

Stacy and Chad smiled at each other as they walked out of the police station. As had been the case on more than one occasion, money talked and, in the corrupt police state of Chitown Megaplex, lots of money let you sing and dance your way out of trouble with the law. Both Stacy and Chad's parents were filthy rich and while both were over twenty-one, both routinely relied on their parents' money to get them out of trouble. In this case, it was an accusation of using a date rape drug on a woman they knew from college before having their way with her. The buxom and admittedly curvy brunette they had targeted had been part of the neo-goths that were largely relegated to the lower tiers of the school's social hierarchy. Normally, neither Chad or Stacy would have bothered associating with her, but Chad had bet Stacy that she couldn't seduce the person of his choosing and get whoever he chose to sleep with them. Chad had lost the wager even if Stacy had resorted to a new cocktail that caused not just a drunken stupor but a willingness to obey whatever they were told. By the end of the night, Chad and Stacy had the young woman doing any degrading sexual act the pair could imagine before dumping her near her home. Despite the evidence, Stacy and Chad's parents were able to easily bribe the police to ruin it and falsify additional evidence that "proved" Stacy and Chad had nothing to do with it.

It would be their undoing.

Stacy brushed her hair and checked her makeup before looking at the 3D-vid system and checking with her personal AI. The lithe blonde smiled to herself as she slipped on her designer pants and shirt. She was looking forward to her date today with Chad at the O'Brien Center. She was hoping he was planning on proposing finally. Admittedly, he was a little androgynous in appearance, but his family was even more loaded than hers. He was cute, handsome if a tad effeminate and had her same twisted sense of humor. He knew where he stood in the social pecking order: above everyone else but her.

Making her way to the personal transport center a couple of blocks away, she was patently unaware that she was being followed. Then again, Stacy tended toward being oblivious about anyone she felt was below her and that she wasn't going to be able to take advantage of. A loud horn, though, startled her and caused her to turn to look. It was just enough of a distraction to have someone press a quick-acting dermal infuser against her arm, the drug knocking her out before she realized she was being grabbed and shoved into an awaiting small freight vehicle.

When she woke up it was to a bitter taste in her mouth and a pungent smell at her nose. There were muffled groans around her, but the area was otherwise dark. Looking around, she noted that her dress was slightly torn while three of the walls were plascrete and the last in the one-meter square cell was a closed, likely transparent aluminum door. Beyond that door was a masked female guard wearing a black and green full-body latex outfit. In the guard's hand was a stun-stick. Stacy felt fear creep through her. Crawling forward, she used the small slit in the door as a brace to pull herself up. "Let me go!" Stacy screamed. "My parents are going to find me and, when they do, they're going to make sure you suffer for this."

"Stacy, sweetie, is that you?"

Stacy's eyes widened as she heard her father's voice. "Daddy? Daddy, what is going on?" Stacy called out.

"I don't know, sweetheart," she heard her father say. "Your mother and I are both here. Someone grabbed us as we were leaving a dinner with the CEO. Are you okay, sweetheart?"

Stacy patted herself down. "I think so, daddy," Stacy replied. "I was heading to meet Chad for dinner."

"Stacy?" A male voice asked from the other direction. Stacy's heart raced even faster as she realized it was Chad.

"Chad, they got you, too?" Stacy asked, her tone even more worried.

"It was that bitch, Veronica," Chad replied from his cell. "She and some other chick I've never seen before jumped me coming out of my dorm room." His voice stopped abruptly as another groan was heard followed by footsteps. Stacy's eyes widened as she saw Chad's mother being led down the hall by a robed brunette woman, who, like the guard, had her face concealed. Chad's mother was guided to another cell near where Stacy was being kept. A headset was over her eyes and ears and she was wearing a black and green shirtdress that matched the colors of the guard. "Mom!" Chad shouted. There was no response from either her or the woman that was leading her. "What have you done to her?"

The woman gave a sinister smile to Chad. "Tell me, you little piece of shit," she said as she closed and locked the door behind Chad's mom, "if I gave you the choice of setting you and your girlfriend free or your parents, which would you choose? The world isn't going to miss any of you. Just think, they'll be dead while you'll inherit everything: their money, their property, everything."

Stacy smiled to herself. To have all of that and never have to suck up to either of her parents again?

