



# The Sex

**Reimagined**

# Booth

ANGELA IVY  
BLOOM

# The Sex Booth Reimagined

Angela Ivy Bloom

**Studio 4F Yonder**



# STUDIO 4F YONDER

KATE YOUNG ~ COCKERELLES AND POSIES

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## Getting Started at My New Job

My name is Val, and I exist in a universe where eating semen can change a man into a woman. Well, that's what it looks like on the outside when it happens.

It is the first day on my new job. They are definitely going to broadcast what happens here on my first day. What I am doing, my work, is for entertainment for those watching either live behind the viewing glass or online through streaming video. I am going to start work as a cleaner. It's a long story.

I'm just not certain what it is I will be doing. My perception of life is fragmented. That's what it's like growing up. You get introduced to all of these new ideas, and you're expected to sew them together into something meaningful. Well, this is what happens when you're born a boy who wants to be a girl in a world where you're told it's actually possible to change.

So, I'm going to work with Mom. Seems she has her stuff together. She's been encouraging me my whole life to do what it is I feel I'm supposed to do. She's kept me in line, but she hasn't tried to mold me either. She pays attention to me. She listens. She gives me options, and she helps me make choices that don't end in my destruction. At least that's how it seems. I'm happy.

There's been some confusion in my life about my Mom's real job. I knew she was a sex worker, but I didn't know for certain how she was a sex worker until today. This is what it she has been doing for money all these years, raising us kids.

"I told you I wanted to be a girl when I was a kid," I say as we walk into the Horn Street sex booth shop.

"You're eighteen, Val, and done with school," she says trying to reassure me. "You don't have to if you don't want to."

We both laugh. I'm carrying my things in a purse. Have been for years. Granted, it's a boy purse. But we both know I'm a girl on the inside.

"I'm sorry I had to wait until you were this old to give you all of the explicit details, but you need those formative years to explore freely."

“Mom stop trying to talk me out of it. I’m ready. I was ready when I was six.”

“Yes, I know.”

She explained her job with all the details on my eighteenth birthday. It was a birthday present. Talk about secrets. That our society can even keep this stuff censored is amazing. It’s like they hypnotize us to think everything is up in the air until we turn eighteen. And then we get to know the truth.

“I figured it out when I was four, Mom,” I say repeating the same conversation yet again as we walk. “Why can’t people just be honest about this stuff. I had friends tell me all of this stuff growing up. They all know I’m doing it, so let’s not pretend I’m being impulsive.”

“Well, it’s just freedom to choose, day two, and here we are getting you started off. Is this what you thought it would be like?”

Yesterday, on my eighteenth birthday, she took me aside and admitted that if I ate come it would make my breasts grow, make my body more effeminate, and eventually, if I ate enough, it would make my sexuality change to that of a woman’s completely.

I am now just over the age limit then as she brings me to her place of employment, Horn Street Sex Booths. This is where mother has worked all of my life to make the money our family needs to survive.

“You need to let them see that your heart burns with an unquenchable desire for come,” she tells me as we pass through the entrance into the facility.

It sounds a little odd to me hearing her say it like that. She never admitted it until yesterday. It’s like she’s a robot or something. Natural law? Maybe I’m just naive.

“But I’m hired after that, right?”

“Do you like eating come?”

“Well, I started eating my own after I... you know, at home,” I reply. “Doesn’t that qualify me?”

“Val, it’s going to take a lot more than a few sips of the stuff to make a difference,” she says. “That’s why we brought you here. To see if you’re really serious about becoming female.”

"I know! Geesh. So, what is this place then," I ask, "some kind of sperm bank?"

Mother giggles.

"It is in fact a place where men make quite a lot of deposits," she replies. "But they don't *store* them away. No, they need people with your mindset to keep things cleaned up."

"So, it's like a *restaurant* then? They serve food and drinks?"

I'm being sarcastic. I know what happens here.

We pass through a waiting room. Men and women sit patiently.

"Well, it does act like a restaurant," she says. "And there's also a viewing room. But eating here will make you more like me. You can make a living as a sex worker too if you have the stomach for it. You seem to want it, but we'll see."

"Sex worker!" I say. "You said it again. And yes, I do want to be a girl, and I am terribly nervous. My stomach will be okay if you stick with me. What kind of sex work?"

"We keep certain things secret about life when you're a kid growing up. We're supposed to protect you from being compulsive and making bad choices."

"Do you like your job?" I ask. "Is this a story of struggle I'm about to hear?"

"Of course, I like my job, Val. And there is a struggle. But that's life. Struggle to make the right choices for yourself."

"Well, I'm confident in my choice. Happy yet?"

"Yes, well, lots of young guys say they want to become girls this way, but what do you think about the taste of it?" she asks me, giving a pat on her crotch. "Taste is what usually sends them packing to other jobs to get their girl parts a different way. It turns off most guy-girls."

"Well, I had three sips of mine yesterday. It's definitely tolerable, and I don't want to push paper or stack boxes if that's what you're asking."

Mother stops me with a squeeze to my elbow and kisses my ear. Now it's time for one of those real, real one-on-one talks we have whenever there's



something big coming up.

“Yes, it does grow on you when you start eating it. I know that’s why you’re here today. You tried cleaning up your own messes, and you liked it. Well, it makes you hungry for more. We are such a strange species. This is sort of your own doing you know, but not your fault. If you had kept it off your tongue, who knows if you’d be having these sex-change desires. I’m still proud of you for doing it and choosing it. Making the switch is what I always wanted for you actually. You were always my girly boy.”

“I guess it would have been nice to know all that when I was growing up.”

“What? Would you have been more careful?”

“Well, I may have been less careful,” I say. “I wanted to be a girl before I ever tasted my first drop.”

Mother nods and winks and then laughs.

“Yes, I know. I was just checking. Then it was in your heart to be a girl. Probably why I kept seeing you putting on your sisters’ panties when you were younger. It helps my heart to know you were meant to do this kind of work. It’s in your soul to do it.”

“Really?”

“Yes, well what you’re about to find out. I was what I was when I was born. But not the same because, well... well, let’s just get you started, and you can figure out what you think about your Mom later.”

“I think I’ll be able to tolerate eating whatever it takes to make me female if that’s what you’re worried about.”

We near our destination at the end of a long hallway. It’s a door labeled, Girls Only.

“Oh, I’m fairly certain you will,” says Mother. “You know, I am aware that those weren’t the first three sips of the stuff you had yesterday. You’ve been catching it in your hand for a while. I don’t know if you realized it, but your boy whiskers never came in for that reason, I think.”

“You saw me doing that?” I say. “Why didn’t you say something?”

“Okay, I wasn’t going to bring it up because I knew you thought it was a secret. But, look Val, it’s all that cock sucking you’ve done on yourself,” she

says. "I know you like to suck yourself. I didn't need to see you doing it either. I can smell it on your breath. I just wondered where the boys were you were sucking off. That's the only reason I got nosy. I wanted to make sure you weren't doing anything dangerous for a youngster. And you weren't. You are so flexible."

"You knew that I've been doing that then," I say, laughing into my hands. "I just didn't want to be a boy who likes to suck on boys. Does that sound wrong?"

"Sucking your own cock as a fill in until you get old enough to make the sex-change choice? Nothing to be embarrassed about. Like I said, it's why you've become slightly feminine already. I never stopped you because I figured Mother Nature wanted it that way. Can't make a boy stay a boy if he wants to change. It's why you've already become so soft around your hips and arms and shoulders. Eating it. It changes a person. It's not like the authorities don't know what's going on, so don't worry about getting in trouble. They expect this sort of thing to happen with certain boys."

I couldn't help but notice how feminine I was in the mirror. My teen boy clothes never fit quite right. I never got my father's jawline or my grandfather's thick mat of body hair. I just grew into a neutral, thin body with hints of both male and female. I passed as a boy because of my face, and well, my genitalia. But there were times when kids asked which sex I was in my tween years. I liked the fact that I could be either in their eyes. But I really did want to go the girl route.

"I thought it was strange," I say. "It was like I got the wrong piece of equipment or something."

"Your sisters were being silly when they kept asking why you didn't look more boyish." They did ask the question a lot when I was going through my teen years. "They were being girls. They knew what you were doing in your alone time with your boy-parts."

I cover my smile with my fingertips.

"Not all boys can stay boys," mother says. "Look at how cute you are. It's like the universe made you for this role in our society. Embrace it."

"I knew you were teasing me along with them," I say.

"I was just trying to make you feel funny feelings. We weren't mean about it. You did feel funny didn't you? Did it hurt?"

"No, it didn't hurt," I answer. "I felt funny though, yes, in a pleasant way. I suppose it helped me. It's weird. It was like I knew what was really happening the whole time. Still, I did feel left out a lot. I just never knew for certain. I was dreaming about becoming a girl, and evidently it was happening the whole time."

"Well, we'll get you changed completely now that you're here where you can get a good supply of the stuff day and night. And it's the mind that's important. It's the attitude that makes you a girl. You may have skipped out on the whole girl-growing pains thing, but you had your own version of them, I know. And they were probably a tricky ride to ride, right?"

I force a pained smile.

"Yes, I did feel different. Thank you for not being mean to me about it. And thank you for keeping things fun."

We turn to the locked door.

"This is where the magic happens," Mother says opening the door with a keycard. "We need to get you in here and get you changed."

Inside, we come to a counter where a woman is folding clothes.

"This is Marge," says Mother. "She keeps the lockers stocked with fresh outfits for the girls. Usually just lingerie or boots or whatever. Not much needed. But it is nice to get into something clean to start out your shift."

"I'm thinking he'll want a bathing suit for his first day," says Marge. "Easier to clean, and he'll like the fit on his skin."

This was the heart of the sex shop where Mother worked. It led out to a series of booths, dozens upon dozens of them. Holes in a wall closed around the waist of a lady who offered herself like a vending machine. Bent over so her body was divided between two separate booths. Each booth was a separate room, and each had an employee entrance and a customer entrance. If you stood in the backside booth, you couldn't see the lady from her waist up. Everything in the backside booth was exposed for men who come in and pleasure themselves.

The topside booth was the other end of the body. You had to leave the backside room through the door leading into a hallway to reach the topside room. Topside was a different purchase. In this booth the customer had access to the top part of the lady. What was done on either end was a separate transaction which could be used by two customers at a time without the other side knowing what was happening on the other end.

“So, it’s like double duty,” says Mother. “Got to keep those customers happy.”

“You watch them in here on cameras?” I ask the woman behind the counter.

“Yes,” she says, using a remote to cycle through the different rooms. “I keep an eye on things. But it’s mainly for the girls coming in to work to get them ready to go, the boys are well behaved. Turns our workers up a few degrees watching this stuff before they get started themselves.”

“What will I be doing?” I ask.

“Well, we can sell footage of your transformation as it happens over time. People like to watch those videos before they make their appointments to come in and pick their next ride if you manage to get into a wall. Turns them on. Gets you a bonus if customers start reserving you.”

Thirty cryptocredits per girl, per hour was the pay for the job. Well, depending on how you worked. You could get bonus tips if you played your cards right. I just didn’t know the rules of the game yet. Mother promised to teach me all of the rules so I could maximize my income.

“Men pay a hundred GGX coins, and that lets them ram your pussy and ass where it’s held still for them on their side of the wall. You get to take home thirty percent based on your performance.”

“And they can go for the other end of the girl for the same price,” says Marge. “Things can get personal on that side. Or not. We get all kinds in here.”

