

Whole New World

Pierce overrode the AI of his autocar, grabbing the steering wheel and flooring it through the intersection ahead. The heads-up display along the side of his windshield flashed red and he laughed as he dodged through the cross traffic. The other autocars screeched to a halt and swerved to avoid him, the automatic traffic system doing its best to account for the rogue vehicle. Still, he scraped off the sides of a few of them and sent pedestrians scattering as he bumped one wheel up onto the curb to get around a slow-moving truck. Roland followed more carefully behind him, maneuvering his cars through the traffic in Pierce's wake, which had now come to a standstill.

Pierce heard Roland's voice through his earpiece, tinged with laughter: "You just added an extra hour of traffic to everyone's commute!"

"Serves those bitches right," Pierce replied.

He swerved around another slow-moving car, coming around the other side just as a small trash compactor was being pushed into his way by a heavyset woman. The compactor was a squat, green cylinder about four feet in diameter that levitated a foot off the ground. The automatic waste cleanup systems didn't reach this far down into the low districts, leaving some woman to trudge trash compactors like this one through the streets. They were big and bulky and even under levitation were difficult to control. There was no way the heavyset woman pushing it could stop in time.

Pierce threw the wheel to one side but the back of his car scraped off the compactor, sending it sailing back into the woman and knocking her to the ground. Pierce screeched to a stop in the middle of the street. His hydraulic door lifted into the air with a hiss and he jumped out, stomping around to the back of the car to look at the damage. The bumper was crumpled and dented.

The heavyset woman came limping around the side of the car, ready to unleash hell on the driver. Pierce turned to her.

"Look what the fuck you just did to my car!" He yelled.

When the heavyset woman saw Pierce her steely resolve melted, replaced with a mixture of awe and fear.

"I am so, so sorry," she blubbered. Her leg was bleeding from where the compactor had slammed into it and she leaned against the back of the car.

"Don't touch it. You'll get your gross lower prints all over it."

She withdrew her hand as if it was on fire and Pierce pinned her with a look of utter disgust. She was way too old for him, probably somewhere in her early thirties, and much too ugly. He wouldn't even be talking to her if she hadn't totaled his car. By now a crowd of women had gathered around, other lowers who'd seen what had happened. They kept their distance from Pierce but whispered among themselves, staring at him with wide eyes.

Everyone knew Pierce. He was the blonde-haired, blue-eyed god, with a body that women fought for. Out of the roughly one hundred males of procreating age in the city, Pierce was the top.

Intelligent, athletic, handsome and natural-born. Even now, Pierce could tell a few of the women gathering around him were working up the courage to ask him for his seed.

Roland pulled up behind him. When the door of his car slid up and the women saw that it was *another* man they became even more excited. It was rare to see one man on the street, let alone two.

“Shit, what happened?” Roland asked, standing and adjusting his always-ill-fitting outfit.

Roland was Pierce’s opposite in every way: short, squat and dull. His dark, frizzy hair was stuck up at angles and the stubble on his cheeks was patchy and sparse. Pierce knew that Roland happily accepted whatever castoffs of women Pierce sent his way because even Pierce’s castoffs were hotter than any piece of ass Roland would be able to get on his own. And with males few and far between, no woman would turn down the chance to bed one, even if he was as obnoxious as Roland. Not when it meant the chance of a vastly better life far outside these slums.

“This fucking bitch walked her compactor right into my car.” Pierce growled.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry. I’ll pay for everything,” the woman blubbered. The tears streaming down her face made her look even uglier and Pierce turned away.

“Yeah, you will. Get it fixed and get it back to me.”

He didn’t need her to fix the car. He could get repairs done for free anywhere by virtue of who he was. But he thought she should pay for her carelessness, even if it meant she had to sell parts of herself. It served her right.

With that he turned to Roland’s car, pushing Roland aside so he could slip into the passenger seat. He was stopped when a brunette in the crowd gathered her courage and stepped out.

“Pierce, sir...”

Her lower lip trembled as Pierce stared at her like she was a piece of meat. Pierce didn’t usually bother to fuck anyone lower than a nine—and never gave his seed to a lower—and he sized the brunette up as a seven at best: Small tits. Nice ass. Good legs. He knew how valuable his sperm was.

For some reason scientists didn’t yet understand, male babies had become fewer and further between over the last several generations. There was currently only about a ten percent chance that a baby would be born a male, and even the best geneticists couldn’t increase those odds. No matter what chemical slurry they added to the vats they still got mostly women. What few men they did get were sallow and sickly, the quality of any offspring no better. Only natural made male babies had the good genes. Pregnant women were a rarity, and pregnant women with male fetuses rarer still.

Pierce was extra valuable because he came from a natural born line that could be traced back. He was a pureblood. No vat-grown babies in his family tree. If a woman could get pregnant naturally, by a man and with a boy, she would easily be lifted out of even the scummiest social class to be pampered and bathed in luxury in the gleaming towers of uptown. Pierce was a lottery ticket and every woman wanted to play him. What’s more, he knew it.

The adrenaline from the race and the near crash was still pumping through Pierce’s body. Even then he might have held off if Roland hadn’t spoken up.

“Hey, Pierce, we gotta get back for the gala tonight.”

Pierce glanced over at Roland, saw the simpering look on his face, and the way his eyes flicked to the brunette. He obviously wanted her. Roland often slummed with lowers. He found them easy pickings. Pierce's constant need to humble Roland and keep him in his place was enough motivation.

"We will," Pierce smirked, moving towards the brunette with the calm confidence of a predator towards wounded prey. "Just one quick stop."

She came in for a kiss but Pierce gripped her hips and spun her around. She was taken by surprise as he held her to him and reached around to squeeze her tits roughly. He pinned her up against Roland's car and thrust against her ass. She had such nicely squeezable tits, and she moaned softly as he stroked her. He could feel the fear and need battling within her. Her silky hair smelled nice, like flowers, and Pierce felt himself growing hard.

One hand still on her tits he slid his other hand down her front and beneath her shorts, finding her pussy. He slipped inside her, stroking her clit as he pressed his hard body against hers. She had a nice form, a comforting solidity beneath her softness. Tits were nice too. Pierce didn't mind everyone watching; let those jealous bitches watch.

Her pussy was warm, and his fingers explored her silky folds. He moved fast, pressing up against her swelling clit. There was no subtlety, just raw desire for her body to succumb to his. Finally, he felt her growing wet and he growled in her ear. She moaned again, whether fake or real Pierce couldn't tell and didn't care.

