**Chapter Five  
An Offer He Can’t Refuse**

Oh God my head hurt. Where was I? What was going on? Finally, my mind cleared enough for me to get my bearings. I was sitting naked, tied to a computer chair in front of a workstation of some kind. It was in what appeared to be a woman’s bedroom. Wait, I’d been in this bedroom before.

“Caty!”

“Hey baby.”

Caty Patton strode in wearing nothing but a towel and looking so very sexy. She walked over and straddled my lap as if this were the most common thing in the world.

“What the hell is going on?”

“I need a little help, that’s all.”

“So you kidnapped me?”

“Hey a girl’s gotta have her hobbies.”

She laid a remote on her table. Hey that was …

“*You*stole the Micro-bots?”

“Well actually baby you did.”

“No I didn’t.”

She held up her phone and played a video. It was me in this very chair. I was shirtless and medwrapped.

“I don’t remember this.”

“Keep watching.”

“How does kidnapping me help you get it?” I asked in the video.

“Simple you’re gonna walk in and take it and not even remember doing it,” her voice answered.

“How’s that?”

“Cosmetic companies are always looking into plants and what they can do. You know looking for the next big thing. Well in one of our corporate research files I perused one day I saw this flower which produces a powder that can do just that. It took me a while to get one.”

She walked over to a small white plant on a nearby table. She brought it right up to my face.

“All I have to do is … blow.”

She let out a puff like she was blowing me a kiss. A fine white powder blew off into my face. I watched as my face went blank. She unwrapped me and helped me up. I just stood there.

“Hop on one leg.”

I did. Caty giggled like a school girl.

“Be a ballerina.”

I watched in horror as I performed a terrible Swan Lake for her perverse amusement.

“Strip, like a bachelorette party if you please.”

I started grooving to some unheard boom box and threw off my pants. Dear God, did this really happen? Well here was the proof. I watched as Caty sat the phone down so they were both in frame. She hugged me close and kissed me on the mouth.

“When we get back I can use this for a little fun. Come on, let’s get you dressed.”

The video ended.

“So you see,” she told me, “that’s what happened?”

“Why?” I asked.

“I’ve gone over this with you once already so I’ll do the cliffnotes. I needed the Micro-bots to shape my body and help me land a whale at work. Well it worked, but I discovered something about our little robots.”

“What?”

“The prototypes I had you steal link with any of the newer micro-bots nearby.”

“So?”

“So, when I change a part of my body with them it changes someone else’s too.”

“What?”

“It first happened at the bar. I made my breasts grow and it shrank the girl’s next to me.”

“I never thought of that. Good thing the new remotes are more fine-tuned.”

“Yes, but it’s given me an idea.”

“What kind of idea?”

“You can give me a boob transfusion.”

“A what?” I laughed.

“You can fix it so my breasts keep the size they steal and the donor’s can’t grow back.”

“Why on Earth would I help you misuse my invention like that?”

She held up a second remote, *my*remote. She pressed a button and my body started to tingle. Then with a tingling that threatened to make me pee I watched in horror as my penis shrank to almost nothing.

“If you ever want your dick back you’ll do as I say.”

**Chapter Six  
Test Run**

“There, finished.”

It had taken a few days but I finally rewired Caty’s remote the way she wanted.

“Perfect,” she said kissing me on the cheek.

“Can you fix me now?” I pleaded.

“Not until I’m sure it works baby.”

She untied me from the chair and tossed me my clothes.

“Come on, let’s pay a visit to that whore Bethany Dyson.”

Turns out Bethany Dyson was the top sales woman at Caty’s company. According to her Bethany made her quota by sleeping with every male (and some female) customers she had. She was thirty-two, five foot eight, with long flowing black hair and an elegant face. She also sported a nice pair of B-Cup breasts. Those breasts were on full display as she and her ‘client’ went at it in his hall closet.

“Oh God baby, that feels so good,” she cried, “you’re making me feel all tingly.”

“Well then you’ll love this.”

“No stop,” she said pushing him away.

“What? Why? You wanted this.”

“It’s not that, I really feel tingly. Something’s wrong.”

