didn't say that when you forced me to suck your cock,” I mumbled, voice distorted from the relentless pressure of his hand.

“You fucking *loved* it, you whore,” he said angrily. “You're so proud of yourself. You think you're so fucking perfect. But you're still a fat, greasy lump of shit inside, just a pot-bellied dude who thinks he's better than everybody else. Figures you would turn out to be some holier-than-thou fucking *bitch* who thinks her shit doesn't stink.”

He pulled his throbbing cock from me so quickly that its absence shocked me, stopping a vitriolic reply in my throat, and pushed me up onto the table a little more. “Yeah, you think that pussy

makes you something special, don't you?" he growled at me, punching my gut roughly again. "I'm not gonna fuck that pussy any more. I'm gonna fuck you like a boy. That pussy ain't good enough for me."

I whimpered a little – although I considered the possibility that he would go this route, the action still frightened me – as he repositioned the slick head of his cock to press roughly against the puckered opening of my anus. He grabbed my shoulders with both hands, finally letting my face up from its painful pressure against the table, and rammed his entire length into my virgin asshole, stretching me cruelly and stealing the breath away from me with a flood of tearing, boiling pain.

Tears leaked from my eyes and I cried out, screaming with the agony burning my entire backside.

"You're not so fucking superior any more, are you?" he laughed mirthlessly, pulling back almost to the point of withdrawal so he could stuff his entire length into me at once again. I bawled, mind awash in a pain I never expected.

"Please," I sobbed. "Please stop."

"Oh, fuck no," he taunted. "Fuck you. Tell me you love it, bitch." He rammed into me once more, bringing a fresh wave of tears and agony. I barely even felt the brutal backhanded slap across my jaw which blurred my vision.

"Stop, please," I whimpered.

"Say you fucking love it," he said, punishing me with a series of fresh thrusts.

"I love it, I love it," I bawled, breathless and wailing. "Just take it out, please. It *hurts*."

He laughed at me, setting a quick pace as he thrust into me. I hoped my more experienced sisters proved correct, that eventually the agony would end and morph into pleasure, but right now I believed the pain might actually kill me. And a part of me actually began to fear that it wouldn't.



He would cum inside my ass and he would stop

Thankfully, the single-minded idiot sawing into my body and hurting me more profoundly than I even realized possible, never once looked up from my weeping, bruised face to notice the purple-clad form of Jenni, recording the entire sordid affair on a mobile phone through the doorway from the hall. I cast a look at her through tear-stained, swollen eyes and gave her a barely-perceptible nod above Masters' choking hand at my delicate throat.

She offered me a trembling smile of encouragement, eyes brimming with tears and mouthed the words *be strong* as she watched my painful violations. I opted to communicate nothing in reply – I needed the video on the phone to show *nothing* but my refusal and victimization – but reminded myself inwardly that I *chose* this. This was all according to my plan. Despite all the pain and the little pool of hot blood spreading beneath my sweating buttocks, this remained *exactly* what I planned.

He would stop soon. He would cum inside my ass and he would stop, and I would retreat to the comforting arms of people like Prissi, Jenni, Heidi and Crystal, and I would be victorious. I only needed to endure. I retreated to a place of safety inside my head, where my beautiful girlfriends surrounded me and no one ever forced me into anything or caused me any pain, and Masters lost his ability to hurt me any more.

* * * * *

I sat huddled in my small but comfortable bed in the Pink dormitory, wrapped in a fleece blanket surrounded by stuffed animals, sipping a mug of hot tea laced liberally with expensive brandy.

Crystal lay next to me, stroking my hair and pressing soft little baby kisses into my neck and shoulder. I dissuaded her medical fussing over my cuts, bumps and bruises after a few minutes, just wanting to be *held* and not *assessed*. Even though I reassured myself I had not been raped – everything that happened occurred precisely according to my design – but I had been utterly violated, my body tortured for the sexual and emotional pleasure of another, leaving me exposed and weakened. My friends flocked around me, retraining my senses to accept gentle touch, offering me support and commiseration.

After my safety and well-being met whichever criteria each individual girl established, they wandered away, leaving me alone with Crystal in the solace and quiet of my small room. I cried into her soft hair for a while, silently, before just collapsing, exhausted, against her. She held me close, saying nothing, just being there and providing me more reassurance and strength by her simple presence than the other girls gave with all their kind words and sympathy.

After an unknowable interval, I composed myself once more and propped myself up on one elbow, the lingering soreness of my abuse eliciting hisses and groans of discomfort. I stared down at the crystalline, red-rimmed eyes of the woman I discovered that I loved and brushed hair from her porcelain face with gentle fingertips.

“I'm really glad you're here, baby,” I whispered.

“I am, too,” she murmured back. “Can I get you anything? Are you hungry?”

I chuckled. “I don't need you to take care of me, sweetheart,” I cooed. “I swear, I'm fine. Just stiff and sore.”

“I know you don't *need* me to, dummy,” she chided gently. “That's part of the reason why I love you so much. But that doesn't stop me from wishing you would *let* me sometimes.”

I grunted and groaned my way up into a sitting position, taking a moment to arrange my fleece blanket around my legs. “I'm sorry, baby, I really am. It's kinda hard to talk about love right now.”

“I can understand that,” she told me. “Just remember that it's there. It's always gonna be there.”

I gathered up her soft hand in mine and pressed a tender kiss into her palm. “Believe me, Crys, I never would have made it through that if I didn't know that in every cell of my body.”

“I want to kill that son of a bitch,” she said simply. “I want to inject him full of something so horrible we need to un-invent it and stand and watch him gasp and writhe and shit himself. I want to wave the antidote right in front of his face while he does it.”

“Don't, baby, don't,” I said, laying a finger across her lips. “That's not you. That's not my Crys. Don't let him make you like he is. Promise me.”

“Okay,” she said, letting out a long breath. “Okay. I promise. I just hate him so much.”

I laughed. “Why? He did exactly what we wanted him to,” I said. “Now all I need is another day

off to go into the city. Hopefully longer than four hours, this go-'round."

"We reported the incident to the Owners," Crystal told me, "very discreetly. They usually give us anything we want in exchange for our silence. It may take a day or two, but I can guarantee you'll get a day in the city. With me, as your doctor. As it is, you're free of your shifts in the restaurant for the foreseeable future and can have anything from the commissary you want free of charge."

"Assholes," I grunted. "Thinking they can buy us off. They really don't even see us as human any more, do they? They steal our work, change our bodies, and after that we're just *assets*. Dutiful little cocksucking machines. Buy us something sparkly every couple months to shut us up."

"Baby, I know you're angry..."

"I'm not angry, Crys, I'm *furious*. Do you know why I've been so reluctant to sleep with you since you told me you loved me? Because it's something I *want* to do. Everything else in my life has been forced on me. Everything, even the clothes I wear. My fucking *name*. Jammed down my throat just like Masters' cock. You're the very first thing I've *wanted* for myself, and I can't help but look for the catch. The way that the Owners will use it to ruin what we have. I can't be with you, Crys, not the way I want to be, until those evil bastards are brought down. Until we're both free to choose one another."

"Do you really think I was *programmed* to love you, that the Owners are *making* me?" she said.

"No, nothing like that," I said. "But I think about being with you, being your girlfriend and the very next thought that pops into my head is wondering what the Owners would do to us if they discovered we were together. I am *not* gonna love like that. I refuse. Either I get you all to myself, with no outside interference, or I'm never gonna be able to give you all of me. I'll always hold something back, whether I want to or not. I can't let those bastards have *everything*. And particularly not this. Not *us*."

She softened in the face of my ferocity, shining with love for me when confronted with my willingness to fight for a relationship with her. She kissed my lips – gentle as a feather – and caressed my face with her soft hand, eyes sparkling with unshed tears.

"It's hard not to think of them as omnipotent," Crystal breathed. "I've lived under their thumb for so long, I guess I've come to just accept their rule. They wield their power so effortlessly, like they were born with it. Men like Gordon and Ronald, they..."

I gasped. "You *know* these guys?" I choked. "Crystal – how long have you been here?"

She lowered her eyes. "I was among the first," she confessed softly. "One of the original six girls at Valentine's, when it first opened. Before we even had the transformation process. I was born a girl, you see."

"I thought you said you were six foot four, with a beard down to your nipples," I said, remembering the day that we met.

"I tell that to all the new girls," Crystal said. "To set them at ease. And to fit in around here."

I said nothing, just providing a silent, non-judgemental place for her to confess. She wiped her eyes and cleared her throat before going on in a throaty voice, choked with heavy emotion.

"It started during my post-doc work at M.I.T., about twelve years ago," she said. "My husband left me – probably because I worked too much and never had time for him, or maybe because I couldn't have kids. But somehow I convinced myself that he did it because I got too old. So I started working on a way to reverse the aging process. To cause perfect cell replication, with no generation loss. I got funding from a group of five very wealthy, very influential men. The original Owners.

"Against all odds, I pulled it off. I managed to halt and even reverse aging. As soon as the preliminary tests came back, as soon as I discovered it wouldn't be harmful, I used it on myself. Gave myself the body and metabolism of a teenager again. Vowed to use my fountain of youth to recapture my husband's heart and live out some weird fairy tale I concocted in my head."

"What happened?"

"Well, as you can imagine, Jaci, the financial implications of a safe method to undo the aging process... my benefactors saw the dollar signs. They started thinking in terms of empire. They set me up. They brought me a terminal cancer patient as a volunteer to test the product. Pumped her full of vitamins and speed to make her appear healthy. Her body couldn't take the strain, and the first treatment killed her. They held it over me, saying they could make my manslaughter case go away, but I would need to do a few things in exchange. So I sold my soul to the devil. I signed over my patents and intellectual property to them and went to work for them in secret. I helped develop most of the original processes for transformation. They did it piecemeal – they'd give me a project, like, 'figure out a way to custom-write an RNA transcription virus.' I'd lose myself in the work – it was intoxicating, being out the bleeding edge like that, getting anything I needed only by asking – and finish, never knowing that they blackmailed another scientist somewhere else to find a way to use that virus to destroy the Y chromosome and another scientist to develop the virus to rewrite DNA to bring out desirable characteristics in humans. All the while feeding our findings in drips and drabs to outside agencies, like the Human Genome Project, to make us feel like we actually contributed."

"But that doesn't explain the expense. The *industry* they've developed making our old selves disappear and re-making us into these little sex slaves, parading us around in a restaurant for their pleasure."

"We weren't stupid, Jaci. The people they blackmailed – these people were among the finest scientific minds on the planet. We found one another, and we presented our grievances. We said we would report their actions to the government, expose them. We forgot – we dealt with people interested only in power. Not money, not competition, but *power*. So they exercised power over us. They used reverse-engineered CIA techniques from the Cold War on us. The stuff you experienced in its perfected form, in Phase Three. They addicted us to glamor, and to cock, and to being young and beautiful. They made us little bubbleheaded cheerleaders,

desperate for male attention. They seemed particularly fond of forcing it on the male scientists, turning them into little cock-crazed bimbos. They *enjoyed* it, Jaci. They thought it was *funny*.”

“That's horrible.”

“Since then, they used us to perfect and even expand the process. We've been working on ways to generate the perfect woman ever since. The Owners have changed my face and my name a dozen times, so often that I don't even remember what I originally looked like, before this began. All by design. I had no sense of my own identity before I became *theirs*. The only life, the only woman I knew belonged completely to the Owners. They told me what to call myself, how to act, everything. After a while, I just grew to accept it. Even to support it, for a while. I lost myself in the work – in the simple challenge of solving these difficult problems – and blinded myself to what was happening. Until this gorgeous brunette in a pink skirt came into my life.”

I held her hand between my own. “That couldn't have been easy, baby,” I said. “Thanks. Thanks for trusting me.”

She sniffled. “I'm still ashamed of it.”

“You have to work that out for yourself,” I told her. “But even though it got forced on me, Crystal, your work made me the girl you see in front of you. I *like* being young and healthy. I *love* looking in the mirror and thinking the girl I see there is beautiful. I love the way my body feels when I touch it. I love my soft curves and my little pink pussy and my long, soft hair. You did that.”

“And it will get better,” I added after a thoughtful pause. “When we bring these fuckers down, Crystal, it will get better.”

* * * * *

The Owners gave the okay for Crystal to take me into the city – with one of the original Valentine's Girls, so long their willing slave, to act as chaperone, the puppeteers who directed us felt sure that I would get up to no trouble. They provided us a generous expense account, enough for the shopping and massages and other girlish frippery they expected of us. Enough, I'm sure they believed, to buy the silence of a brainless little bubblehead who sucked cock for them.

