

A Man No More
Chapters 1 - 14

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Written by "Gamer"
Converted to PDF by Mutabah

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Chapter 1

Man Up

“Come on, Sam, it’ll be fun, and you need to relax anyway!” My girlfriend was quite stubborn. More so than myself, which means I would end up losing this argument.

“Hun, it’s a salon,” I argued back. “It’s my eighteenth birthday, I don’t think spending it in some fruity salon is what I’ve been waiting years for.” That’s right, Clarissa, my girlfriend, was trying to drag me to some salon and spa for men. She had gone to a salon for her eighteenth birthday two weeks ago, and had it in her head that I would love it too. Obviously, I’m not quite as interested.

“Please, baby? I just want us both to feel perfect.”

“Clarissa, I feel perfect already,” I replied.

“I know, but if you do this, I’ll make sure that I do **WHATEVER** you want tonight...” Dammit, now she had my balls in a vice. She’d hinted at us losing our virginity on my birthday, and now she’s practically admitting it. But if I don’t go into this ‘man-salon,’ I can kiss those dreams goodbye.

I sighed, admitting defeat. “Fine, fine. Let’s just get this over with.” With that, she clapped like a giddy school girl and grabbed my hand, dragging me to the door and rushing inside. Inside the salon, the walls were white, fairly ordinary and almost plain. It didn’t really feel like a salon, which is good, considering it was for men, and I’m sure pink and flowers should be saved for ‘real’ salons.

“Welcome to Man Up Masculine Grooming and Salon, how may I help you today?” the man behind the counter asked. Man Up? God, this place even sounded gay.

“Yes, my boyfriend here needs to be groomed and fixed up for a nice dinner this evening,” Clarissa said. I kept quiet; I already felt out of place, even if this joint was for guys.

“Oh, a nice celebration tonight, huh? Sure thing, we’ll fix him right up.” The man smiled, waving me over. I sighed again, looking at my smiling lady one more time before following. “He should be ready in the next two hours or so.”

“Good, that gives me time to get ready, too,” Clarissa replied, I guess deciding to go to her own salon. “Bye, Sam, I love you!”

“I love you too, babe,” I said, before heading to the back with this strange man in this strange place. There was a cushioned chair with a dome above it, like a hair dryer that fits around the head, like a typical woman’s salon, and a computer terminal nearby. The man and two other guys were getting the chair ready, so I took a look at myself in the wall mounted mirror nearby.

I’m not conceited, but I wouldn’t say I’m ugly. My emerald green eyes practically shine, though I needed a shave, as my five o’clock shadow was starting to really show. I kept my hair parted on the right, like I always did, and my jaw line was strong but not really defined. I was a little heavy set, but not ‘fat;’ maybe I should hold my shoulders up more. I’d look a little less fat then. I was broken out of my mirror trance when one of the guys spoke to me.

“Alright, may I have you take a seat, please?” Although I didn’t want to, I did so anyway, trying to get comfortable. They lowered the hair dryer over my head, even though my hair wasn’t wet, and I heard it start to hum. The three men were paying attention to a nearby monitor. I couldn’t see it, as the dryer was low enough to block most of my vision.

“Interesting,” I heard one of them say. “Innocent. Fairly quiet. This one will be good. What do you guys think?” What the hell was he talking about?

“Yes, let’s go for it.” I heard another of the men messing with the terminal and typing on a keyboard.

“So... what are we doing?” I asked.

“Saying goodbye,” one of the men said.

“What? Goodbye?” I was confused. Goodbye? “Goodbye!” all three men exclaimed, and with that, the man on the terminal hit a key, causing the chair to flatten diagonally, causing me to slide down it like a slide. Instead of landing in a heap on the floor like I expected, I fell down through a hole in the floor, screaming as I slid down a dark slide into what I can only guess was the basement. It was a long, winding ride, and I thought it would never end.

Once I hit the bottom, though, I rolled out onto the floor in a room with a blinding spotlight aimed just at me. I tried to shield my eyes, but couldn’t see past the light. “Hello?” I called out, to no response. I leaned forward, trying again to see past the light. “Is anyone there?!” This was getting ridiculous. Where the hell did I fall to?

I took a few steps forward, and felt the floor shift beneath my feet, which triggered a machine to start. The next thing I knew, two mechanical arms had lashed out and grabbed my wrists, jerking them down by my sides. “Hey! Let go!” I shouted instinctively, as if it could hear me anyway. I struggled to free my arms, but it was no use. I heard more machinery grinding away, and the floor beneath me opened up directly in front of and behind me. Two large steel blocks rose from the floor, and as I looked closer, it looked like a mold of a human body up to the shoulders. The back piece slid up to me as two more arms grabbed my ankles, forcing my legs apart to fit in the mold. Then the front piece connected to it, and I’ll never forget the next moments for the rest of my life.

As soon as the front and back latched, I heard them lock together, and the most intense pain I’ve ever experienced shot through my entire body from the neck down. It felt as though every atom in my body was being placed on the sun, I didn’t even feel solid anymore. I let out the loudest and most agonizing scream I could have thought imaginable, but it was cut short, as another mold had dropped down from above to clasp around my head. In this mold, however, was a large shaft or cylinder that completely filled my mouth, muffling my cries of pain. No matter how hard I fought, I could escape this pain. And then it hit my face.

My hair felt like it was being ripped out of my head, but constantly attached at the same time. My facial hair felt like it was being set on fire, and my nose felt like it was caving in. My shoulders felt crunched, my arms and legs felt like they were being squished, my chest felt swollen and on fire from the inside out. My nipples hurt so bad, if I wasn’t already contained I would’ve tried to rip them off. My hips felt like they were ballooning, as did my ass, and my cock felt like it was being ripped into millions of tiny shreds. Every inch of body hair felt just as burnt up as my facial hair, and my insides felt ablaze, yet watery; however, my feet, while still in pain, felt comfortably soft.

I tried to scream out again, but by this time I had noticed the mechanical shaft forcing my mouth open had opened, and I felt another piece of equipment traveling down my throat. I’m sure I gagged, but trying to cry out for help made the new metal in my throat feel like it was scrambling with my throat or vocal cords. I think the entire ordeal may have lasted for two and a half minutes, but it felt like weeks. Finally, a cool steam enveloped me, which made the burning sensation stop, and the molds unlatched and broke free. As they moved away, the blinding light hit my eyes again, the ankle and wrist restraints released, and my body was so

weak that I hit the floor hard.

The pain, while not as intense, still floated over me, keeping me awake as my body laid in a heap on the floor. In front of me, I saw scraps of my clothing lying all around, which is when I realized I was naked. Not like I could've done anything about it, anyway; I couldn't even stand up. That's when I heard over a speaker system one of the previous men that had thrown me down here.

"Gentlemen, I believe we've succeeded this time. Good work." What were they talking about? I'd say it was far from a success, as far as the pain I was in was concerned, and this salon was the furthest thing from 'relaxing' I could have ever thought of. I wanted to be at home, playing Super Smash Bros with some friends. I'd rather have sit in the salon with Clarissa, reading boring magazines about stupid celebrities I didn't care about. Instead, I'm lying on the floor of a blackened room and felt like every muscle in my body has melted off of me.

"I'll enter the room and help her up," another man had said. Her? Wasn't this a guys-only salon? Was there some poor girl that got thrown into this situation, too? I heard the door open, and the sound of footsteps echoed through the room as they got closer. They stopped right in front of me, and I felt two arms scoop me up. Wait, I'm not a girl, let me go! That's what I thought anyway, because I was so sore I couldn't even speak.

He carried me out of the room, but I tried struggling to get away from him. My arms and legs barely moved, and it hurt to move them, but at least I knew I wasn't paralyzed. "...no..." I managed to get out, but my throat hurt, and it sounded almost shrill. I tried coughing so my voice wouldn't squeak, but that only made my entire body hurt.

"See if she can stand," one of the men had said. I was about to try arguing with him about calling me a girl again, but as he set me on my feet, I looked up at a large window. I was surprised I could stand, but even more surprised at what I saw. A gorgeous naked woman was standing with three men that looked kinda like the guys in the same room with me, and she was looking right at me. I tried not to stare, and as the men talked about their 'success' and how I was standing or something, I peeked back to see her peek back as well. I lifted my head, as did she, and about the time we each raised an arm, I realized in complete horror that she wasn't looking back at me through another room. The glass was a mirror-like reflective glass, and I was that woman in the window. That's about the moment I fainted, blacking out before collapsing to the floor.

Chapter 2

Why Did This Happen To Me?

Some time later, I don't know how long, I woke up. I was strapped down to a chair and couldn't move much. There was yet another light shining on me, though this time, I could see one of the men I've come so accustomed to seeing standing over me, clipboard in hand. I jerked hard against the leather straps holding me down, trying to get at him.

"Who the hell are you?!" I shouted, noticing just how higher pitched my voice was. It wasn't a dream; upon glancing down at myself, I saw I was still in the mysterious, although very sexy, female body I saw before passing out earlier.

"Calm down, little one," the man replied, jotting something down on a paper attached to his clipboard. "I am Dr. West. And you're in the secret laboratory of Antietam Science."

I looked up at him, as if waiting for him to stop rambling to let me up. "And? That's supposed to impress me?"

The doctor sighed, shaking his head. "I thought it might be at least nice to offer you a little information on your current whereabouts. I mean, you've been out of it for a day and a half."

"Wha?! A day and a half?!" It was weird hearing myself speak. I kept clearing my throat, as if it would make my voice return to normal. "I can't stay here, I... Clarissa!" That's right, I just remembered my girlfriend would be returning to get me a few hours after I arrived in this miserable destination. Could she still be waiting for me?

"Don't worry about her," Dr. West said calmly, walking over to a nearby table to set his clipboard down.

"No, what if she's waiting on me? I need to go see her!" I started fighting against my restraints again, though I knew it would lead me no where.

"I said don't worry about her," the scientist repeated. "Ever. You may never see her again anyway."

"Excuse me?" I said angrily. "You wait until I get out of this chair, I'm leaving and taking you guys straight to the authorities!" As if on cue, the restraints retracted back to the places on the sides of the chair.

"Sure thing. Here, lead me to the exit, will you?" Dr. West had released my restraints, and held his arm outward towards the door to the room. "I could use a hand getting out of here. I hope you have your ID badge with you, as well, or else we'll never get through some of these doors."

He had a point. I sat up, speechless, as I realized he was right. I was stuck here until they were going to let me out. Even if I stole an ID badge, I don't know my way around, or just how big this place could be. I couldn't help but whimper at the thought of being stuck here.

"Don't worry, we'll take care of you until bigger plans arise, little one," the doctor said, as if that was supposed to console me. He obviously wasn't too good with empathy. By this time, the door had opened and one of the other men I had seen previously entered.

"I see our experiment is awake," he said cheerfully. I, meanwhile, was far from amused.

"I'm a PERSON, you know," I replied grumpily.

"Oh, right, I do apologize, how rude of me," he said.

"Between throwing me down a hole, burning me alive, tying me down, and turning me into... into THIS... I've come to accept rude behavior." My eyes stared at the floor angrily. I just wanted to leave.

"Please accept our apology. My name is Dr. Hutchison." He held his hand out for a handshake. After a moment, seeing I wasn't accepting his offer, he pulled his hand back. "Dr. West, how is the exper- er, the patient looking?"

"She's looking rather well," Dr. West replied. "Despite the expected hostile attitude, her muscle and skin tissue are fine, heartbeat is normal, she's pretty much a healthy young woman." I huffed under my breath at his comment. The doctor added, "On top of that, she's managed to maintain the same thought process and memories she had when she was male."

"Wonderful," Dr. Hutchison replied. "The project was a success."

I couldn't take it anymore. I jumped to my feet, angry, and shouted, "Success for who?! It sure as hell isn't me!! Look at me!" The two doctors did exactly as I ordered, which I could feel my cheeks burning through a blush. I covered my body with my arms, which felt a little weird to have to cover my chest as well. "Can I have some clothes, to start off with?"

"I'm sorry, here," Dr. Hutchison said, removing his long lab coat and handing it to me. I quickly threw it over me, buttoning it up to hide myself underneath of it. "Listen, Miss..." he started, as if fishing for a name.

"Miss nothing!" I don't think I had been more livid in my entire life. That's when the other doctor tossed something my way. I caught it, and looked at it to realize it was my wallet, which must have fallen to the floor after my transformation.

"Her name was Samuel Harris, according to the driver's license," Dr. West said to his partner. "Though, she doesn't look much like a Samuel now."

"This is true," Dr. Hutchison said. "How about Samantha?"

"No, I don't like that very much."

"Then what about Sammy? That's kinda cute."

"I don't know... She just doesn't look like a Sam anymore. What about Kristine?"

"Nah, that's no good. She kind of reminds me of a Melissa."

I had had enough. I grabbed the clipboard, ripping the pages off of it and throwing them up in the air to get the men's attention. "Hello?! I'm right here!"

"True," Dr. Hutchison replied while Dr. West scrambled to get up all of the papers off the floor. "What name do you prefer?"

"How about Samuel Harris?!" I replied angrily.

"No, a boy's name just won't do..." Dr. Hutchison commented, looking towards the ceiling as though deep in thought.

"You're not getting the point," I said. "I want to go back. Now." Dr. West, who seemed more like a quiet professional, reattached the documents to the clipboard, brushing his short blonde hair from his forehead. Dr. Hutchison, clearly the more casual of the crew, laughed gently, shaking his head. "I'm sorry, but that is simply not an option."

"And why not?!"

"We don't have a shell for your body type, for starters. Secondly, even if we did, you likely wouldn't survive another episode like the one you had yesterday." He sounded all-knowing, and was also countering every argument I was bringing up. "It felt like you were burning alive, didn't it?"

I got a bit nervous for some reason, nodding instead of arguing. "...Yeah. That was the worst thing I've ever felt..."

"Your body would crumble if you were to try that stunt again."

"But why me? Why did you guys do this to me?"

Dr. Hutchison sighed, lowering his head. His shaggy black hair framed his face, and as he lifted his head back up, the light of the room emphasized his strong jaw and cleft chin. He looked as though he had horrible news to tell me. “The truth is... We weren’t going to. You walked in upstairs, forcefully by your girlfriend’s hand. We were hoping our first successful subject would be a willing participant, one that might want the operation done. We wanted it to be someone more effeminate, someone that may also fit the personality as well. But you walked in, and you were innocent—”

“I’m not innocent,” I lied, as if trying to reason with them that they had made a mistake. “I’m constantly in trouble!”

Dr. West, who was much more muscular, built, and younger than Dr. Hutchison, interrupted me. “We scanned your mind before you were sent to the testing floor. You’ve never been in real trouble a day in your life.” I glared at the man, who stared me down right back.

“You were innocent,” Dr. Hutchison continued. “And you seemed pure. You were a good kid, no criminal record, no experience with sexual int—”

“I’ve had sex before!” I argued again. “Plenty of times!” The two simply gave me the same look, as if to say ‘Please, we know you’re lying,’ and I quieted down, blushing deeply as I sat back down in the chair I woke up in.

“It’s not a bad thing,” Dr. Hutchison tried to assure me. “This is a scientific breakthrough. Women that want a ‘perfect body’ or just a different body can have this done so quickly, and for less than a complete makeover would cost. Homosexuals that want to marry in areas where it is forbidden can undergo this procedure to legally wed if they so please. The sky is the limit!”

“Well, mine seems closed off now...” I moped, the anger fading from me as I realized I was stuck like this.

“And why is this such a bad thing to you? No offense, but you look much better than you did before. And as much as the media denies it, looks can get you anywhere, can get you any job.”

“But it can’t get me my girlfriend back,” I said. “And what would my family say?”

“We’ll take care of that,” Dr. West said. “Now come on, you should get some actual rest. I’ll show you to your room.”

I stood up and, with a sigh, followed the built doctor out of the room and down the hall. He swiped his ID badge at a door, and once open, held it open for me. “Ladies first,” he sarcastically said to me. I wasn’t caring much for this guy, but I walked into the room. He didn’t follow. “This is your room. Relax, and enjoy yourself.” And with that, he closed the door behind me.

“Wait!” I ran to the door and tried to open it, but it was locked. “Dammit!” I kicked the door, which hurt pretty badly without shoes on. I limped over to a nearby sofa, sitting down a moment, and looked around the room. They at least had the decency to furnish the place for me. There was a small bed, the sofa I was on, a coffee table in front of the sofa, a television, a mini fridge, a full length mirror, and a small two drawer dresser for clothes.

‘Why me?’ I thought to myself. ‘What did I do in a past life to deserve this?’ I stood up, taking the coat off to walk over to the bed when I passed the mirror. I took a good hard look at myself this time. Clarissa was pretty, even hot, but I was fucking gorgeous. My hair was still brown, though now went down to the middle of my shoulder blades. It appears all the fat in my midsection was moved around, as my hips were a bit wide, and my new breasts were at least a C-cup, or maybe could spill over to a D. My ass was perfectly round and firm, and my long legs accentuated the sexy curves and features of my body. My nose was a little smaller and thinner than before, much more feminine, and any signs of facial hair I had were gone. My lips were fuller, my eyelashes longer, my eyebrows more feminine. My hands were smaller and smoother, with slightly longer nails. I went from an average guy to a smoking hot woman.

My dick was gone. Completely. I could’ve cried at the thought, but in its place was one

of the prettiest pussies I'd ever seen. Smooth and shaved, it looked like a virgin 18-year-old's pussy, which makes sense, as that's what I am. But it was all still too much to wrap my mind around.

I ran my hands up my body, cupping my own breasts. They felt good in my hands, and it also felt nice to have them held. I gently rubbed my fingers across them when my middle finger grazed my right nipple. I tensed up and gasped immediately, a pleasurable tickle surrounding it as it was softly caressed. Looking down at my bosom, I decided to continue, gently brushing over both nipples with my fingers. They quickly became erect, and I found myself gasping quietly to myself. I felt warm, and that's when I decided to continue further.

I looked at my reflection and guided a hand downward between my legs, slowly spreading my lips apart. I stared at it in wonderment, before I instinctively drew my hand back. 'Wait, what if she doesn't want me to?' I thought to myself, before slapping my forehead. 'Ugh, dumbass, that IS me.' I slowly moved my fingers back down there, brushing up against my clit softly in the process. The sensation made me gasp out loud, almost in a moan. I looked over at the bed to my left.

"I think it's time I got more comfortable."

Chapter 3

A Little Touching Never Hurt Anyone

I was getting hot all over now, and decided to move things to the bed. I left the beautiful image in my mirror, crawled up onto my bed, and spread my legs. I felt nervous for some reason; it may have been myself, but I had never done anything with a woman before. I guess I figured out where to begin, and knew the general idea of things, but I still felt lost. I returned my left hand to my breast, and moved my right hand back down between my legs. I was a little wet, but I doubt I could've pushed a finger in yet.

I gently brushed my finger across my new clit the way I had with my nipples a moment ago. Needless to say, it felt incredibly rewarding - an indescribable pleasure rushed over my body, and I couldn't contain my gasps and moans any longer. The sound of my own sexual cries was arousing in itself, and had I still been male I likely would've gotten an erection upon hearing it. I bit my lower lip to keep myself quiet, but the more I caressed my clitoris, the more noise came from my throat.

I gently pinched my nipple between my thumb and forefinger, applying light pressure or occasionally tweaking it, which in turn made me rub myself more between my legs. My fingers moved further up and down, making sure my middle finger was still rubbing the clit as it moved down across my wet lips. I had never felt anything remotely like this as a guy; we had our hands and our dicks, maybe a fleshlight if you shelled out the cash for it. But I was only using my fingers and this was incredible!

My hips were bucking softly at my motions, and upon realizing everything I was doing I couldn't help but blush. I changed my pattern up, instead brushing my fingertips over my clit in a circular motion. It didn't take very long before I found my back arching off the bed, my whole body tense as I did this. If I kept this up, I'd cum everywhere for sure!

Forty-five minutes passed. I sat cross-legged on my bed, glaring angrily at the floor. Maybe I had done something wrong, but for some reason I couldn't bring myself to orgasm. This didn't do much for my self-esteem, especially in the sexual department. I could hear it now: 'Sam Harris is so bad in bed, he couldn't bring a girl to orgasm if it was himself!' My legs felt a little weak, and I had a fantastic time, but I was so close to cumming several times, and I somehow just couldn't bring myself to do it.

That's about the time my brain started working against me. I just touched another woman. But it was just myself, so it's fine. But I touched the breasts and crotch of a woman that wasn't Clarissa. Had I cheated on my girlfriend? I couldn't have, masturbation's not cheating! But I was born a man, and I'm Clarissa's boyfriend, so I shouldn't be touching anyone else's vagina. But I'm a girl now, so it's still just masturbation! Though, if I touched a man's penis, would it be cheating? That's not the issue, I'm not going to touch another man's penis! Argh, what the fuck is wrong with me?!

It was around that time I heard the chime of the lock accepting the ID badge, and my door opened to my room. I quickly covered myself up with my arms again, and Dr. West groaned

and turned away from me. “For the love of God, would you put some damn clothes on?” He impatiently snatched up Dr. Hutchison’s coat, while I opened the dresser to see if there were any clothes. There were, and I wasn’t too happy with the results.

“These are girls’ clothes,” I said without thinking, holding up a pair of panties.

“Do I even need to reply to that one?” Dr. West asked.

“You know, I really hate you,” I answered, uncomfortably sliding the cliché pink panties up my legs.

“The feeling is mutual,” Dr. West replied to my surprise. “Don’t think I’m doing this for fun. You’re merely a paycheck for me.”

“I can’t fucking believe you,” I said softly, trying not to get irritated. I pulled a pair of jeans up my legs next. They were tighter than I’m used to wearing, but they fit perfectly.

“I’m sure. And don’t be confused by the clothes. With you being unconscious for a day and a half, we had plenty of time to take your measurements.” I looked at one of the bras in the drawer and decided to outright skip it. I grabbed a shirt and threw it on, and found it hugged my curves without being very tight. Even normal women’s clothes are so weird.

Dr. West finally turned around, looking me up and down. “Skipping the bra, I see. What a rebel.” I rolled my eyes at him. “We don’t have any shoes for you yet, little one. Apparently it takes more than a day and a half to measure shoe size.”

“That’s pretty impressive. You guys should take a hint from the nearest shoe store,” I replied.

“Tell me about it,” he said back, surprisingly pleasant about it. He led me out into the hallway, leading me down the corridor as he continued. “And don’t worry, not every girl is going to be able to climax from the first time they experiment.”

I gasped, blushing deeply. “WHAT?! You were watching me?!”

“I see you didn’t notice the camera in your room,” he answered.

“I see, so now I’m your porno, huh?!”

“No, and this isn’t Big Brother, either.” We rounded a corner, heading down another corridor. “Do remember, you are still an experiment, and we are monitoring you. So don’t think we’re going to touch ourselves just because you are.”

I scoffed at the nerve of this guy. As soon as I went to say something, however, Dr. West swiped his ID badge to another room, the door sliding open upon doing so. We stepped inside, the door closing behind us, and Dr. Hutchison and the third man in white, the man I saw behind the counter, a skinny twig of a man, were waiting on us.

“Hello again, Sammy,” Dr. Hutchison said cheerfully.

“That’s not my name,” I said, already irritated and a little embarrassed.

“Right, so sorry. We’ll work on that right away.” He led me to a chair in the middle of the room. This one had comfortable armrests and a place to rest your legs. “Dr. Chilton has brought to my attention one of the many tests we’ll need to run on you to make sure the procedure was a total success.”

“You’ve seen my tits,” I said bluntly. “I think that’s proof enough.”

“While this is true,” Dr. Hutchison started. “We need to run several tests to make sure your body is still functioning properly. May I have you undress and take a seat?”

Arguing had gotten me no where, so I decided to strip and sit down, feeling a bit uncomfortable again. “Excellent,” Dr. Chilton said, and the three men walked to another door in the room that would lead to a smaller interior room, that I guess had monitors to check my vitals and whatnot. Why Dr. West told me to get dressed just so I would get undressed is beyond me. The reflective glass prevented me to see what was inside, so I felt alone in the room again. About this time, two clasps came out of the arm rests latched onto my wrists, and two more latched onto my ankles.

“Hey, hey! What’s going on?!” I tugged against the metal restraints, feeling the legs of the chair separate, spreading my legs.

Dr. Chilton spoke over an intercom from the other room so I could hear him. “Seeing your little fun time in your room reminded me we need to test out your sexual organs, behaviors, and reactions. So I decided why not now, since you, too, are curious?” About this time, the ceiling above me opened up.

“What?! No, I’m not curious enough to do this in front of you guys!” I squirmed in my chair, trying to fight the procedure, but doing so only made things worse, as a metal clamp came out of the chair around my neck, loosely holding me in place, as well as another larger one around my waist.

“Please do not fight this, as it may mess up the test results,” Dr. Chilton called out to me. But I didn’t care, this felt really fucked up. As if it was bad enough that I was on display, several contraptions were lowered from the ceiling, looking like a mass of metal arms and hinges with several pieces of plastic everywhere.

“Stop, please! Please don’t do this to me!” I was literally begging them now, but it got me no where. The chair I was in raised up, and the first attack against me were by way of two rubber tipped metal arms with pinchers. The soft tipped pinchers pinched my nipples fairly tight, causing me to tilt my head back and moan. They would apply more pressure before lightening up, only to repeat the process, leaving me moaning, gasping, and panting. Squirming did me no good, and occasionally the nipple clamps would twist slightly, only making me louder.

Another metal arm moved downward, this one with a rubber ball at the end of it, and forced its way into my panting mouth, working as a ball gag. Moans and groans still erupted from my throat or were muffled by the ball, and continued as the nipple clamps did their work. It was humiliating to know they were testing me through this, that they were watching me, but thinking about how I probably looked... No, how the sexy woman I had become probably looked in this situation was arousing, and I felt myself getting wet again.

After a few moments of ‘torture’ from the nipple clamps, they started to tug upwards gently, making my moans louder. Another arm had moved downward, and I felt something rub against my wet lips. My eyes grew wide, and I shook my head, my pleads and begging muffled by the ball; I couldn’t lose my virginity this way! Not as a woman! Not by some machine! My eyes started watering, but it was too late. After a moment of rubbing, the plastic shaft mounted at the end of the metallic arm pushed its way into me. I may have been gagged, but the scream I let out was still loud.

It was gentle, pushing in fairly deep. I squirmed a little, wishing it would stop, but the dildo inside of me pulled out slowly before pushing back into me, slowly fucking me. The tears continued to roll down my face. I was losing my virginity to a machine controlled by some self proclaimed innovators of science. This isn’t how it was supposed to be. It was supposed to be in my room, with Clarissa stripping and climbing on top of me, her blonde hair hanging over her face as she looked down at me... That’s what I wanted. Instead, I got my own set of tits for my birthday. Surprise.

The machine started to piston in and out of me faster, fucking me at a steady pace, getting a little harder with each thrust. I was beginning to understand why most girls are interested in foreplay first. This is all so sudden. ‘This isn’t happening,’ I thought to myself. ‘This is like something out of science fiction. This is like something from an anime. I’m not an anime girl!’ My thoughts didn’t take away my agony, if you could call it that. As much as I tried to fight it, it was beginning to feel wonderful. I may not have wanted it, but I couldn’t deny that it was pleasurable.

My sobbing had died down, and as I started to lose the will to fight I had quieted down as well. I didn’t want to lie there and take it, but I was strapped down. I had little choice in the

matter. I closed my eyes tightly, not that I could see much anyway as my head was still held tilted back by the gag, and tried to forget about why I didn't want it, why it might have been happening. Being my first time, it did hurt, but I tried to block out the pain, trying to just enjoy what I could out of it. I paced my breathing, feeling my chest rise and fall as I did. The nipple clamps detached themselves, which felt great as I thought they were going to be rubbed raw, and the plastic shaft was thrusting into me much quicker.

I was strapped to the chair and fucked this way for a short while longer, before the mechanical arm pulled the shaft from inside of me. I couldn't help but whimper at its loss, but was thankful I wasn't going to endure anymore. The ball, slick from my saliva, slid from my mouth, as the contraption pulled away back up to the ceiling. The chair lowered back into place, and as it did the restraints let me loose. My legs were shaking too badly to stand, and all I could do was drop my head, not wanting to look up.

The door opened up and I heard footsteps approach me. What caught my attention, however, was what I heard from the room.

"I can't believe you'd do it to begin with, much less for that long!" That was Dr. Hutchison's voice.

"It felt opportune at the time, she had already done it to herself! The timing was fine, it was to further help her explore her sexuality!" That voice belonged to Dr. Chilton, which meant my 'favorite' was coming to get me. Apparently, the other two still in the room had conflicting interests in my test just now.

"It's still too soon! We should have tried the physical fitness test, or done further tests on her vitals!" This was perhaps the only time I've heard Dr. Hutchison sounding angrily upset.

