

24 Hours (Ex-Con to Biker-Babe TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Jack Mackenzie

Darrell 'Cutter' Rone is a hardened ex-con with a history of violence, serving sentences for life. Unexpectedly for Darrell, he is pulled from prison by a shadowy organisation to keep watch over an IT worker they are blackmailing by holding him in a nondescript apartment for twenty four hours, at the end of which the worker will be terminated. An easy job for Darrell, but one that gets a lot harder when he suddenly develops a fast-acting Lumin's syndrome that begins to change his body and mind, reversing their positions of power . . .

24 Hours

The Job

I'm a hard man. Always have been. Don't put up with anybody's shit, and those that tried to sling any of theirs my way soon had their teeth kicked so far down their throat they'd be tonguing their own arsehole for the rest of their miserable life. Growing up in the worst of the western suburbs of Melbourne will do that to you. Tough times and tough crime, and some of the toughest fucks you'll ever meet competing for space with only your poor as shit Mum to keep watch over you.

When she wasn't blind drunk, that was. Total pisshead, Mum was. Rest her soul.

So it wasn't a surprise to anyone when I got into deep shit at an early age. Drinking, drugs, a good smoko, and a lot of bashing up the dickhead flogs that tried to throw their weight around where they didn't belong. It was better than being around when me Dad came back, swearing and carrying on and chucking empty beer bottles at my head because me and Mum had made too much of a racket for his taste. Yeah, I learned to be tough from a young age, tough enough to leave that fucking life behind me and take up the gang life. It wasn't a hard choice either: I had a talent for being a fucking bruiser thanks to my height and build, and the fact of the matter is I'm good at hurting people and taking orders. I don't do the thinking, I just do the pain. Hence why I got the nickname Cutter over my decades of working for the Melbourne mob. I became one of their top enforcers, willing to kill, to maim, to intimidate whoever they wanted me to, no questions asked. And I'm damn good at it.

Well, I was damn good at it.

I was finally done in for good at the age of forty nine after a long career of serving the family. I didn't say shit like a good loyal dog, but given I made the national news with my wde

ugly mug and heap of tattoos I guess I was too much of a liability to get out of the big house. Not that I blamed them: it was the nature of the game, and after they pulled that body out of the Murray from over interstate it was game over for me anyway. Multiple life sentences, enough to know I'd be in jail the rest of me life.

Which was why it was big surprise when I was released out of the blue thirteen years later at the humble age of sixty two. I'd put on a slight pot gut by then, and my bones were starting to feel a debt to the rest of my, but with a broad look like mine, not to mention my reputation, I'd barely raised a sweat behind bars. Fuck, I'd even gotten more tat work done, finished that python sleeve with the naked girls I'd always wanted done. But just because it was a cake walk didn't mean I didn't have question when they were pulling me out.

"The fuck is this about?"

"You're being released, Cutter."

"Darrell to you, fuckwit. Only me mates and victims call me Cutter. This some spring? Or did the Morettos finally spruik some cash to get me done in?"

"You're being released, Darrell."

"Bullshit. I got enough weight on my sentence to crush a blooming elephant. What's this about?"

"You'll see . . ."

The guard smirked as he led me outside. I was still in my prison uniform, but they gave me all my things in a case before directed me to a fucking limo of all things.

"Get in," I was told, so I did.

Worse case, I'd go down fighting. But instead of their being some big younger guy ready to jump me, there was a woman. Hot little thing too, all wrapped up in a suit and tie like a Christmas present.

"Welcome, Mr Rone," she said. "I represent the Harlowe Group."

My blood went from red hot to icy chill instantly. The Harlowe Group were the kind of shadowy organisation even the big Sydney crims didn't mess with. They were white collar types, I'm talking billionaire industrialists who could fuck you over with just a word, and send a team to your door to wipe out your family if you betrayed them. They had their fingers in every pie, but they kept far away from the dirty work, buying pollied in their pockets and making sure all the right bills got passed in their favour.

They weren't the type of people I wanted to be in debt to.

"Forget it," I said. "Just take me back."

"We have need of your services, Mr Rone," she said. "And you should know my employers generally don't take no for an answer. They've gone to considerable expense to free you: they think you could be a strong asset in years to come, even despite your wear and tear."

I gave a grim smirk. “Only wear, no tear. Never met someone who could bring me down.”

“Good,” she said, passing me a folder. “Because that’s the impression we want you to give to this man. He’s staying under a fake name at a little hotel at the edge of Ballarat called *The Sunnyside*. As an IT specialist, he has access to . . . important information that we want, and we have uncovered information to blackmail this from him. All we need you to do is watch over him, make sure he doesn’t leave, for twenty four hours while we receive the transferred files and assess them. After that, terminate him.”

I looked at the individual in the photo. Average height and build, Caucasian like me, albeit without the tats, and brown hair. I used to have brown hair before it went white. He was sort of a middle-management type to look at him, only in his early twenties.

“Not exactly a hard job,” I said.

She smirked. “Consider it a loyalty test. Do this one twenty four hour job, and the Harlowe Group will give you far more lucrative and rewarding contracts befitting your skills . . . Cutter.”

I was happy to correct the guard, but I didn’t correct her now. You didn’t mess around with the Harlowe Group.

“Fine,” I said. “I’ll do it.”

I looked again at the photo.

“White collar tosser,” I said to myself.

9am

‘White collar tosser’ was right, at least from my first impression. The room at *The Sunnyside* was cheap and a little dirty, the kind of dirty I was used to, but he clearly wasn’t. I’d knocked on the door at 9am just like I’d been told to, and the idiot had let his own assassin in nervously, his shirt all crisp clean and his hair mussed to one side. Mate was in over his head, for sure.

“Oh, um, hello. You - you’re from *them*, aren’t you? To make sure the transfer goes through?”

I nodded. “Yeah, that’s my job all right.”

He looked up at me: at 6’4 I had that effect on most people. Not that many blokes these days use the imperial. I could never stomach metric for heights, that was some garbage Whitlam nonsense or something. So to my eyes this fella was at best 5’8, maybe 5’9. He was exactly like his photo, only it didn’t capture his nervousness quite so much. He

wore glasses that looked like he needed them, but made him an upper-class twit in my opinion.

“You gonna let me in or what?”

“Oh, sure. Sorry.”

“Yeah, right.”

I barged on through, shutting the door behind me and latching it shut. I checked out the hotel room: one bathroom, one bedroom, one little living space, one toilet. It was cramped: good. Easy to keep track of the mark, and more than that there were limited windows: just one that had a shit look across the cityscape and a small window above the dunny. All in all, a solid place to squat while we waited out this job. I grinned: it was good to be on the outside again, and even better to be working again.

“Okay, what do you know of what’s happening here?” I said. “Take a seat while you tell me.”

The nervous bloke did exactly as I told him. It was a good sign.