I labored long and hard to dress myself conservatively for the day. Even though my dress hugged my every luscious curve, I still felt frumpy and matronly without my sparkling jewelry and my clattering, bulky rings on every finger or my skirt cut so high that it exposed the lower slope of my buttocks. Even the obligatory pink on my dress seemed drab, a muted dusty rose instead of my normal eye-searing fuschia. But enough to where people might remark upon my beauty but not turn their heads and remember me vividly. I needed to be just a *pretty little thing* today, not a centerfold sex-bomb like usual. I strode through the glass doors of The Hegemony Group offices, where John Masters worked, with more confidence than I actually felt, my bruises already fading beneath my makeup and the stiffness already fading from my liquid, catwalk stride. I lit a cigarette bummed from Crystal, who waited at the end of the block in a cab, and waited.

I caught sight of Masters, heading out of the building from the elevator, and I filled the flagstoned portico with the staccato *click-clack* of my stiletto heels as I rushed to catch up to him. He took a moment to recognize me, not accustomed to the sight of his plaything in anything other than the abbreviated pleated skirt and knotted blouse of the restaurant, glittering with rhinestones.

“Jaci? What...” he exclaimed, and then hooked me by the elbow roughly to lead me towards a more secluded area of the entryway. He lowered his voice to a threatening whisper, conscious of making a scene at his place of work. “What the fuck are you doing here?”

I twirled a lock of hair around one fingertip and offered him a vapid smile. “Oh, y'know, just thought I'd drop by and say 'hi,’” I said airily. “Drop these off.” I handed him a folded manila envelope from my purse.

He opened the envelope and drew out the glossy 8x10 prints we captured from the video on Jenni's phone. He looked at them in disbelief, then back to me, then back to the photos again.



“What the fuck are you doing here?”

I shrugged at his discomfiture happily. “You take a good picture, I'll give you that.”

“And I'm supposed to be threatened by this?” he said, handing them back to me.

“Oh, no, you keep those,” I told him, pushing them back. “I have copies. And video. One copy for the police, for when I press charges on you, and another for your wife, whom I'm sure will be

thrilled to discover hard evidence that her husband and father of her two kids not only fucked around on her, but is a fucking rapist to boot.”

“You're bluffing.”

I laughed aloud. “Just let me tell you something. That first night when you're in prison, and some big tattooed gang member bends you over the toilet to make you his new girlfriend... getting fucked in the ass without lube *really* hurts, you son of a bitch.”

I tapped a long, manicured nail roughly into his chest. “Can't wait to come visit you when it's over, Johnny,” I said with a playful pout. “You'll have to dish all the details. That's what us girls do, right? Tell each other everything?”

His face fell. “Tell me what you want,” he said somberly, defeated.

“For now, just forget about the money. It's gone,” I told him. “And I want access to the records you keep on all us girls down there. *Everything*, John. Hold back one tiny little scrap of information and I promise you'll be in handcuffs before close of business.”

He nodded. “I'll put you on the list,” he said. “I'll text you when it's done. Anything else?”

“Oh, believe me, sweetheart, there will be *plenty* before I get through. But for now, I think one more thing. Tell me you're sorry. Apologize, and tell me how beautiful I am.”

He sighed heavily, a man facing the loss of everything. “I'm really, really sorry, Jaci. From the bottom of my heart,” he mumbled flatly. “You're the most beautiful girl I've ever known.”

I patted him on the head. “Good boy,” I said. “I'll be in touch. Toodles!”

* * * * *

I walked away from the uptown high-rise office building feeling ten feet tall and bulletproof, drawing every male eye with my confident strut and beaming smile. Masters caved far faster than I ever hoped he would – in fact, I felt a tiny modicum of disappointment that he didn't fight a little harder – and our plan to bring down the Owners suddenly took on a distinct sense of possibility and realness.

I rounded the corner at the end of the block, humming Katy Perry's *Roar* to myself in victorious glee, when I noticed that the cab which brought Crystal and I to the location vanished, replaced by a white stretch limo with three very sexy girls protruding from the sunroof, waving and catcalling happily to me.

“I thought we should celebrate,” Crystal said. “So I hired a better ride. Get your cute ass in here. I managed a day pass for some of your friends, we're all going to head out for an afternoon on the town. I have champagne and presents for you!”

I bounced and clapped my hands in a jiggling, sexy show of approval and piled into the limousine,

sliding my smooth ass onto Crystal's lap and kissing her as thoroughly as I ever kissed anyone, pressing my breasts into hers and moaning breathily, like a little girl, at her every touch.

"I think we won," I told her happily.

The limo took us back to Valentine's, giving me enough time to change in the back from my conservative dress back into my restaurant uniform and clip my treasured bow in my hair, my most prized possession and as much my trademark as the huge costume rings I wore on every finger. The wardrobe change took the better part of the trip across town, since I used it as a very sexy striptease to the delight and arousal of my beloved Crystal, who sipped champagne and eyed me like I was something tasty to eat the entire time. I never even got the opportunity to go through the multitude of shopping bags from high-end retail stores that littered the back of the limo, all gifts from Crystal for me – and from the volume of purchases I noticed from Victoria's Secret and Frederick's of Hollywood, I suspected some of them might be gifts for *her*, as well, once she saw me in them.

Heidi and Jenni met us at the curb and piled in happily, sliding between Crystal and I in a giggling, squirming tangle of nubile flesh.

"So, what happened?" Heidi pressed, removing the thumb she sucked Lolita-like to speak.

"He folded like a card table," I said. "One look at those pictures and the mention of his wife, and he just rolled over and gave us everything. We fucking *own* that little shit!"

"Excellent," Crystal said with cold satisfaction. "What's next?"

"I got access to the records, like we talked about," I said. "So I think we take a look at what they have and then we decide how to proceed from there. But in the meantime, I wanna propose a toast."

I popped the cork on the chilled bottle of Dom Perignon loudly, making all my friends squeal and giggle as I filled their glasses.



"To teaching rat bastard rapists a proper lesson," Jenni said a bit bitterly.

"To the power of the pussy," I said triumphantly.

"To the bravest girl I've ever met," Crystal echoed, raising her glass.

"To teaching rat bastard rapists a proper lesson," Jenni said a bit bitterly.

"To fifty million fucking dollars!" Heidi ended, bringing us all into her screaming crescendo of girlish excitement at the end.

"We have the limo all evening," Crystal announced to the crowd. "Where do you want to go?"

"Anywhere but Valentine's," Jenni laughed. "I hear that place is way short-staffed tonight."

* * * * *

I barely slept at all that night – my champagne buzz and effervescent feeling of victory kept me too wired to do more than just pretend to close my eyes at intervals, and rose before the rest of the denizens of the Pink dorm to work out and suck a quick breakfast from one of the feeders. Crystal met me in the Science Division offices shortly after, dressed in a stylish blazer and jeans, only just returned from the bank to add Heidi and Jenni as signatories on the master account. Word had come down from the Owners last night that she, Jenni, Heidi and me now could come and go as we damn well pleased – placement on the Priority Status list gave us a freedom almost

like a normal citizen, usually awarded only to girls who performed key duties for the Owners in the outside world. The other girls wondered and gossiped about what our quartet might be doing to merit such trust from the higher echelons, but they maintained their discretion and did not ask. Girls on the Priority Status list rarely got to talk about what they did to deserve it.

I followed Crystal through the Science Division, past the clustered labs, to a service corridor which ran behind one of the big testing rooms that I never noticed before. She used a key to throw the deadbolt aside and grant access to a little maintenance room beyond, where Heidi and Jenni waited. Heidi hugged her teddy bear close to her cheek, twisting back and forth as she sucked her thumb while Jenni paced nervously in her seven-inch platform heels and smoked a cigarette.

“Mornin', bitches,” I said cheerfully. “What's up?”

Jenni snap-inhaled a drag from her Virginia Slims and blew a jet of smoke towards the ceiling. “Just wound up, I guess,” she said. “This can still go wrong, y'know. Having one Owner in our pocket doesn't protect us from the other ones.”

“I know, baby,” I reassured her calmly. “We're just looking, at this point. Let's see what we can see. Johnny-boy told me, there's no cameras back here. Usually, it's reserved for the Owners themselves, and every once in a while somebody *über*-important like Dr. Cassandra. The rest of us rank-and-file bitches don't even know it's here.”

“I sure as hell didn't,” Heidi confessed around her thumb.

“If you're that concerned, Jenni darling, then you and Heidi wait up here,” Crystal suggested. “Jaci and I can go. We can let you know if we find anything, okay? If anybody comes in, then start making out. Tell whoever that you found a place to fool around, the door was open. Act real ditz. They'll buy it. Most of the Owners think it's all a big lesbian pillowfight orgy down here when they're not around, anyway.”

“Jaci?” Jenni said, looking to me for leadership. The former Air Force colonel looked to *me* to tell her what to do. How strange our lives had become since that fateful meal at Valentine's.

“Probably wouldn't hurt to post a lookout,” I said, taking Crystal's advice. “Why don't y'all stay. Once we know what we have, baby, we can bring you down to help us go through it.”

“Reconnaissance,” Jenni said, the barest hints of her military background showing through the bubbly gym-rat exterior dominating her life and personality now. “Check.”

We exchanged hugs all around before Crystal and I headed down a concrete staircase at the back of the room, heading down quite a distance to another locked door. Crystal opened it with her key. I reached around, patting the near wall for a light switch, but Crystal stopped me with a firm hand on my wrist.

She clicked on a little LED flashlight. “Just because John Masters said there's no security cameras or sensors doesn't mean he knows that for sure. The Owners I know are pretty

paranoid. Let's not touch anything we don't absolutely have to, okay?"

Following the beam of the light, we entered the first row of the large underground structure. What I originally thought to be some kind of warehouse shelving or low partitions turned out to be row after row after row of steel filing cabinets, stretching away into the darkness.

"Of course," I said quietly. "Paranoid, like you said. They wouldn't keep this information digital – too much chance they could be hacked. It's not like they don't employ geniuses, after all. So they keep everything analog. Hard copies, disks, that kind of thing."



"Holy shit," I breathed, leafing through the files.

Crys held the light for me as I started going through the a cabinet drawer, picked at random. File folders stuffed the drawer, labeled with the names of the girls we knew and some that I'd never heard before. I selected the first in a series of files marked with the name 'Candace' and opened it in the beam of the flashlight, pressing my body against Crystal's on the pretense of better reading light.

"Jesus, Crys, look!" I breathed. "It's everything. Her original identity – Dr. Reggie Haverford. I read a few papers of his, back as an undergrad. He pioneered some of the early work in targeted cancer medications. I heard he died in a car wreck, in Stuttgart or something, years ago."

Crystal shook her head. "I remember Candace," she said. "Sweet girl. She just didn't show up for work one day, and some people came by and cleaned out her lab. Nothing ever got said. Dr. Bella was the Director of the Division back then. She told me anyone who asked too many questions would most likely be turning tricks on the street by the end of the week."

“Holy shit,” I breathed, leafing through the files. “It's everything, Crys. Photographs, even, and thumb-drives and CDs full of data. I think there's even video. And look – it says here that she got a little nosy. Started asking a lot of questions about the Owners.”

“Does it say what happened to her?” Crystal asked, peering over my shoulder.

I leafed through pages. “Wait... yes,” I said. “Oh, those *fuckers*.”

“What is it?”

I turned to Crystal angrily. “They sold her. Fucking sold her to the Sultan of Brunei, like a piece of meat. She's probably still there, pumping out kids for that old nasty goat like some kind of brood mare. And the Owners just pocketed the proceeds. It's probably listed in their financials, a line item someplace.”

Crystal opened another drawer. “Everybody's here,” she said. “This is Cassandra's file.”

I looked around the vast room. “I bet the research is down here, too, maybe even the original patents. Every scrap of data the Science Division ever churned out.”

“For all the good it will do us,” Crystal said, slamming the drawer closed dejectedly. “We can't sue to regain the patents for any of this stuff – most of the groundbreaking work happens after we're changed, and when our work legally does belong to the Owners.”

“Forget the patents,” I said. “So we can't attack their bottom line. That was a long shot at best, you know those cagey old fuckers protect their money by hiding it. Even if we did get the patents back, we'd never see a penny of the money they already generated.”

“So what do you think?” Crystal said.

“If we can't bankrupt 'em, I think we should expose 'em,” I said. “Think about it. Illegal human testing of experimental drugs and procedures? Documented proof of men and women being transformed against their will, with photographic and video evidence and the fucking equipment to perform the transformation sitting upstairs? One federal warrant and this place cracks open like a rotten egg.”

Crystal gasped. “You're talking about going public,” she breathed.

