

Hi! If you got to this story through normal channels then you probably know all of the usual warnings and have some idea what you've found.

But, if you were googling for materials engineering, genetic tailoring, or similar, you've found porn and maybe ought to go read something else. This story contains some stuff that's not for children or people offended by textual representations of sex acts.

Assuming you are still reading, here are the caveats:

- If you don't think you should be reading this, you probably shouldn't.
- If you are planning to try any of this stuff, be my guest; do expect to be arrested.
- If you are going to boost this story and post it elsewhere, please contact me first. I probably won't mind, but it is only fair to find out first.

This story was heavily influenced by listening to Pink, specifically Stupid Girl, Lost's Women in Lingerie exhibition, the film Fantastic Voyage, and the surreality of Paul Anka's cover of Smells Like Teen Spirit.

Bimbo Savant

Part 1: Little Women

By William Pratt

"Why are we doing this again?" asked the navigator/pilot. It was easy to tell her position by the dexterity with which she steered the microscopic gel capsule and the translucent black, lace-tied, long sleeved camisole with matching panties. In another few missions, God willing, she'd have earned the gold laces and maybe even the garters. "She seems like a nice person and she's got great taste in clothes."

The garters were just too fucking hot, but Suzy wanted to keep the cami. It clung to her like a second skin emphasizing her slender waist and the smooth curve outward, up her ribcage. It had taken her months to fit in it properly, shedding pound after pound of excess fat along the way to her firm, fit body. The uniforms really inspired a girl to excel.

Case in point: Maggie. The science officer had garters. Nice legs too. She also had the gold laces, the red gloves, and permission to style her hair however she saw fit. She turned at her console to look over at the blonde guiding the submarine's way through the red murk. "Because she's a politician, Suzy. There are no nice politicians. They just look nice... right up until they raise taxes, eat your soul, or in this case, vote for cutting funding to Women's Community Support Center."

Suzy straightened in her seat, surprised, but didn't look away from the monitor. All business, her eyes focused on looking for blockages and any angry white blood cells while her long-nailed fingers skilfully guided their craft around anything that could hinder their mission. "She did? Why'd she do that?"

"Because." Maggie tossed her honey brown locks in a dismissive appraisal of Counsellor Frump's political opinions. "Apparently, she believes the Center contributes to prostitution by helping hookers out when they want to get off the streets."

"That's pretty fucked up." Suzy tapped an update into the map, marking a possible short cut for future use should it be needed.

“Yup. And that’s why we’re shrunk down to the size of atoms and driving one of Suzy’s experimental gel-caps through her blood stream to her brain—to unfuck her.”

“And we are just about there,” said the third woman, a flaming red-head. Captain Tracy wore her skimpy uniform with all the authority you would expect from latex and lace and threw in the satin available only to the highest rankers. “Maggie, be a doll and get the Waldo warmed up, will you? We have to be careful. The Professor’s outlined the basic regions in her brain we need to visit, but as always, it’s up to us to actually find the controls on her libido and inhibitions. We don’t have the normal guidance because we aren’t on the table. It’s all up to us, ladies.”

“Wait!” said Suzy, her daydreams of thigh-high boots and satin-covered breasts shoved out of the way by the new understanding of their current mission. “We’re rewiring a politician to make her a bimboslut? Without the Professor and the MRI? Isn’t that dangerous? I mean making a girlfriend a little friskier or a stripper more comfortable on stage is one thing, but....”

Maggie sighed. “That’s why this job’s so hard and why it’s being done with her mobile. Counsellor Frump’s not strapped to the tale back in the lab.”

“She didn’t say yes?” blurted Suzy, resisting the urge to stop watching her monitor. “I thought.... Isn’t this unethical?”

“No, Suzy,” said the captain, shaking her red hair out into a flaming halo that highlighted her trim, black-coated body. “She’s mentally unbalanced, unable to see beyond her narrow-minded prejudices. We just want her to be a slut without damaging her thinking capacity. Read the damn mission brief next time. Think nympho-exhibitionist slut, not a full-on sex-mad bimbo. You know the Professor doesn’t go in for the mental castration jobs. This is high precision work on a client that needs our services.

“Only she just doesn’t know it yet.”

“Wow,” said Suzy, skillfully threading the needle between a series of annoyingly placed, membranous strands of icky goo. “And we were selected for this job? The Professor must *really* trust us!”

The captain smiled warmly. “That he does, Suzy, because we’re the best.”

“Indeed,” said Maggie.

Pushing the nagging thoughts aside, Suzy went ahead with her duties full of renewed vigour. She took advantage of the gyrostabilizers by piloting the capsule in a corkscrew spiral around some nosy white blood cells without disturbing captain Tracy or Maggie—well known for her queasiness in high-G manoeuvring. She had just pulled out of the loop when she saw the blinking light.

“What’s that?” she asked, pointing to her guidance panel.

“What’s what?” asked Tracy, squinting. “Put it on the main viewer.”

The metallic disk and its flashing red LED set against the grey of the woman’s brain appeared on the front display wall. Beneath it several lights obediently drifted back and forth

“Oh my god,” said Maggie, her eyes widening as she slowly leaned forward.

“What?”

Maggie shook her head in disbelief. “That’s a brain plug!”

“You’re kidding!” said Tracy, wrinkling her nose. “No one uses brain plugs any more.”

“What’s a brain plug?” Suzy slowed the capsule and stopped it close to the crude looking device, but far enough away to beat a hasty retreat if needed.

“Oh wow,” gushed Maggie. “This is amazing. I haven’t seen one of these in use for years! Pay attention girls, this is practically a history lesson.”

“The subject *is* thirty six,” said Tracy.

“Yeah, but still! It would have had to have gone in when she was a teen.”

“What’s a brain plug?” Suzy asked again.

“It’s a really crappy behaviour modification device invented in the early 80’s. Basically, it walls off certain types of thoughts and responses right at the source so the implantee doesn’t even know the concept existed. They used to be used to get real hard cases off drugs, but the programming needs to be amazingly broad, so the spill-over had unintended complications. For example, there was this one singer whose career totally fell apart when the plug went in because of the sex and drugs and rock and roll linkage. Walling off the drugs cost him the ability to write decent music. Then a couple religious movements started using them for forced recruitment, and it really went down hill from there.”

“Ooooh.” Suzy made her icky face. “So he forgot about sex and everything?”

Captain Tracy frowned. “No wonder the lady’s politics are so goofy. I’m going to risk a call out. Maggie, find a wifi link we can hack into.”

“Got one,” Maggie said a few moments later, “but if the subject stays on the move we may not be attached for long.”

“Thank you. I’m squirting the Prof a transcript and our logs so far.”

“Alright,” said the captain a few minutes later. “Lynne Frump used to be Geri Lynne Anderson but between 1993 and 1996 she was better known as Lynne Geri—”

“Oh Puh-lease! Lynne Geri’s a legend! She dropped out of, er, modelling at the height of her career because she... discovered God.”

“Exactly. Some cultist fucktards must’a got her.”

“But Lynne had tits like....” Maggie cupped her hands out well in front of her chest. “She looks nothing like Counsellor Anderson!”

“Makeup and implants, probably. The professor says we should pull the plug and then get out.”

“Abort the mission?” asked Suzy. “Not turn her into a slut?”

“She wasn’t going to be much of a slut, anyway,” said Maggie. “And when you remove a plug, all of those pent up emotions and blocked thoughts get out all at once. We do her a favour and likely she’ll torpedo her own career for us.”

“What if the plug’s there for something else?”

“That’s what the Professor was wondering,” said the captain. “Let’s go.”

“Aren’t we forgetting something? Like removing the plug?”

“Prof said to leave it.”

“But you just said he said to pull it.”

“No, I said we were aborting.”

“You said we’re pulling the plug.”

“Yes. On the mission. Get us out of here, Suzy. We’ll be back after the Professor gets a chance to analyze the data.”

Spinning the ship around and hitting the thrusters to full ahead, Suzy kept both her eyes open and added her ears to the mix. Behind her things were getting heated.

“You can’t leave her plugged, Trace. That’s inhumane!”

“That’s not our job, Maggie. We’re here to fix something else. Anything we do could make the situation worse and we can’t afford that without further study. You’re supposed to be the cool thinker here, so think. We pull the plug, but what then? She could go fucking mental.”

“I thought that was the point.”

“No. Our job was to see to it that she enjoyed her sexuality—same as we’ve always done. Maybe then she wouldn’t be so uptight.”

Suzy nodded along with the captain’s words. The idea of making people do something against their will gave her the willies, but sex was fun. Everybody knew that, just some people weren’t wired quite right and needed a bit of help to appreciate it fully. She’d been like that, once.

