

Whistleblower
A Mercynaries Story from SinComics.com

Travis plucked away at the keys as he typed up his reports. It had been a nice season for the company so the auditing was sure to be a breeze. Genatics had been good to him this year, so he was happy to help the company do its best. Even if it did have a terrible name. Orientation had told them it was a portmanteau of "Genetics" and "Fanatics" but Travis hadn't been able to find a single person in the office that liked the name or was willing to take credit for it. Maybe what they saved in marketing, they put back into research and that's why they were the leading genetic medical tech company in the country. At least they kept good books.

With the audit of the food services done, Travis glanced up at the clock. It was late enough that he could call it an early day, but he decided to get a start on the inventory audits instead. He assembled the proper files, readied his spreadsheets, and took a quick glance through the processing documentation.

"Heh, looks like somebody made a mistake here." Travis grinned and circled a duplicated entry for a shipment back in February. It was a costly one too. Catching that alone probably paid for Travis's salary, so he was proud of his vigilance. But... there it was again in April. And June. Travis combed over the documents and every two months, there was a duplicate entry. Different amounts each time, but always expensive and always to the prototyping division. Travis pulled the logs for that team and started to cross-reference them with the submitted paperwork.

Travis was deaf to the sounds of his coworkers logging off, saying their good-byes, and heading home for the night as he picked through the files. Nothing added up once you looked deep enough. Sure, it was superficially all there so anybody doing the requisitions would sign off on it, but the details... There were orders for lab equipment from a different supplier than the company normally went through. Shipments that were checked in but the teams never filed as received. Multiple logs for delivery trucks arriving and leaving but no records for a delivery or pick-up. Travis furiously scrawled notes and addenda in the margins of the paperwork.

By the time Travis finally put the binders down and took a breather, the office was long silent. Travis rubbed his eyes and shuffled off to the kitchen for a drink. As he passed the windows, he saw that the sun was on its way down. Or... it was coming back up. Travis ran back to his desk and saw the clock already read 7. AM, not PM. With a groan, Travis slumped back into his chair. Maybe this was for the best. He had to run these findings by his supervisor as soon as possible. They had to know so they could get to the bottom of this waste as soon as possible. Travis put his head down on his desk and decided to just sleep until the HR team got back to the office.

"Look, Morris! Look at these notes!" Travis shoved a messy stack of folders and papers at his supervisor's chest.

"Travis, whoa. Let a man get some coffee first thing in the morning! And are you wearing... did you sleep here?"

"Maybe... Yeah, kind of. This stuff was just too big. Once I started digging in, there was just too much for me to stop looking. The prototyping division is up to something shady. They're possibly

ripping off the company. Like, big time! It's millions!"

Morris stopped and turned back towards Travis. He held out his hand for the files. "Prototype division?"

Travis nodded furiously. "It's all there, man." He got in close and started poking at his scrawled notes, some frantically underlined an unnecessary number of times.

Morris sat back down at his desk and flipped through the paperwork while Travis detailed instance after instance of duplicated or missing documentation.

Eventually, Morris put the files down and slid them back to Travis. "Who knows?"

Travis shrugged. "Anybody that actually did the work. I just found this last night and came right to you, but-"

"We need to bring this to the top, Travis. Come on." Morris motioned for the auditor to follow behind him with the stack of files. They checked the halls for any other employees and made their way to the lone elevator that rose to the top of the company. Morris scanned his badge and they were on the way to speak with the director. They stood in silence, with Travis hunched over his handiwork.

"Travis?"

"Yeah, Morris, what's-" Travis heard a loud snap and then his nose was filled with an acrid burning. His eyes immediately teared up and he became short of breath seconds before dropping the files and slumping to the floor.

Morris placed the now empty gas pellet back in his pocket. The elevator slowed to a stop at the top of the building and Morris bowed to the leader at her desk. "Miss Farthing, we have a problem. I have a new subject for you, but your division is getting lazy with their paperwork.