“You're goddamned right I am,” I said back. “Kidnapping, conspiracy – something in this vault of theirs has to name names. At the very least, the government would fine them into bankruptcy and freeze their personal assets. But no way they get away scot-free. No, each of them would have to wear the tacky orange jumpsuit, at least for a couple years, no matter how good their lawyers are.”

“You think it would work?” Crystal said.

“If we time it right,” I said, slipping the file back into the drawer and closing it gently. “We need to talk to Heidi and Jen about this. And we have to get these files out of here, to a place that only we know about. Which means we're gonna need some strong backs, a storage unit and a U-Haul.”

Crystal laughed. “I think we can afford that,” she said, training the flashlight to lead us back upstairs.



I whistled and danced and sang happily

I thanked her and dug into my research, picking up right where I left off, re-starting the tedious task of sequencing the thymus cells harvested from cadavers and separating the precious beta-progenitor cells from the inactive immune tissue that comprised the majority of the organ. As tedious and repetitive as this work was, I whistled and danced and sang happily as I did it, just happy beyond reason to be back in my lab, doing what I knew and loved so dearly, pursuing my astounding, world-changing discovery singlemindedly the way I had before my life tore away from me. At long last, tits or no tits, pussy or no pussy, cock-addiction or no cock-addiction, I was a *scientist* again.

* * * * *

“Oh, please please *pleeease?* Pretty please?” I begged, folding my hands and giving my very best wide-eyed little girl look of innocence, bouncing up and down to make my enormous breasts

jiggle deliciously in the firm embrace of my push-up bra.

"She *has* worked really, really hard," Prissi added, also turning on the high-beam 'little girl' look over my shoulder.

Lorilynn, the Pink hostess who supervised my shift and Becca and Alysinn, the co-Queen Bees of the Pink clique, regarded me impassively, but I did notice a little smile of amusement quirk at the corners of Lorilynn's lush, kissable lips. They retreated a few steps away, whispering among one another, then returned to us, arms folded imperiously beneath their breasts.

"Prissi's right," Becca said, offering me a small, tight smile. "You have been really busting your tits these days – two jobs, the cheer squad, organizing that party the other night, and on the Events Committee for the restaurant. You probably should get a night off. We can give you four hours in the city, that's all the Owners let us offer."

I squealed and jumped up and down, clapping my hands in excitement. "That is sooo awesome!" I bubbled deliriously, gathering all of the powerful women up in tight, breast-smooching hugs by turns. "You guys rock! Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

"I have to put in the schedule tomorrow," Lorilynn told me. "When d'you want to do this, Jaci?"

I scrunched up my face in adorable thought. "I have an appointment Wednesday night to do a private party on the third floor for that Platinum member who likes me so much," I said. "Could I do it Thursday afternoon, maybe? I can be back in time for the dinner shift."

Lorilynn considered for a moment, then nodded. "Sure, babe, no problem. You deserve it."

"Where you gonna go?" Alysinn asked me.

"Well, I wanna get some presents for some sisters, and I want to get some clothes for going out. That Platinum member is making noises like he wants to take me out, y'know, and I am so not into any of the stuff they got in the commissary right now. And I need to get waxed, do a little lady-scaping. Y'know, that kind of stuff. Maybe a massage. I wanna blow *all* my tip money in one afternoon."

Alysinn laughed. "They may have given you that white shit to wear, but you are Pink underneath."

"Till I die, sister," I said proudly. "You guys are so cool to do this. I'm getting you all something in the city, I promise. I can't wait to actually go out!"

Becca smiled fondly at me, obviously pleased to have made me so happy. My popularity with the other girls kept climbing, easily making me one of the top five most beloved girls in the Pink clique, and my happiness meant a lot to them. "You better go see Cassidy, over in the Yellow dorm," she said. "You're gonna need I.D. if you're going out into the city. She can fix you up."

I bounced and jiggled happily on my way out the door, Prissi in my wake, playing the part of the

excited bubblehead until the door closed behind me before I calmed myself instantly, falling into step beside Jenni who emerged from one of the little feeding alcoves. We sashayed down the hallway, Prissi, Jenni and I, in matching catwalk struts.

"You pull it off?" Jenni asked *sotto voce*.

"Yeah, no problem. That just leaves you two," I muttered. "Masters has requested me for seven o'clock, his usual time. I can't believe I have to pretend to like sucking that sleazeball's cock again so soon. I haven't been able to wash the nasty taste out of my mouth from last time."

"I know, sweetie, believe me," Prissi said. "We've all had to do it, at one time or another."

"Doesn't make it right, Priss," Jenni said harshly. "They can't just use us as fucktoys. We're human beings. We have a right to make our own choices."

"Look, he always gets really lazy after he cums," I told the other girls. "I'm only going to have a second or two to get this done. I need one of you, outside in the hallway, ready with a camera."

"I switched shifts with Veronica for Wednesday," Prissi told me. "I got upstairs duty from her, she's hurting for tips right now, she's still trying to get her sister from her old life out of Kosovo on the DL. I'll be up there waiting for you, babe. Pinky swear."

"So we're all set," Jenni said. "My customer that's in love with me is coming in tonight. I'll sit in his lap for a while and talk him into helping us. I know he'll go for it – he'd do anything to get a look at my naked tits."

Prissi swung her arms around us and pulled us into a tight, jiggling hug. "We *totally* look like secret agents, or spies, or something," she bubbled happily. "This shit is so *cool!*"

* * * * *

"It's good to see you again, Jaci," Masters said, offering me one of those too-slick salesman smiles I remembered from my earlier dealings with him. I masked a sneer of distaste behind a quick curtsy and managed a smile when I looked back up to him.

"I'm happy to see you, too, sir," I told him demurely, lying expertly. "I've been thinking about you non-stop since the last time."

I trailed a soft hand up the inseam of his tailored trousers. "Well, about a certain *part* of you, anyway."

It required little more than that for me to sink to my knees in front of him and begin my performance. This time, I let not the slightest hint of distaste or revulsion peek through as I moaned, groaned and squealed in pleasure, laving his cock with my tongue and guiding him deep into my throat as if he were the best-tasting, most decadent treat in the world.

I managed to divorce my mind from the owner of the cock, and all my lingering antipathy for him,

and lose myself in the simple pleasurable act of sucking a dick. I *loved* sucking dick, it gave me pleasure, and no small amount of pride in my own skill. I blew him like a porn star, making it an utter spectacle as I made my pleasure known, slurping and purring deep in my throat while I swallowed him.

The self-absorbed idiot never even noticed my long-nailed fingers lift the wallet from his back pocket and shove it into the waistband of my panties beneath my pink skirt. I slid him out of his trousers, making it easier to cover my theft. He followed my every direction blindly and obediently. He came quickly, after only a few minutes – he spared no thought to his partner and what *she* might get out of the act, just selfishly groping for his own satisfaction from the moment I touched him. He sagged listlessly into a chair while I licked my lips and the few stray drops from my fingers, smiling and moaning in pleasure while he sagged in the hollow place between wakefulness and sleep.

“Excuse me just a minute, sir, please?” I requested meekly. “I need to go to the bathroom.”

“Sure, baby, whatever you want,” he muttered dreamily, head lolling.

I stepped out into the hallway and pulled the well-worn bullhide wallet from my underwear. I waited a tense few seconds, staring up and down the empty hallway nervously and hoping something hadn't gone wrong before Prissi scampered around the far corner, giggling happily.

“Sorry, baby, got hung up with a customer,” she said, hugging me tightly. “Oops – you missed a spot.” He licked a stray drop of Masters' cum off my smooth cheek and smacked her pink-glossed lips.

“Mmm. Not too bad, for a sonofabitch,” she commented.

“We've got to hurry, baby, quickly,” I said, pulling every card out of Masters' purloined wallet and setting them out on the little table decorating the hallway. Prissi snapped high-resolution pictures with her phone of the cards four at a time, plus the few bank receipts and business cards he carried. I tucked the whole thing back into the wallet in the exact order I pulled it out, then folded it back and kissed Prissi on the cheek quickly before trotting back into the private room where Masters waited.

He dozed in a wingback chair next to a granite fireplace. I gathered up his trousers from the floor and dusted them gently with one hand, slipping his wallet back into place before shaking him gently.

“You better wake up, sir,” I told him softly. “Your guests will be here in a few minutes.”

He stirred, smiling happily, and took his pants from my hand, slipping them on deftly and tucking in his shirt. “Thanks,” he told me muzzily. “I wish they weren't coming. I'd much rather spend the evening with just you.”

I smiled and blushed prettily. “Well, the meeting won't last forever, right? I should be just about ready for some dessert by the time everybody leaves.”

* * * * *

Jenni met me at the elevator after work, holding a thick envelope. “This is everything we have,” she told me, pressing the large wad of cash – all the collected tip money from myself, Prissi, Stephanie, Jenni, Heidi, Alyx and even a large chunk from Crystal, saved from her own days waiting tables. “Good luck with it. Alyx says her guy got the pictures and can have everything ready for you when you get there. The address is in the envelope.”

She leaned forward and kissed my cheek softly, the first time she ever did that, and squeezed me tight. “Crystal sent you some clothes to wear,” she said. “I put them in your room.”

I smiled at her, wiping an uncharacteristic tear from her smooth cheek with a thumb, before ducking into my room for the night, breathless with anticipation for tomorrow, the beginning of our plan. Everything depended on my success and avoiding any detection or suspicion. The pressure of needing to perform perfectly fluttered butterflies non-stop in my chest, making sleep a long time in coming, but eventually the alarm did ring and stir me from a fitful rest. I dressed in the cute silver dress that Crystal sent me, some smoky hose and some filigreed heels, did my hair and makeup in record time, and stepped out of Valentine's for the first time in long memory. I took a cab downtown, stopping at the address of a little newsstand to slip three hundred dollars into the hand of a seedy-looking middle Eastern man who never looked at anything but my cleavage. He handed me a crumpled envelope in return, containing perfect copies of all the cards and documents in Masters' wallet made from the pictures from Prissi's phone. I had no idea how Alyx knew the guy who did this, but Jenni told me a lot of the Yellows kept sketchy contacts like him to help them score black-market designer clothes, shoes and jewelry to feed their fashion-forward hunger.

I walked the three blocks from the newsstand to the bank from John Masters' receipts and walked into the lobby. I signed in and waited a few moments, leafing through a *Cosmopolitan* from a few months back, before letting a cute teller with a swaying round ass lead me back into an office near the vault.



I stood and took, then resumed my seat, smoothing my skirt behind my thighs

“Ms. Farrow,” a warm voice said from behind me. I turned to see an older man, grey-haired and a little baggy around the edges, in an expensive suit standing in the door. He offered a hand to me which I stood and took, then resumed my seat, smoothing my skirt behind my thighs while he took up his position behind the desk.

“I’m Bill Vickery. Sorry to keep you waiting,” he told me as he settled in. “You work with Mr. Masters, I believe Casey said?”

“I’m his executive assistant,” I told him, leaning over a bit to give the man a better view of my cleavage and distract him from too many personal questions. “As he may have told you, he’s taking his new company international in a few weeks.”

“Actually, no. I wasn’t aware of that,” he told me.

I set a few official-looking documents – generated on letterhead captured from Masters’ business cards and signed with a digitally-perfect rendering of his signature, all fabricated by Alyx’s guy – on the desk. “He has empowered me to liquidate our assets and have them transferred to this account,” I said matter-of-factly. I showed him the signatory document from his own bank, filled out in the cab on the way over, embossed with my new, never-before-seen thumbprint and signed dutifully by John Masters’ own hand last night, presented to him as a receipt for his business dinner in a leather folder I presented to him myself. He never even looked at it, as occupied as his vision was by my two bouncing, naked breasts just inches from the tip of his nose.

He examined the documents carefully, then my own identity documents. After he folded his reading glasses and replaced them into his breast pocket, satisfied, he turned to his computer with a sad expression. "Everything seems to be in order," he told me. "I have to say, we'll be terribly sorry to lose your company's business, Ms. Farrow."

I just bet you will, I thought. He sold the rights to my work for fifty million dollars. That's my money, Mr. Suit-and-Tie, and I'm taking it back.

"I hope you understand, your institution just isn't equipped to handle international business as well as the new one," I explained. "We have to take advantage now, you see. While the exchange rates are still favorable."

"Of course, of course," he said, typing. He pushed a little pen-pad across his desk towards me. "If I could just have you sign there, I can authorize the transfer."

I did as he asked, then pressed my thumbprint into the scanner. The computer dinged happily, acknowledging me and my right to access the money. "The transfer is underway," he told me.

"Mr. Masters told me to tell you how much he appreciates all you've done for him. Once we have the deal in place, we have every intention of resuming banking with you and your firm," I told him.