“Well, these people contacted me. Said they had . . . things, they knew about me. They showed me proof. They said if I came here and transferred files from my workplace - from Aeretheon - that I’d be safe, and the blackmail would end.”

I grunted. Classic story. Old mate here was probably a pedo or something. He didn’t seem to know it was the Harlowe Group that had got ahold of him, and that was right by me. Power in anonymity and all that. He sat there fidgeting, the nervous little fuck.

“You know who I am, then?”

“They told me you were someone named Cutter.”

I grimaced. “Only mates and enemies call me that.”

“Then what should I call you?”

“Nothing at all mate. I’m just here to babysit you for twenty four hours while you transfer that data, whatever it is-”

“It’s a large scale property deal worth tens of billions happening in-”

“I don’t give a shit. I’m not asking questions. Like I said, I’m babysitting you until nine tomorrow, and then we go our separate ways. If it all goes through, got it?”

He nodded in understanding. “I’ll, uh, I’ll get started then.”

I grunted approval, then moved to the kitchen, keeping my eye on him the whole time. I got my stuff out of my bag.

“Where are you going?”

“To get a damn beer. It’s going to be a long twenty four hours, mate, and I don’t intend on being fully dry.”

“Can - can I have one too?”

“Once you’ve earned it. And once you’ve given me your mobile phone. Don’t want any funny business, okay?”

Again, he nodded nervously. Yeah, this was going to be a real easy job.

10am

The beer had gotten to me quicker than I thought. I hadn’t exactly gone dry in prison, but it was all Forster shit that the foreigners drink, so maybe I wasn’t used to the real stuff. Whatever it was, my stomach was churning, and I couldn’t help but wince occasionally as the bloke worked away on his laptop. I kept him in view, occasionally checking the screen: he was doing exactly as he was told.

“You okay?” he asked me.

“Fuck off,” I replied, before grunting a little again. Goddamn, my stomach was doing flips, and my hips felt a little weird too. It was aging, I bet. You hit your fifties and suddenly you don’t have the energy you once took for granted. At sixty two, I was feeling the occasional stab of an old wound. Didn’t stop me from being a fucking freight train when I wanted to. Besides, the tatted up bruiser look was enough to intimidate when necessary.

“It’s just . . . are you sick? You keep clutching your stomach.”

“I said FUCK OFF!” I yelled.

He went silent.

“Fine.”

“Just get to what you’re meant to be doing kid,” I said, even as I scratched my shoulders. They too were getting a little achey.

“Yeah, I said fine. And my name is Aaron, okay.”

“I’ll stick with ‘kid’ for now. What are you anyway, twenty?”

He shot me a dark look, one that I met with far more force.

“Twenty five,” he replied. “And I don’t want to be doing this. I’m not used to being caught up in this world.”

“Sure you aren’t,” I said sarcastically, taking another drink of my beer. Perhaps that would settle the weird churning in my stomach. “It’s not like you done something bad enough to get fuckin’ blackmailed, right?”

He went red as a tomato, and fell silent.

“Right, I’ve got to go to the shitter. Just a stomach wog, okay? Don’t think about leaving: I’ve bolted the door and no fella’s small enough to fit through the dunny window.”

I got up and went to the dunny. Fuck me, getting old was shit. I rubbed my chest, which had a sore feeling to it as well.

“Better not be a fucking heart condition,” I muttered to myself.

11am

Something was wrong, and it wasn't an upset stomach. I had been feeling sweaty only half an hour into this job, my stomach twisting itself into knots, my bones aching. It wasn't right, and it was making me a little jumpy. Aaron hadn't seemed to notice. When the young egghead wasn't doing his hacking shit he was just reading, or trying to make idle chit chat like we were just mates. God, it made me want to hurry up and break his neck right there, instead of waiting another twenty two hours for it.

“Are you sure you're okay?” he asked me again.

“Just a stomach ache. I'm here minding you, mate. Don't worry about me, got it?”

But it was definitely more than a stomach ache. I wasn't much one for doctors in my youth, but you reach my age and you gotta start taking that shit serious. If I wasn't working a job, especially one for the Harlowe Group, then I'd be up and out of there in a hurry. As soon as the job was over and favour curried with the new bosses, I'd make sure to get it checked.

“Just going to the bathroom,” I said, feeling a little embarrassed. The idiot probably thought I had IBS or something.

“Sure,” he said, looking a little concerned.

He wouldn't be so concerned if he knew I was going to kill him in less than a day's span. The thought alone made me chuckle a little, but that bit of grin stopped dead when I saw myself in the mirror.

“The fuck,” I whispered.

My face was changed, different. I looked gaunter, thinner somehow. I'd always had broad features - my nickname was nearly 'The Bull' for chrissake, until it became known how good I was with a boxcutter - but now my entire face looked like it had thinned. The extra flab of age was reducing, and even the veiny red around my cheeks had lessened, leaving the skin a hell of a lot lighter. My hair was different too, but I couldn't quite put a finger on it. It was a little long, but maybe I just needed a haircut. It was hard to tell in the dinghy light of the room, but the colouration seemed off, like it was darker than its usual white.

But that wasn't all of it, either. Even beneath my hoodie and trousers, it was obvious that my beer belly had shrunk down. I could hardly believe it: I'd fucking earned that front tub from smashing back good brew over the last forty years, and now it was bloody shrinking! The only place I hadn't gone down, in fact, was my chest. My pectoral muscles were sore,

and when I unzipped my jacket to see, it was obvious they'd actually swelled up a little, in fact.

"Look like fucking tits," I said. I prodded one of my nipples - they were stinging and swollen - and quickly hissed under my breath.

"Fuckin' oath. Something's not right."

I heard Aaron shuffle around the room and was quick to zip up my hoodie and race back out. It was odd, but I had more energy than I usually did: maybe just a consequence of finally being on the outside.

"What are you up to?" I demanded.

He looked to me a little shocked. "I was making a sandwich. Did - did you want one?"

My reduced stomach gurgled, and after a moment's pause I answered.

"Yeah. Vegemite. Two of 'em. Then back to your job. Ten of billions at stake and all that."

He got to work in the little mini kitchen, and I had to focus not to touch my nipples again. The damn things were stretching out and hardening over and over. I scratched my arse instead.

"That's getting fucking sore as well," I muttered.

12pm

My fucking ticker was racing. My stomach was no longer doing flips, but just about every other part of me was tensing and changing. I gritted my teeth as my thigh bones strained like they were trying to dislocate from my pelvis. Every so often I had to grunt or make a slight groan. Mainly I just hissed through my gritted teeth, but with just the two of us in the cramped space it was impossible for the mark not to notice.

"We should call a doctor," he suggested.

"*You* should mind your own damn business," I said, "and get back to work transferring those fucking files."