"She is still an experiment, what should it matter?! The tests need to be done regardless!"

"She's a human being before an experiment!!" I heard a slam at this point, and I think it was Hutchison slamming his hands on a table in the other room. "This better not have ruined what we've worked on up until now!!"

I felt Dr. West's presence as he knelt down by my side. "How do you feel right now?" I didn't respond. I heard the slam of the door in the background, and saw Dr. Hutchison's feet as he passed by, angrily leaving the room. West realized I wasn't going to answer, and instead lifted me up in his arms. "Come on, I'll take you back to your room."

Dr. West was quiet as he carried me back to my room. It was almost eerie. I finally, softly, spoke out. "What's your first name...?" I don't even know why I asked. Maybe I was sick of all the 'men in white,' and wanted to actually know at least some of these people a little better. He was quiet a moment; I guess maybe he was stunned that I asked.

"It's not important." So much for light conversation. He set me down on my feet by my room so he could swipe his badge. As the door opened, he looked at me. "Think you can make it in alright?" I quietly nodded, and he oddly patted me on the shoulder. I think it was his odd way of trying to console me. "Alright. Get some rest little one."

He started down the hallway. I took a step into my room, when his voice stopped me. "Hey!" I stopped and turned to him. He had stopped in the hallway, turned back to me. "It's Michael. But please, still call me Dr. West." He turned away and walked back towards the test room. With that, I stepped into my room. The blue walls and light furnishings did little to comfort me. The only thing I could do was curl up into a ball on my bed, and hope they'd never come back.

Chapter 4

The Good Doctor

About an hour later, I heard the chime of the lock and sighed. I didn't look to see who it was. They were going to cuff my wrists and haul me off to some other sex test anyway. Maybe this time they'd rip my nipples all the way off, or, better yet, maybe they'd all just fuck me themselves to save on equipment.

I heard the footsteps get closer. They were light footsteps, and they stopped near the sofa. I heard the person sit down on the vinyl couch, letting out a sigh of his own. The room was quiet for a moment, and I stayed facing the wall, still curled up in a ball.

"Sam," he finally said. It was Dr. Hutchison's voice. "Look... I'm sorry for what happened back there. I didn't know Chilton was going to perform that test."

"Convincing," I said bitterly. "Looks like that's what that room was made for."

"We also test your breathing, your organs, your blood pressure... We can check on your body with a simple scan. That wasn't the equipment he decided to use, though."

"Obviously." I was still bitter. And now this asshole was going to come and butter me up so I won't feel so bad about it next time.

"Look, again, I'm sorry. That isn't what I wanted." He sounded sincere, but I was too mad and too hurt to really care.

"Then what do you want?!" I sat up, spinning around to face him. He wasn't even looking at me, though. His eyes were fixated on his feet. He was hunched over, his elbows on his knees.

"My son."

I didn't know what to say. Obviously, I'm not his son, but what did he mean? I was speechless, which he must've noticed, because a moment later he continued.

"My son didn't feel right. He told me he didn't feel manly. He didn't want to be manly. He wanted a sex change." Dr. Hutchison slowly stood up, looking at his reflection in the mirror on my wall. "Most fathers would have been shamed or disappointed. I wasn't, though. I loved my son, more than anything."

He paused for a moment. I cleared my throat, my tone much softer. "...Your son is lucky to have a father that loves him so much."

Dr. Hutchison shrugged, still looking at himself in the mirror. "Charlie meant everything to me. Since my wife died, he was all I had. Boy or girl, I loved him the same. He was on his way to becoming Charlene. And she would've been beautiful."

"...Did he not go through the procedure...?" I wrapped my bed sheets around myself, my bitter attitude fading away.

"He was in surgery when his heart started having complications. The doctors didn't tell me much, just that it was a freak accident, that they couldn't revive him. There was little to no explanation on why he didn't wake up. I lost my child that day." Dr. Hutchison was hiding his face, but he balled his hands into fists by his sides.

"I'm sorry, Doctor," was all I could muster up to say to him. "Is that why you became a

doctor?"

"No, I was already a scientist," he replied. "But I had lost my will to live, until I caught word of this facility and their work. They were trying to create a means to change the human body safely."

"Well, I felt like I was dying," I replied. "So I don't know just how safe it is."

"But you're perfectly fine," he said, walking over to sit on the edge of my bed. "And we're working on a way to make it less painful. We've been doing this for many years now."

"And I'm the first person you've actually done it on?"

"Oh, goodness, no. You're just the first truly successful result." The doctor slapped his forehead, shaking his head afterward. "I'm sorry. You were the first person to give us the best outcome from the procedure."

"It's alright, I understand," I said. "But what's happened in the past?"

"A few of the recent people are still here. They're staying in other rooms, and we're looking on ways to improve their situation. One, who goes by Roxy now, came out with wonderful results, but still has his deep voice. We're working on that currently. Another has kept male genitalia, but still has the breasts and body of a woman. Earlier specimens have had certain parts of the operation omitted, such as keeping their strong jaws, facial hair, body hair, or male organs."

"But they're all ok, right?" I tried to get a little more comfortable, stretching my legs out under my sheets. Dr. Hutchison shook his head at my question.

"Not always," he replied. "Before I signed on for this project, the first subjects didn't survive. Others have tried the operation a second time to fix flaws from their first and died in the process. Even when we were trying to perfect the voice changing procedure, it cut open the throat from the inside, even after several tests showed it wouldn't."

I was horrified. 'I could've died' is all I pretty much heard out of his statement. "So, you suckered all of these people here and many of them died from it?"

"No, many of our subjects were volunteers, those that had wanted to undergo the change. We've only worked with female molds, so it was women that wanted to change their appearance or men that wanted a sex change. Once word got out about the percentage of surviving our tests, our volunteers dwindled."

"I would say so," I said. "That's terrifying!"

"Even so, some of our test subjects still volunteered. When we felt we'd gotten somewhere, we would use the method of 'volunteering' that was used on you, but that's normally only after several months without a willing subject."

"So, suckers like me don't come around as often." I was starting to get bitter again.

"I've always been against it," Dr. Hutchison confessed. "But seeing how well you turned out... You're beautiful, your voice is angelic, you look like you were born this way... I saw what my son wanted to become. That's why I was upset earlier. I don't want you to be scared away from this ordeal."

"Doctor, I'm already scared," I admitted. "My life is beginning all over again, with 18 less years to it."

"I understand. But incidents like today will not help you adjust to this new body or new life, and that's what I want. I want to see you adapt, to see you rise victoriously. I don't want to see you as a test subject. My son wasn't one. I want to ensure you're taken care of, like my own child. And if it helps you, I'll take care of you as if you were my own child."

It was weird to hear that from a man I detested earlier. I oddly felt safe by his words. My face felt warm for some reason; why was I blushing? I nodded to him, letting him know I understood. "Thanks, Dr. Hutchison."

"It's my pleasure," he replied, getting up from my bed. "Did you ever decide on a name?"

I was quiet a moment. I thought about it, and looked up at him when I had come to a conclusion. "I think I'll stick with Sammy."

"Sure thing. Sammy Harris it is, then."

"No," I said, cutting him off. "I don't know how the people in my life would react to this kind of change. I don't want to be related to the old me."

"Oh? Then do you have a last name?"

After a moment, I nodded, replying with, "Steel. Sammy Steel."

"Alright. Sammy Steel. Is there anything else I can get for you?" I shook my head, and he smiled at me. "Sorry for rambling. I just wanted to apologize for earlier."

"You're fine. Thanks, doc." He nodded to me again and left my room, leaving me alone again as I curled up under the sheets of my bed. So, I've concluded one doctor is a smart ass and the other is thoughtful. Now, to figure out the one that sexed me up with his machine.

I drifted to sleep, but several hours later I woke up by the sound of the lock on my door. It was nearly two o'clock in the morning, so I rubbed my eyes, yawning. I sat up, squinting in the dark of my room. "Doc? Is that you?"

"Not quite," said a man's voice from the darkness. I scooted back on my bed, my back against the wall, when someone jumped up onto my bed and grabbed me under my jaw, pinning me to the wall by my neck. My eyes were starting to adjust a little, but I still couldn't tell who it was.

"So, this is her," a woman's voice said nearby. Two of them? Who were these people?

"Yep," the man's voice said again. "The 'perfect' experiment. There's GOT to be something wrong with her."

"Please," I choked out, the strong grip on my neck straining my voice. "Please don't hurt me..."

The two voices I heard and a third voice, a girly sounding male's voice, laughed at me. I felt a pair of hands begin to touch me, feeling around my exposed tits. "'Please...' You forgot to say 'Mistress,' bitch," the man's voice said again before laughing.

"Well, it's not her tits," the woman's voice said again, before roaming her hands down my stomach.

"R... Roxy...?" I tried guessing who was holding me against the wall, and I guessed right. The feminine male voice gasped and the woman's hands froze. A face moved in towards mine, forehead pressed against my own, and all I could see was two lovely blue eyes in front of me.

"Where did you hear that from?" the man's voice asked, very close to my face. It was strange to hear such a deep voice coming from the incredibly sexy silhouette I was seeing in the dark.

"Doc... Doctor Hutch..." was all I could get out as the grip was slowly tightening around my throat. Suddenly the hand pulled me away from the wall a little, only to throw me back against the wall upon letting me go. I rubbed my head, looking up to get a better view of the woman (as far as I could tell) kneeling over me.

"Dr. Hutchison," the effeminate voice said. "What a sweetheart."

"Shut up, Betty," the woman's voice said. As my eyes focused, I could tell that the woman's voice came from a girl that looked to have pretty nasty burns on her arms and neck. The other person, Betty, was a cute girl, her red hair in two over-the-top pigtails atop her head.

"I hear you didn't even want this, did you?" Roxy said. Roxy was fucking beautiful. She had long black hair, a cute up-turned nose that didn't look snobbish or piggish, a pair of plump kissable lips, and two large D cups swaying in my face. She was a bit intimidating, and the voice completely threw me off, especially when she's up in my face asking me questions.

"N... No... I don't even know why I'm here," I mumbled.

"Aww, boo-hoo," the female voice started.

“Can it, Judy,” Roxy interrupted, before focusing back on me. “The nerve of you... You have what we wanted, and you’re not even grateful?”

“Look, I didn’t plan this—” I started, but a sharp slap to the face shut me up pretty quickly.

“You should be thankful,” Roxy said, giving me a glare so hard I thought it would literally kill me. “All the mistakes you made before? They’re gone. You can start anew. And you have the body and the voice and the total package of everything that we and the others here wanted.”

“And that’s fine, but listen, I—” Another slap to the face kept me quiet again, but Roxy’s hand went for my hair afterwards, jerking my head up as she lowered her body onto mine.

“You’re not listening to me. Enjoy what you have.” At the moment, I certainly was, as Roxy’s breasts were pressed up against mine, her face inches away my own. “And if you can’t, we’ll make you enjoy it. Or, at least, enjoy it ourselves.” With that, Roxy’s grip tightened on my hair. As I gasped in pain, my lips met her’s, her tongue forcing its way into my mouth. My eyes widened as she kissed me, and I found myself moaning into the kiss as her tongue brushed against mine. Before I knew it, I felt Roxy’s fingers teasing my clit, making me moan louder, and as I let my tongue begin to play back, the kiss ended as abruptly as it started.

Roxy got off the bed, tauntingly licking her fingers before turning her back to me. Her and her entourage headed for the door. Panting and bewildered, I called after them. “H-how did you even get in here?”

Roxy turned around, mischievous grin on her face, as she pulled an ID badge from her cleavage. “They may be smart, but it doesn’t take a scientist to tell you that a well placed fist to the back of the head can take pretty much anyone out.” With that, she swiped her card and let themselves out, snickering to one another as they walked down the hall. And I was left alone once more, blushing, flustered, and horny.

Chapter 5

Just One of the Girls

I woke up the next morning, still a little flustered. She may have sounded like a man, but Roxy had me sexually frustrated all night, and I'm not embarrassed to say it. As I rolled over, I saw the camera in my room in the upper corner near the door. I got up, seeing Dr. Hutchison had dropped my clothes off the night before. I got up out of bed, walked over to the coffee table and picked up the panties I had worn the day before. I looked up at the camera, spinning them around on my finger, making sure I swayed my hips with each step, before slingshotting the underwear up onto the camera to hide the lens. I decided it was time to have a little fun, in privacy for once.

Nearly an hour later, Dr. West had come to my door, swiping his badge to get in. I was lying on the sofa, wearing the same outfit as the day before sans panties; they were still over the camera so I was wearing a different pair. A sheepish grin was plastered on my face. I hadn't cum again today, but I got damn close several times, and I felt wonderful regardless.

"So, did you reach climax today?" What a rude question to start out with.

"How did you—"

"Oh, please," West said, reaching up with a single finger to hook the panties off of the camera. "Like you didn't make it any more obvious." He flung them at me the same way I had at the camera, but I couldn't help but giggle – yes, I giggled, shut up – at the sarcastic bastard. I was in a fantastic mood.

"How do you know I just didn't get more sleep?" I asked jokingly, only to receive an unconvinced look back. I got up from the couch, stretching, and led Dr. West out into the hallway. "So, what's for breakfast?"

"You're joking... It's nearly noon," he replied, leading me down the hallway in a direction I hadn't been.

"Well, what's the first meal of the day?"

"...Breakfast...?" he answered, sounding unsure as to what I was getting at.

"Well, there you go. You figured it out."

He shook his head, rolling his eyes. "God, you could be my sister."

I raised a brow at him, shaking my head back. "Two days ago, you would've said 'brother.'"

"You're right," he said. "But this is TODAY, and my brother wouldn't have a vagina."

"You know, I really hate you," I said with a smirk. He rounded a corner, with me trailing behind him.

"The feeling is mutual," he said with a grin. Well, at least we were on better terms with each other. We joked around or insulted one another until we got to the cafeteria of the lab. It was really nice for some secret underground lair they all worked in. We got in line, each of us grabbing a tray.

"So, little one, I heard you're 'Sammy Steel' now," West said to me. I looked at him, brow raised again.

“Really? Man, gossip spreads around here like wildfire, doesn’t it?” I chuckled, grabbing a plate with a chicken sandwich on it.

“Hutch told me. He almost sounded excited about it.” The young doctor grabbed a fish filet and a side of sliced potatoes. “He really likes you.”

“Is that so?” I added some fries to my meal, before eyeing the Jell-O cup at the end of the line.

“Don’t get any ideas, lady, he likes you in a professional way.” The doc grabbed a yogurt and headed towards the end of the line. I scoffed at him, following closely behind. That Jell-O was so close!

“Come on, I don’t swing that way!” I said, appalled. Once within reach, I snatched that desert and a Mountain Dew. “Anyway, you gonna stop calling me ‘little one’ now?”

“Not a chance, little one,” he replied with a grin, grabbing a bottle of water.

“Alright, ‘MICHAEL,’” I said with emphasis, which made him snap his head around so fast I thought he’d broken his neck. With a quick swoop of his hand, he knocked the can of Mountain Dew down to the floor, leaving me glaring at him. “Aw, really now? Now I won’t be able to open it up for like ten hours!”

“Never again,” he said sternly, before picking up his tray and heading towards a table. I hope I don’t ever get that look again. I picked up the can, set it back nonchalantly, and grabbed another, before racing after him. He led me to a table with Dr. Hutchison and another person I hadn’t met yet, a lady.

“Oh, hello Sammy,” Dr. Hutchison said warmly.

I smiled and returned his greeting. “Hello, Dr. Hutchison. Did you know Dr. West is a total jerk?”

He and the woman laughed together, nodding in unison. “Yes, I DO work with him, after all,” Dr. Hutchison replied. “Sammy, this is Dr. Wright, she’ll be working with us today, as well. Dr. Wright, this is Sammy.”

“Oh, right, I’ve heard about you,” Dr. Wright said with a smile. “The ‘success’ everyone is talking about, right?”

“Well, it depends on who you ask,” I said. She smiled at me, nodding.

“I’m sure, I’ve heard you’re almost rebellious about it.”

“Well, I didn’t really want this to begin with,” I said. Dr. West was mock snoring as I spoke. I take it he’s tired of hearing me whine about it. Dr. Hutchison hit him on the side, invoking soft laughter from the table. I took a bite of my chicken sandwich, waiting until I’d swallowed it down before continuing. “I mean, I guess it’s a success for the team, it’s just... I don’t know where to go now.”

Before anyone could reply, a Mountain Dew across the room spewed all over the scientist that had opened it, causing Dr. West to briefly choke on the potato in his mouth. I guess he’d grabbed the can I previously had. “Come on, let’s eat, hurry up,” West rushed the table while I snickered at his reaction.

Without even looking up, Dr. Hutchison calmly said, “You knocked another drink can to the floor, didn’t you?”

“This isn’t about me,” Dr. West lied, scarfing down his food. “We got science to run and tests to learn and studies to experiment and shut up and eat!” Within seconds, he was taking his empty tray to the drop off point, quickly leaving while the victim of the soda explosion was looking around for him.

“He’s something, isn’t he?” I asked out loud, biting into another french fry.

“That is quite possibly the nicest way it could be put,” Dr. Hutchison replied. “Let’s finish up, Dr. Wright would like to run you through your first test.”

We finished eating and I was led back down another hallway. They all looked the same anymore. After a few moments and twists and turns through the hallways, I was led into a new

room. This room was different, however, than the previous rooms I had been in. It was longer, and had an elevated long stage-like platform. At the far end of the room was a small set of steps leading up to the platform. Dr. Wright began walking that way as she spoke to me.

“We’re going to be teaching you better etiquette and how to act and react like a woman today,” she said as she walked up the steps.

“Who wha huh what?” Wait, they want me to start ACTING like I was born a girl too?

“Come on, it’s not bad or scary. Come on up.” She seemed very sweet, but I didn’t like where this was going. I followed her lead, though, walking over to the steps and getting up on the stage.

“Alright, I want you to walk down the runway,” she said to me. Thinking nothing of it, I did as she asked, walking to the end of the runway. I turned around, seeing Dr. Wright with her mouth open, as if trying to think of what to say. “...Alright... See if you can walk like this.” She walked a little slower than I had, her arms not swinging as much as mine had, her hips moving from side to side as she placed one foot in front of the other. For some reason, Dr. Wright could make a lab coat and flats look sexy.

Once she reached me, I tried the same walk, only to be stopped one step in. “No, hold your shoulders up when you walk,” the lady doc said to me, placing one hand on my back and another on my shoulder to lift it up. I looked down at myself after she did this, and noticed this pushed my bust out noticeably.

“This totally puts my tits on display,” I said to her, but she kept her hands in place.

“A dignified woman isn’t ashamed in her body,” she replied. “They’re just BREASTS, after all.” She put a lot of emphasis on ‘breasts,’ so I guess she was also telling me that calling them ‘tits’ isn’t very ladylike. I took a second step, and was stopped again, this time by two feminine hands on my hips.

“Well hello there,” I joked with her. She couldn’t help but smile, slapping my hip playfully before continuing with her analysis.

“When you walk, swing your arms less, and sway your hips slightly,” she commented. With that, she hugged her body against mine, which in turn flushed my face a deep red, and she kicked her leg out against mine to take a step with me. She placed the foot one step in front of my other foot, and used her hands to push my hip to the side a little. She did the same with the other leg, pushing my hip the other way, and repeated the process for several steps, leading me halfway down the makeshift runway. “There. Think you can handle it?”

I don’t think I would’ve gotten a single word out had I tried, so I tried walking the way she had taught me. It felt weird at first; my ‘breasts’ were sticking out more than I was used to, my hips were moving side to side. I turned around, trying to hide my burning face as much as I could. Dr. Wright waved her hand in a ‘so-so’ manner.

“Not too bad for your first time. Just learn to walk a little less like a Nazi soldier and make it more fluid.” She walked back to the end of the runway and walked down the steps, beckoning me to follow. She had long bright red hair that was near her mid-back, and she had this cute innocent looking face. Even if she did call me a Nazi, she was adorable.

I followed after her, where she joined Dr. Hutchison at a nearby table. She scooted out a chair for me, while he was already seated. “Have a seat, Sammy.” I did, and she looked me over, nodding. “Well, you’re not fully spread eagle like a guy normally sits, but close these.” She pushed my legs together as she ended her sentence. It wasn’t what I was used to, but I worked with it. She lifted my shoulders the same way she had on the runway, and placed my hands in my lap. “I think we can work with this.”

“So, I pass?”

“Close. Look casual, don’t look like you feel stiff.”

“...But I do feel stiff.”

“Regardless,” she came back at me with. “Look like you don’t. Also, when you eat, don’t

lean over the table like a horse or pig in a trough. Bring the food up to you.”

This all felt like a lot of trouble. “But what if it spills on me, or down my shirt? And what does this have to do with my operation?!”

“We want you to pass as a woman,” Dr. Hutchison cut in. “The operation makes you look the part, but if you still act like a man 100

“That’s right,” Dr. Wright followed. “And if you attend meetings, banquets, formal events because of this, we need you to act proper.”

“Attend? Wait, you’re going to parade me around?” I felt like a tool now. I was still less than a person to these people.

“Sammy,” Dr. Hutchison calmly said. “We’re not going to parade you around. You’re a scientific breakthrough, though. We may need you present for any conference or event in which we confirm our studies and tests.”

“I know, but...” I sighed. They weren’t being mean, so it’d be wrong of me to get mad or yell at them. “...I just feel like I’m being used, that’s all.”

Dr. Hutchison nodded at Dr. Wright. “I understand, Sammy. Dr. Wright, cut her loose for the day. We’ll pick up on some other tests later.” She opened her mouth to object, but nodded, understanding. Dr. Hutchison got up from the table, leading me back to my room. We talked lightly on the way back, and he let me back into my room. “I’ll be back in a while, we’re going to check out what’s going on inside of you.”

“Alright, Dr. Hutchison, thanks again,” I said, walking into my room. I looked back and waved to him as the door closed. I looked up towards the ceiling, when I noticed my panties were back over the lens of the camera.

“Well, hello sugar tits,” I heard a familiar voice say behind me. My eyes shot wide open, and as I slowly turned around, I saw Roxy lying on my bed with a mischievous grin on her ruby lips.

Chapter 6

Queen Bitch Roxy

“Roxy,” I greeted her with, slowly walking towards my bed. I didn’t really know what to think about her. She confused me to no end, and why she was on my bed was a mystery to me as well. “Why so alone?”

“You miss the others? I’ll make sure they get in on the fun next time.” She sat up her knees, patting the bed. I didn’t trust her too much, so I was cautious. She did break into my room the night before, choked me, pinned me down, slapped me around, and left me hot and bothered for the rest of the night. “Stop being so slow, get your ass over here.”

I did as she said, sitting on the bed by her. “Why are you in my room...?” She flashed a beautiful smile, running her fingers through my hair. What was she up to?

“It’s always questions with you, isn’t it?” Roxy asked me, getting comfortable as she continued petting me. “Relax, sweet cheeks. You seem like you could be fun.”

“Are you going to rape me?” I asked. She lightly smacked my lips with her fingertips, as if disciplining me.

“I just said relax,” she said. “Cool it with the questions. Not everyone gets alone time. Once they get a new girl pet, they’ll move you over to the group room with the rest of us, and they won’t take you to their table to eat with them, and you won’t be special to them anymore.”

“Thanks, how uplifting,” I replied.

“The truth hurts, love.” Her fingers tightened lightly in my hair, pulling my head close to her. I winced from the rough tug, but found the left side of my face buried in her cleavage. “But that’s why the rest of us have bonded so closely. And hearing you weren’t so appreciative of what we wanted, it pissed a lot of us off, hence our intrusion last night.”

“I didn’t want to take anything from you, and it’s not my fault,” I tried to reason with her, but it was really hard to focus with some of the nicest breasts I’ve ever seen shoved in my face. Thank god for low-cut shirts.

She must’ve felt the warmth of my blush against her bosom, because she pressed me full faced into her chest in a hug. “Stop talking, before you remind me how much you pissed me off yesterday.” She hugged me there a moment, nearly smothering me, before lifting my head up enough to get some air. “Not to mention, it was fun making you squirm last night.”

“So,” I said, panting softly. “You like... intimidating people, huh...?”

Roxy laughed so hard her chest shook. “No, silly girl, unless that gets you off.” She pushed me down to the bed, lying next to me and hovering inches over my face. “Maybe it does. I think you’re highly submissive.”

“W-what? N-no,” I stammered. I knew my face was bright red, but I wasn’t lying. I was never submissive, intimidation never did anything for me. Was it because Roxy was so good looking?

“Liar,” she spat at me, looking me up and down. “You liked being pinned to the wall last

night, didn't you?"

"N-no, I didn't."

"Then why were you so wet when I was kissing you?" My face must've been as red as a tomato as she said that to me. Was I really that wet? "And why are your nipples so hard right now?"

Embarrassed, I looked down at myself to see she was right. 'Damn you, nipples, what are you doing?!' I thought to myself, before looking back up at Roxy. She had a sultry look in her eyes; if she was trying to seduce me, she was a pro.

She pinched one of my nipples lightly, causing me to let out a sexy gasp. She chuckled to herself, tweaking it between her thumb and forefinger. "You're a fun toy... Sandy? Sunny?"

"S-S-Sammy..." I managed to stutter out, feeling my whole body get warm. I closed my eyes, but still heard her laugh softly.

"Oh, what does it matter? Can I call you 'mine,' Sammy?" She didn't let up on the single nipple in her grasp. I don't know if she was trying to torture me or make me beg for it, but I was going to crack if she kept it up. I didn't know how to answer her question, but was too busy panting and groaning from her pleasing touch. She took her other hand and hooked a finger under my chin, as if lifting my head up a little. "Do you want me to kiss you again?"

"P-please," I begged. I could feel my lips quivering, I wanted more. She was much more delicate than the sex machine was to me, and as long as she didn't lift me in the air and fuck me I think I'd be fine.

"Can I call you 'mine,' Sammy?" she repeated her question. I nodded, looking up at her as she was taking control of me. She removed her hand from my jaw and placed against her ear, as if trying to hear something. "I'm sorry, your Mistress can't hear you..."

"Y-yes..." I barely managed to get out.

"Yeeeessss...? Yes what?" She tightened her pinch on my nipple, tweaking slightly harder.

"OH!! Mmm, yes, Mistress..." My face burned more, I was so embarrassed. What a humiliating thing to say... She thought otherwise, though, as I heard her chuckle and granted my wish. Our lips met, and as she kept teasing my nipple, she slowly climbed on top of me. It was official: if masturbating or the sex machine didn't count as cheating on Clarissa, this definitely did.

I felt Roxy slowly grinding her hips against my midsection, and I could feel myself getting wetter. She released my nipple, instead taking both hands and cupping my breasts. I moaned out into the kiss as she parted my lips with her tongue, exploring my mouth. She massaged my breasts, never stopping her tongue, never stopping her grinding.

She broke the kiss, much to my dismay, but only to pull her tight t-shirt off. Underneath was a silky white bra which delightfully pushed her breasts together to form her beautiful cleavage. The busty aggressor grinned at me, and the next thing I knew, my shirt was being tugged over my head, the cold air of my room meeting my naked chest sharply. I let out a gasp, biting my lip as I felt her warm lips meet with an erect nipple, kissing the bud tenderly while she resumed the massage to my other breast. Her tongue danced with the nipple in her mouth.

My past relationship was the furthest thing from my mind right then. As Roxy's free hand trailed down my side, causing me to squirm lightly, her expert mouth worked its magic further, planting succulent kisses all over my breast. If by chance I ever become a man again, or if I escape from this hellhole to become a lesbian on the outside, I'd definitely have to remember these moves. She continued kissing them, kissing up my cleavage, past my collar bone, and up my neck towards my ear. I was getting goosebumps and chills, unable to control my moans any longer. She nibbled my earlobe, tugging gently before whispering in my ear, "Have you ever gone down on any one before?"

"Mmm... n-no, I haven't..." Without a word, I felt a sharp stinging slap on my cheek that pulled a gasp from my throat. I looked over to see her glaring at me, when I remembered. "I'm

sorry... No, Mistress..." She smiled, gently rubbing the cheek she had just slapped.

"Ooo, I'm so lucky," she said, sitting up. I pouted at her for doing so, but she kept her mischievous smile as she started sliding down her pants and underwear. "That means I get to be the first one you make love to with your mouth."

"Huh?" Before I could do or say anything further, she knelt on top of my arms, pinning me down, straddling my head. My face got so hot it's a wonder she didn't think her legs were on fire. Her pussy wasn't quite shaved but was neatly kept and trimmed, and was inched away from my lips.

"Kiss me," she commanded. Being pinned down, I didn't dare argue with her. I leaned up, pressing my lips against her, gently running my tongue across her folds up to tease her clit. Her legs tightened around my head a little from the feeling, which was a little scary at first, but my slow agonizing licks started moving at a rhythmic pace. I figured I was doing something right when her hands ran through my hair, taking a gently grasp and further forcing my face into her crotch with a loud moan.