I stood briskly and offered my hand. He stood, cavalierly, and shook it gently. "Is there anything else I can do for you?" he asked.

"Yes, could you direct me to the nearest electronics store?" I replied.

* * * * *

I ducked into a nearby electronics store and used some of the considerable chunk of cash I carried – I didn't want to take a chance on using any funds from the new account, not when we might need it as a bargaining chip – to buy a new, clean laptop computer. I carried it a few blocks over, loving how the pedestrian traffic ogled me and my swaying walk as I passed by on the sidewalk, smiling the secret, self-satisfied smile of the beautiful woman. I even received some rude catcalls from a construction crew, that bastion of sexual harassment that infuriated every woman. Experiencing it for the first time, however, with my self-esteem and confidence in my glamorous appearance still in their infancy – I quite enjoyed it, even though I could easily see how it could grow stale and threatening given time. Deciding to forego my sexy dress and hose, I borrowed the store's bathroom and changed out of my sexy professional outfit into a pair of tight jeans and a pink ruched top, tying my long hair back with my treasured pink bow and dangling a pair of just-this-side-of-tacky doorknocker earrings from my lobes. I slipped into a pair of low booties with a six-inch spike heel and stashed the old outfit in my capacious leather purse.

I staked out a claim at a table in a nearby coffee shop, ordering a mocha capuccino and a blueberry muffin as I sat across the street from my new bank. From my wi-fi hotspot vantage

point, I transferred the fifty million dollars in chunks to banks and credit unions around the country, hiding it effectively under the names of the girls in my little conspiracy, painstakingly opened online and by phone by the others over the course of a week.



"Such a pretty girl, with your red hair."

Once the money lay safely beyond the reach of Masters or any of his companions, I tucked the laptop away in a safety-deposit box in the bank across the street and dropped the key into my purse. I spent the next hour speed-shopping, buying gifts for everyone I could think of to corroborate my cover story to the Pink leadership, then bought a few pre-paid 'burner' cell-phones from a street vendor to distribute amongst my co-conspirators.

My watch showed the alarming passage of time, the end of my four-hour furlough approaching rapidly. I quickened my pace and headed over a few more blocks to duck into a reputable day spa, recommended highly on Yelp, to get a hot stone massage and a Brazilian to end my foray into the city. I checked my Facebook page and Twitter feed on my new prepaid smartphone, then leafed through *Glamour* and *Allure* while I sat in the waiting room, luxuriating in the soft sitar music on the speakers and the divine scents of the candles burning in tasteful little sconces along the walls.

It only took about twenty seconds for me to determine that the phenomenon of the hot-stone massage would forever become a pillar of my life, making me moan almost sexually as the silent woman above me kneaded deep knots from my muscles I didn't even realize I carried.

I luxuriated in the pure decadence of it, everything from the masseuse's talented fingers to the blissful warmth of the stones along my spine, to her soft, heavily-accented compliments on my

beauty and physical condition.

“So pretty,” she cooed, kneading my shoulders and neck. “Such a pretty girl, with your red hair.”

I flashed back for a moment, stiffening, to my last encounter with Masters. He had called me *pretty* then, expressed his long-term desire for redhaired girls, much the way the gentle woman above me did. He sprawled below me, moaning and grunting under the expert ministrations of my lips and tongue. This time, though, he insisted that I remove my top and bra, to stroke his shaft lovingly between my soft breasts, and to slip out of my panties and finger myself while I sucked him. I could tell he intended to ramp up his conquest of me, to complete his power-trip and domination of me by forcing me to fuck him.

I shuddered inwardly at the thought. So long as I only sucked his cock, I could relegate the act to something mundane for me – just a bite of dinner or a snack. But to allow him inside me, reaching my innermost parts... I could scarcely bear the thought. Hopefully, my theft of his ill-gotten profit would enrage him to the point where I put paid to his dreams of spending himself inside my body, make him once again firmly my *enemy* and put paid to this silly idea of his that he and I could be lovers.

The problem was... I *had* to make that happen. The plan could work no other way.

The massage ended, sadly, and I followed the young masseuse into the next room, letting her usher me onto a padded chaise draped with a towel. I pulled on my top and lay back, waiting for the waxing specialist to arrive. Prissi told me that this particular establishment maintained an 'agreement' with Valentine's and catered rather specifically to us, so I felt not the least bit guilty or self-conscious about lighting a long cigarette while I waited.



"Hey, Jenni, what's up?" I asked happily.

Just as the waifish cosmetologist entered and began wordlessly spreading a coat of thick wax across my downy pubic hair with a wooden popsicle stick, my Valentine's-issue cell-phone rang in my purse. I noticed a sexy picture of Jenni, clad in a bra and panties and blowing me a playful kiss, on the screen to identify the caller, and tapped 'Answer' with the pad of my thumb before pressing the phone to my ear.

"Hey, Jenni, what's up?" I asked happily.

"Everything's good here, sugar. Did you get it all done?" she asked a little tremblingly.

The first rip of the muslin strip sounded in the silent room and I bit my lip, yelping a little at the pain. Once the initial shock wore off, however, the pain crossed a strange line in my brain and became something sensual. I felt myself dampen a little.

"Yeah, I got it all handled," I said. "Tell Alyx thanks. Her guy came through *huge*. The bank never looked twice at any of that shit."

"He was staring at your boobs, wasn't he?" Jenni laughed.

"Yeah, Crys picked that dress on purpose, I think," I chuckled. I hissed again as another strip peeled away, leaving only smooth, mildly irritated skin in its wake. "But anyway, the money is spread out over every account we opened last week. No more than fifteen grand in one place."

"You kicked some serious ass out there, babe," Jenni told me.

"I feel pretty good about mys... ow!... myself right now," I said, wincing at a particularly strident sting in my crotch with the tearing away of the latest strip.

"You ready for what happens next?"

"Won't know until we get there," I said. "As soon as Masters realizes that all his money is gone, he's going to shit kittens. He'll... *ouch!*... come gunning for us."

"He'll come gunning for *you*, Angel Face," Jenni corrected. "You're going to have to be *really* fucking good at your job to turn that aside."

"I can handle his stupid ass," I boasted with a confidence I didn't entirely feel. "Just as long as you and Crystal... *ooh! shit!*... have my back."

"You really think you can seduce this clown when he's *that* pissed off?" Jenni asked.

"I won't have a choice," I told her. "Crystal says she has a few things she can slip him, maybe help him get more... *ow!*... in the mood. But I have to plan for doing it on my own. I think I have that locked up."

"Y'think?"

"I know he gets off on hurting me," I said. "So I let him smack me around a little. Once that makes his dick hard, it'll be easy to go from there to fuck me, fuck me."

"One problem, honey – that leaves you getting smacked around by this asshole."

"Why do you think I'm letting somebody rip all the hair off my cooch?" I giggled. "I know I can train myself to *like* that kind of thing a little. Maybe use it to get myself revved up a little – it's gonna be hard enough to spread my legs for that nasty shit."

"How you planning to pull *that* particular miracle out of your cute little ass?" Jenni asked.

"Easy," I said. "Because this time, I'm gonna be the one with all the power. Let him think he's breaking me down. When the smoke clears, he's gonna realize that he lost everything and got beat like a rented mule by my precious little pink pussy. Which is now completely hairless, by the way."

"I bet it looks adorable," Jenni said.

"It really does," I said. "Promise I'll show it to you when I get back. But hey – she's starting to rub lotion on it, and it's getting *seriously* fucking distracting. I'll talk to you at work tonight, okay?"

The last words came out in a breathy little moan. Turns out I liked getting waxed as much as I enjoyed massage, but for *entirely* different reasons.

* * * * *

The other girls and I kept a cautious distance from one another the next day, doing nothing more than trading meaningful glances at one another, even when I presented everyone with the gifts I found for them. All the girls *ooohed* and *aahed* appreciatively over the thoughtful little bangles I found for them, each one with a personal touch, and mock-scolded me for spending my precious tip money on them. My popularity soared among every clique, infusing me with confidence – once I incited this glamorous army of beauties to riot, I would need every ounce of credibility to pull off the *coup* I intended. Girls from every colored clique – including the aloof White – waved to me as I passed, greeted me by name and complimented me on something or another. It made walking through the halls take a considerable amount of time, since I had to maintain my 'sweetheart' reputation by stopping every single time to return the compliment, exchange a fond hug or a few words. I recited names to myself every night before bed, learning a little bit about every single girl, so I could make small talk and forge relationships.

I was just moisturizing my face after removing my makeup and exfoliating with a little rotating brush, finishing my litany of names and factoids, when a soft knock sounded at my door. I opened it quietly – curfew had long since been called – and a nervous-looking Crystal came through my door, shutting it behind her.

“Crys? What are you doing here, sweetheart? It's late.”

“I love you,” she said flatly, in a breathless rush.

I choked a little. “I'm sorry, did you say...”

She looked me dead in the eye, crystalline sapphire to crystalline sapphire. “I said I love you.”

“I love you, too, honey, you know that.”

She sighed. “This went a lot more smoothly in my head on the way over,” she muttered. “I mean, Jaci, that I *love* you. As in, *in love*. With you. Deeply. Passionately. Completely and inescapably *in love*.”

I stared at her open-mouthed, trying to find words around the rising groundswell of elation and pure joy expanding like a balloon inside my chest. Little tears leaked unbidden from my eyes and clung to my long lashes as I fishmouthed, struggling for language.

After an ecstatic eternity, only this came out: “I love you too. The same way. So much.”

She placed a smooth, impossibly soft hand on my cheek, making my eyes close in bliss and lean into her touch. “That's why we can't go on, Jaci. Because I love you. We can't go any further with this plan,” she choked, tears glistening in her eyes and a pained tremor in her steady alto.

“Wait... what?”

"I can't just sit by, Jaci, and let that monster hurt you. I don't care how prepared you are. I don't care about the plan any more. We can give the money back. Pretend this never happened."

"And be slaves?" I asked. "Crystal. I can't just let that happen. Not to you, not to any of these girls."

Her chin dimpled and her lip trembled. "Why do you have to be so fucking *brave*?"

I squeezed her shoulders between my hands. "Honey, if somebody has to take a beating for all of us to be free..."

"But why does it have to be you? Why not one of the other girls? Why not me?" Crystal whined.

"Because I'm the one he picked," I said.

"Jaci..."

I leaned forward, kissing away one of the tears clinging to her mascara'ed lashes. "Don't worry, baby," I cooed softly. "Everything's gonna work out. As happy as you just made me, Crystal, nothing he can do to me can possibly hurt me. Not ever."

I kissed her other eyelid. "Now, can we please go back to the part where you said you love me?"

* * * * *

Crystal stayed with me that night, curled around me in my bed. We didn't do anything more than hold one another, caressing soft hair and smooth shoulders and whispering tender endearments to one another. We didn't even kiss – something unspoken between us said that particular paradise needed to wait, until this whole nasty affair ended for better or for worse.

I awoke early, hungry for a workout and some honest sweat, checking up and down the dorm hallway carefully before hustling Crystal out the door and safely back to her own quarters in the science wing. I hustled upstairs to the health club, awake before even the dedicated gym-rat Jenni, sweating my way through an hour of cardio and squats – *squat to the grass if you want a great ass*, I heard Jenni echoing in my imagined ear, egging me on to more repetitions and better form – before she ever arrived. I made it back to the Pink dorms just as most of my sisters began waking up, wandering to the feeders yawning and rubbing their eyes, or heading to the little ventilated atrium for a morning cigarette. I headed to the communal showers to clean off the glistening coat of sweat from my tight, nubile body. I hustled back to my room, trying to avoid any notice or conversation, and took my time with makeup and hairstyle – clipping in some gorgeous eighteen-inch extensions to bring my hair almost to my waist and curling it to give it some insane, 'eighties-style volume, this time clipping a rhinestone bow above one ear, white on silver. I dressed in my snowy Science Division uniform, clean and freshly starched from the laundry, and wore white patent-leather go-go boots with a huge platform and heel to complete the look. I hoped I could manage to get some work done on the beta-progenitor sequencing before all hell broke loose.

I only just began my work, sorting through the data from the other day, when I heard the loud banging and commotion from outside. Laryssa, one of my lab assistants, raised her usually throaty phone-sex rasp loud, saying, "Sir, no one is allowed down here except..."

"Get the fuck out of my way or I'll have you fitted with tits the size of beach balls," I heard John Masters growl, and saw the silhouette through the frosted glass wall of my lab of a tall man roughly shoving a petite woman with a ponytail out of his way. Masters barged through the door, making it bang loudly against the wall, and advanced on me menacingly, brandishing a sheaf of paper that looked like a bank statement.



