

Author's Note

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This is (or will eventually become) an extremely explicit erotic story written by FrigOffFury. You should not read it if you are not of legal age to read graphic depictions of sex.

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Erotic content: Breast expansion, body swap, bimbofication, futanari, some lactation and pregnancy, public sex

Brain Transplant

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Desperate Measures

Vat People

In the States, Congress called it the Human Dignity Act, and similar laws around the world had their own names, but most people called them all “vat-person acts” or something similar. I supported them, of course. I didn’t think brainless human bodies grown in nutrient vats were *people*, but I also had a sort of nebulous idea that it set a bad precedent to let corporations to manufacture and sell human bodies. It was a bit academic to me because they were far more expensive than I could afford, and the body I’d been born with wasn’t severely disabled or terminally ill.

Even when I got cancer, I still didn’t change my mind, because there were plenty of excellent treatments, and they were over 90% effective. But events reminded me that “over 90%” is not “100%”, making me fall back to more radical measures, such as lab-grown organs to replace those that would have to be removed because they were riddled with inoperable tumors and I was in the unlucky 6% for whom none of the approved gene-based treatments could target the particular mutations of my cancer.

Almost 2/3rds of those who have to resort to modern replacement organs grown from their own stem cells survive and become cancer free. I was one of those for whom the cancer infiltrated their spinal column before the lab-grown organs were ready. The doctors gave me a few weeks to live, and perhaps days until the tingles I was feeling graduated into ever-growing paralysis.

Then I started rethinking my stance on vat-grown whole bodies, fast. I hadn’t had to pay for so much of my first rounds of treatment, but lab-grown organs weren’t yet standard-of-care, so I had exhausted much of my savings paying for it. One bright spot, if you could call it that, was that my confirmed terminal diagnosis meant I was allowed to take my life insurance to pay for end of life care.

Maybe, if vat-people had never been invented, I would have just accepted my fate, but they had, and I didn’t. I withdrew all the money my policy would allow and added it to the remnants of my life savings, and I got on a one-way flight to Honduras.

Now, growing vat people wasn’t any more legal in Honduras than anywhere else, but my hasty research showed that it had the most affordable and competitive black market in the Americas. I knew it was incredibly risky, but it was my last option. I was going to get my brain transplanted into a vat person or die trying.

Luck

After my string of bad luck, I finally had some good luck. Well, it looked like bad luck at

first, but as I rapidly learned more about the vat person trade, I learned that just showing up for a last-second transplant usually didn't work.

Ideally, of course, one had a vat body grown from their own genome: that was what the legal corporations had done, and if what I was doing was ever re-legalized, it might allow me to resume my original identity without going to prison. But of course that took far longer than just vat-growing organs. First the body would have to be grown from a blastocyst all the way to puberty - an accelerated process that would nevertheless complete approximately ten months after I was dead - and then complex motions would need to be imprinted on the body's rudimentary nervous system so that I wouldn't have to relearn to walk, talk, hold a spoon, and everything else. When legitimate companies had done this, they imaged the behaviors of the original person to allow those same movements to be trained into the new lower nervous system as it continued growing toward adulthood. Obviously there was no time for that, either.

Accordingly, my only hope was for a body that had already been grown and trained, but then not used by its intended recipient for some reason. Further, it had to have a certain level of genetic similarity to the brain being transplanted. Before the whole technology was banned, people who needed bodies more different than their natal ones got around this limitation through a course of gene therapy to close the gap between their brain's somatic genetics and that of their new bodies, but that took months. Without it, I needed a body with broadly Northern European ancestry like mine. I was just as screwed as ever unless someone had ordered and paid for a body just like that and then not "taken delivery" so to speak.

The other portion of my seeming bad luck is that there had recently been a major crack-down on the vat-person trade and the near-reputable sourcing services were all shut down or laying low. I hired a young lad who claimed to know where there were still some bodies to be had, but I didn't half believe him. Once again, though, it was trust him or accept death, so trust him I did. At least my money would go to a poor Honduran kid rather than some hospice owner.

I thought I was going to die in the dingy warehouse where he took me late in my second night in Honduras. My hand was already going numb, though, so I was mostly hoping that my death didn't involve being raped first. That's why when I saw a strung out man wearing a blood-spattered apron like a butcher, I was flooded with relief.

"Francisco," I addressed the boy in a low tone before going in any further.

"Is okay," he said, thinking I must be frightened by the gore, "He is very great doctor."

I didn't want to take the time to try to correct him, so I just handed him a bundle of cash. "Thank you. I'll give you more if I live."

He looked a little surprised, but stowed the cash deftly. "It is nothing. Everything will be good." He gave me a wink and turned to explain things to the 'doctor' in rapid Spanish. It sounded like a negotiation.

"You pay crypto?" Francisco asked me on the doctor's behalf.

I had thought about using cryptocurrency but when I tried to read up on how make sure I didn't get fleeced, I got uneasy at how much I didn't know about exchanges and ledgers and all that, so I'd reverted to what I knew. "Uh, I have some cash

"How much cash you have?"

"\$8000, but I have another \$24000 in the bank I can wire here," I promised, hoping that this would be acceptable.

My anxiety grew as I listened to a bit more back-and-forth, then Francisco asked, "Are you sure? That you can get the money. It would be better to die than not get the money."

"What do you mean?" I asked, slightly reassured that I hadn't been turned down, but very uneasy at this allusion to dire consequences.

"These bodies belonged to la mara... some bad people. They not here now because the policia got them, but they... escape?" He shrugged to show this wasn't the right word and continued on as best he could. "They come back, ask the doctor about the bodies. You don't pay the doctor, they think the doctor sell and keep the money. He have to give you to la mara or he die bad. *Very bad.*"

He didn't have to tell me that it would be very bad for me to be given to "la mara" in lieu of payment, but I had only been lying a little bit about the wire transfer. I actually had a bank check made out to cash because I was worried I wouldn't be able to arrange a wire transfer in time, but since anyone could cash it, I didn't want to reveal its existence. "As long as I still have my things, I'll be able to get the money to the doctor," I assured Francisco, and through him, the man who was about to cut off my head.

Waking

There were intensely unpleasant moments in the transplant operation, but almost no actual pain. The worst part was the period of time I spent as a literal brain in a jar, being kept semi-conscious by a fluid cocktail being pumped through my cerebrovascular system in lieu of blood. I can't say much about it because I don't remember the experience directly, only my lingering impression afterward that it had been the most awful experience of my life, like a nightmare forgotten except for the fear.

It also wasn't great to find myself mostly unable to move for a long period. On the other hand, I did retain enough wits to know that the breathing I could feel but not control meant I was still alive: a very promising sign.

I got control of my eyes first, though there was a delay before I could open an eyelid enough to do more than enjoy the sensation of having any motor control whatsoever. This allowed me to view my headless (former) body, sitting on a metal table that had been uncomfortable for the

twenty or so seconds I could remember laying on it. Beyond it the doctor stood smoking a cigarette and messaging someone on his phone.

“Hhhh” I breathed as loudly as I could .

“Muy bien!” he exclaimed, putting down both cigarette and phone to come over and inspect me. This took the form of him performing various actions to elicit trained responses from my body, such as tossing a ball to me, making my hand jerk away from the jab of a pin, and a hasty series of similar semi-instinctual movements.

“Cipote!” he called Francisco over, and gave him a rapid series of instructions.

The exact sequence of events after that were a little hazy because my first hour or so of learning to make my new body respond to my commands somehow interfered with my memory, but I can at least infer that I was able to pay them with my cheque, because Francisco got me back to my hotel room in one piece.

He didn’t leave after dropping me off, either. At first I think he didn’t have any motive except to continue helping me to achieve control over my body, because, though his help naturally meant he had to touch me somewhat intimately and he did get a *little* flirty, he didn’t take advantage. I had the vague idea that my new body was very cute and much younger looking than my old one, so I felt sure he was tempted.

The problem was that my body, trained on the motions of an unknown other person, had its own reflexes. If you can call kissing someone a reflex. Nevertheless, that’s what my body did.

I was fortunate that he was a lot more ethical than many grown men would be in his position, because he didn’t take my body’s behavior completely at face value while I was as of yet unable to speak. When I made my arms stop hugging him to me, he got the idea that maybe something was wrong and backed up enough for me to wordlessly signal that I didn’t mean to make out with him. I don’t know what he thought had precipitated the episode, but he did apologize profusely before leaving in a hurry.

Exhausted by the incredible events of the day, I decided to go to bed instead of continue wrestling with my body.

Waking up in that body felt incredible. For one thing, I’d slept comfortably through the night for the first time in months. I was ravenously, deliciously hungry, and the taut, painful sensitivity of my former body was replaced with a soft, pleasant sort of sensuality.

All of this was especially evident to me because I no longer struggled to get my body to respond to my commands. I wanted to get up, so I did, as smoothly as if I’d lived in it my whole life. The doctor and Francisco had stressed to me that I wasn’t to look at myself in the mirror or my phone’s selfie camera until my body was more integrated, but now I felt completely knit together. I was going to finally get a good look at who I was to become.

Delightful Measures

Integration

I was still wearing the outfit that my body had come with, more appropriate to a night on the town than the operating table, but my legs had no trouble walking in the high-heeled booties.

Accordingly I was totally shocked to see an extremely hot blonde looking back at me in the mirror. Her face - now mine - looked very young, no older than Francisco, who probably should have been in secondary school rather than leading Americans to illegal medical procedures. But of course a vat-grown body would look younger than another body of similar physical development, and her - my - figure was definitely that of an adult woman. I placed a hand on my the flared hip accentuated by my clingy dress, feeling how wide my hips had become. I had a slight double-sensation as part of me completely expected the current slope of waist joining to thigh, and another part of me still remembered a bonier hip and straighter waist.

The girl in the mirror definitely looked like she expected to have wide hips and a plump ass, because her - my - walk from bed to mirror had been a practiced strut that showed off both. Now my pose also subtly made the most of my firm new breasts. They were broad but not very deep, and I might have been disappointed in them if they hadn't compared so favorably to the illness-deflated chest I'd just discarded. Besides, on my petite new torso, they didn't come across as flat so much as cute. I wasn't sure how I felt about looking so young, but I definitely felt my look made the most of it. Okay, my dress, makeup and some of the jewelry could be considered a *little* risqué, but it was all the expertly done work of an adult rather than a teenager still fumbling about.

I had a very slight smirk on my face. Was that a reflection of me enjoying how hot my new body was, or did I just have resting sultry face?

My first words aloud were, "She must have been, like, a model?"

I covered my mouth in shock. My humming the previous night had prepared me for my new voice's pitch, but I hadn't expected that my new body would also have an impact on *how* I spoke.

"Oh my god, she must have been a bimbo?" I exclaimed, ending on an inquisitive up-note without intending it. The expression on my face was also one of blank surprise, amplified by large eyes, thick lashes, and long acrylic nails.

"Nails, too?" I said, and finally put everything together. She hadn't been a model, or at least, she hadn't *only* been a model. She'd been some mobster's girlfriend or wife.

Or something less consensual. One of the objections to vat-people was the theoretical ability for companies to create reflexes and physical responses not modeled from the intended recipient. The focus had been on athletic performance, but some had speculated that parents might try to force queer children into bodies that had been programmed 'straight'. This had seemed farfetched, but after my body had impulsively kissed Francisco I feared that it might not be quite as far from reality as I thought.