"Mmmph!" I was stunned for a moment, but I found myself on auto-pilot. I let my tongue continue its work, making sure to pay attention to the clitoris. Eliciting louder groans and whines, I couldn't help but grin to myself, gently flicking my tongue against her sweet spot. Roxy may have been intimidating, but I felt like I was controlling her now, like my movements determined the next sound to erupt from her throat.

My tongue worked its way down, pushing itself past the folds and inside of her. Her whole body grew tense, and I could feel her tighten up around the tip of my tongue. It wasn't very long, so I couldn't get incredibly deep inside of her, but I seemed to be doing enough for her. Still held close to her, my nose ended up brushing against her clit a bit as well. Getting two birds with one stone, I figured this would be the best spot to stay for a while.

I figured correctly, because a few moments later Roxy clenched my hair much harder, enough to make me cry out against her, but I'd find out why quickly after. The payout for my actions led me to a discovery - Roxy was a squirter. And she let out a scream that could shatter the earth as she came, soaking my lips and cheeks in her climax. It's a good thing I didn't mind, because there's no way I would've been able to pull my head back with the hold she had on it. She sat back, dropping my head back against the bed, and panted as she looked down at me, admiring her mark she'd left on my face with a grin.

"W-wow..." I said, flushed. I licked my lips, tasting her juices further, which wasn't unpleasant compared to the stories I'd heard in school. I was breathing heavily as well, my arms still pinned down as I looked back up at Roxy. I knew she would use this moment, if any, to further threaten me or harass me, so I was expecting it.

"Very nice, I needed that, kid," she said to me. She lifted herself off of me, grabbing her clothes. "I'll cut you loose. You don't have to call me 'Mistress' until we get in another situation like this again." She started pulling her pants up, her breasts bouncing with each tug.

"I'm glad I could help, but..." Surely she wasn't leaving now. I was hornier than I'd ever been in my entire life, and she was walking out on me?

"No buts," she replied as she clasped the hooks on her bra together, lifting her shirt over her head. "We might save those for next time." Roxy tugged her shirt down over her, and with a wink, strolled sultrily to the door.

"W-wait," I called after her, hoping she was kidding. She turned back to me with a smirk, throwing something at me that hit me in the face, and swiped her badge. Scoffing, I grabbed it out of my lap to see what it was, and realized she'd thrown her panties at me.

"Think of me," she said, and with an innocent wave, let herself out of my room.

I was actually irritated. I called her Mistress, and I ate her out, and I got nothing out of that deal! Livid, I did the only thing that any other sane person had left to do - I stuck my hand down my pants and jerked the covers over my head.

Chapter 7

Well, It's About Time

I didn't know if I was more mad at Roxy for leaving me aroused or myself for letting her leave. Feeling used, I was now left to fend for myself, tugging my pants down to get between my legs easier. I went to work straight away, rubbing my middle and forefingers against my clit. Maybe I'd actually get to orgasm today.

I reached up with my other hand to tease my still bare chest, finding Roxy's panties were still in my hand. The thong was very soft, which gave me an idea. I rubbed my nipple like I originally planned, but did it through the soft fabric of the underwear that had been thrown to me. Feeling how soft and stimulating the fabric against my nipple was, I squirmed a little and couldn't hold back my sexual whines and moans. This was already leading me to the right direction of reaching my climax.

Rubbing my clit a little harder, I moved my fingers in little circles below. The sensation made my back arch off the bed, a gasp escaping my throat. I pinched my nipple a little harder, my fingers working faster. I decided to try something new, and flipped over onto my stomach, lifting my lower half up by sitting on my knees while lying down. I couldn't play with my breasts as easily this way, but another new idea came to mind.

Roxy's panties in hand, I moved them from my breasts down between my legs, rubbing myself through them below. The feeling literally sent chills through my body, and I found myself purring in ecstasy. This position and the panties had felt better than anything I'd done so far, and I was getting close already. I started grinding my hips against my already working fingers. I could really get used to this new body, especially if I did this several times a day.

That's when I felt it. After several moments, I felt the pressure building inside of me. I almost lost my breath from how excited I was. I rubbed a little harder, I was so close. I worked my hips more, my legs were shaking. My lips were quivering, my breath coming out ragged. "I'm... I'm gonna..." And that's when I heard the chime of the lock on my door.

My eyes shot open in disbelief as I froze. I grabbed my pillow, buried my face in it hard, and screamed as loud as I could. I couldn't fucking believe it; I was finally going to cum and someone walked in on me?! I pulled the covers down so only my eyes and above could be seen, glaring at whoever had walked in. I could literally have killed them.

Dr. West literally took a step back at the sight of my eyes, looking shocked. "Jesus Christ, I don't ever want to get that look from you again. What's the issue?"

"You know," I started, seething as I clinched my sheets in my fists. "I really fucking hate you."

"The feeling is mutual," he replied, throwing a stray bra at me. "Get dressed. We've got work to do."

I jerked the covers down, sitting up to try to put the bra on. "I'm going to find out where you live, and I'm going to kill you in your sleep." I had pulled the straps up my arms and reached behind me, fighting with the clasps. I'd never had to wear a bra before, so it felt

impossible to try to put it on.

West shook his head. "That's all well in good, you act like you're the first person to say that to me." After a moment he looked over to see me having trouble. "Oh Christ, you still can't get that thing on, little one? Come here, I'll help you." He walked over, grabbed each side, squeezed the life out of me, and clasped them together.

"Um..." I tried moving my shoulders and twisted a little to get used to it. God, I hate bras. "Is there any looser settings?"

"Oh yeah, like two or three," he said arrogantly as he headed to the door. "But you're not going to get enough support or nice enough cleavage that way."

"Like I care! Come on, make it looser," I said, but he threw a shirt at me instead. I rolled my eyes as I realized he wasn't going to and I pulled the shirt on, glaring at him again. After tugging up a pair of pants, Dr. West led me out into the hallway again. "So, what test are we going to do?"

"We're going to perform the scan Dr. Hutchison was telling you about the other day, and then do the test you don't like." I shuddered as he finished his sentence.

"You're joking, right?"

"Nope," he said flatly.

"But, Dr. Hutchis—"

"Hutch apologized for it happening so early," Dr. West said, interrupting me. "It is still a test to be performed. It was performed on all the subjects before you, and you are no exception." I didn't agree with it, and I didn't want to do it, but I had been fairly calm about the whole 'turning into a girl and ruining my life' ordeal today, so I didn't argue. Why not try it out and see if it's any better than yesterday? How optimistic of me.

I was led to the same room I was in before. I saw the chair and hesitated. Dr. West held his arm out towards the chair, as if telling me to I may help myself to a seat, before walking to the same side room the doctors had been in before. The others were already inside, and after another moment's hesitation, I walked over and warily took a seat.

"I want you to know," I called out towards the reflective glass. "That I'm still uncomfortable with this."

"Duly noted," I heard Dr. Chilton's voice say over the intercom system from their room to mine. After a moment I heard a soft hum, and a tall machine that arced outward was lowered by my right side. As soon as I looked over at it, a bright red laser light shot out from its side, temporarily blinding me. I did see that it circled the chair at least once before the machine shut off.

I was blinking to try to regain my sight, the machine rose back to its hiding place in the ceiling. By the time I was able to see things clearly again, I could see information appear on the reflective glass, as if it were a monitor. It was all jargon to me, but I did notice a few things that made sense, such as "Vision: 100

I sat there for a few minutes, drumming on the armrests while waiting on them to finish. I was starting to get nervous about it again. Was it because I was being watched, or because I wasn't in control? Could it have been because it was more than my own fingers? Finally, I heard the voice of Dr. Hutchison. "Alright, Sammy, are you ready to retake the test?" he asked. I think after our talk last night he was having issues calling it the sex test or whatever they call it.

"No," I said flatly.

"Alright, just let me know when you're ready," he replied.

"How about next week? I might be ready then," I said. I wasn't sure just how much I was joking.

That's when I heard Dr. Chilton's voice again. "Ha ha... No." With that, the chair started to rise. I started panicking, sitting up a little in the chair. I hadn't been restrained this time,

so I was contemplating jumping out of the chair. Before I could, though, two slots opened in the chair by my waist, and two claws clamped onto my hips. I would've preferred the lap bar, but I soon realized they weren't to restrain me to the chair.

The claws lifted me a little, flipping me over as the chair reclined. I was on my elbows and knees in the chair, my head where my feet should've been and vice versa, when the familiar wrist and ankle restraints appeared. The two ankle cuffs came out near the head of the chair, and the wrist clamps were either near the ankle restraints from yesterday or the same ones. I was now pinned to a chair with my ass in the air. I knew I was blushing brightly, because I could feel my cheeks burning for being on display to the doctors in the other room in the doggy style position.

That's when the contraptions were lowered from the ceiling. Having been cleaned since yesterday, they started getting in place in reverse. I found the dildo that had fucked me now in my face, a motorized piston attached to the arm to thrust itself. I kept my lips closed as I stared down the plastic shaft's length. I liked blowjobs, but I don't think giving them was really my thing. It wasn't my choice, however, as a soft tipped pincher like the ones that teased my nipples came down and pinched my nose.

My airways blocked off, I held my breath for as long as I could. I wouldn't have been surprised if my face turned colors, and I knew I was starting to feel lightheaded, but I couldn't do it any longer. I finally gasped for air, and upon inhaling a deep breath, the arm moved the shaft into my mouth, where the piston slowly started to pump. The pinchers kept my nose closed for a few seconds longer before releasing and rising away.

The arm that held the ball gag attached by a thin pole lowered itself down. While all I could see was the dildo thrust in and out of my mouth, I felt two arms take the waist of my pants and tug them down, then spread my legs to make sure my pussy's lips were spread. Face on fire once more, I tried to cry out, only to be muffled by the fake dick thrusting faster into my mouth. My hushed moans combined with the slurping noises I was unwillingly making was a huge turn-on to my male mind, which in turn aroused my female body and made me wet, which didn't take long considering I was pretty wet before 'Dr. Dickhead' walked in on me.

That's when I felt the rubber ball press against my pussy lips. My eyes shot wide open, and I tried to shake my head, which is a little hard to do with a dick thrusting towards your throat, but my mumbled protests wouldn't stop the machine from pushing the gag slowly between my lips. It stretched me open a little, and I moaned out a lot, but once my lips had enveloped half of the gag, it slid in fairly easily. I likely would've moan as loud as I could had the dildo not start hitting the back of my throat, gagging me.

The arm with the gag didn't thrust, but did move and angle itself slightly, pushing the ball against my inner walls. After the initial pain, I can't deny how incredible of a feeling it was. I might've cum shortly after had I not been feeling humiliated by the fact that there were people watching me have my mouth pounded into and my cunt penetrated. Struggling got me nowhere; I was pinned to the chair hard.

The two arms that spread my legs returned, this time spreading them a little further. My eyes widened again as I knew what they were doing. I started squirming my body, trying to move or get away, but the two claws that clamped onto my hips earlier were back, and this time they held me in place. The arms spread apart my cheeks so that my asshole was exposed to the cold air of the room. It was now hard to move much at all, and all I was able to do was feel the rubber ball probe around and get fucked in the mouth by a machine with a dildo. I should've jumped out of the chair when I had the chance.

I felt a small rounded tip of plastic, covered in lubrication, press against my ass. I tried to shake my head again, my begging muffled when I wasn't gagging, but the plastic vibrator pressed itself onward slowly. I tried screaming out when my throat wasn't being invaded, clenching my eyes tightly closed as I felt my asshole stretch to fit the vibrator. It painfully

pushed its way in about an inch or two, and stopped. As the ball rubbed against my walls, it pressed against the wall near my ass, and I could feel both pieces of equipment rubbing the same area. My legs started to quiver, I was getting the same feeling I had back in my room.

Shortly after, the vibrator started to rumble softly. My breathing rapid, I nearly shook from the vibes it was sending out. That's when I felt an immense rush of pleasure. I moaned hard and tensed up as I finally hit my climax, soaking the ball inside of me. My body fell weak afterwards, and my eyes drooped open to find the dildo still thrusting into my mouth, more than half of it covered in my saliva. I noticed it was stopping. I then noticed that the vibrator was still buzzing, vibrating in my ass, while the ball stayed inside of me as well.

'Alright, I came, we can stop now,' I thought to myself, but it didn't stop. The machine kept at it, doing its job. I felt the vibrator push deeper into my ass, slowly pulling out to push back in again. I was getting triple penetrated, and I couldn't escape as it continued its assault. 'Please, stop,' I wished in my mind. 'Let me go, please!'

The thrusts into my ass got a little rough, and the dildo would force its entire length into my mouth, choking and gagging me as I was forced to depththroat it, before pulling back for a few short thrusts and then back deep in my throat. My eyes watered and tears streamed down my face from my first depththroating experience. The ball inside of me pushed deep into my vagina, and then would pull back to stretch my lips apart, only leaving about halfway before pushing back into me. I was gagging when I suddenly realized something I had forgotten: girls can have multiple orgasms.

And my body grew tight as I had a second orgasm. My body fell limp, but was still held in place by my restraints and the equipment filling my holes. As the paces of each piece that penetrated me intensified, four or five inches of vibrator in my ass, the ball pushing in as deep as it could, and gagging longer and harder on the dildo, my body trembled. 'No,' I thought, 'Not again...' My body forced itself to cum once more, my throat letting out more of a whine in my fatigued state. I had never had sex before the previous day, but I felt like I was being fucked to death now.

Finally, the saliva-covered dildo slid all the way out of my mouth, a long spit trail connecting my lip to the tip of it. The vibrator stopped its vibrations, slowly pulling out of my ass, and the ball stretched my vaginal lips one final time as it removed itself from me. As all of my restraints released themselves, my body fell limp onto the chair as it lowered itself back down. It stayed reclined, likely to keep me from falling out of it.

The door opened, and I heard footsteps headed my way. I heard light conversation on the other side of the room, but my eyes were closed, too tired to open them. Someone leaned down near me, placing a hand on my forehead. "Are you alright, Sammy?" It was Dr. Wright's voice. I could only reply with a whimper. She stood up, talking back with the other doctors. "She can't walk to her room. Do we have a wheelchair or a stretcher?"

"A stretcher?" Dr. Chilton asked. "Don't you think that's a little extreme?"

"I think what you put her through was a little extreme, Chilton," she replied.

"DOCTOR Chilton," he corrected her. After a moment, I heard him call out in an annoyed tone, "Alright, go and get this girl a wheelchair." I don't remember anything after that in the room, fainting on the experiment chair.

A short while later, I woke up, my whole body sore. I was lying in my own bed. I looked down to see someone had dressed me in a really girly night gown with lace around the edges. It was very soft and silky, and it felt so nice. I never thought in my life I'd be happy at the feeling of a woman's silky night gown on my skin. I tried to sit up, but my muscles were too weak to work with me. I gave up, lying back and sighing as I stared at my ceiling. Hopefully, one day, I'll be out of here, and I'll be able to see and smell the sky again. Tonight, though, the only thing I had the strength to do was sleep. And so I did.

Chapter 8

A Day Off?

I woke up, stretching hard before sitting up in my bed. It was nearly two in the afternoon. It was odd that no one had come to check on me yet. I got up, deciding to take my time on everything I did until someone would come for me.

I walked to the little bathroom in my room and took a long shower, making sure to pay attention to each part of my body as I washed and lathered myself up. While the suds, steam, and hot water felt good, I was still a bit sore. I thought about touching myself, but was too tired and had had enough the day before. It was just interesting to explore my body without a doctor trying to shove something in me or tell me how to use it.

I got out of the shower, toweling myself off and drying my hair. I wiped the fogged-up mirror down so that I could see my reflection. It was still incredibly hard to see this as the ‘new me.’ I had become the kind of girl that I gawked at when Clarissa had dragged me to the mall and wasn’t paying attention to me. My complexion was fine, my skin was soft, and I’m sure most women would kill for the curves forced on me.

Looking at my reflection gave me mixed emotions. On one hand, it was an amazing experience. It was cool to be able to experience what life is like as the other gender, as someone that’s not yourself. Becoming a completely different person, to live life anew and get away from all your troubles from the past was oddly relieving.

On the other hand, it wasn’t me. This was not how I was born. The body I saw was not the one I started my eighteenth birthday in. I had now become someone different that means nothing to anyone that knew me. I had lived for nearly two decades; what did any of that mean now?

I left the bathroom to keep from hurting my head over these confusing thoughts whirling around my mind like a tornado. I dropped the towel in my bathroom, shutting the light off and closing the door. I walked over to my small dresser and pulled out a top that looked cute – ugh, did I really just say that? – along with some khaki shorts, white panties, and unwillingly a bra. I pulled my underwear and shorts up my legs, had the fight of my life with the horrid contraption called the brassiere, and finally after struggling through to victory, put on a light red tank top with a tribal looking design in white that resembled a lizard. It wasn’t quite pink, it was light red; don’t argue with me on this.

I sat down on my bed, as my lack of an ID badge prohibited me from being able to leave. On the small bedside dresser was a phone; I was told by picking it up and dialing ‘7’ I would reach any of the six doctors working on this project. Not only did this mean I hadn’t met two of them yet, but this meant I had a means of contacting them in the case of an emergency. I picked up the receiver and dialed ‘7.’

The phone rang to the other offices to get in touch with one of them. I preferred if Dr. Hutchison or Dr. Wright would answer. Dr. West would be alright, as well. I wouldn’t even mind speaking to one of the other two doctors I hadn’t met yet. But please, don’t let it be

Chilton. Please not Chilton, please not Chilton, please...

"Chilton speaking," the voice on the other end of the phone called out. Son of a bitch.

"Um, hi, this is Sammy Steel," I started. "Is everything alright?"

"I don't know why you would think things would be otherwise," he said coldly. "Do you have a REAL reason to be bothering me, or are you looking for idle chit-chat?"

"Well, it's after two, and no one's been by to get me, for starters. I was just making sure everyone was still alive outside of my room."

"I'm not sure if you're aware, but it's not all about you." I closed my eyes, gritting my teeth together and gripping the phone as he went on. "We're conducting work on other subjects as well, so when we FINISH with our work, I'll make sure to send someone down there to let you out of your cage." I didn't have enough time to reply before hearing the click of the receiver.

Shaking in anger, I slammed the phone down hard. I couldn't believe the nerve of that guy! Talking to me like I was an animal! I slammed the phone down over and over again, before simply slinging the whole phone into the wall, sending it clattering down to the floor. I was seething with anger, I could feel my chest heave with each deep breath I took. That's when I saw the camera near the door.

Because my anger doesn't normally die down until someone calms me down with words or violence or until something got destroyed, I stormed towards the camera. I yelled and screamed and cursed and swore at it, as if it or anyone observing the footage could hear me, and I made sure to give the lens the finger multiple times before storming back over to the phone. I jerked it out of the wall jack, stormed back to the middle of the room, and hurled phone at the surveillance equipment hard enough that it bent the post it was attached to and knocked the camera to the side, filming the wall. Oddly satisfied, I calmly picked the phone back up, walked over to plug it back in, and slumped down on the couch to watch some television to get my mind off of it.

About an hour passed. I was a good way through *Tenacious D* and the *Pick of Destiny* on HBO or Cinemax or something, laughing out loud by myself, when I heard the chime of my door. The door opened and Dr. West peered inside, looking far from amused with me. "You broke the camera," he said flatly.

I shrugged and went back to watching my movie. I heard him sigh, walking into the room to survey the damage, and then heard him grumble under his breath. He walked over to the couch, taking a seat on the cushion I wasn't lying on.

"I heard you got in touch with Chilton," he said.

"Mhmm," I replied.

"Yeah... He's not too good with people. Especially ones that wind up as test subjects."

"So I've learned."

"I reached for the phone in my office, but I think he beat me to it by a split second. So... Sorry about that."

I shrugged again. I was trying to ignore him, honestly. My mood wasn't sour anymore.

"Tenacious D?" he asked.

"Mhmm."

"Have I missed the part where he gets high on the mushrooms in the forest?"

"Yeah," I said. "That part's funny as hell."

"Yeah it is," he said with a grin. "Come on, let's get you out of this room." I turned off the television, setting the remote down, and got up, walking out into the hallway. He followed me out of the room, closing the door and leading me down the hallway yet again. "...Take a dip in the strawberry river... God, that gets me every time."

I burst out laughing, causing him to as well. When we finally quieted down enough to actually talk, I looked up at the scientist. "So, what took you guys so long today?"

Dr. West died his laughing down to a chuckle, until he was back to the same stone faced serious guy he liked to be seen as. “We have a few other previous test subjects here still, as well. One of them, named Roxy, could likely match your looks but had this horrendous man-voice. We have duplicate equipment like the set that changed you, and we stripped it down to just the vocal changing equipment. We promised her we’d get some work together and change her voice as well.”

He didn’t know I had met Roxy yet, much less what we had done together. “That’s nice of you guys,” I said in response.

“Well, it wasn’t just nice, we were also testing out the individual equipment, as well as completing an experiment that we had only partially completed previously.” We arrived at a door, and he swiped his ID badge to unlock it.

“Well then, that kinda makes me wanna take my comment back,” I said. We walked inside, and inside was Dr. Hutchison, Dr. Wright, and Dr. Chilton. Dr. Hutchison and Dr. Wright looked as cheerful as normal, while Dr. Chilton sat on the opposite side of the room, repairing a piece of machinery. It looked like one of the panels I was sealed inside of that made my change.

“Good afternoon, Sammy,” Dr. Hutchison said warmly.

“Hey, what’s up?” I replied.

“I finally got you some shoes,” Dr. Wright said, handing me a box. “You’re a size nine, so I ordered a couple of pair and they came in today.”

“A nine? I was a ten and a half before, and my feet are much smaller now.” I looked at the box in my hands confused.

“A nine in WOMEN’S shoes,” Dr. West corrected me. “They’ll fit.”

“...Oh...” Hutchison and Wright chuckled. They assured me that they had some socks in there as well, so I shouldn’t have to walk around the halls bare foot anymore.

“We’re going to go next door and perform a quick scan, and that should be the only test we’ll do today. Think of it as a day off.” Dr. Wright smiled, patting the top of my head, as we headed for the door. She turned back, looking at Chilton tinkering away. “Are you sure you didn’t want to come along for the scan, Dr. Chilton?”

Dr. Chilton never looked away from his work. “No, I don’t need any tests run on THAT lab rat today, so I’ll continue some actual work here.” For a skinny twig of a man, he must’ve really had some balls, because he was really trying my patience. Dr. West must’ve seen me tense up and clench my fists, because before I could turn around to retaliate he shoved me out of the room into the hallway, closing the door once the other doctors had left the room.

“Open that door,” I demanded. Dr. West met my request by glaring me down.

“You don’t need to pick a fight with that man,” he replied flatly, and started heading towards the room next door. He stopped when he realized I wasn’t following. He turned back, crossed his arms over his chest, and sighed, waiting silently for me to talk back. The other scientists noticed I wasn’t following as well, and also turned back.

“Where does he get off talking to me and about me like that?!”

“That’s just how he treats everyone, Sammy,” Dr. Hutchison started.

“That doesn’t mean it’s right,” I interrupted. “And that doesn’t mean I’m going to stand for it! He doesn’t know anything about me! NONE OF YOU know anything about me! And he thinks he can talk shit about me like I’m not even there?!”

“Sammy,” Dr. Wright said calmly walking towards me. I didn’t let her continue speaking.

“I never wanted to be here, and he’s one of the ones in charge of throwing my life away, and he’s got the gall to talk down to me?! I’ll fuck his life up and see what he has to say about that! I’m not a lab rat, I’m not a test, I’m not an experiment, I’M A HUMAN FUCKING BEING!!”

Dr. West was apparently sick of waiting. He walked past Dr. Wright, walked right up to me, and slapped me hard across the face during my rant. For a man in a lab coat, he had a

strong arm, as it nearly sent me to the floor and left me reeling. I didn't move right away; not because I was hurt or afraid, but because it literally stunned me.

"Dr. West!" I heard the other two shout in unison, but he ignored them. With a single finger under my chin, he jerked my head up so I was looking up at him.

"Now that I have your attention," he began. "You will not start a fight with Dr. Chilton for as long as you stay in this facility."

"And why n—"

"Because he controls whether you live or die." West's words took me back for a second. He could see the shock in my face, and after a moment continued. "He's got more authority over this project than anyone, and if it weren't for Hutch, he'd have tested you to your last breath by now. He has no consideration for anyone that goes through the procedure, and little for us working with him. That's just how he is. Knowing that you hate your predicament and that his equipment works to the fullest extent, he can take your life by 'accident' during a test or experiment and replace you with a much more willing entrant."

I could feel my bottom lip quivering as I tried to calm my anger down. "Then why didn't he do that to begin with?"

"Because we didn't know if the experiment would work one hundred percent, and we didn't have a volunteer. Defy him, and he will strike you down and promise the next volunteer a large sum of money to replace you. Take my word on this one, shut the fuck up, and get your tiny ass in the next room so you can be scanned. Be thankful he's not using the equipment in that room to further test you."

"You know," I said quietly, trying to keep my anger from overwhelming me. "I really f—"

"Fucking hate me?" Dr. West finished my sentence. He didn't need to say his line as he turned away, walking past the speechless Dr. Hutchison and still stunned Dr. Wright to swipe his card. I slowly followed, dragging my feet slightly as I felt a little defeated. According to West, I would have to take the verbal abuse from that skinny prick, and that wasn't my style.

I walked into the other room, slumping down in the chair. I kept my eyes clenched tightly, not wanting to let my tears of frustration come out. The three doctors walked into the control room, and the large scanner dropped from the ceiling like the day before. The laser came out, rotated around me once, scanning my entire body. The three of them reviewed the scan results, before they left the room. With the exception of West, they were in their normal optimistic moods.

"You're still looking healthy, which is good," Dr. Wright said to me with a smile. I was finding it hard to return one.

"And lucky for you, we can cut you loose for the day," Dr. Hutchison replied. "I'll show you back to your room." He wrapped arm around my shoulder, patting it comfortingly as we headed towards the door.

I heard Dr. Wright and Dr. West arguing under each others' breaths about why he slapped me, but I didn't pay attention to it. Dr. Hutchison led me quietly towards my room, probably finding it hard to say anything after the events that transpired before the scan. Once we got to my room, he unlocked the door, leading me inside. I walked in, slumping down on the couch like I did earlier. My cheek still stung, but I tried to ignore it.

Dr. Hutchison closed the door, looking up at the camera and laughing a little about it. He walked over to the couch, sitting down near my feet. "You brought up an interesting point earlier," he said.

"That Dr. Chilton should bungee jump in the Grand Canyon with no cord?" I replied bitterly.

Dr. Hutchison tilted his head a bit, as if toying with the idea in his mind. "Mmm, not quite. You mentioned that we didn't know anything about you. I'd like to start by asking you a few things to get to know you better. This way, we connect with you and it's easier to work

with you, and you don't feel like we're belittling you. Sound like a deal?"

I shrugged. It couldn't hurt, but it wouldn't change the fact that I felt they all looked down on me. I sat back, waiting on him to start. I guess he realized it because he leaned back and got comfortable.

"What do you want out of life?" he started.

"To be male again," I bitterly replied.

"How about before your change?"

"Never really had a purpose, I guess..." I had never really thought about it, to be honest. "I'll get back to you on that one."

"What do you do for fun?"

"I play video games, listen to music, and draw." I looked over at him. "If you can get any of that stuff in here, that'd be great."

"I'll work on that," he said, before continuing his questionnaire. "What do you think about your family?"

"They love me, and I love them." I shrugged. "I've never really been close to them."

"Then what do you care about most in this world?"

I hesitated. I knew the answer, but I began thinking about her. "...Clarissa..." I said softly. "My sole intention is to get out of here to go see her again, much like your goals were to get a volunteer to test the lab's woman-making machines... She was one of the only true things that made me happy..."

The doctor was quiet a moment. I think he realized how I felt finally. After a moment, he continued to quiz me, asking me everything from my favorite color to the best thing I've ever gotten for my birthday. After about an hour of talking to me and getting to know me better, the familiar chime of the door's lock sounded. Both Dr. Hutchison and I looked over to see Dr. Wright poke her head into my room.

"She's awake," she said. She was obviously referring to Roxy.

"Good," he responded, before looking back at me. "Thank you, Sammy. If you wish, I can come back tomorrow or later in the week and we can continue talking." He stood up, leaving the room with Dr. Wright.

For hours, I watched television, trying to take my mind off of Clarissa, but nothing worked. Not even the majesty that is Tom and Jerry could keep me from thinking about her. It was then that I decided - my goal in life was to escape, rush back to her, and live with her. I didn't care if I was a girl, I didn't care if I wouldn't be able to have children with her without adoption, I'd prove it was me and convince her to live with me. I had now had a purpose, and I wasn't going to give up.