"It's simple, Mr. Masters," I said calmly. "It was my money. I took it back."

I removed my glasses calmly while he screamed, full-throated at me. "You want to explain to me how my corporate account just got liquidated by what my banker said was a 'sexpot redhead with a giant rack?'" he bellowed, stabbing the statement in his hand violently with a finger.

"It's simple, Mr. Masters," I said calmly. "It was *my* money. I took it back."

He hurled the bank statement to one side viciously, causing it to rain down gently across my gleaming lab. "You took it *back*? You signed that money over to me, you stuck-up bitch!"

"Under duress," I told him flatly. "Don't pretend you didn't force me, starving me like that."

He stepped right up into my face, close enough that I could smell his hot breath. "I'm gonna do a helluva lot worse than starve you this time, cunt," he hissed, eyes narrowing. "You're gonna give

me every fucking *penny* back that you stole, you understand? And then, maybe – *maybe* – I'll leave you enough of a brain to change the channels on a TV. You will spend the rest of your life being a brainless, drooling fuck doll for any sweaty German businessman I care to turn loose on you.”

“So that's your plan? To be my pimp?” I chuckled.

“You think this is *funny*?” he growled, grabbing me roughly by the throat, causing the edges of my rhinestone choker to dig painfully into my neck.

I eyed him levelly. “I think it's *hilarious*, John,” I told him honestly. “All high-and-mighty. Raping me like you did, thinking you broke me. You were so sure that your all-powerful cock turned me into your devoted little sex slave, that I would do anything you told me...”

My ears rang from the force of the backhanded slap, forcing me to bend double and my glasses to skitter across the floor from my hand. My lip split painfully and I tasted blood.

“Give it back. Give it back, *now*,” he growled menacingly.

“Or what? You're gonna beat me up? Rape me again? Big, strong man.”

He punched me this time, making me see stars and squeal in shocked pain, driving me down to my knees with the raw force of it. I tried to stay loose, to roll with the blow like Jenni tried to teach me, but his superior weight and height made it impossible to manage it all. Tears leaked from my swelling eyes. I forced down the rising sense of instinctive terror, clawing to retain control of my inborn fight-or-flight response. I channeled the pain, past the shock and anger, through the pathways I discovered during my experiment in the waxing salon. I let the pain change, trickle down, into the strange wet emptiness inside me, making it yawn hungrily.

I stared back at him, panting, with a look of purest arousal.

“That all you got?” I purred.

CRYSTAL PROVED AS GOOD AS her word, rounding up a moving company and a panel van in short order to come and clear out the vault, disabling lone cameras and using service entrances and alleyways to keep all the activity completely unnoticed by the busy girls of the Science Division or the restaurant upstairs. Even with eight men with appliance dollies, it took the crew two eight-hour days to remove all the filing cabinets from the repository downstairs and transfer them to the self-storage unit in the suburbs, rented under Crystal's assumed identity.

I spent most of the time after removal of the documents working in my lab, feeling my body heal itself from my brutal treatment at the hands of John Masters at its remarkable accelerated rate. I cherished the time alone, buried gratefully in my work, silently processing my foolhardy part in the reckless plan that led us to our current situation. The other girls in our little conspiracy – particularly Prissi, my 'big sister' – hovered a little, solicitous of my well-being and checking in on me often. Instead of irritating me, as it would have when I still blundered around my lab in size 13 men's shoes instead of six-inch spike heels, I found the intrusions endearing and adorable,

flooding my heart with touched gratitude.

Word apparently got around about my beating, and most of the other girls treated me differently, expressing sympathy and giving me lots of hugs, kind words and little thoughtful gifts. My office, lab and dorm room soon overflowed with little stuffed animals and vases of flowers, all bought from the Valentine's commissary and given to me by my co-workers along with best wishes and *holler-if-you-need-anything's* offered over trembling chins. The sorority to which I belonged acknowledged and accepted such treatment – such was the lot of fuck-toys like ourselves, occasionally we got beaten and we learned to live with it. Like an unfortunate but unavoidable fact of Valentine's-girl life, like menstrual cramps.

I hate that we just accept this, I thought as I tabulated the latest round of data from my research, alone in my lab. I hate that it's just 'something that happens' around here. We're human beings, dammit, and we deserve better.

Those thoughts plagued me, making me angry in my solitude, as I stepped across the hallway into Crystal's office. The aching in my abused abdomen from the repeated punches I received got the better of me, standing in the lab, and I seized the lull in my research while I waited for a series of cloned DNA vector strands I created to propagate in a host of *e. coli* bacteria to slip into my girlfriend's office and filch one of the ibuprofen she kept in her desk drawer for her occasional sinus headaches.

I opened her door with the key she gave me a few days ago and flicked on her light. John Masters, looking haggard and unshaven, sat in Crystal's chair, feet propped up on her desk. A matte-black pistol in his hand raised and pointed into the center of my chest before I could even gasp out my shock.

“Step in,” he said softly. “Close the door behind you.”

I took a split-second to compose myself before I did as he instructed, standing alone with him in the room while he stood, keeping the firearm leveled at my chest.

“You can't do this,” he said. “This is my fucking *life*.”

I laughed, completely unafraid. “That's supposed to count for something?” I asked, chuckling mercilessly. “What about my life, you son of a bitch? My identity? Everything that you took from me, and I'm supposed to give a shit about what happens to you? Don't waste my time. Just pull the fucking trigger and do it, or put down that gun and get the fuck out of here.”

His eyes widened, not expecting my defiance. “Look, I didn't come here to...”

“So what *did* you come here for, huh? To beat me again? To rape me?” I said matter-of-factly, stepping around the edge of the desk delicately and perching sexily on the corner of the polished wood, crossing my legs at the ankle. “You know I'm not gonna let that happen again.”

“I'm not letting you go,” he said. “I'll think of something, but I'm not letting you get away with this. I worked too hard.”

"Like that matters a damn bit to me, you bastard," I growled at him. "You think I didn't work hard, before you ordered me drugged and brought down here? You think I didn't sacrifice, and go without, and give up my whole *life* to my work before you stuck me in a skirt and heels and jammed a cock down my throat? You insensitive ass. You took *everything* from me."

"You're goddamned right I did," Masters shot back hotly. "You had what I wanted, you arrogant little slut, and I *took* it. It's the law of the fucking jungle. Bigger and stronger gets the best of everything."

"I'm not sure what jungle you're referring to, but you're wrong. Everything in the fucking jungle was bigger and stronger than humans. And here we are, dominant species on the planet. Bigger and stronger don't mean *shit* when it comes across smarter," I spat. "And you just got your ass handed to you by smarter, so don't go puffing out your chest and thinking you're better than me."

"I beat you," I went on, narrowing my eyes. "Never forget that."

He raised the gun in a trembling hand, thumbing back the hammer. "You're not leaving me a choice."

"Of course I am," I scoffed. "You can be a man and admit you're beaten. You can walk away."

"No," he said. "I'm not letting it end like this."

"Really?" I laughed. "I am."

"Get down on your knees," he commanded, but his voice quavered with weakness and indecision. "Where you belong. Where we *designed* you to be."

I slid around the edge of the desk and fixed him with a level glare over the tops of my retro horn-rims. "I'm through being what you bastards expect me to be," I told him. "I'm my own woman. If you're gonna kill me, then you're going to do it face-to-face. Eye to eye."

I brushed auburn hair from my face with long fingernails and leaned my smooth forehead forward until I felt the cold muzzle of the pistol pressing into the flesh there. My eyes bored into his own.

"Your move," I stated.

He swallowed hard and tightened his finger infinitesimally on the trigger. "I don't have other options."

"Sure, you do," I said, then snapped my arm forward quickly, jabbing the syringe which I'd palmed from Crystal's desk drawer behind my shapely ass while I held his attention with my previous diatribe, pressing the plunger with my thumb.

"We can see what *this* does."

* * * * *

Crystal burst into the office, her breath coming in ragged pants, looking around frantically as Heidi, Prissi and Jenni filed in behind her, all holding some implement of mayhem – a fire extinguisher, a letter opener, a mop handle and an Ehrlenmeyer flask of high-concentration acid. Each of them stopped dead, mouth agape as they discovered me in my underwear and stockings, reclining lazily on John Masters' naked back while I smoked a cigarette I found in Crystal's desk.



"He just does whatever you say?" Prissi asked, giggling. "So cool."

Masters stared straight at the ground, barely stirring beneath me, *exactly* the way I had told him.

"What happened?" Crystal demanded, staring agape at us.

I pointed to the empty syringe on her desk. "He came in with a gun," I said, puffing contentedly on the cigarette and releasing a long streamer of curling smoke towards the ceiling. I tapped the ashes in Masters' hair and he didn't twitch. "He threatened to shoot me if I didn't give him the money back and destroy the evidence. I just grabbed this out of your desk and injected him with it."

Crystal examined the syringe and gasped. "You found it in my desk?" she breathed.

"Yeah," I said. "Crys, you *gotta* try sitting here. It's so *warm*."

“And you gave him all of it?”

I shrugged. “I had a gun in my face,” I said nonchalantly. “I wasn't really concerned with dosage.”

“What happened next?”

“He tried to pistol-whip me,” I told her. “I told him to drop the gun and he did it. No hesitation, nothing. Just dropped it right on the floor like a hot rock. I asked him what the hell was wrong with him and he started listing off every neurosis he could come up with.”

“He just does whatever you say?” Prissi asked, giggling. “So cool.”

“Yeah, I played around with it a little,” I said. “Stupid shit, y'know – cluck like a chicken, that kind of thing. But it got a little out of hand – when I told him to go fuck himself, he almost tore something trying to stuff his dick up his own asshole.”

“Wow,” Heidi said, snapping her fingers in front of Masters' eyes to make him flinch. “You turned him into a fucking robot, baby.”

Crystal nodded, setting the empty syringe down on her desk. “You're not wrong,” she confirmed. “Dr. Felicity and Dr. Tabitha gave it to me for testing. It's a designer retrovirus to target the dorsolateral prefrontal cortex – the part of the brain which governs willpower. It forms plaque, very similar to the neural plaque formed in Alzheimer's Disease. It's being researched as a potential initial treatment for new girls, to make them compliant.”

“It kills willpower?” I asked.

“Not in low doses,” Crystal said. “Just makes people a bit more suggestible. But you gave him enough for seven or eight people. I doubt he has any ability left to resist a command.”

“How cool is this?” Jenni laughed, clapping her hands. “Make him do something else, Jacs!”

“No, sweetie, it's not cool at *all*,” Crystal corrected. “He's completely incapable of making an independent decision. *Any* independent decision. If someone doesn't tell him, he won't eat. He won't drink. Or bathe. Or go to the toilet. He needs someone to tell him to do everything.”

“Oh,” Heidi said, face falling. “That sounds kind of awful.”

“We'll have to take turns taking care of him,” I said. “Make a schedule, so that somebody's always nearby to make sure he eats and pees.”

“Seriously?” Jenni said, flabbergasted. “Fuck that, Jacs. He raped you. He beat you. He tried to fucking *kill* you, for fuck's sake. Tell him to head off into the woods and starve himself to death.”

“I can't do that,” I said simply. “I'm not like him, Jen. I'm not just going to off him and dump the body because he's in my way.”

“Okay, okay,” Jenni said. “I’ll take him a couple days. Might be nice to have somebody who will lift heavy shit and clean up. Wonder if he does laundry?”

“There’s nothing wrong with the rest of his brain,” Crystal said. “At least *theoretically*. He can learn anything you teach him. You want him to do laundry, you should only have to show him once.”

“Cool,” Jenni said, laughing. “I’m never gonna have to iron again!”

“I can’t believe you’re thinking about laundry,” Heidi said, running a fingernail across his muscular buttocks, a lascivious expression of consideration on her baby-doll face. “I’m thinking that this fucker might just be the most sophisticated vibrator ever invented.”

* * * * *

We took turns guiding John Masters around, keeping him confined for the most part to the Science Division and away from the dorms. So when Crystal or I needed to work in the labs, or if Jenni, Heidi, Prissi or I needed to wait tables upstairs, the docile Masters would stay with one of the others. He became a bit like a pet; Heidi developed an instant affection for the muscular man, and Prissi thought he was cute, but no amount of change in his personality or demeanor would ever make me warm to him. And for all my distaste towards the man, it paled beside the naked hatred that flared in Crystal’s eyes when she looked at him. My beautiful love never gave in to the desire for revenge, though – any one of us could have ordered Masters to harm himself in payback for his treatment of me. She usually just ordered him to stand quietly in the corner of her lab and make no sound. Occasionally, Masters would wet himself because she forgot to allow him to go to the toilet, but he cleaned any mess he made.