"Honey?" Stacy heard her mother ask, worry coloring her voice.

"Mom, daddy, I love you, but," Stacy said, staring at the robed woman, "if you taught me anything it's every woman for herself."

The robed woman smiled. "And what about you, young man?" the robed woman asked Chad.

"Well, yeah, I'd save myself. It's not like they're going to be able to bail me out here," Chad replied.

The woman shook her head. "You are both as greedy and worthless as we had been led to believe." The woman spoke into her wrist and four more women walked down the hallway. The cells to Chad and Stacy's parents were opened. Chad winced as he heard the stun-sticks being used.

"Please, don't hurt us," Stacy's father cried out. "We'll go wherever you want us to."

"Oh, don't you worry," the woman said as both Chad and Stacy's parents were led away. "You won't feel pain much longer." After their parents were gone, the woman turned back to Stacy and Chad. "They're going to have their minds wiped and turned into obedient slaves," she explained as her eyes narrowed. "This because you chose yourselves over them. Do you feel no guilt over that at all?"

Chad started to speak but Stacy hissed. "Shut up, Chad. We don't owe these people any explanation. Besides, you know as well as I do how quickly our parents would screw over anyone else if it got them ahead," Stacy said with a sneer. "So no, I don't feel guilt over my choice. They wouldn't. Why should I? Besides, once we break free, and we will break free, we get everything. Their companies, their properties, everything. I'll never have to work another day in my life, and neither will Chad, right?"

"Well, I guess," Chad began, his tone starting to sound whiny.

The woman shook her head again. "You are both unworthy of calling yourselves human being," she said with a scowl. "As head inquisitor of the cult of Kyrithian, I, Adrianna, find you both guilty of squandering such potential, of believing yourself better than others, and of selfishly putting yourself above others regardless of the consequences. You are no better animals. You have sealed your own fate which will make a mockery of what will happen to the parents you so blithely abandoned."

Two of the other women returned, each opening the cages that Stacy and Chad were in before pressing the stun-sticks against them, causing the pair to collapse in pain. The pair were stripped naked before collars were slipped around their necks with poly-cord leashes being attached a moment later. "You will walk, or you will die," hissed one of the new women. Stacy glared at her but made her way to her feet. She followed the woman as she was led down the hallway and through a force shield. Stacy's eyes grew wide as she saw the semi-clear tanks that were roughly as tall as a person. She's seen them before on the news where prison inmates were fitted with specialized clothing and often had other modifications done to them. Stacy began to struggle against the leash only to be hit with a low charge from the stun-stick, causing her to stumble. The fronts of both tanks were opened by one of the women to each side before Stacy and Chad were pushed into the tanks with the pair facing each other. Clear restraints were slid around Stacy and Chad's ankles and wrists, binding them into a standing position in each tank. The leashes were removed before the collars were connected to additional restraints, effectively preventing their necks from moving as well. Finally, the doors closed, sealing the pair in the tanks.

"What are you going to do to us?" Stacy said, struggling against the bonds. The bottom of the tank raised, lifting Stacy and Chad so that their necks were even with the tops of the tubes. A seal was placed around the tops, further preventing their heads and necks from moving. A light pink fluid was then pumped into the tanks. One of the women injected Chad's neck with a hypo-spray.

"As I said before," Adrianna explained with a cruel smile, "you are no better than animals. You are going to be treated as such. This first rinse if you will, is removing any and all body hair you have while also preventing you from growing any hair from the neck down. Oh, and there's a muscle relaxer in there to prevent you from getting away during the fitting phase." The warm fluid drained away and a spray rinsed off the pink fluid. If not for the restraints the pair would have gone limp. "That being said, we have little use for men in the Kyrithian, so, before we get too far, this simpering pissant is going to go through a complete genetic resequencing to repair his 'damaged' chromosomal state to a proper XX configuration. Of course, that's just the start of what we'll be doing, but the latter half doesn't work on males."

Chad's eyes widened in terror as he realized what Adrianna was saying. "Wait, you're going to turn me into a chick?"