On the other hand, I was still *much* more attracted to my body in the mirror than I could recall being to Francisco. Yeah, definitely still more attracted to femmes. Especially ones that looked like sultry little bombshells.

By concentrating on it, I could walk less sensually, but it felt weird and looked inelegant. Damn, I was going to have to be very careful until I got to the safety of the airport; I was sure I looked like a perfect target to sell to a sex trafficker, amongst other things.

"I haven't even looked at my new passport?" I exclaimed to myself, and hurried to where my new identity documents lay atop the chest of drawers. I either hadn't bothered to ask who I would be becoming or had done so during the period I couldn't recall, so I only knew that my new given name was Stacy. Or Staci.

I breathed a sigh of relief to see a blue American passport amongst them. I'd be able to go home. Well, not to my literal home, from which I was due to be evicted in my former life.

"Kimberly Anastacia Mink?" I said, wondering where "Staci" had come from. Oh, from Anastacia.

The picture wasn't perfectly clear, being slightly washed out and crossed by anti-copying security features, but it looked like her - me - but with lots of makeup and somewhat vulgarly overlined lips.

Slotted into the back of the passport was an ID card with a nearly identical photo, as if they had been taken on the same day.

"Huh, nineteen years old, from Malibu, California? Like, a valley girl, I guess?" I asked, laughing at the situation. Giggling, really.

I don't know precisely why that was the moment when I finally accepted at my core that *I was not going to die*, but my knees buckled and I collapsed to the hotel room's somewhat uneven vinyl flooring and wept with relief. Deep, catching sobs, nose running and tears aplenty. But, a couple minutes into it I wondered what I look like when a mess, and I found myself laughing through the tears at how cute I still looked despite everything. My mascara wasn't even running.

Cleaning up afterwards I thought about the implication of Kimberly Anastacia Mink being an identity created for the new body of a mobster's girlfriend. Or even she was a mobster herself. Or himself. Theirself. Whoever it was, I had no complaints about the looks, though the mannerisms were going to be embarrassing.

Then I recalled the twin dangers of either being outed as the semi-random client of vat-

person tech, or of the intended client seeking me out. I needed to get out of the country as fast as I could. There was a 30-day stamp in my passport, starting a fortnight ago, so presumably she had meant to go back to the States after the procedure.

I returned to looking through the paperwork. A lot of it was the sort of stuff I expected: birth certificate, Social Security card, an old fashioned cheque book...

I wondered if I would be able to sign my new name, and so tried writing it. It took me a couple tries to write anything intelligible, but as I let my new reflexes guide my hand, my signature resolved into a perfect match for the loopy, cutesy signature on my ID card, complete with a little heart over the I. Relieved that I'd gotten that far, I tried writing other things, which was almost as difficult at first as writing my name had been, but gradually the bubble-lettered style spread to everything I wrote. It looked ridiculous, but I had to admit that my new handwriting was actually much neater than my old had been.

That led me to read a little paper pamphlet that appeared to have been mostly copied from one of the major vat-person companies back when it had been legal. Or at least, not explicitly illegal. I flipped through to the English portion to skim. Most of what it said wasn't really news to me, though some of the advice had taken on a new meaning now that I had some experience with the process. Especially notable was the section on back-propagation.

Because your new body was trained on the reflexes and habits of your old body, most movements should feel very similar in your new body. However, because the training set can't be fully comprehensive of all life experience, some lesser-used skills and movements may need to be re-learned. Because your motor cortex is included in the transfer, however, you should find this process quick relative to learning anew, but you will still have to practice, and practicing soon after the transplant procedure will be more effective than if you wait. Conversely, if you intentionally excluded unwanted habits, then the longer you resist any urges to repeat them, the easier you will find it to continue resisting. Though the procedure is not intended as a solution to substance abuse or other problem behaviors, it does offer a unique opportunity to discard them permanently.

Another possible source of difference is if you elected to make any additive changes to your new body's training regimen. Examples include inculcating proper exercise form, or movements suitable to a body without the injuries and debilities of the old. In these cases, a phenomenon called backward propagation can actually train your brain to operate in the manner of the new body. For maximum effectiveness, you should strive to practice those new habits without thinking about them too much. Focusing on them too much may cause forward propagation to overwhelm the new body's training and ultimately reproduce the habits of the old body. The larger the difference, the more critical it is to avoid resisting it, especially because resisting or attempting to alter larger differences can result in various coordination problems. See the "indications"

section for details.

Make sure that you and your surgeon discuss in detail the strength of back-propagation you would like to see, as different procedures can increase or decrease the relative strengths of your preexisting brain's habits versus the trained habits present in the new body's modified central nervous system. If larger changes are desired, then your surgeon will likely adjust the procedure to leave more of the new body's basal ganglia and other 'higher' cortex features intact during transplant, subject to applicable local and national law.

I stopped to contemplate that for a moment, wondering what my surgeon had done in my case. Whatever it was, I was sure it wasn't according to local and national law!

I giggled like an airhead, the sound of which made me began to cringe slightly, before I remembered I wasn't supposed to do that so I didn't put myself at risk of getting those unspecified "coordination problems". That seemed like a good excuse to spend a few minutes watching comedy videos on my phone while doing my best to turn the rest of my brain off so I could giggle to my new-acquired heart's content.

Homeward Bound

I eventually had to turn my attention back to my new documents, of course. There were some additional handwritten instructions or notes that were unfortunately in Spanish. They weren't written for my case, I didn't think; the papers I had were photocopies or something and there were no indentations on the paper itself corresponding with the handwritten text, so probably written on originals intended for every customer of that particular black market clinic. I could tell they were meant to refer to a follow-up appointment based on a circle drawn around the printed text describing that step, but given that the only interventions mentioned in the paragraph in question were the removal of any surgical adhesives that hadn't dissolved on their own, I allowed myself to cautiously hope that they weren't too important.

Especially given that I had to shred them to make sure that I didn't get caught with evidence of my crime. I also thought I wouldn't be able to access Staci's bank accounts and whatnot for very long, once the mobster who was the clinic's original customer was no longer distracted by law enforcement. Better catch a flight to the States as soon as possible.

Both because of the post-procedure directions and because I didn't want to be suspected of being in a vat-person body, I decided to pretend I was a slightly ditzy young woman from Malibu returning early from a Latin American vacation. Or not early, as the case was, because the man at the ticket counter informed me with a slightly patronizing tone that I had a ticket in first class for a flight in only a few hours.

I decided to accept this rather than changing it despite slight misgivings that remaining on the original flight might help the mobster track me. I reasoned that if they were already tracking me, just changing to a different ticket was unlikely to save me. Besides, I'd never flown first class before.

The stupidity of my assumption was borne in on me when a large, scarred man with imperfectly-obscured tattoos greeted me with suppressed appreciation. When I looked blank at his Spanish, he paled slightly, apologized, and switched to English.

"For your luggage," he said, and handed me a small key. "Your phone," he added as he produced a phone with a rhinestone-studded pink case.

"Thank you?" I said as I took it and confirmed that it opened to my face.

"The old phone," he said as if reminding me, large empty hand held out as if to receive something.

I felt slightly panicked at the thought of giving up the only connection I possessed to my old life, but I didn't dare deny him. He nodded slightly when I handed it over, then enclosed it in a sandwich bag before using a small hand-tightened clamp to crush it in several places while I watched before dropping the remains into his half-full cup of Coke and finally throwing it all into the rubbish bin. Based on his dutiful expression, I concluded that this was a pre-planned process.

I really wasn't sure how I should respond, but I wasn't really forced to; after that initial meeting he barely spoke the rest of the trip, even though he was in the seat between me and the aisle. He watched the other passengers more keenly than he did me. Upon arrival back in the USA, he acted as if he was unassociated with me, allowing himself to be sorted to a different customs line, and standing somewhat apart from me at the baggage claim.

Hiding my nervousness from other passengers was relatively easy, but I could tell that he was a little mystified that I was looking directly at the pink suitcase gliding almost past without going to get it. I took a slight chance in assuming that this was due to it being my intended baggage and was relieved to see him moving toward the exit when I'd hauled the suitcase off the carousel.

That wasn't the last I saw of him, though, as he re-collected me once I got outdoors and led me to a black Mercedes, opening the back door for me. He drove me silently for about twenty minutes until stopping the car in a driveway across the street from a Venice Beach car park. He got out of the car with nothing more than a nervous, "Adios, señorita. Su coche... Your car is in the lot and the key inside the little pocket. I leave in the grey Honda CRV."

He started walking quickly on the pavement down the street, making such a show of remaining turned away from the car park that I concluded he wasn't meant to know which car was mine. A Miata, evidently.

It was easy to find it; it was bright pink and had a Playboy bunny decal on it. Not so easy: driving it. I knew how to drive, of course, but I immediately felt that Staci did not. Or at least,

my new body didn't seem to know where my feet and hands had to go. After a moment of thought I got everything sorted, but by then it dawned on me that not only did my new identity not have a driver's license, it was probably literally unsafe for me to drive. And, it occurred to me, if my escort from Honduras wasn't supposed to see my car, then it would have been more natural to allow me to drive myself to the exchange point.

But if the plan assumed that I wouldn't be able to drive, then what was the point of dropping me off here? Was someone else supposed to meet me? Perhaps this person wasn't there because of the arrests in Honduras?

I wanted nothing to do with any of it, and abruptly decided this was probably my only chance to escape. After a hasty search for the lever, I popped the trunk and hopped out, estimating how much cash I might be able to get for pawning the contents of my suitcase and probably also my phone.

"Hands up!" a man shouted and a bright flashlight in my eyes didn't quite obscure that a man was pointing a pistol at me.

A policeman.

Inheritance

In the interrogation room later, I was able to answer almost all their questions with complete honesty. I had not contracted for Staci to be grown for me and truly had no idea Staci had been intended for. Nor did I know the name of the man who had escorted me from Honduras, or really anything besides the documents I'd been provided. Pointing out that I didn't know Spanish seemed to convince the interrogators of something, and gradually their questions became less and less hostile. Without quite intending to, I seemed to have convinced them that I was the victim of a scheme to turn me into an amnesiac sex slave to the kingpin of a weapons trading ring. The one that has been arrested by the authorities.

They did explore other possibilities of my background, but I was able to deflect most of them with a lot of hesitant speculations about who I might have been. Afterwards they handed me off to a pair of junior officers who took me to the hospital to have some tests run.

"It doesn't link up to anyone who has been reported missing or dead," the clinician explained the results to us, "Which likely means she hasn't been reported missing yet."

"And the drug test?" Officer Buenaventura asked.

"Confirmed. The metabolites seem a little old, but that's probably because her young body is breaking them down faster than usual."

"I don't remember taking any drugs," I said nervously.

Buenaventura smiled reassuringly at me. “We know. These are chemotherapy drugs. The criminals dose you before the operation to mess up your memory.” She gave my hand a sympathy squeeze and added. “Sometimes people get their memories back, but usually... imperfectly.”

“When you return for your follow-up, we’ll be able to figure out who you were even if you can’t remember. At least, if you were reported missing in the meantime,” the clinician added.

