

# *Tricia*

## *The Janus Stories I*

### *by Jessica Clairmont*

*The rush of hormones that followed the change could overwhelm her if she didn't prepare. She reached into her bag and withdrew the small vibrator. It whirred to life, and she moved it down to her virgin pussy. With luck, she would have a real cock to fuck her later, but for now this would have to do. The vibrations brought her an exquisite relief to the growing feeling of want. Her free hand moved up to massage the massive tits on her chest. Some times she wished the transformation didn't come with such a heavy burden of sexual need, but most of the time that wish was lost in the throes of ecstatic joy.*

“Ten years after the introduction of Janus to the public, the world has certainly changed. The drug’s creators, Elliot “Trip” Martindale and Anton Yushenkov, have become household names, one due to notoriety and the other due to a tragic infamy. Joining us now is Mr. Yushenkov. Mr. Yushenkov, thank you for taking the time.”

The camera widened out to show Anton. He looked no older than twenty five, but the viewers knew his age had long since become hidden behind the wonders of Janus. His trademark spray of gray on either temple swept back into an otherwise sleek shock of black. The fitted suit hugged a lithe, muscular form, and he sat with a trained poise. “Thank you, Tom,” he replied. “It’s a pleasure to be here.”

The journalist relaxed somewhat. Tom Kelty had a reputation for being frank and direct with his subjects, fashioning himself as a post Janus version of David Frost. His own long career had somewhat blurred due to the effects of Janus as well. Tom waited for the anxiety to ease out of the room. He adjusted his tie, cast a few glances around at his staff and crew, and shuffled his notes. Getting Yushenkov to the set had been no small feat. “We’ll start with some broad thoughts which you’ve certainly given before, but I want to be clear to our viewers up front. We’re here to get to the heart of what makes Anton Yushenkov tick. We’re going to understand the choices you’ve made over the last decade, and we’re going to probe some of the harder questions. First, though, it would behoove us to start at the top and at the beginning.”

Anton remained placid. His eyes flitted to Tom on occasion, and he offered a cheerful smile. Otherwise, he kept his eyes trained directly into the camera, looking out at the watching world. “Of course,” he said, not really in answer, but to himself.

“For those not in the know, development on Janus began over twenty years ago as nothing more than a college thesis project, isn’t that correct?”

“Yes, and to be fair, it wasn’t even mine. Trip had the idea in his head, enough to get the theory down on paper. He came to me with help with some of the mechanics behind the chemistry. Together, we started working out a therapy which could cause rapid redevelopment of organic tissue using injected genetic code.”

“You would go on to present this research at Oxford, publish, and ultimately jointly receive a Nobel Prize. I should mention your first Nobel prize.”

Anton finally shifted his rigid gaze from the camera to Tom. “Yes, but I can’t stress enough how much more Trip contributed than I did at that juncture. His research set the scope for all our work to come. I simply helped with the math, so to speak. At the time, Trip had become consumed by a vision of what Janus would ultimately become. Without getting into the specifics of how we partitioned the research, it’s safe to think of it like going on an old fashioned road trip. Trip knew the route, where to stop, what snacks to bring, even how to appreciate the giant ball of yarn, but he did need help driving the car. That’s where I came in.”

“Our viewers will certainly understand that modesty is playing some part here. I doubt

many other people could have driven this particular car.”

“Maybe, but nonetheless, it remained Trip’s vision. When we went to those first trials, everything up to that point had been driven by Trip’s concepts and brilliance. No one could see things quite the way that Trip could.”

Tom shifted his notes again, “Those lab trials started in August of 2022, and many say you deserved another Nobel Prize simply for demonstrating a functional therapy. This is where the controversy started, though isn’t it? On several fronts at that. You had the protesters beginning to gain ground. Talk for a moment on how you dealt with that.”

“We ignored it in the beginning, much to our eventual...well, we’ll get to that. I started Tripton Pharmaceutical with some of the capital we’d accrued over the early years of our research as well as some investment money that came our way. As it started becoming clear to the public what exactly our research could ultimately lead to, some fringe groups began protesting, lobbying, sending death threats. We had security by then, of course, and they assured us that the threats were within a normal range for our line of work. Same sort of stuff you’d see with stem cell research labs forty years ago, for example. On the legal side, we employed our own team to lobby, but as our research didn’t have laws *against* it, we simply needed to thwart efforts to create barriers to our progress. It helped that most of the lawmakers had no clue what we were doing, and it was hard to quantify it without sounding like a lunatic.”

