

CALLUM SAT ON THE CHAIR IN THE HALLWAY UNCOMFORTABLY. HE MOVED HIS LEGS FROM ONE SIDE TO THE OTHER, UNABLE TO FIND A LESS AWKWARD POSITION. THE ARMRESTS WERE TOO HIGH, YET THE SEATING AREA WAS TOO SMALL. TODAY WAS THE FIRST TIME HE HAD BEEN UP HERE ON THE HIGHEST FLOOR OF THE BUILDING, AND HE ANXIOUSLY AWAITED TO BE CALLED INTO THE BOSS' OFFICE.

BMO Corp

For a brighter future

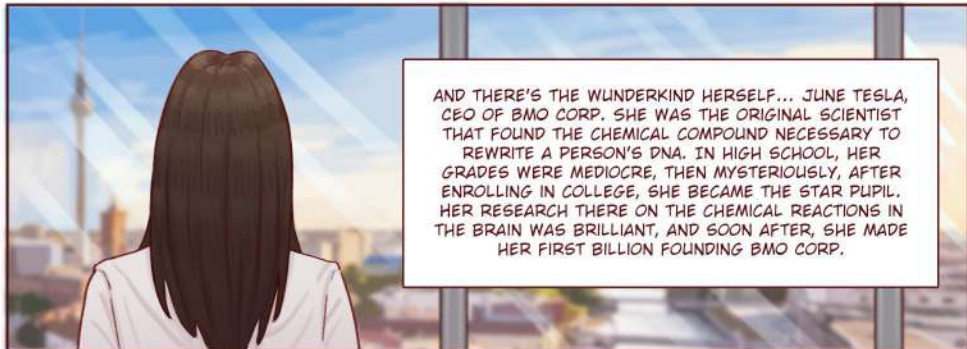
"FOR A BRIGHTER FUTURE", HUH? WHAT A CHEESY LINE, BUT THE MARKETING STRATEGY WORKED REALLY WELL. WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT A COMPANY PROVIDING "BEAUTIFICATION FOR BODY AND MIND" WOULD BECOME ONE OF THE MOST INFLUENTIAL COMPANIES IN THE COUNTRY? THEIR IMAGE IS SPOTLESS. NOBODY SEES WHAT'S HAPPENING BEHIND THE SCENES, THOUGH. THE WOMEN LEAVE HERE LOOKING GREAT BUT ALSO BECOME SLAVES TO THE MEN WHO PAID FOR THE PROCEDURES. LOOKING FINE AND ADDICTED TO THEIR COCKS. THE COMPANY DOESN'T CARE, AS LONG AS THE MONEY IS GOOD.

THEY HAVE A TV SHOW, A UNIVERSITY, AND EVEN THEIR OWN CASINO RESORT. AND NOW, I AM RESPONSIBLE FOR GIVING THEM EVEN MORE POWER BY CREATING NEW CHEMICALS THAT CAN EVEN TURN MEN INTO WOMEN IN MERE HOURS. THEY ALREADY USED IT ON THAT GAME SHOW... BMO TV. I TOLD THEM THE FORMULA WASN'T READY, AND I WAS RIGHT.

THIS YEAR'S SHOW IS SUCH A MESS. ONE CONTESTANT HAS FOUND A WAY TO BE COMPLETELY IMMUNE, AND THE MAN TURNED WOMAN NEEDS FOUR SYRINGES TO PRODUCE THE RESULTS THAT SHOULD OCCUR FROM JUST ONE. SO NOW I'M GETTING THE BOOT EVEN THOUGH IT'S THEIR FAULT FOR NOT LISTENING.



THIS WAY, MISTER SCOTT.
MISS TESLA WILL SEE YOU.