“Oh. When is that?”

“Three weeks after your operation. So... January 30th.”

“What happens to me until then?” I asked the police officers.

“We can put you in protective custody,” Buenaventura’s partner offered.

That was the first confirmation that I wasn’t going to be arrested for being a vat person, and I let out an involuntary sigh of relief, which they mistook for disappointment.

“Or we can take you to your home of record, if you feel safe doing so,” Buenaventura suggested. “Ordinarily I’d advise against it, but with about half of the Aceros blown up, they’re probably not too focused on you. I’m not sure if you’re allowed to sell it, but no one can keep you from staying there.”

“Sell it?” I asked, “How would I do that?”

“That’s the sort of thing you hire a realtor for,” White said with the avuncular tone of a man advising a very ignorant niece.

“But don’t I need to own it first? *Do* I own it?”

Buenaventura chuckled. “Yeah. It’s right behind one of Caballo’s houses, which we seized. No doubt he intended it as a place to stash some of his money where we couldn’t seize it.”

“So he gave it to me?”

“Well, he expected to own you,” White said, his bluntness earning him a minatory look from his partner.

“I see. So I *would* be allowed to sell it, then?”

Buenaventura shrugged. “I don’t know for sure. It might get held for evidence.”

“How do I find out if it is?”

“They’ll tell you.”

“Who is ‘they’? The police?”

“Yeah, we’d also make you move out,” White said without much sympathy.

Buenaventura exhaled in slight frustration. “Or if we receive intelligence that dangerous Aceros are being released.”

“I’d rather sell and be gone,” I said.

“Better hurry, then!” White said, laughing. “Prolly have like 48 hours before they figure out a way to take it.”

Buenaventura’s expression made me think White wasn’t really joking, but I took my chances

anyway. They dropped me off at a rather unprepossessing little bungalow adjacent to a much more ostentatious beach estate. There was no street number that I could see, but the Miata had been left out front by the tow truck, so I knew it was mine. The officers escorted me inside to make sure there was no one waiting for me before leaving, and with some strong hints from Buenaventura, even White refrained from commenting on the decor before they left.

The interior was more expensive than the exterior had led me to expect, and far more vulgar. It definitely looked like the home of a woman kept by a mobster. Or perhaps it was more accurate to say it looked like a house a mobster had outfitted as a sex den for the keeping of his favourite prostitute. The bed was enormous, circular, and wrapped in heavy red satin sheets. Mirrors reflected any bedroom activities from the walls and ceiling, and the only attire in the walk-in closet was bondage gear. This pattern repeated throughout the house: there was almost no cookware and a completely bare fridge, but there was a penis-shaped lolly in the freezer. There were no cleaning supplies, but there were many sex toys. The only soap was in the shape of a man's dong. The decor had been embarrassing, but it would have been mortifying if the police had seen this.

I was alone, though, so why *shouldn't* I try out some of the toys? And see if I could spend some money from Staci's account before it got frozen or whatever might happen. I felt like I deserved to celebrate a little.

Less than an hour later I was watching from four different angles as I slowly fucked myself on a liberally-lubed fake cock while eating a slice of pizza. I was a bit impressed with my balance, and it occurred to me that my new body was clearly trained to do this, but I wasn't embarrassed. I was *alive*! And extremely hot, for that matter. Even at my best, I'd never held a candle to the ostensibly teenaged girl I was enjoying in the mirrors. Honestly I actually looked younger than I really preferred, and I could have wished for more up top, but my unchained beast of a libido overrode all that and I had one of the best orgasms I'd had in years. Since before I'd gotten sick, certainly. It was as if I was a hormonal pubescent girl again. Which my vat body probably was.

I was still lounging in bed the next morning, enjoying the feel of satin on my naked skin when a detective from the FBI arrived with a court order not to do anything with the house nor to leave the state without permission while federal investigations were ongoing. Once again they affirmed that I was not at that time under suspicion of soliciting the manufacture of a vat-grown body, but warned that could change if it looked like I was attempting to flee.

They wouldn't answer my questions about the fate of Vicente Caballo and his Almacén de Acero organization, but I did at least gather that the operation that had nabbed him had been a coordinated international affair from which even a mafia boss might find himself hard pressed to escape.

This was of extra importance to me because by then it had been borne in on me that while I

had been provided ownership of a bungalow in Malibu and a car to park alongside it, I had not been provided with any sort of educational credentials, nor a driver's license, any work history or other assets. I did have a bank account with several hundred dollars in it, but no obvious way to put more money in it. I could try to rent out the bungalow, but it would require a fair bit of work to get it into shape, and even then I would have to pay to live someplace else. Easier to just accept my inheritances for the time being.

That is, accept living in the bungalow, and accept a job at the surf shop that hired me entirely because of how my new body looked in a bikini.

Personal Growth

News reporting reinforced what I'd gathered from my various interviews law enforcement: Almacén de Acero and even some allied criminal organizations had all been raided simultaneously and very successfully, completely decapitating multiple organizations. What the interviews hadn't mentioned was that there had been several firefights leading to the deaths of Vicente Caballo and many of his top lieutenants. In fact, there seemed to be some acrimony amongst the various collaborating law enforcement agencies of three nations, with leaked allegations that Honduran commandos had made sure to kill rather than capture so as hide links between the Aceros and the Honduran military. Honduran sources, meanwhile, claimed that the apprehensions had turned bloody because US and Mexican law enforcement had withheld intelligence about Caballo's exact location, leading to a surprise encounter that had left three commandos in the hospital and the death of Caballo's American mistress.

It was especially interesting to me because I thought it meant I was in the clear. It definitely meant that I had a number of additional interviews, but they seemed somewhat desultory, like the investigators were checking a box rather than seeking information. It was also clear that they thought I was an idiot, an impression I was keen to reinforce, reasoning that this would prevent them from looking too deeply into my past.

My main source of anxiety, then, became the dreaded checkup. Had I been reported missing? I was careful to avoid searching for my old self, lest the searches themselves betray the connection, so I was just crossing my fingers and hoping that my former self's disappearance had somehow slipped through the cracks. It didn't seem likely, but it was possible. Moreover, it would make all the difference between my new life being spent in relative luxury and freedom, and going to prison for a decade or more before being released with no money and a criminal record.

After two weeks, only a few days ahead of my appointment, I cracked. I had to know, so I searched for myself on a display model at a shop. It was even worse than I expected: not only

had my disappearance been noted, the article even mentioned that I was suspected of flying to Honduras in a last ditch attempt to avoid death. The only good part of this was the note that I was very unlikely to have succeeded.

Regardless, going to my scheduled appointment seemed like signing my own arrest warrant, so I just... didn't go. I went on exactly as I had, feigning stupidity in the hopes that if someone confronted me about my failure to show up, they would believe me when I didn't know I was supposed to go.

Amazingly, this worked. Maybe it was one of those things where different agencies thought the other one was going to follow up on it, or maybe it just didn't occur to them that I wouldn't go, but no one contacted me about it. No one even mentioned it for months.

I didn't get off completely without consequences, however, because I would really have liked to have been examined by a medical professional and the changes in my body explained to me. While I waited for the other law enforcement jackboot to drop, I also seemed to be going through puberty. That is, my libido remained very high, my breasts were growing, and I often felt flushed or overly tender. Adding to the feeling of being an adolescent was the continued lack of body hair, though I had complicated feelings about whether or not I wanted that particular marker of sexual maturity back.

It departed from my original adolescence in more ways than that, as it wasn't just my boobs and vagina that felt sensitive at times. My lips sometimes got slightly swollen and uncomfortable, and my cuticles were tender as well. I didn't recall ever experiencing that as a child, and I had to guess that it had something to do with being in a vat body. All I could do was hope that it would go away on its own.

My breasts, at least, did stop growing after the first two weeks, leaving them oversensitive almost to the point of painfulness, but large enough to fill a C cup. The added size did at least look quite substantial on my frame, but then after my period - pleasantly brief and tidy relative to my pre-cancer cycle - my boobs receded slightly back into B territory. It did seem like the perfect size for a fashion model, though I lacked the height for it. Perhaps it didn't matter as much for social media models.

It certainly didn't hurt to have something up top at the surf shop, where I was a very popular addition with the lads. Even the girls seemed to like me well enough, perhaps because my small size and sunny disposition rendered me unthreatening. No one minded that I knew almost nothing about surfing; if anything it seemed to please them to be afforded the opportunity to teach me. I was hopeless because I couldn't seem to get my feet to sit properly on the board, but it didn't bother anybody except me, and I only worried because I was becoming increasingly convinced that this was due to some intentional modification made to my body's ankles that effectively forced me to wear high heels.

The postmenstrual pause in the changes lifted after about four days, and my breasts swelled

again through my sixth and seven weeks, never quite becoming as sensitive as they had in the first round of growth, but exceeding their previous maximum size, to the point that I was overflowing my 28C. I told myself that this was likely because I was eating too much and not exercising enough, but I wasn't sure.

I also wasn't sure what I wanted the truth to be. On one hand, I liked the look of the bigger breasts, and even my occasional swollen lips were kind of sexy as long as I kept them from getting chapped, but on the other, I was worried that it meant there was something wrong with my body. After all, I'd gotten it in a dodgy warehouse operation performed by a chain-smoking surgeon in debt to the mafia.

Given that I would otherwise already have died an agonizing death, however, I was determined to enjoy what time I had. I suppose you could say I was even a bit reckless, though probably no more so than any college-age girl exploring her sexuality. In my case, this translated into such adventures as skinny dipping in the ocean with a bunch of drunken sorority girls, and, separately, having sex with a boy for the first time.

Living as a hot young woman was diverting, but once the novelty started to wear off I didn't feel very interested in repeating most of those experiences. I felt bad about turning down the many invitations I got from my new friends, but they were at a time of their lives when new acquaintances came and went quickly, so when I put them off, they mostly let it go easily. The boy I fucked was visiting from someplace in the midwest, so I didn't have to worry about him, either. That was especially good because I didn't want to have to tell him that he was very bad in bed. Which he was, though I didn't blame him too much; I reckoned he hadn't had much previous experience.

I did find a few girls I fancied, but for some reason I felt weird about trying to date anyone Staci's age. My body looked young, and my affect was that of a naïve party girl, but my mind remained stubbornly that of a middle-aged adult, scarred by a quasi-fatal encounter with cancer. I wanted something different and more substantial, to get started on the rest of my life.

Yet, whenever I thought about this, I was blocked by the many uncertainties facing me, chief amongst them the possibility of rekindling suspicion amongst the investigators who still expected me to remain at their convenience, and who occasionally still asked about what I remembered.

Another uncertainty arrived with the third month, when my belief that the changes would slow down and stop soon enough was severely challenged. Once again my breasts got about a cup and a half bigger, then shrank by about half a cup during and immediately after my period, leaving me with an all new set of bras to handle Ds and double-Ds. My nails were looking sort of wavy and my sex drive surged stronger than ever. How long would this weird sort of puberty continue? I quit the surf shop job to avoid questions I couldn't answer, and though I was able to simultaneously replace that income and indulge my heightened libido by opening up a SuperFans account and gyrating for the Internet, I otherwise became a bit of a recluse. If someone asked the

wrong questions about why my body was changing, it might lead to my exposure and imprisonment.