Bimbo Savant

Part 2: Suzy’s Old Job

By William Pratt

Susan woke up Monday morning just like she always did—tired and regretful. Too many things hadn’t gotten done over the weekend, yet she had to get up and face the fact that she was getting further and further behind at work. Even for her, though, the weekend had gone by fast. She barely remembered spending Saturday at work and Sunday was just a non starter. If she didn’t know herself better, she’d have written it off as too much partying.

But who had time to party? She hastily brushed her teeth. The Korean job had to ship, and after that was the case redesign for the G-3 sensor running in parallel with.... *Oh god, I look like hell.*

The bags under her eyes punctuated a pudgy-but drawn face and a quick trip to the scales drove home the seriousness of her condition. *OK, so I’ve never looked all that good, she told herself, but get real! I had some pride, once. Microvus is working me to death! Fifty-five an hour isn’t worth feeling like this. When was the last time I got up in the morning and actually looked in a mirror that wasn’t steamed over from a rushed shower? When was the last time I didn’t just slam down a coffee on the way to work and call it breakfast, then make up for it with a bag of chips at my desk and a pound of hamburger and fries at lunch?*

What is wrong with me? She took one last, disgusted look in the mirror and shook her head. *This stops right now!*

And she meant it, too, because she—Gasp!—left work at a reasonable hour and stuck her head into Fitness Central, Fitness World, Ladies Fitness, Just Ladies Fitness, and a dozen other clubs and spas in a ten minute radius around both work and her condo. That afternoon she got a gym membership and quickly began to regret it. She did not fit in at all. All of the other women had bodies she could only dream of—and lately, her dreams were full of them.

For the first few months, she toiled away at the odd hours her job allowed her and in relative secrecy, keeping as far away from the tight, taut, and tanned spandex babes who populated Fitness Central, trusting only her trainer. But then one day, she found herself on the treadmill running next to a body that would have been executed in ancient Greece for trying to out-do Aphrodite. It was talkative and it didn't seem to care that Susan wasn't interested in chatting.

"Hi," it said with a giggle. "I'm Sasha."

"Susan," Susan replied.

Physically, Sasha was intimidating as hell, but as Susan began to get a grasp on her running partner, she quickly realized Sasha had one hell of a saving grace. On the mental field of battle, she brought a wooden tree branch to a gunfight. Rather than

"I work in a club bartending now, but I used to be a stripper."

That's a shock, thought Susan. "Nice work, if you can get it."

"It *was* fun work, but I had to stop. I was, like, intimidating the newer girls, and without fresh faces, the take drops off. Anyway, it was great exercise and I was totally missing it, so I signed up here. What do you do?"

"I'm an engineer," she said proudly and with as little condescension as possible.

"Wicked! I like trains!"

"Yeah-uhm. No. I'm a materials engineer."

Sasha pouted, looking deep in vapid thought. Her blue eyes focussed on Susan and she asked, "What's that?"

"I design, uh, metals and other, uhm, compounds to increase their tensile... strength?" she faded out because it was clear from the look on Sasha's face that she'd left the bubbly blonde in the dust.

Her eyes narrowed, and Sasha went in an instant from deeply confused to deep in thought. "Like, what's it for?"

"Lighter cars, for one. Stronger bridges and better housing."

"So you, like, build stuff?"

"Really small stuff, I guess."

"Model cars?"

"No. Smaller. Like atoms."

Sasha's eyes shot wide. "Oh. My. God! I *totally* know that stuff. Like, molly-cules! You build molly-cules! That is *so* cool! I dated this one guy who was into that stuff. He was really smart! Nanny Tech!"

"Nanotech," Susan corrected.

"Yeah, but it's got nothing to do with raising babies. For me it was raising boobies!"

Susan cast a quick glance at Sasha's straining, lime green top and the ripples across the front where the material alternated between taut and merely tight. "Nanny Tech" was out of the question, obviously, but someone had clearly mislead the stupid girl and implanted a rather impressive amount of silicone. "Right."

"Right!" the blonde agreed with a giggle. She let go of the bars on the treadmill and shook her upper torso, sending her fake boobs bouncing back and forth. "I love Nanny Tech!"

Susan bit back an impolite comment and kept jogging. *Hey, if she's happy thinking they aren't implants, who am I to convince her otherwise?*

She shook her head, joined Sasha for a drink at the juice bar after their run, and took a very curious trip to the shower. It's not like she wanted to see Sasha's breasts in all their naked glory, she just wanted to see the implant scars. Furtive glances didn't show any signs, *And no way in hell am I going past that. Jeez. Nature doesn't give out breasts like that, so they have to be fake.*

"What you need," said Sasha a week and a bit later, "is some inspiration clothing."

Susan looked up from her misery drink. The week had gone all to hell and her employers seemed to be taking no small amount of offence to her new, more realistic nine hour days. "Some what?"

"A target. Most people get, like, jeans or something, but you keep staring at my boobs, so maybe we should get you something a little more pectoral."

Susan went red and sputtered, "Your boobs? No! I—"

"Suzy," her self-appointed exercise partner said, tilting her head down so she could roll her sapphire eyes up and still look over a nonexistent pair of glasses at Susan. Sasha's gesture reminded the engineer of one of the professors back at Tech, but with the rest of the bubbly Sasha package, she looked like a bimbo putting on a mockery of an exasperated intellectual. If nothing else the shock of pink added to her almost white bangs said liberal arts degree, at best. "Like, come on. I'm blonde, not stupid, an I got very good eyes these days. If I was stupid, I'd probably think you were a lezbo."

"I'm not."

"I know. If you were, we'd have had sex by now. You don't think they're real."

"I..." Susan bit off her reply. *I know they aren't real.*

"Well that's OK, but just because I wasn't, like, born with'em doesn't mean they're fake, either. No silly cone in these babies."

At least she sort of pronounced it right. "I just don't see how. You don't just grow boobs." Sasha giggled again, forcing Susan to correct herself. "You don't just grow boobs after they stop growing. You know what I meant."

"Sure you can. There are all sorts of different ways, but most of them, like, don't work."

"If they don't work, then they aren't ways."

Sasha shook her head and her blonde hair flailed out into a shimmering halo. "Nanny Tech works."

"No it doesn't. Not for that, at any rate."

"You're going to make me prove it, aren't you?"

"No. Don't bother."

"Oh, I'm going to bother, all right. Now come on!"

"What to a clinic for boobs?"

"No!" Sasha laughed. "To find you something, like, hot to wear."

"Thanks, Cami. We're just gonna, like, browse," said Sasha, waving goodbye even though they were only travelling a few feet away. So far the expedition had been wasted. Sasha had loaded up, but for Susan, nothing.

Nothing even worth trying on. Lingerie seems to be designed either to make me look fat, stupid and fat, or cluelessly fat. That or for someone who just stepped out of a Playboy magazine. Fake boobs or not, that's more Sasha's look than mine. Maybe I

should stick to suits. Regardless of her doubts, Susan followed closely because Sasha was having a blast.

“Sasha, do you know everyone who works in a lingerie shop by their first name?”

“No. Of course not. These are, like, my stomping grounds. I worked near here for a while. And it’s hard to forget someone named Cami who sells them for a living.”

“Right. What about the lady at the last mall?”

The blonde shrugged and kept on looking over plastic female busts sporting more décolletage than decoration. “Name tag.”

“Oh,” Susan said lamely.

“Bingo. Try this,” Sasha said, her hand shooting out and unerringly snatching a transparent emerald top. She held it out for Susan to get a better look at and then shook it as though to say, “Take it, moron.” Being possibly the least bitchy person Susan had ever met, Sasha instead grinned and said, “It’d go great with your eyes.”

Maybe it would, Susan thought, *if it weren’t half my size.* “It’s never going to fit.”

“Not now it won’t,” Sasha sang sweetly, jiggling the green melding of shiny satin and lacy lattice, “but, like, next month...”

“Ha!” Susan gingerly took the garment and held it up in front of her. “Try maybe next *life*? I can lose every last ounce of fat on my body and it’ll *still* be too small.”

“You’re being negative.” Sasha pinched the top of the lace bustier and pulled out the cups out. Way out. “There’s plenty of room up top.”

Susan stopped dead and stared. “Oh *thanks!* I’d need jumbo jugs bigger than yours to make it work. *Pamela Anderson* would be dwarfed.”

“Now you’re being silly. Look at the way the cups are built. They gather and guide. You could be flat like Pam and *still* look awesome.” Her blue eyes lit up. “Here, lemme find my colours and I’ll show you!”

“Like I need another example, maybe I should get just knuckle under and get implants. Jeeze.”

A look of utter horror washed over Sasha’s face. “Are you serious?”