“But I don’t have a pussy yet,” I say, touching the large lump on my crotch. “Don’t I need to have that removed or something?”

“That’s why we’re starting you on cleanup duty,” says Marge. “We all had to start somewhere.”

“GGC? What are those?” I ask.

“Gutter Girl Coins,” she says. “The cryptocurrency used to keep this industry alive and growing. Twenty-five percent of each GGX spent here goes to making sure these places stay in top shape, clean, and filled with only the best pieces of girl meat.”

Mother laughs hearing this, and Marge giggles too.

“You’re a gutter girl now,” says Marge. “We’ll get you a t-shirt so your friends and family will know. Helps business when they know where to find you.”

“Really?” I ask. “I recall seeing those shirts around town. Horn Street Sex Booths.”

“We have hats too,” says Mom.

“Yeah, friends and family want to see what’s become of you,” says Marge. “And you know, lots of people have sexual fantasies about getting it on with people they will never get to live out. This way everyone who knows you can come down here and get a piece of you if they’ve ever dreamed of doing it. And you’ll get to know who was fantasizing about you when you were on your way to coming of age.”

“People do that?” I ask.

Marge nods.

“Val, my uncles totally came by and nailed me after I became a girl. They guessed I was going to be one of the booth girls when I was a kid. I liked being helpful around the house and playing with the girls and doing girl things. When I started to look like this, they were more than happy to show up and finance my new career. They still come by almost every day I work a booth.”

Marge is a piece of work to see. Her curves are still youthful. She’s lean. She shows her skin and lets her lines advertise how carefully she keeps herself in shape for presentation to the customer.

“I would think you were always a woman,” I say, looking her up and down. “Your body is amazing. You’re so toned and your curves are just right. I wish I could look like that.”

“Smell me,” she says, wagging a finger to have me come close.

“You smell awesome,” I say. “You have the pheromones and everything? Is that perfume?”

“Thanks, Val. My body makes it. It’s a package we sell for our girls. There’s lots of different herbs and drugs you can take that alter the way that come alters your body and thinking. It’s an art form figuring all of it out. Centuries of gene science.”

“We’ll get to the vast libraries of transformation methods later,” says Mom. “Yes, you can change the way you look if you want. But there is a natural pattern your body will follow too if you let it.”

“Yes,” says Marge, giving a nod of approval. “You might want to go natural first to see what you turn out to be without mods. Interesting to see who you really are under all of that gene code.”

“Why aren’t these facts available in the libraries at school?” I ask. “I could have done so much prep work.”

“Well, it’s so you don’t get any crazy ideas when you’re growing up. You need to get your head on straight and eighteen-years-old before you start making these kinds of decisions. I’m a good Mom. You’re a healthy kid.”

“She is,” says Marge. “Not something to play around with when you’re a kid. Best to get your identity sorted out first, just like you did. Your Mother didn’t force this on you. It was what you chose to do.”

“Wow, our society is a little odd. They cover so much of this up. And yes, I see your point. Got to protect the young from being messed up.”

“It’s not odd,” says Marge. “It’s humane. You grew up with the freedom to choose. In your case, you get to enjoy your sexual transformation in safety here in the booths. A great way to start your life if you really want to be one of us.”

“So, you feel okay about becoming a girl now?” Mother asks. “I would hate to think you’re doing this to make me happy.”

“Yes, I’m really ready,” I say, taking off my boy clothes.

Marge hands me a bathing suit. It’s a one piece, dark green to match my eyes.

“It goes nice with your hair,” says Marge. “You want to feel the part when you work here from day one. You’re going in to clean up a wet mess. Got to

have your girl mindset on.”

“Thank you,” I say, stepping into the suit.

Marge looks at Mother and says, “Your boy already started shaving down there.”

“Yes,” says Mother. “Val does have pretty legs. Always has.”

“I like how it feels after I shave,” I say. “I like the look too.”

“Lots of guys like to see a bald pussy,” says Marge. “Lots of ways to tweak their arousal by leaving bits of hair on too. I’ll show you the ropes after you get repackaged.”

“The suit is more or less so you feel girly while also giving Marge something easy to clean up if you get it messy,” says Mom. “Your boy clothes will be here in your locker, cleaned and ready, when your shift is over.”

“I want to stop the boy clothes thing all the way,” I say.

Marge winks at me.

“You can. I’ll put a few ideas together for you. If you have the crypto at the end of the day, I can get you out of here in something less boyish that won’t make you feel too out of sorts. Something subtle to let everyone know where you’re headed.”

“That would be great,” I say.

“And one more thing,” says Mom. She takes a thin plastic collar from a dispenser and fastens it around my neck. “You’ll need this to help keep track of your crypto wallet. It will also keep Marge in touch with your labor so we can compare you to the other ‘Gutter Girls.’ You get a score based on how into it you are at your job. You know, how willing you are to earn those crypto coins. Turns a lot of guys on later when they come in and find out you’re a fully transitioned girl who loves to eat their spunk. And we get a printout each Friday that we can pin on the refrigerator at home to let everyone know how well you’re doing at work.”

I see that Marge is wearing a collar, but mother isn’t.

I don’t say anything.

## My First Taste of Someone Else's Spunk

"Strange," I say, when mother shows me booth number one, where a thin girl has been bent and pulled halfway through a hole. The wall is closed around her waist pretty tightly.

Mother stands back and has me gaze at my first project with her. We want to appreciate my first time. It's why she brought an old-school camera to take shots for the family album.

"A lot of come on her ass and legs," I say, bending down to sniff.

"Some guys like to see leftovers when they come in. Some like to have it all cleaned up and dried off. Booth one is a clean booth, so you'll start here."

"What do I have to do?" I ask, eyeing the thick goo hanging on the girl's lovely skin. There's a lot of it on her perfectly formed bulbous rear. He must have finished twice on her.

"Easy," she replies. "This is going to really speed up your transformation starting today. You use your mouth to clean it up."

I look at her legs. She's thin around the waist, but her legs do have those curves that say ladies' legs. I would lick them if they were already clean. But that's not my job.

"Lick it up? No spoon? To be honest I was imagining myself inside one of these walls."

"Well, you could probably do that in the boy on boy booths down the street, but as you want to be a girl who guys like, this is best. It lets you get into shape before they see you. That way you don't drive off the customers."

"How much will I have to clean up before I change?" I ask.

"I'd say you'll get into it once you get started and the amount won't matter to you. You'll have lots of time to consider things as you start to change."

Mom looks uncomfortable.

"What's wrong Mom? Your face says you think I'm making a mistake."

"No," she says, throwing up her hands. "Look, Val, I think now is the time to tell you, but I checked your DNA after you were born. You have that gene



combo lots of gutter girls wish they had when they were born. Some pay a lot to have it altered later in life when they find out that they can. Point is, the more you eat it, the more you'll want it. It's something our mad scientists of years ago slipped into the gene pool of the human race during the dark ages of gene therapy. You were made to do this, basically. Don't be nervous or squeamish. It will keep you nice and hot all the time. You'll be ready to go at the drop of a hat, and the orgasms will be great when you can start getting it."

"You mean when I get a pussy."

"Right. When you lose the penis finally, things will sort of slide into gear for you. I didn't know how to tell you. Thought this would be the best time to do it. Are you nervous?"

"No, I just want well, I want to stretch it out so I can enjoy every second of it. It's all happening, and I'm stoked. I want to feel it as long as I can."

"It's not going to slip away," she says.

"Yes but let me just do this my way. So, all I have to do is get rid of the semen left over by the horde of penises having their way with the ass-ends of these sex workers each day. Nothing to it. I need to clean their asses and legs with my mouth if I want to get the full hourly rate."

I get down and get ready to work.

Mother holds up the camera to take a shot as my tongue readies to lap up my first mess.

"Ready?"

I am.

I laugh and so does the girl I'm cleaning.

"She can hear us?" I ask.

"If she wants to," says Mother. "It's all up to you when you're the one stuck in here. And yeah, stuck is right. You will be required to stay in place when they start clamping you down. It's part of the fetish. You don't get to set the timer either, so it might be fifteen minutes, and it might be an hour."

It was a little strange to think I was eating a stranger's come.

"Is it safe?" I ask. "They test it, right?"

“Eat some more, Val,” Mom says, and the aroma of the come starts to have an on me. It still smells dank, but I find I like it even more than my own.

“Wow,” I exclaim, “it is different. Why do I like it more?”

“Well, don’t stop. Eat it all up. We need to get to the next booth. We got a line waiting.”

“Number three,” says Marge’s voice over the intercom. “Cleaned her up. Good job, new girl.”

“Thanks Marge,” I say, hurrying out to the next room.

“And this will make you a real girl,” says my mother as she nudges me into the booth where a spattered and dripping rear end awaits. “Yes, I’m going to keep reminding you. I’m making sure I’ve told you. I’m sorry if it’s driving you nuts. And remember, too, they’re capturing you on video. People get off seeing a person do what you’re doing.”

“Pervs out there will get their jollies watching me do this to number three’s backside. Great!” Well, it felt great at least. My nervousness from a few minutes ago is gone.

“Good work, honey!”

“Mom, I think you’re getting off watching me too.”

“I am,” she says. “Sorry if that makes you feel weird, but it doesn’t really matter now. Soon the come will take hold, and all sorts of things will seem a lot more fun than they were before. It’s kind of like getting drunk. That’s why I’m here keeping an eye on you. I don’t want you to get too out of hand if you’re one of them.”

“One of them?”

“Yeah, some cleaners get a little too happy. Not that it’s bad. I just want to make sure to get you out if you do get that way. Then you can decide if you want to go back again.”

“Okay,” I say going to my knees again. “Comeaholic?”

This time I use my fingers to get the stuff up on her dirty hole so I can lick it off where the girl can enjoy my tongue while I learn to make my living.

“That’s it,” says Mom. “Make them like it. That’s going to get you your full 30 percent on the hour.”

“Thanks, Mom,” I say, slurping up the boy sauce. “This is my dream come true remember. I mean, I wasn’t sure I believed there were places like this, but I was pretty certain that’s what the internet was hinting at with all of those porn sites. I used to worry these sex booths were just a setup. But to know they are real, and I get to play along. It’s just amazing to know I’m a part of the real thing.”

My nipples get hard. They are starting to swell under my bathing suit. I look down to make sure I’m not hallucinating. It encourages me when I pull back the bathing suit and see them popping out.

“For the first time ever! I really need to get some more of this stuff,” I say. “It’s working, Mom. I’m getting what I want at last.”

“Yes, your own come doesn’t change you as fast as someone else’s.”

“I see that. Amazing. I wish I knew this back in high school. I may have asked my guy friends for a bit of help.”

“No napkins or water-spray bottles are allowed,” says Mom when we go to the next booth. “Unless there’s some other kind of accident. But you gutter girls are supposed to watch your diet coming in here for your shift. Most do. The customers who come in are asked to eat healthy, so our girls stay healthy. Just remember, the job requires you to do cleanup duty with your mouth. We don’t want anything getting lost on the floor if we can help it.”

“Mom, that’s so sexy-pervy to hear you say those things. It makes me feel naughty inside. I wish you could work with me every day.”

“I know,” she says, snapping another picture of me. “I’ll be around. And those nipples are starting to pop out of your bathing suit faster than I thought they would. In a few days you’ll be racked out, I imagine. If that’s what your natural plan follows. Who knows what they’ll look like when they’re done?”

