



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# Werewoman

Dee Dee Perri



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

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**A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL**

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# Werewoman

By Dee Dee Perri

## Chapter 1

“I scored some new ‘stuff’.” Brian shoved a small brown paper bag across Tim’s workstation.

“Stuff?” Tim muttered and then stood up to peek over his cubical walls. Turning a full three-sixty he saw the boss over by the water cooler and, inside most of the adjacent cubicles, the tops of other heads were visible. He jerked back down and glared at Brian and mouthed, “HERE? NOW?” As he pushed the bag back toward Brian, he shook his head in amazement and alarm. Brian was a complete twit.

“I was told its kind’a like LSD...” Brian’s voice seemed to echo off the far wall.

Brian could have been shouting as far as Tim was concerned. He had his hand across Brian’s mouth in the next moment but he was sure the damage had already been done and he was right. Like prairie dogs, first Kevin in the cubical to his left and then Doug in the opposite cubical popped up. Both young men were looking down at the paper bag that Brian had tossed right back onto Tim’s keyboard.

And then Kevin swore softly under his breath, “The boss man cometh.” And then he and Kevin dropped from sight.

“Get out of here, Brian. Now!” Tim hissed.

“So Mr. Blackwell,” Tim’s short, fat boss growled softly as he wrung his moist, fishy hands together in anticipation of what (?) Tim had no idea. “a little socializing I see right in the middle of a data set?” His bulk filled the opening of Tim’s cubical. Only by the slightest had Tim removed the brown paper bag from view. It now rested inside the empty waste paper can next to his boss’s foot.

“I can explain,” Tim responded.

“I’m sure you can, Mr. Blackwell.”



Working as a cog in the wheels of industry had its ups and downs but, unfortunately, in Tim’s case, mostly its downs. Nor was his impression unique. Kevin and Doug, his coworkers, felt pretty much the same way. Perhaps it was just the nature of how a high tech, leading edge industry operated or maybe only how it operated in their little piece of paradise. All three of were systems engineers with advanced training in micro and nano technologies and accustomed to looking at the big picture- they were after all *systems* engineers. But in fact, they served as little more than individual neurons taking tiny bits of information and moving it to a new location where yet another neuron, perhaps not even in the same country, would take up the task. There was no big picture and that, apparently, was deliberate on the part of management. Whether this approach was motivated by security demands or simply reflected a new conceptual approach to very complex problems, the three young men had not been informed.

It was a silk trap. The pay was too good to ignore, mega-good in fact, and the work too mindless to endure. Tim thought he’d given up drugs after high school- out grown them. But that was before joining National and a year of this meaningless or, at least, incomprehensible activity was edging Tim toward burn out. Brian, the local pusher, worked down in the mail room as a messenger. That gave him the run of the building and the opportunity, eventually, to put Tim on his customer’s list. God knows Tim knew it was both wrong and stupid. It’d started with some pot and worked up from there.

Broken Falls Nebraska was in the Sand Hills region. Tim hadn’t a clue as to why most of the nano tech companies in the world were located in remote ‘armpits’ like Western Nebraska. And if National Technologies were *actually* in say Patterson Colorado, a town of some twenty-thousand, well maybe things wouldn’t have been half bad but Broken Falls was forty miles from even that fly speck of a town. National Technologies *was* Broken Falls and vice-versa. It was the ultimate ‘company town’ for NT owned and controlled everything down to the video store. Mr. Big himself, was reported to be a ‘born-again’ Christian. Thus videos with ‘good parts’ didn’t make it to the local outlet. Prohibition was dead in most of the country, but not here, ditto cigarettes and anything else that wasn’t sanctioned in the good book or, to be more precise, sanctioned by Mr. Big. Oh one could smoke, drink and fornicate as much as one wanted, just don’t get caught or it was out the door, bing-bang-boom. Perhaps it was the ambiance of Broken Falls that made it easy for Tim to rediscover drugs.

He lived in a neighborhood reserved by NT for single males in their employ, a row of condos that were, like the other benefits, exceptional in comparison to what one might expect to receive. At about eight hundred square feet, the single bedroom unit carried a rental obligation of a hundred-twenty-five a month which was

way, way below the existing market value for sparkling, new units even in Nebraska. As mentioned earlier, NT operated a silken trap. Tim still owed about forty-three thousand on his college loans and the payoff of that obligation became, for him, the goal he need to achieved before he could make his break for freedom. But he wasn't thinking about that as he walked around his unit closing all the blinds early on a Friday night.