“What have I got to lose? Instead of ridding me of my hips, all my exercising seems to have eradicated my boobs. I was kinda proud of them.”

“So? You look so much better now. Healthier.”

“But I can look better than this.”

Sasha nodded. “Have you ever thought about more natural enhancers?”

“Enhancers? What, like your boob steroids?”

“No! Ick! Not steroids. Steroids would make you, like, a guy. I was talking, like, in general! Like, herbal stuff like euthanasia!”

“Echinacea?”

“Yeah.”

“Doesn’t help the breasts much.”

Sasha’s eyes lit up. “Well for *them*, you need something special. Did I tell you about Nanny Tech? That’s how I got mine!”

Susan froze and looked at her fellow gym member. What she wanted to say was, “Are you fucking mental? Let it go!” but she had few enough friends. Instead, she mumbled, “Nanotech. Yes. Yes you have. Leave it alone. Please.”

Sasha frowned, the first time Susan had ever seen the giggly blonde wearing anything but a happy face. “Suzy, you are too grumpy today. What’s wrong?”

“Work. My manager seems to think if I’m not dying, I’m not working hard enough. One of the guys, Clay, alternates between treating me like a piece of crap and trying to pick me up.”

“That’s not very nice. Won’t work, either. You’re too smart to fall for that.”

“Fall for what? The guy’s a social retard. He’s worse than me.

“Anyway, I’m on schedule for everything on my plate, but that’s not good enough. I keep getting more work thrown at me. I have got to get out of that place, but my work’s too specialized. I’d have to move to New York or Silicon Valley.”

“Why don’t you?”

“I did. I hated it.”

“Worse than you hate Microvus?”

Susan had to think about that. “I don’t hate Microvus, not really, but yes. Maybe. I still overworked myself, but I didn’t know anyone there. Maybe I just didn’t see how overworked I was because I didn’t have any comparison. Here I kept blowing off the few friends I have to finish rush jobs.”

“There’d be time next week, right?”

“Exactly. Should I buy the green thing?”

“Might be a bit extreme.”

“So why’d you...?”

“I *like* extreme.”

Susan couldn’t stop the smile. “Right. Let’s start with something else.”

“OK. This should go nice with your eyes,” Sasha said, handing over a red push-up bra.

The next day at lunch, Susan went back to the lingerie shop and bought the green bustier. Purely for inspirational purposes. It went into the closet right between the pink nightie and the red demi-cup. Sasha bought a bra just like it, but in blue and designed for someone with a bit more up top.

As Susan shook her head, she couldn’t help it as she began to wonder what Sasha would look like behind that blue lace. Or, better yet, what those boobs would look like on her. Closing her eyes at the beginning, Susan put on a piece of her virgin collection and looked at herself in the mirror.

Not half bad.

“We need to talk about your recent performance, Susan.”

She didn’t bother turning around right away for two reasons. One, she was busy and the case design for the Henkel project, a waste of her talents, still needed to get done before she went to the gym. Two, Clay was an asshole. He certainly didn’t deserve a civil conversation, let alone a close-up look at what the red bra did with her boobs. Maybe she hadn’t lost that much weight. Maybe what she had lost resurrected itself as muscle. Maybe she didn’t look like Sasha and never would, but the right clothes made all the difference, even when she had them hidden under a dark blouse.

She waited a few seconds, just long enough to hear him suck in a breath to speak again, then cut him off with, “Be with you in a few minutes, Clay. I want to make sure I get this right.”

Clay dutifully waited, but not

“But there haven’t been any delays or shortfalls, have there? I’m exactly on schedule.”

“Yes, but you aren’t leaving us with any wiggle room, Susan.”

“Tough. You should have budgeted it in when your boys put together the project plans. I’m being paid for eight hours a day, five days a week and, barring disaster cleanup, that’s what I’m doing.”

“Susan, if this is about money....”

“Well, actually, it isn’t. It’s about quality of life. Two months ago, I didn’t have any, and since then, I think my productivity’s actually gone up.”

“That’s debatable.”

“Not really. I’m working fifteen hours a week less than I used to and pulling about the same workload. What I’m not doing is looking after all the stuff he dropped on my desk every time Rudy goes to Whistler for an extended long weekend.”

“Rudy works ten hour days—”

“And makes more than twice what I did pulling twelve hour days.”

“He’s been with us for twenty-eight years. When you’ve been around long enough to be a senior engineer, you’ll make senior engineer money.”

“Deal.”

“What?”

“I’ll hold you to that.” She spun back around and went back to work. *Let him think I’m hanging around. I don’t want to poison this place too much to use as a reference.*

Resumes started going out that night, about a week too late. Fortunately, the Microvus severance package could almost be called generous.

Bimbo Savant

Part 3: The TailorTech Interview

By William Pratt

“I’ve been looking all over for you,” said Sasha, jogging up beside Susan on the running track. She wore a green spandex sports top that looked like it was enjoying the work out as much as Sasha, a pair of tight shorts, and running shoes. If she wore anything else, she kept it very well hidden.

At least she’s not addicted to lingerie, Susan grumbled internally. She tried to force up a smile because Sasha was hardly an enemy—just a part of her life she desperately wanted to escape. *Then why are you out jogging, Susan? Sit at home and get fat again. Go back to the way you were.*

“You haven’t been to the gym lately,” said the bartender/stripper, filling the silence. Her surgically enhanced body had no problem keeping Susan’s pace. She wasn’t even breathing hard. “I was starting to worry about you.”

“I’m OK.”

“Your lips say ‘yes,’” giggled the blonde, “but your eyes say ‘No. No!’ You look, like, rock bottom. You need to get laid. How’re things going on the bigger boobs front?”

“They aren’t,” Susan mumbled miserably.

"They aren't? Suzy, like, I've been talking to some people—"

"No."

"What do you mean, no?" demanded Sasha.

"Just what I said. I started going to the gym because my life felt out of balance, but now I've gone too far in the other direction. Now I'm physically exhausted instead of mentally."

"So?"

Susan didn't bother answering, so after a minute, Sasha asked, "You really don't want your boobs back? Like, hold up a second," she said, slowing. "We need to talk."

"No we don't," Susan kept running

"Get back here, Suzy," she called. "You don't treat friends like this. I'm just trying to help." When that didn't work, Sasha shouted, "I thought we were past this bimbo thing."

Susan's anger wilted and she turned back to see Sasha holding her ground and tapping a foot as she waited for Susan to return. When both were close enough for a civilized conversation, Susan squeaked out, "Sorry."

Sasha nodded. "Like, don't do that again, OK? I'm not stupid, and I have feelings, 'kay?"

"I really am sorry. I'm just so... so pissed off right now. I don't know where I am. I don't want to go back, but I... I don't want to have anything to do with what I was turned into. I want to be me, not some nerd's fantasy."

"That's stupid!" the blond blurted, incredulity on her face. "You can be yourself *and* be a fantasy. Be *your* fantasy, and if it's somebody else's fantasy, so what?"

"Sasha..."

"Stop whining and look at yourself," her friend commanded. "When you first came to Fitness Central, you were a complete disaster and now you're almost hot."

"Almost?" Susan nearly shouted back.

"Almost! You can't stop now. Don't do it for *them*, do it for yourself! Do it for me!"

"You?" Susan blinked.

Sasha sniffed and flipped her hair back. "This isn't some lezbo thing, Suzy. I like guys. I like them *a lot*. And maybe, like, a little too much. But I want you to think about all of the time I spent dropping your name to the right people." Her face tightened up into a snarl and her fists pressed into her hips. "It's not going to be wasted, you got that? I came by your house to tell you that you've been accepted, but you weren't home."

"Accepted for what?"

"Nanosculpting!"

"What?"

"You said you felt like you were stuck. That you'd never lose those last few pounds, and get rid of the extra baggage like no boobs, so I called up a few friends, called in a few debts, slept with a few of the right people, and happy birthday!"

"You can't be serious." She looked at her watch. "Oh damn. I was supposed to go to my dad's tonight."

"You got plenty of time," said Sasha, dismissing Susan's worries with a wave of her hand. "Of course I'm serious. Dr. James has everything all set up for tomorrow. All you need to do is—"

"Tomorrow?"

"Well, I have been *trying* to tell you at the gym all week, but you never showed."

Susan looked her friend in the eyes so that Sasha would know that she spoke the truth. "I have a job interview tomorrow."

"So? It doesn't take long."

"Implants take—"

"They *aren't* implants," Sasha sighed. "Implants are icky and fake."

"I can't believe I'm even listening to this."

"You're listening because you want to change."

Susan laughed. "No I don't. This is insane. I can't just show up somewhere and have surgery—"

"No surgery. You just drink this sugary stuff and go to sleep for a few hours."