He dropped her tit long enough to unbutton her shorts and yank them down, quickly followed by her panties. He gave her nice round ass a smack and watched her jump. He pulled his own pants down and guided his cock in between her legs as she spread herself for him. His cockhead found her wetness, stroked up her entrance once or twice to gather her juices on him, and then he pushed in.

She cried out and gripped the car as he entered her, moaning as he slid into her tight warm wetness. He gripped her hips and pumped deep, driving in to the hilt, watching as his cock disappeared beneath her two ripe butt cheeks. He drove faster and she pressed back against him, arching her back and crying out for him. Her desire was probably fake but Pierce didn't care because his desire was very real.

He fucked her hard and fast, driving deep, the rhythmic slap of his groin on her ass loud enough for all to hear. She was so wet, so tight. He drove faster, harder, the desire concentrated at the base of his dick, his release imminent. At the last second he pulled out and pumped his cock down her backside, spurting his precious hot seed over her ass and denying her the chance at a lottery ticket.

He laughed as she turned, eyes wide when she realized what he'd done. She frantically tried to scrape his cum off her butt and transfer it to her pussy with her cum-slick hands, desperate for a chance at a real male baby. Pierce pulled up his pants and pushed her away from his car.

"May you bear a son," he mocked. "Come on, Roland, these fucking lowers are disgusting."

Roland looked at the brunette once more, longingly, then wordlessly went around to the passenger side and got in. Pierce took off, setting it on manual once again so he could have more thrills, heedless of who he hurt in the process. Consequences were for other people.

Pierce shifted uncomfortably and tugged the tuxedo jacket back down. It was cut to fit him, hugging his broad shoulders and highlighting his brawny body. He felt so constrained, even as he admired himself in the mirrored elevator doors, his muscular body looming large over Chanelle, his primary girlfriend. She was a blonde bombshell: wavy golden hair, angelic face, huge breasts and a tight ass. The only way Pierce liked them. He had no idea how much time she spent at the gym or at the salon keeping herself pretty for him, trying to stay at the top of his girlfriend ranking.

“Why can’t I just wear my sweatpants to these things?” He moaned.

Chanelle, looked up at him. “It’s just one night, Pierce, baby. I can strip you out of those clothes afterwards.”

She adjusted his tie before smoothing out his shirt, letting her hand linger on his solid pecs. He looked down at her. From his angle above her he could see right down the top of her barely-there dress, held on her body by nothing more than several thin straps and hope. Her ripe breasts were pressed together and calling out to him. He grabbed a breast but she put her hand on his and gently tugged it back down. She forced laughter, trying to be carefree, but Pierce had been together with her for so long—four months, almost too long!—and he knew the signs she was fed up. Sometimes the façade of vapid longing for him would slip and he glimpsed the real Chanelle beneath, ruthless and cunning, willing to do anything to get pregnant by Pierce.

He teased her like he teased all his girlfriends, stringing them along, using every other part of their body to satisfy himself and only rarely doing anything that could result in a pregnancy. So far Chanelle had had no luck and she was getting desperate. Pierce’s former number two girlfriend had been on the receiving end of Chanelle’s desperation and was in the hospital having her face reconstructed. Pierce had been sorry to dump his number two but he couldn’t be seen with someone who had surgery scars, no matter how well hidden.

“Maybe you’ll get pregnant with a boy tonight and then you can finally leave me.” Pierce said, needling her.

Her jaw tightened but she didn’t reply.

Pierce continued, “Gossip gets back to me, you know. Your salon isn’t as free of my influence as you think.”

Now her face went pale, her eyes wide. “Pierce, baby, the things I say in there are just idle chatter. Just to make the lowers feel better about themselves.”

She reached up to stroke his cheek but he pulled away and frowned down at her. “The lowers don’t have any loyalty to you, because you are nothing without me. Nothing. Remember that. You’re my primary girl but that can change in a second.”

Her lower lip started to tremble. “I didn’t—”

“Smile.” Pierce said, standing up straight and smiling broadly as the elevator doors opened and the cameras flashed.

They walked through the crowd, waving and grinning like they didn't have a care in the world. Chanelle was a great actress, laughing and hanging from his arm, tossing one liners back at the press as they shouted questions to the two of them. Pierce had to hand it to Chanelle, she could turn it on and off in a second. That was part of what made her such a great primary. And so dangerous.

Pierce let her handle the press. Most of them were lowers anyway. But still, his eyes wandered over them just in case one of them caught his fancy. They fought for his attention, smiling and waving to him behind their cameras. Pierce's confidence was buffered by the fact that every single one of the women would have gladly dropped their cameras to smash on the floor for just five minutes in bed with him.

The gala was in full swing when the doors opened and Pierce strolled in. From his vantage point at the top of the steps he could see the entire ballroom. Waitresses circulated through the crowd with silver platters holding appetizers and champagne. All one hundred eligible men of the city were in attendance, mingling and laughing, surrounded by women who treated their every utterance as uproarious and deep, no matter how vapid and shallow the conversation actually was. Their girlfriends were gorgeous and even the waitresses were beautiful. Women fought to become waitresses at this event for the slim chance of attracting the eye of one of the men.

God, how Pierce despised them all.

He took a champagne flute from a passing waitress and down it in a gulp as the Mayor approached him with a wide smile.

"Pierce! Wonderful to see you," the Mayor said.

She was an old broad in a flowing grey dress, with a face stretched tight from plastic surgery and greying hair that had been dyed black. Still, she'd had enough surgery done—particularly the big fake tits—that Pierce considered her acceptable to be in his presence, and her intelligent conversation—a rarity as far as Pierce was concerned—more than made up for it.

"Mayor," Pierce said, graciously.

The Mayor glanced at Chanelle and dismissed her in an instant, which made Pierce admire the Mayor even more.

"We've had some success with the ionization experiments you suggested. Water decontamination is up thirty three percent in the tests so far."

"Hmm, I would have expected more."

"There were some problems getting the hydrogen levels right. The difference between the theory and the practice."

"Ah, of course. I have some thoughts on the hydrogenation as well."

"Why don't you come down to the labs tomorrow and we'll go over it?"

"Absolutely."

"Wonderful. If you'll excuse me."

The Mayor saluted with her champagne and disappeared back into the ground. It would be nice having some sort of intelligent conversation—even if it was with a bunch of women lowers. Maybe he'd bring Chanelle along as eye candy. She'd be bored senseless. It would be perfect.