“By your own language though, you were attempting to redefine what it means to be human. Was that not alarmist enough to create real opposition?”

“Like I say, it was too alarmist. How can you redefine what it means to be human? How can you conceptualize that goal as something to push back against? It’s too broad to mean anything.”

A figure watched television in the dark of a hotel room. Glimmering, pale eyes stared right back at Anton. The figure looked at the time and moved over to a small portable cooler that whirred as it opened. Inside waited a collection of vials. The figure withdrew one and drank it down. Taking off the robe, the figure moved over to the mirror on the back of the hotel door. It had been six days since the last dose ran out, and the reversion started. Too long. The naked body looked featureless, more akin to a little grey man from an old sci-fi story than a human. Almost translucent skin, ill-defined curves and bone structure, an entire lack of color from head to toe. Changed what it means to be human indeed.

The effect of the vial began with the skin tone. The pale grey became mottled at first, then turned black from head to toe as melanin developed and spread. It didn't hurt, only a feeling of warmth spreading across the body. The figure didn't remember a black subject, but details often slipped away. Next came the structural changes. This did hurt. Bones snapped and reshaped. Some grew longer, some grew shorter, some grew wider. The strangest came in the cranium. Explosive headaches, like small packets of TNT bursting in the figure's skull, forced the figure to lean against the wall. These passed quickly, thankfully. Next came secondary characteristics. Breasts and reproductive organs. Even after all the horror of the past ten years, when her pussy formed, she still found relief. It wasn't exactly hers, though. She was borrowing it.

This subject came well endowed. That would make things easier. It had been a while since she'd needed to stock up on specimens, and this body was rapidly becoming one which would make the process simpler. Her hips thickened, and her ass wobbled slightly as it pulsed with new flesh. The rapid changes took a lot of energy. She stumbled over to the hotel fridge and drew out a pack of sugary drinks. She guzzled them down as she turned to look at the television again. Still in commercial. A commercial for a new Janus variant, no less. Anton hadn't been a recluse, certainly, but he also hadn't been candid with the press. Something had changed. Did he know that she was getting close? Had he finally found her?

The pale eyes turned brown, and a short shock of hair grew in. She hoped it would lengthen enough not to require the wig. She still didn't have a good handle on how to work the wigs. The bulk of the changes subsided, and her body caught up in processing the sugar. Fatigue gave way to the peculiar jolt of energy and eagerness which always accompanied the change. She moved over to the mirror again and looked at her naked body. As expected, she looked gorgeous. A flat, dark tummy leading up to heavy breasts capped with dark nipples. A short stubble grew in above her pussy lips, but that could be remedied with a quick shave. Her head lacked locks, certainly, but the short fuzz looked cute enough to pass for the night. Turning to the side, she gripped her ass and squeezed, hoping she had a dress that would fit. She stretched, marveling in her form as she used brand new muscle and sinew. "Tricia," she said. "Tonight, I'm Tricia." Her voice came out lower than she expected, but the lower tone would work with what she had in mind.

Tricia went back to the bed and laid down. This body had new needs like all the others. The rush of hormones that followed the change could overwhelm her if she didn't prepare. She reached into her bag and withdrew the small vibrator. It whirred to life, and she moved it down

to her virgin pussy. With luck, she would have a real cock to fuck her later, but for now this would have to do. The vibrations brought her an exquisite relief to the growing feeling of want. Her free hand moved up to massage the massive tits on her chest. Some times she wished the transformation didn't come with such a heavy burden of sexual need, but most of the time that wish was lost in the throes of ecstatic joy. Perhaps the research wouldn't have taken so long if she'd simply been able to transform without the need to fuck for a few hours. Perhaps.

“Despite the few setbacks on the legal front,” Tom continued, “by the end of that year, you had a product ready for human trial.”

“I think we’d started calling it Janus by then,” Anton said. “But we were still a long way from broad human trials. We’d hit some moral quandaries of our own. We realized we could, through a great deal of effort, formulate exactly how Janus would work. This would lead to the many variants that you see today, like the Reverse or the Breeder.”

“Sorry, you call them Breeder pills yourself? I thought that was slang?”