According to Brian, this tiny gray-brown cube of stuff wrapped in a high tech foil, was made from a kind of mushroom that was only found in the jungles of the upper Amazon River basin. It was reported to be used by the natives in their religious ceremonies. That, of course, was hardly an effective sales pitch. What Brian said that had really caught Tim's attention though, was that, unlike LSD, one could, if one worked at it, create- edit the whole hallucination down to the smallest detail and that one could have a steamy, never-to-be forgotten sexual encounter- well that was worth investigating. Brian didn't know much more than that, he was a pusher, not a user- go figure. Anyhow, having experimented with LSD back in high school, Tim knew just how potent the experience could be and he wasn't about to take any chances that might cost him his job. Tripping had to be a quick way to get terminated.

Having put out the mandatory munchies and being careful that the frig was well equipped for a siege of unknown duration, he checked to be sure the ringer was turned off his phone and the door bell, disconnected. He locked the front door and then pulled the couch against it. The latter was to ensure that he wouldn't just wander out of the condo in the middle of the 'trip'. He knew from personal experience that LSD could make one do absolutely stupid things and, well there was still that student loan to pay off. Having dealt with the obvious precautions, many an LSD user had been caught 'tripping' in the local Seven-Eleven while seeking to fulfill some odd, miscellaneous craving, he could now focus on the experience he hoped to create.

He had, over the years, acquired a rather nice collection of soft porn. Some, perhaps most men, wouldn't even call this stuff pornographic. He had a particular preference for drawn art as opposed to photographs of 'real' women. The eye and mind of an artist, like Vargas, could create images of female creatures that frankly, were more sexy than real women could be even after say the Playboy photographers touched and retouched the images. His final selection was a babe in one of those Catholic school girl outfits. Of course the outfit only set the stage for the creation.

The pleated skirt was far, far too short to have ever been approved by any school board, though the plain cotton blouse would have been deemed acceptable. The face was angelic which is to say utterly naïve. But again the genius of the artist was evident. The face of an angel, the gaze bewildered and innocent and yet undercurrents of rabid sexuality created by ever so full lips and eyelashes that only a fetish could truly appreciate. These images had played a part in every wet dream Tim had ever had. And under those garments that signaled innocents and vulnerability lurked a body of a ripe, lush female sex-kitten with her hips cocked and her sexuality anticipatory.

Jesus, he'd grown a woody just looking at her. A bunch of ribbons had been added by the artist, perhaps to mute slightly the heavy sexual currents that threatened to destroy the illusion of innocents. Finally having made his decision, Tim got up off the bed and Scotch taped that picture onto the mirrored closet door before popping the sugar cube sized, gray-brown 'stuff' into his mouth. "Hello." He said to her and then sat back down on the edge of the bed. It was just after four o'clock.

Nothing happened of course. It never does. Time slipped by on silent feet as Tim stared at the pseudo-school girl image. Whatever this stuff was, it sure was slow. He looked at the clock, it was after five. He got up and made a sandwich. Maybe the stuff was no good. He cursed Brian as he ate and finished a beer. He went back into the bedroom. It was five-thirty. Things weren't looking good but then maybe he hadn't given it enough time.

There would be no noticeable transition- he knew that. One moment there would be ordinary-ordinary and the next... it would be too late to stop what was happening by the time it happened. One had to be ever vigilant. A stray, irrelevant thought at precisely the wrong moment and he might spend the next twenty-four hours say... talking to an imaginary Boss or worse, find himself working endlessly at his workstation. He flicked his eyes at the clock, it was now after six. He'd give maybe fifteen more minutes, OK? Every time he felt his concentration slip, he renewed his focus on *her*. Perhaps the drug was beginning to take effect at last. She, the pseudo-school girl, the vixen in sheep's clothing, seemed to loom larger and larger. Her essence became increasingly more of the flesh and less of the colored ink and paper. He could actually see the individual lashes that lined her wide, innocent eyes at the same moment he felt himself falling forward.