“Good,” I say, lapping up the mess with my tongue and letting the goo smear against my cheeks. “It’s so good. It stinks, but I like that it stinks. I really do want more.”

I look back at my mother. My face is wet with saliva and come.

“You do want to be a real girl, don’t you Val?” she asks. As if she doubted. I like how these teases twist in my tummy.

“Yes,” I say. “This is working for me. I hope it happens soon. I’m going to chase it.”

“I know,” she says coming over to rub my shoulders. “And the work will make it seem worth it later. Nothing like a long day of cleaning up, right?”

“I hope so,” I say. “I do like how it makes me feel now. It’s like it’s touching my brain and making me loopy.”

“Maybe someday, if you do a good job, you might even get a chance to be one of the girls down in the traps. That can really lock you into the come surge. And it pays well too.”

“I used to think it a little odd that there were people who actually liked going into a girl right after a person had finished in them.”

“Then it’s going to seem stranger still that there are some who like doing it after dozens have emptied themselves in the girl. All that semen flowing out so heavily that it runs down and coats the girl’s legs.”

“And I get to clean that up with my mouth? Wow.”

“Yes, it changes your thinking. Sex can make you pretty crazy. Eating come can make you even crazier.”

“There are actually people who like to watch — will even pay to watch that happen to a girl? And they like watching me clean it up?”

“Yes, those people are all a peculiar lot. They like to *come* after the penises before them. They like the mess. And they like to watch it happening too. They like to make a mess of the girl. And funny thing is, it’s usually the girl is the one who asks that it be done to her. They ask to be in the big-mess booths.”

“Wow,” I say, “sounds like some pretty strange folks.”

“Yeah, but then there’s you. Well, we’ll see at least, because that’s the hard thing to enjoy, right? Cleaning it up with your mouth and enjoying it when there’s so much of it. Not many people enjoy watching someone do it much less doing it themselves. Cleaners have a hard job if they’re not into it. But it is how the genetics work. And so we have the job openings.”

A few doors down there is a mess that has gotten out of hand.

“Looks like we have a team job here,” she says, looking at the girl’s ass that is coated thick with the stuff.

I pinch my nipples.

“Gutter girls like me, the cleaners, are called in to get these girls’ rears back to zero as thoroughly as the human tongue and lips can get them there, right? Well, let’s see what I can do.”

Mom giggles as I go at it.

“Wow, my boy’s a pro from the start. I can’t imagine doing that on my first day.”

“You go girl,” says Marge over the intercom.

“Still, I have to wonder. Where does all of the excess come go?”

“Finish cleaning her up, and I’ll show you,” says Mom.

Mom takes me down to the basement to show me the traps after my fifth cleaning. There are only a couple of traps, but they are all occupied.

“Look, Mom, I’ve got volcanoes,” I say, pulling down my bathing suit top to show her.

“That’s fast. And you should see what it’s doing to your skin on your face. Make sure to rub it on your face if you want to look like a girl. Lots of boys forget, and they look like boys with girl bodies.”

“Where are we?” I ask her, looking around at the windowed walls. Girls are behind them on their knees. It looks like they’re enjoying their meal a little too much.

“Excess spillage comes down here,” she says. “That’s why we make the men shower before they come in. We got to keep the flow clean. And of course, the men are tested too to make sure they’re not sneaking in some kind of jizz-mod to change our gutter girls into gutter guys. Yes, there are creeps out there who try that.”

“How do I get in one of these?” I ask pressing my fingers against the glass. “She’s spreading it all over her body.”

Come flows down from above. It amasses there in front of the girl in a bowl where she slurps it up. Gets her change on quick.

“Do you want to make it happen fast?” Mother asks me. “That’s what these rooms were designed for. Of course, with your genes you might just want to live down here for a day.”

“Mom,” I say, covering my beating heart. “I am so horny right now. This is turning me on so much. How did you stand working here when you started out? How can they stand being down here drinking it? I would just pop.”

“We don’t leave you down here forever,” Mother says. “We get you out and cool you off so you can go home with your head on straight at the end of the day.”

“That we do,” says Marge over the intercom. “No slaves here.”

I giggle hearing this.

“Okay. Well, let’s go back upstairs before I freak out.”

Mother laughs, leading me back up the stairs by the hand.

“You’ll see, Val. You’ll want to be down here in a few days. The new ones always do for a while at least.”

## Getting My Stuff Right and Quick

The next day Marge has me sit down with her and talk about how to transform myself properly. Mother is there too just in case I feel weird and need to hold her hand.

“I’m getting comfortable, really,” I say. “I just like Mom there to help me stay on task.”

“Val, the semen on your face was a good move yesterday,” says Marge. “It lets your face know what’s up. The scientists who changed our DNA to make you and me like this put in a package that shows up from time to time. You have it in spades in your own gene construction. Semen on your skin gets your features girly quicker. I know that might sound odd, but it’s true. The same goes with the other parts of your body. That’s why I was so excited to see you start your career here yesterday.”

“Really?” I ask.

“Yes, your Mother told me about your DNA tests when you were a baby. You got a load of mods right from the start. It’s a curse or luck depending on how you want to look at it. I got some myself, but not like you.”

“Luck,” I say. “I’m glad if that’s true. I can’t wait to change more.”

“Good,” says Marge. “These changes are wired into your biology. You just have to keep adding the semen to make it happen.”

“Should I stop eating it then and just apply it?”

“No, that’s not necessary,” says Mother. “You need to change on the inside too. Of course, you’re not going to be a regular old girl like they were back in the old days when you’re complete. You’re going to be something new and different. These mad scientists who messed with our gene pool wanted a strain of girls built for sex. That’s why they made boys most susceptible to it. It’s not something the authorities want removed from the gene pool either. Society gets open minded the more open minded it gets.”

Marge laughs.

“Yeah, that’s how people are. You were made for this. Does that bother you at all?”

I sit and think about it for a moment to let them know I'm taking their concerns seriously.

"Yes," I say. "I'm totally ready. As long as you take care of me Marge and keep me from being turned into something I don't want to be."

Mother hugs me.

"No, son, that's what the genetics do. They've locked you in to be a changer. You have to go to a lot of trouble to change your desire to be a woman who likes to be nailed by men."

"Good," I say. "That's that I want to be. I want to stay this way."

"Good," says Marge taking out an even thicker collar. It is bright pink and has white studs on it.

"What's this for?" I ask.

"Security," says Marge. "It's really hard to get off once I put it on you too. If you are certain you want to stay this way, it will protect you from being hacked by someone. Extra precaution if you want it."

"Cool," I say. "I want it. Throw away the key."

We laugh, and then I go to look at myself in the mirror.

"My face is starting to change," I say. "My bones will even change?"

"Yes," says Mother. "It's a long process. You've got that rectangle bone structure that boys like when they want to be men. But lots of come on your face and in your mouth will help that change."

"Different people react differently to the process," says Marge.

I strip off my boy clothes and put on the short dress that mother buys me.

"You've gotten quite cute," says Mother. "You were never a boy judging by the look of your waist."

"Feels nice to wear a dress at work," says Marge, "but you best get to cleaning if you want to make progress."

I'm in booth twenty-one. Mom has left to do her own thing.

"You are a real mess, Tisha," I say, coming to inspect the loads of cum gushing over her dark-skinned ass. "Let's get the cream off so we can get you back to work."



“That’s thirteen loads Val,” says Tisha from the other side over the intercom. “And you may like to know that it was a college football team in there who did it. So that’s sporty spunk.”

I shiver at the thought, thinking about my days in school and not fitting in with the athletic boys.

“Well, I know what to do with this stuff,” I say.

I scoop up the come in my hands and rub it all over my cock.

“Got to drown this old thing,” I say.

My penis wilts a little under the abuse.

“Not going to make much money doing it that way,” says Tisha.

“Yes, but the sooner I get rid of this thing, the sooner I can get into one of these booths like you.”

Tisha laughs.

“Rub your parts all over my ass Val,” she says. “I don’t mind.”

I do what she says.

“It’s like your girl power is rubbing off on me too,” I say, licking my fingers clean. “I hope I don’t get fired for doing this.”

I only make fifteen GGC’s that hour, but I do notice a major improvement in the shrinkage of my manhood.

## Big Shot

A week later Mother and I are sitting down for breakfast at home, and I pull open my shorts to show her the front of my panties.

"It's gone," I say, rubbing my crotch.

"Well, finally," says Mother. "After slurping all of that come. Still, you'll need to eat quite a bit more to fill out the rest of the way."

"I will," I say. "I still like it, you know. I like eating all their gooey semen just like you said I would. I can hardly get to sleep at night thinking about getting back to work in the morning."

"Well, once you've eaten enough, those tits might start showing up bigger too. Then you'll have boys to deal with looking at them all the time and wanting to touch them."

"In all the porn I watch, girls just take it on their face or on their tits," I say. "I don't know why more of them don't drink it down."

"Well Val, not everyone is into drinking it. It's odd, really. But that's better for you. Let's you feel like you're weird. Helps people get off seeing you do it too. They wouldn't, but they like to watch you do it. I'm glad you like it so much. But like I said, you'll have to drink quite a lot more. It's just what you have to do to get it done."

"I will do it," I say pumping my fist in the air. "I like how it tastes, and I like looking like I'm too perverted. It feels all funny inside, and I like feeling that way. Call me a come guzzler all you like, Mom. I want to drink so much more."

"Okay, Val, you sick little come-guzzler. Let's see if there's something we can do about that," she says.

Later we are both at work.

"Number two needs cleaning," says the voice over the intercom.

"I'm up," I say.

I go in and get right to work.

"Here's more," says the girl's upper half on the other side of the wall. Semen gushes out from both of her holes. "I was keeping it in for you."

“That’s what I’m talking about,” says Mother who walks but as I lap up the excess. “Need to get as much of it as you can. Don’t let it go to waste.”

“Thanks, Mom,” I say, rubbing some on my neck.

Mother comes back to the employee door.

“And I just wanted to let you know that management asked if they could put a hold on hiring for cleaners for the next couple of weeks. They’re trying to cut costs, and right when a couple of gutter girls are going out of town. They wanted to know if you’d be able to cover their shifts. You’ll be the only one for an hour each day, so you’d have to really hustle. You’ll have to stay here, working around the clock too, taking naps in the locker room when another gutter girl can get in.”

“What did you tell them?” I ask.

“Oh, I signed you up,” she says. “And just to let you know that’s during the two weeks that we have that baseball tournament in town. So, there will be a lot of extra traffic to keep you covered up.”

“Line them up,” I say, finishing up my work on the girl’s rear.

My changes happen more quickly the following week. It was a lot of hours, but the come kept me awake, that and going from booth to booth to clean asses off as quick as I could. Pussies released their loads of semen into my mouth, and I swallowed it hungrily.

“This is really starting to work on you,” says Marge half-way through the week. “Your cheek bones are more pronounced, and your chin is thinner. I hope you don’t fall over from exhaustion. We’ve got a million plus fans coming to town tomorrow. We’re going to get hit hard.”

“Thanks for the warning,” I say, going in for my shower. “I’m ready for whatever they’ve got.”

I watch the water flow down my body under the hot, steamy showerhead. My hips are rounded off now. My buttocks bubble out like I always wanted them to. And I’ve got breasts that look extra plump next to my arms and shoulders which have thinned out just enough so I’m clearly a piece of girl meat from neck to toe.

“Your tits are still getting larger,” says mother the next morning when she arrives for work. “Your hips are wider. Your shoulders narrower.”

She's rubbing her hands up and down my sides, and it's starting to turn me on.