"Already done," he said. "I finished half an hour ago. The transfer is automatic now, and will only take another hour. After that, it's just waiting, right?"

Waiting till your death mate, I thought.

"Seriously, I'm getting concerned about you. Are you experiencing heartburn? You look totally different from when you first came in!"

I gave him a look that was meant to intimidate, but at that exact moment there was another lurch in my system, and I doubled over on the sofa seat opposite his, clutching my gut. He ran to my side.

“Shit! Give me your phone! I’ll call an ambulance!”

I batted him away. “N-no! J-just gotta make it through to the end. I always s-see a job through, okay? Don’t mess with me.”

He shrugged in an exhausted, annoyed way, but moved back. Still, an unfamiliar part of me was glad he’d shown the care. As much as I would still terminate the guy, he didn’t seem like a bad bloke, leastwise on the surface.

“You had a beer gut when you came in,” he said. “It’s practically gone already.”

I’d noticed, but having it pointed out was somehow worse. I was looking a lot fucking thinner, that was for sure, but the weirdest part was that wasn’t feeling frail. Far from it, I was feeling an injection of energy, and an earlier check in the bathroom mirror confirmed that I even *looked* a little better: the crow’s feet around my eyes and the wrinkles on my forehead had receded quite a spell, and my hands weren’t as damn veiny. My hair looked a little longer though - but it was impossible for hair to grow that fast, right?

“It’s . . . I don’t know what it is,” I admitted. “I’ll get it checked out when we’re done.”

“Are you shorter as well?”

“Fuckin’ oath, are you serious?”

He gave that nervous nod of his, the one that irritated me to the core. The kid needed to drink some concrete and harden the fuck up, that was for sure.

“Maybe it’s just me, but you looked like two metres or something when you first stepped in. You had to duck at the doorway.”

“Still do,” I said, standing up. The pressure in my chet was uncomfortable, and fuck me if I wasn’t glad the hoodie was covering up these crazy throbbing nipples. But I ambled over to the doorway, heart racing, hoping to prove him wrong.

My head passed clean under the doorway.

“What the fuck,” I said. “What the actual fuck. Fuck.”

What else was there to say? Shit like this doesn’t just happen. I turned to look at Aaron, glaring at him. Was he special, in some way? Was this an experiment by the Harlowe Group?

“What the hell are you doing to me?” I said, racing to him. He barely had time to move before I thrust out my arms and grabbed him, yanking him up against the wall with a clatter. He yelped, clearly terrified, his feet dangling off the floor. I felt more energetic than I had in years, and yet simultaneously weaker: it was a struggle to keep him up there.

“I s-swear I didn’t have anything to d-do with it!” he cried.

I choked him harder, cutting off his oxygen supply for a moment.

“Talk. What the hell is in those files? Are you some hormone scientist or some shit? Am I a guinea pig? No one loses over a foot of height in three hours! No one!”

He shook his head, clearly terrified, holding his hands up and too scared to even fight back.

"I swear I d-don't know!" he wheezed as I relaxed my grip. "I work in legal accounts! I archive government proposals. All I've done is leak sensitive information on a huge land purchase that'll make people very, very rich if they get in on it! I know nothing about this . . . unless . . ."

"UNLESS WHAT!?" I roared, though my voice sounded less raspy than it should have.

"Lumin's S-Syndrome."

"Lumin's what now!?"

"It's a c-condition. Super r-rare. Affects m-mainly men. Please, I c-can't breathe."

I dropped him to the floor. He made a few ragged breaths, during which I scratched at my arse again. It was bloated, definitely bigger, and oddly pert too. Yeah, something was very, very wrong.

"Spit it. What's Lumin's Syndrome?"

Aaron collected himself. "It's a genetic disorder. Can strike at random. A person changes gender over time, becomes completely male or female where they were a woman or man earlier. It's been in the news a little: there was that young football player who ended up becoming a sort of bimbo cheerleader in America."

I recalled something of what he was saying. There was that one girl on that ABC special a while back, something about being a mad old preacher, only she'd turned into a hot little brunette sheila with big tits, and she was worshipping the guy who used to be her apartment neighbour. Was on her third kid with him already. She had that mad look while she rubbed her belly, said something about 'being fruitful for her earthly lord.' I'd thought it was just a fuckin' hoax or something, but if it was true . . .

"No, no way," I said. "That's all bullshit. I'm not changing into a fuckin' sheila."

"I can't think of any other explanation. Your hair has gotten longer too - hair doesn't just *get* longer. You've lost weight, and no offence, but you look younger."

I tried to get my breathing under control. There were several signs that were adding up: my voice was a little higher, and when I last went for a shit, my hips felt wider. Certainly my arse was bigger. Rounder. Less saggy.

"I'm still not falling for it," I said. "I'm old, kid. Aaron, whatever. Hips are probably just giving out. Something's going on, but I'm not turning into a fucking woman, I tell you that."

"Well, it normally happens slowly, but this is oddly quick. Maybe a variant of something else similar to -"

I punched the wall. Hard. He nearly jumped.

"That's me putting a pin on this discussion. Got it?"

He nodded, though this time there wasn't that same nervousness to it. Simply an understanding. I went and sat in the chair opposite his while he went to fetch a glass of water. I picked up an old newspaper and began reading it, keeping half an eye on him.

I tried to ignore the pressure that had spread to my cock.

1pm

We were silent, but I could feel his gaze upon me. I was shaking by that point: my body was definitely changing. I could feel it in real time, especially around my groin and chest, which was scaring the living shit out of me. I had avoided looking in the mirror for some time, but the hair that was snaking slowly down my forehead was definitely evidence of change. Making sure he couldn't see, I looked up what I could of Lumin's Syndrome and others who had been affected by it. There weren't many - some Indian woman turned into a man, she claimed - and there was that football captain who became a hot cheerleader with some of the biggest tits I'd ever seen. Apparently she'd even married the dark-skinned guy who used to be her team rival. Just looking at her, you could tell she gave great blowjobs. Made me wonder what it would be like to give one.

"Fuck! What the hell!" I exclaimed.

Aaron looked up from a book. "What's wrong?"

"N-nothing," I replied. "Get back to your book."

"You've changed again. Your chest - are you . . . ?"

"It's not Lumin's."

"But you look younger, and I think your hair is turning bl-"

"It's not fucking Lumin's! Just sit there. We got plenty of hours to go."

I settled my breathing as he focused back on his book. I looked at him longer than was strictly speaking necessary. He didn't present a threat, but there was something oddly captivating about him in a way other marks weren't. He had an average kind of look, sure, but he was handling the tension better than most. And he was certainly more caring for my health than any other bastard had been. And his forearms were actually quite-

I stood up and stomped away, banishing those fucked up thoughts again. I went to the window and opened it a little, breathing in the fresh air.

My nipples stiffened again.