In a way, though, I felt like I was already in a prison of my own making.

Breakout

Discovery

As trapped as I felt, though, the more concrete signs of legal peril continued to recede.

During a follow-up interview conducted via video call, I asked if I was still prohibited from selling my house or leaving the state without permission, and the investigator seemed to be unaware that any such prohibition existed. After some checking around, she discovered that some of my documentation had not been transferred between agencies and so the court orders had all expired months ago without anyone knowing to take action.

My by then F-cup chest couldn't breathe a sigh of relief right away because she said she had to check to see if they needed to reinstate the order, but then I got a text the next day saying that I was free to do whatever I wanted as long as they retained my contact information.

After that, of course I decided to investigate moving someplace else, for a variety of reasons, ranging from wanting to get away from anyone who had known small-boobed, thin-lipped Staci, to my desire to make the remote chance of someone from Almacén de Acero showing up on my doorstep even more remote. Because Staci had no credit history, unimpressive earnings history, and no obvious career prospects, I would have to sell the bungalow before buying anything else, and I didn't think I could rent a place with no credit history while I was between houses, either. So, I decided I would have to find a house being sold by someone willing to wait for the bungalow to sell to get their money.

That resulted in a trip to Oregon to inspect a house in Portland, and also an opportunity to go to a clinic across the state border in Vancouver Washington. I reckoned that this would minimize the chance of an overly perceptive doctor successfully bringing any suspicions to the attention of relevant officials.

"When did you get the implants?" he asked, examining my swollen upper lip through a sort of magnifying glass.

"Pardon?"

"You got pseudocartilaginous orolabial implants, correct?" he said, as if this was well established.

"Uh. I'm not sure what I got," I said as stupidly as possible.

"But you got implants, correct?"

"Um, they did something to my lips like, five months ago."

“And what did they say when you asked them about the tenderness?” he asked.

“I haven’t asked them. They’re kinda hard to get in touch with.”

“Where did you get the procedure? Was it in the United States?” he asked with a sigh.

“No,” I admitted.

He nodded as if he’d surmised as much, and gave me a short lecture on how you get what you pay for and how seemingly inexpensive cosmetic surgery by foreign doctors of unknown skill and respectability could end up much more expensive in the end.

“I really think you need to go to a specialist no matter what. For now I can do some X-rays to make sure the implant hasn’t shifted dangerously. It’s not too likely, but if it has, you’ll want to go to the ER before things really go wrong.”

That didn’t seem very likely to expose me, and the clinic’s prices were surprisingly reasonable, so I agreed to it.

When he brought up the images, he looked confused, then concerned. “Where did you say you got this done?”

“Did I say?” I said, confused.

“Maybe you didn’t,” he said absently, studying the image, then bringing up some others to compare them with. “Does ‘Nutrastem’ sound familiar?”

“Um, maybe?” I said noncommittally. I had noticed the capitalized word in the handwritten Spanish portion of the instructions I’d been given in Honduras, but it hadn’t meant anything to me at the time.

“I think you were given an old Nutrastem implant. They were originally developed for use with vitrosomatic clones, what they call vat-people. After those were outlawed, unscrupulous clinics tried using them on people directly, but they can’t be safely used that way. They cause serious complications, including inflammation, serious disfigurement and even cancer.”

My eyes widened in fear, and he nodded, satisfied that he’d gotten through to me. “I’m not completely sure I’m correct about this. In their original usage, they were removed after anywhere from three weeks to three months depending on the desired effect strength, and clinics that used them on regular people remove them after even less time in an attempt to avoid really serious reactions. If you’ve had Nutrastem implants for *five* months and all you’ve got so far is inflammation, then either you’re incredibly lucky, or I’m just mistaken. Either is possible. Not *everyone* has such terrible reactions, just the overwhelming majority. And also, your x-rays don’t look completely typical. I *think* this is because you’ve metabolized a lot of the implants by now, but it could be that it’s some other implant that just looks like a partly-metabolized Nutrastem implant.”

“So can you take it out?” I asked, hoping that I could get the incriminating thing out of me there and then.

“Oh no!” he said quickly, before correcting himself. “I mean, it would probably be a very

simple procedure to remove the implants, but I think it would be very inadvisable.”

“Why?”

“Given that your symptoms so far are relatively minor, I don’t want to disturb the capsule around the implant, which would give the altered cells another bump that could provoke an autoimmune reaction or,”

“Altered cells?” I interrupted him.

“Yes, the implants alter the cells as they metabolize the matrix and...” he seemed to realize that I wouldn’t be able to follow him and changed his conclusion to, “The reason why those implants are so dangerous is that they try to sort of reprogram some of the cells in your body. Sometimes they don’t get reprogramed properly and turn cancerous, and other times your body *thinks* they’ve gone cancerous and tries to kill them. Neither is good. The first can kill you and the latter can cause serious disfigurement. You absolutely need to go to a specialist to look into this. You might be one of the lucky ones, but you can’t count on it.”

Something seemed to occur to him, and he asked, “Can I see your driver’s license?”

“I don’t have one,” I said, worried that he had somehow found me out.

“Or your ID card. Whatever you presented at the front desk.”

“Oh,” I said, and, being unable to think of another dodge that wouldn’t raise more suspicion, I showed it to him.

He looked back and forth between my lips and those on my ID. “Hmm, your lips actually haven’t gotten *that* much bigger. You know, maybe this is a false alarm after all. I’m starting to lean toward the hypothesis that it’s an implant that looks like a Nutrastem, but is actually something else. It could even be a counterfeit, which in this case might have saved your life.” He nodded as if this made much more sense, and I felt as relieved as he seemed to think I should, though for almost the opposite reasons.

“You should definitely still see a specialist, though. Even regular inflammation needs to be managed, probably through removal of the implant. They’ll know better than I do.”

I was definitely not going to see a specialist. I was just going to let my body finish up metabolizing the implant until hopefully there was nothing left. He said it was already pretty much gone, right? Nothing bad was going to happen except getting bigger lips and, after my research on Nutrastem implants led me to conclude that they were also the reason for my growing breasts, bigger boobs. I had successfully determined that I would just need to wait it out for a few more months and then I could start a more or less regular life.

Riding It Out

The rest of my trip was also successful. I charmed a fellow who believed I was simply stupid rather than a scammer or desperate, and once I retained a local realtor to handle the purchase I managed to get a deal signed in which I paid more than the house was really worth, but otherwise avoided exposing my vulnerabilities. It was a nice house, too; a bit dated but large and in excellent shape. I put the new Oregon realtor in touch with the my California realtor who was selling the bungalow, and they got to work.

Perhaps because they both thought I was a charming idiot, they didn't follow my instructions to discard all the furnishings at the bungalow. They arrived the same day as my new appliances were being installed, which my Oregon realtor was kind enough to facilitate when I claimed that I had a unspecified emergency that would call me away for the day. I thus achieved my goal of avoiding being chatted up by the installers, at the cost of returning to a bedroom once again dominated by the ridiculous sex bed and surrounded by mirrored walls.

My realtor never said a word, and perhaps she hadn't even known of it, because she had only been out front for part of the time rather than closely supervising, but it was also possible that she had known, and had deduced that I was embarrassed.

Which I was, obviously, though my predominant sensation was of exasperated inconvenience. It would be a lot of work and another round of embarrassment to get it all removed. I decided not to bother, as the deed was done and it wasn't as if the bed was uncomfortable or anything. It was just not something I'd want to have to explain to anyone I brought into my bedroom. And because that wouldn't happen until the ongoing changes ran their course, I could afford to procrastinate.

There was one final consideration that I had a little more trouble admitting to myself, which was that I had grown to really like the bed, and the mirrors, and watching as I got myself off with my toy collection. Not only that, but it gave me psychological permission to resume my erotic streaming rather than finally starting on the work I'd need to do in order to get back into my respectable and well-paid profession from my former life. I had daydreamed about how much further I would go, starting so apparently young but with almost two decades of experience secretly under my belt, but the longer I waited, the less of a head start I would get, and the more out of date my experience would be.

But being praised and paid for basically masturbating on camera was really easy, and I could do it even when I was depressed, which I sort of was. You may wonder why I was depressed, but after the initial euphoria of beating death and the excitement of my initial weeks exploring my new life, I'd then felt forced to set it all aside and wait, and not even make any friends to whom I'd have to tell dubious and implausible lies. Even the tremendous boosts of both being able to move away and knowing that my changes would end somewhat soon gave way to the

uncertainties of how much longer I would have to wait, and what I would look like once it was over.

Because my changes did keep going. It was relatively easy to disguise my G cups under jackets and minimizing tops, but what if they grow for two more monthly cycles? Or three? Surely it wouldn't go longer than that, but J cups sounded unreal, and the examples I saw online were all on big-bust porn stars, not regular people. I definitely masturbated to the fantasy of getting that big, but I felt sure that fantasy becoming reality would present J-cup-sized challenges to me achieving my more practical professional fantasies.

My lips presented their own worry. I was definitely beginning to strain at the boundaries of what was natural, and I was sure many people who saw my face suspected I was getting injections or something. Still, plumper lips were fashionable enough that I could carry them off as long as I didn't have an extreme presentation in other ways. If they kept getting fatter and more taut, though, it wouldn't matter what else I did; as soon as anyone looked at my face they'd immediately take me for some kind of plastic bimbo.

And it was already a struggle to keep my presentation in check. There were a few other more minor alterations that likely traced to Nutrastem implants, but nothing too obvious. The bigger problem was that after half a year leaning into Staci's habits and mannerisms, they had become quite deeply ingrained. Really, I had almost stopped noticing how vulgar and ridiculous I was because there was no one else to see how I looked at home, unless I was streaming to patrons in which case I *exaggerated* rather than minimized Staci's mannerisms. After arriving in Portland I started wearing coats and so on, but I couldn't hide that I was wearing high heeled boots, and if I lost my focus during an outing, I'd resume strutting like Staci as well, which all the winter coats in the world couldn't fully disguise.

All of which meant I mostly remained in my home, getting delivery, and fucking myself for patrons as I waited for my illegal body to finish metabolizing my illegal implants.

Rediscovery

In time, the depression lifted. Not because my body stopped changing, which it didn't. Not because I finally got to working on my certifications and portfolio. And not because I had found a way to go out without looking like Barbie's cousin in porn.

It was because of the *opposite* of all that. By the time I was fitting into 28J bras special-ordered from Britain, my lips had surpassed anything a regular celebrity might dare have done and moved solidly into erotic model territory. No one was going to think for a second that my lips were natural, but paired with my huge boobs, the obvious answer would not be that I was in a vat-grown body, it would be that I was, in fact, a professional erotic model or something

similar. Also, though the jump in weight from J cup to K cup was significant, it was much less visually obvious than growth had been when my breasts had been surging through the sort of sizes one might see at a Victoria's Secret.

Spelling it out, I gave up on the set of fantasies I thought I wanted most and let myself have the other sort of fantasy, in which I could *enjoy* thinking that my lips had gotten so pump and taut that they didn't easily close properly any more. The dumb-looking bimbo in the mirror was perfect for this other profession, and I was making good money without having to learn the business of fucking strangers or anything like that. I didn't even have to reveal my entire face.