Then they both watched in shocked silence as Bethany’s breasts receded into her body dropping from B to smaller than an A. it looked as if she had no breasts at all.

“What the hell’s going on?” the man shouted.

“We must have hit my remote.”

She reached into her clothes on the floor and pulled out the small remote. She pressed the buttons to reverse the accident. Nothing happened. She pressed it again and again and again. Still nothing happened. In fact none of the buttons seemed to be working. God, what was wrong with this stupid thing.

Little did she know that Caty and I were standing just outside the closet door. She had a wicked and arousing little smile on her face as she pressed the button. She felt the tingle which got her instantly moist. Her own small little A cups expanded outwards as if being inflated like a pair of balloons. I watched in awe as it appeared as though she added an extra pair of B-Cup breasts to her own. I felt myself becoming hard, or at least what passed for hard in my condition.

“Perfect,” she said.

We went back to her place. She pranced around her room enjoying her new found breasts.

“And you’re sure they’re not going away like last time?”

“You’ll have to wait a few days to see but yeah it should work just fine.”

“Good, here’s your reward.”

She grabbed my remote out of a locked drawer and pressed the button. I felt the tell-tell tingle. I gave a great sigh of relief as my penis began to grow back.

“I gave you a couple extra inches as a thank you,” Caty replied with a cute little smirk.

“Thank you,” I smirked back, “now if you’ll excuse me I’ve got to go and try and salvage my career.”

I turned and started to leave.

“Oh no you don’t.”

She grabbed me and tossed me onto the bed.

“Caty, what the hell …?”

Before I could voice my opposition she already had my arms bound together over my head to her headboard with her medwrap.

“I need you close by in case the micro-bots act up. So just make yourself comfortable baby. Everything’s gonna be just fine.”

I tried to argue with her but she just flipped off her light and crawled into the bed next to me, tossing the blanket over both of us.

“You should be grateful.”

“Yeah, how’s that?”

“Do you know how many men would kill to be in a bed with me? And for days no less.”

“I’m so flattered,” I replied sarcastically.

“Well you should be, you’re the only guy who’s ever been in my bedroom, any of them.”

“Really?”

“Of course, this is where I keep only my favorite possessions.”

She then kissed me on the cheek, snuggled up next to me with her head on my shoulder and went to sleep. Had Caty Patton just refer to me as one of her possessions? Did that worry me? *Should*that worry me? I was too busy contemplating the fact she had called me one of her *favorite*possessions and the thrill that thought gave me.

**Chapter Seven  
Revenge is a Dish Best Served Chesty**

I stayed in Caty’s bed for three full days. During that time we monitored her breasts but they stayed the same. She unwrapped my hands and helped me to my feet.

“OK you’re free to go.”

“Here’s hoping I’ve still got a job to go back to.”

“Oh don’t worry I’ve got that covered.”

“You do?”

“I’ll let your boss know you were in a minor accident and had to be in the hospital for a few days.”

“You did? Thank you, Caty.”

“I also told him each week you need physical therapy every day.”

“You did?” I asked, growing suspicious.

“You’re gonna help me knock some more bitches off my shit list.”

“We can’t keep doing this, someone will notice.”

She held up my remote.

“Think they’ll notice when you suddenly lose your dick?”

“Fine.”

“Good we start tomorrow. Katherine Benoist won’t know what hit her.”

It turned out that Katherine Benoist was the woman Caty’s ex had cheated on her with. She was a mixed race woman in her mid-thirties with long black hair and a cute yet flirty face. Her 5’7” frame was perfectly complemented by sexy C-Cup breasts. Breasts Caty now planned to steal.

Katherine was at work when we found her.

“Your ex cheated on you with a stripper?”

“I never said the man was original.”

We slipped through the door and watched her from the back. She was on stage hanging upside down from a pole wearing only a thong.

“Here we go.”

She pressed the buttons. Katherine got a strange look on her face.

“Fuck!” she suddenly screamed.

The men started to panic as they watched her breasts shrink away to nothing. In the confusion she fell onto the stage looking down at her now missing chest in terror. If anyone had been looking at the rear of the club they would have seen Caty gain a C-Cup in her own chest.

“Perfect,” she purred.

