

Women in Tech

by Pan

Chapter 1

I thought the move would be good for us.

Obviously, right? Like, no one deliberately goes into a major life decision thinking it's a terrible idea. "Oh yes, this will be no good for anyone. Let's do it!"

In this case, I had specifically thought it would be good for *us*. For me and my girlfriend. As a couple.

I couldn't have been more wrong.

Gabrielle is a genius. It's as simple as that. We're both programmers, but she absolutely leaves me in the dust. Like, I'm pretty good at what I do, but there's just no comparison.

We first met working at this little start-up. It made software for accountants to exchange data with other accountants.

Well, no. That would be too exciting. We actually helped maintain the tools that the company used to make software for accountants to exchange data with other accountants. Thrilling stuff, right?

Such boring work should never have attracted anyone as interesting as Gabrielle. I was attracted to her the moment we met...not that I was unique in that regard.

That's the real problem, in my opinion. When you look at my girlfriend, your first thought isn't "genius". It's more likely to be "holy crap, how does she not fall over?"

Top-heavy is putting it lightly. No matter what she wears, no matter how hard she tries to hide - and believe me, she tries - it's impossible not to notice Gabrielle's chest. She's probably the bustiest person you'll ever see outside a porn film.

Hell, she may be the bustiest person I've seen *including* porn.

Texas, for all its many strengths, isn't exactly the most progressive state. And if you've ever worked in IT, you'll know that it's a male-dominated field. So working IT *in* Texas?

Yeah, my girlfriend was in for a rough time.

Pretty much from the first day she joined the team, Gabrielle was harassed by our coworkers. Nothing worth reporting, at first - a lot of stares, winks, raised eyebrows.

But the longer she worked there, the more people would push things. One guy called her TII; he claimed it was cos she was like a human calculator, but it was an open secret around the office

that it stood for “Tits Indisputably Included”.

He was an idiot. They were all idiots, honestly.

Gabrielle had – well, *has*, it’s not like that’s changed – a really firm sense of right and wrong. I dunno if it came from her upbringing, or if she was just built like that, but she couldn’t stand unfairness or injustice or anything like that.

She’d done it all ‘right’, y’know? She’d studied, earned her degree, graduated valedictorian, and then worked hard to become the best at what she did. And she’d never stopped learning; her idea of bedside reading was a thick tome about the best way to structure a database, or an article on her phone about the latest version of the code we used at work.

Gabrielle was by far the brightest on the team, but no matter what she did, everyone just treated her like a walking pair of tits.

It really pissed me off, honestly. I was always raised to be respectful of women. And not just in the “tip your hat when they enter a room” kind of way - my parents were both left-wing (by El Paso standards, anyways) and so I’d grown up understanding that women weren’t objects, they were people.

But as much as it bothered me, I have to admit – it kind of worked in my favor. Like, if we’d met in a bar (ignoring the unlikelihood of either of us being in a bar in the first place) I doubt she would’ve even given me a second look.

But compared to the guys we worked with, I was a knight in shining armor. I stood up for her on multiple occasions, calling out the pigs we worked with. And it’s not like it didn’t come with a cost, either; I was pretty unpopular for a long while afterwards.

And I never made a move. I wanted to, of course. Every inch of me wanted to. Gabrielle was one of the most gorgeous women I’d ever seen. She was smart, fun, and we had the exact same sense of humor. But after seeing the way everyone else at work treated her, there was no way I was going to risk making her feel even *more* uncomfortable.

So yeah, I was completely blindsided when *she* asked *me* out. It’d be like spotting a celebrity at the mall, and having them run up for your autograph. Sort of surreal and very flattering, but it pretty much makes no sense.

I felt like I’d won the jackpot. Especially when that first date ended with the two of us making out in her car. And when our third date ended with her inviting me up for “coffee”? I didn’t just *feel* like I’d won the jackpot - I *knew* I had.

When Gabrielle first stripped in front of me, I basically had to bend down and pick my jaw up from the floor. I wasn’t exaggerating when I say that she did everything possible to hide her tits. I’d known they were big, but as she undid her bra and showed them to me in their full glory...

Hot. Damn.

I should probably describe her to you properly. Gabrielle is about my height – 5’10" – but weighs far less than I do. I’m a little pudgy, and my girlfriend is a gym nut. When her tits first came in, she’d been teased at school for being chubby (turns out idiot teenagers don’t really understand how biology works) and ever since then, she’s been kind of obsessed with staying fit.

Her boobs are an F-cup. When she’d told me that, I thought she was kidding – I hadn’t even realized bras went above DD. She has a great ass, too (thank you, yoga) and unlike her breasts, she had no compunctions about showing *that* off. Whenever we went out, she’d do everything she could to hide her tits, but happily wear skin-tight pants, skirts, tight-fitting dresses...anything she could to show off her perfect bubble butt.

I think part of the reason she likes showing it off is that it’s really sensitive. Another piece of knowledge I hadn’t possessed before we started dating; I had no idea that some women could, like, almost cum just from having their butt fondled.

And god, the noises she made when I slowly slipped my cock between her cheeks...