Her face filled his field of view as she fell toward him... or was it he that was falling toward her? Tim's face hit the cold, smooth surface of the mirror and he jerked back and she did likewise. "Huh?" He said, she said. They retreated in opposite directions from that surface. "Fuckin' a, far out." *They* said in unison." He didn't have to look down to see that she and he were one and the same. Her picture tapped up on the mirror was nearly identical to *their* image reflected back in the mirror. *Nearly* identical because the picture still contained that incipient sexuality clothed in innocence's whereas he-her looked as startled as a five year old caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

Her-*their* eyes widened as much in alarm as in surprise. That's when she-he clutched the pair of knockers *they* possessed. They were round, full and heavy in a way he'd never experienced breasts to be- attached that is. And they weren't just stuck to his body, they were connected directly to his-her brain. A feeling of confusion, excitement and terror flowed hot and cold through his whole being even as *they* unbuttoned *their* blouse.

There they were in details unknown to the original artist that had created her image. Nipples of caramel, fine blue veins under the milky skin and a mass of resilient, flexible flesh underneath that in turn. His legs or rather her legs gave way and he-she collapsed to the floor. The tiny skirt rode up and her white cotton panties drawn tight across her groin was reflected back from the image in the mir-

ror. The look on her face wasn't of incipient sex or pounding passion. Startled, dazed certainly but not turned on and most certainly not in lust with what he-she had found. Truth? She looked like a guy that had just discovered that his balls and prick had been cut off. She began to hyperventilate. "There's still time." She said. "It ain't over until its over."

She looked down at her crotch and focused upon what was missing. She pictured a penis and a pair of balls with all her might. Nothing was happening and the clock was ticking. "Focus." She said. Nothing and still nothing. Time was running out. The process could be shaped, right? What a penis and balls felt like seemed to be fading as if the experience of such things were alien and worse, as if they'd never been.

She pulled herself up and stood on feet too small to have been Tim's. Staring at the mirror, she began to adjust the costume that did not exist. She eased those non-existent heavy globes back inside the nonexistent bra and tugged at the straps until they felt comfortably settled and then began to button up her blouse. Both the orientation of those buttons and the long finger nails caused some awkwardness but she persisted until the task was done. If this were supposed to be some heavy sexual experience, it was a bummer, a dud. Tim was in an utterly alien body covered by novel clothing, disconcerted yes, excited, decidedly not. Touching those breasts had been novel, true, but erotic, hardly. "Golly." She muttered in an unfamiliar voice, "Weird. Totally, totaaaal."



She stepped away from the mirror. The mechanics of movement were different. Her weight, as opposed to his, had been redistributed downward, the legs, attached to wider hips and meeting at a new angle, were proportionately longer than his had been relative to the upper torso. Only an engineer would have thought about this transformation in this manner. She turned and walked into the living room. There was a disconcerting sense of movement as if the flesh of this body were not so tightly attached to this frame. Most noticeable, of course, were the heavy globes attached to her chest even though they were restrained by the bra but also there was some lag and give in the fleshy parts of her bottom and the weight of hair that cascaded down her back pulled and flexed like a thing alive. It was a wonder women could get anything done considering how their body movements intruded into consciousness with each stride.

Tim sat down on the couch. The tiny skirt riding up until it nearly exposed the smooth surface of her panties and then crossed her legs. The tight, high angle her right leg formed across the opposite leg felt entirely natural as she sat there, long finger nails drumming on the sofa arm. As trips go this was as about as exciting as watching grass grow. His analytical mind began to chew on the problem. Right at that moment, he was sitting there in his jeans and plaid cotton shirt. OK, he couldn't see them, but they were there nonetheless. This was all in his head down to those large brown nipples. Thus every detail was but representations of preexisting *assumptions* he'd carried inside his brain. How he'd expected her to feel, right?

The problem was, he'd expected some kind of royal fuck. A steamy interlude in which he'd get inside this chick's panties but not be inside them. Riding these swell, rounded curves, not carrying them. "*Whatever?*" she muttered out loud. The voice was soft, feminine and... Shock spun through her mind. *Whatever?* Where had that come from. Oh. My. Gosh. It was like, you know, like listening to a valley girl. Like...like *whatever?* Tim had been so focused on the physical change that she'd not noticed... you know, you know.

She sprang to her feet, her hands clutching her head, as alien flavored thoughts, feminine colored images threatened to swamp the previously staid, logical engineer's very male brain. This was more, much more terrifying than the illusion of a female body. It cut to the very essence of his existence. It was six-forty-five, less than twenty minutes into the trip and Tim was terrified. "I'm melting." She whimpered.