Pierce slipped out of Chanelle's arm and mingled through the crowd. She followed along in his wake, jealously guarding her position from any woman who tried to approach him.

Pierce used to love these galas but they'd worn thin. It was just a chance for the city to parade out its men to show off to other cities. Their representatives were here in the crowd and Pierce was expected to cozy up to them. The transference of men from one city to another was how the genetic stock got replenished throughout the various remaining cities in the country. Pierce, himself, would never be traded. He was much too valuable. Others, though, not so much.

As if on cue, Roland came bounding up to Pierce and put his arm around his shoulders. He was followed by a small crowd of men and women.

"Pierce! Buddy. I was just telling these people about our adventures today. That old woman who tried to take you out."

Pierce shook Roland off, trying his best not to grimace at the strong body odor that wafted from the stout younger man. Roland gave off an air of desperation as he embellished the story. Pierce kept quiet, letting Roland shoot off his mouth and embarrass himself. Pierce just wanted to be out this place.

"More champagne, Pierce?" A woman's voice asked from behind him.

He turned, expecting to see another beautiful waitress, but was surprised. The woman holding up the platter was dressed, like the others, in a tight-fitting dress, only she didn't have the body for it. She was slim, and with tits Pierce could probably cover with each hand. They barely protruded from beneath the skintight top, unlike the other waitresses who were practically bouncing out of their clothes. Her black hair was piled into a tight bun which did nothing to help shape her plain, oval face. When she smiled the sides of her dark brown eyes crinkled beneath the thick black glasses.

The best description Pierce had for her was nerdy. She was ordinary, which in Pierce's mind was a synonym for ugly. He paused, staring at her, disgusted, wondering what the hell she was thinking showing up here as a waitress surrounded by the young and gorgeous.

Her face fell as he frowned at her. She became self-conscious, still holding up the serving platter but now avoiding his eyes. Chanelle glanced over at her and laughed at the absurdity of this mousy woman hitting on the most coveted man in the city.

Pierce took another flute of champagne. "Here's some free advice, honey," he said, patting her on the ass. "Someone who looks like you should never talk to someone who looks like me."

She lowered her head and nodded. Roland looked over to see why he'd lost Pierce's attention and saw the waitress.

"Gross," he laughed. She was too plain even for him.

Now everyone in the small crowd around Pierce was silent, waiting expectantly as though watching a show. Chanelle moved in for the kill.

"You're lucky he spoke to you at all," she hissed in the waitress's ear. "Go home and treasure the experience."

The waitress nodded again, her eyes sparkling with tears, and then she hurried away. Pierce watched her go out of pure instinct, judging her ass and her legs as barely passable. He turned back to Roland.

“Continue.”

Roland nodded, a smile plastered across his face, as he picked up his story. Pierce sipped from his champagne and gazed around the room, trying to hide his boredom. There, standing off to the side near the stairs was a woman unlike any he’d ever seen. She wore a red dress that billowed and flowed down her body, hinting at the incredible form beneath. The dress was elegant without being overly sexy and showy. Her auburn hair was styled into an immaculate bun, one loose strand dangling down the side of her face which she occasionally swept out of her eyes with a graceful motion. Her face was carved by an angel and her deep emerald eyes were like two crystal clear lagoons that Pierce could drown in.

But it was more than just her appearance; it was her whole attitude. Pierce had never seen anyone bored at these galas before. Everyone showed up intent on making a good impression, willing to do anything to land one of the few available men. But this one had a look of utter boredom as she gazed around the room. Their eyes met from across the room and Pierce couldn’t help flash his winningest smile at her. A polite smile flickered across her own face and then she dismissed him, moving on.

This was new to Pierce. He’d been lusted after, screamed at, even punched once. But never ignored. He stared at her, willing her to stare back at him but she turned and slipped through the crowd with a comfortable grace.

Pierce followed her, leaving Chanelle and the small group of his hangers-on behind. The crowd seemed to part for her as she made her way to the double doors leading out to the balcony.

Pierce caught up with her as she stood at the railing, gazing out at the twinkling lights of the city far beneath them. The atmospheric shield around the building blocked the wind, allowing only a light breeze to waft past, carrying the woman’s enchanting vanilla scent to Pierce’s nose. Her face in profile was impossibly beautiful.

“Hi,” Pierce said, sidling up to her.

She turned to him and he felt the full force of her gaze. Her emerald eyes were like beacons, calling to him.

“Hello,” she said in a voice sultry and sweet.

“I don’t believe we’ve met. I’m Pierce.” He held out his hand.

She gave no hint that she recognized his name, simply took his hand, her dainty fingers slipping comfortably across his.

“Evangeline.”

“A gorgeous name for a gorgeous woman.”

“Aren’t you a charmer,” she said in a way that suggested she was not, in fact, charmed.

This was another first for Pierce. Usually women were begging for him. The chase was a novelty.

“Did you know this whole tower was originally built twenty feet to the east? But when the building was completed and the owner came to the top for the first time he insisted it be moved so that he could get the views of both the river and the ocean.”

“Typical of the rich. Full of themselves and their own importance. If they were here tonight I’d tell them to their face how utterly useless they were.”

“Well, here’s your chance. It was me. And I know exactly how useless I am.”

She covered her lips with a slender hand and laughed, her eyes twinkling into a smile for the first time that evening. She was a vision.

“I hadn’t expected to insult the host quite so quickly.”

“Do you usually wait until later in the evening?”

“Usually. Once I’ve judged the quality of the food and the drinks. And the company.”

“And how do you find them so far?”

“I find two of the three exemplary. And the third lacking.”

“Then perhaps I should find some better wine to go with the company.”

One side of her ruby lips curled up in a smile.

Pierce didn’t even bother trying to slip out secretly with Evangeline. In fact, he winked at Chanelle back in the crowd as he held the door open for Evangeline, practically begging Chanelle to start a scene. She kept herself in check, though, knowing that to stay Pierce’s primary meant not making a public fuss when he took some other woman home.

The doors slid open noiselessly to Pierce’s penthouse suite after he scanned in his palm print. Sometimes he wished he could just get the same neural connection everyone else had, but his brain was too valuable to risk in nonessential surgery. He just had time to override Chanelle’s login so she couldn’t interrupt them when Evangeline was on him, backing him up against the hallway wall and pressing herself against him.

Her lips were warm against his, and he inhaled her sweet scent as her tongue plunged into his mouth, seeking him out. She ran her fingers through his hair and pressed her breasts up against him as if she could draw him out through sheer force of will. He reached around and cupped her ass, felt the taut fullness beneath the silken dress.