"I don't have a few hours. I have a job—"

"Interview. I know. Can we do it before? I want to see the looks on people's faces when they see their new employee. You'll be hired for sure, when Dr. James is done."

"Dr. James?"

"He's the one who did my boobs."

"Did your boobs."

"Yeah!" she said, skilfully hooking and tugging sports top up and over her head.

"Great aren't they? The man is an *artist!*"

Susan stared at her friend, completely blindsided. Sasha was a little dim, sure, but the Everett park running track wasn't exactly the best place to get naked. "What are you doing?"

"Proving a point. See?" She wagged her hands around, waving her sports top like a green flag. "I don't have to be embarrassed, and once you've met Dr. James, neither will you!"

"I don't care!" she over-enunciated every syllable to emphasize her point. "I don't want to strip in public parks, and I'm not having a procedure I never *heard of* done by a doctor I've *never met*."

"No!" Sasha said, balling up her top. like Her tits had to be fake. They weren't the pathetic bowl boobs Susan's college boyfriend had been into, but they were far too large for a slender woman like Sasha and didn't seem to have suffered even a day's depredation. No stretch marks, no sag, no signs of anything but soft, round flesh.

Susan's breast examination cut short as Sasha jammed a finger between Susan's much more modest pair. "You have to! I've spent days working on setting this up, Suzy. You don't have to be the fat girl anymore!"

"I'm not the fat girl, Sasha," she shot back.

"No, but you've taken your body as far as it can go. From here, its implants if you want boobs, or steroids if you want, ick, bulk. OK, so someguy at work thought it would be funny to screw with your mind, but aren't you happier now? Just kick him in nuts and get on with your life. Me, I'd fuck him as a way of saying thanks, and then kick him in the nuts. That way he knows what he'll be missing." She waved at a passing beef-cake ogler and called after him, "Glad you like'em!"

"But nanosculpting? People have been trying to make nanobots for years and if anyone had, they'd have published papers—"

"And been taken out—by which I mean killed—by the idiots who'd rather see half of the world's population impoverished and starving than fed by genetically enhanced

foods. What about the anti-stem cell retards? To maintain their close-minded ignorance, they happily fuck over everyone else.”

Susan stepped back at the intensity of the venom spat by the normally giggly Sasha. She steadied herself and continued. “You can’t just hide something like that. The medical benefits alone....”

“People aren’t, like, ready yet. You have to hide or they freak out and call you Frankenstein.”

“But what you’re saying...” Susan shook her head. “It can’t be done! I know it can’t!”

“Suzy, listen. I’m not an engineer like you so I have no fucking clue how it works. But what it *does* is climb into your DNA; pull apart the, like, phosphodiester bonds; and move phosphates and sugars around until your chromosomes totally don’t know what side’s up anymore. Then, when they like get things figured out, the tell your body how it’s *supposed* to work. You’re the engineer, but I’m the one with the genetics doctorate here—”

“You’re what?” Susan spat out before her jaw finished dropping.

“That was the old me. I, like, got sick and tired of the BS and politics telling what could and could not be done, so I walked and went back to stripping. Smartest thing I ever did. Anyway, the long and short of it is you get boobs, and as far as your body’s concerned, you’ve always had them.”

“That’s *impossible!*”

“That’s what my adviser said, too. The problem with it was it, like, tended to kill my test bugs because the old body couldn’t change fast enough to keep up with the new. Then I met Dr. James and I, like, never looked back!

“Anyway,” she said, glee filling both her face and her words, “I’ll see you tomorrow morning at ten AM, sharp! Now I’m going to see if I can catch up with that stud so I can give him a better look.”

Susan slept, dreaming about Sasha’s stunning body strutting on a stage, wearing select fragments of Susan’s lingerie collection. She teased and played, leaving a trail of broken hearts in her wake. In the gym, her exercise togs fit to her perfect body as tightly as the men’s watching eyes. She sat at a table in a brief business suit, sitting up straight to show off the curvature of her large breasts sitting on the other side of her blue blazer with no modesty or blouse shielding them from sight. She confidently answered questions in a bubbly voice, then stood and shook hands. She brushed her hair out of the way and looked up.

Susan’s green eyes looked out of the flawless face as she opened her top to give her interviewers a better look at what they were hiring. She was more than just a pretty face, the red lace push-up made sure of that. She hardly even had to undo that extra button to show off her voluminous cleavage. The job was hers.

“I am not going to do it,” Susan swore to herself as she made breakfast, dressed in her blue blazer and a sensible skirt. After the dream, she wished she could have left the jacket, but too much counted on a smooth transition to the new job and impressions meant everything. Job interviews weren’t designed to hire anyone; they existed to further weed down the candidate pool to the last engineer standing, and Susan was going to be

that last engineer. Still, showing a little bit of skin couldn't hurt—if you had the right shape of skin. She didn't so she put on any airs. The fancy stuff stayed in the closet. *Like anyone's going to see my underwear anyway.*

She caught site of her leg as she got out of her car. One week away from the gym and she could feel herself falling apart. *Step one: Get this job. Step two: back to the gym Step three....*

What's up with her? Susan silently asked herself. On the other side of the revolving door stood a svelte brunette with a body Susan would have killed for packed into a white blouse and black skirt. She tapped a shoe with a heel just a touch too high to be sensible, and grinned at Susan like they were best friends for life. Dazzling blue eyes gazed out from under a sweep of dark brown bangs, the rest of her hair pulled back into an attractive clip, and locked Susan. She looked amazingly professional for a woman who could have graced the cover of any men's magazine. *Jesus! She could give Sasha a run for her money.*

"Suzy!" shouted Sasha. "You did come! I knew you would!"

Susan looked around for her friend, then blinked. "Sasha?"

"Yes, that's me!" said the brunette with a giggle that was pure Sasha. She jabbed a long-nailed finger at Susan and said, "And *you're* Suzy!"

"What are you doing here?" Stunned, she did nothing as her exercise partner pulled her into a friendly hug.

"Waiting for you. Come on. Up to the third floor. Everybody's ready."

"This is a joke, right? TailorTech has the... third... floor. Omigod." The building directory said 3rd Floor: TailorTech and listed nothing else.

"I told you I'd put in a good word for you!"

"All this nonsense about nanobots was just a joke? You got me a *job*?"

"With *benefits*!" Sasha said, proudly thrusting out her chest, as the duo got into the elevator. "It's the only way you'd be able to afford the sculpting, Suzy. Mr. Marley paid for mine, but then he had a heart attack the first time we tried out the new me. That really sucked because we were gonna get married."

"What? Sasha, I'm not getting my boobs done!"

"Then don't. Just look around. They need people who do the stuff you do to make their robots smaller and better. I told them where you used to work and what you did with those surgical tools and those teeny-tiny cameras—"

"I never told you about those. The confidentiality agreement...."

"Clay did. He's *real* talkative after sex."

Susan grabbed the handrail to hold herself up. She stared at her friend "You screwed Clay?"

Teeth gleamed as Sasha beamed. "Anything for a friend!"

"Good god."

"Well, I was going to just play with him for a while, but did you know he was a virgin? Like, an honest-to-god forty year old virgin."

With a bing, the doors opened onto the third floor. Nothing looked out of the ordinary, a few ferns, an attractive young lady with a phone behind a tall desk, and some generic artwork on the walls. No pictures of what TailorTech actually did, but someone

apparently raced yachts, based on a series of photos of the same boat against many different backdrops around the world.

A frosted glass coffee table sat in front of the most opulent chairs Susan had ever seen. She couldn't wait to drop into one, *But first things first.*

"Hello, I'm Susan Levesque. I'm here to see a Mr Ted Scott at ten."

The receptionist nodded, her pixie-cut hair hardly moving. "Miss Levesque, take a seat and I'll let him know you are here. Nice to see you again, Sasha."

"Clara! You are looking *fantastic!*"

Clara smiled an absolutely sickeningly sweet smile. "Thanks to you. Say.... You want to go clubbing later tonight?"

"Do I?" Sasha flashed her own beaming grin back. "Like, what a silly question! Wanna come, Susan?"

"Uh." Susan looked back and forth between the business clad ladies. Either could have graced the cover of their choice of men's magazine or financial report with equal impact. Sasha's brown bun of hair and glasses gave her a more managerial look, but Clara's sleek form subtly aided by her cotton blouse made the raven-haired woman look every bit the seductive secretary. "How about we wait until I know I have something to celebrate?"

"Suite yourself," said Sasha, shrugging, crossing her legs demurely as she sat. "Ooooooh. Clara, these the, like, new chairs?"