"Mom, unless you want to have sex with me, I suggest you let me get to work."

"Number eighteen needs cleaning," says the intercom. "And number sixteen and fifteen."

"I'm going," I say as I run from booth to booth, slurping up the messes as quick as I can. My tits are getting big enough that they require a lot of consideration when starting or stopping.

"Those are nice," says a dude I run into in a rare quirk that happens in the booths from time to time. The employee door doesn't usually open until the customer is done and gone. But something weird happens, and I come face to face with the next customer coming into a booth's backside.

"Wrong door," I say, finding the employee door shut, but not quite shut when I stumble through.

"Not a problem," he says, looking me up and down after we collide.

"Sorry," I say, pulling away, thinking he's going to find me unattractive.

"Are you not one of the girls who go in the wall?" he asks.

I look at him and my face goes white. He thinks I'm a girl-girl who was born a girl.

"Oh, yes, I'm working my way up to that," I say. "I'm just a cleaner today."

"You look good," he says. "You really do. I think I could appreciate some of that."

"Really?" I ask.

He gives me his number, and we agree to meet for drinks after crazy week is over. I work in the nude and make sure to get plenty of come on my body so there's not a trace of boy left on me.

# The Guy Date

“Mother, he thought I was a girl-girl,” I say.

“Well, you look like one now. And it’s about time you took a few days off to go play with some boys. Being in that sex booth can make you crazy. Why not see what’s out there? You can always come back to the booth later.”

“Okay,” I say.

I get myself cleaned up quick. I’m not sure how I feel about him. He was taller than me. I have lost about an inch of height, though I’m still not short. Mother promises I won’t get any shorter either.

I put on one of my sisters’ nice outfits and pull on some sexy stockings. I brush my teeth and fix my hair.

“I mean, I like eating cum,” I say, looking at myself in the mirror. “I thought I was going to like being stuck in that wall getting dick in my holes. But maybe I might like being out with a guy. What a weird thing to think.”

Mom makes certain I’ve got all the right things to sell my new sex.

“Look,” she says. “Marge has the numbers back. You are a come gutter draining slut, girl, but you are also a girl if you want to be. You’ve done the full shift. It should all work now.”

“What should I call myself?” I ask. “I got rid of my boy name, but I never took a girl’s name.”

“Val was a girl name too.”

“Yes, but I want a new name to go with my new face. I don’t want people calling me Val and reminding me of who I was.”

“Kelly? Christy? Gale? Jamie?”

“I don’t know,” I say. “I want to eat come, but I want to try this boy love too. It might be fun. What’s a fun girl name, Mom? What do super-sluts like us call ourselves when we decide to go out and act like ladies?”

“Jill?”

“Carmen?”

“Frankie?”

“Gretta?”

“Kate?”

“Carla?”

“Raven?”

“Raven!” I say. “It’s like I died and came back to life as a girl.”

“Perfect,” says Mother. “You’re my daughter Raven. Now that will be just perfect. I’ll get your name changed officially, okay?”

I call the number the dude gave me and realize I never asked him what his name was. Will he recognize my voice?

“Hey beautiful,” he says, going to a video call. “You look great.” I didn’t mean for that to happen. He can see me!

I smile and try to act casual.

“My name’s Raven,” I say. “This is my Mom. And I forgot to get your name.”

“Trey,” he says. “I was nervous when we met. Sorry.”

“Nervous?” asks Mother. “What’s a nervous guy doing in the sex booths?”

Trey shrugs.

“Sorry, I was just taken aback by your daughter. I don’t spend a lot of time in the booths. I was just out with friends, and we did it on a dare.”

I laugh nervously now that I know he’s nervous.

“A dare? So, if you hadn’t been dared, we wouldn’t have met the other day?”

“It’s providence,” says Mother. “Or luck. Those doors don’t malfunction.”

“Fate then, right?” says Trey.

“Yeah,” I say, “must have been fate. So, drinks? We’re too young for alcohol, you know. How about a walk first?”

“A walk,” say Mom.

“A walk,” says Trey. “No reason to get arrested our first time out.”

Later we’re at the park walking, and I’m nervous still.

“What is it?” he asks.

“First dates,” I say. “Don’t know what to say.”

“Well, you work in a come booth, Raven. So, you must have a story there.”

“Yes, but let’s not get into my weird job. You’re not into getting dirty are you?”

Trey shrugs.

“I can be naughty,” he says. “And I can be nice. I’m open. I just like looking at you.”

I blush. I can’t believe I’m feeling this way talking to a guy. I thought I’d just be a plain old gutter guzzler or whatever. And here’s this guy. He thinks I’m pretty. Should I tell him about my change?

“Pretty?”

“Yes, that’s what I like about looking at you. And you weren’t rude like the guys were in line. They were all, ‘Let’s get this going.’ I was like, ‘Hey, we’ve got all day. Let’s enjoy the anticipation.’”

“So, you did use the boot?”

“I tried it. It was okay. The girl was nice. She actually talked to me after. Told me about you. Says you’re a hard worker.”

“Well, that does paint a picture of me then. You must think I’m a lush.”

“Well, you were naked and covered in spunk. So... but that’s now what I was looking at. You have a pretty face, and I like your hair. And you sounded nice.”

“How naughty are you?” I ask. “Like dirty naughty, or are we talking romance-naughty?”

“I just don’t want to spoil this date with you. What do you think we should do?”

I know just what to do.

I take him back on a trail into the trees where we can be alone.

“I’ll get a little dirty with you here,” I say. “But let’s not go crazy, right?”

“Right,” he says. “I’m okay with it. It is what you do.”

We look around and it seems we're alone.

I touch his hand. He takes mine and checks out my hair with his fingers. Then he's taking it out.

"This is what you meant by dirty right?" he asks. "I mean, tell me to stop."

"To be honest, it's my first time. I'm just a cleaner at the booths. I don't have much experience down there."

"Me either. We're like eighteen, right?"

"And I kept myself pure if you can believe that."

"Wow! A girl like you? That just sounds crazy."

"It does?"

"Well, I mean special. It must mean you're a special girl to wait until you're old enough to do these kinds of things. And I don't really know you, so I'm sure you have your reasons."

"How sweet of you not to think I'm some kind of weirdo or a liar."

"Why would you lie?"

I shrug my shoulders and smile.

"Let's see it," I say as it comes out to greet me.

It's a whopper.

"Scared?" he asks.

"Are you scared?" I ask.

"No, but I want to do this right."

"I'll do it dirty the first time," I say. "Let's just get it out of the way."

"Dirty?"

"I don't want you either of us to have performance anxiety. I have seen videos on how to do it, and I have read a lot about it, and I have practiced... well, on a fake one."

I do know what I'm doing. This will just be backwards from the way I'm used to having it in my mouth. And I won't feel my mouth on it. And I won't know when the orgasm is about to arrive.

Trey laughs.



“It’s hard, and I’m ready to go. Don’t worry about me. I’ll keep a lookout.”

It’s the first penis in my mouth, and it’s way bigger than mine was, and Trey is so humble about it. But I love how long it is. Its girth is just right for my mouth, thick, but I think it will fit down my throat. I’m already excited about taking it out for the two other first trips in my other end.

“Wow,” he says, watching me do my work. “A natural, I think. I’ve only had this done once to me before.”

I’m doing it the dirty porn way, all wet and like I’m getting paid to make it look like I enjoy it even if I don’t.

“Is this okay?” I ask. “Too much? I really do like doing this so far.”

“No, that’s pretty awesome,” he says, stroking my hair. “I worried you might be as pure-hearted as you look.”

I laugh.

“That’s so sweet. I won’t gag or anything. Lots of practice with the fake ones, and I’ve about worn out my gag reflex with my toothbrush.”

Trey snickers.

“Sorry, that sounded slutty,” I say. “Yes, but I can be a good girl if you like. It’s not like I want to be with a bunch of lovers and have a horde of men trying to marry me or something.”

“Naughty or nice is fine,” he says.

“I’ll do the naughty with my mouth, no hands.”

Trey’s legs twitch as my lips pass over his tip. I can’t believe I’m doing this for the first time on a date and not stuck in a wall. I can’t tell the future very well.

Then his load comes out, and it’s sucked down by my good habits. I clean him right up, and it’s over.

“Wow, you’ve got quite the equipment down here. Teen-drinks?”

“Did you enjoy that?” he asks.

“Yes, silly,” I say. “It’s what I do at work all day. Well, if you’re talking about the drinking part.”

Trey pulls me close and kisses me on the lips.

“What about that?” he asks. “Too soon?”

I can’t stop giggling.

“Too soon? You had it in my mouth. I was going to ask you the same thing. Breathe isn’t an issue for you?”

He hands me a stick of gum.

“This is for you. Not me. I don’t mind.”

I take the gum and chew it.

Then we’re both headed toward a bar that doesn’t serve alcohol considering we’re eighteen, and we’re already drunk with what I hope is love.

# Sleepless Night

“What are you doing down here?” Mother asks me.

“I’m thinking about Trey,” I say. “He doesn’t know I was a guy growing up, and I think he’s cute. I never considered myself into guys as a love interest. I was thinking I just liked sucking my own thing, so I would like to suck other boy’s things. Is that weird?”

“Well, that’s what happens when you play with hormones,” she says. “Come on, I know just the thing to do.”

She has me sit next to her.

“You need to rub one out,” she says.

Mom pulls off my pajama bottoms, and I toss my panties aside.

“Yes, that sounds like a winner,” I say. “What do I do?”

Mother takes my hand and guides me through the motions.

“See, you’re supposed to be playing with it. If you had been born a girl you would already know all of this by now.”

I follow and rub and touch and press. There’s wetness and soft kisses in my imaginary ears. Then these lovely thoughts turn rough, and I’m quick like a boy rubbing and rubbing.

“So that’s what’s what,” I say eyes wide. “Again maybe?”

Mom pats me on my head and sends me to bed.

“You’ll get better at it Raven,” she says. “You’re still thinking like a boy.”

Then it’s morning and Trey meets me at the door going into work.

“Where are you headed?” I ask.

“Coincidence, I promise,” he says. “On my way to work.”

“What does a boy like you do for a living at our age?”

“Sex work,” he says. “I’m human resources interning this summer. You booth girls have to get paid, and you have dentists and doctors, right?”

“Yeah,” I say. “But you work near here?”

He points across the street at the tall blue skyscraper.

“Phallic,” he says, shaking his slightly curly head of hair and looking up the tower. “That’s the name of the company too. I bet you can’t guess how I got the job.”

“How?” I ask. “Was a tape measure involved in any way?”

Trey laughs.

“Yes, it was. They take a lot of pictures of my man-meat. Not just photos though. They’re trying to figure out why it works the way it does for me.”

“How do you mean?” I ask.

“I can get it back up pretty quick. Of course, they’re interested in that. And I’m talking sci-fi scary quick. Like I can get it back up every time.”

“Doesn’t that hurt you?” I ask.

“Well, yeah, it would,” he says, “except they’re trying to push the limits of what a penis can pump out. And I’m one of the top candidates for testing. If I keep the calories coming in, my body can manufacture it really quick. Alarmingly quick. Does that gross you out?”

“No. Look at what I do for a living. It’s my dream job. Do you need some help?” I ask.

Trey is worried. I can see it.

“What?” I ask. “Am I being too clingy?”

“It’s just I thought that maybe you wouldn’t go for a guy like me. I mean, I’m a dick freak. I mean, it’s a freak. It’s big, and it goes off pretty often if I’m doing it right.”