Gabrielle’s hair is long and brown. When we’d first met it had been around her shoulders, but she’d grown it out over the years. I honestly couldn’t tell you if I liked it better long or short.

I thought she was perfect either way.

I’d worked hard to avoid screwing up the relationship, and for reasons I’ll never understand, she didn’t get sick of me. We moved in together within a year, and while neither of us wanted to get married (possibly a side-effect of growing up in Texas; you see all your friends getting hitched as teenagers and the whole thing loses its lustre) we agreed that we wanted to be together forever.

I love her like I’ve never loved anyone else. Her brain, her sense of humor, her personality. The whole package.

And that’s before even getting to the sex. Oh my god, the sex. I’d never dated someone so incredibly orgasmic. I already mentioned how sensitive her ass was, but you could touch her almost anywhere and get the same reaction.

Not her tits, weirdly enough. The first few times we fucked, all I wanted to do was grope and suck and nibble on her tits. She let me, in a sort of bemused way, but it was obvious that it didn’t do anything for her. It was clearly more for me than for her, you know?

God, those boobs. If she’d decided one night to use them to smother me to death, I would’ve died happy.

But everywhere else – her ass, her thighs, her butt, her neck...even her stomach! – everywhere I touched Gabrielle, she’d respond with a purr, a steamy look in her eyes, and soon we’d be rolling around in the bed. Or the car. Or on the floor. Or, once or twice, the supply closet at work after hours.

In every other relationship I’ve been in, I was the one with the higher sex drive, but Gabrielle matched me beat-for-beat. Even three years in, it was rare for either of us to make a move and

not have it immediately reciprocated. Sometimes I'd groggily open my eyes in the middle of the night to find her riding me, half-asleep.

And when she'd shyly confessed that being awoken by the feeling of my dick inside her was a huge turn-on? I don't think either of us got a full night's sleep for the next two weeks.

Each and every morning, I still felt like I'd won the jackpot. No one turned me on like Gabrielle - every time she stripped in front of me, or wailed orgasmically as she rode me, or gaspingly begged me to pull her hair while I fucked her from behind, it made my entire body tingle.

No relationship is perfect, but this was pretty damn close.

Except for one thing:

Work.

There aren't a whole lot of IT opportunities in El Paso, especially not at Gabrielle's level. She'd regularly go looking, but was never able to find anything. So for three long years, she had to put up with the idiotic comments, the stupid nicknames at our shared workspace. She had to listen to her coworkers begging me to show them one of the nude photos they thought I had on my phone.

(One of them even tried to hack my device once. Gabrielle sort of had that effect on people.)

I said all the right things, I commiserated when my girlfriend was upset. I comforted her and told her it would get better...but it never did. No matter how hard she worked, no matter how many endless times she proved herself as the most valuable member of the team, it never seemed to change. It was just a really shitty situation, y'know?

And then I went ahead and made everything ten times worse. I did something really, really dumb.

I accepted a promotion.

I didn't even think about it, at the time. God, I still cringe at the thought. I didn't even question it. I mean, why *wouldn't* I take more pay and more interesting work? It honestly never occurred to me that Gabrielle would be anything but supportive.

A part of me even thought she'd be excited. Like, if she was dating the team leader, maybe she'd be harassed a little less.

Dumb, dumb, dumb. I see that now. I don't think I could possibly have handled the situation any *worse*.

When I told her that night, we had the biggest fight we'd ever had. Don't get me wrong; we'd fought before. But only about little stuff. She didn't get along with my brother, I hated the way she left dishes around the house, and both of us were convinced that the other one snored.

(I know for a fact that I don't, but Gabrielle? Sometimes I swear you'd think a jetplane had made

its way into our bed.)

We were pretty good at fighting, if that makes sense. We never took things personally, we avoided jabbing each other's weaknesses, and our arguments never escalated to the point of shouting. It was always 'us against the problem'; and we sandwiched our criticism and used 'I feel' language and all the other stuff you're meant to do.

But not after my promotion.

Neither of us was being fair...but, of course, we both felt like we were being the very personification of reason. I was mad at her for not being excited for me, and Gabrielle was pissed off that I hadn't turned the position down and told our boss that he should offer it to her instead.

Look, I'm a card-carrying feminist, but I don't think anyone is *that* feminist. Or if they are, there's something wrong with them. It'd be like winning the lottery and donating it all to a homeless person.

Well, okay, it's not *exactly* like that. But you know what I mean.

I later realized I'd told myself the promotion was solid proof that I was just as good at our job as my girlfriend; an insecurity I didn't even realize I had. Gabrielle, meanwhile, had fixated on the 'fair' thing to do, and not even considered what she was asking.

Normally after we fight, the make-up sex is phenomenal. I mean, all sex with Gabrielle was phenomenal, but there was a raw energy to make-up sex that...I dunno, brought it to a whole other level.

But after I accepted the promotion, things were different. We didn't have our make-up sex the next day. Or the next, or the next. From the moment we'd moved in together, I don't think we'd ever gone three days without fucking – even if one of us was out of town, we'd jump on the phone and get each other off remotely.