I devised plans in my head all night; I had nothing better to do. Maybe I'd go on a killing spree to escape, disguise myself, beat the living hell out of everyone, or just wait until everyone was sleeping. I had thought of what felt like thousands of scenarios before I drifted off to sleep, unable to hold my eyes open any longer.

A little while later, I was woken up by the chime of my door. As the door opened, I rubbed my eyes to see who had entered my room. My vision was blurry from my recent slumber. "Sleeping on the couch?" I heard a beautiful voice ask me. "Aww, honey, did someone kick you out of bed tonight?"

Still sleepy, I drowsily looked up, blinking several times before seeing a certain woman. "...Roxy...?"

"In the flesh," she said arrogantly. She was grinning, and had officially become one of the sexiest women I'd ever met with her new voice.

"Roxy, you sound wonderful!" I sat up, smiling up to her. She took that as an invitation to sit next to me. She couldn't stop smiling, she looked genuinely happy.

"I do, don't I?" She wrapped her arms around me, lying her head on my shoulder. She was

giddy like a young girl before Christmas. "It's about time they kept their promise. We could pass as sisters almost now."

"Well, we're both successful completions into women," I said. "So it's kinda like we are sisters."

She laughed a moment, then looked up at me. "And... well, that's a problem."

I looked confused at her. "Problem? What's wrong?"

"Weeeeellllllll..." she started, her eyes darting around a little. "The docs are keeping me in my own room now. I want to be with the other girls."

"Well, you have a badge," I reminded her. "Why not just return?"

"That's the problem." She didn't make eye contact with me, shuffling her feet together on the floor. "We were kind of mad that they'd rather continue testing new people instead of finishing us, and I kinda started what the docs call a 'rebellion group' against you and anyone else that gets the full treatment..."

"Gee, thanks," I said. "And that's why you attacked me in my room the other night?"

"Kinda sorta. I wanted to see what 'masterpiece' they cranked out, and you turned out to be one. Maybe because I kissed you and touched you a bit, I've become a little more fond of you than the rest of them."

"So what does any of this have to do with you going back to your room?" I asked.

"Um, hello? My voice completes my treatment. They start doing tests on me again tomorrow, and I'm no longer part of the renegade group. I don't think they'll treat me any differently, but... I kinda would like you to go along with me to help explain it all to them."

I didn't say anything at first. Roxy was strong and smart, so I didn't see why she would need my help. But it occurred to me that she didn't want to hurt any of them, and would likely need me to talk to them about her new voice in case they jump on her about it. After a little bit of silent debating in my head, I nodded. "Alright. I'll help."

She squealed in delight and met me with a passionate kiss that turned my face red. When she broke it, she grabbed my hand, tugging me off of the couch. "Alright, let's go, kid!" She swiped her stolen badge and quickly led me down the hallway. She looked back at me, talking as we walked. "I probably won't talk right away, because I'm not sure what to expect. But you should be fine as long as they don't hold you down for Betty."

"Betty?" I repeated.

"Yes, she's the adorable pigtailed girl you might've seen the other night. She didn't get the full treatment either, and being trapped around people that are primarily girls, she's become one hell of a nympho." She kept leading me down the hall, leaving me wondering why I left my room.

"How... pleasant..." I said, struggling to find the words.

"Here we are," she said as we stopped in front of the door. "Now remember, just tell them about my voice. Assure them nothing has changed."

"Roxy, why are you so scared?" I asked curiously.

"I'm not scared," she said. "I just don't want to blurt it out and hurt anyone's feelings. And you seem sweet enough."

"How come I feel like a scapegoat...?" I asked, but she had already swiped the card, opening the door. She nudged me forward, so I stepped into the room quietly. They were all awake, all looking towards the door.

"Who is that?" one girl asked.

"I don't know," another one said with a huskier voice. "Hey, who are you?"

Roxy came in behind me as I started talking. "Um, hi. I'm Sammy... I'm the girl I think most of you don't really care for..."

"Yeah," a familiar voice said. It was the girly voice from the other night. I remember Roxy calling her Judy. I could clearly see the burns on the entire length of her arms, and looking as

though they crept up her neck as well. “This is the ‘perfect specimen’ they told you about.” They started booing at me, as if I was the bad guy on a show of professional wrestling.

“Wait, wait,” I pleaded to them, most of them dying down. “I know you don’t like me much, but Roxy actually asked me to come here.” They hushed, listening to me once I mentioned Roxy. “Earlier the scientists took her and ran an experiment on her. They were able to successfully change her voice to a woman’s voice.”

“Lies!” one of them shouted, throwing a pillow at me. “They won’t waste their time on us when they have ungrateful little bitches like you they can change from the start!”

“Yeah!” another shouted, throwing her pillow at me as well. “Get your lying goody-two-shoes ass out of here, whore!” They all started to get in an uproar, and I found myself dodging pillows.

“No, I’m not lying,” I protested, but they continued their pillowed assault. I looked back at Roxy, who was looking at the floor guiltily. ‘Come on, tell them, please,’ I thought. It wasn’t good enough.

“I bet you convinced them to do it,” Judy yelled. “You’re trying to break us up, but it’s not going to work!” Two of them jumped up and grabbed me by the arms, dragging me forward towards them. I tried to stop moving my feet, but that only let them drag me down to my knees. The girls started attacking me, holding me in place to ‘girl fight’ with me; they started slapping at me, pulling my hair, insulting me, and one of them even spit in my face. I tried to break out of their grip, but they only held on tighter.

“Stop!” Roxy shouted, causing everyone to freeze and turn to her. They were all stunned. “She’s right. They pulled me aside and put me through the operation. But I haven’t changed. I’m still your friend and will still stay with you.”

“No...” Judy said. “No... That can’t be. They turned you into one of them...” She walked up to Roxy, shaking her head. “You’re just like her, now... You’re going to start acting differently, and you’ll get to move on with your fully changed persona.”

“That’s not true,” Roxy said confidently. “I’m still just like you all, and I love you guys. Nothing has changed.”

“I don’t believe you,” Judy said. “Tie Roxy up.”

“What?! What are you talking about?” Roxy stood there, calling Judy’s bluff. It wasn’t wise, because two other girls ran over and tied her arms behind her back with some bed sheets, then tied her ankles together before tying her ankles to her wrists. “What are you doing?! Let me go!”

“Sorry, traitor,” one of the girls said. “I guess there’s only thirteen of us now, now that you’re one of ‘them.’” She stuffed a pillow case in Roxy’s mouth, tying it tightly around the back of her head. Meanwhile, another girl had ripped the front of my top open, exposing my bra.

“Hey, Monica,” the girl said. “Do you still have that exacto knife Roxy and Judy stole a while back from the lab?”

“Sure do,” another girl had called out. This ‘Monica’ walked over, kneeling in front of me, and cut off my top, my bra, and started slicing down the side of my shorts.

“Hey, stop! What’s wrong with you people?!” I tried to jerk my arms away, but it was hopeless. The girls had a death grip on me.

“Listen to her... ‘You people,’ she said,” Monica said as she stood back up, slapping my face hard enough to elicit a whine from my throat. “What arrogance. Should we unleash Betty on her?”

“Mmmph!!” Roxy tried to yell out through her gag, shaking her head. Judy sat down next to the hogtied woman, gripping her hair near the roots and jerking her head up so as to force Roxy to watch.

“Yeah, let’s do it. How does that sound, Betty?” one of the other girls called out.

The cute pigtailed girl I had seen the other night walked slowly up to me, her hips swinging as she walked up to me. “I like the sound of that,” Betty said.

“What are you going to do?” I asked, looking up at her. She seemed as sweet as ever, almost naive, but I knew she was going to end up making me eat her out in front of all the other girls.

“I’ll let you guess,” she said sweet, as she unzipped her pants, tugging down her pants and panties and let her huge cock spring out of them and into my face.

Judy was giggling behind Betty, still forcing Roxy to watch. “Yeah, you’ll soon understand why we call her ‘Betty Big Dick.’”

Chapter 9

Betty Big Dick

For the first time in my life, there was a penis in my face and not on my crotch. I tried to lean my head back, but the girls around me knew what I was trying to do and one of them took a firm grip in my hair, pushing my head forward again. I cried out from the pain of the rough clasp in my hair, but looked up to see Betty smiling sweetly, her dick nearly against my lips.

“Come on, Sammy,” Betty said. “This will be fun, we’ll all have a good time.”

“Yeah, all of us except me,” I said, making sure not to speak with my lips parted too much. The girls behind me and holding me were getting rougher, as I could feel one of them kicking me in the spine while the two that held my arms tugged harder.

“Shut up, slut, that dick’s not gonna suck itself,” one of the girls said, and as the other girls cheered her on, I felt two fingers wrap around the sides of my head and enter my mouth, stretching my lips wide. I squirmed in the tight grasps holding me down, but felt the girl’s middle fingers creep into my mouth to open it further. My cries of agony escaped my parted lips, and seconds later I could feel the head of Betty’s thick dick brush against them on its way into my mouth.

I yelled out and still struggled, but none of the other parties were letting up. The fingers in my mouth were removed and my lips tightened around Betty’s cock, causing her to coo out from the feeling. All I could really see was the shaft going in towards my mouth and if I looked up I could see the pigtailed cutie wielding this sword, but I did hear Roxy struggling and fighting, as well as Judy abusing her. My arms started getting tired from their hold, and my constant tugging against them was wearing me down.

Betty just happily fucked my mouth through the whole ordeal, though. If I weren’t blushing from the fact that I could feel a cock rub against my tongue, then it was from the fact I realized that the eleven-inch monster that nearly stretched my lips dwarfed my penis back when I had one. It was kind of embarrassing to see a girl so cute with bigger equipment than you. Meanwhile, the girls were heckling me and taunting me, occasionally getting in on the fun by grabbing the sides of my head and forcing me to depththroat, playing with my nipples to watch me squirm, or as time went on, leaning me forward so they could spank my ass with a leather belt.

“Yeah, take it, slut,” one girl shouted at me.

“Gag on it, gag on it!!” another one yelled.

“Wow, she’s eating that dick like a real pro,” said yet another one. They all started shouting at me and hurling insults my way.

“Were you a little ‘girl’ before your transformation too, huh?”

“Maybe she was someone else’s bitch back then!”

“Make her gag harder!”

“Yeah, make her drool all over herself!”

“Hit her ass again, listen to her yelp with that dick in her mouth!”

I closed my eyes tightly, wanting to block it all out, but it was too much to bear. I could feel my eyes water without the help of Betty's dick stabbing me in the throat. Each whack from the belt made me tense up and cry out, only to get the girls cheering; the louder the smack, the more enthusiastic they got about it.

"Hey Betty, how's that mouth-pussy feel?" one girl called out. Mouth-pussy? People really said that?

"Mmmm," I heard her groan out. "She's fantastic. They really did create the perfect woman, didn't they?"

The hand in my hair clenched tighter, jerking my head back. The head of Betty's cock was still between my lips, but I could feel Monica's lips brush against my ear with each word she spoke. "Did you hear that, perfect woman? She likes you, so you should be trying harder to show her how grateful you are!" She slammed my head forward, sending the thick cock back into my throat. I gagged and tried to pull my head back, but Monica held me there, leaving me gagging and salivating down my bottom lip to my chin.

Tears were streaming down my face, my back arcing and bucking each time my gag reflex kicked in. I felt new hands cup my breasts, bouncing them rough enough to hurt, while the belt continued to lash into my ass. Monica jerked my head back hard, 'nice' enough to let me catch my breath. A long thick spit trail connected my lip to Betty's head. Her whole cock was covered in my saliva, and I closed my lips to swallow the collective spit in my mouth, but was slapped in the face upon doing so.

"Don't you swallow yet, bitch," some new girl said to me. She grabbed me hard by the top of my head and the bottom of my jaw, holding my head in place. "Spit it on that beautiful cock, girl. Now!"

To keep from getting further abused than they had already planned, I spit onto the already slick penis before me before it was shoved back into my mouth again by Monica. She bobbed my head this time instead of forcing me down, but she was just as rough, making sure I gagged each time my mouth took it deep and pulling my head back all the way to the tip before shoving me back down to gag again.

Betty was squirming and moaning in glee, having up to eight or nine inches of her cock run deep into my throat. My arms were too tired to try to break free, but the girls weren't too tired to continue their abuse. My ass was stinging fiercely, my breasts were getting slapped at now instead of cupped, and at the rate things were going at I'd likely find myself puking from gagging so much. That's when Betty's breathing became rapid.

"Oh, god... I'm gonna cum..." While the girls cheered her on, I didn't know whether to think 'Oh god, please don't,' or 'Thank god it's almost over.' No one let up, however, and as Betty tensed up, my head was pushed as deep as my throat would allow it. I gagged hard and loud, and the first shot of semen shot into me as I was trying to breathe; instead of going down my throat, it was sucked up and came out through my nose. I heard some of the girls groan while others cheered it on, and as my nose burned and I coughed and gagged on Betty's dick, more cum shot into my mouth, down my throat.

Monica never let up on my hair, and slowly started pulling my head back. Letting it run down my throat wasn't enough, I guess, because as Betty kept shooting her cream into my mouth, I felt it hit my tongue and begin to fill my mouth. Finally, the erect dick fell out of my lips, and the pigtailed dickgirl wasn't finished, as she managed to cum a few final spurts onto my face, hitting me in my hair, in my left eye, across my nose, across my right cheek, and onto my lips.

"Swallow it," Monica demanded. I hesitated; I didn't much care for the taste, but my opinion mattered not as I took a slap from the leather belt across my left breast for not doing so. "Swallow it, slut!" she yelled at me this time. I whined a little, but swallowed hard, cringing at the taste and the texture of it going down my throat. I heard the slaps of a few high fives,

and as the girls let go of my arms, Monica threw me downwards by my hair, my head thudding against the ground. I tried to crawl away, but I was too exhausted to move.

My left eye sealed shut by the facial I had just received, I lifted my head enough so that my right eye could see Roxy. Judy was lying aside, holding her face and crying out, kicking her feet. A few girls went to check on her when she started screaming, "She head butt me! She fucking head butt me!!" That's when I noticed Roxy had squirmed enough to get the sheets that had her hogtied undone. Another girl noticed as well, and ran over to subdue the bound black-haired beauty, but Roxy spun herself on the floor, using her tied feet to trip her attacker.

With a quick nip-up, Roxy was on her feet, ankles still tied and wrists still bound behind her. The gag was still in her mouth, but she was talking up a big muffled game to the other girls. As another girl rushed her, Roxy bent over and shoulder rammed her stomach, standing upright to fling the girl behind her into a nearby wall. As a second girl ran up to the blue-eyed Roxy, she received a strong hard-hitting head butt just like Judy, and was sent to the floor hard. The other girls hesitated to move, and I could see the femme fatale was working out of her wrist restraints.

Before she could get the restraints off, she was rushed by Monica and two other girls. Roxy jumped up high, turning sideways in the air and delivering a hard missile dropkick to Monica's chest that sent her tumbling back to the floor with the wind knocked out of her. Roxy was unable to catch herself with her arms still tied, and hit the floor hard. While Monica heaved for air, the other two girls didn't waste anytime in attacking the warrior woman that had taken out several of the other girls. I weakly reached out towards Roxy, but I hadn't been forgotten either; I felt a hard slap across both of my ass cheeks, the leather belt returning. I yelped out in pain, retreating to a pathetic whimper as I could only watch the girls jump on the now helpless Roxy.

"Come on, Jesse, leave that cum dumpster alone," one of the girls called out. "The traitor's who we're focused on right now."

"Coming," the girl behind me said. She nudged my sore ass with her foot, making sure my ass was propped up in the air. Suddenly, I felt the leather strap clap hard against my pussy, all the way vertically with it. I let out a scream of pain as the girl left me to writhe on the floor, squeezing my thighs together as my cunt throbbed in pain. I've only been kicked in the balls once, but this could either match that or be even worse.

After a bit of verbal and physical abuse towards Roxy, a couple of them stood aside. "Don't take your eyes off of her, if she were to get up she could take us by surprise."

"Don't worry, I still have a special something from when those 'geniuses' still paid attention to our requests." The girl walked away from the group for a moment. The two that had been talking walked over towards me grinning. "Come on, cunt rag, get over here."

They each grabbed me by a wrist and dragged me over to a nearby bed. They jerked me up off the floor and threw me onto the bed, where one of them pulled out a pair of handcuffs. I found myself on my knees, bent over with my wrists cuffed together to the wooden footboard of the bed. I weakly tugged on my restraints as they left me for good, walking back over to a struggling Roxy.

I felt defeated. If I couldn't fight off a bunch of girls, there was no way I'd be able to escape from this place. I had jizz all over my face, it was all I could taste, my nose still felt a little funny, and my throat was sore. On top of all of that, I was forced to watch Roxy suffer, as the girls jerked her up to her feet. That's when I saw one of them break out two strap-ons to be used on Roxy.

The girl threw one to the Jesse girl that had hit me with the belt earlier. Jesse strapped herself up, and Roxy's clothes were cut off of her much like mine were. As soon as she was naked, Jesse grabbed Roxy by the hips, who was still protesting against her gag, and penetrated her with the strap on. Jesse had started working up a rhythm while Roxy squirmed and cried

out, but the relentless group simply cheered on like they had against me.

I saw Judy, who had gotten up after her head butt, and she was bleeding from her nose. The girl that was thrown into the wall was still on the floor holding her head, while Monica had scooted back against the wall, sitting there and watching as she tried catching her breath. There were too many girls, it was too confusing to remember them all. Several of them looked like a mish-mash of women with man arms or legs, or man jaws. A few had deeper voices or were trying to disguise or feminize it. But pretty much all of them were gorgeous in one way or another.

Judy wiped at her nose, walking over to me. The closer she got, the more I struggled and jerked at my cuffs. I was tired, but I wanted to show I still had some fight left in me. She leaned down on the footboard of the bed, smirking at me. "Well, hello, dick breath," she said mockingly. I jerked my head forward hard to head butt like Roxy had, but she jerked her head back, leaving me nearly colliding with the bed's wood frame. "Whoa, take it easy, killer, I don't want that cum on my face, too."

"You're just jealous because you'll never be a real woman," I said spitefully up at her. "I achieved your dream and it eats you up inside."

"Cute, but I'm not like the rest of these 'girls,'" she replied. "I was a woman from the start. I just wanted a better body."

"I see that went well for you," I said. I received a hard slap in the mouth for that one.

"Those goddamned fuck ups ruined me!" she yelled. "Their machines malfunctioned, and I ended up burnt on most of my body! And you, you arrogant little cunt hair, waltz right in and take what should rightfully be mine, and bitch about how you don't want it!"

"Actually, I changed my mind. I'm glad I was given this body." She glared down at me. She knew I had more to say, and because I'm stubborn and can't let things go, I continued. "Because it's oh so sweet to flaunt what you wanted in front of you. To have a perfect, unscarred, beautiful body to call my own while you hav—"

I didn't get to finish. Judy grabbed me by the hair and lifted my head up high enough to slap the life out of me. She slapped my face flat-palmed so hard I instantly felt it stinging immensely, but she didn't stop there. She slapped me again and again, about a dozen times or more, I lost count. I literally couldn't see straight, everything was blurrier and blurrier after each strike, and each one made a louder cry escape from me. When she must've hurt her hand enough, she slammed my forehead hard into the footboard of the bed, turning her back and storming away from me.

I was reeling, but I did manage to hear Judy demand a strap-on. I had just made things worse for Roxy, as Jesse stepped aside for Judy. Judy was setting things up for herself while Jesse crawled up onto the bed, dragging Roxy up with her by her jaw. Once Roxy was up on the bed on her knees, Jesse bent her over and ripped the gag from her mouth, the pillow case soaked in drool, before stuffing the fake dick into her mouth to replace its emptiness. Judy then followed suit, crawling up onto the bed and shoving her strap-on deep into Roxy, gripping her hips hard and thrusting like a maniac. And the only thing I could do was sit helpless across the room and watch.

I tried to focus on the scene before me, actually, to block out the intense throb in my head. Roxy was tied up, bent over and taking it brutally from each end. I could hear her gagging, see her struggling, and could only watch while Jesse forced her to depththroat while Judy would savagely slap her ass after every few thrusts. I would occasionally try to fight against my cuffs, but was left only to witness the spectacle continue to unfold. The worst part was just how incredibly sexy the scene was, and I could feel myself getting wetter as I watched.

Even though someone that I guess I would consider a friend, to some extent maybe anyway, was being raped, it was an arousing sight. I could feel my nipples harden and rub against the bed sheets, and my face felt flushed. I looked around and saw Betty in the nearest corner,

her fingers lightly running over her limp dick as she also watched. I had noticed she hadn't jumped on nor fought against Roxy; I guess they were friends. But it seems that Betty was too into the sexual experience at that moment to see a friend in trouble. Even watching her stroke her slowly erecting penis was a turn on to me. I'm not gay, not by any means, but it was an adorable girl starting to please herself. She was like one of those... what do they call them on the internet? A fungatori? A furi... A futanari! That's it. I honestly couldn't tell you what futa meant, but it was basically another way of saying 'dickgirl.'

Anyways, I continued to watch between the two different scenes of Roxy getting sexually brutalized and Betty stroking herself more and more that it became an annoyance that I wasn't able to touch myself as well. After more futile struggling with the cuffs, I whimpered and laid my head down on the bed. That's when I felt breathing on my ear.

"Hey, sweetheart," I heard a familiar voice say. I looked up to see that Betty had noticed I was available at the moment. "Looks like you're hot and bothered, too."

"No," I lied. "I'm fine. Why not join in the fun?"

"I'm about to, sugar," she replied before kissing my earlobe and crawling up behind me.

"B-but I'm not horny," I stammered.

"Oh? This says otherwise." I felt her fingers trail over my wet lips, making me tense up and gasp. She giggled and lightly smacked a reddened butt cheek. "Look at you, trying to fool me."

"But--"

"Just relax," she coaxed to me, and I felt the head of her hard dick pressing at my opening. I shook my head and tried pleading again.

"But I have a gir--"

"Sssh, it's alright," she interrupted, and I felt her gently force her thick tip between my lips. I groaned, burying my face in the bed as she didn't stop there. My groans became moans as she pushed more than the head into me.

"Oh my god! You're ripping me open!" I was shouting into the bed sheets, but she was still at a gentle pace. She pat my hip reassuringly as she continued, slowly pumping deeper with each thrust.

"You'll be fine," she said and continued. I felt every fraction of an inch push into me. The good news was the first time I had had sex (with a human, anyway) was with a woman. The bad news was she had a penis, and wasn't Clarissa. I tried to imagine I was with her, but seeing her with a strap-on and fucking me was an odd mental image. I shook the thought from my mind.

I clenched my hands into fists, lifting my head up from the bed every once in a while to watch the scene before me. Betty was slowly matching Judy's pace, only much less rough, and Jesse was holding the gagging Roxy down so her lips were at the base of the dildo attached to her. I could see Roxy's ass beginning to glow red from its abuse, and Judy was still belittling her, calling her a 'traitor,' 'worthless cunt,' and 'loose slut.' I wished Roxy could've beaten the hell out of her right then.

Instead of focusing on it, however, I was being stuffed with dick as well, and Betty was getting a little deeper, a little faster, and a little rougher. I was squeezing my hands into fists so hard that my knuckles turned white, and all I could do was scream my pleasing pain away into the bed. I could feel my breasts sway with each thrust, my hard nipples brushing against the sheets turning me on further.

"Ohmygodohmygodohmygodohmygod!!!" I turned my head so I could get some air, panting heavily as Betty continued. She lifted herself up a little bit so that her thrusts angled downward, and as much as the whole experience hurt, I was in a total euphoria. "Oh fuck me! Don't stop!" I wasn't even controlling myself anymore. Betty had hit what I had believed to have been a myth - my g-spot.

She merely chuckled, thrusting deeper and deeper into me. I was left squirming and whining and whimpering from this newfound pleasure, and she had control over me. "You like this?" She asked. Without waiting for an answer, which I wouldn't have been able to anyway, she thrust her entire length into me. My eyes shot wide open, my jaw dropped, and I literally shivered a moment; it felt like it was in my stomach or deeper, up near my lungs even, even though I knew it wasn't. All eleven inches was inside of me, and she held it there for a moment while my throat finally cracked and I was able to let out a pathetic whine. My body tensed, my vagina clenched tightly around the dick inside of me, and I felt myself cum hard on Betty's dick, further coating it with my juices.

However, as my pussy tightened, the redhead decided it would be the perfect opportunity to thrust. It felt amazing, and I'm sure my throat let out another noise that assured her I was enjoying myself. She thrust at a steady pace into me, and I could hear the wet slap of her balls against my dripping cunt. It sent chills up and down my spine, the thick cock spreading me open even as my walls clenched tightly. My face was already stinging from the earlier slaps, but it felt like it was on fire, and I'm sure I was as red as a stop sign. I was a little embarrassed, but it felt too good to care, and I really couldn't do much about my situation anyway.

Betty drove her thrusts deep, changing her angle again so that she thrust upward into me. My arms shook violently as my body tensed again. "Oh my god, not again," I screamed, but let out another much more pleasing orgasmic yelp as I came hard a second time. The pigtailed girl simply giggled again, brushing her fingers through my hair.

"Don't worry, I'm about to cum too," she said calmly, her breath a little ragged. I could feel my juices running down my thighs.

"N-no, please don't cum inside of me," I pleaded.

"Please, tell me to cum, Sammy," she asked of me.

I couldn't control myself. "Cum, Betty. Please empty your load."

"Again," she said.

I moaned out, tightening my pussy again. "Please cum for me! Please!"

My moaned begs were enough to send Betty over the edge, as she tensed up, thrust as deep as she could, gripped my hips hard, and moaned out. I could feel her seed gush into me, and I got nervous.

"No, please, not inside me," I begged. She quickly jerked her length out of me and came all over my back and in to my hair. My head was still turned to the side so I got a little more on my face again, but not as much as before. I dropped down, panting, and Betty slumped down right on top of me.

"You, little girl, are amazing," Betty said to me. She kissed the top of my head and rolled off the bed, sitting back near the corner she was in. I was still handcuffed to the bed, and so I sat up to watch the rest of Roxy's assault. Jesse had taken her strap-on off, leaving Roxy to moan out while Judy continued thrusting into her.

"Cum, goddamn you! Cum, slut!" Judy, I had decided, was a rude bitch. But she got what she asked for, as Roxy let out a familiar scream and slumped down onto the bed. Judy continued to thrust into her, leaving the black-haired beauty whining as it continued. Judy finally pulled out, slapping the wet strap-on against Roxy's ass.

"Bind them together," Judy said. "We'll leave them as a message to the jackasses that work here." We were both too exhausted to fight as I felt my handcuffs come off. I was dragged down to the floor, where Roxy was dragged face down on top of me.

"I'm sorry for all of this, Sammy," she said to me weakly. I shook my head, and as I opened my mouth to speak, Roxy's mouth was forced against mine in an odd French kiss.

"Hold them there," one girl said, and then I heard the terrifying sound of duct tape. Both Roxy and myself tried squirming away, but they had us pinned, and all we were doing were rubbing nipples together. The duct tape was wrapped around the back of our heads near our

jaws, forcing the kiss. More duct tape was applied to our hands, mine were taped to Roxy's red ass and vice versa. Our legs were taped together, and our chests were pressed together hard as the tape was wrapped around our midsections. We were now taped together as one, and we both looked pretty embarrassed about it.

"Steal Roxy's badge and hang them in one of the test labs. Then come on back and we'll all get some rest." Judy rallied the troops, who all cheered, and we were lifted up, carried down the hallway, and entered one of the testing labs I had come to know. One of the girls grabbed a hook to hook into some of the tape to hang us by the ceiling with. And we were hung like a Christmas ornament, left there moaning into each others' mouths for help as they all left the room, leaving us in the dark.

I just hope the want to run tests in this room first...

Chapter 10

Rebellion

Several months passed. After getting way too anxious, I was told I could leave the facility if I wished. I grabbed my things and waved an exaggerated goodbye before taking the elevator up to the salon floor, walking out to get some fresh air. I called a cab and asked to be taken to Clarissa's house.

As I pulled up to her house, I realized I didn't have any money for the fare. The cabbie waved it off and told me to enjoy myself before driving off. I ran to the front door and knocked on it loudly. After a moment, Clarissa's beautiful face greeted me upon opening the door.

"Oh, Clarissa," I said with a relaxed sigh. "I've missed you so much."

"I'm sorry, do I know you?" she asked me.

"It's me, Sam," I said.

"Sam?" She sounded unsure, as if trying to think of a girl named Sam she might've known.

"Here, I'll prove who I am." I gently placed my hands on her cheeks and kissed her lovingly, and she returned the kiss. It could've lasted forever.

When we finally broke the kiss, she hugged me tightly. "Oh, Sam, where have you been?!"