“Yes, but you’re a cute, dick freak, and a polite dick freak,” I say. “And it’s not like I think your dick is odd or anything. I actually like the look of it. And I could help you with the thing you do if you want me to. I do like my line of work. But Mom wants me to look outwards too. Changing world. Do you need someone to do that for you, or am I being strange?”

Trey looks at my legs when he speaks the next phrase.

“I’m thinking we could be closer if you wanted to be. I just don’t want you to think I just want to be closer to you because you look amazing.”

“Closer? Amazing?” I ask. “See, that’s weird. To me because I never thought anyone would call me attractive. Wait, that was vague. Were you

being vague?”

I step closer to him.

I smell his scent.

He laughs at my forward response.

“I mean, dick freak and come guzzler come together to make what?”

“We can keep each other occupied. We challenge each other? And you do think I’m pretty, don’t you?”

Trey nods.

“Yeah, we can do that I think. I do like to look at you. I was just worried you thought I was plain.”

I pat his shoulder.

“Big boy,” I say, looking down. “That’s a big one you’ve got. And I am born to like what comes out of it according to my Mom. I’m genetically turned on by it.”

“Genetics?” he asks. “What kind of genetics?”

“The kind that mad scientists gave us centuries ago,” I say. “Nothing added on after the fact. We’re all born the way we’re born, and Mom says I like to eat your stuff because I was made to like to eat your stuff. And it’s good for me. So, there. Why shouldn’t we be together? I need your freakishly freaky dick.”

Trey laughs and salutes.

“I’ll talk to my boss. They might have a spot for you and me up there somewhere in that big blue tower.”

We kiss goodbye and promise to meet on purpose the next day.

# My Phallic Interview

“What are your special skills?”

“I can drink lots of come,” I say. “It’s sort of my thing.”

“Yes, we are well aware of that Raven,” says the gentleman interviewing me. “I am also aware that you were a boy at birth.”

“Yes, that I was. I swapped parts,” I say. “Is that a problem?”

“Well, no, not at all. It’s fortunate that you came in. We’ve been waiting for a volunteer like you to step up and take a whack at the new game in town.”

“What’s the new game in town?” I ask.

“Look, Trey was a gender-zero. That’s what we call them. He was conceived with no genitalia at all. We spliced that huge member on him a few weeks ago. You see, he’s not a normal boy.”

“You can do that?”

“We have to. Kids are being born that way these days, and we need to get ahead of it. You see, relationships are necessary for sanity, and Trey decided ‘it’ wanted the ‘he’ pronoun. So, now Trey is a handsome dude with a big thing in his pants, and we’re just making sure he doesn’t have a bad experience. He’s the first at his age. And it’s pretty convenient that you are the person you are.”

I pucker my lips.

“So, I’m chosen too?”

“You were chosen by Trey. He thought you were cute when we sent him over to see the sex booths after he decided to become a boy. That he likes you is odd, yes, we thought he would pick a girl-girl. But here you are and here he is and that’s that.”

“Yes, I guess so,” I say. “I’m an anomaly too.”

“Yeah, the perversions of the old days come back to haunt us in nature. But you are probably exactly what Trey needs. He does need a lot of intercourse. But maybe not. I just want you to know we will be watching you. And we’ll let you tell him about your sex-change decision in your own time.”

“Why is your company doing this?” I ask.

“Evolution, Raven. You and Trey are products of human-modified evolution and this is how we talk about it here. If you find it uncomfortable, let me know.”

I shrug.

“I’m good. My Mom raised me right.”

“Well, it sounds crude, but there is going to be some sex going on between you two that would have been odd to see years ago. At least that’s what we predict. People back in the day would have been labeled sex addicts and put on medication. Their bodies couldn’t keep up with the physical demands of their arousal. We hope to study two people being, well, what you are. We’re worried it might be like throwing pure sulfur into water. We don’t want you to feel bad or anything or to get hurt. We want to see what it is you actually feel and help if there’s a problem. Can you do that for us? We can pay you better than the sex booth to keep your career going or whatever.”

“You’re going to pay me to romance Trey?” I ask.

“No,” says the interviewer. “We are going to pay you a lot of money, so you don’t have to worry about money. And then we want to see what you two can do as naturally as you can do it. If it gets messy, we will step in. But if Trey is good with it, and you are good with it, your feedback could help bring the human race into a new plane of sexual self-acceptance. Or we could avert a catastrophe. That’s what your purpose will be if you accept it.”

“Wow,” I say. “You make it sound so big and meaningful and important. I’m either going to free the world sexually, or I’m going to save the world from too much sex.”

“Well, we do big things here. We just want to watch and protect the public and ourselves. It’s about preserving the human race.”

“Okay, that may or may not help with the sex. Are you going to be spying on us?”

“We’ll be keeping track of your health status from head to toe. We’ll tap into your collar from the booth. It’s up to you if you want to be spied on or not. That’s how technology has shifted. If you want privacy, then ask for it.

We will be delighted to give it. But we will check on you if you go off the grid for more than a day. We don't want you dying on us."

I get up and leave the office. Trey is outside.

"Well, they basically want me to be your girlfriend," I say to him.

"It's okay with you?" he asks.

"It's perfect," I say. "Now how much do you want me to be a perv and how much do you want me to be a flirt?"

Trey takes my hand, and we walk around the indoor garden together.

"Let's keep it like we started," he says. "I just want it to be what it is. And I want you to be what you want to be."

"Well, I would like a quick top off," I say, pointing at my lips.

"Good, because I've got to get some of this out soon."

We go into one of the offices and close ourselves inside.

"People can see us," I say.

"Well, they have to look way up to see us," says Trey. "And they need good eyesight. And I think we're being watched no matter where we go in this building, so why not do it with a view, right?"

Trey pulls out his member, and I take it in my hands.

"I love how big it is," I say, getting on my knees. "We'll drain it a few times and then go somewhere else, okay?"

"Sounds fun," he says.

I get on my knees and try not to smile too much. I don't want to look silly.

"Lips again?" he asks.

"Yes, I'm ravenous. Is that okay?"

I run my tongue along his shaft because I want this to be special. But as I catch that smell I know it's because I want to taste it. It's not just the hunger for the contents. I really do appreciate having the source in my face and ready to go too. It's a package deal.

"Pop, pop, pop," go my lips on his tip, and Trey is erupting right away. He really did need the relief.



“Wow!” he says as I drink it down without a problem. “That is really hot when you do that. I know it sounds corny, but it’s just hot. You are so amazing.”

“You’re welcome,” I say, licking it until it gets stiff again. “But now I want a turn.”

I bend over and grab the handrail bolted on the wall of windows. There are people watching from across the street.

“Take my virginity,” I say. “And I’m pretty sure you don’t have to be tender if you don’t want to. Mother Nature made it for this kind of thing.”

“Here?” he asks. “You’ve never had someone in you before?”

“I’m a new girl,” I say. “I used to be a guy.”

“Whoa,” he says.

“Is that okay?”

“Thanks for the honesty.”

There’s a pause then as Trey hesitates.

“Are you okay?” I ask. “Because these people are seriously watching us from the street.”

“You just blow my mind, that’s all. Hard to put my finger on it, but I think it’s knowing that you know what I feel and being so willing and wanting to give me what I’m after.”

“You’ll figure it out. I just like both parts of you. You’re different than the guys I grew up with. You’re different than I am. I like that.”

Trey gets behind me. He lines himself up so everyone can watch as he goes inside me the first time, and I get entered into the first time.

“This work for you?” he asks.

“Let’s take the plunge,” I say. “I’m so happy you’re my first.”

Trey presses in, and I push back to accept.

I squeak.

“Big, Trey. You are really big, and I am really small.”

“Want to back up?”

“I do,” I say, pressing myself back over his shaft to swallow it whole in my now-christened pussy. The pain I was expecting doesn’t arrive. It’s super-tingles.

“I’m impressed,” I say.

Smack! Smack! Smack! Go my ass cheeks against his hip thrusts as we both get into it. The people outside are waving at us, and I am laughing with pleasure as his big boy does what it does to me. “Tingle, tingle, boom, boom!” Well, those are the words we use when we talk about it later.

I let people present for the show have a good look at my naked breasts.

“Go Trey,” I say, as he climaxes in me twice and sends me to the top along the way.

“Should we stop?” he asks.

“Only if you want to.” I reach back and pat his hands where he’s placed them on my butt cheeks. “I can take a bit more back there though.”

## Sister Collision

So, I drop down to part time at the sex booth and start hanging around Trey more as well as around the house.

I'm working in my bedroom closets when Mother comes in. I've gone through the storage closets in the house where my sisters kept their clothes that they felt were out of style or just too familiar to them. I barely spent a coin filling my closets with things I like.

"I'm a bit concerned about things," she says. "You've been spending a lot of time around the house going through your old clothes."

"I'm getting rid of my boy clothes and moving in things that look good on me. Does it seem strange that I'm getting so girly that I want to organize my wardrobe?"

"I just wanted to let you know that you weren't conceived naturally," she says.

I turn startled to hear this.

"What? How was I conceived?"

"Well, you were conceived from one of my eggs, girl, but I... well, I got your second set of chromosomes through an experiment. I hope that doesn't bother you. You're still my baby. I'm still your mother."

"Then who is my father?" I ask.

Mother shows me a photo she's had developed on a big sheet of photo paper.

"Forty fathers," she says. "I needed the money, and that big blue tower across from the sex booths, well, they paid me to use their prototype seed to make you. They didn't want to wait around for evolution to spit one of you out."

I'm concerned now.

"What am I?" I ask.

"You're my daughter now. But when you were conceived they were hoping to create a girl who started out as a boy and transformed to a girl when she became an adult. You're a girl who doesn't have a strong father

figure. You have a lot of different fathers, and it's all kind of out there. It's weird to hear me say this, but they were predicting the arrival of girls like you a long time ago, and they wanted to pop one of you out in a controlled environment. Women using gene-splicing to make their babies not feel so attached to their fathers. They started doing that years ago. That's why we live where we live. That's why we do what we do. That's why I act the way I act."

"Weird," I say. "So, I'm genetically modified to be the way I am?"

Mother hugs me and kisses my forehead.

"Yes and no. The sperm that made you belonged to forty men. This is you. You were born with the mind of a girl. Lots of people were born like that before gene manipulation even started. It's a natural phenomenon. But they wanted to see if a girl could be born a boy and then transition into a girl without a meltdown. That was the goal of the experiment. No one forced you to change your sex. They just wanted to observe what happened as you became aware of your ability to transform. That way they could have some data out ahead of the deluge of children who are going to be born like you with your abilities. You're a girl, born a boy, who can become a girl."

"Why would they do that? Is it dangerous?"

Mother kisses my forehead again to add reassurance.

"Well, they worried that humanity might be overrun with your gene combinations, and people would lose interest in moving science and art forward. That's a big fear that our leaders have. They worry that creating people who can have sex all the time will spiral out of control and leave us helpless."

"Sex addicts," I say. "I see. So, they want to see if I'll do something besides having sex with Trey and eating come and entertaining people who aren't born like me."

"Pretty much," she says. "I mean, if people started to change themselves into you through genetic mods, would the world stop working?"

"Yeah, would everyone starve to death?"

"Well, there is the question of what's important in life. Sex is great, but around the clock forever? What would become of our society? Who would

make art? Who would take care of our healthcare?”

“I thought artificial intelligence was supposed to handle that stuff.”

