

Marcus

The Janus Stories IV
by Jessica Clairmont

He didn't think he'd be able to stand with the fat breasts jutting out from his shrunken frame. "What've you done?" His voice cracked and squeaked.

"It's a punishment crafted especially for you," Lira said. "Say goodbye to your dick, Marcus."

The car wound through dark hills. Ben drove, eyes wide and bright in the dark. Tricia sat in the passenger's seat wishing the sun hadn't set. For some reason, the morning had been normal. Happy. They'd driven across Virginia with the windows down. They listened to music, old songs Tricia remembered from being a kid, a hundred lives ago. As they left the bigger highways, driving into the countryside's obscurity, she'd raked her hands through her hair to feel the sun's warmth and wind one last time before the windows came up to keep out the bugs. A clump of her hair came out. No version of Tricia lasted forever.

If Ben noticed the sag in her skin or the thinning of her hair, he didn't say anything. They hadn't talked much since Cavendish. Eight days had passed since they left Ben's office while an orgy of men turned into women with false pregnancies raged on. After, Tricia and Ben left the city, getting a hotel room under false names in Maryland. Ben watched the news. It was reported as a terrorist attack, one that left the entire Janus Regulatory Task Force crippled. The agents weren't dead, but they'd never again be anything other than sluts with inflatable bellies. Ben's name made the list of assumed lost.

Tricia didn't push him. She didn't understand why she'd gotten attached to him at all, but he'd certainly been useful for her plans. He came to her, whenever he turned off the news. A few times each day, he would ravish her. Sometimes lovingly, sometimes brutally, sometimes quickly, and sometimes agonizingly slowly. Nor did he resist when she came to him. His slightly changed cock responded eagerly to any attention, and Ben seemed happy for it as well. They ate, fucked, slept, and repeated for six days with little conversation. In its way, the time was nice.

On the seventh day, another fish bit. Marcus Lovell. Tricia asked Ben if he wanted to keep helping her. He said yes without hesitation or condition. They rented a car and drove west. The day was nice, but it felt like an ending. Another life lived as the sun set. With an hour left till their destination, a cabin from which their next plan would come to fruition, she decided to chip away the ice between the two of them.

"Ben, I'll have to change again soon," she said.

His eyes didn't stray from the road, "Yeah? For this thing with Lovell?"

"Yes, but also this body is wearing thin. Normally, I add some stabilizing elements to samples, but since I took this one directly from you, it's almost run its course."

His shoulders tensed. "I see," he said. "So, you'll drink one of those vials we've been hauling around?" He sounded irritated and gruff, yet Tricia smiled. It was the first time he'd sounded anything other than numb outside of sex.

"Would that bother you?" she asked. "I have to change, Ben. If not, I'll turn back into...well, it's not pretty. I know you've gotten attached to this face and body, but the next one will have its own benefits. They always do. And it'll restart my hormone overdrive again. So...more sex will be fun, right?" With every word, she saw his body grow more tense. His

knuckles whitened as he gripped the wheel. She stopped talking, unsure of what to say.

They rode in silence for several minutes.

“I understand it,” Ben said, breaking the stillness. “You don’t have to sell it to me with sex. That’s a little insulting, honestly. The thing is...look I’m not a guy who gives a damn what people do in the past. Shit, after what we did to the guys at JTF, I’m not sure I’m the kind of guy who gives a shit what someone does in the present. But there’s an overlap. A weird overlap in a world that’s gotten real fucking weird for me. I’m old fashioned. Maybe not as old fashioned as old fashioned once was, but I’m still a little scared of change. In my head — hell, I was contractually obligated with my job — to keep a normal sex life. Whatever normal is these days.”

Tricia looked away. She’d wondered how Ben would react to his coworkers turning into sluts. While they were there, Tricia had been tempted to play with some of the changed. From the way he responded, so had Ben. But they’d restrained themselves. Maybe she’d lost him then, but been a willing partner in the meantime. If she lost this body, what did he have to stay for? “I get it,” she said. “I don’t expect you to, I dunno, go steady with me. You’re free to fuck whoever—”

“What?” The car jerked as his head turned to look at her. He looked back and swerved slightly as he pressed the break. The car righted itself, and they drove on. “Shit, Tricia, no. That’s not what I’m saying at all. Hell, I quit my job in the most definitive way possible for you. You’re...fascinating and funny and wonderful and clearly way fucking smarter than me — and that’s not what I was talking about. It’s the vials you’ve collected.”

Did he say he liked me? Not the body? Just me? “You don’t like my semen collection?” As she said it, she realized how ludicrous it sounded. *Wait, is he jealous of my semen collection?*

Ben sighed. “A few of these nights, I’ve wondered if I got too drunk at that bar and wound up dead in a stairwell somewhere. Cause what I’m about to say is one of the more insane things I’ve ever said. No, Tricia, I don’t like your semen collection. I understand why you have it. I understand why you need it. I get that people have histories, sexual histories. I have one too, albeit a little bit lame. But what makes me ok with them is that they’re *histories*. You’re carrying yours around in a box. It’s just weird. Like, yeah, on the one hand it’s pretty amazing that we could get to the cabin tonight, and I could get to have sex with you in a brand new body. But it’s fucking terrifying that for it to happen you have to go drink the cum of some dude who voluntarily let you drug him and jerk him off for an hour.”