When it got to Friday and we still hadn't made up, that was what made me realize that this really was different. How much I'd hurt her.

We basically spent that entire weekend talking. And talking, and talking, and talking, and talking.

Like I said, we were really good at having these long, difficult conversations. Which was good, because this was the longest and most difficult conversation we'd ever had.

Until then, I hadn't understood how unhappy Gabrielle was, not really. Like, she'd been at the job for more than three years. I guess I'd just assumed she'd gotten used to it. I knew the dumb comments bugged her, but I'd never really understood how completely alone she'd felt.

In my girlfriend's eyes, I'd been the only person who *got* it, her only ally against the schmucks we worked with. So seeing her get ignored for a promotion she deserved would have been bad

enough...but *taking it for myself*?

She told me it was the biggest betrayal she'd ever experienced. And this was coming from a woman who'd had nudes leaked on the internet by an ex. (She'd managed to take them all down pretty quickly, thank god.)

Yeah. And I'd expected her to be *happy* for me.

Over that weekend, we laughed, we cried, we bonded. We created a sort of nest on the living-room floor, and left it only to get our delivery orders or use the bathroom. We even had some make-up sex in the middle of it. Sort of a 'time out' from the intense conversations.

And after two full days of talking, we had a plan.

As much as we loved Texas, as much as we'd miss our families and our friends...we decided it was time for a change.

It was time to go somewhere else, somewhere that Gabrielle would be properly appreciated. Somewhere they might be able to truly see her for the brilliant programmer she was.

I thought the move would be good for us. We both did.

I had no way of knowing that it would change our lives forever.

"It's not *fair*," Gabrielle grouched, slumping back on the couch. "I thought this place would be different."

"I know, honey," I said comfortingly. "So did I."

Maybe we'd been a little naïve.

Sure, there's more money in Silicon Valley, but to balance it out...everything is that much more expensive.

Our first impressions had been pretty positive. Gabrielle had gotten a job within two days of getting into the city, so we'd thought that y'know...maybe this place really *was* a meritocracy. Her talent had been recognized straight away – that was exactly what we were looking for, right?

Her new job was with a company called Vision. It wasn't a dinky little start-up like our old workplace; Vision was a multinational corporation who seemed to have their fingers in everything. Gabrielle was hired to work on this new app for executives, a sort of combination of Doordash and Tinder.

Wait, that sounds weird. I don't mean that it delivered sex to your house. It was for business professionals who needed talented people at short notice: consultants, accountants, hairdressers.

Yeah: hairdressers. That was one of the first things Gabrielle had told me about it, and it had

really stuck in my head. The idea of an executive needing an *emergency haircut, right this instant* was sort of funny to me, but apparently it was a legit thing. Not an uncommon one, either.

My girlfriend loved the work. Like, she loooooooved the work. That was part of why she'd been so frustrated and so desperate to get promoted; she'd mastered everything she had to do at our old job within about thirty-four seconds. But here she was actually challenged, doing more than just helping someone help accountants push numbers over to other accountants.

The pay was pretty generous, too. Like I said, I think they really recognized her talents.

But basically from day one, the workplace was more of the same.

Worse, even.

I'd been surprised to learn that she was the only woman in the team, figuring there would be more of a balance out here. As soon as she walked into the room, she could feel pretty much every set of eyes on her chest.

By the end of her first week, the nicknames had started. 'Darl', 'Toots', 'Babe', 'Sweetheart'. We'd gone shopping on the weekend, using a big chunk of her first paycheck to buy some clothes that were even bulkier than her normal wear.

It didn't help. As soon as she entered on Monday morning, the room filled with wolf-whistles. Later that day, she turned around from the presentation she was giving to find someone pretending to spank her.

In El Paso, the guys had at least been subtle about it. They'd been sexist assholes, but not in a way that they could get caught. They'd always made sure to behave while the boss was around, and avoided anything that would leave a paper trail.

It was the end of Gabrielle's second week when it happened. Someone forwarded her an email that had been going around the office.

Her nudes.

She thought she'd managed to completely scrub them from the internet – she'd issued DMCA notices, threatened lawsuits, and most reputable porn-sharing sites are pretty good about helping women take down unauthorized pics.

But apparently they still existed out there in some form. Maybe one of her coworkers had downloaded it after the initial leak, and recognized her, or had access to some kind of...I dunno, face-searching software.

It didn't really matter *how* they'd done it, the result was the same. Less than two weeks after starting a new job in a new city, they'd managed to distribute naked pictures of her throughout the entire office. And Silicon Valley isn't a big place. This would undoubtedly follow her for the rest of her career.

It was outrageous. Just, flat-out harassment. Abuse, basically.

My girlfriend took it straight to the HR office. I'd figured a company the size of Vision, it wouldn't be a problem to get it resolved...but while the rep had been sympathetic, she'd told Gabrielle that there was nothing they could do.

I couldn't believe it when she told me. I'd expected to hear that the entire team was being fired, or that my girlfriend would get a hefty payout if she signed a piece of paper promising not to sue.

Nope. Nothing. Nada. Squat.