...slid my stocking-clad legs out of the driver's seat in front of a dingy little hipster

I took to leading my former attacker around by a leash, heeling me like a faithful dog, since I didn't want to look directly at him but knowing I needed him close. Heidi and Jenni began ordering him to work out three, sometimes four or five times per day, and his already impressive physique became more defined, making him look as though he'd been Photoshopped. Crystal and I sent some official-looking documents and made some important phone calls to Masters' wife and family, posing as "assistants" to important-sounding people we made up to explain his being called away suddenly to Singapore on business.

Mrs. Masters seemed to buy it – she replied with the long-suffering patience of the lifelong executive's wife, resigned and annoyed but accepting that the company always came first. We hadn't given any thought, as a group, to just how we intended to explain the man's utter docility to his wife and family; from the thundering asshole that John Masters used to be, Crystal assumed that she wouldn't have much trouble at all adapting to a husband who would do anything she told him.

The fortunate upshot of Masters' conversion proved to be his utter willingness to sign anything we put in front of him, no questions asked. Our plan advanced by leaps and bounds as we accumulated a sizeable stack of affidavits and signed statements, which would couple nicely with the evidence we secured from the storage room downstairs to build a formidable case to take to court. Mysti – a gorgeous brunette Yellow who worked the tables upstairs – proved to be invaluable to our efforts. Before her transformation to a blue-eyed bombshell, Mysti worked as a high-powered corporate lawyer. Since she had no law license in her new identity, she couldn't actually try the case for us, but she could do the leg-work and build the case while we

quietly ran the restaurant upstairs and pretended as if nothing had happened, attempting to keep our efforts secret from the Owners until we finished our preparations and sprung the trap.

* * * * *

I slid out of one of the new cars we bought with the money we recovered from Masters – *I never should have sent a Yellow*, I thought, as I opened the door of the Mercedes SL63 AMG roadster, one of seven high-end luxury cars bought by the label-obsessed woman – and slid my stocking-clad legs out of the driver's seat in front of a dingy little hipster coffee shop near the university I knew well from a previous life. Spike-heeled Miu Miu platforms clicked and clacked on the uneven pavement as I smoothed my tight black skirt behind my thighs. Every male eye at the outdoor tables and the busy sidewalk tracked to follow my jiggling breasts and swaying ass. I pushed the wooden door open to the merry tinkle of the brass bell on its bracket above me and took up a position at a table facing the door, sipping a passable cappuccino and scrolling through Facebook as I watched the comings and goings of the patrons.

About twenty minutes passed being eyefucked and mentally undressed by the patrons of the seedy establishment before the door opened, admitting a blinding square of daylight, and the stylishly disheveled form of my old lab assistant pushed her way into the shop for her morning fix.

I waited and watched, flooded with an odd sense of nostalgia at her familiar voice and demeanor, while she ordered her dark roast coffee and moved to the little table to add cream and sugar. I swayed my way next to her and put a hand on her lavishly tattooed arm, meeting her eyes with a nervous smile.

“Karen? Karen Williams?” I asked softly.

She took a half-step back, taking me in. “Do I know you?”

“You did,” I said. “Listen, if you have a minute, I'd like to talk to you.”

She demurred a little awkwardly. “Actually, I'm pretty busy right now...”

“You're not,” I told her quietly. “It's Thursday, Karen, you take a long lunch. After you go to therapy you come here and usually don't make it back to the lab for another hour.”

Her eyes widened in shock. “How in the hell could you possibly know that?” she said warily.

“You're not going to believe this, not right at first,” I told her. “We used to work together, at the university genetics lab. I'm Jack Hebert.”

“Fuck off,” she said, a little angrily. “Dr. Hebert is dead.”

“That's what they told everybody,” I said. “But it isn't true. I was kidnapped and forced into life as a woman by a group of people bent on stealing my research. What did they tell you – a car accident? And that I left the rights to all of my research to John Masters in my will?”

Karen set her coffee down on the table, fingers a little numb. “Anyone could have found that out,” she breathed. “It's all public record.”

“How could I know that the tattoo on your left shoulder that you tell everyone is two folded hands is actually a thymus gland?” I asked. “I took you to the tattoo parlor on Seventh Street the night we all got tipsy on champagne when we discovered the beta-progenitor cell. You told me you would sleep with me if I got one, too, but I never did either one.”

“Jack and I were alone that night,” Karen said wonderingly. “He told me I couldn't tell anyone what the tattoo actually was...”

“...until we published the paper,” I finished. “You dragged me off to a midnight showing of *Rocky Horror* that night. We fell asleep in my car in the parking lot and had breakfast at Papa Mike's the next morning. You had Belgian waffles with blueberries and told me you dreamed of curing cancer when you were a little girl, after your aunt died.”

She stared at me, agape. “It can't be.”

“It is,” I told her, taking both her hands in mine. “I promise, it's me. Ask me anything.”

I pulled her towards me with one hand while I picked up her coffee cup with the other, leading her out of the high-traffic area and to a secluded table in the back corner. I ushered her into a chair and sat across from her. “I'm sure you're wondering why.”

“Not so much why, as *how*,” Karen said.

I sat back and signaled the scraggly-haired waiter for a refill. “It all started when I went to lunch with John Masters that afternoon, at a place called Valentine's...”

* * * * *

Karen closed the thick file folder I passed to her about midway through our conversation and rubbed her eyes. “I can't believe it,” she said. “It's just so much to take in.”

“Tell me about it,” I replied.

“What can I do? What do you need?” she asked.

“I need a lawyer,” I told her. “A *good* one. That place is full of scientists, all people who had their life's work stolen and their identities taken away. We needed to find someone like you, someone we could convince that we are who we say we are, to help us find representation.”

She nodded. “I have a friend at the ACLU. I'll call him right away,” she said.

I slid a folded piece of paper across the table to her. “That's my contact information,” I said. “Now, I've kept you long enough, Karen. I should get back, before anyone notices how long I've

been gone.”

I stood and straightened my skirt, touching up my hair automatically and giving my face a once-over in a compact mirror to make sure I was presentable.

Karen laughed. “It's incredible – you don't just look like a girl, you *act* like one. Look at you, primping and preening. Other than your eyes – they changed the color, but they didn't change the light behind them – but there's *nothing* of the old you in there.”

“They were noting if not thorough,” I said.

Karen's eyes searched mine deeply. “Are you okay, Dr. Hebert?” she asked. “I mean, really okay?”

I opened my mouth to speak, but stopped as volumes of words crowded my throat in a rush to escape. I took a deep breath and sorted through the tumult of emotions to consider an answer. “I am,” I said with a blossoming smile. “I really am. This got forced upon me, yes, but Karen... I *love* being a girl. Truly and profoundly love it, love everything about it. I love my long hair and my manicured nails, I love wearing dresses and high heels, I love carrying a purse and wearing makeup and perfume. I love the way my boobs look in a push-up bra. I love sucking cock. I even love my periods – because it reminds me I have a uterus. It reminds me I can get pregnant and have babies and one day be a mama.”

My face darkened a little. “But it doesn't change the fact that they can't *do* this to people. And I don't mind being a girl, but I will *never* be a slave,” I said bitterly. “I don't necessarily want my dick back, but they *cannot* have my work.”

She sprung up from her chair and gathered me into a crushing hug. “I missed you, Doc,” she said, voice quavering with emotion. “When they told me you died...”

I smoothed her wild hair, streaked with hot pink, and rocked her gently back and forth, making *shushing* noises. “It's okay, baby. I'm here. I missed you, too.”

I pushed her gently away and fixed her eyes with my own. “Now, help me get these fuckers.”

She dried her eyes with the heel of her hand and nodded solemnly. “We're gonna nail them to the wall, Doc. I promise you that.”

* * * * *

Karen's “friend” at the ACLU turned out to be her fiancé, an adorable little baby-faced idealist lawyer named Tim Coates. Once Karen convinced him of the veracity of our claim – using photographs, video and files from the archives – he mobilized a veritable army of lawyers in our defense. He took us all out to dinner at a popular vegan restaurant to tell us the reactions of the six ultra-powerful Owners when the process servers presented them with the subpoenas.

Prissi took care of breaking the news of our plan to the girls who worked at Valentine's. She called an all-girl meeting – her natural flair for organization coupled with the her runaway

popularity and mine got the Pinks, Yellows, Blues, Purples and Whites behind us wholeheartedly, fanning the banked flames of their collective outrage at being ripped from their old lives and transformed against their wills into dutiful, high-glam little cocksucking machines. No new recruits had come in for the last six months, thankfully – the Owners recruited discreetly and never did too many at once – and the Whites agreed as a group that the new additions in Phase One could still have the process reversed, but anyone past the first few days of Phase Two needed to be led the rest of the way through the transformation, since the physical changes already performed would leave them trapped somewhere in between the genders, never truly belonging to either one. Happily, the men released unchanged from Phase One agreed to testify in our case.



"Jaci," she said softly. "Do you remember me?"

The day I took the stand, telling my story of kidnapping and science-fiction transformation to a wide-eyed jury, stood out as a day of singular vindication to me – jurors wept as I recounted the starvation techniques employed by Masters and sanctioned by the Owners, who sat stone-faced at the defense table, my brutal attack and the lives of sexual servitude lived by the girls of Valentine's. The next day, we ordered John Masters himself to testify on our behalf and verify every scrap of testimony offered by the girls, submitting the reams of documented evidence to support our claims.

I walked out of the courtroom in the setting sun, stopping on the back steps – we used different entrances each day to avoid the press, which clustered around the courthouse awaiting any snippet they could turn into a sensational story – to straighten my designer dress and light a cigarette, when a timid voice cleared its throat from behind me. I turned to see a familiar face I hadn't seen in what seemed like a lifetime, a curvaceous brunette who puffed on a long white

cigarette of her own.

“Jaci,” she said softly. “Do you remember me?”

“Of course I do,” I said, exhaling smoke. “How could I forget you, Savannah?”

The Valentine's waitress who originally drugged me and led me below for my new life stepped forward nervously, her cheeks a vivid scarlet beneath the thick coat of makeup. She regarded me through a fan of thick, dark lashes, her eyes downcast. “Do you hate me?”

I shook my head. “Of course not, sweetheart,” I told her. “You couldn't help what you did.”

“You did,” she said. “A lot of us girls... we're *ashamed*, Jaci. We just did whatever the Owners told us to do, even when we knew it was wrong. We went along, so we could get cocks to suck and jewelry to wear and the occasional cupcake at dinner. Y'know what I got in exchange for you? A fucking *bracelet*. A cheap, tacky rhinestone bracelet. That's what I decided your life was worth.”

“Savannah, honey, I *get* it,” I said. “I probably would have done the same.”

“But you *didn't*,” she said, tears sparkling in the corners of her beautiful eyes. “You fought back. You told them *no*. And now you're going to break them, send them to jail for all of this.”

She coughed back a sob. “I should go to jail, too,” she added in a tiny, lost voice.

“No, you shouldn't,” I told her. “You are as much a victim here as anyone. I mean, you're Savannah. You're a blue, and you love horses and want to own a stable someday. But that's not all you are. You're also Dr. Donald Gabriel, Ph.D., a brilliant biochemist and responsible for what will someday be a way to restore neural tissue damaged by stroke and head trauma. I love you, Savannah – I love every single girl that lives in those dorms with all my heart. I love you so much that I refuse to let those rich, arrogant bastards sitting behind that table in there steal all the amazing, life-saving work you did just so they can get richer. You're better than that, Savannah. *We're* better than that.”

“I would have lived that way, you know,” she said, dabbing her eyes with a tissue from her purse. “I would have been a silly, shallow little cocksucker for the rest of my life and been perfectly happy.”

“I know,” I said. “I remember how it felt – when all of a sudden, that torture ended and you found yourself in a room full of girls just like you, girls that were born boys, and they all told you that you *belonged* down there, that you weren't a freak, that they loved you and wanted you to be one of them. And they said, what we *do* is suck cock and look pretty. And you – and me, and everybody – would've done *anything* they said to do because you couldn't risk not belonging.”

“What changed?” Savannah asked, sniffing.

“I realized that I could be a pretty, giggly little cocksucker, or... I could be a pretty, giggly little cocksucker with a Nobel prize in medicine,” I said. “I earned everything I have. So did you. So did

Crystal, and Prissi, and everybody we lived with down there in that prison. Those rich fuckers just sat there, taking credit for everything we made. And they came by to gloat – to shove their dicks down our throats and laugh at us. And I decided – fuck those guys. They're not smarter than me. They're not better than me. I still have the power to control my own destiny.”

“I wish I'd been as strong as you are,” she whimpered, on the edge of real tears.