Anton laughed, “Huh, well, frankly its catchier than the Janus Fertility. The best marketing is word of mouth, after all. So if the people want to call them Breeder pills, then by all means.”

“That — sorry, I want to get back to your earlier point, but I want to touch on this — that brings up some of the more recreational versions of Janus that you’ve developed. Newest released is the Janus Voluptuous. As advertised, it creates a normal template that then gains weight with more sexual activity. Was this something you had in mind in the beginning? What about Trip?”

Anton’s jaw firmed. His eyes raked over the journalist, but Tom did not move from the question. “We are capitalists in the end. We know people have desires, and we try to facilitate that while turning a profit. Our core mission remains inspired by Trip. To help those in need. The Janus Fertility comes from a desire to create a viable path to motherhood or fatherhood for couple who struggle. However it is used otherwise is up to the freedom of the individual in question. But as I was saying, this is part of what we realized early in development. The base formula could be changed and manipulated to bring out certain features, yes, but it also fundamentally changed the person. So it brings up some questions. The one we batted around most often concerned a hypothetical where the President of the United States — or any country for that matter — would take the pill. There’s some old apocryphal stories about Nixon or Johnson getting drunk and ordering nuclear strikes on the old Soviet Union. Is a drunk president still the president? Is a president on Janus still the same person?”

“The courts have largely concluded that the answer to that question is yes. Do you disagree?”

Anton shrugged. “Not up to me to agree or otherwise. I was more interested in the practical side of things. Biometrics and other data could start being manipulated with our formula. With the Twin variant, you can effectively look like anyone who you want. For example, I could get a genetic sample from you, only takes a single skin cell or a hair, and then craft a pill that changes me into you. Not makes me look like you, but actually you. The only way to truly identify a person on the Twin variant is to look pretty deep at the cellular level where you’ll find the nest parent genetic code that will ultimately reassert itself. So what if I took a Twin of the president? You can solve that with pass codes and other ways of identification, but what about crime. If I take one of you, and then rob a store, how do you

prove who committed the crime?”

“Where did Elliot fall on these questions?”

“They worried him,” Anton said, once more turning his gaze to the camera. “They did, but Trip wasn’t as concerned by the broader implementation of the drug. He wanted that golden ideal, to free the human mind from the constraints of a single physical form. He saw the ability to become anyone you could imagine as the ultimate good. He thought it would solve crime, in a way. If everyone could be their perfect self, then why would they need to steal? He thought the pill could shift the human needs pyramid in a way that would dwarf the development of agriculture. Trip — Elliot, was an idealist.”

“You think he was wrong?”

“No, he wasn’t wrong. He wasn’t completely right either. The human condition will find a way to create misery no matter how many barriers you knock down. Janus certainly has brought a great deal of happiness and peace to the world. It hasn’t eliminated everything else, though. It never could.”

Tricia scanned the bar. She spotted a few candidates from the second she walked in, but with this body for seven days, she could afford to be a little picky. She needed a man, yes, but an attractive one wouldn't hurt. Genetics were always a grab bag. The same dose that turned her into an ebony vixen with a thick ass and huge tits could have easily turned her into a wispy rail with bad acne. Her condition seemed to prefer the better traits over the weaker ones, but she'd spent many weeks over the past years holed up in a hotel room with nothing but a fat dildo to sate her lusts. Strangely, the less attractive doses always seemed to be the hornier ones. Not that looking a bit plain eliminated the possibility of getting laid. It simply made it riskier. With her current body, she could afford to sort through the lower hanging fruit.

She set her eyes on a tall blonde chatting with a group of his friends. Tricia moved over to the bar and sat down. The blonde wasn't her only target. She spotted a few other guys who might serve her purposes. Janus changed sex culture changed dramatically. Two of the women flirting aggressively with the blonde guy had the flash of pink eyes, a signature effect of Janus. Some guys went for the Janus women exclusively. Maybe because they thought a gender-swapped man knew how to handle a cock better. Maybe that was true. Other guys would shove aside a bevy of bimbos for the chance to bed a naturally born woman. Tricia used this to her advantage as often as possible. Her own changes didn't come with the safety features of an over the counter recreational drug.