2pm

My body was betraying me. Everything was changing. I had stripped off in front of the bathroom with the door closed - I actually *trusted* Aaron, believe it or not, to not escape in the meantime. There was no denying it, I was getting younger. I looked like I was in my mid-fucking-forties. I didn't have the loose skin around my elbows anymore, and I was amazed at how much better my back was feeling. Except that my back was several inches shorter than it was bloody meant to be! Just from measuring myself against the doorway I could tell I was down to around six feet. I was dropping height as fast as I was dropping kilos: my stomach was practically flat by that point.

Worse, I was starting to get all emotional and shit about it. I had to face away from Aaron just so he wouldn't see me chuck a tizzy, and I kept going to the bathroom just to wipe my eyes clear. If I really did have Lumin's Syndrome, then it made sense I was becoming a woman: I never met one that wasn't a fucking string ball of tangled emotion. But then, it was hard not to grit my teeth and try to force the emotion down when I looked at my chest. My nipples had widened, and were still throbbing. When I checked up close, I could see them expanding in real time, the circular bit around my nipples too, whatever the hell it was called. But the pressure was unreal: it was low level but constant, and the flesh was rising up.

"I'm growing fucking tits," I yelled as I stormed out of the bathroom. "Jesus Christ! I got out of the slammer for this shit! Where the hell's the cure!?"

"I don't think there is one," Aaron said. "I'm sorry."

"Yeah? Well, what the hell do you know, sissy boy?"

"I know that everyone with Lumin's Syndrome completes their transition. There's often some mental changes, sometimes a change in orientation, or a personality shift."

I looked at him like he was a two-headed Tasmanian. "You're fucking kidding me. I'm going to die and be replaced by some fucking bimbo? I'd rather top myself than that."

He gestured in alarm. "No, no, nothing like that! But from what I've read and seen it can tweak your personality, but not outright replace it. Like the old man in the apartment; he kept his fanatic believe in God, but he transposed it onto his male neighbour."

"Fuck off with that shit, I'm not turning out like that crazy pregnant bimbo."

"I'm sorry. It's crazy that this is happening. Are you really, really sure we can't get you to a hospital?"

I was briefly tempted, but the instructions had been clear. This was a test of loyalty. I was *not* to leave. The Harlowe Group probably had someone else nearby to put me to pasture, permanently, if I stepped out that door for any reason.

"No. Not happening. I'm not letting you out of sight."

There was a long silence. I tried not to think about how my damn dick looked to be shrivelling up, or the pressure in my waist that was thinning me down. A little ringlet of hair had come over one eyebrow, and it was starting to look light *blonde* instead of white. I caught him staring at me, and his look made me want to kill him: I hated being pitied. Goddamn, this was a joke. It was all going wrong. I tried to give him a glare again, but it was hard to do so. He had such soft, innocent blue eyes. It made me want to protect him.

Until I killed him, I mean. Protect him for the duration of the job. Fuck! What was going on!

I avoided looking at him, and tried to tune out the sensations of my changing body. If there was no way to cure me that was known, then only an organisation as rich and influential as the Harlowe Group could do it. There was one thing for sure, I'd rather die than end up as some slutty bitch like that big-titted footballer's wife.

3pm

"Oohhhhh. Aahhh. Ah. Ngh!"

I tried to not make the sounds, but it was impossible. With each breath, my . . . chest, kept expanding. Might as well call them what they were: my *tits*. They were getting bigger after eating a couple of sandwiches for late lunch. Aaron was trying to not look, but there was no way of hiding the change from him in such a small face. The annoying little fuck kept sneaking glances, even as my tits surged forth. They actually pressed against my shirt now, feeling a bit rounded and soft. They even fucking jiggled, goddamnit! They weren't huge, but they were big enough to be real.

The same could be said of my arse as well. As my body started to look like it was in its late thirties, and my height reduced to a bloody 5'9, my arse was getting huge. It felt like I was sitting on a bloody cushion pretty soon, and it looked all the more ridiculous because my waist was shrinking. I stripped naked to look in the mirror and ended up crying like a total pussy girl, even though in the reflection I didn't look totally ridiculous. Bloody stupid for a man, that was for sure, but I didn't have a Kardarshian arse or anything. Just one that felt like it.

I didn't remove my undies though. Whatever was going on with my cock I wasn't touching. If I did see how small it had gotten, I half-expected I would fucking bawl my bleeding eyes out. The only saving grace as I got thinner and de-aged was that my tats remained nice and tight. They actually looked pretty good on me, actually. Kind of nice to show off. Almost . . . cute, instead of intimidating, especially the scales and cobwebs mingling with the roses on my arm sleeves. The lack of arm hair really showed them off.

“What the fuck am I thinking? Christ, get ahold of yourself, Cutter.”

4pm

“What did you do?”

Aaron looked up at me. We were both bored as sin, but he had resigned to me not talking to him. But the changes were coming more and more, and I won't lie, I was getting scared shitless. My body hair was almost completely gone, and I could feel my lips puffing up. I could swear my eyelashes were getting longer.

“What do you mean?” he asked.

“What are they blackmailing you with?”

“I thought we didn't pry or get into details.”

I shot him a dark look. “I'm growing a fucking pussy, mate, so don't talk cheek with me. I just wanna know. Distract me from this crazy Lumin's shit.”

“Okay,” he said, curling some of his brown hair behind his ear by habit. It was kinda hot, and my nipples tingled. Fucking Lumin's making me all gay or something. “The cliffnotes version is that my sister was dying of a rare blood disorder, so I embezzled some cash to pay for her treatment.”

I must admit, that took me by surprise. “Wait, that's it? She wasn't covered by Medicare?”

He shook his head. “She was, sort of. But the treatment is experimental, and only in the US. I had to pay a lot out of pocket to get her there, which I didn't have, and couldn't get. So I embezzled a bit. Well, a lot. About two hundred thousand over three years.”

I almost spit my drink out. “Fuckin' streuth. And they call me a crim. You white collar types leeching away at society. Jesus. What, couldn't ask mummy and daddy for money anymore? Spent all your white collar cash on fine cars and wine and didn't have it when it counted?”

This time he scoffed. “Fuck you, whoever you are, whatever your name is. You don't know my story. I'm not rich, never have been. I took my sis away from my shitheel parents when I was just sixteen, and I took care of her as long as I could ever since.”

Again, that slight pause in my heartbeat. I found myself stuck listening to his words, and the Lumin's Syndrome was making me . . . feel for him.

“What kind of shitheel parents?”

A little smirk, and he stood up, turned around, and pulled up his shirt. There on his back were a number of harsh scars, riddled down his body.

“The kind that did this when I made too much noise.”

“Fuck. Mine threw bottles at me head.”

“Then you know what’s it like. You became a criminal, whatever. So did I. But I never became a criminal like my old folks.”