I still wasn't ready to start dating seriously because a sexual partner would get close enough for long enough to notice the various odd things about me and possibly reach a dangerous surmise. But it couldn't be too much longer, I was sure. My lips mostly stopped growing the month after I came to my liberating abandonment of old ambitions, and I reasoned that my breasts wouldn't be far behind.

With mixed trepidation and hope, I ordered a 28L bra from one of the very few companies that made that size, and thought that I was receiving this delivery when I opened the door to Biana Caballo, Vicente Caballo's sister.

Now, I didn't know right away that what who I was looking at, but I thought right away that she was a gangster. She was just so incredibly confident, menacing, and assertive as she pushed past me into the house. "Dígame," she commanded.

I could tell it was a command by the tone of her voice, but I didn't know what command it was, so I just raised my hands. She wasn't holding a gun on me or anything, but the way she was standing allowed the grip of a pistol to peek out from underneath her blazer.

"I'm sorry, I don't speak Spanish," I apologized.

Her eyes narrowed as she looked around. "You live here alone?"

"Yes?" I answered without lowering my hands.

"Who are you? And don't lie to me or I will literally kill you," she said with a little smile. I didn't know if it was meant to be reassuring or intimidating, but if the latter it was definitely working.

"I'm Kimberly Anastacia Mink," I said, which had long ago stopped feeling like a lie in any way.

"Obviously I already know that part. Who were you before?"

"I don't remember," I said, deciding to stick to the story I'd told investigators, and which I had such extensive practical experience pretending was true that it may as well have been true. Especially since I'd given up on my old profession, my links to my former life had grown legitimately tenuous.

She stared into my eyes for a moment, then down at my lips, and further down from there. "Wow, you really went all out. Or did he... I guess you wouldn't know that part. But you *do*

know that you have Nutrastem implants, right?”

“Yeah, I do,” I admitted.

For some reason she let out a short bark of laughter. “Vic would have shit himself to see you. Are you single?”

I blushed deeply, even though I couldn’t imagine she was propositioning me. But a very real part of me was hoping she was, because she was *gorgeous*. Broad shoulders, trim waist, and powerful thighs, all kept feminine by the spread of her hips and the swell of her chest. Her hair was partly obscured by the baseball cap she wore, but I got an impression of glossy caramel curls from what I could see of her businesslike ponytail. And her face... She reminded me of a tigress: noble, powerful, beautiful, sculpted, and iconic. Also, it looked like the face of a woman who might devour me, and I would let her.

“I didn’t mean it like that,” she said, blushing slightly herself. “I just assumed that if you left all those implants in... But I guess that’s pretty prejudiced of me. My apologies for making assumptions like that.”

“It’s okay, I understand,” I said, which was stretching the truth, because I wasn’t sure what she was saying. “I *am* single,” I added with a sultry smile that I didn’t entirely intend.

“Are you?” she said, her attention refocused on me after briefly roving to the furnishings.

“It didn’t seem like a good idea to date seriously until after the changes are complete,” I explained.

“How much longer are you going to let it go?” she asked curiously.

“Um, until its done?” I said uncertainly.

She rolled her eyes as if I’d dodged her question, but let it go. “Okay, so no dating seriously until whenever. What about dating *unseriously*?”

“What if I met someone I wanted to stay with? No, I didn’t want to put myself in that position.” I didn’t explain that with my intense libido, the temptation to have sex with anyone I really liked would be overpowering. I wasn’t sure if I was keeping this to myself because it was embarrassing, or because I didn’t think I could say it without making it a bit too obvious that I wanted to to sleep with her.

“You’re not *straight*, are you?” she asked, her horror at the idea leaking into her voice and telling me that she also wanted to have sex with me.

“Oh no. Not at all,” I purred. All my critical faculties were swiftly shorting out as hormones flooded in.

“But you like men?” she asked, slightly anxiously.

“I’m not thinking about men right now,” I said, thinking about how she might taste, and how soon I’d find out.

“But dicks are okay?”

“I mean, sure, but why?” I pulled off my top. I needed this so bad. I hadn’t been with a

competent lover in years, and I knew with every fibre of my being that she knew how to please a woman.

“You don’t even know my name, do you?”

“What’s your name?” I asked.

“Biana.”

“Okay, now I know your name. Biana, would you like to fuck?”

“Yyyyes,” she said, as if trying to get herself to say something else, but being unable to resist.

I smiled, feeling incredibly fulfilled to have such power over someone as impressive as Biana. I was really getting off on it, as if that was even necessary.

A few seconds later she gasped when she saw my room. “That’s...” she started laughing, though it had a strangely hard edge to it. “What an absolute piece of shit.”

I didn’t think she was talking about me, or the bed, but whatever it was that had distracted her from me and the bed could go fuck itself. “Biana?”

She focused back on me, and her smile faltered slightly. “Um, before we go any further, I have a di... disclosure to make.”

“Do you have an STD or something?” I said, my stomach dropping.

“No! I haven’t even... I just...” she was getting increasingly flustered, and finally decided to show rather than tell.

“What? Oh,” I said, and swallowed at the unexpected sight. “So, uh, you’re a vat person too?”

“Yeah, I didn’t have much of a choice,” Biana explained tersely.

“I see. That must have been a real surprise, then,” I said, motioning at her crotch.

“No, I chose this. Well, I arranged for it, at any rate. It’s a long story,” she said. “I won’t be mad if you’re, uh, not in the mood any more.”

I looked up at her eyes, and the unexpected vulnerability there. She was worried about what *I* thought of *her*!

I giggled. “Oh honey. You take that big fat *disclosure* and fuck me silly.”

“It *is* pretty big,” she warned me, removing her underwear to expose the most perfect cock I thought I’d ever seen, with impressive, though not literally equine, proportions.

“I’ve got toys that big,” I said as if it was no big deal.

I’m happy to report that it was a very big deal.

Break In

I did everything I could to coax ever last drop of cum out of her, in my cunt, in my mouth,

between my breasts and all over my face. The exhilaration of being able to make her orgasm over and over was addictive, if one could call the taste of water in the desert an addiction. After so long with hardly any direct interactions of any kind with anyone, let alone a lover, indulging in this intimate connection with the hottest woman I'd ever met blew my mind at the same time I blew her amazing cock. It was also really fun to make her spurt because it was undeniable proof that I'd made her come *again*.

"So, do you really like how I taste, or are you just a slut?" she joked later as I licked the last of her final ejaculation from her bellend.

"Yes," I said with a smile, very enthusiastic for her to think of me as a slut. Not because I felt I was indeed a slut, though I did at that moment, but rather because I wanted her to feel free to make any use she pleased of her little slut. Having someone else take charge and drive lovemaking both literally and figuratively liberated me to just enjoy what I was doing rather than trying to plan angles, or maintain narratives, and all the other things I had to do to masturbate privately or on camera.

She laughed and asked, "So is this unserious dating?"

I didn't think this was a joke, though she was pretending like it was. "It was at least some very serious fucking. But it could become serious... uh, dating."

I'd hesitated when I'd recalled that she was still somehow connected to Almacén de Acero and so I had no idea what it would mean to date her.

"You don't really know anything about me, though," she objected.

"I don't know *enough* about you, no," I agreed. "But maybe you can tell me?"

She drew a breath and straightened her posture as if preparing for a pole vault, or perhaps to face a firing squad, and *that* was when I found out who her brother had been. She told me about a tense and complex relationship with her brother, and how Vicente had always been suspicious of her ambitions.

"I don't know how many times I told him I wasn't interested in taking his place, but he never really believed me," she said with a sigh, "And he got more and more paranoid. I still don't know how he thought I could give him away without exposing myself, but I have to believe that's why he did what he did." She bit her lip thoughtfully.

"What did he do?" I asked, because I could tell I was missing something.

She motioned at my body. "He was going to put me in *that* body instead of this. I had everything set up for me to switch to a new body and a new identity, but he had secretly switched which body got me and my new identity."

"That seems kind of complicated, besides leaving you alive and resentful. Or amnesiac. Why wouldn't he just kill you if he was so worried?"

She looked at me thoughtfully for a moment, then said, "Well, I did a lot of the accounting and legal work, so killing me or leaving me amnesiac would mean losing control of a variety of

different accounts and businesses that I'd set up on his behalf. And, well, I think he did his best in his fucked up way to make sure I'd come to be happy with the change."

She saw the skepticism on my face and raised an eyebrow. "You're not unhappy with the change, are you?"

"Well, I guess not, but I'm in a different situation." I obviously couldn't explain that compared to a painful, ignominious death from cancer, most anything was a huge improvement, but I figured the argument held just as well for an amnesiac who wouldn't be able to remember what she'd been before. Then I looked at Biana's huge and beautiful cock. "Did you want that?"

"I was conflicted about it. But ultimately I decided that I wanted biological children."

"So you're fertile?" I asked, suppressing excitement. I wanted children badly, but was leery of going to a sperm bank or getting involved with a man. If Biana's semen contained functional sperm, then she might have given me children. If *my* body was fertile, which I didn't know. I was worried that it wasn't because my periods were so light, but we'd just given it plenty of opportunity.

"I don't know, but I did request they do their best to keep both systems fully functional."

"*Keep* them fully functional? They can't transplant anything more than a brain, can they?" I asked.

Biana sighed with irritation. "No, the body is all engineered, but... Surely you've figured out by now that I was known as Vicente's brother? No one would be worried about his *sister* taking over."

"That seems kind of sexist," I said, one of the safer of the thoughts I could share.

Biana laughed, seeming pleased. "Yes, very. So, it doesn't bother you."

"No. I love that you kept it, obviously," I said truthfully, and cupped her ridiculously huge bollocks.

She chuckled and her dick started to perk up until another thought occurred to her, though she didn't voice it.

"What?" I asked, disappointed and frustrated. My vagina was a bit sore from the pounding she'd given it earlier, but I wanted to maximize the possibility of her knocking me up.

"Vicente clearly made that body with the hopes of, uh, making it hard to say no. He wanted to make me into his cock-hungry bimbo girlfriend, which, I don't know. Maybe he thought I'd think it was romantic or something. He was always so fucking scared of people finding out that he was queer."

"Oh. Oh." I said, as I read between several lines. "Which is why *I* became a cock-hungry bimbo."

"Yeah, well, maybe. Sorry."

"No, no. I don't mind," I said, trying to sound honest. "Not once I got over the initial embarrassment."

She looked at me skeptically, and I think we both contemplated how much truth there was to what I was saying.

“That’s good, then,” she said after the pause, and I managed to coax her into fucking me one more time.

Takeover

Aftermath

Not since my first girlfriend had I felt such powerful puppy-love, though unlike then I could tell that the suffusing warmth flowed from a surge of post-coital chemicals. Knowledge of the power of infatuation didn't neutralize its power over me, but at least I knew that the feelings were irrational.

But what was the harm? I also intellectually knew that it would be beyond reckless for her to stay with me, so I somewhat less intellectually concluded that I could indulge my desire to shower her with whatever affection I could while I had the opportunity. It took some persistence on my part, but eventually Biana let herself be coaxed into going along with my little role-play in which she was a kingpin and I was vying to be her favourite bimbo playmate. I had worried a little that it was too on-the-nose, but she eventually got into it with relish, so I hoped that I reconciled her to how things had played out.