"Can I buy you a drink?" The question interrupted her predatory thoughts. It came from a thirty something year old man who looked incredibly out of his element. Every single other person in the bar looked immaculate. Clean skin, perfect hair, ideal clothes — all of it crafted with pharmaceuticals or consultant opinion. The man standing beside Tricia looked like he'd fallen off a couch moments earlier. Dark circles framed his eyes, and his shoulders slumped with fatigue. He was handsome in the way that a middle aged country singer grappling with sobriety might be handsome. "My name is Ben," he offered as Tricia continued to stare back at him without reacting.

"Tricia, and, uh, yes, I'd like a whiskey sour." Ben ordered a pair of drinks, passed the whiskey sour over to Tricia, and sat quietly beside her at the bar with his eyes on a television. Tricia knew she should be suspicious. The one guy in the bar who looked normal asked to buy her a drink and took no further action. Maybe it was a threat. Maybe this was meant to show her how easily someone could get close. Ben could have been paid a grand to go into the bar and order the drink while being none the wiser about a group of thugs waiting outside to finally put an end to her. He did seem too tired for all that though. "Is that it?" she asked.

"Sorry?"

"You wanted to buy me a drink, but didn't want to talk? Normally when a girl says yes, you lead in with your best swing. See if you can win the night."

Ben smirked. "Most girls say no. When you said yes, I realized I didn't actually have anything to say."



“So you were going to let me wander off with your drink?”

“Your drink now. And I was ruminating on something. Thought about telling you how beautiful you are, but figured you probably knew that. Thought about telling you that dress makes your body look amazing, but figured you knew that, too. Then I started thinking that maybe you knew a lot more about this whole situation than I did, and my dad always said to keep your mouth shut when you realize you don’t know anything useful to say. So here I am, following his advice on the one hand, and following my own on the other, rambling out every dumb thought in my head.”

Tricia smiled. He had a slight drawl in his voice that charmed her. “That’s clever, all that. Does it work? All these sly compliments?” She said it in good humor, but the brief glimmer of confidence on Ben’s face faded. “No, look, thank you. I, uh, I’m used to treating this as a game.”

“Ah, that I understand at least,” he said, taking a long swig of his drink. “It was always a game, though, wasn’t it? Rules used to be a little more strict. Janus bends the rules, though. I know its a bit strange to mention, but it’s encouraging to see others out and about without the pills in their system. If I’d known how the world would turn out when I was back in college, I would have done some things different.”

Life stories were a waste of time. They caused entanglement, even if only a small amount. Tricia didn’t need Ben or his folksy nostalgia. She needed the blonde with the abs who she could tie up and milk without raising a single eyebrow. Still, somewhere beneath the years of constantly changing, constantly scurrying from one form to the next, Tricia was lonely. She smiled at Ben and put her hand on his arm. “Let’s get a table.”

Tom waited for the camera to turn back to green. His director counted down and at “one” the lights all changed. Anton’s perfect posture returned, and Tom shifted to look at his guest. “Let’s talk for a moment about the accident. You’re on record with the facts of that evening, but you’ve rarely discussed it from the context of your own experience. For our viewers who may not be familiar, on the evening of May 17th, 2024, protesters — terrorists I should say — broke into the lab in Atlanta where Elliot Martindale was working. These men were led by a radical figure named Kelvin Mitchel who had a long history of harassing Tripton employees including both Elliot Martindale and our guest. This harassment led to a great deal of legal trouble, but somehow still allowed Kelvin Mitchel to lead the attack on May 17th. This terrorist group attacked the site’s security, killing most of them with a cold efficiency, before planting explosive charges around the ground floor of the Tripton research lab. Throughout this, it is unclear if the scientists in the secure floors were even aware of what was going on as no alarms were sounded. The explosives detonated and destroyed the facility’s foundations enough to cause a complete structural collapse. The volatile chemicals throughout the building ignited some moments later causing a massive fire that killed all the remaining employees, the majority of the terrorists, and Elliot Martindale.” Tom paused and took a breath. “Anton, how did you react that evening?”