I felt a lot more respect for this kid - no, for this *man* - flood into my being. I took a deep breath, and felt my breasts push out just that little bit bigger.

“Well, what happened to your sister?”

“She died. The treatment didn’t take. And then I got the blackmail. Her name was Lara.”

I sagged, not knowing quite what to say. It was a strange thing, to feel so small after always being the big man in any room. We were silent a time before I decided to say something.

“Darrell.”

“Huh?”

“Me name’s Darrell. Mates call me Cutter.”

He extended a hand. “Well, good to meet you Cutter.”

I took it, shaking his hand with mine. His hand was bigger, and mine looked fucking dainty by comparison.

He had a nice, soothing grip.

5pm

I huffed and moaned as the Lumin’s Syndrome hit. I was lying on the couch, sweating like a damn dog. I had to pull my shirt up. It was a shirt that was too damn small anyway by that point. The pressure in my chest - in my fucking *tits* - was getting stronger and stronger, and wasn’t quitting anytime soon. My nipples were now as big as any woman’s, if not a little bigger, and my boobs were bloody heavy and noticeable. They were as big as my old girlfriend Sharon’s, and she had nice C-cups that I loved to suck on. It made the bloody brain changes even worse, because that made me think of what it would be like to have someone suck on *my tits*, and every time I thought of it, the mental image was of a bloody bloke doing it.

“NNghhh!! F-fuuuuuck! S-so m-much!” I groaned. “D-damn h-hips! Even my f-face!”

“I’ll get some water.”

“P-please. Ch-cheers mate! And a c-cold towel, goddamnit! NNGGHHHH!!”

My voice rose higher and higher. I sounded more like a woman in heat than a damn mob enforcer, but at least I retained a natural rasp to my voice. It was characteristic to me, and losing that would make me cut onions all over again.

Aaron brought over the water, which I sculled like it was a pint of beer, and then gave me the cool towels. I felt pathetic taking them, but they provided much-needed relief against the bloody changes happening all over my body. My feet were becoming smaller, my legs thinner except around my damn thighs, and my hips were getting wider and wider, popping outwards with a sickening crunch. It was the same sort of sickening crunch I'd inflicted on others, and it made me sob just to think of it.

What the fuck was happenign to my mind?

"Darrell - your hair!"

"What about my - oh shit!"

It trailed over my face, a platinum blonde that looked almost unnatural. It was soft and shiny, a far cry from my rough white hair, or even the brown of my youth. I went to say something, but I could only go "MMhmmph!!" as my lips puffed out yet again, and my eyebrows shifted upwards a little as my face rearranged.

Finally, the changes ended, and I was left panting. I did indeed sound like a woman after she'd had her brains fucked out. I looked up at Aaron, standing over me, and the oddest damn feeling I'd ever experienced came over me: my nipples hardened, and then the space between my thighs became moist.

"F-fuck. Fuck! FUUUUUCK!"

"Is everything okay?"

"OF COURSE FUCKING NOT! I'VE GOT A DAMN PUSSY!"

I put my hand down to check, but immediately regretted it. I touched some sensitive folds that were not meant to be there, and ended up moaning accidentally as a little shot of ecstasy coursed through my body. I squirmed, moaning for a tick, and that's when I saw that Aaron had an erection tenting his pants.

"You - you fucking pervert!" I yelled in my voice. God, I sounded fucking dirty hot as hell with my new female rasp.

"Sorry! It's just - sorry!"

I shot to my feet and pushed him away as hard as I could. He fell back against the couch, but more out of surprise. I was still tough alright, but only for a woman.

"Why the fuck have you got an erection? What, you think this is hot, you sicko?"

He shook his head, but then paused.

"Sorry Darrell. It's just . . . have you seen yourself?"

I hadn't. Not after that fresh change. I bit my fuller lip, and stormed to the bathroom.

And saw a sexy babe with platinum blonde hair that fell to just above her shoulders. She had a 'come fuck me' expression as a default, and the kind of lips I'd want to suck me cock dry . . . if I still bloody well had one. The rest of her was wearing baggy clothing, but I

was so concerned that I took it all off in front of him, uncaring that he could see through the door.

“Fuck. I *am* hot.”

I had full C-cups that were nearly D's in size. They were heavy, but also round and perfect. I had cleavage, for chrissakes. My arse was just as fantastic, and I had the kind of hourglass that the stripgirls at the old joint I frequented would pay good surgery money for. My legs - I had always been a leg man - were the kind I would have worshipped. The tats still fit me perfectly, making me look like a sexy biker chick or something. I looked tough for a girl, I supposed, but not the terrifying enforcer I was. More like a tough girl who'd grown up on the streets, and knew how to take care of herself.

“Goddamn,” I said. I struck a pose for God know's what reason, placing my hand on my hip and thrusting my chest out a little. My tits wobbled, naked on my chest. Aaron gasped to my side, and I realised what I was doing.

Worse, I realised his reaction was turning me on. I immediately stopped what I was doing.

“Aaron, get me a fucking shirt already.”

6pm

My tits were bigger. Again. Bigger than 'Big Tits Betty', and she had a mighty fine set of tits. They must have been Double-Ds by the way they jiggled and bounced. It actually made me want to wear a bleeding bloody blooming bra.

Aaron had given me one of his shirts to wear, as well as some trousers. The first fit me sorta: it was loose around the shoulders and waist, but tight around the chest. My fucking nipples were pressed hard against the fabric, showing themselves off like I was about to dance at a strip show. My waist had shrunk further, and my ass and hips were fucking wild. It meant I had to pull the trousers up above my female hips and pull it tight with the belt. It made me look like I'd just had steamy sex and was wearing the man's gear afterwards.

It made me think of what sex with Aaron would look like. He was now taller than me, and whenever I looked at him I got that bloody protective feeling again that was driving me up the damn wall.

I should have called the ambos. I should have gone to the hospital, and fuck the Harlowe Group. If I'd been thinking clearly about my condition I would have caught on to the fact that the Group wouldn't even recognise me only a few hours into the change. I could have disappeared. But the hope of their influence changing me back kept me on.

No, that was a bloomin' lie.

I stayed because of Aaron. Something about him was becoming a bloody magnet to me. I found myself staring at him when he wasn't looking, and my pussy - I still couldn't believe I had a fuckin' pussy - got all wet in his presence.

It was like my damn changing body was recognising him as some sort of . . . some sort of mate. And I don't mean the 'me and my mates going to the pub' kind of mate. No. The *other kind*. What the Yanks mean by the term. It sickened me. It fucking excited me.

"Fucking Lumin's Syndrome," I said.

Aaron looked my way with those big beautiful blue eyes of his, his glasses framing them perfectly. God, I wanted to keep this man safe, the way he fought to keep his sister safe. I'd never fought for that kind of cause before.

Fuck, we were just staring at one another.