Travis woke in an almost blindingly white room. Every surface was so overly lit that he could only just barely make out the nose on his face against the creeping halo of white in his eyes. Travis went to rise but found he was unable to control his body. Unable to turn his head, he desperately tried to move his legs and free his arms but everything was bound and unresponsive. Not even his mouth would open and he was unable to form words or yell for help. The faint sound of sloshing water was all that Travis could make out, but he was sure he saw a mass of tubing bob in and out of his vision before he passed out once more.

With a vague sense that more time had passed, Travis woke again. He had some sensation back but he was still unable to move beyond a small twitch. From what little he could see and feel, he was in a tub or a tank, floating, and was covered with a white sheet. The outline was all wrong though. The sheet rose up at his chest, bringing it into his view. It swayed gently as he floated in the tub and he could make out ripples of movement as he tried his hardest to thrash about. Straining as hard as he could to regain control of his limbs, a shrill beeping noise emanated from behind his head. The room was soon bustling with workers looking over charts and pointing. Travis could just barely make out muffled voices and they were all dressed in white scrubs and dark goggles. A mask soon entered from

the top of Travis's view and covered his mouth. A sweet, fruity aroma filled the mask and Travis slept once more.

The routine played out again and Travis found himself upright and leaning against a padded table. He could feel something around his waist fastening him to the table and his legs were bound, but he was able to move his forearms. His hands were covered by a puffy mitten, removing any dexterity he had in his fingers. He pawed the mitten against the table, but was unable to remove it. Travis looked down past the growing swell at his chest and saw his feet were also covered but they were encased in what appeared to be metallic boots pointed down. Travis kicked and pulled against his bonds as best he could but was snapped back and slapped against the table with a cushioned bounce. He felt the slap ripple through his buttocks and down his thighs and a corresponding jolt through the bizarre rise on his chest.

Travis was still thrashing and struggling as a door off to his side opened. Morris strode over, looking over a tablet and comparing it with a monitor behind Travis's bed. "This wasn't ideal, Travis. You saw too much."

Travis tried hard to reply but the words never formed.

"Miss Farthing graciously decided to keep you with the company, so you're still a big help. In fact, you're aiding the very division that you were looking to tattle on. A company this large always has... side projects." Morris could see the weak confusion and desperation in Travis's eyes. "I know you're feeling down right now. You've been out for months at this point. It took some effort, but I was able to clean up." Morris set down the laptop and pulled a chair out in front of Travis.

"We were able to cover our tracks and the former Mr. Travis was a big help. After your... disappearance, we notified the authorities that you stopped showing up and a significant amount of company money was missing. Of course the investigators found plenty of documentation and your notes at your desk. Thanks to a few alterations, the prevailing theory is that you've been siphoning off money and fled." Travis moaned and struggled against his bonds again. "But don't worry. We're taking care of the new you. You're very important to the company. You're helping out with some exciting new projects." Morris pressed a trigger on the monitor beside Travis and the bound employee drifted back to sleep.

The next time Travis woke, he was stuck in a chair in another white room. Canisters lined the walls with their tubes leading over to him but he wasn't able to move enough to see what they fed into. His hands and feet were still bound and he was stuck to the chair by the swell of his own hips and thighs. His bust was round and full, propped up by the strap holding him to the chair. The effects of the drugs had worn off enough that Travis could now feel the heft of his curves and the pull as he struggled to stand and shake off the constraints. Still weak, the sensations were exhausting and he slumped back down. There was something wrapped over the top of his head and he could feel liquid flowing in and out of the dome as it occasionally whirred to life and new colors flowed from the canisters to him.



Soon, a door opened behind Travis and a woman in a white smock entered with a case tucked under her arm. "Ohhh you're looking much healthier today! The team is very proud of you."

Travis's eyes lit up and tried to frantically spill his story to the stranger. The words felt odd forming in his throat and the voice was melodic but unfamiliar. "You have to help me! It was Morris, I-"

The woman smiled. "Yes, dear, we know. Your contribution to the project has put us in the final stages and you came out great." She nodded her head towards Travis's chest.

"No, I-" before he could get any further, the woman popped a small cylinder into his mouth and it held his lips together. "Mppfh!" A click sounded and his mouth was suddenly filled with a thick slime that oozed down his throat.