I gathered her close, into my arms. “You can be, still, honey,” I cooed softly. “You just needed somebody to show you how. I found the way – so can you. I'm not any better than you.”

“What was your way?” she asked. “What gave you the strength to say 'enough?’”

I sighed heavily. “My first period, if you can believe it,” I said. “The first time I knew – *really* knew, down deep in my bones, that I was a woman. And when I thought about being a woman, I only really thought about one thing.”

“What was that?”

“That if I didn't change that place, if I didn't get free of those bastards, then I could never have a baby,” I said. “They would never let me get pregnant. And if I'm gonna be a woman, sweetheart, then I'm *gonna* be a mama someday. I was not going to let anyone or anything stop that.”

She kissed my cheek. “You're gonna be a fantastic mother,” she told me.

“And so will you, if that's what you decide,” I told her. “Or not. That's why I did this, honey. So you can decide. For yourself, with nobody to tell you differently.”

She snorted a tearful laugh. “You tell that baby of yours that its Aunt Savannah is gonna spoil him rotten,” she told me happily.

“I will,” I said happily, kissing her cheek and wiping the smear of lipstick away with a thumb.

* * * * *

The prosecution went on for weeks – our ACLU lawyers insisted that every single Valentine's girl be allowed to take the stand and tell her story in her own words. In the meantime, we were declared wards of the state and all of us received official recognition of our new identities – we chose new last names and middle names for ourselves, some of us deciding to be declared actual sisters – and U.S. citizenship until our status could be officially determined by the State Department. I chose to become Jaclyn Priscilla Hebert – my middle name to honor the woman who kept me sane during my transformation – and resumed the Social Security number of my previous life.

I stopped going to the court after the first week, opting instead to make use of the relative peace and quiet of the downstairs dorms to resume my work on isolating the beta-progenitor cells from the thymus gland in order to mass-produce undifferentiated stem cells. But I leavened the work by going upstairs and outside to have the occasional smoke break or stretch my legs. Just

because I could.

I slid a tray of prepared samples into the refrigerator in my lab, shimmying to the dance music I played softly on my speakers as I worked, happy to be alone with my discoveries. Karen came by frequently to help, resuming her work at my side, and life actually began to resemble what it had been before. I still preferred to work the lab in my little white plaid skirt and crop-top and sparkling rhinestone jewelry – but I loved it all the more because I didn't wear it because I *had* to, I wore it because I loved how *cute* I looked in it.

I heard the door open behind me, and Crystal walked into my lab wearing only a pair of platform heels and a barely-there bikini, all in her signature white. A pair of heart-shaped white sunglasses perched in the golden nest of her hair and her tanned skin fairly glowed with the liberal application of coconut oil.

“Hey, sweetheart,” she said happily, a little tipsy slur in her voice. The pool on the roof invariably meant margaritas. “A bunch of us were laying out upstairs when this came for you.” She put a FedEx envelope on my desk.

“Must've been one happy delivery guy,” I said, smiling. I tore the envelope open with my long, mother-of-pearl nails and drew out the letter on creamy parchment from inside. I gasped as I read it, covering my open mouth with a beringed hand.

“What is it?” Crystal said, suddenly concerned. “Is everything okay?”

“It's perfect, Crys,” I said. “It's from the university. They are officially recognizing my change of identity in light of the testimony and evidence. They've reinstated my doctorate and declare that my work is *mine*, and will endorse my submission to the Nobel committee.”

“Dr. Jaci Hebert,” Crystal said. “Sounds good.”

“Really good,” I said, folding the paper carefully and tucking it back in the envelope.

“You know what this means, right?” Crystal said. “This means it's over.”

“Well, not yet,” I said. “Not officially.”



She untied the knot between her shoulder blades to free the barely-there cups of her bikini top

“Over enough,” Crystal corrected. “And you remember what we agreed would happen once all of his was over, now, don't you?”

She untied the knot between her shoulder blades to free the barely-there cups of her bikini top, looking seductively over her shoulder at me as she stood in the doorway leading to her private office across the hall.

I took my horn-rimmed glasses from my nose and folded them, laying them carefully atop the letter from the university, and reached between my own generous breasts to undo the tight knot in my crop-top, following her inside. I struggled not to run.

* * * * *

We lay on the couch in her office in a tangle of sweaty, naked arms and legs. I still trembled a little, weak and unsteady, from the truly masterful lovemaking Crystal bestowed on me. All thoughts of a baby – my real, secret motivation – and its need for a man to facilitate vanished from my brain and I looked down at the sleepy, satisfied and glowing face of the love of my life. My heart yawned open in my chest, emotion flowing through me in hurricane surges, focused completely on the long-legged blonde with the upturned nose and mysterious eyes beside me, her perfect face smeared with my lipstick and my sexual juices.

“That was *incredible*,” she purred happily, kissing the tips of my fingers – pruny with their immersion inside her for so long – and rubbing her soft cheek against my palm. “You may think

this is funny, but I've never actually done it with another woman before.”

I giggled. “You're a natural.”

She sighed, running her fingers along the tops of my breasts affectionately. “How did I get so lucky? To be with somebody so beautiful and smart and funny and sexy, and then find out she's got the most talented tongue in all of human history...”

“Wait'll I go and get it pierced,” I said. “That's gonna drive you *wild*, according to Prissi.”

“I love you so much, Jacs,” she told me. “More than I even knew I *could* love somebody.”

“I know,” I told her. “I feel the same way.”

“So, what now?” she asked.

“We live our lives,” I told her. “I want to finish my work. I want to buy a house someplace. I want to win the Nobel and accept it wearing a *fantastic* Oscar-night dress. I want to go blonde and get a tattoo. And I really, *really* want to have a baby. More than anything I ever wanted before, I want that.”

“It seems like a lot to decide,” Crystal said. “I mean, there's so much I want to do. Go back into private practice, and publish a few papers, maybe start teaching. I want a lot of things. I'm not sure where to start.”

“Start anywhere you want,” I said. “Something big, something little... like choose a last name. That's a good start. You haven't done that yet.”

“I actually did a little bit of thinking about that,” she told me. “My original name was Hamilton, but I never really liked it much. Besides, I consider that woman to be dead and gone.”

“So do you have any names in mind that you like? With that blonde hair and those curves, you could pick something like Monroe or Mansfield or Bardot and *totally* carry it off.”

She laughed. “Actually, I was thinking about Hebert.”

I beetled my arched brows in puzzlement. “You want us to be related? Sisters?”

She laughed, scrunching up her nose in the most adorable way. “No, silly,” she said. “I want us to be wives.”

My jaw fell open. “Are you..?”

“Proposing? Yes, Jaci, I am,” she said. “This is me, asking you to marry me. To be my wife. Of all the things we talked about that I *want*, Jacs, I know – I'm certain – that I want you the most.”

“I... I don't... I mean, what...”

She held a slender finger across my lips. “Ladies and gentlemen, the Nobel laureate,” she teased. “I kind of expected you to be a bit more articulate, my love. It's a simple question: Jaci Hebert, will you marry me?”



I felt fairly certain that Crystal took the passionate kiss I gave her as a yes.

THE END...

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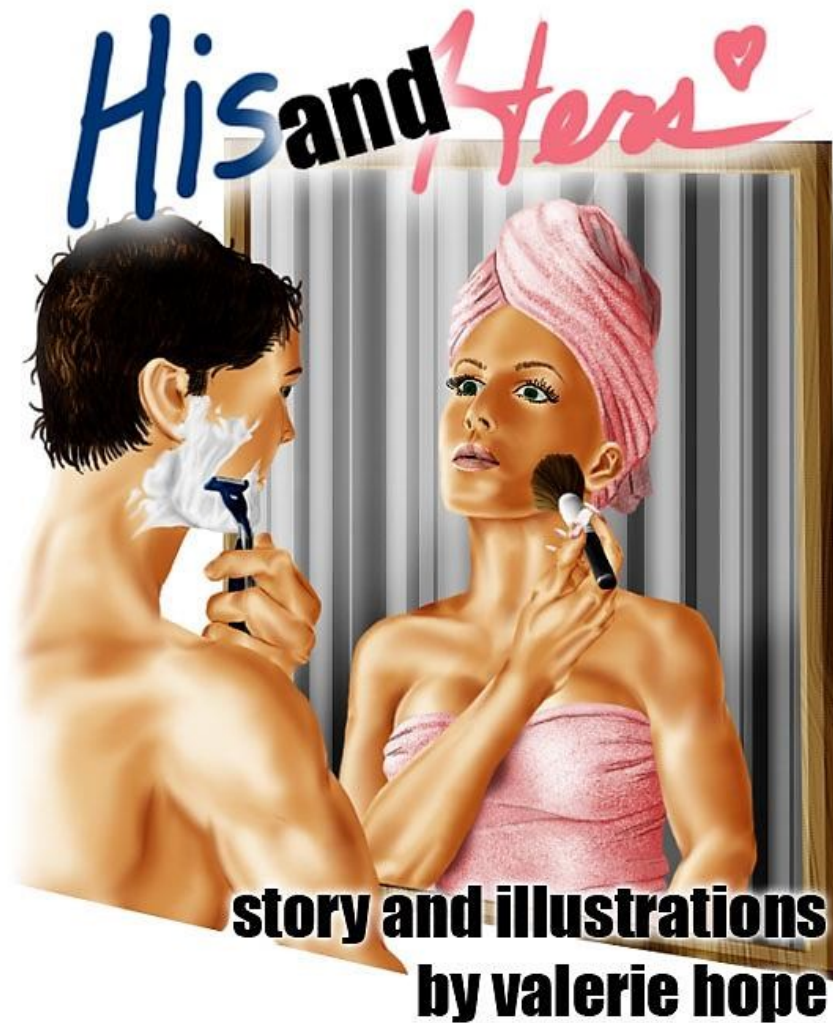
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COULD GO
WRONG?

Sneaking into the Sorority is not a good idea. Our Hero...um...I mean...Heroine learns that the hard way when he tries to sneak into the Sorority as part of a Fraternity prank. Oh...but it goes all soooo wrong once the girls get their hands on him...I mean her... If he wants to see what it's like to be in a Sorority, well then he is going to become part of the Sorority. In fact he is going to be transformed into another very pretty, very sexy, Sorority Pledge! Sigh...might as well give in and enjoy the new life...! 18 GLORIOUSLY RICH PAGES! FULL SPECTRUM COLOR!

LULU.COM/TGSTORIES



When Steven's frat brother told him that he needed someone to watch the old house for six months, he thought he had found the deal of a lifetime. Settling in, he has the strange sense that he is not alone. Then he finds the diary: "Dear Diary, I asked if I could entertain clients. Oh, Diary, my shame! My face burned with redness as I made the request, but I swear by Holy God my motives were pure. Perhaps only this once. Just so that I might be able to show my affection to my friends." When Steven reads more, he slowly becomes Stephanie, the spirit of the girl from long ago. But the past quickly gives way to the present, and the new girl quickly learns the art of 21st century seduction. New sexy clothes and shoes complete the transformation. Now with stunning good looks, and an appetite for excitement, she is soon playing the field. Will lust lead to marriage? Find out in HIS & HERS! Full length story...! OVER 80 PAGES!!! OVER 25 ILLUSTRATIONS!!!