~oOo~

Tim awoke the next morning feeling like a man that had taken a bad trip, which was precisely the case. His hand, under the sheets, sought and found his gonads. A sense of relief swept over him as he let out a long sigh. Bad trip indeed. Like a rank amateur, he'd freaked out and gone off the deep end. Most of the events of that evening were but a fuzzy blur of the impossible and the unthinkable. Sometime just before dawn he had gone to bed or at least he remembered something like that, right? The initial transformation of his body and then of his



mind were still sharply etched in his memory. After that, it all took on a dream like quality or rather a nightmarish horror. If he'd *actually* left his condo last night and done the things he'd done, he'd be fucking screwed at National. The last thought triggered a thread of a memory. Fucking all right. Jesus. Talk about weird. Another image flared up and this was beyond the border of disgusting. He tried to push the picture away but it wouldn't leave. His stomach churned as he remembered that old man's hot cock in his mouth. He leaped out of bed and staggered into the bathroom and retched.

There was little enough in his stomach before and now, nothing as he climbed into the shower. The hot column of water soothed and comforted him. It was nothing but a psychedelic trip he concluded. Some kind of odd, unconscious desire... Ouch. That wasn't the slightest bit pleasant to consider. Was he queer or what? He began to scrub briskly as if to wash away the growing fear. Now the memory of *being fucked*, on his back with a man between his legs... it was all too real. The sense of a penis inside him, plowing deeply into his needy wetness. Muscles contracting, back arching as man fingers triggered erotic nerves in his swollen, hard nipples... Tim was gasping as his hand began to frantically work his rigid prick. In and out went the imaginary prick as he worked his real one. And then he came. Horror and disgust quickly followed his climax.

A few minutes later, now in his terry cloth bathrobe, he made coffee. Try as he might, now that it had been retrieved, he couldn't let go of the memory of being fucked. It might have been but a hallucination, but it lacked nothing in its vividness. That was the thing about 'trips', they could be as real as if they'd happened and it was foolish to think otherwise. It didn't mean that what he'd felt was in any way 'like' the actual experience would have been for a real gal. Rather it was like he'd imagined a gal would feel- right?

And as to sucking that cock... he scratched his head thoughtfully and took a sip of coffee. At the time it hadn't seemed such a bad idea. He felt a grin ripple across his lips. Christ, he'd been taking this whole thing too seriously. It was a fantasy. Not one he'd ever imagined that he'd want to have but nonetheless just that. A random firing of a few million neurons. Sure, why wouldn't a guy wonder what it would be like to actually do *that*. Yeah, he was coming down. "Earth to Tim," he said laughing as he turned and walked back through the living room heading for the bedroom. He stopped and grew tense once again. The couch was no longer blocking the door. A twinge of misgiving bloomed. "Naw"" He growled and went into the bedroom.

~oOo~

The Broken Falls golf course was constructed more as an oversized sand trap than as a normal course. The greens, if one were so lucky as to actually land on one, were as lush and smooth as any Tim had ever played on. But once off the tee, well a sand wedge was almost essential. "Not again!" Groaned Tim. It was a typical Saturday afternoon for him.

“Tough!” added Doug. Of course he could say that. His drive had made it to the edge of the green. He waited as Tim lined up his shot. “You ever wonder why there are no senior programmers in our division?”

“Huh?” Tim’s wedge shot lifted and carried the ball almost to the cup. “Okay, that’s a good chip don’t you think?” he queried with satisfaction as he put his club back into his bag.

“I mean you, me and Kevin came here about the same time,” continued Doug without comment on Tim’s last shot.

“So?”

“All the guy’s that had been here before us are now gone.”

“Do you blame them? Com’on Doug exactly how long do you *want* to stay in this Hell hole?”

“You’d think management would be concerned, you know. It doesn’t make sense. Turnover isn’t good for productivity.”

Tim just laughed.

“What’s so funny?”

“Do you have any idea what we’re working on?”

“Yeah, kind’a.”

“Well fill me in pal ‘cause I haven’t a clue.”

Doug bit his lip. “Nano architecture, trillions of individual units each with just a tad of data and none with any real appreciation for how it goes together.”

“Yeah, so far what you’re describing sounds too much like what we do.”

Doug nodded briskly, “That’s maybe the point... now that you mention it.”

“What point?”

“We’re operating as an analog of the very system we’re trying to design OK? Like individual nanobots with a speck of data and finite access to the entire system see.”

“Are you suggesting that we’re just part of an experiment or something?”