“Oh,” she said. “Yeah, I guess that is a little odd.” She long ago came accept the necessity of her life. She never thought she’d have someone in her life who would care. “But like you said, you get why I need it.”

“I do.” He finally relaxed and took an easier grip of the wheel. He shifted in his seat

and rested his right arm on the center console and turned his palm up. Tricia put her hand into his. They rode on for a while longer, taking the dark turns with a slow glide. They passed dim houses with lawns filled with strange vehicles and equipment. They passed pastures filled with sleeping cattle. The road went up. “What if you didn’t need it, though?” Ben asked finally.

“Believe me, I’ve tried fixing myself. I’m lucky even this works.”

“No, I mean what if you didn’t need the box. What if you used me instead?”

Tricia opened her mouth to give him a perfectly reasonable explanation of why that wouldn’t work, but found she didn’t have one. *Except you might leave me.* “Well, for a general change, it would work like we did this. I could suck you off and change. But for other purposes, like our current project, I’d need a sample to modify.”

“There you go,” he said with a nervous laugh. “That sounds like it could work. And you already have the ones you took from me when we met. You wouldn’t need the rest of the box?”

“Not necessarily,” she pulled her hand away. “Your sample would limit my palette, so to speak. I can select certain traits directly with modifications. Others I can promote more than some. Some things are out. If I need to be a certain race, I’m not sure I can pull that from your genetic background. But, yeah, I think it could serve our purposes for the moment. If that eases your mind.”

“It would,” he said. “At least until I get my head around it a little better. And I don’t expect you to toss the box. We’ll need it eventually, I bet.”

“We?”

“Of course,” Ben said, his smile beaming for the first time in week.

Ben couldn’t remember what his cock used to feel like. He knew it had changed, but it took a few days to realize how it felt changed, too. Then again, it only felt different when Tricia touched it. *Maybe that’s love,* he thought. *When you feel special getting felt up by a certain someone. A little more special than usual.* He doubted the thought. Seemed more likely the special formulated Janus she’d given him made the difference. Whatever it was, he saw no reason to complain.

Her fingers wrapped around his shaft gently. For some reason he’d expected her to put on gloves or a lab coat. Something to science it up a bit. The only difference between this and a morning handjob was the beaker waiting to catch his load. Her naked body sat beside him, one breast gently pressed into his side. His arm stretched down around her back, gently stroking her flank. Tricia wanted him, he knew. After fourteen hours in the car, she needed him as much as he needed her. After their talk, things felt more natural between them. Their fucking all week

had some sort of affection behind it. Familiarity, at least. Common trauma, maybe. Ben knew he'd been the one with walls, but he also knew they were thinnest when they were as close as possible. Those walls collapsed with a few minutes of conversation.

Her hand moved at a steady rhythm. His head turned to kiss her. He resisted the urge to throw her back, pin her legs to her chest, and fuck her. Her lips moved away from his, kissing up his cheek. She nibbled at his ear before whispering, "I wish you were inside of me. I wish you cock was throbbing in my cunt. Your mouth could suck on my tits while my legs wrapped around you, pulling you deeper and harder. We can do it later. We can fuck all night. As soon as you...cum."

The word did the trick. His arm pulled her tight against him, almost spoiling the whole idea. She managed to grab the beaker in time to push it over the head of his cock. His own hand replaced hers, jerking himself off into the glass. Ben never measured the volume of his cumshots prior to meeting Tricia, but, from the look of it pouring into the beaker, he guessed it had increased. The last glob oozed out as he groaned in satisfaction. The pressure in his balls had been more uncomfortable than he realized. "Fuck, that felt good. Best handjob I've ever had."

"Glad to be of service," Tricia said, holding up the glass. "Almost forty milliliters, these guys are working overtime." She gave his balls a gentle squeeze as she stood up and walked to the cabin's kitchen. Ben grabbed a robe and followed.

"What's that in non-science measurements?"

Tricia put the sample aside and started preparing a small lab. "Hmm? Oh, well, a shot of liquor is thirty. So, you came about one and one third of a shot."

"What's normal?"

She shrugged. "Normal is hard to come by these days. Unaltered male probably produces ten per orgasm. Most guys are altered these days whether they realize it or not." She opened another of her black boxes and pulled out a few vials. "It'll take a little while to mix up. I'll need to make the modifications for Marcus."

Ben went back to the bedroom and retrieved a bottle of whiskey from one of the bags. When he returned to the kitchen, he grabbed an empty beaker. "Can I use this?" Tricia nodded. He poured in forty milliliters. "Fuck," he whispered as he brought it to his mouth. He downed it in a gulp. *No wonder cumming feels like it takes longer.* "So, we're here now. Probably time to tell me the plan, don't you think? What are we doing to Marcus Lovell, and why'd it involve coming to the middle of nowhere Tennessee?"

Tricia held up a finger for him to wait. Her hands moved quickly. They mixed, measured, and stirred. Ben watched his cum go into a vial of clear liquid which suddenly turned purple. Tricia pulled out a small machine that whirred at the press of a button. The mixture

went into the machine, and it whirred louder. “Um, sorry. You asked about why we’re here? I told you already. Marcus Lovell.”

“Yeah, the next part, Tricia,” he said. He knew she only half paid attention to him while she worked. He didn’t mind. He liked watching. It made him feel like a kid in science class wondering at baking soda and vinegar. Except, Tricia was naked and had the chemistry skills of God himself.