Anton folded his hands in his lap and shifted uncomfortably in his chair. His gaze returned to the camera, looking right at someone on the other side. “It sounds trite to say that I was shocked, but of course that’s where it started. I didn’t know Trip was still in the lab, but I did know many employees were. My first concern was for them, but as emergency responders started to feed me information, I understood rapidly what level of devastation we were dealing with. I was at a fund raising event that evening, for the Atlanta Symphony and a few other charities working in cooperation. Most of the attendees were people of note within the city, the mayor and such. The whole event turned into a crisis management arena. While I keenly felt the loss of those men and women on the ground, my immediate responsibility was the safety of the surrounding environment. The chemical fire which took Trip’s life posed a significant risk in the form of toxicity.

“I think it was a little after eleven when I first heard that Trip might have been in the building. We hadn’t been able to raise him, but that wasn’t unusual. If he wasn’t at work, he was a ghost. No family and not many friends other than myself. By then, even Trip would have seen the news or perhaps even seen the flames from his apartment. I sent an aide to check his place, but before she returned, we were able to access the security manifests from the off site backup. And — let me say, Trip and I had been having some disagreements at that point. We were moving into the commercialization of Janus. Trip didn’t like it. He wanted to stay focused on the more metaphysical aspects of the drug’s development, but we had bills to pay. We were still operating on investment after two full years, and we needed some product. I’d say the last ten conversations I had with Trip all ended in shouting. That night, after I heard that he was in the building, it all came clear to me. I’d never get a chance to apologize for those arguments. I’ve said my apologies out loud time and time again, but Trip can’t hear them, and I’m not sure he would listen even if he could.”

Tom shuffled his papers again. “You’re confirming the rumors, then? Rumors that have

spun up countless conspiracy theories?”

“I suppose. It wasn’t a secret within the company, but if it was then it was an open secret. Trip opposed expanding into commercial products. I knew we needed it to keep his research going. This only became artificially wrapped in secrecy because many of those who knew about it tragically passed away in the fire. Trip gets talked about constantly, but we lost many, many great minds that night. Ones that I could never begin to replace. The conspiracies though — that I organized the bombing or that Kelvin Mitchel was a CIA operative trying to stop Trip or any of the other lunacy that crops up — those are all ridiculous. Look what happened to Kelvin Mitchel. The man was more disturbed than we knew even after he murdered dozens of innocent people.”

“Even Mitchel’s death gets wrapped in conspiracy,” Tom said. “Claims that Tripton drugs were responsible for his madness and self-immolation.”

“As you said, conspiracy.”

“There is one other such outlandish theory that I wonder if you’d comment on. Some people believe that Elliot survived the fire. No body was recovered, after all. As you mentioned, Elliot already lived a reclusive life. Do you have any hope that he somehow escaped the fire?”

Anton’s cold eyes turned to look at the host. “My friend died that night. I won’t entertain any false hope otherwise.”

Ben's hand squeezed Tricia's ass as she fumbled to unlock the room door. They stumbled inside, dropping their things as they moved over to the bed. His mouth still tasted of the booze, but his eyes remained remarkably clear. Their bodies rolled onto the bed, and his hands explored her body more aggressively. Their conversation at the bar had been fun and jovial before turning a little more carnal. The drinks kept coming, and Tricia, for a while, forgot her goal and simply focused on having a fun night with a nice guy. Not that it wasn't part of her goal to do exactly that. Ben found the zipper for her dress and slid it down slowly as his frenzied kisses became more deliberate and passionate. Fitting in the dress had been a bit of a trick, and Tricia's hips flowed out of the opening gladly. Within moments, she was lying back in her bra and panties, slightly worrying about how wrinkled the dress would get.

Her eager partner stripped out of his shoes and pants before dropping to his knees beside the bed. He grabbed hold of her thighs and pulled her roughly to the edge. His hand rubbed up and down her pussy, surprised to find it already soaking wet beneath the sheer fabric of her underwear. Pulling the garment to the side, he kept his eyes locked on Tricia's as his finger slid knuckle deep into her. Tricia arched her neck back and moaned. The fingers withdrew all too soon and served to only increase the amount of desire churning through her body. She knew not to be too eager though, even with the haze of booze and lust. Ben thought she was an unchanged and unaltered woman, entirely free of Janus drugs. She couldn't spoil the evening.

Ben yanked away her underwear in a quick move. He lowered his mouth over her pussy, sending hot waves of breath over her yearning sex. He kissed gently around the area, nuzzling her thighs, before his tongue licked along her slit. How long had it been since she'd had a man bother with giving her head? She groaned. Her thighs quivered as he set himself a steady rhythm. His tongue was soon joined by his fingers again, pushing into her and stroking the inside of her pussy in time with the licks and twists of his tongue. Perhaps this is why Ben doesn't need Janus or Janus girls, Tricia thought. He's a fucking god at giving head. The thought clipped away as orgasm shook her from head to toe.