"Trying to get to you again," I replied.

"I love you so much," she said. "I just wish this wasn't a dream..." She locked lips with me again, and I felt like we were flying.

I thought about her words. Wasn't a dream? When I opened my eyes, I wasn't kissing Clarissa. I was still taped to Roxy in our forced lip lock, our bodies still tightly bound together. I whimpered, realizing it had all been a dream, I must've dozed off while stuck in my current situation. My upset groan must've woken Roxy up as well, as she slowly peeked open her eyes as well. I could hear her sigh just as depressed, and together we began squirming again to break free.

About an hour later, the familiar chime of an unlocked door rang out, and both Roxy and I widened our eyes in excitement. We started calling out against each others' lips, wrestling against the tape that held us up, when I suddenly noticed who entered.

"What in the hell is going on in here?!" Dr. Chilton exclaimed. Oh great.

"I go on vacation for one week and you setup some kind of human piatas, Dr. Chilton?" another man asked, one I had yet to meet.

"Very funny, just help me get them down from there," he snorted back, grabbing a chair and sliding it up to our location.

"Aye aye, captain," the other man said, and as the two rose near our level, they carefully lowered us down to the floor. Dr. Chilton grabbed a pair of scissors, storming back over to us, cutting the tape free that pinned our heads together. As Roxy's lips left mine, we both took a deep breath, panting for a moment.

"I can't believe this," Dr. Chilton said angrily. He sliced the tape away from our wrists, legs, and midsections, making us tense up as he cut rather recklessly. "We're going to have to

put a padlock on your door, Miss Steel, and lucky for you we'll stop the sexual testing as I see what it's done to your libido."

I was a bit stunned at the accusation. I looked up at him, scoffing. "Wait, you think I did this?!"

"I know how Roxy behaves, child, so I know it's not her. But to TAPE yourself to her?" He grabbed at the tape in my hair and jerked it hard, trying to pull it out of my hair only to jerk my head back with it. I cried out as it felt like he was ripping the hair right out of my head.

"Now doc, it's not-" Roxy started, but Chilton wouldn't let her have a word.

"It's alright, Roxy, I'll take care of this," he replied, still jerking at the tape in my hair. "Dr. Goldthorn, will you please escort Miss Roxy to her chambers, please?"

"Sure thing, Dr. Chilton," the much more energetic Dr. Goldthorn said, helping Roxy to her feet before leading her out of the room.

Dr. Chilton jerked one hard final time on the tape, ripping it free from my hair. I was kicking my legs against the floor, writhing in pain while holding my head. I glared up at him, only to be met with one as well. He reached down and started ripping the tape off of my hands just as painfully.

"What is your issue, prick?!" I shouted, jerking my hand away. He grabbed my wrist and continued tearing away at the tape.

"I have no respect for an experiment that decides to run wild," he said. "This is your first and only warning from me. If I catch you doing a stunt like this again, I will make sure that you will live through your own personal hell on earth, do you understand?"

"Do you REALLY think I would tape myself to another person?" I was getting an attitude much like I had the other day. I didn't care about any 'warnings.'

"I believe your newfound sexual desires in your new form has rendered you into a perverse shell of a person that will go to such a length in order to achieve climax." He ripped the tape from one hand, then grabbed my other wrist to do the same.

"I can't believe you," I started, fuming. "First, YOU kidnap me and force me into your machine. Second, YOU turn me into a woman and continue to hold me. YOU'RE the one fucking me with machines for some so-called 'tests,' and YOU'RE the one turning men into women for your own amusement 'in the name of science.' And you're calling ME perverse?! Did it ever occur to you that your other test subjects may have been the culprits?!"

"Don't be ridiculous, they don't have a key card," he replied. "Meanwhile, you've been getting awfully close to Dr. West each day, so it's logical you may have convinced or seduced him in order to obtain one."

"You're fucking kidding me, right?!" This twig of a man was really pissing me off at this point. My hands clenched into fists. "You turn me into a woman and have the nerve to call me a pervert?!"

He ripped the rest of the tape roughly off of my hand. "After scanning your mind upon your first day into our labs, and seeing just how much you lusted over your girlfriend and how often you masturbated, it's without a shadow of a doubt cemented in my mind that--"

I lost it. The next thing I knew, I had slapped him as hard as I could across his face, hard enough to turn my entire palm red. Hard enough to draw blood from his mouth. It was his turn to ball his hands into fists, shaking angrily in front of me. I don't know when to keep my mouth shut or when to back down.

"Keep fucking with me. I don't know about the rest of those 'women,' but you've crossed the wrong guy this time! I will fucking end you!" I was screaming at this point. My rage had hit a boiling point. It didn't stay there long, however, as the scientist's small frame lunged at me, wrapping a surprisingly strong hand around my throat and lifting me off of the ground, holding me in the air against the wall behind me. I gasped for air, kicking my legs helplessly.

“On the contrary,” he said in a low tone, unlike any I had heard him speak in. “YOU have crossed the wrong person. Starting today, you will live in pain and suffering, and I will personally watch the life drain from your eyes until you are a mindless shell of a woman. Your fate is now carved in stone, and I will be there to watch the magnificence of your punishment, lab rat!”

I clawed at his hand around my throat, feeling as though the life was already draining from me as my kicks got weaker. After his little monologue, he spun around and threw me down hard, my body slamming against the ceramic tiled floor below. My body felt broken, the only strength left in my body allowing me to gasp for air. I saw his feet pass by me, and I heard the chime of the door.

“Sorry it took me so long,” I heard Dr. Goldthorn’s voice ring out into the quiet room. “What’s with this girl?”

“She couldn’t regain her strength after we helped her down. I guess I was a little too rough with the tape.” Grrrr, what a liar!

“You should be a little more careful next time,” the unsuspecting scientist replied. “Need me to help escort her to her room?”

“That’d be great, Dr. Goldthorn. You’re a great colleague.” I felt my body rise from the floor as I was lifted and thrown over this ‘new’ doctor’s shoulder. I didn’t struggle, I didn’t have the strength to. It was a quiet walk back to my room. Goldthorn unlocked the room, stepping inside and carrying me to the bathroom. He laid me down in the tub, running some hot bathwater for me.

“Here you go, let’s get you cleaned up,” he said, kneeling by the tub.

“Thanks, but I’m fine,” I said quietly. Stunned, he nodded understandingly and got back up to his feet.

“Alright, well, let me know if I can get you anything.” I nodded, and Goldthorn left my room. He seemed nice enough, I have no idea how he could get along with Chilton. I let the steamy water fill up the tub, before weakly leaning forward to turn the water off.

I began thinking to myself as I sat in the tub. I told myself I needed to stand up for myself. I had been slapped, raped, and beaten up several times over the past few days. I needed to get out of here as soon as possible, but I also needed to be patient about it. I had to prevent this kind of shit from happening.

I scrubbed at the dried jizz on my face, cleaning myself off, before scrubbing my legs clean of the dried juices me and Betty had left. I then sank into the tub, using more shampoo than a normal shower would have called for just to get the cum and tape residue out of my hair. I must’ve been in the tub for well over an hour and a half, just scrubbing away the semen and tape residue from my skin.

Tired, I let out the water from the tub, drying myself off as I looked at myself in the mirror. I had cleaned myself up nicely, and watched my reflection as I towel dried myself. Normally, this moment would fill my mind with wonder and leave me with a headache. This time, however, as I watched the beautiful brunette woman on the other side of the looking glass, only one thought came to my mind: I will escape this hell, and I will be free again.

“Come on, Sammy, please get up,” Dr. Wright pleaded to me. “We have work to do.”

“No,” I said back simply. “I don’t want to.”

“Sammy, it’s ok, this kind of thing happens all the time,” she lied to me. Apparently I was still quite sleepy when I got up to use the restroom earlier. I stepped into the bathroom and took a much-needed piss; I snapped out of my groggy state when my feet quickly realized that I was a woman now, and that they can’t go to the bathroom standing up. It was incredibly embarrassing and called for a shower afterward, before shuffling back to bed. I didn’t feel like doing anything else for the rest of the day.

“Sammy,” Dr. Wright called to me again, sitting at the edge of my bed. “Everything’s fine.

I won't tell any of the other doctors about this, alright?"

Dammit, the tone of her voice and her promises... She could make a living selling freezers in the Yukon. "Fine, but don't tell anyone!"

"I promise," she said, and got up to get me some clothes to change into. As I sat up, I was greeted to her cupping my breasts with a bra. My face turned bright red, but she clasped the back for me with ease and let me slip my arms through the straps. She set aside some underwear, jeans, and a shirt, before walking to the door. "I'll let you change, I'll be waiting for you outside. Just knock when you're done." With that, she left me to privately change, unlocking the door so that she could leave.

I pulled the shirt down over my head; it was a bit tighter than the shirts I've been wearing, a girls' slim-fit tee that hugged my perfect curves well. I then stood up and grabbed the underwear, blushing deeper at what she had pulled out for me to wear. "A... a thong...?" Well, this was new. I lowered them down and stepped into them, uncomfortably sliding them up my legs to my waist. I wasn't sure exactly how I was supposed to wear it, was it supposed to rest between my cheeks or just lie on top of my crack? As I stepped into my jeans, I realized it wasn't going to be simply 'resting on top,' and felt my face burn more as I slid my jeans up and buttoned them.

I grabbed some thin socks and some casual looking flats and slipped them on, since I couldn't find the sneakers I'd been given, and walked to the door, knocking on it a few times. With the chime of the lock, I was greeted by Dr. Wright's warm smile, nodding in approval upon seeing me. "Very nice, you look wonderful, Sammy. Come on, let's go to our room."

She led me down the hallway, constantly looking back to watch me. I was told several times that I hadn't been practicing my posture, nor my walk, and even walking to my test seemed like a chore. Walking like a woman also wasn't doing anything for the thong I was wearing.

"Why are you blushing, hun?" she asked me, which only made me blush more.

"N-no reason," I said. It would only further embarrass myself if I tried explaining it.

"It's your underwear, isn't it?" I looked at her surprised. She merely smiled at me and continued leading the way. "You'll get used to it, don't worry."

"But why am I wearing them to begin with?"

"Honey, do you honestly believe there is only one kind of underwear?"

"I'd still be wearing boxers if it were my choice."

The scientist chuckled at me. "I'm here to get you used to the options you have available to you as a woman. Would you honestly want one of the men to do this for you instead?"

The thought of Chilton helping me dress or deciding what I should wear made me shudder in disgust. "Good point," I replied.

Dr. Wright opened the door to one of the labs, the two of us walking into the familiar lab with the catwalk. She led me back up the stairs to the top of the runway, where she stepped back and let me take center stage. "Alright, let's see your walk again."

Considering I had walked femininely all the way there, I figured it would be a breeze. I started walking down the runway, when she called out to me.

"Take lighter steps, Sammy," she said, making me freeze. "Let your shoes click against the floor instead of 'clunk' against it." I tried taking lighter steps, feeling like I was walking more on my toes, which in turned made my thong ride up higher. I tensed up at the feeling. "That's good, you've remembered your posture, too. Hold your shoulders up a little higher."

Why do women have to walk differently? Why can't I just walk like I used to? I was getting a little frustrated, but I continued to walk to the end of the runway, turning back. As I walked back, I saw Dr. Wright shake her head again.

"No, you're moving your body too much," she said tiredly.

"I thought I was supposed to," I called back weakly.

"No, sway your hips with your steps. The way you're moving looks like you're batting away

flies with your bosom with each step.” She walked towards me, as if to set an example. She held her head high, shoulders up, back straight, and let her hips flow with each step. I was almost hypnotized by it. “Now, you try.”

I tried walking the same way, but I felt her hand clasp my shoulder. “What did I do wrong?”

“Are you wiggling your butt while you walk?” She looked at me seriously, though the question itself was a bit weird.

“Not intentionally,” I said. We each sighed, and she stood behind me like she did the first time she tried teaching me how to walk, grabbing my hips firmly. I felt my face burn again.

“Step forward.” I took a step forward, and as I did I felt her hands wrench at my sides to force my hip to swing. It didn’t hurt, but it took me by surprise, as it was a little more forceful than the first time. “Step forward again.” I did as she instructed, and she manipulated my hips the opposite direction. “Again.”

We walked like this the whole way down. As we reached the end, her arms wrapped underneath of mine, forcing my shoulders up, and her fingers placed themselves under my chin to force my head up as well. “Now,” she started. “When we start walking, I want you to swing your hips like we just did.”

“Alright,” I said sheepishly, and took my first step forward, making sure to move my hip like she had just taught me.

“Not too bad, keep it up.” I felt her leg kick my other leg forward, not waiting for me anymore, and I tried walking with my head and shoulders forced up while swinging my hips as she had taught me. When we reached the end of the runway, she let go of me, only to slap my ass pretty hard.

“OW!!” I yelped, spinning around to her while rubbing the sore cheek. “What was that for?!”

“Stop swinging your bottom, swing your hips!” She looked at me sternly, like a librarian or a teacher, and I realized she would now be disciplining me for making mistakes. Fantastic.

My ass was still sore from the night before, but I didn’t say anything about it, instead rubbing my butt and keeping quiet. A moment later, and I was turned back towards the catwalk. I lifted my head up, held my shoulders high, and as I stepped forward to take my first step, I felt two wonderfully soft hands grasp my tits.

“Wha?!” God, I was like a Japanese school girl I was blushing so much. I looked down at the hands on my chest when one of them broke away, only to gently tug me by my hair to lift my head back up before resuming its place on my chest.

“Don’t take this the wrong way, hun,” Dr. Wright said calmly. “I’m not into girls, but-”

“Don’t worry, I’m not one,” I replied. I couldn’t tell if I was trying to joke with her or trying to convince her it was fine, but she cleared her throat to stop me.

“BUT, if you’re going to wave your chest around to everyone when you walk, I’m going to have to teach you to hold them still. Now, go ahead and walk.” I wish I were still a guy, just to see if I could try this stunt in a bar to pick up girls. Actually, I know it wouldn’t work, so I’m sure I’m not missing out on much.

I stepped forward, and felt my boobs shift in her hands. She gripped them firmly, making me gasp. “D-doc...”

“For each time your breasts sway all around, I’m going to hold them in place. And if you don’t sway your hips correctly, you’ll get another spanking.”

“A-are you sure you’re not into girls?” I asked. “Because if you are, I’m not doing anything tonight...”

She rolled her eyes and smirked at me. “Really cute, hun. Just walk.”

I took another few steps before feeling her hands grip my breasts again. I shuddered from the grab, looking over my shoulder at her. “Didn’t you say a woman should be proud of her breasts?”

“Proud, yes. But a lady also doesn’t look like she’s trying to fan someone with them.”

“I don’t understand,” I whimpered, but she patted my left breast reassuringly as if it were my shoulder.

“You’ll do fine. Come on, keep walking.” And so I kept walking, and kept having my breasts grabbed, and kept getting more and more aroused at my ‘grobe-and-go’ experience. I could feel my nipples getting hard and pressing against her palms, though by the feel of her constant squeezes, she didn’t notice; lucky me.

Once we reached the end of my hot-and-bothered trip, she let go of my chest. Before I could turn around to face her, I felt another hard slap against my butt. A whine escaped my throat before I spun around to face her, scowling at her. It was hard to, though, as she greeted me with a smile.

“That was a little better, but you’re still moving your butt too much. Let’s try this again.” And so, for over an hour and a half, she held my hips, lifted my head, and groped my tits, all while walking with me, and for over an hour and a half, I’d get a hard spanking upon reaching the end of the runway. As if my lashes from the belt weren’t enough from the night before, I now had Dr. Wright slapping my sore bottom for quite a while. However, after this time, I finally had it down, by myself, without her help, and could walk ‘like a lady.’ Dr. Wright applauded me, smiling sweetly.

“Very nice, Sammy,” she said. “Now, let’s practice sitting.”

“Good, I could use the break,” I sighed, jumping off the stage to walk over to the nearby table.

“No, no, we’re not taking a break,” Dr. Wright replied, walking to the back of the catwalk to exit the runway stage. I slumped down in a chair, my feet killing me in the shoes I was wearing. I’d never be able to walk in heels. When she walked up to me, she swatted my thigh, making me jerk up in my chair, tense.

“Come on, can’t we take a break?”

“You could consider this a break.” She took a seat next to me. “Women don’t sit spread eagle. Close your legs.”

“But Dr. Wright—”

“Close them.” I closed my legs, my thighs and calves together. “Place your hands in your lap.” Failing to understand how this was considered ‘comfortable,’ I placed my hands in my lap. I felt prim and proper, and I honestly didn’t care for it.

“There. NOW can I relax?”

“You’re not relaxed?” Dr. Wright seemed confused. HOW?!

“No! Isn’t there some... other way to sit?”

“Now that you mention it,” she began, before scooting her chair towards me. “Here, cross your legs.”

I lifted my left leg up to cross it how I normally do, however she grabbed my knee as I lifted it, crossing my legs while keeping them together. It felt like she was trying to wrap my legs around each other, but I looked down to see I was sitting like a woman. It wasn’t hard, but it wasn’t any more comfortable, though it did look nice. It reminded me of how a sexy slender legged businesswoman or librarian would sit.

“Is this any better?” she asked me.

“...Not really, but at least I’m sitting,” I muttered. Things didn’t get any better from there, as Dr. Wright then began trying to teach me how to speak like a woman, act like a woman, laugh like a woman, and eat and drink like a woman. I wish she would understand that I never wanted to be a woman in the first place.

About two more hours passed before I was allowed to go back to my room. Dr. Wright complimented me on my progress, and walking back without getting spanked wasn’t terribly hard. I hate to say it, but I was getting the hang of walking femininely, which I’m sure if I ever

turned back into a guy would ruin my reputation. Or what little of one I had.

Back in my room, I slipped my flats off, jumped on the couch, and proceeded to enjoy the rest of my day off. I relaxed, watched a few hours of television, grabbed a little something to eat from my mini fridge, and stretched out on the couch that evening to take a little nap.

I awoke a short while later, feeling something on my face. I opened my eyes to find a hand clasped over my mouth and jaw, and after a moment the panic kicked in. I squirmed on the couch, trying to get free, but I was pinned.

“Time to get up, sunshine,” Judy said, grinning over me as she held me by the mouth. Holding me hard, she slung her arm away, hurling me off of the couch and to the floor.

This was it. I was going to stand up for myself. I was through getting pushed around by scientists and ‘half-women.’ This was my stand. That is, until I felt the handcuffs clasp my wrists behind my back.

“Oh no you don’t,” another voice said. Judy wasn’t alone! This voice belonged to Monica, the girl that had cut my clothes off of me the night before. “Give her a lesson, Jesse.”

I looked up just in time to see one of the other girls, Jesse, hit me with a taser. My whole body tensed up, my toes curled, and a low squeal came from my throat as I was electrocuted on the floor of my room. When she released it some time later, I was already physically exhausted, my body trembling from the shock.

“Atta girl, Jess,” Judy said, lifting me up to my knees by my hair. “Come on, girls, let’s get this girl ready.”

“...D...dammit...” I couldn’t move, and was pretty helpless as the girls carried me away from the couch. The three of them crowded around my face and began drawing all over me, all talking to each other at once that it was hard to understand what was going on. I felt lipstick being applied, along with blush, eye shadow, mascara, eye liner, lip liner, foundation, and god knows what else. One of them held up a mirror, allowing me to see myself. I had to admit, I was gorgeous with my face painted up.

“Hmmm,” Judy began, rubbing her chin. “Something is missing...” She dug through a bag she brought in with her and pulled the ruby lipstick back out. “I’ve got it!” With the mirror held up, I watched as she wrote the word ‘SLUT’ across my forehead. How mature.

“Let go...” My cries were obviously ignored, as they began playing with my hair. Shortly after I had two pigtails atop my head, which I couldn’t deny were adorable. As I weakly struggled and shook my head, they bounced and swayed, as did my breasts, but I wouldn’t be escaping the girls.

“I wonder where the others are,” Jesse said. That meant that these three weren’t going to be the only ones here. That also meant trouble.

“No,” I said weakly, but received a slap in the face for my protest.

“Shut up, slut,” Monica yelled at me while the other two girls cackled. How witty.

“They should be here any minute,” Judy said, pulling a knife from her pocket. She sliced down the front of my shirt halfway, cutting into the bra as well to expose my breasts. They popped right up and out of the shirt, as if gasping for air, and my nipples instantly became erect as the cold air hit them.

“Let’s hope,” Jesse muttered. She leaned down, roughly pinching my right nipple. I moaned out in pain, but that only encouraged her to pinch harder. Monica must’ve thought it looked fun because she decided to do the same to my left nipple. I cried out and tried to squirm away from them, but they each took turns telling me to shut up and hurling insults at me.

I grit my teeth together as I tried to block out the pain to my sensitive nipples, but the two girls were not letting me do so easily. They pinched, squeezed, and twisted my nipples, and would then take turn jerking them left and right, clapping my breasts together painfully. I bit my lip to keep from making too much noise to avoid further slaps from either of them. That’s when I heard the chime of the lock.

“Ahh, here they are now,” Judy said, grinning as a few girls came in.

“We got her,” one of the girls said. I looked over and saw two of them dragging in a worn out Roxy by the arms into the room. She didn’t look like she knew where she was, and she was also done up in makeup, with the word ‘CUNT’ written on her own forehead. After noticing the cum all over her face, I saw the sweet smile of Betty follow them in.

“She put up quite a fight, and Rita’s still dazed from a kick to the temple, but we still got her,” another girl said. After dropping the nearly unconscious Roxy to the floor, a blonde girl slumped down on my couch, while the others came to admire the work done on me.

That’s when I realized that even though Roxy wouldn’t win, she still fought. I had made a promise to myself to start fighting back, and I let these bitches just cuff me and do what the please instead. No, I was right earlier. It was time to make a stand.

I placed one foot on the ground, still down on one knee, and slammed the top of my head into the stomach of Monica, making her double over. As she did, I stood up as hard and as fast as I could, slamming the back of my head into her face as I whipped my head back. She hit the ground hard, leaving the rest of them in shock.

I spent no time in continuing my assault; I lifted my leg high and kicked Jesse in the sternum hard enough to send her down to the ground. My hands still cuffed behind my back, I shoulder rammed Judy in her chest hard enough to send her into one of the other girls behind her, the two of them tumbling over.

“Get the stun gun, Amber!” one of the other girls screamed. An orange haired girl ran over and snatched the taser from the floor, running at me with it. I sidestepped Amber and landed a kick to the back of her knee, sending her down to her knees. As she landed, I spun around, grabbing the taser with one of my hands, and shocked the girl, holding it there until another girl had charged me. I dropped the taser, leaving Amber to fall to the ground, and lunged forward at my new assailant, knocking her off her feet as my flying body slammed into hers. It was really an amazing scene I wish I could’ve witnessed, and felt like I could’ve been in a movie.

That is, until the phone had been unplugged from the wall and slammed into the back of my head. I know what one might be thinking: ‘A phone? Really?’ Might I point out this phone also decimated the camera that was installed in my room, and was made nearly entirely of metal. Jesse had gotten back up and managed to take me down with the telephone, while Judy got a hold of the taser and let me have it. Every muscle in my body felt like it was going to tighten up to the point of ripping themselves to shreds. My mind was going blank, and all I could feel was voltage and pain. Finally, Judy let go, and I could feel burn marks around my wrists from the metal cuffs.

“How did you get a taser?” the girl on my couch called out.

“Debra drew the short straw, so she had to seduce one of the security guards and pick pocketed it from him,” Jesse replied.

“We said we weren’t going to talk about it!” yelled the girl that had sent Amber to her fate.

I may not have won my fight, but I fought back. And it wouldn’t be the last time I’d do so. Until the next time, however, I’d have to endure getting lifted up by my hair again while all the girls that weren’t incapacitated by my attack took turns slapping the shit out of me.

“Go into my bag and pull it out,” Judy said, continuing to slap me as she did. I could hear the girls behind her rummaging about, though my eyes were closed from the constant assault to my cheeks. At times, they’d intentionally miss to hit me in the mouth, my nose, my ears, or near my eyes, as well. “Thank you, who’s next?”

The girls jumped and shouted and fought over who got to beat me up next while Judy got behind me. As another girl took her turn with our one sided fight, I felt Judy reach around and unbutton my pants, sliding them down to my knees. A firm hard slap to the ass reminded

me of something I had forgotten before then.

“Uh oh, what do we have here?” Judy said. “I wouldn’t have figured you to be a thong kind of girl for another couple of weeks.” She pulled the elastic band back, letting it snap against my ass. I would’ve argued back had I not been slapped repetitively at the time, but it didn’t matter as she tugged them down to my knees as well. That’s when I felt a slippery finger tickle against my asshole.

“What the fuck?!” I shouted, jerking my head to the side to look back at the woman playing with my anus. Turning my head, however, would cause me to get slapped full faced instead of against my cheek. My whole body felt limp and my vision went blurry, not to mention rendering me speechless, but Judy didn’t let up.

“It’s a little surprise for you, dearie,” she replied, removing her finger. In its place I felt something a bit thicker than her finger pushing hard against my anus, making me cry out until my next slap. “It’s called a butt plug. You may feel stretched out at first, but you’ll get used to it very quickly.” She pushed harder, forcing the tip inside of my ass.

“NO!! No, no, n—” I started before another hand across the face interrupted me. I started to squirm, but not only did they all get more fierce, but the plug would only hurt more upon doing so. Fighting back was beginning to seem like a bad idea at this point.

“Stop flirting and just jam it in already, Judy,” Debra said, which only became hell for my backside. I felt the butt plug forcing its way further, harder, and deeper into me, stretching my ass with each push.

“I’m trying, but she’s too tight,” the butt-plug-wielding bitch responded, forcing ever harder. At this rate, I was going to be ripped in half. I continued to protest, only to have girls that weren’t stuffing my ass or slapping my face to abuse my tits, either pulling my nipples outward or slapping my breasts. It was torturous.

Finally, as if I didn’t think my ass could stretch any further, I felt my asshole tighten around near the base area, my ‘triumph’ being met with another hard spanking. “Good job, slut,” Judy said, standing up behind me.

“Oh god,” I said, left panting in exhaustion. They had stopped the assault against my face, though it was stinging all over anyway. That’s when I felt two hands grip the base of my pigtails.

“Oh Betty, she’s ready for you,” Judy called sweetly. Betty skipped happily over, my head forced up to see her brightened smile.

“Aw, thank you,” she said. “I think she’s my favorite.” She knelt down in front of me, caressing my cheek before kissing my lips sweetly. Oddly enough, this was probably the best thing that happened to me all day. She stood back up in front of me, lifting her skirt to reveal her cock as she decided commando was the way to go this evening.

“Betty, please don’t do this,” I pleaded. The grip on my hair tightened, making me wince, but I looked up with a begging look at the dickgirl in front of me.

“Aw, sweetheart, I have nothing against you. I like you and Roxy a lot.”

“Then please join us,” I requested. “Why do you still side with them?”

“I’m sorry, baby doll, but they offer me sex with you ladies. They’ve got a winning hand.” Without another word, Betty swiftly stuffed my mouth with her cock to seal the deal. I closed my eyes, wishing this were a dream and I’d wake up on the couch. Wishing was pointless, I knew it was real, and the firm grip in my pigtailed hair was quick to remind me as it forced me up and down on the dick in my mouth, making it also become the dick in my throat.

It became a struggle to breathe as the head of Betty’s cock kept hitting me in the back of my throat. Judy was relentless, I guess using this to make up further for losing Roxy from their ‘side.’ She knelt down behind me, still jamming my head forward as if she were trying to drill the cock through the back of my skull.

“I see insults like ‘slut,’ ‘whore,’ and ‘bitch’ don’t do much for you, do they?” she asked. I

couldn't really respond, as I was too busy gagging at the time, so after a moment she chuckled and decided to continue anyway. "I guess they wouldn't, seeing as you're still freshly a man. Or USED to be, anyway."

I closed my eyes tighter, trying to ignore her, but she had already started to get to me. "You must miss being a guy and all, huh? Instead, you've got the nicest little tits and the sweetest little ass, that you'll be turning heads if you ever get to leave this place. You'll be the delight of every guy anywhere."

Starting to squirm a little, I wanted to argue back, only managing to let out a moan before gagging it back down. She retaliated by holding my hair even tighter. "And look at you. Some macho guy you turned out to be, right? Sucking dick in a small room in a science lab." I wanted at her, and squirmed again to lash at her, but my wrists were still bound and I was pinned down onto my knees, my efforts doing me no good. "You're sucking cock like a pro, too, aren't you?"

I tried shaking my head, but that didn't exactly work too well. She didn't stop there. "I bet you were the 'Blowjob Queen' for the football team weren't you? I can see you now, some little queer blowing guys for fun in the school bathroom stalls, huh?" I whimpered, still trying to shake my head and deny it. "Don't lie, Sam, I bet your lips were always in charge of the glory holes around town, weren't they? Did you ever make any money chugging down cum?"