"You bet," Clara nodded, but this time emphatically enough to make her small ringlet's wiggle. "I wish I had one, but then I'd never get any work done."

Seizing the opportunity, Susan she sat and sunk into leather bliss. The chair *was* heavenly. She relaxed into it, feeling the tension running out of her body. Air whistled out her partially opened lips.

And then she hopped up at the sound of her name.

"Good of you to come, Miss Levesque," said a man holding out his hand. "Ted Scott."

She took it and corrected him in a too-breathy voice. "Susan." The backs of her legs tingled where they touched the leather and her head swam pleasantly. The feeling, akin to waking from a deep sleep, passed and she completed the handshake. The warm fuzzies of distraction faded further and further as she followed Mr. Scott deeper into the TailorTech offices.

He's in really good shape, she noted as he turned a corner. Great ass! Jesus girl! For someone who feels so relaxed, your heart's sure pounding.

Following, they stepped into a small conference room with half circle table facing a large television mounted on the wall. Mr Scott walked over to a coffee maker in the corner and pointed to the chair immediately behind the middle of the curved end of the table. "If you would just take a seat, Susan, we can begin. Coffee?"

She dropped into the suggested chair, her haste surprising even her. "Sure. With just a bit of cream and sugar." The lamp above her head beamed heat straight down into her, warming her. She sank into the chair, not so nice a chair as the one in the lobby, but the comforting light from above

Mr. Scott, Ted, placed a cup in front of her and Susan looked down as the slowly swirling streams of white mixing into the black of the coffee. Her pulse rate spiked.

Sitting, he picked up a remote control from the table and turned the TV on. It clicked, brightened, and a set of waveforms resolved themselves.

Susan took a sip of her drink, the perfect cup, and read the display. The first two boxes contained what looked like a pair of sine waves roughly 180 degrees out of phase so that one went yup when the other went down, but as she watched, they drifted closer and closer to being in synch. The peaks also got smaller and smaller. The third was a spiky thing steadily growing larger.

"Just an interviewing aid, Susan," said Ted. "Pay it no mind. Would you consider yourself to be particularly inhibited?"

Damn strange opening question, Susan thought. "In what way?"

"Uhm," he paused for a moment as though waiting for the top two sine waves to finish aligning. "Sexually."

"No, not really," she replied, trying to blink away the sudden odd ringing in her ears. "I don't really know, I guess."

"Would you masturbate in public?" Ted's voice reverberated, taking on an extra meaning that she couldn't quite place. He seemed more demanding, somehow. More important.

She shook her head a few times and the ringing cleared. "Ho no, no."

"How about kissing a strange man?"

"Is he good looking?" Susan answered without hesitation.

"Excellent answer."

Warm fuzzies suffused her. A pleasant sensation from deep within heated her interests. "Was it?" she asked, allowing a little bit of flirt to enter her voice. *God! If I had Sasha's body, I'd have him naked and on the table right now.*

"Yes, it was. Would you kiss a woman?"

Maybe Sasha, burst through her mind, but out her lips slipped, "I don't think so."

"How about our receptionist? Do you remember her?"

"Oh yes," she mumbled, flashes of Clara's face surfacing unasked for. "Hard to forget."

"Would you kiss her?"

"No."

"How about now?"

Clara's pretty face sprang into Susan's mind full force, the red-tinted lips beckoning. She shuddered and licked her lips. "Yee-ess. Yes I would"

"Would you have sexual relations with her?"

"Wha?" Something was funny and nagging at the back of her mind. *These questions.... Too bad Clara's so flat.*

"Susan," said Ted's deep, commanding voice, "would you *fuck* Clara?"

The receptionist stood before Susan's eyes, slowly opening her blouse. Firm, braless breasts snuck out from under cotton. "N-no!" Had Clara been wearing something lacy beneath her office attire, the answer would have been completely different and Susan knew it.

"You would not slip between her legs and eat her out?"

With a deft motion, Clara's fingers unsnapped her skirt and it drifted down her legs. "Mnn-no!" A thin strip of see-through black stood between Susan's tongue and the promised paradise. Dark and mysterious, the barrier was also bland, giving rise to, "*No!*"

“You will allow her to pleasure you?”

It sounded like a question, but somehow it wasn't. Susan squirmed in her seat, sweat building on her brow. Her legs spread as the small woman slipped between them and worked her fingers beneath the emerald silk Sasha had picked out. Susan sucked in long, low breath, cooing it out as her hands begged to be allowed to grab the seductress's head and pull it closer. “Muuh.... Guh. Nnnno. No-no-no-no!”

“Good. Good. Now I want you to loosen your skirt and begin to pleasure yourself.”

“Huh?” The wide-spread thighs slapped together. “No!”

“Very good.”

With those words, that acknowledgement of her worth, Clara vanished from Susan's mind along with no small measure of the building need.

“Resistant to direct mental domination.” Ted made a big checkmark in his notebook. “Do you have any drug or alcohol habits?”

“I-huh-like a glass of wine every now and then and used to drink beer, but I'm trying to lose weight. Oooh.”

“Thank you. The purposes of these questions are to help us figure out how well you will fit into our organization. Not only do I need to know how much you can give to TailorTech, but we at TailorTech are very interested in what we can do for you.”

“Like what?” she asked dreamily, her fingers playing along her thigh.

“Well, according to our reference checks, you are not satisfied with your physical appearance.”

“I'm too fat no matter how much I exercise.”

“Well, that's unfortunate, but not all of us were intended by nature to weigh a hundred pounds.”

“One-twenty would be nice,” said Susan.

“So you have room for the extra weight from larger breasts?”

“Oh no. I'm quite happy—”

The center waveform spiked and a hidden speaker made a “Bwoop” sound.

“What was that?”

“You have just been caught in a lie. A big one, too.”

“Huh-wha?”

“It seems you would gladly accept being above your perceived ideal weight if that was the cost of a more prominent set of breasts. Why is that?”

“I-I... I wanna look good in my inspiration clothes.”

“Eh?” Ted dove into his notes and flipped a few pages. “Ah yes. I see. She can be quite intimidating, I suppose.”

Susan shook her head in confusion. “What are you doin' to me? How'd you know I lied?”

Ted blinked and looked at her closely as though searching for something in her eyes. “Oh, this is interesting. I do believe we can use you, Susan, even if only as a test subject should you not pan out in engineering. As you can see on the monitor, there are three grouped wave forms. The first two are simply plotting general emotional response—and form a very effective lie detector—and the third is a mapping of your physical need relative to your current level of sexual arousal.”

Some far away curiosity wiggled. “My sexual— What for?”

“For the security of the company’s secrets, we need to see how far you can be pushed without breaking. You have no addictions to be preyed on, you demonstrate tolerable resistance to brute force mental hacking, and even with your libido out of control, you’re managing to remain seated. By now, I have most candidates bent over the table or sucking me back into shape for a second go.”

“Oh. So that’s good then? God, Ted, I’m really turned on right now.”

“But not for long. If you would be so good as to go shower, clean up, and return here....”

Ted hemmed and hawed for a few moments and then added, “Ditch your bra and wear the red half cup for me when you come back.”

Once the preliminaries and the interview were out of the way, over so quickly that Susan barely remembered them, Mr Scott leaned back in his chair, crossed his arms and asked, “So... do you have any of your own questions?”

“Yes. Who’s the Tailor in TailorTech?” *And why is my hair damp?* went unasked.

“No one. The domain name was open and it describes the origins of what we do here. We tailor things. Originally, the company was The James Group of Consulting Engineers. Sasha told you what we do here, right?”

“Sort of, I think,” Susan said with a nod. “It’s hard to really get what she’s talking about, sometimes, and your website’s not all that descriptive.”

“That’s deliberate. We’re running in stealth mode so we don’t get taken out before we can get a prototype to the trade shows.”

“Makes sense,” Susan said when Mr. Scott paused. “I’ve signed the NDA, so what are we doing?” she asked, deliberately dropping in the “we” and reaping the faint smile it produced.

“Four years ago, Robert Marley, Sr., the publishing magnate, hired the James Group to support Dr. Feldstein in some of her research. She was looking for ways to meld her work in identifying and cataloguing genetic disorders, and we won the contract to design the facilities and supply the tools.”

Ah! thought Susan. *Finally, things make sense. This is a medical research company.* She fought off the urge to blurt a Sasha-like, *Awesome! This is exactly what I’ve been looking for!*

While Susan drifted, Scott continued. “The preliminary results were favourable, but some of the side discoveries were stunning. Now we’re looking to branch out to capitalize on those unexpected discoveries and fund the next stage of Dr. Feldstein’s work: Direct intervention into genetic disorders and correcting them after the fact by introducing nanomachines programmed to rapidly replace the corrupted gene sequences.”