She bit her lip and crossed her arms across her breasts. With three quick nods, she apparently accounted for everything. “So, Marcus Lovell is married. Has been for twenty years, at least. He’s older than he looks, of course. Not a heavy Janus user, but habitual. Crafting the image of a young, successful scientist as Anton’s right hand man is important. Anyway, he has affairs. Arranges them through a service. It’s not illegal, but it’s professionally discreet and guarantees its product. Eighteen and nineteen year old girls who have never touched Janus. A few times a year, often during times of stress, he arranges for one of these meet ups at one of three different sites. This is the one he picked this time. The cabin one plot up from here.”

“How much did finding all this out cost, out of curiosity?”

“Not sure,” Tricia said with a grin. “I’ve never been good at accounting. I bought in to this particular escort business a while back. It turns a considerable profit. From there, getting the information on Marcus was easy. I got word from my source at the company and from my contact working in Marcus’s office. The JTF debacle spooked him, clearly, and he needed to blow off some steam.”

“So what do we do? Lie in wait for him and make the grab?” Ben wondered how far he could get in the revenge game with only his side arm.

“No, this isn’t a government agency we’re going after. Marcus actually has decent security. Three men. Two lackeys and a bodyman. And a panic button. The bodyman, a guy named Hugh, stays with Marcus through thick and thin. While his boss fucks the coed, Hugh sits in the next room with one of the goons usually watching television. The other goon is outside. You’ll have to deal with him. The panic button is the worry. If Marcus hits it, it doesn’t just alert Hugh and the on site detail. It red flags Marcus as compromised in the entire Janus network. We’d have Anton’s personal police breathing down our necks before we could cross the state line.”

“So, you have to dose him before he learns something is wrong.”

Tricia reached into one of the boxes. She held up a vial of pink liquid. “Another special trick. They’ll search me when I go in. Give me a good pat down, but they’re never too thorough with the girls. I’ll smuggle this in for Marcus. As for Hugh and his buddy,” she paused to reach for another vial, “this blue one will take care of them. Its customary for the girl to bring her bodyguard, played in this case by you, as well as a welcome basket. A sign of good

will from the company for such a loyal customer.”

“A tradition started by you, no doubt,” Ben said.

“Indeed. It’s good for your enemies to stupidly accept gifts. Still, they check it to make sure it’s not a bomb or anything. Except they’re expecting explosives, not chemicals. This little concoction will take about ten minutes from initial catalyst to full blown reaction. At that point, it will fill the room with a healthy dose of...well, effectively aerosolized horse tranquilizer.”

“That won’t kill them?”

“Probably not,” Tricia said. “Unless they start huffing it as fast as possible. Should put them out and disperse within less than ninety seconds. I measured it out to fill exactly that room for exactly that amount of time with a dose potent enough to put exactly two people out for about two hours. As for guy number three, hit him with a rock or something.”

“So my end of the plan is the sophisticated part?”

“It could be a nice rock,” she said, offhandedly as she checked on her work. “And believe it or not, the least sophisticated part of this is how I expose Marcus. The pink vial requires skin contact. So, since it will be hidden in my vagina, I’ll have to get it out, unseal it, and throw it in his face while I have him safely away from the panic button. It should only take a few seconds to render him ambivalent, but the main unknown and only real risk here is Marcus’s reaction time. If he realizes something is off before I can get this stuff on his skin, we could have to skedaddle. Thankfully, he usually stuffs the button in a drawer somewhere in the room once the girl shows up.”

“Hang on, for all this to work, they’re expecting an eighteen year old. How do you pull that off?”

“With this!” Tricia tapped the small device. Its whirring came to a stop. She withdrew a vial from inside.

“How come it’s clear?” Ben asked.

“Most of them start out clear,” she answered. “I add the coloring to help keep them straight. This one will give me the body of a woman roughly eighteen to twenty years old.”

Ben poured himself another drink. Living in a world of people on Janus when he couldn’t take any meant he always looked old and tired compared to pretty much the entire population. The idea of Tricia losing her thirty-something body for that of someone twenty years Ben’s junior made him nervous. “You can do that? I mean, obviously if anyone can, you can, but Janus can’t. The regular pills make you look younger, but they don’t actually make you younger. Right?”

Tricia rolled the idea around in her head. “Good way of putting it. The regular Janus pills rejuvenate certain cells while retaining backup copies. Go long enough without another hit, and you’ll eventually wind up looking close to natural again. Cells influenced by the Janus formula are artificial and expressed only for a short while. I had some theories that this basic cellular repression might lead to increased longevity in otherwise healthy individuals due to a temporary suspension of cellular replication. Needed longer to study it, and, well, I was horribly deformed by a lab fire caused by treacherous business partners. You know how it is. Anyway, if you turn off the backups, you can create a whole new permanent version of someone who then begins to age normally.”

“So, you can make people immortal?”

“Yes and no,” Tricia said. “Unregulated Janus could make people look immortal, but the long term effects of actually making someone immortal are...risky. Replacing epidermal cells with new ones is easy. Your body is doing it constantly anyway. Organs, like the heart, replicate their cells much, much slower. Doing it all at once could cause bit of a mess. Under very controlled lab conditions, it’s likely possible. One treatment every twenty five years and boom, you’ve eliminated death.”