He tried to kiss his way down her neck but she gripped his hair in her fist and forced his head painfully back up against the wall before she bent and nipped his neck. Pierce had never had anyone take him like this. Most women were too scared to risk offending him so they let him make the first moves, responding to whatever he desired. But Evangeline took what she wanted and Pierce found himself enjoying her attitude.

Her hands were restless on his chest and she yanked open his top, sending the buttons flying. She spread her hands against his warm, solid pecs. He reached down her dress and caressed a breast as it bobbed beneath him, holding it gently in his palm, enjoying the soft, warm weight. His cock grew hard beneath his pants and one of her hands slid down and grabbed it firmly, stroking as she kissed him.

Her fingers slid up and down his shaft and her mouth returned to his. She moved up against him in a steady rhythm, teasing him with her body, pressing here and there, giving him a glimpse of what she could offer until he was mad with lust. She helped him yank off his shirt and caressed his topless body lightly with her fingertips, tracing the contours of his muscles, enamored with his body as he was enamored with her.

She sensed him about to lose his patience and stood up straight. Gripping the neckline of her dress she pulled it down, letting her tits bob out. She grabbed his hair again and guided his face to her tits. He suckled her breasts, one at a time, groping and squeezing. God, her body was perfect, all curves and pleasant taut-softness.

He helped her out of her dress and she stood naked in front of him. He paused, admiring her body and she turned to pose for him, obliging his longing look. Her auburn hair covered one eye, giving her a dangerously sexy look.

“Take off your pants,” she ordered.

He grinned and did as she said. Now it was her turn to stare. She smiled slightly and motioned for him to turn around. He spun slowly, feeling her eyes on him, her naked lust for his body. When he had spun all the way around she nodded, satisfied, and knelt before him so his cock was level with her mouth.

She stroked him again, her hand moving up and down his shaft a few times before taking him into her mouth. She was warm and wet, her tongue undulating softly as she swallowed him, taking her time, enjoying herself. It was a delight watching his dick disappear between her lips as she stared up at him, maintaining eye contact as she sucked his cock. He stroked her silky hair as she did wonderful things with her tongue, teasing him into a sharp state of arousal, pausing just before he lost control and keeping his hard cock locked between her lips until he stopped throbbing, then resumed her wonderful sucking, moaning in delight around his dick.

He'd never had a woman worship him like this. Fear him, yes. Desire him, absolutely. But this was different. He could sense her anticipating his needs, driving him to wild heights of pleasure and keeping him balanced on the edge. She stood, still gripping his cock, and commanded him to lie on the floor. When he didn't obey immediately she pulled him down by his cock and then straddled him.

Lowering herself on him, his cockhead pressed up against her entrance, slid just inside her warm, wet pussy lips and landed against the pressure of her opening. The pressure built as she sank down on him until he slipped in with a groan. Soon he was buried to the hilt. Gripping his pecs with her fingernails she began riding him, dragging her pussy back and forth. The head of his cock pressed up against her dimpled nub and she raised her head and moaned. Her breasts swayed back and forth as she rocked, and he gripped her hips and thrust up, reading the rhythm of her body.

She felt so perfect from inside, fitting him like a glove. She grew faster, leaning over him so her silky hair fell down the side of her face almost to his eyes, and her tits bobbed as she sped up until she was riding him hard and fast, fingernails nearly drawing blood as she raked his chest. She was desperate for her own pleasure, not giving a damn about his, and he loved it, loved that she had no care for him or his importance.

She threw her head back and moaned, one hand moving to between her legs, fingers playing with her own swollen clit as she clutched a tit. She came in a growling orgasm, shuddering from head to toe and freezing, her pussy clenched tight and throbbing around his cock. He felt the warmth

flooding her and when she came down he redoubled his efforts, thrusting up into her warm wetness until he could hold himself no longer and he came.

His cock throbbed, unleashing a torrent of cum. He gritted his teeth and she sank down on him, grinding her pussy all the way while he filled her with his hot seed, both of them crying out in pure pleasure. She seemed to cum for a long time, the arc of her orgasm slow to fade. When it did, she stood up and he stood with her.

“Celebratory drink?” She asked.

“What are we celebrating?”

“I’ll tell you when we’ve drunk it.”

Still naked, he walked to the kitchen and searched for some wine. She followed a moment later, hands demurely behind her back, and watched as he poured two glasses. He handed one to her and she took it, then held the glass to the side and stepped close to him, her lips near his and breathed him in. His flaccid cock pressed against her wetness and he felt himself so close to throbbing to life again.

She pulled away. “It’s traditional where I come from to share your first glass, twine your arms around each other like this...”

She showed him what she meant, each of them twisting their arms to hold their glass to the other’s lips. She sipped his, and then she tipped her glass into his mouth, forcing him to guzzle the whole thing as she laughed. He drank it down and laughed with her, throwing the glass to the sink where it smashed before taking her into his arms. He *was* getting horny for her again.

“So now will you tell me what we’re celebrating?”

She smiled. “Why, an end to the patriarchy, of course.”

“I *am* the patriarchy.”

“I know.”

He frowned and opened his mouth to say something else but his tongue felt heavy all of a sudden, and his mouth seemed filled with cotton. She helped support his weight as he sank to his knees and then fell to the floor, darkness crowding in from all sides and obscuring his vision until he lost all consciousness.

Pierce was aware of movement and bodies around him but everything was distorted, like being at the bottom of a dark ocean. Occasionally a face or a few words would penetrate the murky depths of his consciousness. A flash of a woman's face. The white of a lab coat. A dull grey ceiling studded with bright lights, like an operating theatre. Once he reached up with trembling fingers to grab at someone's hand and heard worried shouts as they pushed his hand back down and something sharp poked into his arm, making the world disappear again.

Snippets of conversation went on around him:

"...before he wakes up..."

"...other patient is ready..."

"...can start the transfer..."

From out of the murk came a gut-wrenching pain. He tried to howl but had no mouth. He tried to grab onto something to steady himself but had no body. He tried to blink away the darkness but had no eyes.

And then the physical world returned. Women's voices cried out excitedly around him. Again the flashes of consciousness between blackouts: another grey ceiling, hands hefting him onto a padded table, the flash of lights playing across the backseat of a car seat accompanied by the hum of an engine as he was driven somewhere, held between two people and led into another building before being set down on a lumpy mattress and being left alone for the darkness to mercifully take him.