The woman dug through her bag as she continued. "That will help clear up the non-genetic changes left. Your voice will feel better and we'll clean up what's inside. You're almost done!"

Travis whimpered as he felt the tingling run down his throat and through his lungs and down to his stomach. Next came a small curved dish with a plunger she placed over his lips. With a tap of the trigger, Travis felt a sting for a split second, followed by a tightening of his mouth. His lips felt full and

bursting and after she removed the device, he could see they were plump, colorful, and ever so slightly pouty, like he was about to blow the world a kiss.

The woman clapped her hands and grinned. "A-dorable!" She bent over and removed the mitts from Travis's hands and he stretched his fingers for the first time. They were slender and the nails had grown long as he slept. Finally, the boots came off and the woman nodded and marked down some notes. "Good, good." Travis stretched to look but was held back to the chair. "The reshaping is complete. You have a good four-inch lift there, dear! Tomorrow, you'll be ready to move on from your restructuring and into monitoring and observation. Congratulations, honey."

The next morning, Travis struggled with the straps on his bra and fought against his new curves. When the hooks snapped together, he glared over at the minder by the door. "Happy now?"

The woman shook her head. "You have to get completely dressed, dear. We have to get you presentable."

Travis cursed under his breath and pulled the skirt off the rack in front of him. He shimmied it up his legs and stretched it out over his rounded bottom. Next came the blouse, which Travis easily slipped on and buttoned up, happy to finally be covering his cursed chest. He glared back at the woman, who shook her head and pointed to the pink blazer. Travis wrapped himself in it and the minder nodded, stepped aside, and motioned for Travis to exit.

In the next room, Morris sat at a desk looking over some files. He rose when Travis tottered in on his heels. "You look great!"

Travis stayed back by the wall and muttered in contempt. "Asshole."

Morris sat down again and spread his arms wide. "You're helping us on the final frontier. Curing genetic disorders, custom medication, and tweaking was only the start. Mastering genetics is the next corporate battle, and with your help, Genatics is poised to win that war! No longer will we be prisoner to our genetics; we now have the power to create our own genes!"

Travis shrugged. "So you made a mockery of me to hide your illegal tests. Can I go now?"

Morris shook his head no and rose again. "No, you're still going to be a big help for us. We'll want you on hand to run tests and verify our results. You'll be set up in the division. We always need somebody to do the desk work for the higher ups.

The back wall opened to reveal an elevator and Morris motioned for them to enter. It rose for a while before slowing to a stop and revealing a gleaming white and glass office space. People in lab coats scurried back and forth, barely paying attention to the new members. Morris pointed to a circular desk stationed outside the largest office.

"Here's your work station. Everything you need will be here and we'll keep an eye on you until you come to appreciate the good work we're doing here."

Travis glared at his boss and walked over to the desk. It was simple but loaded with files and a computer ready to go. He picked a silver nameplate off the desk and flipped it over. "Who is Geena?"

Morris grinned and spread his arms. "You, of course! Now, check your station for your work and I'll be back at the end of the day. Work hard! A secretary has to be useful or be eye candy."

Travis clenched his fists and sat down at the desk as Morris returned to the elevator and vanished out of sight as the doors closed. Travis woke the computer and opened the file at the top of his list. When the spreadsheet opened, a small clock popped open in the corner of the screen and started ticking down. He looked around the file, closed it and searched the computer, but didn't see what the clock was tied to. He moved through the file, slowly entering the data and filing the associated paperwork, looking them over for clues and hints about what was going on or hope for a way back to normal.

As Travis neared finishing the first file, the timer reached its end and dinged lightly. He searched around but didn't see anything change in the file, so he continued working. With the last paperwork put in the cabinet, Travis saved the file and closed it down. The timer vanished and a new readout appeared on his computer.

"Total time. 3 minutes 46 seconds behind par. Penalty."