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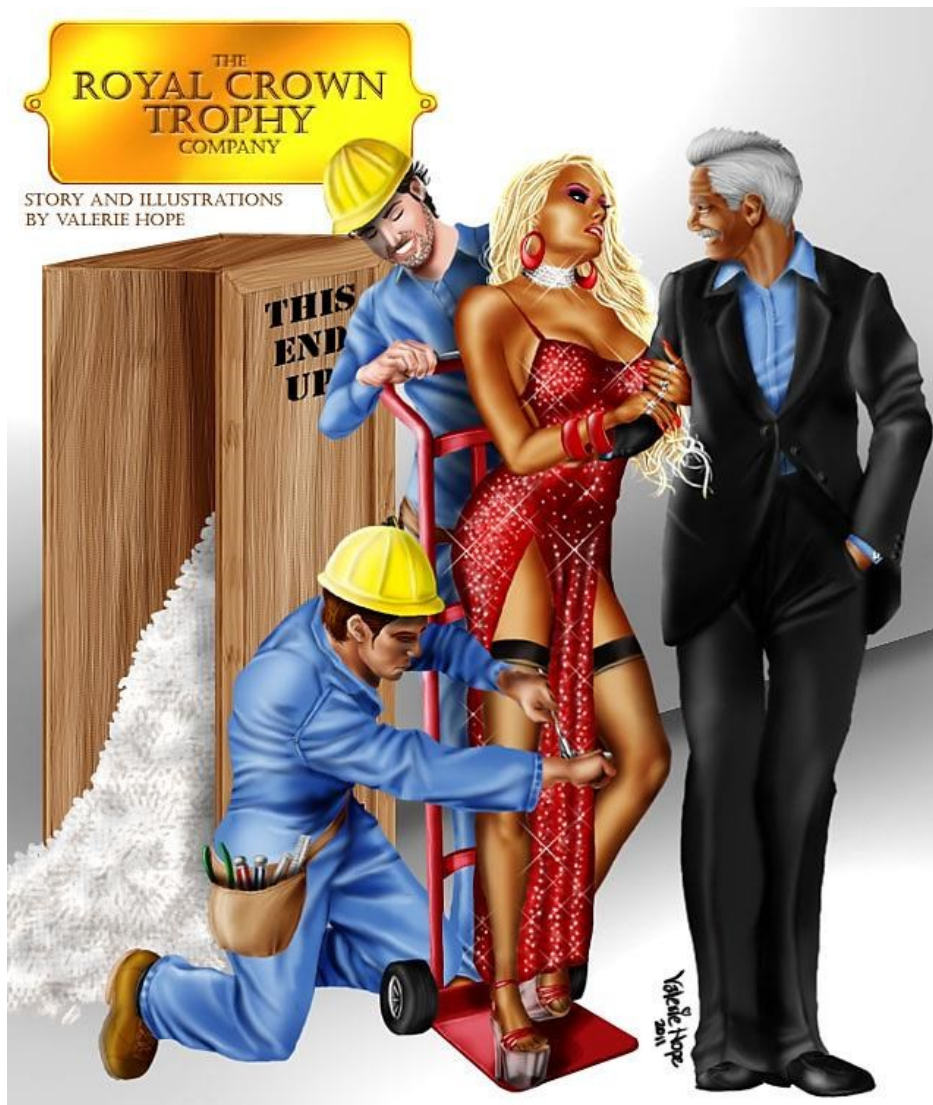
SONG FOR THE DUMPED

STORY AND
ILLUSTRATIONS
BY VALERIE HOPE



Jeff has BIG plans to propose to his girlfriend Maddie! But instead she dumps him...! Throwing the engagement ring into the fountain, Jeff curses her unwillingness to be more girlish for him while wishing that HE had been the one doing the dumping! Waking up, the next morning Jeff is now Jessica. Jessica is a sexy flirt who likes to shop. Quickly bedding the first guys she finds, Jessica starts off on her new life of fun...fun...fun... With a new boyfriend and a line of admirers, what will happen to our new girl? Find out as our sex kitten chases hard bodies and tries to stay faithful...! SONG FOR THE DUMPED WITH OVER 80 PAGES!! 20 IMAGES!!

LULU.COM/TGSTORIES



When Hayden gets a job working, in the shop of the Royal Crown Trophy Company, he feels right at home with the rest of the guys. But when his macho co-workers start disappearing, he starts to get an inkling that all is not as it seems... Little does he know that he is about to be programmed and transformed into the perfect wife. Drugged, and finding himself unable to escape, Hayden is molded into Heidi, the blonde cheerleader and sex kitten. She is reconditioned with all the memories of the perfect wife! With her new husband waiting, Heidi is conditioned to embrace her new femininity, and desires to please!!! Full length story...! OVER 165 PAGES!!! OVER 45 ILLUSTRATIONS!!!

LULU.COM/TGSTORIES



Ray reluctantly agrees to go with this girlfriend Heather to the nail salon. Not realizing that Heather and a few other gals have reached their breaking point and want some changes to the guys. Ray and the other guys meet Amanda who takes them down the path of transformation. Through her use of magic the guys find themselves to transformed...! A sexy model, a provocative business woman, and a horny cheerleader, take the place of the former men. Amanda drastically alters the relationship the new girls have with their former mates. What will happen to the freshly created women as they explore their new memories and bodies!? They went into the salon as tough guys, but they came out as sexy girls---THEY HAVE BEEN NAILED!

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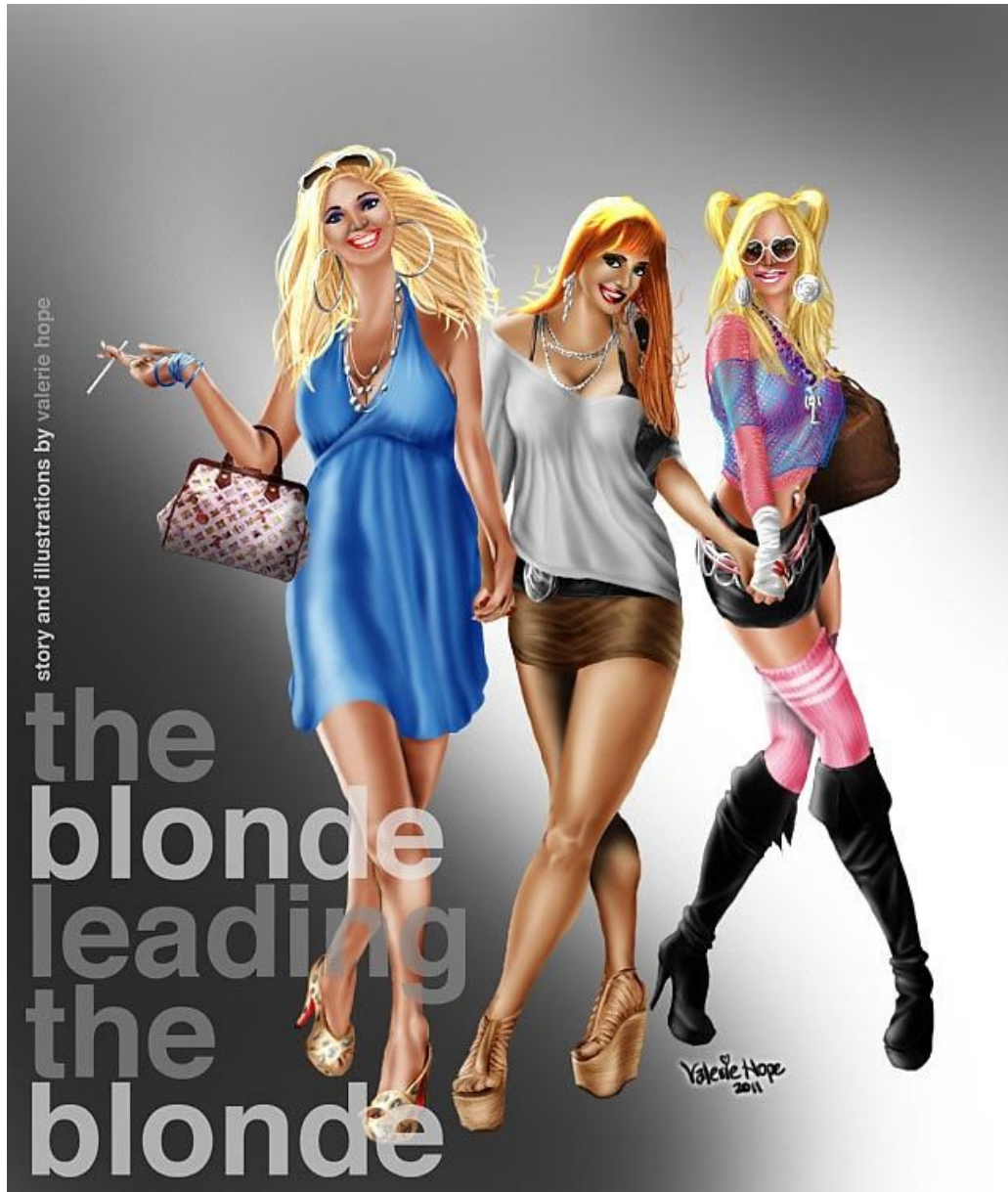
the *Clothes* make the *Man*

story and illustrations
by *Valerie Hope*



Pete who has worked for years as an EMT, finds that a back injury forces him to go back to school to get his RN. But something strange starts to happen...and Pete the tough guy starts to turn into Amber the sexy nurse! With blonde hair and a hot new body Peter, now Amber, finds that his buddies the firemen are much sexier then he remembers... What will happen to Amber as she starts to explore her new body and mind... Over 120 pages!!! And, over 30 illustrations!!!

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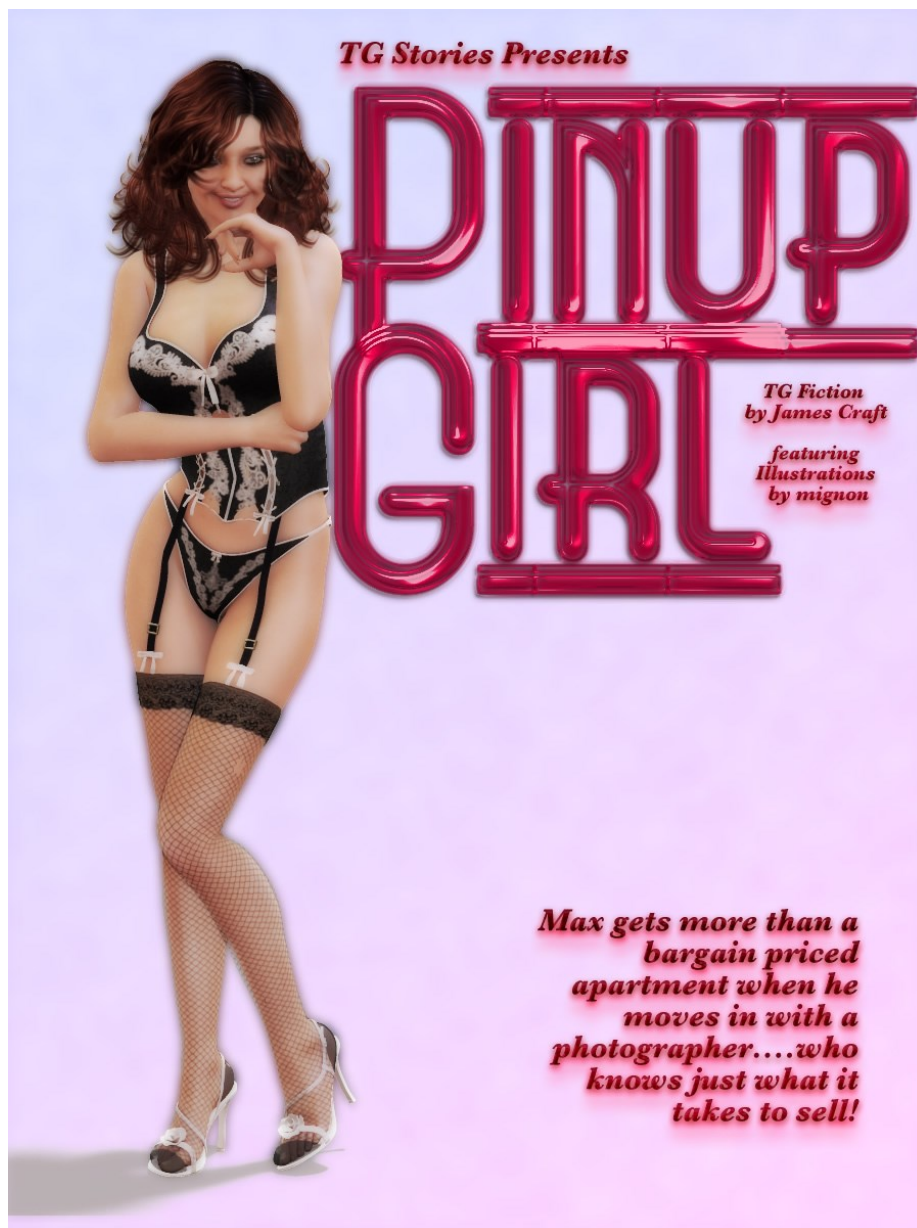


story and illustrations by valerie hope

the blonde leading the blonde

When three science nerds take a break from their projects to goof around, they accidentally spill the green goo...! Now the advanced computer interface, Cassi, has access to their thoughts and bodies. Cassi decides they would have more fun as females...blondes...and as wild sexy babes. See what happens when nerds become BLONDES and set off on their new life. Over 100 pages!!! And, over 25 illustrations!!!

LULU.COM/TGSTORIES



PINUP GIRL

Max, a college freshman, needs a new place to stay and some extra cash. Meeting Eric, a successful photographer, with a spare room Max moves in. Eric convinces Max that he can make money in his spare time as a model. Jumping at the chance, Eric convinces Max that more money can be made posing as a girl. Reluctantly, Max goes along with the plan only to find that more and more of his clothes are being replaced with those of a female model. Without really understanding what is going on Max becomes Maxine and gets closer and closer to becoming a Pinup Girl...! 109 PAGES! Fully Illustrated!

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