When Pierce woke for real the world was blurry and unfamiliar. He was lying in a bed and from this vantage point all he could see was part of a window, light rays of sun slipping through the cracks in the dusty blinds. It hurt to swallow. His mouth was dry. Running his tongue along the inside of his mouth felt strange, like his teeth had shifted position in some nearly imperceptible way.

He blinked but the blurriness of the room didn't resolve. Turning his head to one side he saw the rest of the room in which he now lay. A half-open closet was in front of him, the accordion door folded open, a mirror on one side pointing away from him.

Something tickled his cheek and he reached up to brush it away. His fingers landed on a cheek that was stubble free and entirely too smooth. The ticklish thing was a long lock of what felt like hair. He plucked it off and felt a pull as though it were connected to his head.

He frowned and struggled to sit up, feeling strangely weak. The covers fell away as he sat up and he paused, half-leaning against the wall behind him with an oddly willowy arm, and stared down at himself. He was dressed in a lacy pink nightie, the cotton fabric draped from two spaghetti straps down over a slender framed body. Beneath the neck of the nightie he could just make out the small curve of a breast. The body was impossibly tiny and feminine, but it moved with him as though it was his own.

He gasped, finding his voice higher-pitched, and brought a hand to his lips. They felt wrong. Soft. Like his face. And the room was still blurry.

There were thick black glasses on the nightstand and he slipped them on almost unconsciously, the room resolving into sharp focus. It didn't change the fact that he was in a woman's body.

"What the fuck? What the fuck?" He muttered to himself. But hearing that strange voice made him even more worried and he silenced himself.

He stood on trembling legs. The nightie fell down to his thighs, leaving his smooth calves bare. Now he could see the outline of his thin frame beneath the nightie. The feminine figure that was now impossibly his.

He walked on unsteady legs towards the mirror, his balance off, his hips swaying back and forth. Turning to face the mirror, he saw a mousy-looking girl with deep-framed glasses and a slim figure. She had a broad nose with a slight upturn, just odd enough to seem cute. There was nothing distinctive about her brown eyes and her round face.

He stepped back and opened his mouth in shock, saw his reflection do the same, the dorky little woman's mouth dropping open as he gasped. She was thin and with very little shape to speak of. Smallish breasts. A fat butt. A woman he wouldn't have glanced at twice. But there was something familiar about her and it took him a few seconds to realize it was the waitress from last night. Somehow he was in her body.

"This isn't happening," he insisted.

He hurried out of the bedroom and found himself in a dumpy little apartment. A small kitchenette took up one wall, a vid-screen on the other. The walls were scuffed and dirty, the tiles on the floor cracked, the cabinets well-worn. The place smelled like stale food.

Something dinged, a sound more felt than heard, and a notice popped up seemingly in mid-air. An envelope above black letters with a white outline: *I new message.*

Pierce had never had a neural link, but this body apparently did. It took longer than it should have to figure out how to open the message, and in the end he imagined himself tapping it as if it were a touchscreen.

A heavily made-up blonde appeared in front of him, superimposed over the kitchen. His neural link brought up her name beneath the image in ghostly white letters: Mary Seagrind.

"Hey, Denise. I'm gonna need you to come in tonight for an art exhibition. After last night's debacle I'm afraid we're going to have to keep you in the kitchen. You'll get another chance at waitressing when this all blows over. See you tonight."

She disappeared.

The hell you will, thought Pierce.

He wasn't living in this dump one minute longer. He needed to get back to his old body and get it back...somehow. There was no plan, just desperation. On his way to the front door he caught sight of his reflection in the screen and was appalled at the tiny girl in the ridiculous nightie. No way was he going out onto the street like this.

He returned to the bedroom and hunted through the closet, coming up with some baggy camo pants and a grey tee. He was already wearing panties—thank god—so he just lifted off the nightie and tossed it aside, trying to avoid looking down at the half-naked body he now owned. But he could still notice the difference in height and mass, and he accidentally jostled his small breasts as he

slipped the shirt over his head, making them bobble uncomfortably. Then he stepped into the pants, squeezing them up over his plump butt.

There was no handle on the front door, and he pondered how to get out of the apartment before realizing that everything was probably connected to his neural link. Looking at the door gave him a slight tug in his mind and he imagined the door opening. On this thought, it slid open with a brief screech of old metal on metal and he ducked out into a dimly-lit hallway.

When he finally got outside Denise's building nothing looked familiar. He couldn't see any landmarks and was completely disoriented. An autocab was passing by and he ran towards it, waving his arms. The cab set itself down in front of him but the door didn't open. Instead, a warning appeared in the bottom of his vision: *Insufficient credits. Access denied.*

The cab took off into the air as Pierce called after it futilely: "Wait!"

There was laughter from behind him and he turned to find a small group of women watching him. They were dressed in yellow and black, colors that Pierce recognized from the news as belonging to some sort of gang that fought over the dregs of the city. The women were scarred and hefty, with a considerable amount of bulk. They all had solid faces and moved with deliberate, plodding steps. Pierce drew himself up to his full height and they still towered over his delicate body.

"Where you off to so soon, Denise?" The apparent leader said. She was an older woman with a heavysset jaw and deep lines across her face. A woman so ugly Pierce wouldn't have been caught dead talking to her just a day ago.

The women surrounded him and gave off an air of menace. Pierce wasn't sure what Denise's relationship to them was or how he was supposed to behave. He trembled in fear and he couldn't get his wits about him. His thoughts kept juddering off as he glanced at the array of weapons the women casually wore.

"J-just going uptown," he managed to say in a shaky voice, trying to look around the circle to all of them at once.

The woman quirked an eyebrow. "Uptown, huh? Going to serve your masters another fancy feast?"

"Maybe she landed a man," another woman said, to great gales of throaty laughter from the women.

"Not her," another said, "She doesn't have the figure."

Someone pinched Pierce's butt and he yelped and jumped away to more laughter.

"I don't mind her figure. I'll keep her warm. That's a better offer than you'll get from anyone uptown."

"It's m-my job," Pierce said, hating how he felt so small, so weak, how he couldn't think of even one clever thing to say.

"Better start walking, then," the leader said, her eyes roaming up and down Pierce's body. "Bring us back something good this time, huh? Otherwise you'll have to pay your safety fees in...other ways."

She winked. The women laughed again and walked away, leaving Pierce shaken and...strangely excited by the whole endeavor. He ran back into his apartment building, up the dark staircase and back into his room where he felt safer and less on display. His confidence was shot.