Travis leaned forward to investigate but gasped when he felt a rumbling inside him. He shifted uncomfortably as his skirt started to cling and tighten. He swiveled in his chair and saw that it wasn't the skirt shrinking, but his backside pushing out and expanding. His bottom was fuller and plumper! Travis wrapped his arms across his chest as he felt it rumble. The blazer was being pushed out and constricting his chest. His fingers moved to the buttons to relieve the pressure, but his nails were growing longer and he fumbled opening it. As it popped open, Travis saw his breasts stretching the blazer out. This must have been what Morris meant when he said to work hard or be eye candy!

The computer readout changed once more, with the words vanishing and being replaced by a new timer. The readout shrunk to the corner of the screen then started to tick down again. Travis swore and pulled his chair back up to the computer, trying to ignore the new fullness in his body and get back to work. He flew through the file in a hurry, categorizing rows and data as fast as he could, ignoring the jiggle and wobble as she spun around to place the paperwork in the cabinet. Travis tried his hardest to push the feelings out of his mind and just focus on the work. His longer fingernails slipped off the keys so he had to adopt a new posture to accommodate his new body.

The next data sheet was completed with minutes to spare and Travis cleared it and closed it out with a sigh. The timer vanished once more and the readout reappeared.

"Par time completed. 3 formatting errors. 1 spelling error. Penalty."

Travis leaned forward and shook the monitor. "Come on! I can't type like this, you-"

He groaned and doubled over in the chair. Once more, his bottom expanded out, filling out the skirt and seat under him. His breasts rose and the blouse stretched over them. Travis's fingernails pushed themselves out farther and he scraped them against his forehead as he brushed away strands of hair that floated down in front of his eyes.

Travis looked back to the computer and sighed as the readout once again switched back to the

timer and a new file was highlighted. His chest now pushed out, covering part of the keyboard, longer hair obscured his view, his bottom had him stuck in the chair, and his pointed nails were a danger to others and his own typing. The new file and timer beckoned.

At the end of the day, the elevator opened again and Morris walked back to Travis. The manager's smile sunk and he slowly shook his head. "Rough first day, Geena? Keep at it though! If you don't want to work, maybe you can be a bit of a mascot for the team in the lab!"

Travis glowered, but a day's worth of mistakes fighting against his body and computer made it appear more like a pout. As he turned to shut down the computer, he chest wobbled and bounced against the strained blouse, now with several buttons open to give his ample breasts room. Travis grunted to pull the seat back and free his bubbled behind, before pulling the blazer on as far as it would go, pulled down his skirt to cover what little it could, and then followed Morris back to the elevator.



Morris dropped the company's new curvaceous secretary off at the facility's dorm and left via the elevator. Travis immediately spun around and pulled on the panel's handle but it was locked from the other side. He did a quick check of the premises, but the apartment lacked windows or other routes of escape. Travis leaned against the wall and sighed, fighting back the mix of anger and sadness. After collecting himself, Travis kicked off the heels and stood flat on the floor for the first time all day. He rolled his ankles against the numb throb he felt up the back of his leg. Having his feet flat on the ground felt uncomfortable, almost unnatural. Was this why the lab had him bound to those boots? Travis searched the room and its closets for new clothes, but all the slippers and shoes featured high heels. Resigned, he slipped on a pair and peeled himself out of the day's costume. Travis desperately searched for a pair of pants but the best he could find were some tights, but there was no way he'd be able to get them over his current curves. He settled on a flimsy nightie, but even that was stretched tight.

Travis searched the apartment but found no means of communication with the outside world or anything to help him out of his predicament. He had no choice but to play along with the company's tests.

Travis awoke to find his sleepwear loose around him. His breasts were still full and perky, but they were less cartoonish this morning. Even his hair seemed shorter and less prone to fluttering in front of his eyes. It seemed like the extreme changes from his work's penalties would wear off over night and he would just be left as a curvaceous bombshell instead of a walking billboard for male fantasy. He got ready for the day and looked over what was in the closet once more. It was wall to wall dresses, skirts, and blouses. They hung slightly loose, but Travis knew that was just false hope and they would be restrictive and ready to burst if he didn't play along.

Morris soon arrived with a smile and motioned for Travis to join him in the elevator. "Cute outfit, Geena. I knew you would take to this. The data from yesterday was a great help!" Travis stood in silence and held back his contempt for a man he once saw as an ally in the corporate world.