I was unsurprised to find that she'd left during the night, but not really disappointed. If anything, I was relieved that she hadn't taken me too seriously. With her no longer present it was easier to see how dangerous it would have been if she had been at all interested in making the fantasy a reality. I was also a bit taken aback with the risk I'd taken by pressing on a probable sore spot in the way I had. It had led to more great sex, slower and even more satisfying than our initial fuckfest, but in the bright light of morning, I could see that I had let some combination of sexual desire and oxytocin convince me that I knew Biana well enough to be confident that she wouldn't do anything that might harm me.

At the same time, I wasn't sure I wasn't going to do anything to harm her, because if the FBI would probably have some questions for me if I ended up having her baby. After waffling on it for a bit as I mastered my urge to sacrifice myself for a woman whom I barely knew, I decided I would have to report it if I was pregnant. Unlike me and my body, Biana's body probably carried a lot of her original genes, so the FBI would be able to tell from my baby's genes that I'd slept with her without telling them about it, and their willingness to shield me from the usual legal consequences of having a vat-grown body would end.

Thus it was with mixed feelings that I contacted my case officer about the contact. I could tell she was both appalled and resigned to my behaviour because she thought I had tits for brains. I felt deeply guilty to have sold out Biana, yet also elated. I was going to have a baby! And it

wasn't as if I'd promised not to tell anyone about Biana. The FBI surveilled my house for the entirety of my pregnancy in the hopes that Biana would return, but I felt sure she was too smart to get caught in that trap.

Unlike me; as happy as I was for my coming motherhood, the discreet gynecologist to whom the FBI referred me scolded me for getting pregnant with another vat-body's baby while under the influence of Nutrastem implants.

"It's really a perfect storm," Dr Nadar explained, "Your pregnant body has a very different hormone balance that tends to prevent it from breaking down genetic incursions, and also there's a chance that the altered stem cells migrate to your baby. Really, we don't know what all the impacts could be; legal virtrosomatic bodies were sterile to avoid this kind of question."

"Are you saying that my babies might have birth defects?" I asked anxiously, rubbing at the sides of my twin-bearing tummy.

Dr Nadar made a slightly reassuring gesture. "Well, any birth runs that risk. We just don't know what that risk is in your case, especially with all the unusual circumstances. But we do know that the pregnancy is prolonging and possibly amplifying the impact of the Nutrastem implants, which you should definitely have had removed first. Even if you're satisfied with your changes so far, you may not feel that way by the time they're done." It seemed hard for her to believe that I was not upset by my stupidly oversized lips, giant wobbling bum, and, of course, my enormous chest, which measured 20 inches more than my pre-pregnancy underbust, good for a P-cup bra according to fitting charts that even went that high.

I was a little concerned about mobility, but I was managing to move around without too much difficulty while carrying twins, so I thought my bust wasn't too much of a problem. And if everyone looked at me and thought I was a plastic bimbo, that was actually helpful at disarming suspicions that the rest of me was too perfect to be natural. That is, if everyone was sure I had implants, they wouldn't consider the possibility that I was in a vat-grown body. Granted, I still didn't think I was in legal jeopardy because no one had traced me back to my old identity, but I thought if I became an infamous vat-grown bimbo, some muckraker would eventually make the connection.

Another early concern was whether I'd still be able to make money as a preggo, but that turned out okay. I lost some fans, but gained others, and if the new fans were fewer in number, they seemed freer with their money. My income dipped, but less than expected.

The next challenge was after I gave birth. Even if my tummy hadn't looked unfortunately loose and saggy, I would have been too tired to record videos most of the time. My abdomen recovered its tone quicker than was probably natural, but otherwise there was no respite for a mother of twins. Worse, my oversized nipples were too big for them to attach, so I had to pump constantly. There were some fans of those videos, but many in the audience had difficulty wanking to the sight of my obvious exhaustion.

I'd built up quite a nest-egg beforehand, but the expense of having two small children whom I took to the doctor as often as any other nervous new parent was draining it steadily. Yet, being a mother made me more determined than ever not to resort to showing my face in order to make more from my videos. Before, I'd always considered it a backup plan to hold in reserve in case I couldn't get by on just my body, but now I had to think of what it would mean for my children to have a well-known pornographic performer for a mother. Society was probably more accepting than it had ever been, but the way the tabloids clucked about it made clear that many or even most people still subconsciously judged women harshly for making money with their sexuality. Especially "artificial" women. Especially mothers.

On the other hand, when neighbors saw me pushing a pram with glossy manicured hands, wearing high heels and somewhat ostentatious jewelry, they assumed I was the trophy wife of one of the tech tycoons who had recently moved to the rapidly-gentrifying neighborhood. They seemed to anticipate me being spoiled and stuck up and so were pleasantly surprised when I proved to be friendly and dumb. The friendly and dumb wife of some unknown powerful person was still treated with a certain level of care, so I hoped to keep up the charade as long as possible.

Positive cash-flow was restored by adding lactation-themed fetish videos to my camgirl mix, but I thought eventually people in the neighborhood were going to wonder where my tycoon husband was, and also I was worried about the site where I flogged my videos being kicked off payment services.

Dangers

"Anastacia Mink?" I heard when I groggily put the phone to my ear.

Something about the grave tone of his voice woke me up. "Yes?"

"I have some somewhat grave news. Vicente Caballo was assassinated this morning."

"Wait, what? I thought he was already dead!"

"He very nearly was, but we were able to save him. As a matter of national security, we kept his ongoing incarceration and trial secret to make it easier to capture the others who might try to take over the Almacén de Acero. Unfortunately one of our international partners provided us with some dubious information that caused a mistrial and his release to house arrest. We have had some success in apprehending his accomplices, but the assassination implies that enough of the organization remains intact for it to remain highly valuable."

"Is Biana a suspect?"

"We haven't ruled out her involvement. Have you had any contact with her since your last report? If you have, it's definitely in your interest to tell us now."

“I haven’t! I was just curious. Besides, I’m positive she has no intention of taking over from her brother.”

“We can’t make that assumption. Besides, if you’re so sure, then why did you ask?”

“Because I thought *you* might suspect her, not because I thought she would kill her own brother.”

He grunted. “Be that as it may, you should regard any relationship with any member of the Caballo family to represent a serious risk to your safety and that of your children.

I didn’t have much to say to that chilling reminder, so the call ended shortly thereafter, leaving me anxious and uncertain. *Might* Biana have killed Vicente? I believed her when she said she didn’t want to take over Almacén de Acero, but that didn’t mean she had no interest in retribution.

The FBI didn’t tell me any more about developments, but the news reported on a gang war in El Salvador related in some obscure way to Caballo’s death. I was nervous for a while despite the small team of agents assigned to watch and protect me, but it seemed to pass without spreading or resulting in any more alarming calls.

After a few months the agents were reassigned without much warning or explanation, which meant that I had to run all my own errands again. With some trepidation I ventured back out into the world, acutely aware of being bigger than ever up top, and of my swollen lips starting to impair my ability to enunciate. Would people still think I was a trophy wife?

Another issue was my lactation rate, which was far greater than the twins needed, resulting in me having to pump many times a day. It felt good once I improved both my technique and my pumping equipment, undoubtedly unnaturally good. That may actually have been a bit of a cycle: pumping felt good, which led me to pump more, which led to more production and more advanced pumping technique, which felt even better, which led me to pump more. Most days I was fine being a bit of a cow, but when I needed to be out and about I always felt a little worried I’d start leaking, even if I pumped before I left. I eventually found under-bra pumps that I could take with me while I was out, but it had limited capacity, so I knew that once I had to turn them on I needed to go straight home.

My sex drive presented yet another challenge. It which had been a bit suppressed after giving birth, had returned stronger than ever, and at times I struggled to push daydreams of Biana’s cock out of my mind. It didn’t go unnoticed, and I could tell some of the people I dealt with were concerned that I had kind of mental impairment or substance abuse problem. I was also concerned, because I just couldn’t concentrate or reliably behave like a responsible mother.

Being a bit of a danger to myself was something I’d learned to tolerate, but being a danger to my kids was not. I just didn’t know what I could do about it.

I wasn’t thinking about risks to the twins that brisk winter afternoon because I was deep in a

fantasy about Biana jumping out of the shrubbery and fucking me silly. Ironically, that also made it harder to recognize that it had actually happened.

Well, not exactly. Biana had pulled up in the back of an SUV rather than bursting from the bushes, but either way, it took a moment for me to really believe what I was seeing.

“Stacie! GET. IN.” Biana commanded, and that finally cut through my confusion. I handed the twins to her waiting arms, from which she transferred them to car seats already installed for the purpose.

“Just bung it in the back,” she instructed me when I started trying to fold up the twin pram, and within seconds we were moving again and she was preventing me from kissing her.

“Holy shit, you’re a mess, aren’t you?” she said with a little laugh.

“Oh my god, Biana, I’m dying,” I complained, wiping at my lips.

“Right in front of the kids?” she taunted me.

“They’re, like, little babies. They won’t care at all. I mean, they’re asleep again already.”

“Such a slut,” she said flatteringly, and put her hands on my boobs. “That bra must be custom. What size?”

“28B” I said.

“B?” she asked, cocking her head.

“Can’t say my Bs any more,” I explained, embarrassed but also, in that minute, very excited to tell her.

“You can’t pronounce Vs because of your lips?” she confirmed.

I nodded emphatically. It’s impossible to explain how overwhelming my need was at that moment. I’ve never been addicted to any drugs, but I imagine it was not very different from a desperate junkie chasing a fix.

“Is that what you want?” she asked me, probably referring to my lips.

“Biana! Please?” I pleaded, reaching toward her skirt.

She grabbed my wrists and pulled my hands up over my head. Probably to keep me from molesting her, but it also brought my ludicrous rack into contact with her more plausible chest, and it was enough to make me let down slightly. “Uh oh, I’m leaking,” I murmured to her, twisting my torso to make my milk tanks surge back and forth under her nose.

“You’re incorrigible,” she growled, but I won, because we exchanged places with the twin pram in the back of the vehicle where she could fuck me up against the tinted window without being in the twins’ line of sight. The sight of my huge tits pressed against the glass and coating it with cream when I orgasmed did almost cause a wreck behind us, but I was in no mental condition to consider the danger I represented to other drivers.

Protection

I felt both proud and embarrassed later as I sat across from Biana looking and feeling a little more sensible. The driver on the other side of the privacy partition might not know what had just happened, but anyone who opened a door to the passenger compartment would be able to smell the sex, even if they couldn't see the cum I could feel drooling from my well-filled cunt.

"You really are hopeless, aren't you?" Biana asked, sounding genuinely concerned.

I shrugged. "I'm not like this all the time. I just... I've been fantasizing about this ever since that night."

"Is that why you spilled everything to the feds?" she challenged me.

"They would have figured it out once the twins were born. Then I probably would have been sent to prison and the twins pretty much orphaned."

"I would have taken care of them."

"How could I assume that when I never heard from you once? I didn't even know if you knew about them. Or if you cared."

She was quiet for a moment. "Am I on their birth certificates?"

I sighed. "No. It didn't seem safe."

"You think they're safe without it?"

"No," I said.