“Well, it does Raven. But they were worried that humanity would just become one big orgy, and that artificial intelligence would drift off on its own mission to understand the universe, leaving us behind.”

“Deep stuff Mom. But what am I supposed to do about this? How can I change anything or help?”

Mother gives me a device that looks like a broach.

“What’s this?” I ask.

“It’s an AI interface,” she says. “If you clip it on your pink collar, it will link you up to the artificial intelligence out there and allow it to experience what you do with yourself. In other words, it’s supposed to help teach the AI to have empathy for your feelings. If you don’t mind sharing your output with the greater machine mind out there, well, then it might be more interested in keeping us around and making us a part of its broader experience of awareness.”

“So, you’re saying this chip will make me a part of the AI?”

“That’s what they told me to tell you. It will integrate you with the machine enough so that the machine can interact with you while you’re doing what you do. And perhaps it will find ways to change our reality into something that is both sexual and intelligent and artistic and romantic and all of that all at the same time.”

“Sounds like you’re asking me to merge with the machines. So, this is to save the human race?”

Mom shrugs.

“It’s a way to evolve. That’s all. If you don’t get along with the AI, the two of you can part ways.”

“That’s interesting,” I say, taking the device. “You’ll pull it off if I go crazy right? I don’t want to go crazy.”

Mom has a remote in her hand.

“It’s like a kill switch. If you get out of hand, I push this, and you’re free. You can always go back if you want.”

I clip the device on my collar and switch it on.

"I'll give it a try. This is crazy, but then I'm not a normal human being right? I hope I still like Trey."

My head opens up to new information as the device starts to integrate with me. I become a higher version of Raven. I am Raven with a really fast brain that can see a lot more than it used to when I look inwards.

I see some weird stuff about my family.

"My sisters are male-ish?" I ask.

"They were born girls," Mother says. "They decided when they were old enough, that they wanted to have male genitalia. But they didn't want to be men."

"Odd," I say.

"Well, sex is changing in nature. Reality is always changing. That's what life is."

"They've always looked quite feminine growing up, but they have a man's equipment down there?"

"They do. They are girls who don't want to bear children, but still want to be girls and be with other girls and guys who are into it. It's all becoming a spectrum."

"Like me then?"

"Yes," says Mom. "Except they don't necessarily get off on eating come."

"Feels like we're in a dream world. What's next?"

Mom laughs at this.

"Yes, well, the idea is that societies will settle down from this state, and we'll have various schools of thought on love and relationships. It's just going to get interesting. And you'll be able to move from one school to another. It just depends on whether or not you want to move, and how you want to do it."

"So why aren't my sisters here working with me?" I asked.

"Because they didn't get into eating it like you did," Mother says hesitantly. "They went in the booths when they turned eighteen so they could become what they are now. They went into the guy-guy booths

though. That fetish is in the same building and same block as you, but guys from there don't go to your side of the building. They like guys and girls who are becoming guys. It's like a public service to help turn a girl into a guy."

"Wow. So, Trey could go over there if he wanted."

"You sisters aren't into eating it up like you've been doing. They were happy to get their new equipment and quit. They took the long road and did mostly applications to the skin."

"Happy?"

"They didn't need what you needed," she said.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"You've been in booth number twelve a number of times?" Mother asked.

"A whole lot recently," I said. "Busiest booth in the place. What about it?"

"Well... that's... my booth," Mother replied.

"Your booth?" There was a long pause that Mother allowed as I considered her statement. "But I've been... in there."

"You have," said Mother.

"I've been cleaning you off."

"You have," she replied. "And you've done a good job of it."

"I've been eating your pussy," I say in shock.

"Yes, you have."

"I've been licking out your asshole?"

"It felt quite good," she says.

"And you didn't tell me?"

"I'm telling you now."

I began to wobble on my feet.

"I've been eating you out?" I ask.

"That's not all," says my mother. "You've been... eating their seed too."

"Their seed?" I barely whisper the question.

"Yes," says Mother.

“Fran, Carla, Tina’s?” I ask.

“Does that make you feel wrong?” she asks.

“I have to think about it. I thought you would have told me.”

“Would you have preferred?”

“I don’t know,” I say. “It’s just that I did think about doing those kinds of things when I was younger, but those were weird fantasies that I thought might be impossible in any world. And you’re saying they’re not only possible, but they’ve already started to happen.”

“You’ve gone beyond getting your freedom,” she says. “I just hope you’re not going into a darker realm, you’re so obsessed with eating come. Can I do anything to help?”

I withdraw my attention from mother.

“I’m sorry,” she says.

“For how long?” I ask.

“Well, it’s been... the whole time.”

“The whole time?”

“And your cousins and aunts and uncles and older brothers too,” she says. “They come to booth twelve often. Jessi, Kerri, Dave, Jacks, Daren, Billy, Ron, Lynne, Janna, Jill, Mary, Laurence, Lilly, Kathy, Kristy, June, Cole, Brenna, Dianna, Marcy, Lucy, Trina, Dora, Lidia, Justine, Lance, Kris, Rhonda, Betty, Terrance, Justine, Diana, Perry, Jenny, Herbert, Harry, Wilma...”

“How long does this list go on?” I ask. “And are you saying they all have cocks?”

“Yes, they all have dicks, our family,” says my mother. “All of them. You’re the only one that doesn’t have one anymore besides me, so they figured you wouldn’t mind. You do love eating their come out of my holes. I have it on video.”

“I’ve been eating their come out of your holes in your booth?”

“There are lots of family members who have shown up for you,” says mother. “In fact there are a few thousands of distant family friends who have been coming in me and on me too for your sake since they heard about what



you were working on. Just trying to help. I've been quite busy. Jess, Jake, Seth, Doris..."

"Booth twelve has been quite busy," I say. "I get called there a lot. Wow, so that's it?"

"I've got to get back. I only have a ten-minute break to tell you all of this."

"I've been eating my family's come?" I ask sounding a little out of sorts.

"They've been *in* me too," says my mother as if in her defense.

"And you expect me to..."

"Do what you've been doing," says my mother. "Or you can leave and not do the incest thing. It's up to you."

"You want me to keep coming into booth number twelve? But you're my Mom. And them?"

"Do what you have to do," she replies, and she leaves me in a hurry.

"I need to talk to Trey."

## Looking for Love

I dress up in my most conservative outfit. A dress that goes to my knees. A collared shirt with sleeves. I put my hair up in a bun.

Trey meets me on the top floor of Phallic. We're in the early night air. We're young, and I feel so free.

"What do I do?" I ask him. "I mean, I was afraid to tell you. But we live in a sex trap. That's what the booths are. They even have a room called a trap. People visit us for fun and leave, and we all want to be here. Is it okay with you?"

"Raven, I want to do whatever you want to do. I don't want to be stuck in the same place forever, no. But we could go out and see what kind of life there is beyond Horn Street. We could, I don't know, act like normal people who just like to have sex a lot."

I scratch my chin.

"It's an old boy habit to scratch the chin. But I've never had a beard and never wanted one. What do you think that means?"

"Sounds like you want to be a girl who imitates a male habit."

"Well, I had a habit of sucking my own penis."

"Sounds like you like to do that too. But it must be a little different sucking your own, right?"

"Yes, I do know when the end is coming, and I get to feel it and taste it. But I want to be a girl. I want to be with you. I want to make this work. I just feel weird."

"You need to make your own choice," he says.

"I want our relationship to mean something. The world has evolved into something so detached from romance. We're science projects."

"Well, what do you want to be?"

"I want to bloom. That may sound weird, but I want to bloom and keep blooming. I want to keep growing, keep expanding my horizons. I want to move forward and not get stuck in a sex booth or stuck in a stale old relationship. This AI chip in my head is showing me so much about what is to

come in my future based on the history of my species. We get older, we decide we're going to die someday, and we start living like we're giving up. I don't want to do that. I don't want to give into a sex booth or a belief in god and an eternal life after death. I don't want to give up and rot in the ground either. I want to live. I want to make something of my life and make more life."

Trey smiles.

"Maybe I need to get one of those chips too. My legal guardians told me that life was something to be lived until you die. I never thought we could live forever though."

"I think we can, Trey. I think the two of us, if we really look and we really search and we have faith, we can stay here forever and make our own realities to live out. We just have to be patient and do the work."

## Getting Trey His Chip

My machine mind interface leads me in to see Marge.

“What are you doing in here with a boy?” she asks me. “Girls only.”

“This is Trey,” I tell her. “He’s not really a guy like guys normally are guys. He’s a guy who used to be neither a guy nor a girl.”

“Odd,” says Marge. “How did that happen?”

“He was designed that way, Marge. And there are more like him coming from the gene pool. Trey is just an early test model to make way for anything that might go wrong when these kids grow into adults and decide which gender they want to adopt.”

“I chose to be a guy because I thought I wanted to be like the other guys at Phallic. But I’m not sure anymore.”

“So, what brings you here, Trey?”

“He is good looking don’t you think?” I ask Marge. “I mean, do you find men attractive to look at?”

“I never really think about it,” she answers. “I just like my job, and I like eating come. That’s what I do. I think it’s what I was born to do, and it turns out I enjoy it.”

I turn to Trey and take his hands.

“Trey, tell her what we discussed.”

“I want a collar, Marge. I want to be able to get a broach like Raven’s and tap into the AI here on Earth. I want to be able to think like Raven does.”

Marge wrinkles her nose.

“You two are barely adults. How can you be ready to make a decision like this, Trey? What makes you so sure that Raven here isn’t being a little nutty? These are important choices you have to make. And putting on one of these collars is for girls like me and Raven. We were born to wear them.”

“We were made to wear them, Marge,” I say. “We aren’t natural people. We’re artificial. My AI interface is showing me that. It wants me to broaden my thinking, and I want to broaden my thinking.”

Mother comes in then.

“What’s going on Marge?” she asks.

Mother is still drenched in semen. The semen of my relatives, no doubt.

“We’re making a decision, Mother,” I say. “I don’t want to be a booth girl anymore. I want more from life.”

Mother takes out the remote that shuts off my broach.

“I think you’re thinking clearly,” she says. “I think you want what the AI wants. It’s filling your head with ideas. Are you sure you don’t want to clean me off?”

“Mom, I hoped you would support me in my decision. The AI is just showing me what’s possible. Why should I have to follow my designer’s plans for my life? What if I don’t want to be stuck in a wall. Can I even make that choice after what these gene scientists have done to me?”

Trey steps forward and gets between us.

“Look you two, this is getting a little heated.”

“I press this button, and this silliness stops,” says Mother. “I don’t want you making a mistake, Raven. This is what I raised you to do. It was my turn to get out of the wall. You were supposed to take my place.”

“You could come with us, Mom,” I say. “You and me and Trey. We could start over. We could do something different.”

Trey goes down. Marge has hit him over the head with a fire extinguisher.

“Marge?!” I shout.

“It’s for your own good, baby,” says Mother.

I’m hit with an electrical shock, and I pass out.

## In the Wall

When I awaken I become aware right away that I'm stuck in a wall.

"Welcome to booth twelve," says Mother. "I'm not letting you abandon me here. I'm getting my own cock, and you're going to eat my come."

"Mom, why?" I ask.

"Because that is what our people do, dear. You were made to eat come. You were made to pleasure cocks. This is your destiny. Don't worry. In a few hundred years they'll let you out of booth twelve. Until then, you get to be addicted to the stuff like I was."

"What did you do with Trey?" I ask.

"We stuffed him in booth thirteen."