"Ooo, Judy, stop, you're really turning me on," Betty said, thrusting her hips into my mouth. I still tried to protest, only coming out as gargled gags and weak moans deep in my throat.

"It's alright, Betty, I'm sure your dick's not the only one those lips have seen, right, little Sammy?" My hands were shaking in frustration. And no matter how hard I tried to squirm free, I couldn't stop her verbal assault. "Look at her. She's taking nearly all of your huge dick in her mouth. She's loving this!"

I kept my eyes closed, because I knew if I opened them my eyes would tear up in anger. I could only kneel there, get throat fucked, and listen to her continue. "There's no way you haven't done this before, Sam. You were a little fagboy, huh? Just a little fagboy that was good for nothing on this earth except having your mouth stuffed with cock. And then, you turned into a woman. Isn't that right?"

Judy had finally hit a nerve. Her insults to my masculinity actually brought out my feminine side, and I did the only thing I could do in my situation: I started crying. Left helpless to suck cock and take the mental abuse, I wept as I felt the underside of Betty's cock brush against my tongue, and I bawled as I gagged, drooled, and inadvertently made slurping noises from the slick cock sliding between my lips. Judy must've felt proud, because I heard her snicker as I cried, and Betty must've been turned on by her degrading speech, because she pulled back so only the tip of her head was in my mouth, screaming out as my mouth began filling with her cum.

Betty pulled out, leaving a trail of cum from the tip of her dick to my lip until she backed far enough away to split it. Judy slammed me against the side of my bed by the hair, looking down on me as I cried, cheeks puffed out a little from the climax sloshing around in my mouth. She crossed her arms, smirking down at me. "Swallow it."

"Mm-mmm!" I shouted through closed lips, shaking my head. She dropped down, grabbing my chin roughly and jerking it up so the semen in my mouth rushed towards my throat. I felt her hand on my throat, stroking downwards to try to force the cum down my throat.

"Swallow it like you used to, bitch," she argued back with me, her stroking hand forcing most of it down my throat. I whimpered, cringing at the familiar taste and feeling of it sliding down my throat. "There. Brings back a lot of memories, doesn't it?" She stood back up, grinning down at me again before grabbing my pigtailed to slam my face into her rising knee, dropping me back down to the floor as I continued to cry like a bitch. I felt worthless at

that moment, unlike anything I've ever felt, like I couldn't die soon enough to get out of this situation.

"Shut the fuck up!!" Judy turned around just in time for her face to meet Roxy's elbow, literally sending the woman flying over my cowering body below her. Judy hit the bed, but the break of her fall wouldn't take the pain out of her face. Roxy lunged up onto the bed, wailing her fist into Judy's face, beating the hell out of her, when the other girls suddenly realized what had happened and rushed to their leader's aid.

"Judy!!"

"Get off of her!"

"I'll show you, traitor!"

All of the girls except for Betty rushed to help Judy, and one by one, they would get knocked off the bed down to the floor. Rita was sent sprawling from another hard hit to her head. Jesse took a kick to the jaw that leveled her. Monica had been grabbed by the hair and forced face first into the wall before dropping to the ground. Amber's assault with the stun gun was a no-go as Roxy slapped the taser away from her hand before kicking her knees out from underneath of her, letting her head bounce off the floor. Debra was the tased for a moment before a punch to the jaw sent her reeling.

"You want to start some kind of rebellion?! I'll give you a rebellion!! You'll wish you never crossed me!!" Roxy was yelling out across the room, nearly panting from getting worked up so much. Practically every girl had been annihilated by Roxy, who after clearing the room continued to pound the life out of Judy.

"Please, Roxy, stop!" Betty cried out. Roxy sat up and spun her head around to stare down the protestor, a look of insane rage in her eyes. After a brief staredown between the two, pleading eyes from Betty and angry eyes from Roxy, the warrior princess slung Judy off the bed by her hair, storming over to the door and snatching an ID badge from the floor to open it up.

"Get out of here, all of you!!" she screamed, marching over to girls on the floor to escort them out one at a time by their hair. After they were all cleared, Betty began walking towards the door, where Roxy slammed it shut. "You're not going anywhere."

"But—" the dickgirl started, looking back and forth between me, still curled up in a pathetic ball near my bed, hugging my knees and sniffing like a hurt child, and Roxy, who was still seething with anger. The latter would interrupt her.

"We need to have a little talk."

Chapter 11

A New Ally?

The tension in the room was a little high. Roxy was guarding the door, looking like she was trying to calm herself down so she wouldn't have an attitude with Betty. Betty was standing in the middle of the room, quivering as she had just seen Roxy beat the hell out of everyone and was looking pretty terrified herself. And I was curled up by my bed still, knees hugged against my chest, wrists still cuffed behind my back, sobbing quietly to myself. I didn't even know why I was still crying at this point, but I couldn't control myself; I had been hurt mentally, physically, sexually, and my emotions felt like they decided to run rampant.

"Betty, I thought we were friends," Roxy started. She stepped away from the door, Betty backing up frightened.

"We are, Roxy!" She backed up until she had hit the couch, dropping onto it. "You know it's an addiction, I can't help it!"

"Sweetie, why would you let them abuse me like that if you were my friend?" Roxy said, sounding more upset than angry as she sat down next to Betty. The latter girl's head dropped, looking guiltily at the floor. "I know you like to cum, we all do, but they beat the hell out of us while you get off. For fuck's sake, they used a taser on Sammy!"

Betty was shaking, and I could hear her sniffle softly from across the room. "I'm sorry... I'm so sorry..." And suddenly I wasn't the only one crying in the room anymore, as she leaned on Roxy and cried. The black haired girl took Betty in her arms, letting her cry on her shoulder, rubbing the dickgirl's back to console her.

"I'm not mad at you," Roxy said softly. "I'm mad at them for using you for their own amusement and our torture." She tried shushing the hysterical girl, looking like a completely different person, almost motherly. She lifted her soft gaze up, looking at me. "You ok, kid?"

I stayed as quiet as I could, merely shaking my head. Roxy kissed Betty's forehead, whispering something to her (likely along the lines that she'd be back in a moment), before getting up and walking over to me. She knelt down beside me, placing a soft hand on my cheek.

"Christ, girl, your nose is bleeding." I hadn't even noticed it, honestly. It must've been busted open when Judy kned me in the face. I shrugged, still trembling as I kept my gaze towards the floor. "Sammy, look at me."

I looked up at her, and she smiled at me. She caressed my cheek, helping me to my feet. "Don't worry, kid, we'll get them. We'll make them pay. Let me find the key to get these cuffs off of you." Roxy looked around, finally finding a key on the floor near the couch after a moment of searching. She turned me around, unlocking the cuffs from my wrists. "Bend over, Sam."

I looked back at her, shaking my head. "Mm-mmm..."

Roxy gave me an irritated glare. "Kid, bend over. You've still got the butt plug in you."

I blushed deeply as she said, but I shook my head again. "I know. It hurts, don't touch it."

"Just relax, I'll pull it out easily."

“Please don’t, it hurts to move.”

Roxy sighed, finally shoving me over on the bed so I was bent over. I began to protest, but it did no good as she grabbed the base. It felt like my spine jumped from the feeling, and I moaned out loudly in pain. She merely slapped my ass lightly. “I said relax, goddammit!! If you’re tense, it’s going to feel like I’m ripping you in half.”

I sniffled a few times, trying to relax. I tried not to think about it, but I felt Roxy pull on it, and my asshole stretched easily as I tried to stay relaxed. I moaned out again, but after the thick bottom was out of my ass, it slid out fairly easily. I dropped to my knees, my face hitting my sheets as I stayed bent over my bed.

“See? Wasn’t it easy after the first part?” Roxy rubbed my back, and the only response I could give her was a pained groan through my bed. She leaned down, kissing my cheek, before whispering, “I’m trying to get Betty to join our side. It will definitely be easier on us.”

I nodded, and Roxy left my side, going back over to Betty, who still hung her head as guilt had washed over her. They got to talking again, low between themselves. I struggled to crawl up onto my bed, finally making it up and lying down to relax. I noticed Betty suddenly lift her head up, looking at Roxy, before hugging her tightly. Roxy rubbed her back like she had earlier.

Betty let go of Roxy and jumped up from the couch. She rushed over to my bed, lunging onto the bed so that she was lying next to me upon landing. She wrapped her arms around me tight, still sobbing. “I’m sorry, Sammy, I’m so sorry! I’m sorry...” It had taken me by surprise, I wasn’t expecting it. I wrapped my arms around Betty as well, lying my head against her shoulder and did the same as Roxy, rubbing her back.

“It’s ok, Betty,” I said softly. “I’m not mad at you. You’re not the one who hurts me.” Thinking about it, I was right. Betty had done nothing to me except fucked my mouth while the other girls would force me to gag on it, and been the first person to actually fuck me. She was never really mean, just an accessory of the girls that are actually trying to hurt me. Betty was simply addicted to sex, and honestly, who isn’t? Even though Betty had been a part of the whole ordeal, she always seemed sweet towards me, and as mad as I was at the rest of them, I couldn’t find myself getting angry at her. Perhaps that’s part of her charm.

“See, I told you she’s not mad at you,” Roxy said as she walked over. Betty lifted her head, still sobbing as she looked up at her friend. “So, Betty, do you think you could work with us? You help us get back at them and I’ll give you whatever you want.”

“But they promise me sex, Roxy,” she replied. “You know I’d hate myself for leaving that kind of deal...”

“Yeah, I know, you think with your dick, Bet.” Roxy thought for a second, glancing over at me. “How about you can have Sam each day for release?”

“What? Wait—” I started, but I didn’t get to say much.

“How about three times a day?” Betty haggled.

Roxy gave her a stern look. “Three? Come on, Betty... How about two?”

“Alright, two it is!”

“Um, hello?” I finally cut in. “Excuse me? I’m RIGHT HERE.”

“Yeah, I know,” Roxy replied. “That’s how I got the idea.”

“Well, did you even ASK me if that’s what I wanted?”

“Come on, kid, you need to think about the team.”

“But what about you?” I asked Roxy, pointing her body out. “You’re hot, too, why am I the only one getting sexed up?”

“Jeez, Sam, you’re acting like it’s a BAD thing,” Roxy said, shaking her head. “Not to mention, you’re the first complete woman, you’re better looking, you’re created as a masterpiece they’ve been trying to pull off as ‘the perfect woman,’ and you didn’t have a man voice in your new body.”

“Give yourself some credit,” Betty said. “You’re pretty hot too, Roxy.”

“True,” she replied conceitedly. “I am irresistible, but I also need to come up with a plan to attack back, so I figured you’d both enjoy each other’s company more.”

“But Roxy—”

“Pleeeeeeeeeease?” they said in unison, together giving me puppy dog eyes.

I had already felt bad that machines and Betty, with the help of the other girls, had raped me, making Clarissa no longer my first to be with, but going along with this would make me feel like I was cheating on her. I didn’t really have much of a choice in the matter, though, if I wanted to strike back and hopefully escape. Sighing, I nodded to them.

“A... alright...”

Betty clapped excitedly, hugging me tightly, while Roxy gave me a thumbs up. “That’s the spirit, girl! We’ll get payback and then some!”

“Well then, there’s twelve of them,” I said, doing the math in my head. “Which leaves four of them to take on each.”

Roxy and Betty hesitated, looking at each other before back at me. “Well, Betty’s more of a lover than a fighter,” Roxy said. “So... it’s still going to be six we’ll have to deal with each.”

“Well. Superb.”

“Don’t worry, we’ll send Betty back to spy for us, and we can use her to our advantage.” The two nodded to me, so I returned it, knowing I had little choice in the matter anyway. “We’ll plan tomorrow, but for now, let’s all get some rest.”

Nearly a week passed. There was no attack from the ‘rejects,’ as they were likely scared from the attacks by me and (mostly) Roxy. I performed my tests normally, and got to meet Dr. Goldthorn a little more extensively. He was young, energetic, and one of the most upbeat people I’ve worked with.

So, to put it more clearly, Dr. Hutchison was an older man, probably early 50s, was calm, had shaggy black hair, and seemed overall fatherly. Dr. Goldthorn was younger, likely in his mid-twenties, with long brown hair to his shoulders, and was easy to get along with and was overly nice. Dr. West was also a bit younger, maybe late twenties or early thirties, was a bit more built, short blonde hair, and was sarcastic and stern as well as a little strict. Dr. Wright was around Dr. West’s age, with long red hair and a cute, young looking face, was sweet but also serious when it came to teaching the ‘art’ of being a woman, and was also a lot of fun to flirt with. Dr. Chilton meanwhile was a senile frail man that should die in a car accident.

Throughout my week, I’d been fucked to hell and back. Betty had taken perfect advantage of the twice a day stipulation her and Roxy had agreed upon. I felt horrible because I still loved Clarissa, and I felt like this was wrong. On the other hand, doing this gained us an ally which made living here easier, and would help me get out soon. Also, I never said I didn’t enjoy any of it.

* * * *

Roxy and Betty were in my room, and we were formulating a plan to strike back against the rebellion. Roxy had created a rough sketch of the layout of the building on what could’ve passed for blueprints, and the three of us crowded around on the floor to plot.

“Alright,” Roxy started. “Here’s our rooms, and here’s their room two hallways down. I’ve convinced the docs to get some testing done on them soon, so we should be able to get rid of four or five of them at a time.”

“That should drop it down to seven or eight at a time still in the room,” I added.

“Right. And with a surprise jump, I’m sure we can easily get the upper hand.”

“Alright,” I said. “But how did you convince the docs to start performing tests on them?”

“They downright love me,” Roxy said sweetly. “Sorry about your luck, Sammy.”

“It’s fine, there’s like one or two of them that still like me,” I replied.

Roxy laughed and continued going over our plan. That’s when I felt my lounge pants and

panties being tugged down. I glanced back to see Betty with her ever sweet smile. According to her watch, it was fuck o'clock.

I thought it was a little cute at first. A quick screw while going over our strategy, knocking out two birds with one stone. The thought made me a little wet, however that was helped by Betty rubbing the head of her cock up and down my lips. I stayed on my hands and knees alongside Roxy, who didn't really care as long as we were working.

And I paid attention. That is, until I felt the head of Betty's cock stretch my pussy, eliciting a gasp out of me. Listening to Roxy as Betty pushed further into me was becoming harder and harder, no pun intended. I bit my lip, trying to hold my attention to our attack and where we'd be hiding before doing so, but after most of Betty was inside of me she'd pull out, thrusting hard back into me. Moans erupted from my throat, my hands began to tremble, and my breathing became rapid.

Finally I dropped my head to the ground, resting it on top of my hands. My eyes closed, I moaned out as Betty fucked me harder and harder, her thrusts speeding up faster. I felt like I was moaning like a porn star, but I couldn't help it, the love noises crept from my throat of their own accord. My breasts brushed against the floor with each thrust into me, which only made my nipples grow harder and further arouse me. Roxy tried to continue, but I heard her sigh in an irritated tone.

"Dammit, Betty, will you lighten up a little? She's not even listening to me!"

"I'm sorry, Roxy. I'll slow down a little." Betty did as she said, slowing down her pace and thrusting a little gentler. I was actually disappointed; I was close to cumming, and wanted to finish. I whimpered to show my distaste in the change, but Roxy looked sternly at me.

"You should be paying attention," she scolded. I would've replied, but I'm sure I would've just moaned instead, so I nodded. I tried to pay attention as she continued again, but I was really focused on release. As Roxy discussed our plan to sneak out during several testing hours, I started to push my body backwards, forcing my hips to press against Betty's.

I felt her tense up, not expecting me to continue any further, but I was determined to have my orgasm now. I took control, slowly grinding my hips and working my body back and forth, fucking Betty while on my hands and knees. It was when Betty started making noises that Roxy stopped again, glaring at the two of us.

"Will you two stop it? You're starting to turn me on."

"Ah, ah, ah," Betty said, grabbing my hips tighter to meet my thrusts. "You know the rules. Twice a day."

Roxy sighed. "I know, but wasn't your shower sex with her this morning good enough for you?" Mmm, it certainly was for me, that's for sure.

Betty giggled, shrugging. "That's only once. And the rules never said you weren't allowed to join."

"But this is impor... oh, fuck it, I hate you two." Roxy laid back, unzipping her jeans before pulling them down. As I knelt there on my hands and knees, moaning from my treatment, Roxy grabbed me by the back of my head and shoved me face first between her legs. "Eat me, little girl."

I've eaten Roxy out before, and I've been fucked by Betty before, but this was my first time doing both at the same time. It was tough, considering each thrust Betty gave to me mashed my face further against Roxy's cunt, but it was nothing wrapping my arms around Roxy's thighs couldn't remedy. I lashed my tongue about her labia to her clitoris, occasionally moaning out from Betty's cock stretching me open. My actions were rewarded with Roxy's own moans, her hand tightening in my hair.

"Oh, god, kid, yes!" She panted loudly as my tongue made love to her, and as my eyes skimmed up her body, I could see her free hand groping and caressing her breasts.

"Isn't she wonderful?" Betty asked, her hands gripped to my hips. I could feel her fingers

softly massage my hip bones, which sent chills down my spine.

“Mmhhh,” Roxy replied, her back arching to further push herself against my face. “I kinda wish I got to have her twice a day, too.”

“Well, we COULD have her for more than that,” the pigtailed futa hinted.

“I can’t say I don’t like the idea,” Roxy moaned out.

“Hmmm! Mmmph!” I tried to say something to remind them I was not only there listening to their negotiation, but that I wasn’t just a piece of fuck meat. The black haired woman scoffed, and I’m sure she rolled her eyes, though I couldn’t see over the huge mounds on her chest.

“Alright, alright, cry a little more about it,” she said. I pulled my head back to reply, but she stuffed it back down between her legs. “Oh, no, you can talk later, hun. After I cum.”

I heard Betty giggle behind me. I scowled, not like either of them could see it, and continued rolling my tongue along the beautiful folds against my lips. Betty began to massage my ass, giving a good slap occasionally. “Do you think we should try that butt plug again?”

“Mm-mmmm!” I moaned out loudly, shaking my head. Betty giggled again, giving my ass another firm slap. Roxy, meanwhile, purred and held my head tighter.

“Keep moaning, that feels nice...” I could hear Roxy breathing heavier, holding my lips against hers. I would’ve moaned intentionally, but that wasn’t necessary, as I felt Betty spread my cheeks apart and gently massage and press her thumb over my asshole.

I tensed up, moaning out again, much to Roxy’s delight. As I felt applied pressure against my anus, I couldn’t control my noises, and before long my hands were trembling on Roxy’s legs. She started grinding her hips against my face, finally growing tense.

“Yeah, baby, that’s it!” Roxy rewarded my hard work with a loud moan and a reminder that she squirts as she came in my mouth and on my lips. It was quite the turn-on, and I found myself grinding harder against Betty, getting close myself. That’s when Betty started to grow tense.

“Oh, god!” She moaned loudly, quickly pulling out and shooting her load on my back. I was literally stunned. I was seconds away from my own orgasm, and both of them had finished and stopped, cumming on me in the process. Betty let out a delighted sigh, tugging her pants back up.

“Alright, let’s get back to work,” Roxy said.

“Wait a minute!” I shouted, gaining both of their attention. “What about me?!”

“Aww, did you not come?” Betty asked me.

“No!!” I probably looked shocked or irritated, but I was. Come on, don’t just pull out and leave me!

“I’m sorry, hun,” Roxy said, rubbing the top of my head like a father does a son. “We can’t win them all. I’ll pay you back next time.” And with that, they got back to working as if nothing was wrong. I pouted as I listened to them ramble on about hiding places and means of attack. But don’t worry; after they left, I made up for it.

The next day, I woke up groggy and tired. I rubbed my eyes, got a shower, got dressed, and waited to be let out like a pet. Dr. West opened the door, looking me up and down before leading me out the door.

“You know, it’s still hard to believe you’re a guy,” he said as we walked.

“Not to me,” I replied.

“Well, of course not to you,” he said flatly. “But it’s as if the memory of you as a male is slowly fading.”

“Well, gee, uh, THANKS,” I said.

“I didn’t mean it like that,” he commented. “It’s just, you know, you’re a girl now, and... Jesus, look, this is why I don’t establish conversation.”

I grinned to myself. “What, do I make you nervous? Are you trying to hit on me?”

“Hardly.”

“I see, you would’ve preferred me before the change then? A ‘strictly dickly’ kind of guy?”

“No,” he replied, annoyed. “I’m a ‘strictly clittly’ kind of guy.”

“Well what do you know? Thanks to you guys, I have one of those now.”

“Little one, by the looks of things, I’d say YOU are the one that’s trying to hit on me.”

I grinned to myself again, looking up at him sultrily. “Well, with a man as handsome as you, it’s hard for me not to. How do you keep all the women off of you?” Now, don’t get me wrong, I have no interest in men, nor do I want any part of Dr. Schwarzenegger, but his reactions were cracking me up inside.

“By working here,” he said bluntly. “Now stop flirting with me. I don’t do men.”

“But I thought the memory of me being a male was fading...”

“Not enough to ever warrant a relationship out of the two of us. Sorry, you’ll have to keep touching yourself to that thought.”

I laughed, smirking at him. “You know, you’re disgusting.”

“Says the girl who touches herself constantly,” he replied with a straight face. He glanced out the corner of his eye and saw I was scoffing at him, only to cause him to chuckle.

We got to the testing room, where Hutchison, Wright, and Goldthorn were all waiting. I had a seat in the chair without them having to ask me, because I’ve gotten used to the procedure now.

“Hello, Sammy,” Dr. Hutchison greeted me in his cheery manner. “How are you?”

“Alright, I suppose,” I replied. “What’s on the agenda today?”

“Simple scans, check your brain waves, check your vitals, see how your body is doing,” Dr. Wright said.

“If you’re up to it, we’ll do the physical endurance test afterwards,” Dr. Goldthorn said. He’s not referring to the sex tests; I get hooked up to a bunch of equipment while I jog on a treadmill. Kind of like those old Gatorade commercials with the athletes and the colored sweat.

“Cool, I’m game,” I said. Behind them, I noticed the door open. The room turned to look in unison to see a police officer walk in. I was a bit confused.

The room was quiet as he took a step or two into the room. The door closed behind him. “Sorry I’m late,” Chilton replied. Wait, Dr. Chilton? Why was this asshole dressed up like a cop? Perhaps he had a second job?

“I didn’t know we had casual Fridays,” Goldthorn said sarcastically. “Or rather, costume Fridays. I would’ve worn my Flash costume if I would’ve known.”

“I had some business to attend to,” he responded, walking towards his office connected to the lab we were in. I met his eyes, and swear I saw him smirk when his met mine. “Allow me a moment to change.”

“What the hell...?” I asked, looking to the others for an answer as he stepped into his office.

“I wonder if he’s been out in the parking lot, issuing tickets to anyone parked in our spaces again...” Dr. Hutchison said, trailing off.

Dr. Wright scoffed. “Probably. I really wish he would lighten up.”

While it kind of made sense to me that he would go on an asshole spree such as that, it didn’t add up. Why haven’t I seen this prior? Was it only once a month? I didn’t really understand, but I wasn’t buying Dr. Hutchison’s story.

We completed the tests normally, moved to another room where I performed the physical endurance test. I had to wear a sports bra and track shorts whenever I do this test, which I’m still trying to get used to, but all in all they said I looked fairly normal. After my tests were done, Dr. West walked me back towards my room. It was quiet most of the way, but he spoke up as we got closer to our destination.

“Say,” he started off, looking ahead as he spoke. “You didn’t piss off Chilton, did you?”

“Huh?”

“Just curious, that’s all. He’s been quiet lately.”

“Well... kinda, yeah. He kept abusing me, and finally I slapped him and stood up for myself.” I kept my gaze forward, too. I decided to omit the part where the nerdy man beat the shit out of me.

West inhaled sharply through his teeth, making that kind of ‘ouch, big mistake’ noise as he winced. “Yeah, you shouldn’t have done that.”

“Why? Is he going to ‘put a ticket on my car?’ Please, give me a break.”

“Actually, he DID have your car towed a few days ago.”

“WHAT?!” I had forgotten that I had parked out back when Clarissa wanted to drop me off here. We were supposed to walk around town on a little date afterward. It then occurred to me that she probably had to call for a ride home. Yeah, she’s likely really pissed off at me right now.

“Well, you weren’t using it,” West responded.

“That’s no excuse!” I was livid. “Now I’ll have to pay to get my own car back!”

“True, but that’ll be sometime down the road. Maybe a year or more, if ever.”

“Yeah right,” I replied. “We’ll see about that.”

We had gotten to my room at this point, and West swiped his badge. “Look, Sam, just take it easy, and try to stay on his good side. If you can, it might not even matter at this point.”

“Whatever,” I huffed as I stormed into my room. I heard Dr. West sigh behind me before the door closed, but I didn’t care. I was pretty pissed off, so I ran myself a bath to try to force myself to relax. I stripped off the sports bra and shorts, throwing them aside as I looked at myself in the mirror, only in my panties. I even made being really pissed off incredibly sexy.

Once my bathwater was ready, I took off my panties and stepped into the tub, sinking down slowly until my body was submerged. I held my hair up behind my head so I wouldn’t get it wet, and sat there to think for a moment. Why was Chilton dressed up like a cop? And better yet, why did Dr. West show concern for me pissing him off out of no where? Were the two instances related?

On top of that, if so, why would Hutchison and Wright try to cover it up? Had he done this shit before? If I didn’t give Clarissa a ride home, would she still talk to me? How much forgiving would I have to do? And why the fuck was my car towed?!

Meanwhile, what about our plan to strike back against the rebellion against me and Roxy? What were we going to do, and would it keep us from fighting? Would we spur on some kind of nightly war until one or more of us were beaten or broken or killed? If Betty doesn’t fight, what would she be up to and where would she be?

All of this thinking began to hurt my head, and I realized holding my hair up was a bit overly girly for me. I let it fall down into my bathwater and tried to wipe my mind blank, preferring to relax. After all, tomorrow would be another day of the same shit. Until I get more answers, I decided to nap my troubles away.

Chapter 12

No Idea What Hit Them

I woke up later when I felt something warm on my back. I groaned, stretching, and noticed an arm wrapped around me. I looked over my shoulder to see a familiar smiling redhead rubbing her body against mine. “Well good morning, sugar,” she said softly.

“Mmm, hey, you,” I said, rolling over to face her. She was in a cute blouse and plaid skirt combo, looking like a schoolgirl as she hugged me in my bed.

“I see you’re ready for me,” she said, making note of my nudity. I just crawled into bed for a naked nap after my bath, but I’m sure Betty could care less what I was in.

“Looks that way,” I replied with a smile. She returned it and let her hands run around to my front, teasingly cupping my breasts.

“You have such nice fun bags,” she commented, playing with them while lying by my side. She noticed I was a bit quiet, and looked up at my face. “What’s the matter, hun?”

“I don’t know,” I answered, turning to lie on my back. “We’ve done this for about a week... Is this alright? Is this considered cheating on my girlfriend?” The thought had been bugging me for some time now, but I figured now was as good a time to ask as any.

“Most definitely,” she responded cheerfully, as if it were a good thing. I guess nothing could kill the mood with her. She stopped, sitting up as she thought about it. “Well, I guess you never really had much say in the matter... And most people would consider anything against your will to not be considered cheating... Just look at this as fun consensual rape.” Betty had a way about her to make anything sound pleasant, or at least find a way to re-word your problems into a solution.

I smiled, feeling oddly at ease with her answer, and nodded. “Thanks, Betty.”

“No problem, shug,” she said. “As for me and you, you wanna try something new?”

“Sure, what harm could it do?” I asked, lying on the bed to wait instruction.

“Fantastic!” With that, she crawled up on top of me, placing my hands between my legs before straddling my midsection. My arms were pinned under her, but were pushing my tits together for her enjoyment. She lifted her skirt, revealing no panties and her cleanly shaved penis, and scooted up my body, until the head of her dick was pressed against the bottom of my cleavage.

“Well, this IS new,” I said, blushing as I watched her. I didn’t really know what to expect, lying there to prop my breasts up for her. This also wouldn’t do much for me, it’s just my cleavage.

“I’m sure you’ll enjoy yourself,” she said, as if reading my mind. She slowly pushed her cock between my tits, reminding me of how sensitive they were. I moaned softly, looking down at my lovely mounds before seeing a cock head slowly emerge from between them. I’ve got to admit, even if it was from an angle I thought I’d never see it from, it was a hot visual.

It felt nice and oddly satisfying, the feeling of her cock sliding and pushing its way back and forth between my boobs. And I got hotter and hotter from watching it. The more I watched,

the more I panted, and the more I began to get wet. She'd push further with each thrust, eventually nearing my chin as I'd feel her testicles press against my breasts.