AND THERE'S THE WUNDERKIND HERSELF... JUNE TESLA, CEO OF BMO CORP. SHE WAS THE ORIGINAL SCIENTIST THAT FOUND THE CHEMICAL COMPOUND NECESSARY TO REWRITE A PERSON'S DNA. IN HIGH SCHOOL, HER GRADES WERE MEDIOCRE, THEN MYSTERIOUSLY, AFTER ENROLLING IN COLLEGE, SHE BECAME THE STAR PUPIL. HER RESEARCH THERE ON THE CHEMICAL REACTIONS IN THE BRAIN WAS BRILLIANT, AND SOON AFTER, SHE MADE HER FIRST BILLION FOUNDED BMO CORP.



WELCOME, MISTER SCOTT. PLEASE, HAVE A SEAT.

I ASSUME YOU KNOW WHY WE ARE HERE, MISTER SCOTT. I ADMIRER YOUR ADDITIONS TO MY RESEARCH, BUT WHILE THEY LOOKED PROMISING IN A CONTROLLED ENVIRONMENT,

WE MAY HAVE BEEN A LITTLE TOO HAUGHTY PUTTING THEM OUT INTO THE REAL WORLD. THE FIRES NEED TO BE EXTINGUISHED.



WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, MISS TESLA. THE FORMULA IS WORKING AS INTENDED. IT'S JUST NOT WORKING AT THE SAME SPEED FOR EVERYBODY.

AND WHILE ONE OF THE CONTESTANTS MAY HAVE FOUND A WAY TO BECOME IMMUNE, HER USE OF HER OWN CHEMICAL COMPOUND IS NOT SOMETHING WE COULD HAVE ANTICIPATED OR PREVENTED. IT'S PRETTY GENIUS, REALLY.



TO YOU, THIS MIGHT SOUND TRUE, BUT YOU CAN'T BUILD A BUSINESS BY LEAVING SUCH THINGS TO CHANCE. THESE ISSUES WILL BE FIXED, DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?

DON'T WORRY, MISTER SCOTT. I HAVE MADE SURE THAT YOU WILL SUCCEED. PLEASE, FINISH YOUR DRINK, MISTER SCOTT. I HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU.



I DON'T LIKE WHERE THIS IS GOING. JUNE TESLA MUST HAVE SOME CORPSES IN HER BASEMENT FOR BECOMING SUCCESSFUL SO FAST, AND RIGHT NOW, I FEEL LIKE ONE MORE IS ABOUT TO JOIN.