Occasionally, hanging around Tricia made Ben feel like the world suddenly lurched under him, threatening to throw him off entirely into the vacuum of space. Two weeks ago, he spent the day filling out paperwork on meth heads who thought they could wrangle Janus into a profitable black market trade. Now, a naked woman was idly contemplating the creation of worldwide immortality. “Well, let’s put a pin in that,” he suggested. “You say this will make you look eighteen. Let’s see it then.”

She smiled. “It’s not often I get to do something new, but I haven’t done this before.” She downed the clear liquid in one gulp. “You sure you want to watch? Never a guarantee it won’t be horrifying.”

Ben took her by the hand. “Let’s shower.”

They walked back to the bedroom and into the master bath. The cabin provided a large, two person shower with dual heads. Ben turned on both of them, filling the glass chamber with a gush of steam. Tricia paused in front of the joint sinks. She held a clump of her hair in her hand. She tried to apologize, but Ben silenced her with a kiss. She broke off and leaned over the sink. With a quick, practiced motion, she ran her hands over her head taking chunks of her hair with it on each stroke. Within a few seconds, she stood back up with a smooth, bald head. Ben kissed it, gently, and disrobed. Holding her hand, he led her into the shower.

Tricia appreciated the steam. Ben saw her change once before, but this time was different. She didn’t want to terrify him, and no matter what brave, sweet face he offered her, she knew her changes could be disconcerting at the very least. As he closed the door behind

them, her bones began to shift. A tight, cinching pain hit her legs, arms, and chest. She sucked in a quick breath, stifling a yelp. Ben's hands suddenly held her, bringing her close to his body as the water pelted them from each angle. Wrapped in his embrace, she suddenly had more room to move, even though he had not changed his grip. Her frame shrank slightly as her legs shortened, causing a sensation akin to a sleeping limb, but worse. Ben tightened his grip on her, holding her until she no longer touched the ground at all. The pain subsided as new sensations bloomed through her body. She kissed his chest, and he relaxed.

Her breasts shrank, receding into her chest from large C's down to small mounds. Ben's hands went up her sides, moving over her smaller, but harder nipples. He didn't linger, moving up to her shoulders and spinning her around. Massaging her neck, they each realized his hand could easily wrap around her throat. A small burst of black hair emerged from her scalp, causing water to bead on the hair tips. Ben continued to roam, moving his touch over her narrow shoulders and down the length of her arms as he pulled her against him again. She could feel his cock press into her lower back. She was too short for them to fuck standing up, now, unless he picked her up entirely. Still, the feeling of his half erect cock disappointed her. She moved back against him, sliding her smooth skin up his length as she rose to her tip toes. Her hand reached behind her to feel his balls, marveling at how massive they seemed in her smaller hands.

Ben stepped back slightly to look at Tricia once again. Watching her change caused his mind to skip. A human's body morphing wasn't something natural. The extent of the changes during her first shift had been minor, but not this time. His mind kept trying to hold a visual idea of her, but the idea kept slipping like a watercolor running and then reshaping. Her height stabilized. Her hips narrowed as her body toned. She smiled at him with different shaped teeth and jaw, a different smile than ten minutes ago. Wider mouth with a more pointed chin. Despite being shorter, she seemed stretched, even her naval made a long oval instead of a circle. Her chest flattened completely between the small breasts, creating a flat hard line from the nape of her neck down to the crest of her pussy. Before, her thighs bore deep creases at the bend, but not this body. Her hips flowed flawlessly down to the valley between her thighs. A small, smooth mound hid a pair of lips which begged for his touch. Her ass was firm and muscular rather than plump. She'd gotten the body of lifelong gymnast in only a few minutes.

Tricia felt the changes subside. New, wet hair clung to the back of her neck. She liked when she ended up with longer hair. It was shoulder length and soft even under the hard water. She pulled it all to one side, draping it over her shoulder as she looked down at her body. "Well, what do you think?"

"You're pretty," he said, not knowing how else to answer.

She frowned, a much more expressive display on her wide face. "Not the enthusiasm I hoped for. You know, most guys your age would give a lot to fuck an eighteen year old." She grabbed some of the soap provided by the cabin. After lathering up her hands, she took hold of Ben's cock, rubbing the suds along his length until he was properly hard. She turned around and let him slide his dick against her hips and ass as she tried to give him fun angles to look at.

Ben's palm grabbed her hip, kneading into the firm flesh on her ass. "I think most guys my age would be intimidated. Eighteen year olds expect a partner all puffed up and crowing."

"You mean a bad one," she said.

"Enthused if not accurate." His fingers crawled around her thigh to her pussy. Even in the shower, the change left her sopping wet. "Men my age remember being eighteen. Dumb and eager to touch tits with little care about who they were attached to. Now, I can see your beauty, admire it, and certainly enjoy it. But I can't have it in the same way as the other yous." The wistfulness in his voice surprised even him. He drew her close to him again, admiring the feel of her wet skin under his fingertips. "That said, I imagine this is the tightest little ass I'll ever have the chance to fuck."

"The only reason I'm not bouncing on your dick in midair is because the shower is suppressing the effect of the change. Soon as we dry off, any hesitation you might have will vanish. You're sweet, though, cherishing my innocence."

He shut the water off. "Good. Remember that for when I'm less horny."