Armed with yesterday's knowledge of the tasks before him, Travis was able to find a balance between speed and cautious data entry to avoid too many mistakes and penalties. By the time his lunch break rolled around, his blazer still fit him but his skirt was tight enough that he could only take short mincing steps.

When Morris came to pick Travis up at the end of the day, the supervisor seemed almost upset that Travis had something resembling a reasonable figure. They rode the elevator back to the apartments in silence. Travis took that as as much of a victory as he was likely to earn.

As the elevator doors closed and Morris was whisked away, Travis heard a voice from the shadows.

"Are you alone?"

Travis spun around as best he could. "Who's there?!"

"Are you alone?"

Travis nodded to the unseen figure. "Yeah, Morris left."

A redheaded woman in pigtails walked out from the hallway, followed by a blonde woman. The blonde spoke first. "I'm Ruth. Mercy and I are here to free you. We've been monitoring these labs and there is some seriously illegal super science going down. Let's get you out of here!"

Travis took a moment to collect himself. Even if this was a trap, it wasn't like he had other options. "I can't just leave. Look what they did to me! I have to get back to normal!"

Mercy held up the device on her arm to Travis. "Whoa, they did a number on you. These readings... everything is off."

Travis's knees buckled. "Oh god, what's wrong?!"

The blonde looked over and shook her head. "It's not... wrong, it's just... The scans show your genes... everything is perfectly normal for a woman."

"But I'm not a-"

Mercy nodded. "We know, we know. That's the problem. Usually when we find somebody like you, their genetic code is a mess and there's a clear sign something is wrong. Then you just need to clean that out and things go back to normal. But your stuff... It's like you're a whole new person."

The trio spent the night running tests on Travis but they were unable to make much progress. Hope came when they found readings for a foreign body inside Travis.

Ruth looked it over up and down. "There's something in you. Maybe that's how they're controlling you and pumping you up."

Travis wasn't pleased with their phrasing, but this was a step in the right direction. "So get it out already!"

Mercy shrugged. "That won't do it. Your genes are already too far gone. Just ripping it out wouldn't turn you back. We may... we could add some tracking to it and monitor the changes. Maybe we could work back from there to-"

"Wait, 'monitor the changes'? You want them to do this to me again?!"

Ruth defensively put her arms up. "It's the only plan we have. You need to... go about your day as normal, get zapped, and we can try to build off of that data."

Travis sunk down into the couch. "What about you?"

"We'll have work to do getting everything we need to shut down this lab so this doesn't happen to anybody else. We'll prep on our end and meet up with you tomorrow night."

With that, Mercy tapped on her device and a green doorway appeared. The women stepped through and vanished.

The next morning, Travis searched the closet for the loosest clothing he could find, resigned that he'd have to sacrifice the day for the strangers to complete their investigation. He found a blue dress with room in the bust and a skirt down to his knees that looked like it wouldn't suffocate him or tear off after the penalties that were imminent. Morris collected him with some platitudes about what a good worker Geena was how happy she made the team.

With the first document ready, Travis scanned the spreadsheet for the typos he laced it with, held his breath, and clicked to submit it. He clamped his eyes shut and ignored the penalty prompts as he felt the familiar rumbling and tightness in his body, followed by the steady expansions in his bust and hips. He looked himself over and nodded, still room to grow so back to work. The process continued through the day, with Travis more and more worried as he filled out the dress, his bust heavy and obtrusive with his butt firmly wedged into the office chair. He licked his plump lips and swept back the unwieldy hair as he submitted another sabotaged file. Travis wasn't sure if it was all in his head, but even his sighs sounded breathy and inviting now.

At the end of the work day, Morris came back and Travis could tell he was fighting back snickering as he looked over the secretary's extreme hourglass figure. Morris pat him on the back and made some comment about making sure the chemicals weren't affecting his mind, but Travis spent more attention on making sure he didn't tip over in his heels. After the elevator brought him to his apartment, Travis hurried as best he could in his current state to the living room and was thrilled to see the strange women waiting.

"Did you get it?!"