"Um, anything I can do, Darrell?"

Even the name sounded wrong. Cutter didn't sound right either.

"Fuck off," I said.

"C'mon," he said, "I can tell you want something."

Yeah, *you*, I thought. I want to fuck *you*. It sent a chill down my spine, and a quiver of excitement from my lips to my tits to my new pussy. I squirmed a little on the spot, adjusting my seat, and in the end I had to stand and walk away to the hotel phone, even if it meant him seeing my big tits wobble in the shirt he'd given me. Especially because of that, actually.

"What are you doing?"

"Ordering Chinese."

"But aren't we supposed to -"

"Kid, what fucking order do you want? I'm bloody starving after all these fuckin' Lumin's changes and I don't want to eat another sandwich as long as I live. So give me your order."

He shrugged, a little amused. I smiled backwards, feeling a little silly. But also still dominant.

A different kind of dominant.

7pm

The Chinese arrived. It was a stupid decision, but after all I was going through I considered it a treat to myself. I was glad this body still craved Chinese noodles as much as my male body did. Was it even possible to turn back? I felt utterly different. Even in the last hour, the final changes had settled over me, and I was completely unrecognisable as Darrell 'Cutter' Rone. Gone was the bloke who looked like he'd been fucked up more than once, but

whoever gave him the scars got way more fucked up 'cause he was still standing and they weren't. No, now in the mirror was a hot biker babe type, her extensive tattoos looking bloody hot as on her form. Her tits were fuckin' cantaloupes, and she sure as shit had an arse you could bounce a quarter off. I'd always had a thing for hot chicks like that, and evidently so did Aaron: he complimented me on my 'awesome blonde hair' more than once, which was almost silvery in high platinum blonde it was. Each compliment made me puff up in pride: though I only really 'puffed up' in two prominent places now, especially since my stomach was a flat, toned tummy that would look great in a midriff bearing getup.

The mere fact that I was imagining dressing up meant I'd changed more than I'd thought. The Lumin's Syndrome was kicking into high gear, and the noodles were a great distraction. I ate them readily, sucking up the noodles and moaning at their wonderful taste. God, even my tastebuds were young, fresher, just like me. I now looked like I was only twenty years old or so, but I still had that same glare that I would fuck you up if you crossed me, at least. It was small, but it was something.

I stopped eating when I realised Aaron was staring.

"What?" I asked, raising a perfect eyebrow. "See something you like, kid?"

"Well, obviously. No offence Darrell, but you're hot."

"Don't I know it, kid. Look, try to ignore it."

"I'm trying, but . . . the moaning isn't helping. Or the way you eat the noodles."

I blushed what I could only assume was red as a bloody tomato. Fuck, I'd been practically sucking up those fat noodles like I was practicing for a much larger, meatier, and manlier object. Goddamn.

"Fuck off," I said. "And quit looking at my damn tits."

He put up his hands in that cute gesture of his. He had some snark to him, that was for sure. He'd get ripped to pieces at a bkie club, but I couldn't deny he had some brass balls.

"Fine Darrell, I'll quit looking. I was trying not to look. It's just . . . you keep undoing the buttons."

I looked down, and sure enough my cleavage was on full display.

"Fuckin' Lumin's."

"At least we're nearly halfway to twenty four hours. Won't be too long and we can go our separate ways, and you can hopefully try and get reversed."

I sighed. Goddamn, I sighed. In my bag, hidden at the bottom, was a filed down glock. I'd still have to use it.

Poor kid.

8pm

We'd finished Chinese, and the two of us were sitting on the same couch. It was bloody dangerous, but damn if it didn't feel good. The syndrome had me practically huffing up his scent, but I couldn't bring myself to pull away. The tucker had hit all the right spots, though I couldn't eat as much as I used to, not now that I'd become a hot blonde sheila. One up shot I supposed: grocery bills could be cheaper in the future. And I'd live a lot longer. Too bad I still liked smokin. I lit one up and offered it to Aaron.

"Cheers," he said, taking it from me after I'd had a couple of puffs. It was a fucking turn on the way my lips had been on it, then his, and then mine again when he passed it back. I promised myself that's as far as I would let it all go.

"You ever regret the things you did?" he asked me.

I gave him a funny look. A hard look. I'll give the bastard this: he matched it with his everyman gaze, not hard but simply patient. To my surprise, I broke first.

"Never did until today," I said. "Now I can't stop thinking about it. It's probably the Syndrome, or maybe it's just being fucking terrified of suddenly being a woman, maybe it's just being roped into this job, but I keep thinking about the things that I done."

He regarded me in a way that made me want to come clean.

"I've killed people, Aaron. Three, in fact. One was innocent as all hell: just a man who'd ticked off one of my boss's sons, who was foolish enough to order a hit. That was the one that got me done away. I paralysed a man from the waist down in a fight. I've glassed a couple of people. I've helped cover up crimes, helped bury bodies. I'm . . . I'm a fucking monster, Aaron."

He didn't seem to view me as such. Maybe it was the spectacular set of tits I now had weighing heavily on my chest. Maybe it was the fact that I was only 5'7 now.

"I've done things I regret too," he replied.

"Yeah, no offence mate, but I don't think you killed anyone."

"I did."

I swivelled my head so damn fast to look at him that I almost gave myself whiplash.

"Bullshit, kid. I know killers, I can smell 'em. And you ain't one."

He shrugged. "Never killed anyone up close, that's for sure. Never did the deed personally. But the company I robbed from wasn't Aeretheon. I worked there after the embezzlement. I stole from the Raymar Harris Foundation."

"Fuck. Jesus, Aaron, that's fucking cold. That's a bloody cancer ward fund, isn't it?"

"Yeah. They'd turned down treatment for my sister. I was . . . angry. They served a rich prick instead of her. 'He simply arrived first, and we don't discriminate.' Bullshit. It was more funding to the hospital. I know for a fact that bastard arrived later: I was in charge of

their financial records so I could see it! So I stole from them to pay for her treatment. Maybe it didn't have an effect, who knows. Maybe someone died who shouldn't."

A tear developed in his left eye. He moved to wipe it, and I placed a hand on his shoulder. It was firm, and solid, but for once I wasn't getting turned on. I just wanted him to feel better.

"Well, at least you didn't wait till your sixties to regret it, kid."

"Yeah, there's that. But Lara died anyway, and now I'm paying for it."

I was silent, and I pulled my hand away.

9pm

The feelings of arousal were back. I felt as horny as a boomer in heat, and it was getting harder to ignore. I'd gone from coldblooded killer to a fucking babe in twelve hours, and I doubted I could even last another twelve.

Aaron had gone silent from our last talk, and I'd spent the time just checking the windows and trying to ascertain if we had a tail or not. From my judgement, the white van in the parking lot was the most likely location for a squatting spot. It's what I would do.