There was something wrong with him. He felt too warm for such little exercise. His thoughts were racing and was tense and itchy in a strange way between his legs.

Reaching down to scratch himself, his fingers landed between his legs and pressed the pants up against his new pussy. The touch brought with it a flush of warmth and he let his hand remain there, keeping the pressure on it. He rocked back and forth, remembering how humiliating it was to be looked down on by those gross old ladies, how helpless he felt, how they called him names and did whatever they wanted with his body.

The heat was now radiating through him. With a start he realized he was getting off on the humiliation of his new life. Pierce pulled his hand away from his pants and stalked back and forth through the small apartment. The desperate itch wasn't going away. He couldn't live with it distracting him, making it difficult to plan.

He unbuttoned his pants and slid his hand down past his pouch of a tummy, beneath the waistband of his pants. His fingers grazed over the coarse pubic hair and landed on an unfamiliar slit. Dipping in, he landed on a dewy warmth. Christ, he was getting wet already.

Pierce rolled his jeans and panties down his legs and kicked them away, revealing his long legs and pale creamy thighs. He'd seen better. Hell, he'd passed up better women than this. But right then he just needed the physical touch of himself.

Lying back on the bed, he stared up at the ceiling so as not to have to look at himself and let his hand play between his legs, exploring the gentle folds that he now possessed. His pussy lips clung to his fingers as he circled them around through his velvety folds. His other hand came up to one of his small breasts and he groped himself, digging his fingers in to grab a handful of flesh and failing. This body was so goddamn flat. And yet it still felt wonderful to stroke the little nipples.

His fingers still circled inside himself as the tension wound through him. His legs began flexing unconsciously as the little pleasure button rose beneath the fingers in his pussy. He sucked in a deep breath as he pressed on his clit, stroking it faster, in time with the new rhythm of his body. Lightly pinching his nipples sent a delicious tremor of excitement through him. Now his fingers were slick with his need, and he dragged them up and down his entrance, exploring his silky folds and remembering how the other women looked down on him, called him names.

"Oh, you stupid cunt," Pierce whispered, deriding himself.

The insult brought a sudden burst of heat from within him that made him throw his head back into the pillow and cry out. Now the sound of his wetness hit his ears as his fingers circled faster, slipping down and in through his entrance, plunging into the tight wet canal. He fingered himself faster, harder. His legs shook now, toes flexing as his tiny voice rose in pitch:

"Oh. Oh. Oh!"

God, he was so fucking tiny and helpless and miserable and...he came hard, body shuddering. The orgasm powered through him, making his pussy clench around his fingers, making him squeeze his tiny nipple as pleasure drove the breath from him. His eyes shut tight as he shook and came, the pleasure washing through him like a slow rolling wave, holding him in its embrace before releasing him to tumble away.

Pierce could feel himself dripping wet. The smell of pussy filled the air and he pulled his fingers out of himself and lay on the bed while his body cooled. Despite everything it was incredible.

Pierce pushed himself into a sitting position, making the mistake of looking down at his plain Jane body. How could something that looked like that feel so amazing inside? At least his mind was clear now.

He washed his hands and used the toilet—careful not to look down—then re-dressed. After some fiddling around he discovered how to activate the neural link and find out about who he was. The statistics of his new life appeared in the lower right-hand corner of his vision. A depressing list of debt and job obligations. He cycled through, selecting the menus with his eyes until he found the map of the public transportation. Denise had enough money for fares to get halfway to uptown, but any further access was restricted. He'd have to walk from there.

This time he was more careful in leaving his apartment, looking around for any sign of the gang before hurrying through the crooked streets to the dirty subway entrance.

It was early evening by the time Pierce reached the block where he used to live. Denise's worker pass had gotten him through the checkpoints, and now he stood across the street from the apartment building. Somewhere in the penthouse forty stories up was Denise enjoying his life?

As usual, the canopied entrance was crowded with young and beautiful women, taut bodies nearly hanging out of the skimpy clothing. It was like one of those old movie premiers back when there used to be a thing called Hollywood, except instead of photographers lining the red carpet it was women desperate to get pregnant by Pierce's pure bloodline. They hung out here hoping for a peek at him and the chance that he would reach out and pluck them from the crowd to be one of his girlfriends.

God, they were gorgeous. Breasts, and buttocks and glowing skin.

Pierce paused at the back of the crowd, expecting they would deride him. But it was worse than that. They ignored him, dismissing him with a glance, even a little smirk. They knew he was no competition. His dowdy clothes did nothing to improve his shapeless body. But how he wanted to touch them and stroke them. He was getting moist again just thinking about it, his body beginning to thrum at the thought of falling into bed with these gorgeous women. Hell, he'd even settle for an eight at this point.

Or was it their disdain for him that was turning him on? Disdain was a novelty for Pierce.

He shook the thought of. Had to concentrate on the task at hand. Why he was having trouble concentrating he didn't know. He'd thought his lazy, disorganized thoughts were a temporary result of whatever they'd done to put him in this body. But maybe it was a permanent result of having Denise's brain? Was this how she always thought?

While he was waiting, the crowd drew in a breath as the front doors opened, only to relax it again as Chanelle stormed out. She was furious and stared straight ahead, ignoring the women lining the entrance. Pierce slipped around to intercept her at the street where an autocar had pulled up for her.

"Chanelle!" He called out.

She glared at him without recognition and sneered. "Don't you talk to me you lower." She laughed disdainfully. "You seriously think you have a chance at getting Pierce? Look at you. You've got no body and a face like a dumpling."

"No, listen—" he began, but she cut him off.

"You're just another ugly bitch desperate for Pierce's sperm. You and all these other bitches here can have him!" She screamed before slipping into the autocar.

When it disappeared into the air, the other women buzzed among themselves. What could it mean that Pierce's primary was so angry? Did it mean she was out? Was there hope for one of them? Pierce could feel their nervous excitement as they crowded closer to the front entrance.

Pierce walked around the corner, knowing there was a back alley that held a service entrance. Turning the corner of the block, he soon came upon the alleyway. A gate of steel bars blocked the entrance. Over to one side, nearly hidden in the dark, was a small keypad.

Pierce had sometimes used this entrance to slip inside without being noticed, bringing with him a new girlfriend he could fuck without getting into a screaming match with Chanelle. He knew the backdoor code. Or at least he used to. What was the damn number?