Minutes later, Ben tossed her onto the bed. Tricia rolled to her back and spread her legs. Ben climbed on top of her, suddenly aroused by the difference in their size. He pushed her to her back and let his cock slap on her belly. It reached all the way up to her naval from the top of her pussy. *I might tear her in half.* Her hands grabbed hold of his cock, stroking it quickly while rubbing the underside of it onto her belly. His fingers dug into her thighs. He needed her to stop or he would —*Ungh.*

Cum sprayed out of him suddenly, splashing across her stomach. The pearly fluid pooled quickly as the next shot landed on her small tits. Tricia giggled and scrambled over to her hands and knees. "Come on, get hard for me again. Technically, I'm a virgin, Ben. You get to be my first. That big thick cock is going to spread me wide open. I needed to take some of the pressure out of it or you might have been too much for me to take. Of course, if you can't fit it all in my pussy, I know I can get it all in my tight little ass."

He grunted at her, his mind clouding with lust. She was right, of course. The shower had suppressed the effect of her changes. Even with cum still dripping from the head of his cock, it returned to rock hard while his balls ached to be emptied again. He grabbed her small, boyish hips and pulled her hard against him, letting his cock slap down on the narrow crease between her butt cheeks. "You want it up your ass? That how you want to start, with my cock stretching your little ass? Are you going to play with your pussy while I fuck your butt?" He shifted his hips. His cock moved over the side of her ass, giving him a clear view of her perfect asshole. Feeling strangely giddy, he brought his thumb to the small button and pushed. She relaxed with surprising ease, allowing his thumb to press into her rear. "Oh, you like that, do you? Little butt slut? Saving your virgin pussy for the right guy?" *What am I saying?*

She scooted away, to the opposite side of the bed where she sprawled over the edge to rummage through one of their bags. When she popped up, she held a bottle of lube triumphantly. “Gee, Mr. Bishop, even with lube, I don’t know if you’re going to fit it all.” She tossed the bottle to him, grinning from ear to ear.

His heart thumped in his chest, and his cock throbbed with need. *Something is wrong with me. Something good, but not normal.* Thoughts flickered in his head like single frames in a video. He was twenty again, at the academy, running around the track. Twenty one at a pub crawl for one of his friends, drunk off his ass and flirting with a big titted waitress. Except they weren’t memories. He saw the memory, but what came back with it wasn’t a story or a narrative, only a flash of intense emotion. Youth, promise, hope, a future. All of it crammed into one blip before it vanished. In between the blips, Tricia. Her hands oiled with lube working up and down his cock. Her pulling her own ass cheeks apart and sliding her greased fingers in the tiny hole.

Another blip, Ben when he lost his virginity. A single frame of the vivid memory packed full of all the anxiety, excitement, and lust. All of it felt in one moment, flooding his brain with the same emotions decades later. Tricia looked at him, eyes twinkling, “I’ve been bad, Mr. Bishop.”

He growled, grabbing her by the hips. The head of his cock slid against her, pushing up the length of her ass before he reared back to aim again. Holding her with one arm, he gripped his cock with the other. Placing the head against the winking hole, he pushed down, applying a consistent pressure and feeling her asshole relax and stretch open. A second passed and then another, the head of his dick slipped inside of her. She closed around the head, squeezing involuntarily against the lubed intruder. Her mirthful, toying posture vanished as her body tensed with concentration. Ben resisted the urge to shove forward. Even in the euphoric state, he didn’t want to hurt her. Slowly, the tension around his dick relaxed. He pushed forward gently, watching as his cock disappeared inside the little nymph. With half of him shoved inside her, he stopped. Ben didn’t think he’d ever felt anything so tight before in his life. Still, at the moment, he didn’t trust his memories.

Tricia’s hand worked at her small pussy, largely heedless of Ben other than the feeling of fullness in her ass. She wished she had a dildo to stuff inside of her, but her fingers would have to suffice. Ben began to move, gently fucking her ass while holding her firmly in place with his hands. She matched his rhythm, rubbing her clit and drifting down to push her fingers into herself in time with his thrusts. As her own climax built, she focused on giving Ben the true experience with her ass. When he pushed in, she squeezed, making him work against friction to pull out. Though it distracted her mentally, the pleasure of hearing him groan compensated. So much so that her own orgasm surprised her. It came when Ben made a deeper thrust just as her fingers pushed inside her pussy. Pleasure shot through her like a firecracker going off. She squealed with pleased glee as Ben’s breath quickened.

“Mmm, your fat cock in my ass made me cum, Mr. Bishop,” Tricia teased him. “Don’t worry, you can cum in my ass. That’s how I don’t get pregnant. I always let boys cum in my

butt instead. I bet you'll cum so much more than anyone else though."

Ben's lust filled, flickering mind struggled to respond with anything coherent, "Dirty slut. Letting all the boys fuck you. When you needed a man. Your ass is mine now. Stretched out just for me." He wrapped his arm around her and pulled her hard against him. His balls stuck against her gooey pussy as they started pumping cum into her bowels. Tricia whimpered with another, larger orgasm as she felt his cock jerking inside her ass, spraying cum deep into her. Ben felt nothing but a wild, intense pleasure. His eyes wrenched shut as he became lightheaded. His balls wriggled and moved against her pussy as they contracted to pump more cum into her than ever before.

Finally exhausted, he slipped out of her, followed by a torrent of cum before her ass could close. They flopped into the sheets, a sweaty, gooey mess.

"Did you like my surprise?" Tricia asked.

"What did you do? My head. Felt like I was a teenager again."