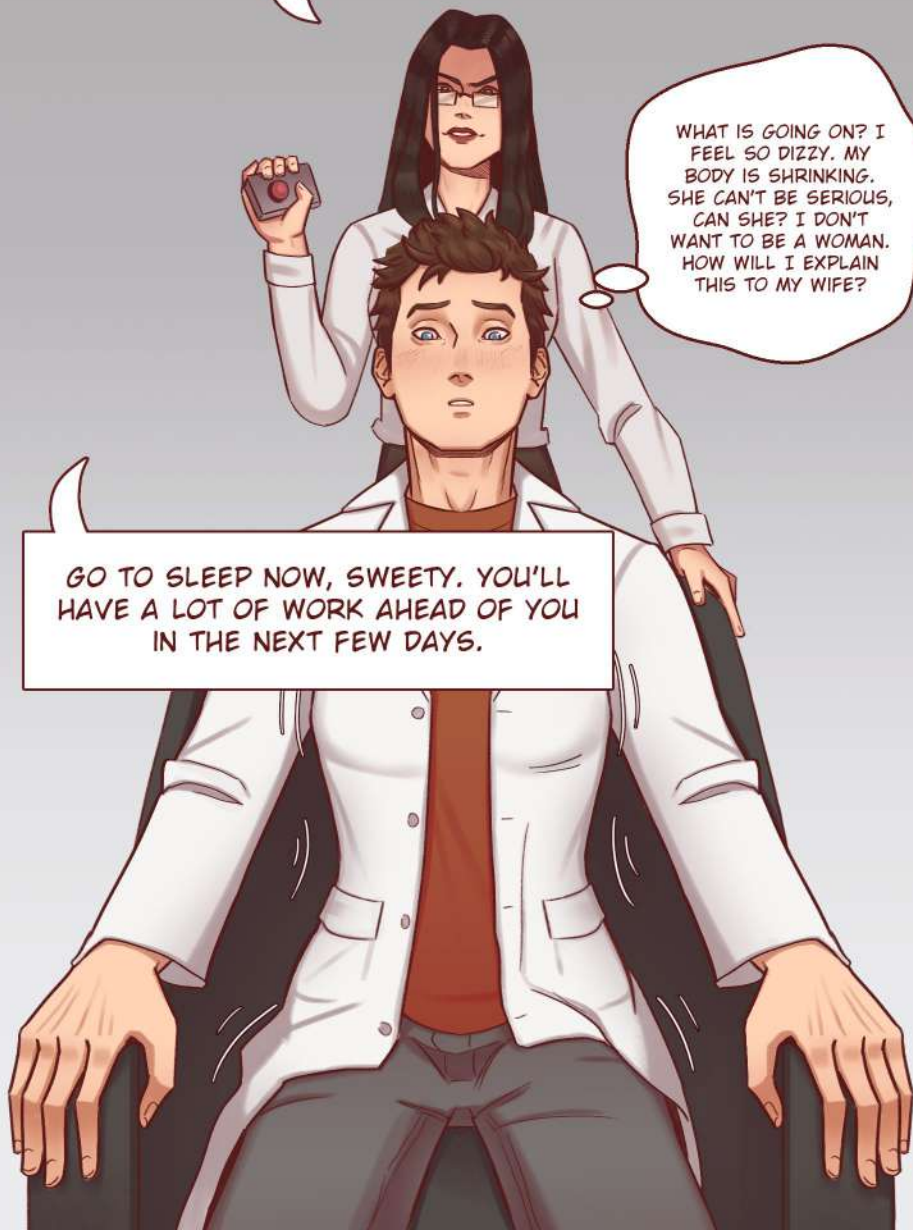
THIS BUTTON WILL ACTIVATE THE CHEMICALS YOU JUST INGESTED WITH YOUR DRINK. YOU WILL BE OUR GUINEA PIG FOR THE NEW FORMULA. YOUR OWN FORMULA. THE ONE THAT TURNS MEN INTO WOMEN.

AND THEN, AFTER THAT, WE'LL ACTIVATE THE SECOND BATCH OF CHEMICALS THAT OUR CONTESTANT IN THE TV SHOW TOOK. YOU KNOW... THE ONES MAKING HER IMMUNE TO ALL OF OUR TREATMENTS?

I THINK BEING STUCK IN AN OVERSEXUALIZED FEMALE BODY FOR A WHILE WILL BE GREAT MOTIVATION FOR YOU TO FIND A SOLUTION TO THIS LITTLE PROBLEM, DON'T YOU THINK?

WHAT IS GOING ON? I FEEL SO DIZZY. MY BODY IS SHRINKING. SHE CAN'T BE SERIOUS, CAN SHE? I DON'T WANT TO BE A WOMAN. HOW WILL I EXPLAIN THIS TO MY WIFE?

GO TO SLEEP NOW, SWEETY. YOU'LL HAVE A LOT OF WORK AHEAD OF YOU IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS.



AH, EVERYTHING IS SO DARK. AM I ASLEEP? IN A COMA? I FEEL... WEIRD, LIKE I'M NOT MYSELF. WAIT... I REMEMBER. MISS TESLA... DID SHE REALLY TURN ME INTO A WOMAN JUST SO I WOULD WORK HARDER ON A SOLUTION?