The HR rep said that without knowing who'd originally started sending the picture around, the company couldn't punish anyone - not even the person who'd forwarded it to her. "They probably just wanted to make sure you knew what was going around."

When my girlfriend had returned to her desk, she was almost crying, and the guys in the surrounding cubicles were just standing there and leering at her, probably delighted to discover exactly how much of a bust their coworker was hiding under her unflattering outfit.

Gabrielle had blinked back her tears and shot them a glare. My girlfriend can be truly terrifying when she wants to be, but it hadn't made a difference. They just kept on staring at her lecherously, huge grins on their idiot faces.

I was so, so mad when she told me. I hadn't even met any of Gabrielle's new workmates, but I wanted to murder them. Each and every one of them.

Over the next few days, things somehow got *worse*. Someone changed the wallpaper on her work computer to the nudes, then the next day she found it in the middle of a slideshow she'd been working on. One slide, the app's new UI. The next slide: her tits, filling the screen.

There was a company directory on the intranet, and Gabrielle's photo was replaced with a zoomed in version of the illicit photo. It only showed her face and shoulders, but that was just enough to tell she was naked.

She reported each of these incidents to HR, and each time was basically met with a shrug.

As if bolstered by the total lack of consequences, her asshole workmates continued to escalate things. She came in one morning to discover a poster of the photo had been hung up in her cubicle, and when her business cards came in...sure enough, one of her leaked photos was printed on the back of each and every one.

But at the end of Gabrielle's third week, she came home to tell me about the most brazen case of workplace harassment I'd ever heard of. She was giving her first presentation, when she'd noticed that everyone on her team - including her new boss - were all drinking from identical coffee mugs.

Coffee mugs with a naked image of my girlfriend printed on them.



I exploded. I told her that she needed to start recording everything – every instance of harassment, every conversation she had with HR. I said that this was a lawsuit that any lawyer in California would pay *her* to take on.

She nodded, but seemed completely defeated. Vision was a multi-billion dollar company, and even the most open-and-shut case (which this pretty clearly was) would take years to get through the legal system. What we were meant to do until then?

Despite being in Silicon Valley for almost a month, I hadn't been able to find work. I'd hoped I'd hoped that my experience and recent promotion would be something I could leverage into a shiny new position, but every programmer and their dog was looking for work, and there just wasn't much of it going around.

Gabrielle was covering the rent – barely – but if she left Vision, our savings would barely last us a month.

Whether we liked it or not, she was stuck there.

I could see that it was killing her. She'd come home from work completely exhausted, and we'd just veg out on the couch watching internet videos. Danny Gonzalez practically became our third housemate.

My days were spent trying to find leads, but there's only so many hours in the day you can spend actively looking for jobs, so I was almost as exhausted as she was.

Wake up, misery, sleep, repeat. It was even starting to affect our sex life; neither of us was initiating any more, and (even more worryingly) neither of us seemed to care.

We'd been in town for just over two months when Gabrielle came home with an energy I hadn't seen in her for a while.

"I'm not going to stand for this," she announced. "It's bullshit. It's bullshit, and it's completely unfair."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. Do you know what that fucker Michael did today?"

Michael was one of the members of her team. I'd say he was one of the worst, but...well, they all seemed equally awful.

"What?"

"He slapped my ass. Like I was a secretary from the fifties!"

My eyes widened. "What!?"

“I know, right?”

“What did HR say?”

My girlfriend laughed mirthlessly. “They added it to the file. That file must be thick enough to reach Mars by now.”

“As long as they have a record of the incident,” I pressed. Between bingeing video essays, I’d been reading up on harassment law. If my girlfriend got fired, or I managed to get a job that could sustain us, I wanted to be prepared to take legal action.

In response, Gabrielle just handed me a pamphlet.

WOMEN IN TECH.

I looked at her questioningly.

“I totally forgot about it,” she said, a fire in her eyes that I hadn’t seen since we left Texas. “It was in my initiation package. It’s an advocacy group; they offer all kinds of stuff – networking mixers, 401K advice...”

“...workplace rights, sexual harassment seminars,” I continued, reading the pamphlet’s big, bright letters. “One-on-one consultancy, tailored advice.”

I looked up at her with a smile. “Hon, this sounds great.”

“Don’t call me hon,” she said reflexively, then closed her eyes. “Sorry. Instinct. I say that, like, twenty times a day.”

Reaching out and grabbing Gabrielle’s hand, I pulled her onto my lap. She put her arms around my neck. “You think they can help?”

“It’s worth a try,” she shrugged. “I mean, it’s not like things can get any worse. I’ll tell them what’s going on, and at the very least, they’ll be able to offer some advice.”

“Yeah – ‘don’t be a woman in tech,’” I replied, and Gabrielle surprised me with a laugh. I couldn’t remember the last time I’d heard her laugh. Probably back in Texas.

“Well, hopefully something more useful than that.”

“This sounds great,” I said firmly.

“Yeah,” she nodded. “I made an appointment today. I’m going to be talking to Flynn Parson at the end of this week.”

I flipped over the pamphlet. There was a photo of him on the back – he looked like he was in his forties. Dark hair, dark eyes. Handsome.