"Another little magic trick, big guy," she said. "Didn't know if it would work and certainly needs some fine tuning. Memories have an age, too. With the right chemistry, you can trick those memories into firing. And even trick the brain into believing they're happening again. So I fired up your movie projector. Wiggling my ass around for you pulled up the reel on sex, I hope. You did seem to like it."

"I'm not sure. It was intense. Like good PTSD. Helped that you were being the little sex kitten." He looked down at her body. "I'm starting to like the new you. Course now we need another shower. Cause there's no way we're going tomorrow before I fuck that pussy of yours."

"Well, fuck." Tricia said. She sat across Ben's lap on a couch in the cabin's living room. A laptop on the coffee table displayed a camera feed from the cabin up the road. A cabin filled with a dozen thugs.

Ben's face beamed with a shit eating grin. "You're a genius and damn clever at pretty much everything, but reading people isn't your best. Our buddy Marcus clearly got spooked already. Or maybe Anton's already wised up that someone's targeting his people." He shifted Tricia to one side so he could lean forward and get a better look. Neither of them missed the feeling of his cock pressing against the back of her thigh. They'd fucked twice since waking up. He would need to empty his balls again before they went after Marcus no matter what. Ben pointed at the screen, "That's Marcus? He looks fidgety. Guessing this wasn't entirely his idea."

"It complicates things," Tricia said.

“Just whip out some more of that preggo gas stuff. These guys are all on the dole from Janus, too.” She’d started to grind her bottom against him. Equally as casually, he slid his hands down the back of her shorts, squeezing her ass and exploring further at the first chance.

“First of all, these guys are private security. Private security for Anton, yeah, but not exactly the corrupt cops we dealt with at your old job. They’re mostly innocent. A little too innocent to be doomed to a full life sucking cock with a bloated belly. Second, I can’t whip up another batch of that stuff. Even if I could, I doubt they’re going to give me time for a science project before asking questions.”

“The knockout gas then?” His hand moved around her hip and down between her legs. She was wet, like always, and didn’t lose a bit of focus as he slid a finger inside her.

“Don’t have enough. And even if I had time to make more, I’m not sure I could get it to work without causing brain damage. I need to think.” She gently pulled his hand away before standing up. First, she turned around and pulled his cock out, stroking it a few times to get the head lubed with precum. She then shucked down her shorts, positioned herself carefully, and sank down on him. She sighed, bouncing up and down as he grunted. After only two minutes, he flooded her pussy with cum. She rested on his thighs, his cock buried in her, cum leaking out around it. “Lust bomb,” she said, grimly.

Ben grunted as she pulled off him. With quick work, he managed to keep their flood of juices from getting on his pants. “Beg pardon?”

Tricia cleaned herself up and scuttled to the kitchen. “Lust bomb. Early on in Janus’s development, we got bothered by the military looking for weapon applications. Anton always salivated at the idea, but frankly, the military didn’t like what either him or I came up with. We actually made a gay bomb like the idea they floated back in the late 20th century. Aerosolized Janus which would ramp up sex drives high enough to throw any one person’s Kinsey scale off the grid. Testing was hilarious and probably illegal. In the end, the military didn’t like the idea of turning an enemy base into a massive orgy. It was a more prudish time. The lust bomb was something I came up with along the way.”

“Well if it just makes a dozen guys super horny while only you and whatever you’re doing to Marcus are around, I’m not the biggest fan of that idea.”

“No, it’s a psychoactive incapacitation effect. Think of it like being incredibly stoned. Chemicals fire off certain neurons at a huge rate, the body floods with hormones, and the brain overloads into shut down. They’ll be awake, but lost in a wet dream that leaves them pretty much paralyzed.” She put on protective gear and started working. “I don’t have a lot of time, but I should be able to get close enough.”

“How come this one didn’t get military approval?” Ben asked.

“Couldn’t be considered non-lethal,” she answered. “The effect lasts long enough to cook someone’s brain. You have to neutralize it with a secondary chemical. Shit, I’ll have to make that, too. Military didn’t want to buy two bombs and couldn’t justify killing people by making them orgasm to death.” She paused and looked at him. “It’s a shame you don’t have extensive training in biochemistry.”

“Lucky for me, you like me for my body.”

Marcus Lovell poured himself another drink. Nerves made his hand shake. Not nerves about being hunted down by some ghost and turned into a brainless sex addict, but nerves about the girl. He was a powerful man with grand influence even if it did come under the thumb of Anton. But the one thing that still made his feet rattle in his shoes was his dalliance. Every time a different girl. Every time another risk of rejection. He came into sexual maturity before Janus. Before the world was open to sex, truly casual sex. Before the time where a skinny, pimped guy who spent his weekends talking about Pokemon cards could become every woman’s ideal mate with the pop of a single pill. He’d lived the rejections, the loneliness, and the bitterness which came with it all. Anton thought the girls scratched some nefarious itch for power or the lust for pure flesh. No, it was the urge to walk to the edge of a cliff or to pet a hungry lion. Something compelled him to do it, even if it terrified him.

Someone knocked at the door. Marcus gritted his teeth, took a gulp of the whiskey, and went over to answer. Hugh stood on the other side, “She’s here, boss.”

Marcus nodded, “Do you all have to loiter out there? I’m surprised you don’t have two of those fools in the room with me watching me fuck.”

Hugh shrugged, eyes tired and irritated. “I think it’s a risk to be here at all. Put on some music. You’ll forget we’re here.”