Her blank expression became more of a frown. I controlled my urge to touch her in a way that would make her feel better, and eventually she said, "I can protect you. All of you."

"How?"

"Well, first we'll get married in Vegas."

"Oh my god yes!" I cheered.

"You haven't even heard the rest yet," she complained.

"Come on, Miss Unromantic! You just proposed to me! Let me be excited!"

"Well, I don't know about you, but this isn't exactly how *I* had planned to get married," she grumped, but her smile said she wasn't *that* dissatisfied.

I bit my lip. "Maybe I can show you how happy I intend to make you?"

"Aren't you worried about what it's going to be like married to an international fugitive?"

"Maybe later," I said.

"Are you just going along with this because you're horny?" she asked.

"No. But I *am* really horny."

"I couldn't help but notice," she said with a little laugh.

"It's your fault, after all."

"I didn't make you like this!"

"I know," I said. "But you did make yourself pretty much my ideal, and you haven't fucked

me near enough yet.”

“But if I had, you might not have said yes?” she asked.

“No, I’d definitely still say yes, but I might be able to worry about...” I shrugged, because I couldn’t think of any downsides. “Stuff.”

“You’re incorrigible,” she told me.

“You already said that once,” I said, freeing a breast from my top and bra. “I’m leaking again.”

She swallowed hard, and got hard, too.

It was a long way to Las Vegas from Portland, so we had to stop for the night. I thought we might have to just pull off someplace unobtrusive to avoid using credit cards and other payments that would surely be tracked, but she had her driver take us to a ski resort near the border that accepted cryptocurrency, where she checked us in under her real name, somewhat to my surprise.

Our room was en-suite with some additional staff who appeared to have already been there. One woman who didn’t seem to speak English took the twins into her care, which allowed Biana to fuck the rest of my pent-up libido out of me. While I was thus placated, she told me how I was going to need to act like I was a brainless trophy wife, and I assured her that I was, in fact, a brainless trophy wife.

“You are not brainless,” she said, sounding torn between irritation and reassurance.

“Okay, a cow-brained trophy wife,” I said, mischievously, because she was at that moment milking me into the sink while I was on all fours above the bathroom countertop.

“I shouldn’t have called you that,” she said apologetically, referring to a moment when she’d called me a cow because I’d spurted on her. I’d loved it at the time, even though I’d also been embarrassed.

“No, I love being your trophy cow slash wife. I’d wear cow ears and a tail if you asked me to. Or a bunny costume, or whatever made you fuck me harder.”

It was mostly my sex drive talking, but I wasn’t pretending per se, just a bit carried away.

Biana wasn’t fooled, though I could tell that she had some doubts, and in the morning when she asked me how I was feeling, I could tell she wasn’t just asking because I was walking funny.

“Good,” I said. “I wish we could smash again, but I’m a bit sore. I could...” I made a little ‘O’ with my mouth and mimed jacking her off into my mouth with both hands.

“Are you always going to be like this?” she asked.

“Not *always*. I could probably get by with once or twice a day if you just take care of me,” I speculated, though looking at her looking at me kept making me horny.

“You know Vicente made you like this,” she said. “We could probably get it fixed.”

“Is it because *you* don’t like it?” I asked, then another unpleasant thought occurred to me. “Will it put you in danger to have a bimbo wife?”

She winced. “Nooo, but you don’t really want to be a bimbo wife, do you? Okay, perhaps you do right now because you’re horny, but once you come to your senses...”

“You’re not telling me something.” I interrupted her, because I felt like she was trying to avoid saying something. “*Would* it put you in danger?”

“Look, no, it wouldn’t, but you don’t really understand what you’re proposing. If the... some of the people I’m going to be dealing with see you like that, then they’re going to treat you differently.”

“Like how?” I asked.

“Not very respectfully.”

“They’re going to insult me in front of you? I can see how that would put you in a difficult spot,” I said somberly. “That sounds like endangering you, though.”

“It wouldn’t quite... They would...” She lost her train of thought because I had her meat mashed between my tits and was sucking on the end. I felt a little naughty for interrupting her, but the power I exerted over her sexually was heady stuff.

“So, are you saying you wouldn’t feel compelled to defend my honour or whatever when they insult me?” I prompted her afterwards, licking her sauce off my lips with a smile so she knew I wasn’t upset with her.

“Well, they wouldn’t think they were insulting you. They would just treat you like a valuable possession more than a person.”

“A trophy wife,” I breathed, getting wet at the thought.

“Well, a little worse than that. A trophy wife is kind of a given. But they likely assume that you were just part of a collection. A measure of my power.”

“Oh my god. You *are* taking over Almacén de Acero!”

“No! Not exactly. I’m taking over its legitimate assets.”

“Then why does it matter what these guys think?”

“Because they’ll try to take it all from me if they think they can. ADA Holdings Limited may not be a criminal enterprise, but it was controlled by criminals. And it’s worth loads of money.”

“How much money?”

“Altogether, perhaps a quarter billion dollars. Not that much compared to Almacén de Acero, but ADA Holdings is most of what’s left.”

“Wow.”

She smiled at me a little condescendingly. Which was fair; after working for her brother’s multi-billion dollar criminal enterprise, I probably seemed naïve to be impressed with a couple hundred millions.

“As long as I get to be the jewel of your collection, I’d be honored to be your bimbo wife,” I told her confidently, “Especially if it would make it safer for both of us.”

“I don’t think you should make that life decision right now,” she said.

“Once I got in your vehicle, I don’t see how it could have gone another way,” I pointed out.

“Well, I couldn’t leave you with no protection,” she said, sounding distressed and guilty.

I wanted to explore why she thought I was in need of protection, but didn’t want her to make her feel worse. Instead I smiled mischievously. “But Biana, we haven’t used protection once!”

Assets

We had to present all our documents to get married, which worried me that it might lead the FBI to us, but Biana pointed out that we were not actually fugitives, just people the FBI would want to interrogate. There was no law against making it inconvenient for the FBI to track you down for an interview.

The wedding venue itself was surprisingly beautiful, and the only thing that was in obvious poor taste was my dress. More specifically, the somewhat sheer nature of the dress when stretched over my curves. Even there, the dress rental shop did their best, providing various nude-colored body con undergarments to keep everything more or less in place and make my giant nipples a little less obtrusive. There was no way for me not to look like a big-bust porn star getting married, and I didn’t do or say anything to hint anyone away from this assumption. They didn’t seem very scandalized by it, either. It being a Las Vegas wedding chapel, maybe they’d married lots of porn stars.

From there we drove to a sort of honeymoon at another discreet resort in the mountains of Wyoming where we checked in under the auspices of one of her equally-discreet employees. That is to say, it was very like a honeymoon except that we were also hiding out there as we waited for the marriage license to process, and also an expedited new passport for Biana, who was now legally Biana Martina Mink, which hopefully would not show up on any no-fly lists.

Practical though the delay was, we did spend it like any other newly married couple, except probably with a lot more sex than average. If it wasn’t for our occasional outings with the twins, and some spa appointments, we would have spent the whole time in our rooms, and a large fraction of that was just solid fucking. It wasn’t all me initiating, either. It took me a while to notice that Biana was doing it to avoid certain subjects, but I couldn’t seem to make myself resist her. Whenever I saw lust in her eyes, I felt like servicing her was my first priority. Even if I’d milked her cock dry, there was always her vagina to eat out, her nipples to tweak, and her clit to kiss. I told myself that she probably had her reasons and I should just focus on doing my part.

Despite it being very convenient for our plans, I was a bit disappointed in the FBI for either not noticing or not reacting to the fact that that Biana had gotten a new passport in Denver, but she did, just a day before we were scheduled to fly to the British Virgin Islands where ADA

Holdings was registered. Before we left, she took me to a major multinational bank where I had an account I hadn't known about and added Biana as co-owner of the account. From there, she took me to a legal office where I was, unbeknownst to me, already a client, and filed paperwork making her co-owner of a number of properties I also hadn't known about, including, I noticed, the Malibu mansion which I'd assumed the government had seized through asset forfeiture.

You may wonder why I went through with this without objection, but you have to understand that I hadn't had any idea that I'd owned any of this stuff to begin with, so it wasn't as if I was giving up anything cherished. Another reason was that I was just so, *so* blinded by a haze of infatuation and lust. Every time I did something for her, she would fuck me so hard afterwards that I felt amply rewarded.

It wasn't until our second day in the Virgin Islands, after the first day signing ADA Holdings into her keeping, that I started having any sort of second thoughts. Even then, it was because she had the audacity to leave me at the beach cabin almost all day with just a quick morning creampie.

By the time she pulled up in a yacht, it was almost sunset and I was just dying. Sure, I'd managed to live a year without her before she'd reappeared, but after almost three weeks of constant sex, my ability to just go about my day without it was absolutely gone. Seeing her accompanied by a bunch of people was double frustrating, because it meant we couldn't get right to it.

"Hi baby!" she called out to me. "Where are the little ones?"

"Oh, we were teaching them baby swimming," I said, momentarily mollified by the thought of our perfect little daughters, "So they're sleeping soundly."

"Good, good. Allow me to introduce you to some of my business associates," she said, to my horror.

I paid as much attention as I could while they disembarked from the yacht onto the beach cabin's dock, comically small by comparison, and introduced themselves to me. I knew I looked like a vacant idiot staring blankly at them as they talked, but all I could think about was how their arrival betokened an even longer wait until I could get Biana alone.

"Is she okay?" one of them asked Biana curiously.

"Well, I did leave her alone all day," Biana said with facetious sympathy.

"You did!" I said, a little angry.

"I'm sorry, baby," she said, rubbing my back a little, "Can you wait a little longer?"

I just whimpered at her touch.

"She doesn't look okay," one of the others said.

"Yeah, I'm not okay," I agreed.

"Right here?" Biana asked, surprised. "We can do it in private if you wait a bit."

I could tell she had a hard-on by how she was standing, and I thought I could maybe even

smell her arousal. What I couldn't do was say no. Some angry part of me thought that she'd kept me waiting on purpose to compel me to become her little sex toy, but this didn't make me more angry, it made me even hornier.

And it gave me permission to do what I did next, which was to drop my bikini bottoms in front of everyone. After all, it wasn't Biana's fault that I got the sex toy body that her brother had meant for her, or that I'd let the transformation go on even longer than her brother had intended. The slap of her powerful thighs into my wobbling buttocks was the sound of putting bad luck to good use.

I was so into it that at first I didn't even notice I was watching them watching Biana taking me right there on the beach in full view of everyone. And when I did, it reminded me that this was part of the plan. I was Biana's bimbo fucktoy, right? This would impress her business associates with her power. I was doing exactly what I was supposed to do, and I felt very vindicated. I wasn't being a demanding brat, I was helping prove how strong and in charge Biana was.

Once that occurred to me, I really got into it, making noise and staring right into the eyes of some of the spectators, challenging them almost. Then, when Biana was done, I decided to join them without putting my bottoms back on, so they all had to witness her cum sliding down my legs unimpeded. I felt like they were a bit intimidated by how totally Biana had made me into her slut, and it made me happy.

I thought I might even be Biana's most valuable asset.