Susan gasped and stared at him. *Sasha wasn’t kidding about Nanny Tech! They really are working on it, and just the way it should have been done! Medicine, not boobs!* Shaking off the shock, she found herself smiling. “OK. I got it. I’m in. When do I get to meet this Dr. Feldstein guy?”

“Guy?” Mr Scott looked at her bewildered and then cocked his head like a bird. “Sasha Feldstein.”

Bimbo Savant

Part 4: Susan Gets a New Job

By William Pratt

“Sasha?” blurted Susan.

“Yes.” Scott said plainly. “She discovered she had a ninety-two percent likelihood of passing on E44-P, a degenerative muscle disorder, to her children and decided to take action. Didn’t she tell you any of this? Nothing about the Capsule?”

Susan shook her head. “No.”

“Alright then. On to what we really do here.” Mr Scott pressed a button on his remote. A smiling robot holding a bucket appeared on the screen. “Nanomachines are only so smart. They often need to be monitored and configured close up. The absolute last thing we want is for a small programming mistake to get out of hand and cause damage.”

“Yeah. I can see that. The lawsuit—” As she watched, the robot on screen multiplied rapidly.

“Never mind the lawsuit. We’re in this to help people and make the world a better place. We have automatic cut-outs to prevent anything anywhere near this drastic, but think about the consumption and conversion of the entire planet.”

A clip of a panicked Mickey Mouse from the Sorcerer’s Apprentice overlaid the swarm of robots. “You have to be kidding.”

“Your job is to help make sure that it remains a joke.” He pressed the button on the remote again, and Mickey vanished, replaced by a cut-away view of a small submarine. “This is the Capsule.”

“A remote controlled micro camera?”

The screen zoomed in on a three-person command center near the front of the submarine. “No. On site, real-time monitoring and correction.”

“Wha-hat?”

“I’ll let the presentation speak for itself.

The submarine vanished, replaced by a room built up of some sort of faintly glowing coil, its loops stacked one on top of another, slowly narrowing until it closed off with the tubing that mad up the walls going vertical and vanishing off the top of the monitor. “Figure 7: C-Variant Molecular Compression Chamber” read a small annotation at the bottom left of the image. Inside a group of 3-D animated figures shrunk away to nothing. The screen went black for a moment, and then live footage of the same room and three people played. Before Susan’s eyes, the people in the room became smaller and smaller until the vanished utterly.

“Let me get this straight. You can shrink people?”

“We can shrink people, but not much else. You’d thing God designed us to be compressible because just about everything else we’ve tried to shrink explodes. Organic materials seem to maintain their structure when micronized. Metals do not. We want you to craft metals that do, or failing that, organic materials sturdy and predictable enough to matter-compress.”

“The submarine.”

“Exactly.”

“Then why not just build it small and then just shrink people?”

“We tried that. The team reverted to normal size seven hours later without ever seeing one another or the craft. We could place them into another room and shrink that, but it even when we grew the room, it tended to explode. So far humans, apes, pigs, and pine trees work best.”

“Pine trees?”

“Don’t ask why or how we found that out. Not my department.” He held his hands up in surrender. “I just hire people and sell things. The engineers build a giant pine box, the test subjects enter the room, and by shrinking the pine box, we can keep the whole team confined to within a few nanometers.”

“That’s crazy.”

“Yup, but we still need that submarine. So... you want the job?”

And I swear I wore the white bra, not this red push-up. She stroked the rose-imprinted sheer mesh lovingly. *Sexy as all hell, but Mr. Scott had to be able to see it all through the tour after I took off my jacket. He better not have....*

Susan snorted. “Right. As if you won a job because of T&A, Susan. Especially with Sasha, Clara, and the tits that Dylan Kambouris bounced around the office. You’d think they raided the Playboy mansion or something. Or Sasha’s health benefits really do exist.”

That tempting possibility she pondered for a good long time as she posed in front of the mirror trying to ignore her thunder thighs. The teeny-tiny red demi-cup made her average rack look fucking *hot!* Strategically placed red roses covered the verboten bits, but the rest shone through looking large and full. “When did I buy this thing anyway?”

Susan cast a quick glance at the clock, said “Yeep!” stripped the rest of the way, and quickly regretted it as she spent the next several minute running naked around her condo looking for her exercise gear.

“I should have just gone clubbing with Sasha and Clara.”

Week’s one and two were written off reading, meeting people and spinning up on her new job, but week three started with a bang. The hours, for once in her life, were excellent, the challenge was there in full force, the resources at her disposal exceeded unbelievable, and the people she was working with were cracker-jack. Not a slacker in the lot. Not to mention hotter than hell.

TailorTech promoted a healthy lifestyle at both work and home and it showed. Or maybe that was the employee benefits Sasha had described. *When the health plan includes top to bottom genetic remodelling*, Susan told herself more than once, *you shouldn’t be surprised that all the guys look like they stepped off a paperback cover.* As for the girls, something was definitely up there, too. She’d never met a more sexually voracious bunch. They were hornier than the boys.

Indiscriminate, too, Susan thought, ducking back out of the copier room after walking in on two of the ladies making out. She peaked back in to put names to the moaning and identified Maggie something-or-other from one of the other projects. The blonde with the mile-long legs looked like a new hire. *And she’s off to a hell of a quick start! She looks amazing! Almost as good as—*

“Like, so that’s where Maggie got off to,” said a voice behind her as a firm pair of pointy-tipped breasts pressed into her back.

“Sasha!”

“Can’t blame her, can you? Leslie really turned out well.”

“Leslie?” Susan whispered back. “My god! Where did we find her? You and Clara bring her back from a club?”

“I think Mr. Scott’s people got her from, like, IBM.

“So there’s more to her than just legs and an uncontrolled libido.”

“You better hope so. Miz Neumann’s going to be helping with your simulations.”

A short, matronly woman with a Germanic accent sprung to Susan’s mind. “What? That Leslie.... She’s on vacation.”

“Looks like she’s back,” Sasha said with a shrug.

“Oh... mine... *Gott!*” barked the teenaged blonde sitting on the copier. Spread almost straight out to her sides, her legs didn’t look like they’d ever end, but they did, and a wasp-like waist took over from there.

“No.” Susan shook her head in denial. “That can’t be the same Leslie Neumann. She didn’t look a thing like that. Leslie doesn’t have legs.”

“Didn’t,” corrected Sasha. “Didn’t have boobs like that, neither.”

Now Susan nodded in agreement. Leslie had big, ponderous boobs that fit her body and attitude. This faux Leslie also had boobs that fit her body, but that was where the comparisons ended. The old ones just sort of hung there. The new ones shook and jiggled as the forty-something divorced mother of two screamed in ecstasy.

While Susan stared, lost in a state close to horror, Sasha idly waited, tapping one foot. After a few minutes, she interrupted. “Hey, Maggie? Like I *really* need those numbers for Theta Three, OK? And you two, like, *totally* scandalized Suzy.”

Leslie went white, finally spotting the audience, and slapped Maggie atop her head. “Look at what you have done!”

“By the way,” Sasha added. “I *love* the tits, Leslie. Like, we should compare sometime.”

Maggie twisted around, her face dripping with Leslie’s juices as she said, “Be back on it, lickety-split boss. Leslie and I just ran into each other in the hallway and one thing led to another, you know?”

“Do I *ever*,” Sasha sighed, a hungry expression on her face. “But, like, we’re really busy now....”

“That really is Leslie?” She knew she should have long since turned away, but Susan couldn’t do anything but stare even as Maggie turned back around and Leslie’s moaning renewed. “My god. This has to be a joke. It can’t be....”

“Suzy, like, have I *ever* lied to you?”

“No, but....”

“Suzy, we, like, shrink people and use Nanny Tech to fix diseases. A great big pair of titties is nothing. Was it, Leslie?”

“It hurt at first,” gasped the squirming blonde. “But only for first half-hour. After, pleasure. So much. Pleasure.” She cupped her bouncing bosom in her hands as her speech decayed into babbling and keening.

“Come on,” said Sasha, tugging on Susan’s arm. “We’d better leave them to it.”

“Should they be doing that at work?”

Sasha looked at her watch. "Well, it's almost, like, ten thirty. Good time to take a break."

"I'm sorry, Sasha, but tha-tha-that's insane."

"No. Insane is, like, doing the same thing over and over, expecting different results. I'm pretty sure Leslie's counting on having a nice screaming orgasm any second now."

"Gott! Oh meiiiiin *Gott!*" screamed Leslie.

"That's just wrong!"

"Not really. Like, we run a very open office here. Besides, Pride is supposed to be, like, an übersin, you know, so how bad can sex be?"