Pierce bit his thumbnail in thought, a habit he'd never had before but, judging by the state of Denise's nails, she did. Damn, how much of himself was he losing by being this woman? He forced his hand down to his side then punched in the series of numbers he remembered and was pleasantly surprised when the door slid silently open.

He slipped down the alley and up to the back entrance. There was a truck parked out back, a tool chest inside. Pierce hefted it and, using the same code, he was able to get in to the building. He walked in as though he knew what he was doing, and the few other maintenance women there didn't think twice when they saw him coming as he struggled down the hallway with the heavy tools.

The service elevator went straight up to his floor. It would alert anyone inside, so if Denise was there in his body she'd know he'd be coming. There was no helping that. But there was no answer, and the elevator doors slid open into his familiar living room. The lights were off. The place was silent and empty.

Pierce opted to wait for her to return. While he did, he dug through the fridge and scarfed down the dinner and the pastries that had been made for him. Though the taurine was his favorite it didn't taste right on Denise's tongue. The pastries were delightful, though. Denise must have a sweet tooth.

When he'd eaten his fill he collapsed onto his familiar couch. The cushions dwarfed him in his tiny body and he nestled into them. He was warm and cozy and, despite his anxiety, soon fell asleep.

* * *

Voices woke him sometime later. Pierce jumped to his feet but froze when the lights to the penthouse flicked on and the front door slid open to reveal a small group of people. Evangeline was there, looking as ravishing as she did the night they'd had sex. Pierce's former body was there as well, his arm draped over a dumpy fat girl. In fact, of the five other girls in the group besides Evangeline, all were substandard and would have been beneath him. They didn't have the enhanced hourglass figures Pierce adored. They came in various shapes and sizes and colors. Even their carefully mended clothes gave away that they were lowers.

Evangeline saw him first and stopped. "Oh, hello."

The others looked up to see who she was talking to and they all stared at Pierce. His old body smirked at him, a confident twinkle in his eye. Pierce's neural link helpfully displayed all their names in the air above their heads but he didn't care who they were.

"Ladies," Pierce's former body said, "Would you excuse us?"

He ushered them toward the upstairs suite, all except for Evangeline. When they were gone, he moved to the study, easygoing, like he owned the place. Evangeline followed, and Pierce followed

her. He was pissed, trying to figure out what he would say. When the door slid shut behind Pierce, his former body sat on the edge of the desk, Evangeline beside him.

“We thought you might come back here,” Evangeline began.

“I want my body back.” Pierce had meant to sound intimidating but all he could muster was a whine.

“No,” his former body said simply, crossing his arms. “You’re Denise now and I’m Pierce. No more free rides. We’ve been watching you for a while now, just waiting for the perfect opportunity.”

“Guess you shouldn’t have fucked strange women,” Evangeline added.

“I know it must be difficult for you, facing consequences and all,” Denise continued. “It’s never happened to you before but you’re a quick learner. Or, at least, you were. Your new brain will adjust to its more...limited capacity. You’ll pick up my muscle memory, maybe even some of my traits. And you’ll lose that previous intelligence. Meanwhile, I’ve got room to expand. I just have to fight your urges to fuck anything with tits.”

Pierce felt his lower lip start to tremble and he bit his tongue, using the pain to stave off the crying jag. “What do you want from me? Money? Fame? You want to be my girlfriend? Have my child?”

Now it was Evangeline’s turn to smile. “No. I’m afraid you’ve already given me the last child you’ll ever make.” She cupped her stomach. “Unless you find someone to impregnate you.”

“Please!” He begged. “I want my body back.”

“That’s not happening,” Denise said. “You see, this isn’t just about having one baby.”

Evangeline put her hand on Denise’s arm. “This is about changing the world. Those women we came home with. You would have never picked them. None of you men would have. We want equality, and we’re going to do it one baby at a time, starting from the top.”

“It would if there were just one man,” Denise said. “But I think we’ve proved that we can take any body we want. And we won’t let a tiny minority of men have power long after they should have given it up. We’re going to be the new men. And we’re going to end the last vestiges of the patriarchy.”

“You can’t!”

“Oh? What are you going to do?”

“I’ll...I’ll tell everyone.”

“No one will believe you,” Evangeline smiled.

“You should worry more about yourself,” Denise added. “Don’t you have a job to go to? Food isn’t just going to appear in your kitchen by itself.”

The door behind Pierce slid open and two fierce looking women surrounded him and grabbed his arms in a stiff grip.

“Get her out of here,” Denise said.

As security hauled him down the hallway he struggled futilely. Evangeline called out after him: “We’re changing the entrance codes. And if we see you back here you’ll be arrested.”

Security marched him to the front door and tossed him out. He rolled on to the carpet and looked up to see the group of beautiful women who'd crowded around the entrance waiting for his body. They laughed at him as his neural link tried to identify their names, but many were blocked. One of the perks of being rich. Pierce pushed himself to his feet and trudged away.

He retraced his steps back to the subway, his mind a blur. But when he tried to get through the gates a message blinked up in the corner of his vision: *Access denied. Insufficient funds.*

Not even enough credits to get back to Denise's home. What was he going to do? As if in answer, the ghostly image of a woman appeared in his view. It was Mary, the same woman who'd left the message earlier.

"Denise? Where are you?"

"I'm...I'm uptown," he said.

A few women passing by gave him derisive glances. He should have been subvocalizing his words instead of saying them aloud.

"Well, get your ass over here. We need you in the kitchen."

Pierce didn't see he had much of a choice. He had no money and no one would believe him.

"Ok."

The ghostly image disappeared, replaced with directions in the form of a yellow path superimposed on the ground below him and pointing back up the way he'd come. He followed the path back up to street level and then around a few blocks to come up to the back end of the Capital Hall.

The back door slid open as he approached, the yellow path leading him down a series of winding corridors to the kitchen. Women were dodging around each other, yelling back and forth as pots boiled over and steam rose from the pans and the ovens. There Mary stood in the flesh, directing people this way and that. She saw Pierce coming in.

"Fucking finally. Grab a knife and start gutting."

She tossed him an apron and directed him over to the side of the kitchen where some other sous chefs were preparing fish. The women running around the kitchen were clearly lowers, and unattractive ones at that, but the women around the fish table were the worst: missing teeth, pockmarked faces, flabby arms. Was this who he was being compared to now?

One of the women handed him a knife and a fish. He grabbed the slimy thing and wrinkled his nose in disgust.

"Too good for fish after being out on the floor?" One of the girls snickered.