"You like?" she asked sweetly.

"Y-y-yeah," I stammered. "Mm-hmm..."

"Check this out, then," she said, reaching down and placing a hand on the back of my head. I looked up at her smile again before she tilted my head downward, finding the tip of her cock sneaking just past my lips.

"Mmmm!" I cried out as she giggled at my surprise. My arms were still pinned beneath her, so I was at her will, but as she continued to thrust, I can't say it was unpleasant. I never thought I'd enjoy sucking cock in my life, and it's definitely not the first thing I would do, but it's not nearly as disgusting as I thought it would be. It somehow felt different now than it did when I was being forced to suck on it.

Betty picked up on her thrusts again, slipping the head into my mouth with each thrust, and each retreat leaving my lips with a light pop. As she picked up the pace, the combination of my moans, the smack of my lips, and the sloshing sounds of saliva drenching her dick head and my lips made it noisy in my room. I was finally so wet I could feel it wetting near my thighs. My hands were already pinned down there anyways, so I started teasing my clit to help get myself off.

"Mmmm," Betty cooed out, arching her back and tilting her head back as she continued thrusting between my tightly pressed rack. My own actions made me moan further and louder, teasing myself harder. My fingers weren't down far enough to enter me, but I pressed my fingertips against my opening while the lengths of my fingers continued to rub my clit.

She must've liked this, because she had me by the hair and forced my head further down, my lips nearly touching the top of my breasts as she fucked my tits and my mouth. She didn't pull out enough to leave my mouth, but my moans and the slurping noises coming from my lips continued. I could feel my excess drool nearly down to my chin, and it all only succeeded in making me hornier.

Yet, once again, I'd be denied my orgasm as Betty quivered, biting her lip as she jerked her hips back, leaving my mouth and disappearing into my cleavage. As I looked down to expect it to thrust back out of its hiding place, a blast of cum shot out from between my tits, stringing itself down from my forehead to the tip of my nose. I gasped at the surprise, and suddenly a second shot of cream hit my lips. I could feel the trail it left between my breasts, and I arched my head back to feel a few more weaker spurts land on my neck and jaw.

When she had finished, I looked down at my cleavage, seeing her jizz leak slowly out of my boobs towards my collar bone. When she had finally finished, she pulled out from between my breasts and got off of me. I looked up at her, semen still all over me, and asked, "well, how was it?"

"I loved it," she replied with a grin. "You are perfect no matter where my dick goes." I felt myself blush at her obscure compliment, but couldn't help but reply with a weak chuckle and a sheepish grin. "We're not through yet, though," she continued.

"Huh?" She wasn't quite as hard anymore, so I didn't really know what she had planned, but it wouldn't take long for me to figure it out, as she knelt at the side of my bed and pulled me over, spreading my legs so she was in between them. "Betty, what—"

"Shh," she interrupted, leaning down and kissing me on my lower lips. A tingle shot through my body, my eyes widening from the feeling. She didn't remove her head but instead continued, softly rolling her tongue over my clit, which had me clutching my sheets. I was getting eaten out for the first time, and I never wanted it to end.

Everything felt like a blur of ecstasy, my body washed over with pleasure, reacting with twitches and jolts from Betty's oral movements. It was different from having something shoved inside of me. It was softer, sweeter, intimate... I felt her tongue push its way into me, the soft

muscle contorting and twisting inside, and it wouldn't be long before I'd give her a taste of my climax, tensing up and moaning out upon doing so.

She slowly removed her tongue from me and my body fell lifeless on my bed. I panted quietly, my eyes closed as I regained my breath. But suddenly I felt something more below. I weakly lifted my head so that I could see, and saw Betty pulled away and decided to let her fingers continue where her mouth left off. Too busy catching my breath to protest, I finally felt one of the redhead's fingers push gently inside of me.

While not as thick as, well, practically anything else that's forced its way inside of me, it still felt nice. After a few minutes of slow thrusts she added her middle finger to join the index, keeping a steady pace with both fingers. I found myself breathless again, panting and unable to cry out the name of the beauty that was making sure she wasn't the only one left pleased.

It was when I felt her fingers curl upwards inside of me that I truly lost my breath. Fingers hooked easily above and inside my entrance, my whole body was left trembling. She had hit the ever fabled 'G-Spot.' Yep, it's real; I've felt it. And it left me speechless, motionless, and clueless as to how I had gotten off before experiencing this. She was able to reach places I couldn't reach myself, and before I realized it, I was cooing and moaning like an animal in heat. Betty was quite amused.

The dickgirl continued massaging, caressing, and rubbing my sensitive area. I think I tried moaning out her name or not to stop, but it all came out as gibberish. Betty had gotten me so hot I couldn't form complete sentences. Finally, my back arched hard, my eyes shut tight, and my throat opened up to let out probably my loudest orgasm scream as I came again. Once I had finished, my body once again hit the bed, and I looked up to see Betty standing up, licking her fingers.

"Sounds like someone experienced a lot of new things," she remarked by my bedside. She crawled up onto my bed, sitting next to me. "Now that that's out of the way, shall we discuss tonight's plan?"

I groaned, just wanting to relax. This was apparently an unacceptable answer.

"Come on, Sam, your part's important."

I sighed, propping myself up on my elbow and rolling over to face her. "Alright, what's the game plan?"

* * * *

Several hours passed, I had performed more tests normally, and I returned to my room to relax. Betty had hinted to the other girls to form an attack tonight and to start with me, which would give Roxy more time to prepare. I didn't much care for being the bait, but I now expected an attack instead of it happening randomly, and could even hype up the assault to make them believe they were being rougher than normal; maybe this would save me from getting beaten up too badly.

After a few hours of television, I heard the chime at my door. I smirked, knowing it was time. The door swung open hard as Judy, the ringleader, burst into my room. She dove at me on the couch to tackle me, but wouldn't find me there as I jumped out of the way. My clever sidestep would not prevent the oncoming clothesline from Monica, however, that would lay me out. I looked up to find eight of the girls and Betty above me. Fantastic, these odds didn't look to favor me.

"One hell of a fight you put up there, slut," one of the girls mocked. Four of them grabbed my wrists and ankles, and each pulled back as they stood up, lifting my body into the air. However, once airborne, they decided it'd be cute to let go, dropping me back to the floor with stunning force.

"Fill her," Judy said calmly, and while I was focusing on my sore back, I had a dildo forced into my mouth. I struggled (weakly, might I add) to get them off of me, but it wouldn't stop them from ripping my clothes off of me. They gagged me with the sex toy until I had slobbered

on it a bit, jerking it out of my mouth. I rolled over onto my hands and knees, trying to get up. Using my saliva as lubricant, I found the dildo forced into my cunt, and when I cried out in pain I found another dildo in my mouth. Where the hell did they get these things?!

“Fuck her ass, Betty,” another girl, sounding like Jesse, called out behind me. As if on cue, I felt two hands grab my ass, spreading my cheeks apart.

“My pleasure, hun,” Betty replied, spitting down on her dick and stroking it to lube it up before I felt the head of her dick press against my hole. It would hurt, sure, but at least Betty was shoving something inside of me and not one of the other girls. Slowly, I felt the redhead shove her dick inside of my ass, a moan in my throat muffled out by the dildo in my mouth.

Betty would pick up the pace, fucking my ass, while another girl fucked me with a dildo. Meanwhile, Monica knelt down, grabbing a handful of hair and the dildo in my mouth, forcing it in and out of the back of my throat as fast as she could. I was gagging hard, drooling all over the fake dick as it fucked my mouth. My shoulders occasionally bucking, it was a bit intense, enough for me to start putting up an actual struggle.

However, Betty, loving any hole on a woman, had a firm grip of my hips as she thrust. My struggling feeling useless, Monica was now forcing my head forward as she shoved the dildo deeper into my throat. My eyes grew wide as she held about two inches of the dildo into my throat, my head held firmly to prevent me from pulling back. I could feel the lump in my neck from the sex toy, and my body quivered as I fought to pull away from it without success.

Betty had only picked up her pace, as had the other girl, Jesse, that I couldn't see, their thrusts forcing my body forward deeper on the dildo in my mouth. My eyes were watering, my throat was sore, and suddenly Monica started fast-fucking my mouth again, leaving me gagging hard. My lips were covered in drool, my face had tears flooding down it, and by the sounds of her moaning, it wouldn't be long until my ass was filled with cum.

I kicked my feet, trying unsuccessfully again to free myself from my position. I felt sick, I wouldn't be able to take much more of this abuse. Finally, a hard thrust by Betty forced my body forward again, my ass suddenly feeling hot as it filled up with the dickgirl's cream. The other girls didn't let up though, as Betty pulled out. I could feel her cum slowly leak out of my asshole, running down my crack towards my thighs.

I tried to cry out, but it was no use. My pussy was throbbing, I was about to cum myself, when that bitch, Monica, forced the dildo as far down my throat as she could. My body couldn't take it, and I found myself throwing up from gagging on the toy cock in my throat. I covered it and Monica's hand in vomit, and with a gut wrenching splash left a puddle before me on my floor. Some of the girls were disgusted; others cheered the bitches on for taking me to that level. I felt embarrassed by it.

I dropped my head as the dildo was jerked out of my mouth. Panting hard, I felt like my body was shaking all over. It hurt to even breathe. Well, it wasn't too hard to tell these girls weren't dropping their grudges any time soon. This became especially evident as Monica wiped her dirty hand off in my hair. I groaned and glared up at her, clenching my hands into fists.

“Don't turn your dirty ass gaze up at me, slut,” she replied. I growled, but before I could reply, she slammed her foot hard into the back of my head, knocking me to the ground and face first in the mess I had made. It was so gross, I could've thrown up again, and don't know how I didn't, but the whore had to dot her exclamation point by rubbing my face hard across the floor. I kicked my feet, gagging and crying out, but I could hear all the other girls laughing at me. It was easily the most humiliating experience of my life; I just wanted to die right there.

“Let's go get Roxy now,” Judy said above me. I crawled away from the puddle on the floor, trying to make my way to my bathroom while all the other girls agreed. I could hear them getting excited as they headed toward the door, but all of a sudden one of them grabbed me by the ankle.

“Oh no, you're not going anywhere,” I heard the girl, Rita I believe, say. I weakly tried

to kick at her, but she dragged me back. “We’re tying you up and taking you with us!” She jumped on my back, grabbing my wrists before twisting and tying my underwear around them.

“Fuck you,” I whimpered, trying to kick free. I didn’t get very far.

“Aww, at least let the poor thing wash up,” Betty said.

“Heh, fine,” Rita replied, grabbing me by the back of the neck. She dragged me along the floor towards the bathroom, leaving me trying to crawl with only my feet to keep up. Once there, she wouldn’t let me get up to use the sink. Instead, she shoved me face first into the toilet.

I once again began kicking my feet, fighting to lift my head from the toilet bowl. The good news was the water wasn’t dirty, but that didn’t change it from being ‘toilet water.’ My head was held firmly underwater, Rita forcing my face down to the bottom of the bowl, when suddenly the water started to swirl around my head. As the water flushed itself past my face, I could hear the bitch still tapping on the flusher, laughing all the while. Believe it or not, I had just gotten my first swirlie.

I jerked my head up, taking in a deep breath. During my deep inhale, though, the woman holding me by my now wet hair shoved my head back down into the rising water, causing me to swallow a large mouthful of it. I coughed and sputtered in the toilet bowl, bubbles rushing across my face to the surface. I felt like I was drowning, and I was choking and gagging too hard to even plead with them. Another swirlie later, I was lifted by my hair and thrown to the floor, still coughing up water.

“That’ll be enough,” I heard Judy say from the other room. “Rita, you and Betty take her back to the our room, the other girls will want some too, I’m sure.”

“Betty, come get her up,” Rita called out. “I can’t pick up her fat ass.” I heard Betty join us, kneeling down to lift me up and throw me over her shoulder. Fat ass? Do I really have a fat ass?

“Come on, let’s get you out of here,” Betty said. They all still seemed clueless, which was good for us. I was hoping it was worth throwing up and getting a couple of swirlies, and I’d definitely be talking to Roxy about this once it’s all over...

We headed towards my door (like I had much of a choice), and most of them sprinted towards Roxy’s room. Since Roxy had to be moved after the completion of her operation, the only open rooms were near the opposite side of the facility. Rita, Betty, and I headed towards the community room.

“Ha ha, that was awesome,” Rita said with a grin. She was like an excited child. “I can’t wait to get my hands on BOTH of them!”

“Fuck you, cunt,” I said weakly, trying to peer between Betty’s side and her arm to see her. For a little cute girl with a dick, Betty was still pretty strong, and I was surprised she could easily lift me. And all this time she’s been acting like something so fragile...

“I’m sorry, ‘fag boy,’ were you talking?” she replied, giving my ass a hard smack. I tensed from the pain, but didn’t make a noise otherwise.

“You’re one to talk, bitch,” I said. “Weren’t you a man once? Or were you an ugly bitch like Judy, too?” I grinned to myself, but it wasn’t long before my right ass cheek stung from a vicious and loud slap.

“Don’t you talk about her like that! And I was a man once... Doesn’t mean I like dick as a girl.”

Betty butted in to the conversation. “Will you please not slap her while I’m carrying her? I almost fell over from that last slap.”

“Fine,” Rita muttered.

I, meanwhile, was laughing. “So you became a woman so you could be a lesbian? You ARE aware that lesbians look like men, right? There’s hardly any that look like those lesbians from your favorite porno movie...”

“Oooo, just you wait,” she said, sounded excited again. “I’m gonna give it to you once we’re back in the room!”

“Speaking of which,” Betty said. “We’re almost there. You got the card?”

“Yep, right here,” Rita answered. I still couldn’t see too much in the dark hallway, but it wasn’t long before we were standing before a door. She swiped the card, and with a chime, she opened the door.

“We’re back,” Betty called out.

“Let’s get started early,” Rita said, walking into the room. “This bitch is gon—”

I heard a loud clap, managing to catch the ending moments of Roxy connecting a boot to Rita’s throat. The girl’s feet literally flew out from under her as she fell to the ground, unconscious before she even landed. “If you know what’s good for you, drop her,” Roxy said to Betty. Things were going according to plan.

* * * *

I can only assume the other girls got to Roxy’s room to find she wasn’t there before hurrying back. I can imagine they were either really pissed, or in a total panic. What I do know is when they burst into the room, the seven of them would find six girls, Rita and Betty included, with tape over their mouths and tied up, the ropes making those bondage body ties or whatever, where the ropes went down from their shoulders and interlaced itself several times over their breasts and down their bodies, running between their legs and leaving them hogtied. They’d see several of the girls had been beaten to unconsciousness, while the few that were awake were squirming and trying to call out through their tape. They’d also see me and Roxy waiting for them, grinning triumphantly and wearing strap-ons.

“What the fuck is this?!” Jesse shouted. Monica didn’t wait for an answer. She rushed at us, ready to hit one of us. Roxy grabbed my hand, and like she had done to me earlier, we clotheslined her so hard her body flew horizontally past us on her way to the ground. That’s when they all rushed us.

Roxy didn’t let go of my hand, and instead swung her arm outward, sending me flying forward. She grabbed my other hand and held on tight, and she started to spin in a circle, using my legs to slam into anyone foolish enough to get in the way. And nearly all of them were foolish enough. When Roxy finally stopped spinning, I saw that Judy, Jesse, and Amber were still left standing. Roxy, with her back to them, was trying to get over her dizziness, looking at me warily. With a nod of my head, she lifted me up, letting go of my hands as I got airborne, and threw me over her head where I’d turn my body sideways to flatten the remaining three girls like a luchadore wrestler. It was pretty epic, and I wish we could’ve recorded it; I’d find some way to put it up on YouTube.

By the time I got to my hands and knees, Roxy was already starting to tie them up. In no time at all, we had twelve bitches (and Betty) naked, tied up, and ready for the taking. That’s when we started choosing victims.

“I call Judy,” Roxy said proudly.

“Fine, Rita’s mine,” I replied with a grin. I heard the girl yelling against her duct tape as I mentioned her name.

From then on, we were like kids in a candy store. We ran over excitedly to our victims and Roxy got right to work, thrusting hard into Judy and causing her to yell out. I ran over to the woman that held my head in my toilet and decided to strike back.

“So you didn’t become a woman for dick? Well, sorry, girl, but let me know how mine is.” I lifted her up by her hips so her ass was in the air, and decided that was exactly where I’d attack. I spread her cheeks as far as I could before shoving my strap-on deep in her ass. She let out one hell of a yelp, and I started thrusting into her while holding her hips firmly.

It felt natural, having been a man and all, but I couldn’t help but get a little upset that my first time thrusting into a woman would actually be as a woman. The thought didn’t stop me

from torturing Rita's ass, though, and while I've never thought of raping someone, it was quite enjoyable to do it to someone that had pissed me off this much. I continued my thrusting as hard as I could, leaving the bound woman squirming on the floor.

After a while of pounding on Rita's ass, I looked up to see Roxy had already left a trail of bodies. She was working on her fourth girl by now, and seeing as I could see Rita's eyes had rolled back and she was practically drooling through the tape over her mouth, I felt I should move on. I pulled out, pushing over Rita's weak body before moving on to Monica.

Monica was still dazed from the attack we had given her, but she came to when I ripped the duct tape off of her mouth. She screamed out, panting once her mouth was free. She glared up at me, fighting hard against her restraints. "You let me the fuck go, if you cherish your life!"

"What are you gonna do, lie on my toes?" I asked with a grin. It was kinda fun being the bitch for once.

"I'll fucking kill you, I swear it!" She continued to struggle, but she'd shut up. Not by choice, but from the plastic dick strapped around my pelvis being shoved into her mouth.

"Shut up, I'm getting payback from earlier," I said, wrapping my fists several times in her hair. I tugged her head down hard, thrusting forward each time I did, making her gag like she had done to me.

Roxy had looked up at me, smirking as she fucked Jesse's ass on the other side of the room. "Her mouth? Really? That's all?"

I shot a smile over to Roxy, continued my throat fucking assault. "What's she gonna do? Bite down?" The two of us laughed without skipping a beat, and as much as Monica struggled, she wouldn't escape. I had her choking, her eyes rolling back, her shoulders bucking - all the same things they had seen me do. My dildo was covered in saliva, which coated her lips as I pounded back into the back of her throat. She was drooling down her face, soaking her chin and leaving it dripping down on her breasts.

Hearing her gag and choke was a bit arousing, though, I have to admit. I thrust harder, leaving her panting and heaving when she wasn't gagging and coughing. I placed both hands on the back of her head, forcing her head down and my hips forward as hard and as deep as I could. I could feel her try to pull her head back in my hands, but I wouldn't back down, thrusting when I needed to. My fingers trembled in her hair as the pressure from her head pressing down on the strap-on pushed against my pelvis, sending chills up my spine. I arched my back as the trembling waves of climax took over my body.

By this point I could hear Monica's gags getting wetter, as if she were going to vomit like I had earlier. I jerked my fake dick out of her mouth, still holding her hair. "I won't let you throw up all over yourself," I said to her as she gasped for air. "You're a big enough disgrace as it is." I felt like being a dick at that moment, and decided to end her punishment with a swift kick between her legs. She let out a whine as she hit the ground, writhing in pain.

We took turns fucking the rest of them, at times double teaming one of them, and we decided to even reward Betty for going along with it all by lying her on her back and forcing Debra to ride her as they both were tied up. The latter was forced to feel the dickgirl's thrusting as Roxy and I watched before leaving the room.

"Roxy," I said as we started walking back towards my room.

"What is it, kid?" she replied.

"How long do you think this is gonna last...?"

Roxy was quiet as we walked. She shook her head after a few moments. "I dunno, kid."

"So this could go on until one of our groups kills off the other?"

She sighed, fishing for answers. "I don't know, Sam. I'm just glad we took care of them tonight."

I looked over at her. I enjoyed being the attacker for once, but I still didn't feel satisfied. "Rox, aren't you sick of being here? Don't you just wanna escape, don't you want to leave?"

Roxy shrugged again as we neared my room. “Yes, and no. I miss the fresh air, and miss seeing more than the same boring bland walls, but I don’t have to pay for anything. I have a home, I have food, I have everything I really need right here. There’s no reason for me to leave, unless they decide they’re sick of me staying here.”

I glanced at my room’s door. She had a point, but I was sick of being cooped up. I wanted to see my family, I wanted to see my friends, I wanted to see my girlfriend. I was sick of being attacked in the night, I was sick of being tested on. Roxy patted my shoulder, trying to comfort me.

“Get some rest, girlie. I’ll see you tomorrow,” she said, swiping her card to let me into my room.

“Roxy?” I called out to her.

“Yes, kid?”

“...Do I have a big ass...?”

The question must’ve stunned her, because she looked confused. She laughed, though, giving my butt a soft slap. “It’s nice, love. You have, like, the PERFECT ass.” She grinned gave me a playful shove before walking down the hallway. I smiled, but sighed and walked into my room, taking off the strap-on a bit late and lying down in my bed. I was too tired to really do anything else, so I figured I’d get some sleep.

The next morning, I woke up, but not in my bed. I blinked my eyes several times and went to rub them when I found my arms were strapped down by my sides. I shook away my sleepiness and looked to see I was strapped down to a table, and walking towards me from the door was my favorite scientist-slash-dickhead.

“Well, good morning, Ms. Steel,” Dr. Chilton said to me as he approached, lifting his hand up to reveal the syringe he was holding. “I’m glad you’re finally awake, so you can see the special tests you’re about to be a part of.”

Chapter 13

Chilton's Revenge

I eyed the syringe warily - I had never been a fan of the needle or taking shots, so I felt like I was sweating bullets. I squirmed against the examining table, trying to fight to get away. "What are you going to do to me?!"

"You're a trouble maker, lab rat," he said, squeezing the plunger of the syringe down to let out any air bubbles in the needle, sending a little of the fluid splashing down to the floor. "You've not only crossed a boundary against me, but how can I take the other girls and fully finish their operations when you convince Roxy that the two of you should tie them up and abuse them?"

"Wait, THEY'RE the ones that started all of that! They attacked me in my room, they even did it last night!"

He shook his head; he obviously didn't care. "Because you've decided to cover the lens of your camera, I can't see what goes on in your room. However, security and myself did see the two of you beat and rape the girls in their room. Roxy's already been punished, so now it's time you got what you deserved."

I squirmed and whined, trying to scoot away from him on the table. "No, wait!" I cried out, but it was no use. The next thing I knew, he had shoved the syringe into the side of my left breast, and I let out a loud howl from the pain. I could kind of feel the fluid being pushed into me, which was really weird, but he pulled the syringe out with a smirk. He left my side to put the syringe away, only to rummage around his other tools.

The pain in my boob was the only thing I could feel at first, but all of a sudden I felt a little light headed. I felt like my vision was getting blurry, and I couldn't see straight. What kind of shot had he just given me? He headed back to the table, reaching under it to release a brake that would allow him to tilt the table almost vertically. "Take a look at the first experiment we're doing today."

I looked ahead to see a mirror before me. I was completely naked and strapped to the table, and nothing had happened. I blinked my eyes hard a few times and looked again, and then I noticed it. My breasts were growing! I don't mean like a little bit, either - I was slowly growing in cup sizes. I went from a C, to a D, but I had no idea how big they were going to get! I had surpassed DD, was there bigger than that? E cup? F cup?! I don't know bra sizes because I obviously wasn't always a girl, but I'd say I was at least an F or maybe even a G cup by the time he reached over and pinched my nipple hard.

"Can you still feel this?" he asked, tugging on it hard; if he had been paying attention to my moaning and whining, he wouldn't have had to ask me.

"Ow, ow, ow!! Like, what are you doing?! That totally hurts!" As I whined at him, my mind couldn't help but think about what I had just said. 'Like?' 'Totally?' Wait, I don't really talk like that, right?

"Are you sure?" he asked, grabbing both of my nipples and pulling on them hard. "Be

honest, now..."

"Ow, stop it! You're gonna, like, rip them off!" What the hell? My voice hadn't changed, but I felt like I was talking with a higher pitch. I also felt like I couldn't think things over as fast. What was going on with me?

Chilton let go of me, stepping back. He had heard what he wanted to hear. "Test subject, what's two plus two?"

I thought it over for a minute. I knew this answer, why did I think it over? "Um... four?" I was confused. Not by the question, but why I sounded so unsure of myself with an answer.

Chilton nodded, looking over a clipboard he was holding. "What's seven times three?"

I was an ace at math in school. But I couldn't think of the answer to save my life. I was starting to get mad at myself for struggling with this, when the only sensible answer popped up in my head. "Uh, seventy-three, right?"

He scribbled something down on his clipboard. "Alright, who sailed across the Atlantic and discovered America?"

I could feel myself blushing. It was embarrassing that I couldn't think of the answer. After a moment, it finally came to me. "That was, like, totally George Washington."

Chilton smirked, chuckling to himself as he continued his work. "What do we breathe in order to survive?"

My mind worked as hard as it could. "Um... air, duh."

He scribbled a little more on his clipboard. "The breast expansion and 'untelligence' chemical compound is a success. I'll need to monitor you for a while longer to ensure it's effects are permanent."

"WHAT?!" I shouted. "You turned me into a bimbo?!"

"Oh, no," he said reassuringly. "No, why would I do that?"

"Oh... alright, then." Goddammit, I believed that? While I was trying to figure out how I had become so slow, Chilton had walked back to me and forced a ring gag into my mouth, securing it behind my head. "Huh? Uh, uh!" I tried to protest, but with my mouth forced open I couldn't say anything.

"Don't worry, I've got some candy here for you," he said, grabbing a small dish with several different pills in it. He stepped around in front of me, dumping the pills into my mouth, where my retarded ass promptly swallowed them. After a few moments, he untied the gag from around my mouth. He walked away, moving the mirror away from me and revealing a large monitor behind it.

After forcing myself to dry swallow the pills down, I stuck my tongue out disgustedly. "What were those?"

Dr. Chilton shrugged, trying to act casual about his answer. "Just a few things to help you grow. It should reduce your testosterone levels, while increasing estrogen and hormonal levels inside of your body, and should also change your brain waves and thought patterns, resulting in..." He continued going on and on, saying things such as 'think femininely' and 'changing the mind to act almost as if a completely different person,' and more words that I wasn't able to understand.

"Say what?" I asked confused.

He stopped for a moment, trying to think of the words to use. "You're going to be more like a girl, and less like a boy."

"Ummm, hello?" I said sarcastically, looking down at my own body before back up at him, as if to tell him he's a bit late for that process.

"That's not what I mean," the doctor started, walking over towards a desk across the room. "Would you ever consider sexual relations with a male?"

"You mean like fucking?" I asked. "Like, hell no!"

Chilton grabbed a remote off the desk, pointing at the monitor and pushing a button. The screen turned on, revealing a picture of a man. He was, I'll say as a straight man, attractive. He was built, had long slick black hair to his shoulders, was slightly tanned, and was completely naked, revealing his eleven inch penis. I just stared at this man, unable to take my eyes off of him. "How does this picture make you feel?" Chilton asked.

"Uh..." I couldn't form a coherent sentence. My thoughts were going crazy. The only thoughts that were coming to my mind were like, 'God, I want to ride this gorgeous man!' or 'I wonder if I can fit all of that in my mouth...?' I must have been imagining the latter quite vividly, because I was unaware my jaw was hanging open until Chilton had walked over and pushed my chin up to forcibly close it.

"Speechless? I see. What about this?" With a click, another man was displayed on screen. This one was just as ripped, if not more so, a bit more pale, with short spiked hair, and a cock just as long and even thicker. I found myself squirming in my restraints, my nipples hard and my pussy very wet just by seeing these guys.

"P-please, stop," I pleaded, my breathing growing heavy and rapid. I wanted to touch myself, or, better yet, get fucked by the guys in the pictures.

Chilton jotted down something on his clipboard again. "You say stop, but your body reacts differently. One more."

With a final click, the last man was revealed on screen. He was dark-skinned, bald, and very muscular. He had a chiseled jaw, piercing eyes, and, most importantly, the biggest cock I've ever seen in my life. This thing looked like it was a minimum of fourteen inches long, almost as big around as my wrist. I was practically drooling, and I think I may have been grinding my hips while pinned to the table still.

"How does this one make you feel?" the doctor asked me. "Does this sexually stimulate you?"

"Totally..." I whispered, staring at the man in awe. I had never been attracted to men, but just looking at these guys sent chills up my spine, and I couldn't prevent my thoughts of wanting all three of them to please me.

Chilton made a check mark on his paper. He patted me on the head like a house pet, smiling. "Thank you, Subject 77. Now, I'm going to make you regret you ever crossed me." He walked away from me, setting the remote back on his desk. While I was trying to figure out 'Subject 77,' several panels on the floor surrounding the table I was attached to opened up. My deep train of thought had me failing to notice the equipment rising from the floor. When I finally did, it looked more like a torture chamber.