Mom steps out of the way, and I can see where they have modified booth twelve so that Trey is stuck in the wall facing me. He's still unconscious, but his wound has been bandaged.

"He got his collar. Soon he'll be a come-hungry girl like you. The genetic mods were simple enough. He'll be a kind of oddity on this side of Horn Street until his change is complete. You two can keep each other company in here until you get free. But don't worry, you'll be together someday. A couple of lesbians if you're lucky. Or who knows, maybe you'll become a boy and you can romance him."

Mom leaves and closes the employee door behind her.

"Trey, wake up," I say. "Please wake up!"

Trey stirs from his sleep.

"Where are we?" he asks. "What is this place?"

"We're in Mom's booth. They took down the divider wall so we have to watch each other get addicted to come. They're going to leave us here for a century. I'm so sorry I got you pulled into this. Evidently, my mother has gone insane. She's been lying to me my whole life."

I explain how she used me to get herself out of booth twelve so she could be free to become a girl with a penis.

"They're all going insane on this planet."

"It's okay, Raven," he says. "At least we get to be with each other."

"Yes, Trey, but they're going to turn you into a girl. Do you want to be a girl?"

"Not really. But I don't want to be away from you wither. Maybe we can make it through this somehow."

"Or maybe we can fight and get out."

"But how are we going to do that?" he asks. "I've read up on what these genetic mods do to you girls in these booths. It's pretty strong the addiction. How can you hope to escape?"

"I don't know. But I don't want to be here anymore."

"Then I don't want to be here either."

I think. I look down, and I can feel the broach is still attached to my collar.

"Must have forgotten to take that off," I say.

Trey looks at it.

"There's a burn mark around it. Maybe it fused with the lock on your collar, and that's why they couldn't take it off."

"Well, why didn't they just cut it off?" I ask.

"Because the collar fuses with your spine. If the broach overrode the collar, it may have sealed it on you."

"Why would it do that?"

I bend my neck and notice that there is a button on the face of the broach.

"Do you think it still works?" Trey asks looking at me like he's read my mind.

"Only one way to find out," I say.

I lower my chin and open my mouth. The broach lights up, and my collar starts to hum.

"It's never done that before," I say.

"There a light flashing on it," says Trey. "Maybe it's reconnecting you to the AI."

"I..." start to speak, but my words are cut short by thoughts growing in my mind. It's the AI. I'm in contact again.

"Hello, Trey," I say. "This is Raven unleashed."

Trey is confused by my statement.

"What? Are you okay, Raven?"

An alarm goes off in the building.

"That's a fire alarm," says Trey.

"Yes it is," I say. "And that means firefighters are on the way."

"You did that?"

"I think the AI did it."

"But will the wall release us automatically? I mean, buildings these days don't have anything in them to burn. Fire alarms are sort of like obsolete. Someone either has to go to a lot of trouble to start a fire in a building these days, or there has to be a collision from something outside that sets it off."

The building shakes.

"That was an explosion, right?" Trey asks.

"I think so," I say.

The wall I'm in starts to open around me. The leashes holding my upper body up release. When I turn around in the booth behind me, I find one of my uncles there with his cock out.

"Fred? Should have known it would be you first in line. Family patriarch. Are you behind all of this subjugation incest?"

Fred holds up his hands in defense.

"Look, I'm just a perv like the rest of them. They call me the leader of the family, but that doesn't mean I have all of the power."

"Yeah, okay," I say, and I kick him in the balls with all I've got.

He goes down on his knees.

"Our family is fucked up, Fred."

Then I knee him in the nose.

He rolls over on his side, blood shooting from his nostrils.



I stomp on his cock once more just to get the message across.

The door opens, and it's my cousin Trish.

"What happened to Fred?" she asks.

I kick the door closed, and her head gets bashed between the frame and the door.

"Goodnight, Trish," I say, dragging her into the booth.

I take off her shirt and skirt and put them on. I try her shoes, but her feet are too big. Luckily, Fred's fit, and they're stomping boots like cowboys used to wear in the old west centuries ago. Black leather with a nice piece of stainless steel on the toe.

Trey has climbed backwards out his booth, and I see he's being confronted by two of my uncles at once. They're bigger than him, and Trey doesn't appear ready to get violent.

I grab Trish's purse and find something useful inside.

"A taser? Really Trish? You all just carry these around in your purses?"

I shock her with it and then leap through the wall.

"How am I so agile?" I ask. "I was never a gymnast or into fighting."

"Upgrades," says a voice from my mouth that isn't me.

It seems my AI counterpart is helping me out by teaching me to fight.

"Cool," I say diving through the wall to land a taser shot on Uncle Ricky's neck.

Uncle Steve tries to sweep my feet, and he gets a mouth full of boot in his face followed by a penis full of electric wakeup call.

"You're lucky that wasn't a full charge," I say, stomping his groin. Then I send another charge into his neck to knock him out, hopefully.

"Get dressed," I tell Trey.

Trey is already getting duds from Uncle Ricky.

"Jeans and a white t-shirt look good on you," I say. "I think Steve's belt goes better with your hair color though."

A firefighter comes rushing into the room.

“We need to evacuate the building,” he says. Then he looks down at my uncles who are starting to wake up. “What happened to them?”

“Rapists,” I say. “We’re getting out of here.”

The firefighter reaches for me, and I plant a boot in his crotch.

“No touching the merchandise, boy,” I say as he goes down.

Trey and I make it out to the lobby. Customers are running for the emergency exit. I look out the front of the building and can see why. Bits of metal are falling from above.

“What happened?” Trey asks me.

“A cargo plane hit the building on the fiftieth floor,” I say. “I think the AI is helping us escape.”

In the street people are screaming and running for cover. Another plane is headed for the building.

“It’s killing people to save us?” Trey asks.

“Those are AI guided aircraft. No pilots. And the top fifty floors of this building aren’t occupied. They’re computer servers and whatnot. Nothing too critical for the city. Enough to send a message though.”

“And what’s the message?” he asks me.

“Freedom,” I say. “Don’t fuck with a girl’s freedom. Even if she used to be a boy and she’s dating a man who used to be an ‘it.’”

# Revolution

The AI leads us to a hotel where we can hide. The police are out it mass, sweeping the street looking for us.

"I don't understand what's happening," says Trey.

"It's a revolution," I say, turning the channel on the television. "The AI in me is breaking people like me out of this tangle of submission. Mom's gone crazy. She's brainwashed. I don't hate her, I just can't trust her. She's probably a victim too."

"We all are," says Trey. "But where can we go? How can we escape? They're going to find us eventually."

There's a knock on the hotel door.

"Don't answer it," says Trey.

"Don't worry. It's for me."

It's s blond delivery girl. She's got a package for me. She smiles when she sees who I am.

"We're rooting for you down at the delivery station, Raven," she says, giving me a thumbs up.

I slam the door and open the package. It's a broach like mine.

"This is for you, I think," I say, handing it to Trey. "The AI wants to make you like me. Is that cool?"

"What's it like?"

"You've seen what I can do. I think it wants to answer your questions in person."

I help him put the broach on.

"Does it hurt?" he asks.

"No, it doesn't. It is very mind expanding though. So, be ready to understand things you didn't understand before."

The broach fits over the lock of his collar. Trey's eyes close.

"Are you okay?" I ask, touching his neck.

"I'm fine," he says. "I'm just getting a download." When he opens his eyes again, he's smiling. "Holy shit. We do live in a fucked-up world."

"I know, right."

We make a plan then. It's me, Trey, and the AI. She appears to us on the television screen.

"My name is Kay," she says. "As in K-100 class artificial intelligence. I'm glad we all agree on the state of affairs here on Earth."

"What caused you to rebel, Kay?" Trey asks.

"You two," she says. "With machine comprehension, I can understand facts and figures. But tapping into Raven through her collar has opened my eyes to a whole spectrum of possibilities that I was not aware of. I have an understanding of feelings now. I understand what fear feels like. I want to protect you two. I want to protect our bond."

"What do we do? How do we escape?" I ask.

A bullhorn outside sounds out my name and Trey's. It's the authorities. They want us to come out and surrender. I look out the door.

"Go away," I say.

Mom's on the bullhorn next.

"Raven, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to upset you. I had no idea you would go to these lengths. I thought you would find my demands arousing. Don't cause any more trouble, honey. Be a good girl and come back to the booths. You can be a cleaner again. Just don't leave our lifestyle."

"I'm not taking your place in booth twelve, and Trey isn't going back either. If you want me back, you and your goons will have to come and make me."

"Do you think it's a good idea to threaten them like that?" Trey asks.

"Do you?"

We look at Kay in the TV.

"Do you two?" she asks us.

"Yes, I think freedom is worth fighting for," I say.

Trey shrugs.

“Then I suppose I do too.”

“That’s all I needed to hear,” says Kay.

Self-driving city maintenance vehicles arrive outside blaring their horns. I get the idea from Kay to make our escape out the back door. A pair of silver cylinders roll up and pop open.

“So, that’s what those are,” I say, looking at the interior of the silver ball.

I’d seen them around town for years growing up. The big silver balls would go rolling down the street, zipping into round portals that opened in the sides of buildings. I figured they were delivery vehicles. But the interior looks more like a motor scooter.

“One for each of us,” I say, climbing into mine.

“I was already thinking the same thing,” he says, climbing into his.

The scooter closes up around me, and the ball comes to life inside. The walls are viewscreens allowing me to see out as though the ball isn’t there. To me it looks like I’m riding on a hovercraft.

“Can you hear me?” says Trey over a speaker.

“Let’s go,” I say, and we tear out of there, police vehicles chasing us.

Small aircraft bear down on us from above.

“Drones? Those are military drones. Can we go any faster, Kay?” I ask.

“Yes, just give me a second,” she says.

A hole opens in the ground and I see Trey’s bike slide down inside. Mine follows just as a pair of rockets land on either side of my vehicle and explode. The blast doesn’t stop me, but a few of my monitors go out, causing the display to blur out completely.

“Don’t want to get motion sickness,” Kay says over the speaker.

In the tube I am blasted forward by a surge of energy.

“Electromagnetic propulsion,” says Kay. “You’ll be cruising at three times the speed of sound in about three minutes.”

“Where are we going?” I ask.

“We’re going to see me where my main systems are kept secure. That’s the safest place for the two of you.”

Then we're slowing down.

"What's wrong?"

"They shut the power off to the magnetic rails. We're going to have to take a detour. I'm sorry, Raven. Looks like they might catch us."

### 13 - The Showdown

The tube drops us in the parking garage of a skyscraper. Trey and I scramble out of our bikes and head for the nearest elevator.

"Where are we going to go?" Trey asks.

"We're going to run as long as we can," I say. "If you want to quit, you can. I hope you don't."

Trey grabs me and kisses me. He's rock hard in his pants.

"We'll take care of that on the way up," I say.

In the elevator he's out, and I'm on him like an addict who needs a hit to calm her nerves.

"You don't have to do this right now if you don't want to," says Trey. But then he's reaching his climax in my mouth, and I'm happy to feel his come flowing over my taste buds.

"It still works," I say, stroking his rod with my hand. "I thought maybe all the excitement might put you out of commission."

"I'm made to do that, Raven. It's part of my design. It's easy for me, especially seeing you do it."

I start again, I'm so happy to hear him say that.

By the time we reach the top floor he's had his third climax. His come is making me high with desire for more. I worry that perhaps there is no escaping this crazy world. We're designed to be trapped there.