Marcus scoffed, but managed to hide his disdain as a girl appeared behind Hugh. She smiled nervously behind the big man. Marcus struggled to keep his panic suppressed. *God, she looks just like Becky. No, not exactly, but...* “Please come in,” he said.

The girl walked into the room and swung her hands behind her back. She wore a pair of jean shorts that hugged a small, tight ass. She looked almost flat chested in a t-shirt six sizes too big for her. It hung off her neck, showing her whole, naked shoulder. “Gosh, lots of guys out there,” she said, a squeak of nerves in her voice.

“An unwanted precaution,” Marcus said, his voice cracking. “Sorry, you remind me of someone I knew a long time ago.”

“Oh yeah? Who?”

Marcus's mouth hung slightly open. The more he looked at the young woman, the more differences he found. Becky had smaller eyes and a less pointed chin. "An old girlfriend."

The girl laughed, "Is that a pro or a con?"

"Immaterial, what's your name?"

"Lira," she said. "What would you like me to call you?"

Marcus smirked. She was lying, but professional about it at least. "Marcus is fine. I have no need to be anyone else. Would you like a drink, Lira?"

Her eyes drifted to the bottles, "Sure. Just the drink, right?"

"Of course."

As he moved to the small bar, she looked around the room, spotting the bathroom. "Mind if I freshen up?"

Marcus waved her off. He needed the drink more than he needed her at the moment. She darted into the bathroom, pushing the door behind her, but not locking it. Marcus took a slow breath, drank, and took another. The shock of seeing someone so like Becky put him off his already tenuous mood. A paranoid man would have suspected someone dug into his past, but Marcus insisted on not being paranoid. He tried to clear his head. He stripped out of his shirt, and put aside the things he carried in his pockets. His phone, wallet, and the alarm device he carried everywhere went into a drawer in the bar. More to save the girl the embarrassment of trying to steal from him than anything else. The brutes out front would check her again when she left. Marcus didn't want any her to suffer a confrontation created by impulsive snatching. Bare chested, he picked up their drinks and moved to the bed. As he sat down, he heard laughter come from the front room. *They're telling jokes, having a grand time. What good guardians.*

The bathroom door opened. She'd stripped, and his jaw dropped. Her lithe, muscular body moved gently toward him. She took the drink from his hand, sniffed it, and took a tip. "Sounds like they're having a party out there. What'd you want to do?"

Marcus's heart fluttered. These were the moments he lived for. The electric power of seeing a real, unmodified woman and then letting her see him. The only thing obligating her to perform for him was the money, but money didn't make good lies. His wife would lie to him and smother it in disdain or a dying ember of love. The sycophants in his office would lie and bury it in their lust for power. Some wouldn't bother, openly showing their contempt for his awkwardness with women. Derision and infantile bickering accosted him day in and day out. But these moments with these perfect, fresh women. They terrified him. *What's in her other hand?*

Something crashed in the other room. A loud knock at the door. Shouting. It all

happened in only a few seconds. Blue smoke seethed under the door and vanished in seconds. In this microcosm of time, Marcus turned toward the angelic vision, realizing something was wrong. A vial in her hand lost its cap. With a quick flick of her wrist, pink liquid shot out and splashed on his neck and chest. It burned for only a second. The girl stepped back, eyes full of wild malice. Eyes, which Marcus finally recognized. “God, it’s you,” he said in a hoarse whisper. His hand went to the gel on his chest, finding most of it gone. Some came away on his fingertips. “What did you do to me?”

The door crashed inward. Hugh reeled into the room, a look of confusion on his face. His eyes focused on the girl. Both the occupants saw the bulge in his pants and the cum stain. A bit of drool hung from his chin as he lurched toward them. Marcus stepped in front of her, but a large hand grabbed Hugh from behind. A man in a gas mask hurled Hugh back into the front room. Hugh collapsed into a twitching mass and went mostly still. “Sorry,” the man said, “three of them didn’t want to enjoy the ride. That one got a little wiggly. You’re good?”

“Yes,” Lira answered. “It’s done.”

Marcus turned on her. His arms felt weak, and the muscles in his legs trembled, no longer from nerves but from some deep change. “It’s you, isn’t it? Trip?”

“Yes,” the girl said. “We can stick to calling me Lira, though. Trip died. You helped kill him, Marcus.”

His legs gave out completely. He slid down onto the bed and rolled to his back. “No. No, it was Anton’s idea.”

“You stole my research. You promised to work with Anton. You sold me out for thirty pieces of silver, didn’t you?”

A tingling heat spread across his body. *He dosed me with something. It’s not poison. It’s Janus.* “You wouldn’t cooperate! You had to have these ridiculous morals. Anton would have killed me, too, if I didn’t help.”

“Then you should have died with me, Marcus,” Lira said, softly and coldly. “Now you’ll live for a very long time. But you won’t have my stolen genius anymore. You’ll be giving that back now, with interest.”

Lancing shocks arced across his brain. The heat became unbearable all across his skin. His hands rubbed his chest, wanting to tear out the sensation somehow, but instead, he only came away with the thin sheen of hair that his body rejected. Marcus felt his bones crack. First his shoulders, snapping and reforming a dozen times in only a few seconds. The pain would have driven him crazy if other sensations had not drown it out. Next his hips. The bone broke, grew, reformed, and broke again to repeat the process. *It’s Janus without refinement. None of it hidden behind a haze of lust.*

Marcus slid his hand down his stomach. It was soft and squishy with a thin layer of fat which grew rapidly into existence. The increasing sensitivity around his nipples drew his attention, but he didn't dare touch them. In all his years working on Janus, he'd never used any of the gender swapping variations. But his will was soft, and he looked. Budding flesh pushed out a set of puffy nipples. They grew and grew and grew, becoming mountains of flesh topped with thick, sensitive nubs designed to be sucked. Sweat congealed and rolled down between his new cleavage, creating a sheen down his narrow sternum. He didn't think he'd be able to stand with the fat breasts jutting out from his shrunken frame. "What've you done? Is it like the JTF?" His voice cracked and squeaked.