Doug shrugged, “Well if it looks like a duck and sounds like a duck...”

“That’s... silly.”

“Is it? Once the programmers get too ah- smart, they have to be replaced okay, else the experiment is corrupted. That explains the absence of senior engineers see.”

“And where do they go. I mean Doug, National is paranoid about security so what happens to the programmers that get too smart to keep?”

“I don’t know but if my hypothesis is right...”

“Yeah?”

“I’ll be transferred out of here and soon because I know too much.”

Tim laughed. "Right. You and that horse you rode in on."

"Hey. How was it last night anyway?"

"Huh?"

"The shit you got from Brian. I'm dying to hear about it. Like LSD or not."

"Err- it's a long story."

"I'm all ears."

"I don't want to talk about it, okay?"

"That good huh?"

"I said, I don't want to talk about it Doug."

"Shit. Kevin and I tried to score but Brian said he didn't have anymore. Lucky you huh?"

"Yeah, real fucking lucky. Are you going to putt or what?"

~oOo~

"Your request for human experimentation has been denied- again."

"Ridiculous. We've been ready for the better part of a year."

"The old man says no, he means no."

"Jesus. Something about human souls I'll bet."

"You better watch it Dr. Bragan, that last statement twice damned you. Taking God's name in vain and your attitude toward Mr. Conkins' religious beliefs..."

"OK, I hear you." He glared. God damn Christians. Given the keys to the universe they'd piss it all away. In another year, who knows, that big Japanese conglomerate would shoot right past them if the German's didn't do it first. "Are we done?"

The short bald man who's only technical skill was using the computer as a word processor returned Dr. Bragan's glare. "If I can ever prove that you've already taken liberties doctor."

"Liberties?"

"That missing batch of nanobots."

Now Dr. Bragan assumed a wide eyed, innocent gaze, "Me? Heavens. Mercy. Besides you know I have no access to level 3 in building C." He shrugged, if you're missing a system..." He turned and left the Division Director's office. "Dimwits." He muttered loud enough he hope that the paper pusher behind him heard. His one and only subject was a roaring success. Nanobotic intelligence sufficient to act on data provided by a human subject *without* external guidance. Free of the mainframe... gads that was light years ahead of National's best projections. And switching the biological sex of an individual was a very real, significant accomplishment considering the number of parameters that had to be addressed and

right out of a Jack Chalker sci-fi novel. He really should just quit National. Not that he could sign a contract with the Japanese but they'd pay top dollar...

That was the last thought that Dr. Bragan had as he stepped into traffic. The empty Eighteen wheeler coming out of Building B's underground loading zone ended forever any additional discourse Dr. Bragan might have imagined with the newly emerging super-technology.

## Chapter 2

A Saturday night in Broken Falls was a thing best avoided, especially if one were young, single and male. Hanging out at the local church just didn't seem to cut it and there were no bars, no 'pickup' joints. And the girls that were in Broken Falls were generally of the dangerous category, more inclined to try and snag a husband than go for a good time or at least that was how it seemed. Kevin and Doug were heading for the Stateline Tavern, just inside Colorado, for beef, beer and broads- not necessarily in that order of priority. Normally Tim would have been with them on their Saturday night 'run'.

"You see Tim today?"

"Naw. We played golf this afternoon. Man, he looked all used up," added Doug.

"He used that 'stuff'?"

"Yeah. Wouldn't talk about it, though."

"Bad trip, huh?"

"I guess. Looked like he had pulled an all-nighter." He pulled at his face and then hunched over the steering wheel. "You know working for NT isn't very healthy. It eats at a guy. I don't think Tim's going to be here much longer."

"That makes two of us," responded Kevin.

"No. three. Changing the subject old man, I think tonight we'll get lucky."

"Don't you wish!" laughed Kevin.

"No. Really. There's scientific evidence that the full moon brings out the horniness out in broads."

"Full moon? Must be something to that Doug, 'cause I'm already horny." They both laughed.

~oOo~

Tim was already in his PJ's after a brisk shower. He figured he'd watch a video while eating some KFC with biscuits and gravy and then turn in early. Not exactly his normal Saturday night but, considering last night, he needed the rest. Or at least that was his plan. As six o'clock approached, he began to feel antsy. A kind of nervous energy was building up inside. Last night at about this time, he'd taken the 'stuff'. Wouldn't it be bullshit if he had a flashback. He tried to push away that fear but the anxiety continued to build.