Return on Investment

The various law enforcement agencies around the world did eventually figure out who my wife had been, but I at least was accused of no crime and retained my ability to go wherever I wanted. In that way, I was very useful to Biana, who sent me places where she was less certain of her legal welcome. Of course, that meant I did get summoned to a few "interviews" with various investigators, but Biana had afforded me with both bodyguards and a very smart lawyer.

Only one got really tense, where they tried to ascertain whether I was being threatened. I could have let my lawyer Inez block it, but I thought it was better to dispel that one and also convince them that I had little or no useful information. By then I had many advantages in convincing people of my invincible stupidity, and I may have succeeded a little too well.

"There's something wrong with her," the female investigator said. She doubtless thought they were out of earshot, but my ears were very acute, having existed for far less time than even my youthful appearance would suggest.

"You mean she's dumb as a post?" the male investigator responded

“I think one of her implants is giving her brain damage,” she said.

“Is that intentional, do you think?”

“Maybe. If so, that might be its own charge. I think we can get a warrant, but let’s see if we can get her to go to the hospital. If she refuses, we can go to the judge and maybe get her when she tries to fly home.”

And so, they forced me to go to a doctor under a protective order. I could probably have gotten out of that, too, but I thought it would be easier, given that I was convinced that they would not find anything they could use to charge Biana and might just give up on trying to pressure me if I could just convince them that I was a more or less natural ditz. I just instructed Inez to object to any test or procedure that might reveal my previous identity.

“She’s about 12 weeks pregnant,” the doctor started her post-exam summary.

“Yay!” I cheered, though I had already known.

I got some pro-forma congratulations before she continued, “She’s got dramatically elevated levels of a variety of hormones, which makes it a little harder to judge some of the other items conclusively. Of particular note is the clear signs of a lingering auxomastic engineered stem cell implant. It’s been there for a long time. There’s ghosts of orolabial implants, and possibly another just above her uterus. I would suspect that we would find more near her cuticles if we did a biopsy.” Her eyes cut to Inez, who had not allowed any tissue extraction.

“We did not find any signs of any implants or other sorts of interventions in her brain stem or cerebrum. The interface is, well, complex, as you would expect of someone who has been through this sort of radical transplant. I don’t see any signs that are clear examples of attempts to reduce cognitive function, and indeed she appears to me to be very well integrated. I do not think there is any *physical* reason she couldn’t retain complete cognitive function.”

“What does that mean?” the less-patient investigator asked.

“Just that no one has operated on her to cause any cognitive deficits. However, her hormone levels are off the charts. I would not be surprised to find she has an elevated libido.”

I couldn’t help but laugh at that understatement, but fortunately I wasn’t the only one, so I could play it off as laughing because everyone else was.

“My biggest concern is actually that lingering auxomastic implant. She already has borderline hypertrophic mammary glands. They don’t appear that large because the overall breast size is so big, but I think the interactions between placental lactogen, existing active tissue, and auxomastic implants may have impaired the tissue’s ability to inactivate. I also suspect the implant is part of why her mammary glands are already so big. They may allow for another round of hyperplasia, and, given her overall hormone levels, she may have difficulty ending lactation without medical intervention.”

“So she’ll just keep making milk forever?” the man asked, fascinated.

“That’s okay! I like it!” I said, bouncing my milk factories a little.

“This pregnancy may dramatically increase your production further,” the doctor warned, but I just shrugged. Once she could drag her eyes from the resulting surge of my breasts, she continued, “Otherwise I don’t see specific signs for concern, nor could I support any sort of involuntary intervention.”

The investigators sighed, but didn’t try again.

I decided not to share the results of my exam with Biana because I didn’t want to worry her, and also because I thought it might make a nice surprise if the doctor turned out to be right.

The doctor was not wrong. At all. It wasn’t so obvious over my increasingly pregnant belly, but I thought I could feel the warmth of rapid growth as my breasts tightened up perceptibly. My milk production increased as well but not so much that it was really remarkable. Then, shortly before my babies were born (twins again, courtesy of ovaries that both released every month), supply dropped to a trickle, and I thought nothing was going to happen after all.

The first day of nursing the newborns seemed very much the same as before. I produced noticeably more colostrum, but again, nothing really remarkable. The second day, I noticed I was already producing milk behind the colostrum, and by the third, I was producing almost as much milk as I’d made before the dip. But it kept increasing as all that additional tissue got into the action, and soon I was making, four, five, then six liters a day. By the end of the fortnight since delivery, I felt like my overwhelmed breast pumps were working around the clock.

Even so, I was eager to get back into assisting Biana in her social events, so something had to be done. The solution, of course, was to get some agricultural machines that I could just pop into for a quick milking then go about my business for a few hours until I filled up again. They also never choked if I had a major spurt like the breast pumps sometimes did. After some experimentation with both teat cups and rhythm, Biana also found that if she matched the tempo just right, she could make me come so hard that saying she’d fucked my brains out was almost literal truth.

My confusion as I came down from my post-coital high was useful in establishing me as a vapid cum dump and a human dairy cow, depending on Biana’s needs of the moment. Of course I didn’t *need* to be stupid to be happy to contribute fresh cream to anyone’s coffee, White Russian cocktail, or anything else, but it did lend my affect an extra layer of verisimilitude, so even the especially perspicacious guests would conclude that I wasn’t pretending. Then, a little later in the event when I got my wits about me again, people would say things near me that they wouldn’t if they’d thought I was smarter than a post.

Also, if I embarrassed someone, they could hardly get mad at someone so intellectually impaired and ready to please. One of my favourite tricks was to spurt milk all over someone whilst in the throes of an orgasm, which I could do nearly on command, producing copious gouts of thick cream as if my tits were ejaculating. Even when it didn’t upset the target, it was

occasionally useful as a way to force someone difficult to withdraw to go clean themselves up.

And then there was also some guests who felt complimented by my orgasms while administering a titfuck, or eating them out, or whatever sexual service I was providing. Usually one of Biana's other bimbos would have previously explained that my lips and nipples were so sensitive that a sufficiently skilled or endowed partner could make me climax just by playing with my boobs or allowing me to go down on them, which was half true. It *did* feel very good, but what really got me over the line was thinking about have fucking *perfect* I was for my role.

I know that some of the other bimbos started out pitying me when they first met me, before they'd really become bimbos. They thought they were using me to get a paid vacation to Biana's private island without any strings attached. But if they stayed long enough, they'd start to see how Biana respected and valued me even when I was acting as her personal sex doll. They'd start to see that I could also spend any money I wanted, and sometimes Biana would describe an issue about which she wanted advice at the same time I was tongue-deep in her pussy. I was her fuck toy and her closest partner at the same time, and if the other bimbos had more independence, they also enjoyed a smaller share of Biana's trust and support.

In fact, joining Biana's small but growing harem of bimbos afforded the opportunity to chase their ambitions, whether of motherhood, fashionability, business, or anything else they pleased, and which pleased Biana and myself.

Some, I knew, thought that they were joining for mercenary reasons, but I didn't admit them unless I could see they would eventually become devoted to Biana. We made a big investment in them and I would be failing in my duties if Biana didn't get a good return on that investment.

A duty I never failed, both because I chose carefully and because I could be *very* persuasive.

Epilogue

I'm not sure it was strictly necessary any more once Biana had established firm legal and social control of all the assets she'd put in the name I'd accidentally acquired instead, but I still enjoyed my job of collecting the best bimbos and sluts for Biana's collection. It was of course very pleasant to have more coparents to share the load, but I could easily afford to hire as many nannies as I pleased, so that wasn't it. Maybe I was really doing it for my own glory, so I could boast of being the biggest and best bimbo of her whole harem.

Regardless of any intra-harem competition, there were few things I loved better than walking down the street on her arm, shocking everyone with my ridiculous face and body.

My lips hadn't really gotten dramatically bigger, but they did get tighter and therefore a bit more round and glossy, making them poor enunciators but excellent O-rings for Biana's big beautiful cock. I loved how obvious this was both because it tickled my fancy to make people

wonder if lips so reformed for sexual purposes could support speech at all, and because it gave me an excuse to not join in discussions that didn't interest me.

Below that, past the tastefully tawdry earrings and and playfully pet-like collars, my breasts had kept growing. Their growth had gradually slowed, but by the time we could freely return to California to shock the people of Rodeo Drive, my milk tanks were not only big enough for Biana to bury her head in my cleavage, *I* could as well, with sufficiently supportive garments. That is to say, if I wore a bustier with a lot of lift, the tops of my tits rose higher than my shoulders. I will forever remember with fondness the day I noticed that I had to squash my boobs a bit in order for even the *tips* of my long pink nails to touch when wrapping my arms around them. There was no getting around them, no angle from which their vast arcs were less than plainly visible.

Well, there was one angle: a picture taken from blow and a bit behind me would result in most of me being blotted out by the vast roundness of the bum that provided me a nicely padded counterweight in the rear to my chest in the front. I had actually gone back to get another Nutrastem implant, both because I didn't want my boobs to be forever tipping me over, and because I thought Biana would enjoy watching it wobble when she pounded me from behind.

Don't get the idea that I wore immodest clothing over all this, though. That would have been boring. Far better to take clothes that might have been conservative on anyone else, and force them to be lewd, to dominate the fabrics with my flesh. I could take a perfectly traditional ball gown that some respectably stylish celebrity had worn and make it fetishwear just by having it tailored to my proportions.

I was a byword by the time Biana had managed to legitimize herself well enough that the FBI abandoned its investigations. My visits prior to that had been chaste and discreet in a relative sense, so it wasn't my behavior in the States and Britain that earned me my reputation, but rather the stories coming from Biana's infamous parties. No pictures or video of those carefully-guarded social events had leaked, but dozens of people could corroborate my most outrageous sexual and culinary contributions, given how many of them were performed in the open. I did occasionally grant interviews with the specific goal of making clear my enthusiastic consent to, and pride in, my participation.

With her legal jeopardy behind her, of course, Biana could parade me and any other girls anywhere she liked. She still couldn't just fuck us in public all the time like she could at home, but I did get better at waiting. And sometimes she *did* fuck us in public; just not where we could be arrested for it. It was amazing how many places there were that would allow it when it was someone like Biana doing the fucking, and I loved to try to manoeuvre Biana into taking me to them. I knew it appeared to many commentators as if Biana's sudden decision to debauch me in front of everyone was due to her own eccentric power trip, but more often it was the result of my careful attempts to tease her into it. And the more brash and dominant Biana appeared, the more

powerful it made me feel to be the one who could demand her full, rock-hard attention at any time.

Nor was it an ersatz power. Biana ran the business empire, but of course it was always my money as well, and she never attempted to tell me what to do with it. Thus I was able to thank Francisco and the doctor by funding a laboratory for them to work at in the Dominican Republic, where our lobbying and other influence managed to re-legalize brain transplants. Then I sponsored scores of cancer patients, trans people, and of course, people who wanted to join Biana's bimbo collection.

Maybe it reflects poorly on me that I was glad none of them dared go as far as I had with their bimbofication. Granted, I hadn't intended to go nearly as far as I had either, or really to be bimbofied at all, but in retrospect I was deeply grateful that I had.

In a way, getting terminal cancer was the luckiest break of my whole life. It killed off my very uninteresting and unloved former self so I could live as Kimberly Anastacia Mink, bimbo extraordinaire.