"What th—" my voice was cut short. A metal cuff came out of the table, clamping tightly around my neck and squeezing down to hold me in place. It was hard to breathe, I felt like I was being strangled.

"Just relax, lab rat. You're going to be in for a long weekend." Suddenly, something large pressed between my soaked legs. I gasped, but with my neck pinned down I couldn't see what it was. It forcefully pushed against my pussy, trying to part my lips, but it felt like a coffee can. Whatever was pushing against me was much thicker than any penis could ever hope to be, and I choked out a scream of agony as it finally forced its way inside of me.

Chilton sat down, getting comfortable behind his desk as he watched the gigantic shaft have its way with me. It was painful, but the drugs I had taken had my mind block most of it out, focusing on the pleasure of it all. All I could feel was how arousing it was to have my lips spread so far apart, to feel the tremendous shaft pump its way towards my womb, and how warm my breasts had gotten from the painful tingling sensation. Wait, what?

I looked down as best I could to see two propane torches aimed at my tits, close enough to burn but far enough away that it wouldn't mutilate me. I panted and whined at the torture my chest was forced to further endure, and no amount of fighting would get me away from this

pain. The doctor just smirked and laughed about it, letting it continue.

The painful pleasure was too much for me as I came my first time on the rod that was ripping me in two. It didn't shut off, unfortunately, and kept thrusting, only harder, only deeper. My tits bounced in and out of the intense heat from the flames pointed at them, and the clamp felt as though it was getting tighter around my neck. I could still breathe, but it felt like a chore.

Three and a half hours passed of this intense sexual torture. I had been reduced to a piece of meat for fucking; my eyes were rolled back, my tongue was hanging out, and I was drooling down the front of myself as I groaned sexually in my throat. I had climaxed over forty times, and my body was numb to everything except the ever-growing pleasure, which never faded and kept me constantly aroused.

A large hose dropped down from the ceiling, and Chilton had finally gotten out of his seat to walk over to me. He grabbed the hose, grabbing my bottom lip and forcing my jaw open as far as it would go before forcing the hose into my mouth. Any wider and it felt like my jaw would break, and I'd get no relief as a strap on the hose was fastened around the back of my head to hold it in place. I didn't fight it; I was simply pretending it was one of the large cocks I had seen earlier, and even eagerly started sucking on the tube as though I were giving a blowjob.

Doctor Douchebag then left my side again, and upon his command, a strange tasting liquid forced itself into my mouth and down my throat. I didn't have time to think anything over, and instinctively swallowed it down, as it rushed nonstop from the hose. I started to panic a little; I was unable to breathe with my throat forced to stay open for this fluid, and I eventually started to feel like I was drowning! Was he trying to inflate my body?!

That was about the time the door swung open. "Dr. Chilton, what is the meaning of this?!" a woman's voice called from the door.

"Dr. Wright, what are you doing here?!" Chilton had whirled around in his chair fast enough to knock it to the ground as he stood up.

"Dr. Chilton, shut this off before you hurt her!" Dr. Wright, the beautiful redheaded goddess that she was, ran over to the desk. I was unable to see the struggle, but apparently they were wrestling each other for the controls and screaming back and forth. I heard a loud slap, and a few moments later the fluid stopped rushing into my mouth. The flames had stopped burning me, and the large shaft slowly pulled itself out of me.

Dr. Chilton must have lost, and judging by the slam of the door, he was pretty pissed off as he left. Dr. Wright ran over and removed the strap around my head, pulling the hose from my mouth as it raised back up to its resting place in the ceiling. I must've been a pathetic sight; my eyes were still rolled back, my tongue lolled out of my mouth which had refused to close, I had tits that were way too large, and I was covered in my own saliva and climax.

"You poor thing," she said to me. "Come on, let's get you to Dr. Hutchison." She manually released the restraints on the table with the touch of a button, and I slid down into her arms, standing before her. The redheaded doctor tried to drag me towards the door, trying to get me to a wheelchair near the exit of the room.

I, however, was still incredibly aroused from my treatment. My ditzy mind acted on its own, and as a way of saying thank you, I leaned forward and kissed Dr. Wright, taking advantage of her shock and shoving my tongue in her mouth. She tried to push away from me, but I leaned in hard, toppling the woman over and sending both of us to the floor. Lying on top of her, I continued to make out with her, forcing my tongue against hers, which felt unwilling to return the gesture. I wouldn't pin her down for long, as my arms started to tremble. I felt weak, breaking the kiss and opening my mouth to request help, but before I could, I was only able to collapse beside the doctor, blacking out on the tile floor of the lab.

I weakly opened my eyes, the light of the room blinding me. My entire body was aching.

I groaned, slowly sitting up, when I heard a familiar voice across the room. “Well, look who’s finally awake.”

I groggily rubbed my eyes, turning to where Dr. West’s voice had come from. I peeked through half open eyelids to see him by the door of the room I was in, holding it open. Hasty footsteps echoed from the hallway as Dr. Hutchison entered, looking relieved. “Sam! You’re up!”

I groaned but forced a weak smile, swinging my legs over the edge of the bed I was lying in. The older doctor clasped his hands together, smiling brightly.

“I have good news for you, too,” he started. “While you were unconscious, we were able to return your body to normal.”

I jerked my head up instantly, my eyes suddenly shooting open at his words. “Really?!” My sore body didn’t prevent me from lunging out of bed and rushing across the room to the nearest mirror. When I saw my reflection, I stopped; I was both relieved, and disappointed at the same time.

“Well, back to normal for your FEMALE body,” Dr. West continued the statement, confirming my eyes didn’t deceive me. My shoulders slumped as I sighed, my beautiful female body sighing in the mirror as well. My breasts were normal sized under my gown and I didn’t look like I had gained any weight from the fluid that rushed down my throat. Dr. West had looked over at Dr. Hutchison, scoffing with a smirk. “And ‘we were able to return your body to normal’? The drugs wore off, that’s all, we didn’t really perform any procedure.”

“Well,” Hutchison said, sounding a bit irritated, “we DID make sure she was alive and healthy during her week and a half comatose period.”

“Week and a half?!” I said, spinning around to face them. The pain in my body quickly caught up to that mistake. “I was in a coma for a week and a half?!”

“Almost two weeks,” Dr. West chimed in, like it made a difference.

I dropped down into the nearest chair, trying to let it all sink in. Suddenly, I remembered the last thing I had done before passing out, and blushed deeply, looking up at the other two doctors. “Where’s Dr. Wright?”

“She’ll be back in two days,” Dr. Hutchison replied, looking over a clipboard in his hands as he spoke. “She was given two weeks suspension from the labs for the fight she had gotten into with Dr. Chilton.”

“And what about that slimy douchebag?” I asked, growling.

“He was given four weeks, for endangering our test— sorry, for endangering YOU, and for the fight he and Dr. Wright had gotten into.”

“Good,” I said with a grin, feeling a very small sense of justice had come out of this. “A month out of work; and when he runs out of money, he’ll understand how important it is to treat us better!”

The two doctors looked at each other a moment, before looking back at me. Dr. West wasn’t afraid of pissing me off, so I guess he felt he should be the one to say it. Dr. Hutchison backed away and tried to look busy while Dr. West cleared his throat. “Well, he’s not getting suspension without pay. They still get paid, but they’re forced to stay out of work and think about their actions, as well as come up with a plan to improve themselves to avoid these situations in the future.”

I stared up at West. I just stared at him. A cold, dead, angry stare. And being the type of man he was, he didn’t back down and stared right back at me. Finally after about thirty seconds of silence, I snapped. “Wait... so you’re telling me for testing experimental drugs on me, trying to mutilate my body, trying to put me in situations that could kill me, and for fighting with a woman... he’s getting A FUCKING VACATION?!”

“Sammy,” Dr. Hutchison started.

“No, fuck this!!” I screamed, jumping up out of my chair. “I could have fucking died, and he’s getting a month’s paid time off!! I’ve never heard of such bull shit in my life!!”

“Calm down, little one,” Dr. West tried to interrupt, but I pushed past him, storming out of the room.

“No, fuck you!” I shouted at him. I was so pissed I could feel my eyes watering. “Fuck both of you! Fuck all of you!” Livid, I marched back to my room. The walk was a long, lonely, quiet one, leaving me to replay the last statements said to me over and over again. It was when I finally reached the door to my room that I realized I had no way of getting in. I only got more angry; I punched the door as hard as I could, which certainly increased the pain in my hand, and paced furiously outside of my room for a few minutes before grumpily continuing down the hall.

It hadn’t been ten minutes since I had regained consciousness, and I was pissed. I only had one place left to go at this point. Stopping in front of a door a short ways down the hall, I knocked as calmly as I could, and moments later heard the familiar door chime as Roxy greeted me. “Hey, kid, you ok? Haven’t seen ya in a few days.”

I marched past her, throwing myself down angrily on her couch. She sneered a little at my gesture and walked over, sitting in front of me on top of her coffee table. “Rox,” I said, still trying to calm myself down. “Are you ok?”

She looked at me confused. “Am I ok? I’m fine, what’s wrong with you?”

“Chilton said he had punished you for what we did to the other girls a while back...”

Roxy looked just as confused. “No, I haven’t seen him in a few weeks.”

I could’ve screamed. “But... he said... why did...?” I clenched my fists tightly.

“Look, it’s ok,” Roxy said, trying to calm me down as she sat next to me. “The girls have still been attacking, just not as often and normally not in large numbers. I think most of them are afraid of us because of what we did to them, so I can pretty much hold my own against three or four of them.”

I sat there quietly seething. He had tortured me, and Roxy, who had made the plan, who had been the main attacker, who had instigated everything, got off without so much as a slap on the wrist. Why the hell am I always the victim here?!

“Don’t worry, though. I’ve been cooking up a plan with Betty that should get them once and for all. If we can pull this off, they’ll never fuck with us again, I guarantee it! First, we’ll need to make sure we have plenty of rope, and...”

Each word went in one ear and out the other. I wasn’t paying attention. Because while Roxy was explaining her plan, I was cooking up one of my own. I didn’t want revenge on the bitches that had fought me, I didn’t want to continue sitting around here. All I could think about was Clarissa. I was planning...

...on escaping.

Chapter 14

No More Waiting

I realized by this point I had been putting it aside. I kept saying I was going to bust out, only to continue living my new fucked up life the next morning, as if to shrug aside my plan to leave. But this was it. I was done with waiting. The exit had my name on it.

After Roxy left my room, I waited an hour or two. I watched some television as I worked up the nerve, and a few minutes of Rambo on HBO was it; it was time. I hopped up off the couch, ran over to the door, swiped my stolen ID card, and burst out of my room.

The hallways were empty. I didn't see anyone as I bolted at full speed. I navigated through the halls until I came to a section of the labs I hadn't seen before. It was obvious that the exit was this way, the matter was finding it. And it wouldn't be this day, as every muscle in my body tensed with a jolt.

Ever been tazed at full speed? Not fun. I fell face first, hard, as every muscled seized up and stopped working. All I could do was try to breathe as hard as I could, and shortly after the volts of electricity surged through my body could I move enough to see it was one of the lab's security guards. Never see them when I'm getting beaten or raped, but when a girl tries to further herself..

GUY. GUY TRIES TO FURTHER HIMSELF. UGH.

So my surging numb body was lifted off the floor and hauled back to my prison, where I was lovingly dumped on the sofa and locked in my room. I had my keycard, but they'd be expecting me to come out again and likely upping security. For now, all I could do was lie on the couch, uncomfortably, as I fell asleep. Tomorrow would hopefully yield different results.

I woke up, sore, face hurting, groggy and uncomfortable. As I lifted myself off the couch I was thrown on, I saw a light blood stain on one of the cushions. I walked to the bathroom, and saw dried up blood trailing down from the corner of my lips. I had busted my lip when I hit the floor, and it did NOT feel good. I gently touched my lip, inhaling sharply through clenched teeth as I jerked my own hand back. Not gonna touch that for a while.

I washed the blood off of myself, grabbed a shower with the usual pondering of what I was supposed to do with my life and why this happened, got out to do the usual staring my beautiful self down in the mirror, and then walked into my living quarters to grab some clothes. That was about the time I felt two hands land on my shoulders, firmly pushing me down to my knees.

Before I could call out anything, I saw a familiar long cock appear before me, plopping down and lying across the length of my face. "Well hey there!" Betty said, sweet and bouncy as ever. "Haven't seen you in a while!"

"I've been out of it," I mumbled as my chin tapped her balls with each word, looking around each side of her thick cock up at her.

"Well, my dick's been aching for you," she replied, pulling back just enough to stuff it into my mouth. My eyes went wide as it quickly brushed against the sore busted lip, my whole

body tensing.

“Mm-mmm!!” I shouted through her dick, jerking my head back just as her fingers found my hair. I panted heavily, covering my sore lip with my hand, looking up at her. “Sorry... no blowjobs today...”

“But, we made a schedule, remember? Today is Blowjob Thursday...” The cute dickgirl pouted sadly. She apparently really wanted some head. If I still had my junk, though, I could relate.

“My lip is busted, though,” I said, removing my hand and showing her the wound. She winced at the sight and nodded.

“Alright, alright,” she said understandingly, kneeling down in front of me. She gently pushed me forward, losing my balance as I dropped to the ground, still on my knees with my ass in the air. “Looks like you’ll have to make up missing out on Anal Wednesday yesterday...”

“I-I mean, we could always wing it,” I stammered, pushing my body up with my hands. I’m sure anal could be fun or enjoyable; but you try taking a thick eleven inch cock up your ass. See how you like it. I wouldn’t have a choice, though, as I was pushed back down to the floor.

Crawling around behind me, Betty patted my ass reassuringly. “One day, we will.” And with that, I felt the head of a huge cock press against my pucker and force its way into my asshole. I cried out loudly, as Betty never takes it easy or slowly during anal, and it’s always hard to get used to.

“S-slow down!” I whined, the pigtailed dickgirl just pounding away at a quick pace already. She was going to rip me in half! Squirming a little, I whined and panted heavily before feeling a hard stinging smack on my right ass cheek, echoing in my room.

“Tell me you like it,” she said behind me. I could tell in her tone she was grinning, really enjoying herself. All I could do was moan, occasionally whimpering, which only influenced Betty to speed up and going rougher. “Tell me you like it!”

“Oh god...” I whined again, clawing at the floor. I felt her fingertips dig deep into my hip bones, holding me firmly as she met her thrusts with a pull on my hips, giving enough force to drop my head to the floor, burying my face in my arms.

“Tell me you like it!” she said once more, giving an even harder slap to my ass as she thrust even harder. The mixture of pleasure and pain in my ass was becoming too much. I quickly reached down between my legs, teasing my clit furiously to reach an orgasm.

“Oh, fuck! I love it!” I shouted, hoping it would cause the woman to go at a gentler pace. It didn’t; my ass was becoming sore as she only pounded harder. Any harder and my ass and pelvic bone would’ve been bruised.

“Damn right you do,” Betty said, burying her cock as deep as she could. I could feel her balls resting on my pussy lips, my fingers tapping them as I still rubbed my clit. My body quivered, and I wouldn’t be surprised if my eyes rolled back, and I finally let out a long moan as I hit my climax, cumming and wetting the testes resting against me.

Betty’s cock, meanwhile, was quivering and throbbing inside of me. As I felt it pulse and jump, she gripped my hips tightly, cooing as I felt a warmth rush inside of me. She came deep in my ass, making me moan out once more as I continued to rub my incredibly sensitive bud, hoping to achieve a second orgasm.

Without hesitation, my partner whipped her cock out of my ass, a whimper escaping my throat as I felt the cum begin to dribble out of me. I stayed there, still rubbing myself, wanting to cum again. Betty patted my ass with a giggle. “God, I love everything about you,” she said, getting up to her feet. I barely heard her leave as I continued masturbating; a few minutes later, I slumped exhaustedly to the floor, panting after two orgasms and an ass full of cum.

The day passed by slowly. Way too slowly. I watched the clock for hours, waiting for another chance to escape. Close to midnight, I made my bolt to the door, running down the

hallway, getting closer and closer until being stopped by a security guard. This is how my days went for nearly a week, and I'd been tazed, met the forearm of a security guard, and was locked in a choke hold once until I passed out. That was kinda scary...

One night, I was pumping myself up. I was ready for my nightly sprint; I had an idea, planning to juke and jive and get around the guard and find that exit. Taking a deep breath, I swiped my keycard to leave, only to find my doorway blocked. I stared as Judy, Monica, and Jesse all stared back, their own keycard in hand to get into my room. After a moment they lunged at me, knocking me back into my room and to the floor.

"Get off me you—" I started before a hand clasped over my mouth. I squirmed, which only led to Monica and Jesse holding my wrists down. I smirked under the hand as I put all my force into kicking out from under them, but the hand quickly left my mouth as both the girls' hands raced down to pin my ankles to the floor. "Ha, hope three on one feels fair to you! How big you must feel!"

Judy walked over, replacing the earlier hand with the bottom of her shoe, stepping on my mouth to shut me up. "You talk too much." I groaned and argued back underneath her foot, but she only pressed down harder. "That's going to need to change in the next two weeks."

I gave a confused look up at the bitch standing on my face, when Monica chimed in. "Oh, you didn't know? They'll be moving you into our room soon." I tried to keep a calm, unamused look on my face, but I could feel my heart racing. "Since they stopped performing tests on you, there's no need for you to have your own special room."

I squirmed hard, trying to get out from under them, but it was no use. "Oh, don't be so full of yourself," Jesse said, rolling her eyes. "We don't want you in there anymore than you want to be there."

No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't get up or throw them off. No matter how much I tried to weaken them, I felt like the only one getting weaker. Judy sighed, shaking her head, before reaching her hand out. "Grab it." Monica slammed her knee down on my shin to hold me in place still as she started digging through their stuff.

I nearly escaped the leg holding my own down when Judy leaned down. She held up a long, thick, black dildo, waving it around in my face. I saw something shine in her hand: a knife? My eyes widened again, trying to shake my head. "Mm-mmm!!!"

"Oh, it's too late for that." Judy turned around, sitting down on my face, her khaki pants pressed against my mouth once more. The knife slit through my shorts first, then the panties underneath. I felt the soft flesh of fingertips rub against my clit, my body tensing up as I tried to hide a gasp. The lot of them chuckled.

"Don't try to get her off, just put in her," Jesse said.

"Shut up, bitch, I gotta get it in first!" Judy replied, rubbing the head of the dildo against my lips as I felt myself getting unwillingly wet. That was when I heard something loud. Like stretching. Or ripping.

Oh god.

Duct tape.

I felt the first strip across my right ankle, taping it to the floor. Then a second strip. Then a third. As about the sixth strip of tape pinned me to the floor, Judy decided it was time to start shoving this big fake black cock inside of me. I moaned out into the clothed crotch on my face, still trying to get free.

More and more of the dildo was pressed inside of me. She wasn't stopping; this thing could rival Betty's! Finally, it bottomed out inside of me, hurting as it was still trying to press further. Feeling the resistance, Judy grabbed some tape and taped over the dildo and my pants, holding it deep inside of me. Several pieces held it there, before they decided to finish up with my left ankle, and then tape from my wrist down to my elbow, and even a few pieces on my biceps, to hold me down. More was used across my waist, a few on my neck, and the roll was nearly

finished as they taped over my mouth.

“There. You’ll have to wait there until someone fetches for you soon. And if you don’t learn to get along with us, you’ll suffer far worse than this.” Judy smirked as they swiped their keycard, laughing as they left. And there I was. Lying, taped to the floor of my room, with the largest thing that’s ever been inside of me. It didn’t vibrate, and I couldn’t grind my hips. So all I could do was lie there and suffer with it inside of me. And it felt like the longest night in the world...

I woke up at the sound of the chime from my door, glancing up just in time to see Betty and Roxy walk in. “Well, seems someone got their hands on you.”

“Mmmm mmmm!” I shouted through the tape on my face. Roxy leaned down, half frowning, sighing and shaking her head. I squirmed a little, reminding me all too well of the dildo inside of me.

“Bitches. They’ve got something in you, too?” She reached down, pulling at the tape, leaving me moaning against my adhesive gag as it jerked and jolted the shaft inside of me.

“Oh, I remember that dildo,” Betty said, looking down at the girth sticking out of me.

“Didn’t we call it ‘Black Betty?’” Roxy said with a grin.

“Mmmm!” I growled with a scowl, just wanting to get up off the floor.

“Sorry, kid,” Roxy said, looking back up at me. “Sucks they got their hands on you. ...But seeing you like this makes me want to get mine on you, too.” She grabbed the dildo, pulling it out a little before shoving it back inside of me.

“MMM!!” My eyes shot open wide, my body tensing against the tape holding me down. ‘How cruel!’ I would’ve said had my mouth not been taped up, but all I could do was moan and mumble on the floor, forced to endure the painful torment of that dildo’s sweet, pleasurable mass forcing its way in and out of me.

“Oh, you love it, don’t give me that,” Roxy said, as if reading my mind. She knelt between my legs, one hand trailing my side while the other continued to fuck me with the huge fake penis.

“Ooo, that’s so sexy,” Betty said, running her own hands up and down her front side as she pitched a tent in her skirt. “I envy that toy so much...”

“You say it like you don’t get it every day,” Roxy said as Betty stepped forward. Her hand left my side, reaching up and lifting Betty’s skirt, taking in the dickgirl’s cock into her mouth and bobbing her head. She could envy the toy all she wanted, but my no-longer-existent erection was jealous of her own cock, because it looked like Roxy could give some head. And while we’re on the topic of erections and getting hard...

Betty noticed, smiling with a menacing sweetness from above me. “You enjoy watching this? Your nipples are about to burst through the fabric of your shirt...”

I blushed as it was mentioned, but still squirmed. Roxy was talented at multi-tasking, as she never stopped thrusting inside of me. She slurped noisily on Betty’s thickness, her rod glistening with saliva from the sloppy blowjob, her tongue running along the bottom of it outside of her mouth. And as if all of that wasn’t hot enough, the black haired beauty reached down and pinched my nipple through my shirt, gently tugging, tweaking, and teasing it, all without slowing her pace with the dildo or her blowjob and with her eyes closed. Hard to believe I was supposedly the ‘perfect’ one in the building after experiencing that.

“Mmmm!!” I whined, and my back would’ve arched off the floor if it could have. I was panting heavily, my whimpers and groans, Roxy’s slurping and gagging, and Bettys coos and moans filling the room with a sexual chorus. My face burned bright red, and I could feel myself getting close to orgasm. Roxy depthroated Betty as best she could, holding herself down most of her length as her shoulders bucked, gagging and sputtering a moment before jerking her head back.

“I’ve got an idea,” she said with a grin, beckoning Betty down to her. They whispered

amongst each other before giggling. Roxy let go of my nipple, the sensitive bud still sitting at attention atop my breast, and started pulling the tape off my mid section. As soon as it came off, my back arched up, but Roxy nudged it back down.

Betty walked over, lightly sitting down on my chest. "I've got something for you," she said, pulling the tape off my mouth with a painful rip.

"OWW—" was all I could get out before the slippery soaked cock pressed its way between my lips. I stared up at it wide-eyed. I couldn't do much as she pressed more and more to fill my mouth, feeling the head hit my throat. I felt Roxy thrust even faster, driving me crazy; crazy enough to willingly suck on the dick in my mouth instead of just let myself get face fucked like normal.

"Mmm, that's nice," Betty replied. They didn't release any other tape, so my arms and legs were still taped down, as was my neck, so I couldn't bob any deeper or pull back. My head was stuck on the floor, and I could only take as much as Betty was giving. Which, as one could predict, would be as much as possible. She leaned her body forward, hovering over my face, pressing harder into my mouth. My throat felt like it was bulging as it filled with cock, more saliva and throat slime on it mixing with Roxy's, who was lifting my shirt as she laid on top of me, taking one of my now exposed nipples into her mouth while her fingers resumed the teasing on its counterpart. I was quivering from all the combined sensations.

"I hope you're close to cumming, kid," Roxy said, stretching me ever so slightly and slipping her fingers inside of me as well, hooking her fingers upward and playing with an incredibly sensitive area. My eyes nearly rolled back, I could hardly take it. One nipple was lovingly teased by the softness of tongue, while the other was pinched tightly between two fingers, occasionally being tugged.

I closed my eyes tightly, my body tensed up. With tears streaming down from my watery eyes, I could've screamed out in ecstasy. I tried, which only allowed the last of Betty's cock to slide down into my throat, my orgasmic cry blocked out by thick shaft and gagging. I spasmed as I hit my climax, feeling an odd sensation I hadn't felt before. With all of the pressure in my hot spots and Roxy's added fingertips, my tightening around it caused me to squirt my orgasm. Not much, mind you, but enough to leave a wet patch where I was lying.

The other two girls moaned, Roxy sounding pleased as she pulled her fingers back and Betty sounding aroused. I relaxed as Roxy pulled the huge dong out of me, but Betty was more on edge. She grabbed the sides of my head, holding me tightly as she held herself completely in my bulging throat and came, hard down my throat. I coughed, gagged, sputtered, but it did no good. I wouldn't breathe until she was done.

Forced to swallow what felt like a propane tank's worth of cum, I gasped hard for air when Betty finally pulled out, leaving me gasping for air on the floor. Roxy laughed, shaking her head as she started to pull the tape off of me. "You're really something, Sam."

"Yeah, yeah," I said, reaching up to pull the tape off my neck as my hands were freed. "Wasn't really necessary, though..."

"Sure it was!" Betty exclaimed with a grin. "We all need to have fun every once in a while."

"Yeah, but play time's over," Roxy said, suddenly serious as we finished pulling the tape off of me. "It's time to get down to business."

"So what's the plan?" I asked, sitting up on the floor.

"We're doing it tonight," Roxy said with a grin. She walked over to the couch, taking a seat. "Tonight we strike back, and you're a key part of the plan."

"What about me?" Betty said, walking over and taking a seat as well.

"You get the ball rolling, Bet," the black haired woman said with a smirk. "You'll be distracting the security. It should be pretty easy, they seem really on edge lately."

I tried to hide a concerned look about that statement, clearing my throat. "What do I do?"

Roxy winked at me. "While security is busy dealing with Betty, I'm gonna run by your

room and knock on your door. Wait ten minutes.”

“Okay...” I trailed, waiting further instructions.

“I’ll rush down to their room and I’ll ambush them. Start fighting them. After enough time they’ll likely get the upper hand, but with most of them beaten down pretty hard, you’ll come in and ‘save’ me, and we’ll finish them off.

“Afterwards, we’ll drag them down to the testing rooms and lock them into the sex tests and leave them running until they’re found.” Roxy grinned wickedly, a spark shining in her eye that I hadn’t seen since I had first arrived.

“Wait, why can’t Sammy distract the guards?” Betty asked, sounding concerned. “What if they taze me, what am I supposed to do?”

“Because you’re a pacifist, Betty,” Roxy said. “You’ll be fine, I’ve got the perfect plan for you. We’ll discuss that on our way back to my room. Besides, Sam is normally the target, so if she put the final point on the exclamation they shouldn’t be messing with any of us again.”

“I like that!” I shouted excitedly. “I’ll be waiting for the knock.”

“Yep, we’ll likely start in about six hours. Get ready.” Roxy stood up, beckoning her partner. “Come on, Bet, let’s go. We’ve got a little more work to do until then.”

I stood up and walked them out of the room. As the door shut, my eyes suddenly shot wide open. This was also my chance... With Betty distracting security, that was my perfect chance to find the exit!

But what about Roxy? She’d be running into the lion’s den alone. Could I really sacrifice her to a beating while I walked away unscathed? On the other hand, I’ve dreamed of escaping, explaining everything to my parents and Clarissa, and trying my best to live normally again.

I sat down and stared at the wall as I thought of the choices going on in my mind. What should I do? I sat there for hours, racking my brain, fighting my conscience, fighting with reasons. Finally, I looked to the door and waited. I had made up my mind...

I slipped on some tennis shoes, looking over myself in the mirror when I heard the knock. My eyes darted towards the door, hearing quick footsteps fade. The plan had started. Now to wait for my part.

Glancing into the mirror once more, I took a deep breath and held it a moment before sighing. I waited a few minutes, and then darted down the hallway. I ran as hard as I could. I had to do what felt right. I had to.

I flew past the hallway leading to the bitches’ room, running towards the side of the labs I had only recently discovered. This was it. This was my grand escape. This is what I had been built up to do since I first fell into this trap three months ago. ...Four months ago...? I don’t remember. I had seriously lost count of how long I had been down here.

I darted down a hallway that I was cut off from during my last run-in with security and saw the most beautiful sign in the world: “Exit.” An exit sign hung from the ceiling, pointing towards the left at the end of the hallway. I ran hard, nearly out of breath, and rounded the corner to see the elevator.

...Along with an unexpected guest.

“Thought you’d try to get away during the distraction, little one...?” Cracking his knuckles, Dr. West stood between me and freedom...