Susan blinked. "I think that's covered by lust."

"Lust is wanting. I'm talking about giving. There's a big difference, you see?"

Sitting at the lunch room table that afternoon, Susan felt yet another twinge of jealousy. Across the table sat Clara, the receptionist, looking bubbly and perky as a kitten playing with a new toy.

"What's that?" asked Susan.

"I got my new driver's license today," replied the raven-locked seductress, drumming on the table with a pair of cards. She spun one, probably the new one because it looked glossier, around.

"What was wrong with the old one?"

"Here." Clara, already prepared, slid the battered licence across the table.

From the plastic-coated card, a fat, dumpy lady with multiple chins and terrible hair stared out. Her eyes made it quite clear that this was not simply the usual terrible driver's license photo. This Clara Roberts knew her life was a living hell.

Susan looked up. "No way."

"Yes way," she said stretching out her slender arms in a gesture saying, "look at me!" and at the same time forcing Susan to look at the woman with the elfin face and body. This Clara Roberts only knew life as a never-ending party.

"No gym did this."

"Nope," she said with a grin. "Took advantage of the employee benefits. Thinking of getting the boobs done next."

Susan almost choked on air. "Why? You look great!"

"So? I can look better!" Clara answered, discarding her body's perfect proportions as though they were nothing.

Bigger breasts would ruin her look, thought Susan. No more cute and sexy She'll look like an air-headed slut. "Don't you ever feel like it's cheating?"

"Look at that photo again and tell me I wasn't ripped off the first time around. I had no chance. None."

"And now?"

"Who cares? I get laid by a different guy every night. The boys at the clubs used to laugh, and now they line up to go home with me. There was this one girl who made my life hell in high school..."

"So?" asked Susan, providing the response Clara's exaggerated pause demanded.

"So I seduced and fucked her husband."

"You're serious. Please tell me you didn't mail her pictures."

"Didn't have to," the receptionist said smugly "I made sure she walked in on us."

Susan slid Clara's old license back, and quickly, silently, finished her lunch. *I wonder if I even list this place on my resume?*

"Clara's OK," said Sasha, jogging on the treadmill alongside Susan. "Really. She's just, like, burning off a lot of rage and catching up on life."

"I know. I saw her old picture, but come on! Ruining someone's life because she was a bitch fifteen years ago? That's a bit much, Sasha."

Sasha stumbled and her jaw dropped. "She *what?*"

"She said she seduced the husband of some bitchy chick from her old high school and made sure she knew about it."

"Oh." Sasha jogged in silence for a few moments. "I thought she was still working her way through all the guys who, like, rejected her. I'd probably do the same thing." More silence followed. "I'll have to talk to her, I guess. Or, better, speed up her appointment with Dr. Nelson."

"Dr. Nelson?"

"Oh. He's, like, Dr. James' assy-stant."

"And Dr. James was the guy you wanted me to meet."

"For the boobs, yeah. Dr. Nelson does almost as good a job, but I don't like him. He's got, like, stupid ideas about women."

"Like what? Sexist?"

"Yup. And he thinks boobies the size of watermelons look good."

Susan sneaked a quick look at the bouncing pair of cantaloupes under Sasha's sports bra. "Right."

Sasha followed Susan's eyes and shrugged her shoulders, triggering even more ricocheting. "She doesn't have the body type for these. She's, like, a C-cup. Maybe a D-cup. Dr. James could do D's on Clara, but not Dr. Nelson."

"If he's no good, why's he still there?"

"He's good at other things, and he has, like, the *sexiest* eyes."

On Monday, Susan came through the front door and waved a reluctant greeting at Clara. Clearly she wasn't the sort of person it was safe to piss off, so Susan tried to keep things cordial with the receptionist. When she didn't get any sort of response, Susan stopped and took a second look. As planned, Clara had gotten her boobs done.

And how. Clara wore a work-safe blouse, but its effect was counter intuitive. Rather than concealing the way it had with the receptionist's previous perky rack, her expanded endowments practically shoved her black barely-a-bra through the white cotton. Replacing the soft swells of her original pair of breasts (*But not that original*, Susan reminded herself) were a two jutting bowls capped with thick, swollen nipples.

"Welcome to Tailor Tech," Clara breathed, finally noticing the presence of someone else in the lobby. She blinked and leaned forward and recognition surfaced on her vapid, intensely aroused face. "Hi, Suzy! Got my boobs done. Aren't they *awesome?*"

Susan stared and stammered, "Uh. Yeah, Clara," as the other woman began to palm her breasts. The long, pink nails on Clara's left hand glistened with moisture. *Oh my God. Was she just...?*

"They're so big and firm an' squishy," the receptionist sighed, her eyes rolling up until only the white's showed. "Love'em. So sexy. So. Oh. Oh. Oh. Ohhhhhh!" She

rocked on her seat, her whole body jerking rhythmically, until the chair fell over with a snap, and Clara pitched backward into the wall.

“Too buff for me. I like ’em soft.”

Susan reached out to knock on Mr. Scott’s partly open door as the office manager replied to his guest’s statement.

“I know how you like them, but throw tits on a tall, sporty number like the new chick and she’d be a cumshot at a hundred paces.”

Her hand pulled back and she froze for a moment. *The who?* ran through her mind as she kicked the door open and stormed in. “OK. That’s enough. Whatever you guys did to Clara, it was too much. Sure, she’s a vicious bitch, but come on!”

“Relax,” said Mr Scott. “She’ll get used to them and calm down. Right now, they are just sensitive, and in a few days, she’ll be back to normal.”

Oddly, Susan did relax. The outright rage melted away with her boss’s smooth tones, but concern remained. “If I’m going to be like that after treatment, I don’t want it.”

Mr Scott held his arms up in a futile gesture to ward off her aggression. “It is only temporary. She wasn’t even supposed to come in today, but I suppose she wanted to show off.”

“Send her home. She’s not well.”

“She’s fine,” said the other man, some shmuck who clearly took the wrong lessons from playing a wizard in Dungeons and Dragons during high school. Rail thin and boney, he looked taller than he was and cultivated a black goatee that, rather than looking debonair or even sinister, looked like he should have stuck to the Urkel look and called it a day.

He did have nice eyes, though.

“Ah, Susan, have you met Dr. Nelson? He is one of the guiding lights in our medical research department.”

Bimbo Savant

Part 5: Susan Gets a New Brain (And Boobs)

By William Pratt

“Speak of the devil,” said Dr. Nelson, looking Susan up and down.

She could see the gears turning behind his eyes and had a brief flash of herself with a waif’s body and a wheelbarrow supporting her tits. *Yuck! Wait a second. Speak of the devil?* “Please tell me I wasn’t the tall, sporty number in need of implants.”

Mr. Scott had the decency to blush. Dr. Nelson just leered.

“Don’t flatter yourself. Amazon is an insult, not an aesthetic.”

“Oh-kay.”

“But don’t worry,” Nelson added blandly, “I can fix that. It’s what I do.”

“Like you fixed Clara?”

“Clara will be OK in a few days,” said Mr. Scott, gesturing for calm.

“No, I believe I got her right the first time. She’s a secretary, Scott,” Dr. Nelson replied, his voice eerily calm. “She doesn’t *need* to think, so of course I gave her the full treatment.”

“You bimbofied the receptionist? You fucking moron! You have any idea how hard it was to find someone with her qualifications? Jesus Christ, Fred, We’re trying to run a business here, and we don’t...”

Mr. Scott looked at the horrified expression on Susan’s face, and then back at Dr. Nelson. “You asshole.”

“You can’t just let her walk out of here without at least some MemMod now, can you?”

“She’s leading the Capsule design, you idiot! We can’t MemMod her. It’d....”

“No you can’t can you?” asked the doctor, allowing some emotion to enter his voice as he gleefully stroked his goatee. “I suppose you’ll have to hand her over to me then. Pity.”

“MemMod?” asked Susan, staring daggers at Nelson. “Why can’t he MemMod me?”

“Because,” lectured Dr. Nelson, “he’ll flush everything you’ve learned from the time you began your interview. Unless one is willing to ignore this little caveat, a person cannot be MemModded twice within six weeks. B-Mod, however—”

“You did what during my interview?” Susan shouted, spinning on the marketing and personnel manager.

“It’s standard testing, Susan. We need to see how you’ll respond to—”

“Mr. Scott is something of a control fetishist and likes to see just how far attractive new hires will bend under the influences of the technologies at our disposal.”

I’ve got to get out of here, thought Susan. *These people are crazy.* Of course announcing that she intended to call the cops the instant she left the building was suicide—or worse—so she stayed silent. Mostly. “So *that’s* why I had different underwear!”