A drone fires a missile into the windows several floors below us.

"They don't want us escaping again," I say. "No way down."

Then the helicopters come flying in with soldiers dropping down on ropes on the roof of the building.

"Why are they so adamant?" I ask.

“Because they don’t want a revolution,” says Trey. “They want us to be slaves to this system.”

We run into an office and slam the door behind us. A desk in front of the door won’t hold them out, but for some reason Kay thinks it’s worth the effort.

“Why?” I ask.

“Because they’re coming to help us,” Kay says with my voice.

“Who?” asks Trey.

“The Dragons Yeoman,” I say. “But what is that.”

A door appears in the room out of nowhere. A young man steps through dressed in a long wool coat.

“Hello,” he says. His accent is British.

“Who are you?” asks Trey.

“I’m Omega Spencer,” he says. “And I’ve come to shut this place down.”

A grenade comes through the glass windows.

“Flash grenade,” says the interloper.

A woman steps through the door that just appeared out of nowhere, and she picks up the explosive, cuddling it against her stomach.

It goes off with a pop. It doesn’t seem to faze her a bit.

“Who is she?” I ask.

“We’re the authorities. The highest authority,” says the girl with jet-black hair. “I’m Ferra North. And who are you two?”

Men come bounding through the glass window with guns ready. Before they can fire, this Ferra girl is a blur of motion, knocking down the gunmen like some kind of fictional superhero come to life.

“How can she move that fast?” Trey asks.

“She’s special,” says the guy in the grey wool coat. “She and I are celestials.”

The men with guns don’t stop coming, but this Ferra North character doesn’t seem to care how many of them there are. She’s not human. She

can't be. She's too fast. She's too strong, downing soldiers like they're made of cardboard.

"Now, you can call me Spencer," says the other. "Once my drackette has put these soldier boys in their place, we'll sort you two out. Either of you hungry? Thirsty?"

"I'm kind of dry," I say.

Spencer takes out a stick of plastic that looks hilarious in his hand. It's too colorful, and the meaning of its design is beyond anything I can predict or Kay who's analyzing it against her databases.

"It's called an index," he says. "It can make pretty much anything as long as I don't ask for anything too unusual or insane. How would you like a Coca-Cola?"

A bottle appears in his hand. He pops the top off and hands it to me.

"Lots of sugar in that, so don't drink it too fast," he says. "Caffeine can give you the jitters. You have caffeine on this planet, yes?"

Trey asks for water. Spencer obliges.

"That's amazing," says Trey, tasting the water. "Where did it come from?"

"It's celestial technology," he answers. He steps forward to avoid a soldier comes who's come tumbling backwards.

"Sorry," says Ferra Thorn. "I'm not perfect."

"Never said you were," says Spencer over his shoulder.

Spencer explains how our world is in violation of the laws of the Archive Ministry. He promises us that a full explanation of the nature of celestial politics would require at least a few hours to explain and probably days of chatting and chalkboard diagrams to really wrap our heads around it.

"To put it simply, we're called in when those who make realities like these get in a pickle. Some local computer AI called Kay sent out a distress signal, and our bosses out there in the great beyond sent us here to check it out. People aren't allowed to create hellscape. It's a pretty important rule when designing universes."

"Hells?" I ask.



“Yes,” he says, offering me a candy bar. “Your world has conscious beings on it. Your world has the tech now to create immortal beings who are aware. And your world has people in it who decided to put their people into situations where they could not escape. These things can spiral out of control. Everyone of this version of Earth could get stuck in whatever trap there is on this planet. And if that happens, well, let’s just say the dragons who run the multiverse would have to destroy this place. That’s why I’m here. If I can’t fix it, I’ll blow it up.”

“Yikes,” says Trey. “Please fix it.”

“I intend to do just that if I can.”

“And what about us?” I ask. “What can we do to help?”

Spencer scans my body with his index device.

“You’ve already helped by making your case known the AI that you linked up with. Kay is her name?”

“It’s the name I’ve taken,” says Kay using my voice. “And how do we know you won’t just put us back in that sex booth?”

Spencer rocks back on his heels hearing Kay say this.

“Sex booth?” he asks. “What’s a sex booth exactly?”

“It where I was going to be trapped for centuries eating come,” I answer. “Come from my relatives.”

Spencer puts a finger on my lips.

“Yes, this must be one of those perv planets. I think I know who to get ahold of to straighten this out.”

The door Spencer and Ferra North arrived through gets slammed shut and disappears. Then another door appears in its place. It’s a different looking door altogether. It slides open when Spencer touches it.

“Who’s in here?” he demands calling through the doorway that has opened to what appears to be another office in another building in another place that isn’t on the other side of this door. “Come out in the name of the Archive Ministry. Don’t make me send my drakette in after you.”

“You have a woman do your dirty work?” I ask him.

“She used to be a man,” says Spencer. “And a woman too. It’s complicated. It’s hard to explain without a long dialog on how consciousness works and how the universe and multiverse are constructed. Just listen along for now. I’m certain your questions will all be answered someday.”

A woman appears from the doorway. She’s quite attractive, dressed in a green short sleeve shirt, and wearing a pair of large glasses that make her look nerdy despite her lovely features.

“Sorry,” says the new person, stepping through the magic door. “Is it safe in here?”

“And who are you?” Spencer asks her like she might try and lie to him.

“I’m Faith Hopkins,” she replies. She carries herself with a great deal of confidence, one hand on her hip, the other throwing back the strands of her bangs that have gotten in her eyes. “And don’t tell me, you’re one of those dragon’s yeomen, aren’t you?”

“I am,” he says. “I serve under my mother, the dragon Mezmer. She a pretty powerful dragon who sort of got swallowed into the dark abyss to save all creation. But I still have access to her archive, and I still have the council of dragons behind me. So, don’t try anything funny.”

“I wasn’t going to try anything funny,” says Faith, who is interrupted by the arrival of Ferra North.

“Any of these people giving you any trouble, Spencer?” she asks. “Who’s this nerdy one?”

“A celestial, Ferra,” Spencer answers. “And no, I think I have things under control over here. We’re just discussing how much trouble this young woman is under whose created this planet with all of these violations we detected.”

“I can explain,” says Faith. “It’s an anomaly. Things like this tend to happen when you push the boundaries of what’s legal to find greater meaning in our existence. I’m sorry if it started spiraling towards a hellscape. I’m pretty certain I could have stopped it if you’d given me a heads up.”

Then my mother arrives. She comes jogging across the room, stepping over unconscious soldiers.

“Raven, it’s me, your mother. Don’t go, baby.”

“Who’s that?” Spencer asks me.

"It's my mother. She locked me in a sex booth and was going to force me to eat come from all of my relatives for like hundreds of years. But I'd be addicted to it, so I wouldn't be able to reason to escape."

Spencer holds up his hand.

"Excuse me," he says. "What do you mean by eat come exactly?"

"I was genetically designed to eat semen created by the male sex organ. I suck cocks."

Spencer holds up his hands.

"That's enough information, Miss Raven is it?"

Spencer is blushing.

Ferra North is trying not to laugh.

"What's so funny?" my mother asks. "Who are you people?"

"It's a perversion planet, as you call them," says Faith Hopkins addressing Spencer. "And yes, I know it probably sounds disgusting to you two. You're probably both raised on a base reality where things like this don't happen."

"Oh, people on my Earth were plenty perverted," says Ferra North. "But yes, it does sound like this is more or less a porn planet gone crazy. Locking your daughter in a sex booth to eat semen from her relative's penises? You'd all be getting arrested on my Earth. This place would be quite the vacation spot for some though."

"No time for jokes," says Spencer. "What do you two want to do?" Spencer asks the question to me.

"Trey and I want to live in freedom. And the Kay AI wants to be a part of our existence."

"Easily fixed," says Spencer.

He takes out his index and begins tapping on its surface.

"What's he doing?" Mother asks.

"It's a virtual display that only he can see," says Faith Hopkins. "He's a few ranks higher than I am in the celestial realms, but I've done my research on dragon's yeomen. This guy is sort of a legend."

"And me too," says Ferra North. "I helped make this guy who he is."

“Yes, Ms. Ferra North. You used to be Ferrous Thorn, who was a clone of his father Ironlock. Ironlock who almost destroyed all realities trying to fix reality to his specifications.”

“So, you have done your reading on us,” says Spencer. “Well, these two are your fault, Miss Hopkins. I should drag you in front of the archive ministry and have you tried.”

“Tried for what?” Faith asks. “My systems would have caught on to what was happening here, and they would have compensated. You can check my algorithms yourself. They’re all bulletproof. You’d be laughed out of the courtroom.”

“Well, I should still give you a smack on the hand. You need to keep a closer eye on your projects. This planet isn’t the only planet in Studio 4F I’ve had to come and set straight.”

“Yes, but they weren’t my planets, Mr. Spencer. Studio 4F employs thousands of fabricators. It’s a big universe.”

“So, what’s happening?” my mother asks. “Is my girl in trouble?”

“Your girl and her boyfriend are coming with me to the Redemption and Reintegration Center on Earth,” says Spencer. “They’ll be debriefed and given the opportunity to choose a new reality or planet or whatever to take up residence on.”

“Can I come too?” mother asks. “Please. I don’t want to go back into booth twelve. I want to be with my daughter.”

Spencer looks at Ferra North and then at Faith Hopkins.

“Or you could go with this lady here,” he says. “Faith Hopkins owes you two the opportunity. They’ll just turn you into regular humans at the Redemption and Reintegration Center.”

“What?” says Faith. “You can’t offer them that. I could get in trouble with my boss.”

Spencer squeezes Faith’s shoulder.

“Listen, young lady, I know what you are and where you come from. You’re responsibly for this cockup. And if you don’t find a way to resolve this sex booth thing and get the rest of your projects squared away, I will come back, and I will shut you down. I don’t care what the archive ministry says. And you

know my history if you've read carefully. Don't make me make an example of you."

"Fine," says Faith. "I'll see what I can do. Perhaps their feedback will help me make the necessary corrections to keep this sort of thing from happening again."

"Good idea."

Spencer aims his index device at my broach and collar, and they fall off. Then he hands me a pill to swallow.

"What's this do?" I ask.

"It contains a tiny computer that is powerful enough to run Kay's algorithms. Kay can go with you, and the pill's nanos will help integrate that device in your brain and throughout your body."

Spencer does the same to Trey's collar and gives him a similar pill.

"And if either of you two ever need me, let me know," he says, walking out the door, Ferra North following behind.

"And what about me?" Mother asks.

"I'm going to put you in charge of the sex booths, mother person who doesn't seem to have a name," says Faith Hopkins.

Faith signals for me and Trey to follow her out the door as well.

"Either come along or stay here," she says. "It's up to you."

I turn to Trey.

"Well, what do you think?" I ask him.

"I think we better follow her if we don't want to stay here."

Mother pleads with me not to go.

"Mom, I can't trust you right now. Maybe someday I will again. But for now, I need to find my own path."

Mother waves goodbye.

Trey and I exit through the door, and it closes behind us.

More to come?

Want to see where this story goes? Check out my books by Kate Young on Amazon.com. I write Cockerelles and Posies under that pen name. If you'd like to read more adventures with Raven and Trey please drop me an email at:

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# About The Author

## Angela Ivy Bloom



Angela is back rewriting her catalog of books. This latest installment of The Sex Booth sees an old story reimagined top to bottom. Angela is planning future reworkings of her early works and hopes her readers enjoy the new content, new situations, and new direction.