I immediately didn't like him, a thought I tried to push out of my mind. Within just a few weeks of dating Gabrielle, I'd had to accept that she could have anyone she wanted...but she'd chosen me. It just wasn't worth letting my mind go down jealous paths. That way madness lay.

All I could do was be the best me I could be, and trust that I was the one she'd come home to every night.

"He's cute," I said lightly. That was mostly how I dealt with the stupid thoughts – by expressing them, and allowing Gabrielle to reassure me.

"Eh," she said, a knowing smile in her eyes. "I'd take you any day."

"Any day?" I replied with a grin. She always knew exactly what I needed to hear.

"Uh huh," she replied, leaning in for a kiss.

As we broke our dry spell that night, Flynn Parson's photo lay on the floor, watching us make love on the couch.

Two things changed over the next few weeks.

Firstly, I got a job.

Don't get too excited, it wasn't exactly what I'd been hoping for.

I got a job...as a dog-walker.

Not the high-paying technical work I'd been hoping for, but I was happy just to get out of the house. I got to hang out with doggos, I got some sunshine, and I figured there was a chance I'd meet someone who could get me a job. Maybe Elon Musk would need someone to walk his dog, y'know?

I didn't have Women in Tech mixers; I needed to seize my networking opportunities wherever I could get 'em.

And I knew the exercise would be good for me. I'd been a little large even before we left Texas, but several months of sitting on the couch had started to show.

I got my first few gigs from the paper, but soon I actually signed up to the beta launch of the new Vision app. I didn't qualify for any of the programmer slots (for those times when, you know, executives desperately needed someone with an in-depth knowledge of object-oriented programming) but hey, I could walk dogs with the best of them.

The other big change was Gabrielle's.

Her Women in Tech one-on-one had gone great, from what she'd told me. She hadn't actually gotten to meet Flynn Parson - he'd been called away at the last minute, and she'd instead had her

appointment with his number two, Sylvia.

I'd been hoping that Women in Tech would convince Gabby that legal action was the best path forward (I'm not one to shy away from a fight...an attitude which has gotten me in trouble more than once), but the advice they'd given had been more sensible.

Sylvia had been sympathetic – exactly what my girlfriend needed, honestly, after the appalling response she'd gotten from the HR department – and shared some techniques to help her manage the guys in the office.

It had seemed a little half-assed to me, but Gabrielle had been pretty much gushing with enthusiasm when she came home. It had been so nice to see the return of my high-spirited girlfriend, I'd been careful not to say anything that would dampen her mood.

Instead, I was the very model of a supportive boyfriend. I'm not one who needs to learn the same lesson twice.

So I'd joined in with her excitement, and we made love again that night. Well, 'made love' is outting it lightly. If I'm being honest, it was a little filthier than that. Since moving to California, I'd not taken my girlfriend's rear.

I was very happy to *rectify* that, if you'll pardon the pun.

The next month was the very opposite of our first month in the Golden State; instead of living a life glued to the couch, my days were spent out and about. Gabrielle was happy, and we were making love each and every night, like when we'd first started dating.

My dog-walking gig did not, alas, immediately get me a cushy programming job at Google, but I was enjoying the work. More than I expected, honestly. I managed to pick up a few more gigs from the app – execs whose regular dog-walkers had bailed, and they needed someone to come by at the last minute. I'd managed to turn a few of them into regular clients, and my days were spent alternating between walking dogs and staring at the app, hoping someone would need my services.

If I'd lived in Silicon Valley by myself, I wouldn't have been making enough to *eat*, let alone pay rent... but between Gabrielle's job and my meager earnings, we were getting by.

Gabrielle started regularly attending Women in Tech events – seminars, workshops, support groups – and was soaking it all up as much as I was soaking up the California rays. Every day I'd ask how work was going, and without fail her response was glowing.

The days of her workplace harassment, it seemed, were at an end.

She was always a little vague about exactly what the new techniques were. It took me a while to notice, actually, because whenever I asked, she'd get this look on her face and practically leap me.

It's easy to forget that you just asked a question when your dick is disappearing down your busy

girlfriend's eager throat.

Like I said, Gabrielle's sex drive had always matched my own...now, for the first time, it actually seemed to be exceeding it.

Not that I was complaining, of course.

Maybe I was dense, and I should have noticed something sooner. Or maybe there really wasn't anything I could have noticed until I did...but my suspicions were first raised when I saw Gabrielle getting dressed for work, just over a month since her first meeting with Sylvia.

"What are you wearing?" I asked. Not accusatory, just...surprised.

In all the time we'd been dating (and even the month or two I'd known her before that), I'd never seen Gabrielle in a top that showed even a hint of cleavage. Not at work, not outside of work, not even in the bedroom.

She had no issue with being naked, mind you. We'd often spend entire weekends in the nude; always quite the treat.

But to my girlfriend, tits weren't something to show off. She didn't even own any revealing tops. Gabrielle had quite a collection of sexy lingerie, but even that was clearly designed to support her boobs, not flaunt them.