Our next target was Chloe Lotz. She was a mean girl from Caty’s high school days. Today she was a cute little blond in her early thirties with a perky set of B-Cup breasts. She was taking a shower following a vigorous run. We crept into her house and hid outside her bathroom door. Caty pressed the buttons. We heard Chloe scream. Then I watched as Caty’s breasts swelled again. She had to be at least an E-Cup by now but I couldn’t be sure. I just knew she was big and beautiful. I also knew I never wanted our little partnership to end.

Unfortunately our third outing was the last Caty felt safe going after. The target was Payton Vega, Caity’s former der Latina woman loved to rub her success in her neighbors’ faces. So we hid behind her pool house as she sun bathed out by her oversized pool. I had to admit the sight of her olive toned D-Cups in a barely there bikini top was really turning me on. So I was a little disappointed when they suddenly shrank away. But that was short lived when I saw them added to Caty’s already incredible rack.

The next day I knocked on Caty’s door.

“Hey there baby,” she answered, “I’ve been thinking about you all day.”

“Caty there’s something I need to tell you.”

“Yeah? What’s that?”

“I’m being transferred.”

**Chapter Eight  
A Perfect Fit**

“What?” Caty asked surprised.

“My boss wants me to head out to Silicon Valley and oversee the international rollout of the micro-bots.”

“You’re going to leave?”

“It’s a big opportunity for me. I can’t turn it down.”

“But you’re mine.”

“Caty I … yours? What do you mean yours?”

“You’re not going anywhere!”

“Caty …”

She yanked off her shirt.

“Caty! Someone’s gonna see!”

He pulled out her remote and began pressing buttons. Suddenly her tits shot out hitting me so hard I became wedged in her cleavage.

“Caty!”

She then constricted them again trapping me with only my head and dangling feet free.

“Caty!”

She slammed the door shut, ran up to her room and locked the door before plopping down onto her bed.

“Caty what the hell are you doing?”

“Kidnapping you, it’s what I do.”

“Caty, you know you can’t keep me here.”

“Why not? My life’s never better than when I have you all to myself in my room.”

“This is too important Caty. I need to go.”

“You can’t. I don’t want to be alone.”

“What?”

“My family’s never been close so I don’t see them very often. I’ve got no one else in my life. I mean I work selling make up by flirting with guys all day. I’m not close to anyone at work and my job makes a lot of guys uncomfortable. Besides I end up comparing every date I have to those three days I had you all to myself. For that brief time I wasn’t alone. I was happy. When I think of being happy I think of you.”

“Caty.”

“If you leave you’ll meet someone better than me out there in California.”

“Caty there’s no one better than you.”

“Rudy, everyone’s better than me. I’m just a pretty girl living off her looks. I’m petty, I mean we just spent days screwing over women for all kinds of little slights. Once you’re gone I’ll fade from your mind in a day.”

“Caty, you are the most amazing woman I’ve ever known.”

“Stop it.”

“No, you need to hear this. You’re more than a pretty face. You figured out a flaw in the robots no one else has. Yes it might have been petty in use but you were able to figure out uses for them no one else ever would. The confident determined woman I’ve been with these last few days should be able to make sells without having to pimp herself out. You can do anything you want. I love being with you.”

“You do?”

“Caty Patton, I love you. I’ve been in love with you since the first time you kidnapped me. When I think of a time when I’m happy I think of you.”

She looked at me for a minute with tears in her eyes. Then she grabbed my head and pulled me in for a long passionate kiss.

“I’m gonna miss you,” she told me.

“Not if you come with me.”

“I can’t …”

“You just made a very convincing argument for not wanting to stay. I’m going to need a new saleswoman for this international division and you are perfect for the job.”

“I am?”

“Yes you are. Besides I’m yours after all which means you’ll have to come with me and keep me out of trouble.”

“I don’t know.”

“Caty Patton. You said those days together were the happiest in your life, right?”

“Yeah.”

“Well I’m giving you that for the rest of your life.”

She began to cry again.

“I’m in.”

I kissed her like I’d never kissed a woman before.

“Let me get you out of there.”

“No don’t.”

“Why not?”

“We’ve got two weeks before we need to be in California.”

“Alright then, but the clothes come off.”