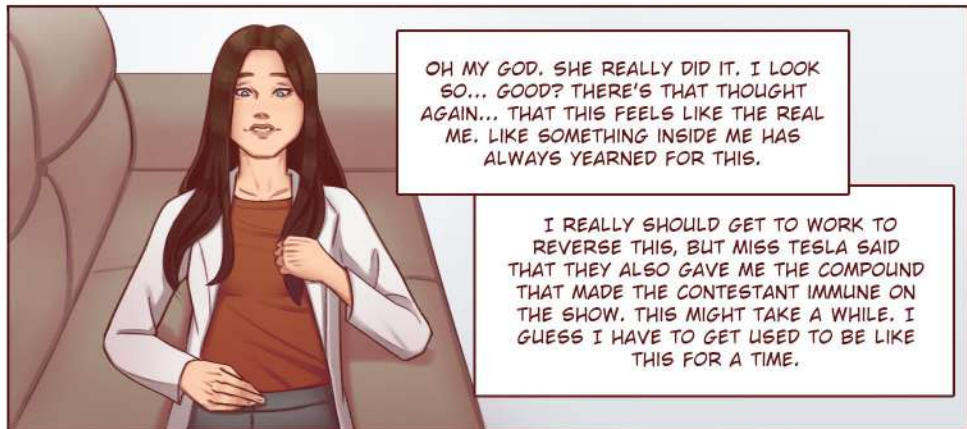
THAT'S SO FUCKED UP. I FEEL SO... ACTUALLY, I FEEL FINE. FOR SOME REASON, I DON'T MIND BECOMING A WOMAN. I SHOULD BE FURIOUS, SHOULDN'T I?

HAVE I ALWAYS SECRETLY WANTED THIS? THAT CAN'T BE IT, CAN IT? I REMEMBER WEARING MY SISTER'S UNDERWEAR THAT ONE TIME JUST TO SEE HOW IT'D FEEL, BUT AFTER THAT? DO I ACTUALLY WANT THIS? TO SEE WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HAVE BIG SOFT BREASTS AND A NICE BUBBLY BOOTY? TO SEE HOW IT WOULD FEEL TO WEAR A SCANDALOUS DRESS SO MEN CAN LUST AFTER ME?

**NO!
STOP IT!**

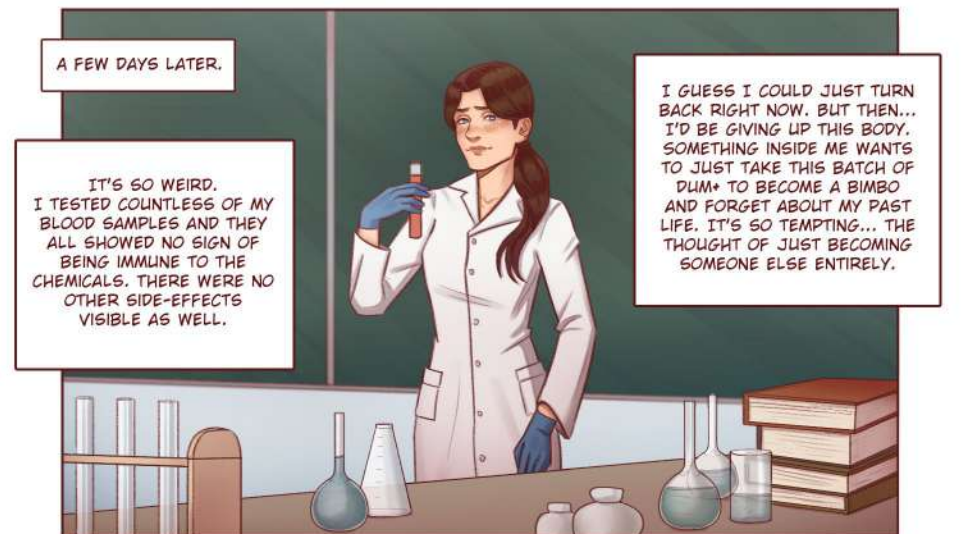
WHAT AM I THINKING? I'M A MAN, GODDAMNIT. I WILL FIND THE SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM. I MUST...

OPEN YOUR EYES, CALLEY.
YOU'RE READY TO MEET
THE NEW YOU.



OH MY GOD. SHE REALLY DID IT. I LOOK SO... GOOD? THERE'S THAT THOUGHT AGAIN... THAT THIS FEELS LIKE THE REAL ME. LIKE SOMETHING INSIDE ME HAS ALWAYS YEARNED FOR THIS.