The kid's laptop dinged. I still thought of him as a kid, despite the fact that I was now technically younger than him: there was no way I was even twenty five years old in age in this body. I had the energy of someone just a few years past their eighteenth, and that same energy was being turned towards him. I decided to move over to where he was seated.

"Move. I'm sitting here."

He did.

"What's going on with your laptop?"

"Oh? Just needs batteries. I haven't plugged it in for a while."

There was something off about that statement. The old me would have interrogated that, but as I shifted next to him my thigh rubbed against his, and our shoulders too.

"Sorry."

"Yeah, sorry."

I went to move myself, but he did the same, and we planted our hands on the same spot. Right on top of each other. My heart raced at just the touch of him, just the feel of him so close. His gaze was on me, and he didn't move his hand off mine.

"Darrell, I feel like -"

I kissed him. I leapt at him like a damn apex predator hunting its prey. Like a python on its quarry. He gave a brief yelp of surprise and suddenly he was kissing back, his soft lips

against my even softer ones, his hands encircling my little waist completely, making me feel safe.

And then we were removing each other's clothes like mad.

"Oh God! Get this fuckin' top off! I bloody need this!"

"M-me too!" he stammered, even as I ripped his shirt open, scattering the buttons. He undid mine one at a time, freeing my perfect tits so I could rub them against his chest. It was heaven and hell at once, and the devil in me wanted more. I unbuckled my belt feverishly, and he helped me. I was so much older than this man, and yet in that moment I felt like his younger lover, the woman who was maddened with horniness, eager to please and protect him. To fuck his brains out. He kissed me again, even as I removed my pants.

"The bed?" he asked.

"Fuck no," I gasped, even as I kissed him again. "I want to fuck you right here on the sofa. Right now."

"But the - should we really be doing this?"

I pushed him back against the sofa and straddled him naked, my glorious tats on my new, glorious female body all on display for him.

"I don't give a shit if this is the Lumin's Syndrome or not, kid. I haven't had a good fuck in over a decade, and right now I want to fuck your brains out. I want to fuck your big cock with my wet pussy, got it?"

He nodded like an eager puppy, and pulled me closer. I moaned like a whore, loving the sound of it as he gripped my soft ass and sucked on my sensitive tits. I unbuckled his pants and released his cock, and I couldn't help but gasp at it too. It was a damn monster.

"Streuth," I said.

"Yeah, it surprises a few."

"I can't believe I'm about to fit that inside me. Get it in there, kid."

I squealed as he entered me, his enormous cock parting me, piercing me, *penetrating* me. But even as I took his huge dick inside my dripping passage, I was in control. I was the dominant one. I was *fuckin' him*. I began to bounce on his lap, holding him, rubbing my nipples against him as I did so. I bounced just enough for his cock to nearly slide out, only for it to ram right back in again.

"God - this - feels - good!" I groaned.

"It f-fucking does!" he replied. "You're s-so damn hot, Darrell!"

"C-call me Cutter!" I cried. But it didn't sound right. I wasn't a cutter, not anymore. I didn't know what I was, but I knew for certain as I let him shove all eight inches of his magnificent manhood into me, that I couldn't kill this bloke. I could only protect him. Love him. Keep him safe. But if not Cutter . . .

"Connie! Call me Connie!"

“Conne!” he replied. “I love it. You’re so fucking hot Connie. You’re the hottest chick I’ve ever had.”

“Prove it, kid. Make me cum. I want to know how it feels to be a woman!”

I could barely believe I was saying those words, but I was so lost in pleasure I could barely stop myself. He continued to thrust into me, until finally I could take no more. I squealed loudly, bucking ever faster until finally it was all too much, and my entire body quaked in orgasms. It was like being hit by a truck, in a good way. I cried out.

“OOHHHHHHH AARON!!! OHHHHHHH!!”

And then his dick throbbed, and he came just as hard, his seed pouring inside me.

We lay there panting for a long time.

“Shit,” I said eventually. “That was pretty good.”

Aaron cracked up laughing, and so did I.

10pm

We fucked two more times. I straddled him on a chair the second time, and on the third I let him take me from behind.

But I gave the orders. I may not be a bastard anymore, but I was still a badass biker babe bitch.

7am

I woke before him. We’d had sex a fourth time before we fell asleep, naked and together. Fuck me if that wasn’t the hottest sex of my life. Even getting rammed by his cock, I felt like a chick in control, and him submissive to me. Not only was it hot as fuck, but it made me appreciate all the more what had happened to me. I’d nearly slipped right back into being a killer, a murderer. A monster.

And then here was this man with crimes of his own who pulled me back from the ledge. I wanted to thank him. Buy him a beer or something, like I would have as a man. Just looking at his sleeping face reminded me I had a new way of thinking though: not only was I getting horny again, but I had to wipe some tears away from the bloody emotions that welled in me. Thankfully, I reckon I was still pretty stoic by female standards, because it was only a lasting moment. Instead, I thought of another way to thank him.

By the time he’d already woken up, I’d already jerked his huge cock into a throbbing erection. If you’d have told me yesterday around this time that I’d be sucking a man off with

the best damn morning blowjob he'd ever received, I'd have punched your fucking teeth down your throat. As it was, I was moaning and rolling my eyes back as he grabbed my hair, grunted, and finally shot a load right down *my throat* instead.

It tasted salty and sweet at the same time. It tasted like a new kind of addiction, "Holy fuck," he said. "What a wake up."

"Morning, kid," I said.

We were nestled up against each other, me on top of him, both of us naked. He was warm, and wonderful, and damn comfy too. I could barely believe the last twenty two hours of my life. I was a fucking woman, with a pussy and everything, and I was addicted to this man I was meant to kill. Not just his amazing cock either, though that had me squealing more than Timmy the Talker. No, I was addicted to *him*. Aaron. He was ordinary right up until you saw the story behind those blue eyes, the pain and the daring, the crimes and regret, the love and the passion.

"I've got to kill you in two hours," I said.

"I know," he replied. "I was planning to kill you first."

I shifted so I could look at him. I had to brush away my platinum blonde hair behind my ear.

"Say that again, kid?" I said in my raspy female voice.

"I brought a gun. It was hidden behind the toilet."

"Fuckin' oath. That's practically cliche."

"But you didn't find it."

"I thought you were just some white collar geek type."

He smiled as he caressed my back. "Everyone underestimates me. They think I'm just an ordinary office worker, like they think you're just a mindless brute, I guess."

His words stung, more than they would have before I became a woman.

"Guess it took becoming a woman to not be a cunt," I said.

We laughed.

"Are you still going to kill me?"

I nestled up against him, rubbing his stomach. Fuck me if I wasn't absolutely, a hundred percent gay for him now. Or straight. Or whatever.

"Yeah, nah," I said. "But the man outside will kill us both."

This time he pulled back and stared at me.