A white fluid began to fill Chad's tank. "Why yes, you worthless excuse for a man," Adrianna said, tapping the tube Chad was in. "Of course, that's the least of your worries." Chad began to moan in pain as his bones shifted and the nanites in the white fluid began to do their work, flooding his system and "repairing" his organs. "You should be flattered," Adrianna continued. "This treatment would've cost a normal person a decade to save for or what you and your girlfriend commonly blew in a week on frivolities." Chad's nose and face began to soften, his already androgynous appearance becoming notably more feminine as did his moans. After about ten minutes, the fluid began to drain. Stacy could see that, where Chad's dick had been, there was now a perfectly formed vagina while he had small, budding breasts. His hips were broader while his waist was narrower. Her boyfriend was now, at least

outwardly, female. Adrianna smiled. "You turned out better than expected, though I can't really call you Chad, anymore, can I? How about Chandra?" When Adrianna took Chad's chin in her hand, Chad didn't resist. "I bet you're used to following someone else's lead, aren't you? Say your new name, you stupid cow."

"Chandra," Chandra said with a whimper. "Please, let me go. I swear I won't tell anyone. I'll say it was my idea."

"It's a bit too late for that, *cow*," Adrianna replied

The neck braces were removed from both tanks allowing the pair to look around. A pair of scanners floated down from the ceiling and circled both Chandra and Stacy before flitting back up. A mechanical device descended then descended from the ceiling. "Let's get you both properly fitted for your new lives, shall we," Adrianna said as the machine carefully sleeved the pair's upper arms, wrists, and hands into pink mittens where the ends resembled hooves instead of hands. The same was done with their feet, ankles, and lower legs with hoof-like boots. "Don't worry, cows, those boots and gloves are syn-skin, so your feet and hands will be fine in the long run, not that you'll need to use your fingers where you're going. Speaking of going..." Adrianna said, pausing as thick, pink diapers were slid between the pair's legs and fastened shut.

"What the fuck? Get me out of these!" Stacy shouted.

"I'm afraid not, *cow*, as you'll be in diapers from now on," Adrianna said, patting Stacy's cheek. "You see, we here in the cult of Kyrithian are the sole producer of a set of designer drugs. Your bodies are about to be genetically modified to become factories for those drugs which will be excreted out. We used to let you *cows* dispose of it normally, but, after one too many escape attempts, we realized that diapering while also removing your ability to remove them was a far better solution."

Stacy's eyes widened. "What do you mean secreting and why do you keep calling us cows?" She tried to make her body struggle but the drugs from earlier kept her limp as Adrianna picked up a hypo-spray and pressed it against Stacy's neck. "Please, let us go. We're sorry. We'll give you money. Lots of money. We'll... mmmph..."

Stacy's mouth was filled with a sponge gag with was then attached to a hose. Chandra was similarly gagged. A white fluid flowed down the hose and into Stacy's mouth. It reminded her faintly of vanilla and, in her drugged state, found it hard to resist the urge to swallow the tasty liquid. Chandra was much the same. As the pair drank, the machine that diapered them placed a breathable latex skinsuit around them except around their crotch and breasts. A second, removable latex cover was put around their diapers. Stacy watched as Chandra's breasts began to swell outward. Looking down, she could see that her once, small and perky breasts were similarly swelling. As she drifted into and out of consciousness from the drugs in the liquid she was being fed, her breasts kept getting bigger and bigger.

By the time the hose was removed, both Stacy's breasts and Chandra's were easily as large as their heads. Stacy's stomach was also feeling extremely bloated and full. Women grabbed Stacy and Chandra as their bonds were released, lowering them to their hands and knees. Stacy noted the knees were padded, making it easier on her knees, though the hoof mittens did take some getting used to, as her hands and wrists were braced together. The leashes were re-attached. Adrianna took both leashes. "Come on, cows, it's time to go to the farm."

Stacy didn't move as her stomach began to cramp. After all that fluid and the muscle relaxants, it was impossible to hold it back for long. The only thing that made it less embarrassing was that she heard and saw the same with Chandra until Chandra tensed up and a loud "blort" was heard as the backside of Chandra's diapers filled out further. Seeing Chandra mess her diaper broke the little resistance Stacy had, grunting against the gag as she, too, messed her diaper.

Adrianna simply smiled, giving the leashes a tug and forcing the two to crawl forward, their messy diapers mushing around as they crawled.

To be continued...