(There was no shortage of thongs in her wardrobe, mind you, or dolphin shorts. She even had some Daisy Dukes, and a short skirt or two. Like I said – Gabrielle loved her ass. Not half as much as I loved her tits, of course, but that was a pretty high bar to meet.)

So when I'd woken up to find my girlfriend squeezing herself into a V-neck shirt, I'd been more than a little surprised.

"What's wrong?" she asked, tilting her head to the side.

I stared at her for a few seconds, but she didn't seem to be playing dumb. She seriously didn't understand why I was confused.

"*That,*" I replied, gesturing at her very nicely-displayed chest.

I quite often have morning wood when I woke up, but the sight of my girlfriend wearing – for the first time since we'd met – a shirt that provided a glorious sneak peak of her bountiful mounds...

Yeah, I was more than a little hard.

She looked down at her top, then at me like I was an idiot.

"Women in Tech should use every asset they have available," she said. "There's no use in hiding my tits. Everyone knows they're there."

Before I could reply to her bizarre, matter-of-fact statement, she'd grabbed her toast and was out the door.

As I roamed the parks that day, I couldn't help but try to puzzle out what Gabrielle had meant. It was odd...her words had sounded so *reasonable*, like there was some innate truth to them. And when I actually tried to find the hole in her logic, I couldn't.

It was like my mind just...slipped off it.

She was right. Being a woman in this industry was hard enough. It made total sense to use every asset they had available.

And it wasn't like her tits were some secret - everyone knew they were there. She'd spent half her life desperately *trying* to stop people learning how busty she was, and it never worked.

So why try to hide them?

When my girlfriend got home that night, I noticed that she was showing even more cleavage than when she'd left that morning. Another button was undone.

You might not think that would make much of a difference, but when you're as busty as Gabrielle, trust me: each and every button is working overtime.

As I stared at her cleavage, I was trying to work out why I felt like I should be annoyed by what I was seeing. Hadn't I spent years trying to convince my girlfriend to dress more revealingly?

Her breasts were obvious, no matter what she did. So why not show them off?

I shook off the strange thoughts, and moved my eyes to my girlfriend's face. She was smiling at my attention, and had that look in her eyes. I knew that it wouldn't be long before she was naked, and I was naked, and I was inside her, and she was moaning, and I was...

"Hey," she said with a coy smile. "I missed you today."

I raised one eyebrow, returning her grin. "Just today?"

"Every day," she shrugged. "I wish you could come work with me. I think you'd really like my team."

I narrowed my eyes at her response, but - just like that morning - there wasn't a hint of irony in her expression. She really seemed to think I'd get along with the fuckwits she worked with.

"Yeah?"

"Mm-hmm," she said, her eyes flicking down to my pants. When Gabby gets horny, she gets spacy. You can tell that my girlfriend is thinking about dick, purely because of how easily

distracted she gets. It's cute.

Cute, and one of the hottest things I've ever seen.

"I thought they were all jerks," I pushed, and she shook her head...again, without even a trace of hesitation. "What about the harassment?"

"Oh, that hasn't been a problem for months now," she said, her eyes burning into the front of my pants with a laserlike focus. Sometimes dating Gabrielle felt like my teenage self had been granted a wish, and I was living it. I was trying to have a conversation with the hottest girl I'd ever met, and she was too distracted by my cock to properly engage.

"Why?" I asked. "Like, what changed?"

My girlfriend's tongue slowly moved across her lips as she dropped to her knees in front of me. Two of her slender fingers carefully, lovingly lowered my fly, allowing her other hand to push my briefs to the side and access my hard cock.

"Gabby..." I groaned. My girlfriend's big brown eyes stared up at me lustfully as she moved my erection into her mouth. Her tongue found my head, and she daintily tasted the pre-cum that was waiting there for her.

"Gabby!" I said insistently. "I'm serious. Answer the question."

"What was the question?" she asked, her pupils dilated with desire.

"What made them stop you harassing you? What advice did Women in Tech give?"

"Oh, they didn't stop harassing me," she said, tilting her head to the side. Her hand was still slowly moving up and down my erection as she spoke.

"What??"

"No, they're just as bad as ever. Worse, even."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. For the last month, my girlfriend had gushed about how all of her work problems had disappeared...now, she was admitting that nothing had actually changed.

"Then why...how..."

I lost my train of thought briefly as my girlfriend's soft mouth enveloped my cock once more. It's really quite difficult to have a conversation with someone who insists on giving you the best blowjob of your life.

"Gabrielle," I groaned once more. "You...you said it wasn't a problem."

"It wasn't," she replied, reluctantly pulling my hardness out of her mouth again. "I mean, it

isn't."

"What are you talking about?"

"Like I said – Sylvia told me how to deal with it. She's really good at this kind of thing."

"So what do you do?" I asked, and a broad smile appeared on my girlfriend's face.

"Women in Tech should be team players," she replied. "It's important to keep the people you work with happy."

As soon as the last word left her mouth, I could feel Gabrielle's saliva lovingly coating the sides of my cock. I've had girlfriends who treated blowjobs as chores; as something done just for me, a favor that they get nothing out of.