"The man outside?"

"They always send two, mate. This is a loyalty test. I guess they didn't figure on my loyalty ending up on you, by a freak syndrome. I think he's in the white van. Watching."

He nodded. "I . . . I'm new to this. But it makes sense. They'll definitely want to kill me after what I did."

I had one of those feelings, the kind where a puzzle piece was missing.

“The laptop beep from last night. What hell did you do, kid?”

He gave a sheepish grin. “I may have put a virus in a virus.”

“Bullshit. You’re serious, aren’t you? You hacked the fucking Harlowe Group?”

“I told you earlier, I’m good with records. They’ll probably figure it out soonish anyway, but I figure if I’m probably going to die anyway, and I’ve still got all this regret, then I might as well put the pain to some *real* badguys, right?”

I looked at Aaron with even more renewed wonder and astonishment.

“Holy fuck, kid. You’re actually waging war on the Harlowe Group?”

“Well, I don’t really know who they are, but they’re no doubt pretty powerful. But my little worm managed to infiltrate a lot of their records. I figured before I went out in a blaze of glory this morning that I would hit execute and watch their plans go up in flames as everything my virus could find was published on the internet, to journalists, to politicians, lawyer firms, and so on. I figure there’s more than enough criminal activity in their records to at least make them burn money on some high profile lawyers and run panicking out of the country if they can move fast enough.”

“But you won’t get ‘em all, and some have enough control that they can weather it. It’ll just be a painful hit on the chin. One they won’t forget. Or forgive.”

He grinned that wonderful, nervous grin. He hadn’t ever been nervous about me. He’d accepted he was going to die. The whole time, he’d been nervous about pulling *this* off.

“Like I said, I didn’t plan on being around for it all. Blaze of glory.”

I held him tighter, this goddamn legend of a bloke. God, I wanted to fuck him all over again. But there were things to do.

“Let’s postpone the blaze of glory,” I said. “Let’s get out of here. Run away together..”

“But where will we go?”

“Anywhere. Everywhere, mate. I got tons of hideyholes they’ll never find us, and they don’t even know who I am now. We’ll live our whole lives on the run if we have to. I know a place to get some more weapons to protect us. But I ain’t letting you die. This - whatever insanity that led to us getting together - I figure this is my chance at a piece of redemption. Especially if . . . I mean, we fucked quite a lot without a condom last night.”

His eyes widened. “Are you?”

“I don’t fucking know, how would I, you stupid cunt? All I’m saying is that this is a new start for us both. I still know how to use a gun, and I still know how to survive on the streets. I’ll be a lot fuckin’ hotter doing it these days, and I’m not looking forward to getting the catcalls, but I figure I can drink some concrete and harden the fuck up. And so can you. The only question kid, is will you join me?”

For a long moment he stared at me. I felt . . . vulnerable, in the path of his gaze.

“Goddamnit, I fucking love you,” I said. “I’m not letting you fuckin’ die.”

He laughed, and I had to slap him. Lightly, lightly! Just a tap on the shoulder.

“Sorry, it’s just . . . I thought I was going to die, and then I met you.”

“Yeah, well, it’s a lot easier to want a new life when someone who looks like me shacks up with you. Just be glad I don’t have the beer gut anymore.”

“I love you too,” he said, pulling me against him and kissing me deeply. I yielded to him, this one person who could make me feel a seed of good still in myself. And then I pushed him back, because I was still a fuckin’ hard man. Well, hard woman. I retrieved my bag and pulled out the revolver, checked the chamber was full.

“Let’s get shit done,” I said.

8am

At exactly 8am, I left the building, dressed up as sexy as I could. Felt kinda nice, actually. I knew my new body was perfect for showing off the abs. I was wearing his clothes still, but a pair of shorts tight against my hips and a shirt tied at the front made for a distracting sight. Certainly, he didn’t have any reason to be suspicious. Why would he? I hadn’t come from the apartment as far as he could tell: there was only one entrance that could fit a person that wasn’t the door, and it was the window just adjacent to it. I walked one foot in front of the other, letting my hips shake and my braless tits wobble like a dream I passed in front of the van.

I bet the assassin barely had time to think about how hot this tatted up chick with platinum hair and dick-sucking lips was before I pulled my gun with all the speed of youth and training. I bet it was the last thought he had before he got topped. My last kill, at least for a while. Two shots through the windshield, and he was croaked.

Turns out the dunny window could fit a person, if that person were a thin little *she*.

“Hurry up! We gotta go, kid!”

Aaron burst through the apartment, racing down the steps. He wasn’t practiced at this sort of thing, and it only made my heart race faster. We needed to move. The Harlowe Group would know soon what had happened, and I wanted us to be in the middle of nowhere with no trail and new identities by the time they figured out just how badly Aaron had hit them.

We made it to his car, and I removed the two trackers I would have put there and a third behind the seat. It didn’t matter too much: we’d ditch the car and hotwire another one before we were out of Ballarat. Grab some tucker just a tick after that. I’d done this before, and being a hot woman would make some parts of the lying even easier.

“Are you ready for this, kid?” I asked him as we got in the car.

“No fucking idea,” he replied exasperated, yet determined. That description summed him up. That, and *cunning*. My cunning man. What a new lease on life I’d been given.

“Let’s go then,” I said.

I hit the accelerator.

9am

We were out of town in a new car, a shitty open top that I promised we’d upgrade from at the nearest change. It was a beautiful day, and I felt beautiful. It wasn’t a description that had ever matched my ugly old mug, and yet as the wind blew through my blonde hair it felt right. Like turning a new leaf.

“How do you feel?” Aaron asked me, placing his hand on my thigh.

I placed my hand on his, my heart doing somersaults.

“Feel good kid, feel good. Still getting used to the tits, and I’ll definitely need a bra. Some knowledge on periods too, unless you knocked me up, which terrifies and excites me in equal parts. But I feel good. Never believed in God, probably still don’t, but it’s not often you get to go back in time and make a better life for yourself, do what’s right instead of being a monster. So I plan to take it. Fuck your brains out while I’m doing it too.”

He laughed, and it was a free laugh that made my internal engine roar.

“God, I was ready to die. Now I get to live. Even if it’s on the run.”

“On the run *together*,” I said, ribbing him with my tattooed elbow.

He chuckled, and then some more. Way too much, in fact.

“What? Spit it out, kid.”

“It’s just, I never told you my last name. It’s Blyde.”

“Yeah? So?”

“Well, you’re Connie, right?”

“Oh, fuck me.”

He laughed again. “Connie and Blyde, on the run together.”

I laughed too, even as I rolled my eyes. “Just for that, you’re going to go down on me tonight. You don’t have a choice.”

“Sure thing, boss.”

Connie and Blyde. I’d have to get a new tattoo of that on me. For now though, we drove into the sunset together.

The End