Mercy smiled and gave him a thumbs up. "You bet! We were able to trace the signal being sent to your device. We tagged all the personnel and materials to take out after we fix you. This company is going down!"

A voice rang out from behind them, "What's going on here?!"

The women spun around to see Morris holding the elevator door open. Ruth bound over the couch and dove to prop the door open as Morris jammed on the elevator buttons. She grabbed him by the collar and shoved him to the floor of Travis's apartment.

Morris collected himself and glared at them. "Miss Farthing will hear of this! We warned you, Travis! You can't-"

Ruth casually kicked him back to the ground. "I suppose the jig is up, but we can't have you ruining things too early. So here's what's what. You're going to fix Travis here, then we're going to destroy your lab, and if you play along, we'll only report you to our agency and not toss you in jail for illegal testing and framing an employee."

"You can't! If you think this company will-"

Mercy tapped her device and Morris's tablet suddenly lit up with server warnings and outages reported across the campus. "Don't worry, those are all low priority systems. I just wanted to let you know we're serious to speed things up. Our intel says this company does make some legit medicine, so

we don't want to bankrupt you unless you make us play hard."

Morris stammered and switched from his tablet to the grinning strangers threatening to destroy the company's empire. "It doesn't work that way... Geena, Travis. It's not just a switch you flip. The sequencing creates new genes from scratch."

Ruth nodded. That corroborated what their scans had shown. "So just remove the devices and resequence him back to normal."

"You can't just pluck them out, you fools. To get the treatment flowing and the body to self-regulate, they're in her brain and heart. Tear them out and who knows what will happen!"

Travis stamped his foot, the gesture more comical than threatening due to the jiggling it created. "What the hell do you mean?! I can't be-"

Ruth pressed on Morris's back with her foot and pinned him to the ground. He stammered, "We could try something! R-Reload the sequence with old data. She'd have to redo the procedure, but it would generate her old body."

Travis came over and shook Morris by the shoulders. "But you'd still have your hooks in these devices! I want you out of me!"

Mercy spoke up from the couch. "It'll be cool. Once we shut the lab down, there will be nothing to transmit. They'll be in you, but inactive."

Travis clenched his fist and dropped Morris. "No way! That's not good enough! He should- He should have the same thing happen to him. Make him a freak like he did to me."

Ruth shook her head and tried to affect a calming tone. "Doesn't work that way. We're here to shut down all this illegal super science. You can't just trade one artificial lady for another."

Travis growled and stomped at Morris. He barely had time to pull his hand back to avoid the heel of Travis's shoe, a fashion choice he now regretted requiring in the model.

Ruth yanked Morris away. "Merc, do something. I'm not sure I can easily subdue somebody that, uh, round."

Travis went to move for Morris once more, but Mercy raised her device and started frantically tapping on the display. Travis shuddered and felt a rumbling inside him and his body felt like it was bursting from the inside. He rapidly ballooned up and out, popping the buttons on the dress as his chest expanded. All the slack in his skirt was suddenly taken up by his voluptuous curves and the dress hobbled him. Travis wobbled then hit the floor with a poomph as his breasts broke his fall. Pinned by his own curves Travis struggled to get back up but couldn't manage. Morris sighed in relief but the Mercs glared back at him and he knew he had no choice but to cooperate.



Travis was given a few days in his apartment to cool off and for his curves to normalize before he began the procedure once more. He felt the return procedure was frustratingly slow, but he gradually lost his feminine figure and was soon put back to sleep for the final reversions. Mercy and Ruth kept tabs on the procedure the whole way through, ensuring that the company was held to Morris's word and collecting all the notes and data before Genatics was purged of the division's forays into super science.

The company did what it could to clear Travis's name from the espionage accusations, but Travis was ultimately given a new identity and the Mercs ensured he received a generous pay off to keep his mouth shut (and to prevent him from seeking revenge). The team agreed to allow Genatics to run and continue their legitimate medical enterprises, but the prototyping division was shuttered and all its remaining research and materials were handed over to the Mercs and their higher ups with the understanding that if it was started up again or Travis's devices were reactivated, there would be hell to pay.

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