“You are more intelligent than most. Sasha blustered. Said I’d ‘go away for life.’ Now she’s a fuck bunny. See, Scott, I can do this. I have done this. Dr. Feldstein’s intellect is unencumbered when she’s on the job, but she remembers nothing of our disagreement and is blissfully entertained by her new body. She honestly believes it was her idea.”

“As I recall,” said Ted, “James did the work.”

“The physical transformation, yes. The mental work was all mine, and now, if you don’t want to ‘go away for life,’ you’ll turn the Lamp on and turn Susan over for redevelopment.”

Mr. Scott rolled his eyes and Susan’s closed.

She woke with an aching pain pulsing in the back of her head. Susan’s immediate response was to reach up and rub, but she couldn’t. Her arms were strapped to the table. So were her legs.

“Fred didn’t even bother trying to catch you, and you smacked your head on the table when you fell. Said he’d fix that when he filled you out.”

“Filled me...? Holy fuck!” Wincing, she slowly turned her head toward the voice—toward Mr. Scott. “You! You’re helping me? Why?”

“Because I hired you as an engineer, not a sex slave.” His eyes looked empty, dead, as he struggled with the gearing on the arm strap. “Listen, I know I’m not perfect, and whether you believe me or not, I want this company to work out. I can’t afford to see TaylorTech bought out by a corp. All of our real work would be dumped in favour of the

quick stuff like.... There are people out there who.... Some of them want just a bit off the hips or a bit more up top for their wedding, or just because. Nelson's something I have to put up with for funding, but I didn't know!"

"Didn't know what? There should be a button you press to let the catch go."

Mr. Scott kicked the side of the table viciously. "It's a lever, but I think it broke. I mean bigger dicks are popular, and so is getting rid of a hang-up, but Fred's targeted a totally different market and he'll bring the cops down on us. If we're *lucky* it'll be the cops."

"Like you already aren't in trouble," said Susan, rubbing her sore head with her newly freed hand. "Other than turning our friends and co-workers into nymphos, what's he been up to?"

"It was supposed to be simple genetic nip-and-tuck stuff, honest, but he's making sex slaves, Susan. He's selling people!"

"What?"

"I bought into this because my Dad died of Lou Gherig's disease, and maybe Dr. Feldstein's stuff can cure it. The prognosis is good, I swear, but Nelson's practically killing people. The idea was to offset some of the research costs with specialized body augmentation 'surgery.' It was supposed to be easy and cheap, and it is. But now, Nelson and some of Marley's people from the Guilty Pleasures IT department are grabbing women off the streets, turning them into sex toys for the fucking magazine, and then auctioning them off."

"You mean—"

"Yes! It's not just a porn mag anymore; it's also a shopping catalogue! And Nelson's not stopping there! He just showed me our new revenue stream and it was all I could do to not puke. He's not leaving anything of the original personality—the girls become wall-to-wall sluts. We gotta stop him before he ruins everything, but you have to promise me you'll help cover this up. Get rid of Nelson and cover all this up. Our work's too important—"

"Fuck it." Mr. Scott's tugging on the straps stopped for a few seconds. A click followed and then his struggle with Susan's bindings resumed, this time with the help of a tiny pocket knife sawing through the thick band. It didn't take long after that.

Free, Susan followed Mr. Scott, limping less as the pins and needles faded and her feet responded better to pressure. Her employer whispered apologies and begged her to not go to the authorities as they snuck through the hall and deep into a wing Susan had never explored.

"Don't touch anything," her guide cautioned as he tapped at a number pad mounted on a large door.

Pneumatics hissed and the door slid sideways out of their way. Inside the room workers, all female and sculpted for the pleasure of men, assembled electrical and mechanical parts. On the far side stood a full-sized model of the submarine for which she'd been designing the hull. The sense of satisfaction at a job well done was overwhelmed by the fact that all of the busty and curvaceous women working on it were completely naked.

Susan took another look around the production facility and shook her head in amazed disgust. "TailorTech my *ass*! This place is more like Bimbote—"

“Tzzzzzzt! Don’t say that,” shrieked Mr Scott, waving his hands in desperate negation. “Those fuckers are *crazy* when it comes to copyright infringement! Look. This is a static-safe environment, right? No clothes, no static.”

“And if they get solder on themselves?”

“Come on. We’re not assholes. They have gloves and aprons.”

They did, but somehow that only made things worse. For Susan, there was only one good thing in the converted warehouse: the large door visible at the far end marked shipping and receiving. An exit from the mad house and all she needed to do was walk what looked like three hundred feet past sixty or seventy naked porn stars.

“It’s entirely voluntary.”

“Knowing what you do about Dr. Nelson, you don’t really believe that, do you? You said he’s practically killing people. Well, if the brain is gone, there is no practical about it.”

“First of all,” boomed Dr. Nelson, a voice that didn’t require any head-turning effort on the part of Susan to identify. She turned anyway. The mad scientist stood naked beneath his open lab coat, his obviously enhanced cock hanging flaccid most of the way to his knees. Beside him Clara swayed, clearly out of her mind with glee from the globs of semen covering her face.

Her tongue lapped out, trying to stretch and lick up bits of the spill just outside its range.

“I am not killing people,” Nelson continued after a dramatic pause. “I am improving them. Often little survives the rebirth, but what of it? Clara is in heaven now, aren’t you my dear?”

“Clara in heaven!” said the tits and ass wrapped in a black stretch fabric dress that ended in a bunch at her waist. “Clara love cock!”

“Yes. Yes you do. Thank you, Clara. You didn’t disappoint me, Scott. Marley actually likes you, so I needed proof before I had you removed.” Nelson brought up a pistol and it spat a bolt of lightning as Mr. Scott leapt to the side.

It was a nice try, but the third shot hit him as he sprawled on the ground.

In the intervening few seconds, Susan had raced to the loading bay and its egress to the wider world. When the first bolt whipped past her, she took cover behind a pillar and looked around for more cover closer to the door

“By the way, Scott, the straps are easy to remove. You turn the crank about one quarter turn and lift the stopper.”

Susan stared at the office manager silently twitching on the floor. “You just killed....”

“Oh heavens no. Why waste the genetic material? Men aren’t our only interested buyers, and even then, some men don’t quite follow a particularly useful evolutionary path.”

From inside the tube, Susan watched with a detached interest as Sasha, stunning in a packed-to-the-limits blue blazer and miniskirt, stepped into the laboratory. She twisted around, her tight blonde pony tail swung out light as air, and casually shot Nelson’s attendant in the thigh. He collapsed, screaming something too muffled by the gel for Susan to hear, and Susan lost interest. She saw crap like that on TV all the time. Besides, her titties were growing again.

“Unfortunately, he changed a few things that are currently difficult to undo,” said the unbelievably sexy Dr. James when Susan started paying attention to what was going on around.

“Like what?” asked Sasha.

“He has greatly amplified her pleasure center and altered her sexual response systems, drawing out what should now be nearly instantaneous orgasm from the simplest of sexual contact.”

“Sounds like fun to me

“I thought you said she was a very inhibited woman.”

“She is...” Sasha met Dr. James’ eye. “Was?”

“Was. Her body will react erotically to wearing tight clothing. Simple friction will drive the demand for sexual satisfaction past human resistance.”

“But it won’t be enough to make her cum. Got you.”

“By the time she could get a pair of pants on, she would be tearing them back off in order to seek physical gratification from whatever she found available. I have no idea what Nelson’s intent was with Miss Levesque. In her state she wouldn’t even make a particularly useful sex slave.”

What can you do for her?”

“I believe I can reduce the bulk of the physical effects to mere constant horniness.”

“Perfect!”

“Hardly. Miss Levesque, how are you feeling?”

Susan blinked a few times before she realized that she’d been addressed by the sexy man. She giggled. “Like, Suzy’s already *totally* fuckin’ horny!”

“You see? The mental alterations are extensive.”

“That’s not *so* bad,” said Sasha.

“Oh yes it is. She’s been reduced to the mental capacity of a five-year-old.”

“Oh come on! I talk like that and I’m not stupid.”

“Unfortunately, she is. We are going to have to send people in on fact-finding mission. I hope her prototype capsule is ready.”

“It is... I think. If Nelson’s craptastic aim didn’t wreck it.”

It felt like she was a new person, through and through. The guy wasn’t even all that good looking and she felt her pussy contract and heat. Her heart pounded and her vision blurred. She felt so alive. Like everything was perfect. Her clit swelled beneath its hood, pushing itself clear and sticking out into the labial folds, ready and wanting to be touched. Susan couldn’t contain the giggle because her nipples were the same, tight points of pure pleasure poking out of her already jutting breasts for all to see.