I REALLY SHOULD GET TO WORK TO REVERSE THIS, BUT MISS TESLA SAID THAT THEY ALSO GAVE ME THE COMPOUND THAT MADE THE CONTESTANT IMMUNE ON THE SHOW. THIS MIGHT TAKE A WHILE. I GUESS I HAVE TO GET USED TO BE LIKE THIS FOR A TIME.



A FEW DAYS LATER.

IT'S SO WEIRD. I TESTED COUNTLESS OF MY BLOOD SAMPLES AND THEY ALL SHOWED NO SIGN OF BEING IMMUNE TO THE CHEMICALS. THERE WERE NO OTHER SIDE-EFFECTS VISIBLE AS WELL.

I GUESS I COULD JUST TURN BACK RIGHT NOW. BUT THEN... I'D BE GIVING UP THIS BODY. SOMETHING INSIDE ME WANTS TO JUST TAKE THIS BATCH OF DUM+ TO BECOME A BIMBO AND FORGET ABOUT MY PAST LIFE. IT'S SO TEMPTING... THE THOUGHT OF JUST BECOMING SOMEONE ELSE ENTIRELY.



I COULD BE A BLONDE BOMBSHELL WITH BIG BREASTS AND NO THOUGHTS OTHER THAN FASHION AND GETTING SEX. I'D BE SO HELPLESS TO FIGHT AGAINST THAT OTHER PERSONALITY. I'D BE FORCED TO GIGGLE AND LOOK SEXY ALL THE TIME. IT'S SO SEXY TO THINK HOW EASY IT WOULD BE TO GIVE UP EVERYTHING AND MAKE THIS FANTASY A REALITY.

OH MY GOD. THE VIAL IS EMPTY. DID I...? DID I DRINK IT? OH MY GOD. IT'S HAPPENING. I CAN FEEL A TINGLING IN MY BRAIN. I WON'T BE ABLE TO COUNT TO TEN SOON. WHY IS THIS TURNING ME ON SO MUCH? I REALLY WANT THIS. WHY DO I WANT THIS?

I'M CUUUUUUMMIIIIIING!



OH, EM GEE!

I AM GOING TO LOOK LIKE... SO SEXY. THE MEN ARE GOING TO GO WILD WHEN THEY SEE ME TONIGHT IN MY SHORT DRESS. OH! I'M SUCH A DITZ SOMETIMES. I DON'T EVEN HAVE A DRESS. I NEED TO GO SHOPPING! YAAAY. THIS IS GOING TO BE SO MUCH FUN.



THAT CLERK WAS SO EMBARRASSED WHEN I FLASHED HIM. HE GAVE ME LIKE THE BESTEST DISCOUNT. I ALREADY HAVE A WHOLE NEW WARDROBE.

OH, THOSE HEELS ARE SO CUTE! I MUST HAVE THEM.



DRINKING THAT VIAL WAS THE BESTEST DECISION I EVER MADE. LIFE IS LIKE... SO FUN NOW. I'LL NEVER GO BACK TO THAT BORING LABORATORY.

HE DID WHAT?

ARE YOU TELLING ME MISTER SCOTT TURNED INTO A TOTAL BIMBO AFTER JUST A FEW DAYS OF EXPERIMENTING? SO HE SOLVED IT THEN? DO YOU HAVE HIS NOTES ON HOW WE BYPASSED THE IMMUNITY?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN THERE WERE NO TRACES OF ANY MALFUNCTIONS? THE VIALS JUST WORKED OUT OF THE BOX? SO WHY DID HE TURN INTO A BIMBO THEN?

HE CHOSE TO DO IT?

WHY DIDN'T YOU... I MEAN... YOU'RE TELLING ME ONE OF OUR BRIGHTEST SCIENTISTS DRANK THE WHOLE FRIDGE FULL OF DUM+ VIALS, AND YOU JUST LET HIM? HOW DID YOU GET THIS JOB? THE COMPANY IS BEING RUN BY MORONS, IT SEEMS. WHY DID NOBODY TELL ME WHILE IT HAPPENED?

I'M COMING DOWN THERE IMMEDIATELY. GET THE VIALS READY. SOMEBODY NEEDS TO BE PUNISHED.