"No," Lira said. She pulled on her clothes. "It's a punishment only for you. Say goodbye to your dick, Marcus."

He realized he had wriggled out of his pants. His dick stood up, straining and hard. As soon as he touched it, it gushed its last load out onto his fingers. He grunted and brought his other hand up to squeeze his mountainous tits, moaning and hating himself for it. He held onto his cock as it shrank. First a handful, then barely half his palm, then a small nub he could hold between his two, newly feminine fingers. Then gone, regressed into a small hood which had been his foreskin. Filled with conflicting dread and curiosity, he moved his hand down.

He found the loose flaps of skin which had been his scrotum. The testicles ascended into him, joining the turmoil of shifting insides as they became barren ovaries. He pressed his fingers into the loose skin, feeling a hollow behind the membranous skin. Things wriggled and moved inside of him as the hollow feeling grew from something he could touch to something he could feel. *Pussy. Cunt. Fuckhole.* The words shot across his mind like wriggling, hot wires. As they did, the loose skin between his thighs went taut and opened. His slit started small and grew out either direction as the skin curled back into labia until it reached the small nub that had been his cock. His fingers delved into the new hole, amazed at how wet it was and how little his own fingers sated the hollow feeling.

Lira stood beside the masked man at the foot of the bed watching. "No more Marcus. Only Marki, now," she said. "Has it started in your head yet? I tried to get that change to be the last. You'll keep who you were, or at least a vague memory of it. But what you got hit with was distilled Bimbify. Permanent Bimbify. All your neurons will be greased down with lust. You'll never have another thought without thinking of fucking, too."

Marki opened her mouth to object, but instead, "Fill my cunny please! Want fucky fucky." *No...oh god.* She tried to speak again, to cry out for mercy. "Want cock. Can I suck you cock, pwease? Cum on my big titties? Cum on my pretty face?"

"Shit," the man said.

Marki could smell his cock. It was hard in his pants and covered in girl cum. She could smell other cum, too. All the boys in the other room were cumming in their shorts. She sat up in a jerk and realized her ass had grown, too. She pulled her legs under her and leaned forward

to look back at the big wobbling mass. “Oh! Look at my big butt! My pussy’s so wet, but my ass needs fucking too!” She frowned, fat lips protruding out in a huge pout. *No! You’re Marcus Lovell. You have two doctorates! You’re not some cum drunk whore.* She turned around and pulled her ass cheeks apart. “Do I have the best pussy and asshole or what? Lira, you should get your pussy out, too! This big guy could take turns fucking us. But *I* get his cum! It feels *so good* on my titties. You can fuck them, too!”

The man grunted. “We should go. Those pheromone things are getting hard to resist.”

Lira moved closer to the new woman. “His panic button and wallet are in the bar drawer. Grab them.” She held off Marki’s groping and kissed the woman’s cheek. “Goodbye, Marcus. Don’t worry. You’ll have all the cock you can handle in just a minute. Stay. Play with your pussy.”

Marki didn’t like not getting to touch Lira back, but Lira did give her a good idea. She spread her legs wide and shoved her fingers into her new pussy, seeing how many she could fit. It felt nice to rub up and down and play with her clit. *MARCUS LOV— Marki Love! Marki Love COCK!* She came. A thunderous, crashing wave after a long storm. She squeezed as a rush of fluid coated her probing fingers. Her body shook and jiggled with pleasure until a warm, pleasant calm came over her. Lira and the man were gone.

Marki moved into the main room where a bunch of men were rubbing their heads and getting to their feet. A hissing container in the center of the room kept pouring out buffs of smoke. Marki frowned at it. *If I try really hard, I bet I know what that is.* Instead, she noticed the bulges in the men’s pants. She smelled the stains of cum in their shorts. She dropped to her knees, bent slightly forward, and pulled her ass apart again. “Ok, who wants to fuck which hole first. One rule! No wasting cum. I want it in my pussy or my ass or my mouth or on my tits or in my hair. Cover me in it.”

The bewildered men grunted, moving closer to her. They took their swollen dicks out from their pants, offering them to the strange woman. She slurped the first to get near her mouth, humming around it with happiness.

“This is Yushenkov,” Anton said into the phone. “Did you find him?”

“Not exactly, sir,” answered the voice at the other end of the line. “We found a woman who calls herself Marki. We think its Mr. Lovell.”

Anton sighed, cursing silently. “What about his security detail?”

“They’re in rough shape. Dehydrated and suffering from some memory loss. It was... well...”

“Tell me,” he insisted.

“To be blunt, sir, it was a big orgy. From what we can tell, they’ve been here fucking this woman non stop for at least twenty four hours. She was literally dripping in cum when we got here. Medical is cleaning her up, but she won’t stop trying to initiate sex with them. She can barely speak and —”

Anton hung the phone up. “God dammit, Trip.”