Some women I've dated enjoyed giving head, of course. But Gabrielle *adored* it. It was as though every inch of her body got involved in the blowjob. Her hands and mouth did most of the work, of course, but as her head bobbed up and down on my rod, her ass wiggled in delight, and even her toes flexed with pleasure.

Meanwhile, my head was spinning at what my girlfriend had just told me.

Just like the advice she'd shared that morning, nothing about it felt...*wrong*. Like, yes – Women in Tech *should* be team players. Everyone on the team should be, really, but women were in a particularly vulnerable spot; if they didn't win their team over, it was easy for them to be ostracized.

That was what had happened in El Paso, and there had been a risk of it happening here. Hell, Gabrielle had been passed over for a huge promotion because she'd been unable to win the rest of the team over.

It's important to keep the people you work with happy.

I could definitely see why Sylvia had given this advice to my girlfriend, and it was easy to understand why she'd taken it. Women in Tech needed to be assets to the team. They had to use every asset they had available. They had to keep their team happy.

But that didn't...surely that didn't make it okay for...

Before I could collect my thoughts, a loud groan filled the room, and it took me a moment to realize I was the source. One of Gabrielle's hands had reached up to cup my balls at the exact moment my cock hit the back of her throat. Her tongue was pressed flatly against the entire length of my penis, and she was repeatedly swallowing, a motion which caused ripples of pleasure to pass through my entire body.

Her mouth had become a wet, sucking hole, and her eyes stared up at me desperately, like she wanted nothing more than to please me.



“Oh, fuck,” I moaned, and my own orgasm caught me off guard. My dick began spasming, pumping a huge load of my hot seed into Gabrielle’s warm, willing mouth.

She swallowed it down eagerly, then stood to kiss me. Once upon a time I’d been the kind of guy who found it weird to kiss a girl with cum in her mouth, but...well, it Gabrielle, and it was *my* cum. I now found it far more hot than strange.

As we kissed, Gabrielle’s hand grabbed mine and moved it between her legs. She was wearing a tight pair of jeans, and I could feel her heat through the denim.

“You’re in a good mood,” I growled playfully, and she simply nodded enthusiastically in response.

My other hand rested on my girlfriend’s ass, and the shudder of arousal that passed through my body told me that it was just as sensitive as ever.

As I began to unbutton Gabrielle’s jeans, I remembered what we’d been talking about.

“Hang on,” I said, pausing as my hand reached the zipper. “So you’re telling me that Michael and Sean and Jessie...”

“Joshie,” she corrected.

“You’re telling me the guys on your team are still harassing you?”

Gabrielle bit her lip. I could tell that she didn’t want to be talking about this. I could tell she didn’t want to be doing *anything* except getting laid – I’d cum down her throat, but she hadn’t even been touched yet. My girlfriend was practically thrumming with excitement.

“No,” she said eventually. Had she paused because of how turned on she was, or had she needed to consider how best to answer the question?

“No?”

“No,” she repeated firmly. “I mean, I wouldn’t call it that.”

My eyebrows shot up.

“Well, what would you call it?”

“Just boys being boys,” she said simply. Her hand found mine, and tried to move my digits back between her legs, but I resisted.

“Hang on,” I said, trying to clear my head...which was much easier, now that I’d cum. “What exactly do they do?”

“Nothing really,” she said guilelessly. “Nothing that really bothers me.”

“Do they still call you names?”

Gabrielle shook her head firmly. “No.”

“Like ‘Toots’, or ‘Sweetheart’?”

“Oh, yes,” she said with a gentle laugh.

I normally loved her laugh, but the sound of it made me feel somehow empty.

“But those aren’t names, not really. Those are just nicknames.”

“Yeah,” I replied. “The kind of nickname you hate. It’s patronizing and sexist.”

My girlfriend shrugged. “Why make waves? Women in Tech should save their energy for serious issues.”

Gabrielle’s statement was so confident, it took me a moment to process what she’d actually said. By the time I’d gotten my head together, she’d unzipped her own fly, and maneuvered my hand back to her wetness.

And god was she wet.

“Yesss,” she groaned as my fingertips probed her pubic area. “Please...”

“What kind of serious issues?” I asked, and Gabrielle rolled her eyes.

“Real problems,” she said, trying desperately to position herself so that my fingers would enter her. “Stuff that really matters. Not just...names.”

I nodded. As much as I hated to admit it, what she was saying made total sense. Sure, she could spend all her time complaining to HR that...what, that they were using words she didn’t like?

So what if the guys called her dumb names? This wasn’t grade school – y’know, sticks and stones and all that.

“If there was a real problem...”

“I’d do something about it,” she said immediately. “You know I would. Now please, *please*. Stop talking and touch me.”

Sometimes we played games in the bedroom. Especially in situations like this, where I’d cum and she hadn’t. She’d get so cock-crazed, so lustful and hungry. When she was in this state, I probably could have convinced her to do anything; she would have agreed to post her *own* nudes to the company intranet if it meant that she could feel me inside her.

“You want me to touch you?” I teased.

“Yes! Please. Please, touch me.”

“I think I need to hear you beg,” I smiled, and Gabrielle’s eyes rolled back in her head.