Pleased with his work, Ben pulled away reluctantly, giving Tricia time to enjoy the glow of her orgasm. He unbuttoned his shirt and let it drop away, leaving him standing before her in boxers, the bulge of his cock evident. Seeing it, Tricia remembered what she needed. Her eyes looked over to the case beside the television. Normally, she would have dosed the guy right when he walked in, such that he would be begging for constant release all night. Not Ben though, he was sweet. She could do it later. She sat up on the bed and took off the bra, letting her fat tits drop into view. Ben awkwardly reached out and took one into his hand, running his thumb over the nipple as he squeezed and moved the mound of flesh. Tricia smiled up at him and pulled down his boxers. A sizable six inches bobbed into view. She'd almost forgotten what a non juiced man looked like. She gripped his cock with her hand and brought him to her chest, rubbing his dick back and forth over the dark skin of her tits. She moved his cock up to her mouth and sucked. He tasted good, and she was tempted to take a sample right from the source. That would make for some awkward conversations, though.

After teasing him with her mouth, she couldn't wait any longer to feel him inside of her. She crawled back onto the bed and spread her legs wide for him. Ben moved on top of her and

brought her mouth back to his for a long kiss, during which his cock nudged at her drenched pussy. Her legs wrapped around his hips and pulled him forward. Ben didn't hesitate. He sheathed himself inside her in two strokes, and laid still on top of her as the warmth and tightness of her overwhelmed him. From his view, he'd never been with a more perfect woman. Her hands caressed up and down the flanks of his back. She smiled as he started to thrust in and out at a steady pace. He drew back from her and put his arms underneath her legs, hovering over her as his hips worked faster, beginning to slam into her with urgency. Not wanting to spoil his first load, she pushed herself up to him and guided him onto his back.

Climbing on top of him, she started to grind her hips along his length as her hands rested on his chest. His hands moved down to squeeze her ass, periodically pulling or pushing her a bit harder. They locked eyes as Tricia's second orgasm took hold of her. She continued to slowly move her hips as it shook through her body. Ben brought one hand up to gently pinch her nipple in time with each wave of pleasure while his other hand gently grazed her hips. As the pleasure subsided, she hunched down over him for another kiss as her ass started bouncing up and down in practiced rhythm. She leaned close to his ear and whispered, "Cum inside me."

Tricia didn't have to wait long for her wish to be fulfilled. Ben's arms wrapped around her and pulled her tight, shoving himself in to the root as his cock sprayed cum deep inside her. He moaned in stifled pleasure as her pussy squeezed his length, milking out his cum to the last drop. She rested back on his thighs, giving her own breasts a squeeze. Her body thrummed with a delightful energy. Beneath her, Ben smiled with the dumb grin of a man enjoying afterglow. She kissed his forehead and climbed off him to get cleaned up, tossing him a towel from the bathroom.

"Is this a massage table?" he asked as she returned.

"Kinda," she was glad her complexion could hide a blush. "I don't bring that out for most guys until the third date, at least."

"Why not?" Ben had pulled on his boxers. He bent down and started looking over the table finding the straps and the hole in the middle. "What kind of massage requires you to tie someone down?"

"Have you ever heard of a milking massage?"

"That require a Janus pill? One of those lactation ones?"

"No, no. This is something else. Something I made."

Ben eased back from the table. He looked at the other strange containers around the hotel room. Finally, he looked back at the gorgeous naked woman standing on the other side of the bed. "You never said what it is you do exactly."

Anton climbed into the back of his car. The driver shut the door and within a few minutes, they were moving. The interview went well, he thought. The surprising, probing questions went exactly as Anton wanted. Still, it made him nostalgic, revisiting the old times. He could still remember the days in a college lab. Trip frenetically explaining his theories on a dry erase board while Anton scribbled down the little bits of it that made sense. Anton did regret the loss of Trip's brilliance, but not the stubborn will that accompanied it.