Pierce ignored her and followed the directions of his neural link as it overlaid where and how to cut the slimy cold fish in his hands. He got into a rhythm: grab, chop, slice, pull. Guts go here, bones there, body there.

In no time he was splattered in gore, but at least he was doing something. It felt good to have a goal, even if it was the grossest thing he'd ever done. He knew nothing of what went in to preparing food. His whole life he'd just ordered from wherever he was and food appeared shortly after, like a miracle. Now here he was in the kitchen, watching the immense amount of work that had made that miracle possible.

A change brought him out of his trance-like state of fish gutting. The sound of sizzling and frying went on but the voices had gone still. Pierce looked up to see Roland strolling through the kitchen.

Fat, happy, Roland, a greedy grin on his face. Pierce remembered that Roland sometimes liked to do this at big events, parade himself through the kitchen for the lowers to gawk at. Roland liked the look and feel of some of the lowers. The occasional half-pretty one made it out of a vat and Roland liked to snap them up whenever he found them for a quick fuck just because he could. Women respected him just because he was a man in the way that the other men disrespected him because he was who he was.

As Roland strolled towards the fish table Pierce looked up at him hopefully and swept a strand of dark hair out his face.

"Roland," Pierce said.

Maybe he could convince Roland of the danger he was in, but Pierce found his voice gone when Roland turned his dark brown eyes on him. There was a power in him that Pierce had never felt before. Maybe it was the power imbalance Pierce now had, of being in a small, plain, lower class body. Or maybe it was Denise's mind and memories taking hold of his and stripping him of his power to speak so he just gazed wordlessly at Roland, his lower lip trembling.

Roland reared back in disgust and Pierce heard the other women snickering behind him.

"I need to tell you something," Pierce said through dry lips.

"I don't think you do," Roland said, dismissively, turning to look around the rest of the women.

He spied one of the line chefs, her flaming red hair spiking out from beneath her hat. Her face was a maze of freckles and she had an overbite but Roland moved towards her like iron to a magnet. Roland yanked down her pants and threw her over the kitchen counter. She arched her back, spreading her legs for him, knowing this was her possible ticket upwards.

Roland pulled out his cock, driving it between her legs, rubbing himself on her without penetrating. The woman had the good sense to spill some olive oil on her hands and reach down to lube up his cock before he thrust inside her. She let out a sharp cry and then sunk down on him. He slid in fast, pounding her quickly, the smack of her ass loud in the now-quiet kitchen as everyone else looked on jealously.

Pierce saw Roland about to cum and start to pull out, but the woman clapped her legs shut and reached around to grab his ass, pulling him close. He had no control and came, spilling into her, grunting as he filled her with his precious seed. When he was done he zipped up his pants.

"Well played," he said, "May you bear a son."

With that he disappeared back out into the main gallery. The redhead was crying with happiness as the other women congratulated her and wished her well. Mary let her rest in the corner, taking the easy jobs of shucking the corn, encouraging the hope of pregnancy.

Roland, the man who had the least standards of any man Pierce had known, had rejected Pierce as too ordinary. Pierce didn't know why the room was getting blurry until the first tear slipped down his cheek. He wiped it away, dirtying his glasses. One of the other fish women saw him.

"Shouldn't have gotten your hopes up, doll. You ain't that good looking," she cackled as the others joined in.

Pierce sniffed, mortified and despondent and very uncomfortably warm.

Pierce made it through the rest of Denise's shift and begged Mary for an advance on credit so he could at least get back to the only place that was his own in this strange new world. He was covered in food and the scents mingled in his hair and on his skin unpleasantly. He kept his head down the whole subway ride home, conscious of the eyes on him, the disgust at his smell and his appearance. Gripping the subway pole tighter, his thoughts kept running back through all the humiliation the day had built up inside him. He desperately needed release.

Pierce made it safely back to his scummy apartment and tossed his clothes onto the grungy bathroom floor before stepping into the shower. He washed the filth off himself, letting down his hair and running his fingers through the long, black mass. While his head was down he opened his eyes and stared down at the body that he now possessed and which would torment him forever.

His breasts were tiny bumps, each capped by wide brown areolae. A little pouch of tummy hung out below, just above his mound. The dark brown pubic hair between his legs was wild and thick, hiding the lips of his pussy. His hips were wide, thighs fat and pale, legs long and skinny.

He grabbed one of his tiny breasts and squeezed angrily, wanting to punish this body. Instead, a spike of heat shot through him. He grabbed his other breast and squeezed that, digging into his flesh to grab as much as he could. The torture felt so good and a little gasp escaped his lips. Water continued pouring down his body, making it shiny and warm.

Pierce pinched his tiny nipples between thumb and forefinger, squeezing gently in a slow rhythm, pulling out each nipple away from his body, stretching the skin until it was painful and then releasing to watch his breast snap back into place. Nobody would ever love this body. Nobody but him.

One hand wandered down his front, cupped the little belly, explored a body so unlike he'd ever seen before, somehow beautiful in its banality. One hand still kneading a breast, the other slid down to follow the coarse trail of pubic hair to his waiting slit. The lips were rubbery and smooth and opened easily for him. His fingertips slid lightly inside himself and he stroked his warm folds, teasing the heat that had been roiling within him all day.

He moaned, his body trembling with anticipation as his fingers moved faster inside him and soon he was wetter than water, sliding his dew up and down his entrance, fingers moving faster. As he stroked in long circles he found his clit and stayed there, pressing tight, spreading his legs so he could reach himself better, rubbing back and forth on the tiny nub of pleasure.

He clenched his eyes and gasped as the first wave of orgasm washed through him, bringing him up to a plateau before stalling. Pierce could sense more pleasure to come and continued fingering himself. Now he slid his middle finger into his pussy, his hand spread between his thighs while he stroked in and out of his silky folds. His body quivered, needing more, and he slid in and out faster, other hand still gripping his breast as he thought about Denise in his body, about Roland ignoring him, about the others laughing at him, about all the women he would never have again.

The orgasm roared through him and he threw back his head and howled, fingers sliding deep into his tiny body. His pussy clenched around himself as he came. His legs went weak and he leaned

back on the warm shower tiles, fingering himself hard and fast as pleasure filled him, whiting out the world for a blessed eternity.

The orgasm released him gently and he came down. Opening his eyes he saw that damned body he now owned. He understood that he would be this plain vanilla woman forever, trapped in her life, never to land a partner. His only consolation was that he could make himself feel good.

So, with the water still running, he slid his fingers back inside himself and tried his best to adjust to his new reality.

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Thank you!

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