He took out his phone and dialed a familiar number. The line rang three times before going to a voice mail. For a few moments, he said nothing. He stared out at the city, seeing several advertisements for Janus. "I did the interview tonight," he said to the recording. "You'll hate it, I assume. If you bother to watch it at all. You're probably wondering why now? Why bother talking about all these ghosts after ten years? I'm certain you'll contrive some persecution out of it, believing this is another attempt to...I dunno, what more could I do at this point? What more could I have done for the past decade? The company is going public next week. My analysts say I could become the richest man on the planet overnight. We also have some very promising new variants in the pipeline. All your worries about brain chemistry were right, old pal. You slowed us down, but we're still pretty smart. We know which knobs to tweak. I like to call it Janus Zombie, but I'll let the marketing guys take care of that. One dose and the all-American man becomes a servile cum slut ready to take any order they're given. The sex sells, of course, but the power, well, I don't think anyone will understand the power until its too late. Anyone other than you, of course."

He hung up wondering where Trip was, unable to dismiss the smallest worry that his plans could still be undermined by a ghost.

“I drink this and lose my refractory period completely?” Ben asked, swishing the small vial back and forth in his hand. The green fluid inside glowed slightly.

“Yes, but not only that. It causes a surge in seminal fluid production. You pretty much have to cum essentially non stop for about an hour.”

“So this green vial will give me constant orgasms for a solid hour.” Ben looked over at the table. “An hour I would spend tied face down to that table while you were underneath it jerking me off or sucking me off.” He looked back at Tricia. She’d put on a robe, but didn’t bother to close it so he could still see the impressive mounds on her chest. “And you have this...because?”

“Because I’m a researcher working on new products for Janus,” she said, trying to keep her face placid.

“You’re lying,” he answered, sounding disappointed. He stood up from the bed and walked over to the table. He had her set it up while she explained. “World doesn’t make sense to me any more. It’s like everyone’s going crazy except for me, but I can’t say anything about it without getting called the next Kelvin Mitchel. I don’t take Janus pills because I think they change you, not only the physical ones, but the way your brain works. They’re addictive, but people won’t admit it. I had a friend, might call him a best friend. Took his first pill when they hit the shelves. Only on the odd weekend at first. Then every weekend. Then daily. He vanished into this glossy bombshell, but that was ok. Until he wanted to fuck me. Not because I meant anything, but because I had a dick, and he — she — needed a fuck. That’s not what those pills were meant for, I think. The one who died, Trip Martindale. I think he meant them for something better.”

Tricia could hear the slight shake of the liquor speaking through Ben’s voice, but she’d still never heard a single other person talk about Janus like that. She wanted to tell him the truth. She wanted to tell him that he was right. But as she opened her mouth to speak, Ben uncorked the vial and drained it. “Oh, god, why’d you do that?”

Ben shrugged. “Can’t beat ‘em. Might as well —”

He looked down to see his cock throbbing forward from the Y-flap in his boxers. It started to twitch and precum dripped from the tip. “You damn fool,” she fussed as she rolled him onto the table. Working quickly, she had him tied down, and his cock straining in vain against the air underneath the table. The formula churned a dose of hormones so high that Ben quickly became a gibbering mess. His brain could think of nothing but pussy, tits, and ass. If she didn’t keep him tied down, he could quickly become a risk. She positioned herself beneath the table and drew her kit over. Ben’s cock and balls jutted through the opening, angry, red, and dripping. She pulled on her gloves and set up her containers. She’d not wanted this for Ben, not exactly, but she wasn’t about to pass up an opportunity.

The gloved hand took hold of Ben’s twitching cock and started to stroke. After only a

few seconds, it spurted out its first load into a waiting container. Cum gushed from the tip of his cock, almost overflowing the vial before she had a chance to swap to the next one. Seeing the cock twitch and cum made her pussy tingle. Perhaps near the end of the dose, she could untie him and keep the hotel door locked. As long as she kept her legs apart for him, he wouldn't have much motivation to go looking elsewhere. If her vagina got too tired, she could give this body's ass a turn as well. For the moment, though she had her work cut out for her. Milking Ben's cock and balls into her sample collection, to one day guzzle down and become a female facsimile of the only man who'd related to her even a little in years. He groaned and mumbled as she worked, mind too far lost in pure bliss to worry about why his cum was being harvested.

Across the room, in the bottom of a bag, an old burner phone chirped with a voice mail.