“Please,” she panted. “Please, touch me. Please. I’ll do anything.”

“Anything?”

“Anything,” she repeated insistently. “Anything you want. Just...just touch me. I’m begging you!”

My cock had thickened again, and I moved Gabrielle’s hand to it.

“Do you want to feel this inside you?”

She responded with a long, loud moan.

“Do you want me to fuck you?”

“Fuck me,” she pleaded. “Oh god, please. Please fuck me.”

Grabbing Gabrielle’s hair, I roughly dragged her to the bedroom, then threw her onto the bed. A lot of the time our sex was light and playful (or relaxed and lazy), but sometimes, when we were both in the mood, a dominant streak would hit me and I’d find myself acting like a caveman, taking my woman however I liked.

She loved it.

“Strip,” I ordered. Within moments, my girlfriend was naked. “Take the position.”

Gabrielle immediately got on all fours, her knees apart, her head buried in the bed.

There were very few positions that we didn’t enjoy, but this one...yeah, it’s hard to explain. This one was special.

Not least of all because of the magnificent view it gave me of her ass.

“Beg me again,” I said with a growl. “And this time, I want you to mean it.”

“Pleeease,” she gasped into the bedsheets. “Oh god, I want it so bad. Please fuck me. I’ll do anything.”

“Maybe I will,” I said, leaning forward and whispering directly into her ear. “Maybe I won’t.”

The only response I got was a muffled grunt of frustration and arousal.

Firmly grasping my girlfriend’s hips, I moved my cock to her entrance. I could feel her entire body shaking with need, and I amused myself by rubbing the head of my penis up and down her

pussy-lips a few times, coating it with her juices.

“I’m going to fuck you now,” I declared, and Gabrielle’s entire body tensed at my words.

Slowly, firmly, I pushed my erection forward, my eyes fluttering at the exquisite sensation of my girlfriend’s engorged lips spreading to allow me access.

“Fuuuuuuuuck,” she shuddered as my cock entered her, inch by inch.

Just like her mouth had earlier, it felt like Gabby’s pussy was trying to suck me in, like she couldn’t wait another moment to feel me inside her.

As my pubic hair mingled with her, I felt a spasm go through her entire body – sometimes she’d get so turned on that her body would just twitch, like a shockwave travelling backwards through time from her orgasm.

“I’m going to fuck you now,” I repeated, and my girlfriend nodded desperately in response to my words.

I pulled my cock out, then slammed it back in. Like I said, Gabrielle and I enjoy all kinds of sex. Sleepy sex, playful sex, lazy sex...and hard, raw, urgent sex.

When she’s in the right mood, there’s nothing my girlfriend likes more than for me to fuck her hard, to treat her like a sex doll. I couldn’t see her face, but I knew that her mouth was open wide, silently screaming in ecstasy.

I completely lost myself for the next few minutes. Despite having just cum, an animalistic lust came over my body, and I fucked Gabrielle as hard as I could, using her hair and hips as handles.

Her orgasm triggered my own, as I felt her soaked canal become even more slippery. For the second time that afternoon I came without warning, pumping my seed deep into my girlfriend.

When I was done, we were both breathing heavily. I collapsed beside her, and she cuddled up to me, resting her head on my chest.

“Wow,” she said with a smile, one hand tracing patterns in my chest hair. “So...that was fun.”

“Uh huh,” I panted. Despite all my walking, I was still pretty out of shape, and my head was spinning at the exertion of what we’d just done. “Fun.”

We lay there in silence for a few minutes, and my worried thoughts from earlier returned. Sure, Gabrielle had done a pretty good job of explaining why she was acting differently - she was just using the assets she had, and being a team player.

But something inside me was still nervous.

“You’re sure everything is okay at work now?”

“I’m sure,” she said without hesitation. “I told you – there’s absolutely no problems.”

“Okay,” I said, not sure exactly how reassured I was by her words. “Just...I dunno, be careful, okay?”

“Of what, silly?” she asked.

She was so relaxed about the situation, I *did* feel silly for having such a big reaction. If she wasn’t worried, why should I be? After all, she was just saving her energy for serious issues.

But something about my girlfriend’s behavior just wasn’t sitting right with me, so I rolled over and gave her a gentle kiss on the cheek.

“Promise me you won’t...”

I trailed off. I’d launched into the thought with such confidence, but hadn’t worked out exactly where I was going with it.

“What?” she asked earnestly.

“Promise me you won’t...lose yourself.”

She tilted her head to the side, confused.

Gabrielle and I have always been really good at communicating. It’s why we fight well - we check in with each other, verbally and non-verbally. And even though I the fears lurking in my gut were unable to come out in a coherent manner, she could tell that they were there. And that they were real.

“I won’t lose myself,” she promised. “It’s just a job. I’ll always be your Gabby.”

And dear god do I wish that had turned out to be true.

Women in Tech

by Pan

Chapter 2

When I studied programming in high school, I had a really good teacher. Mr. Quinn — you know those teachers whose advice stays with you for the rest of your life? That was Mr. Quinn.

I was getting frustrated that my compiler kept throwing back a bug, and he said one of those dumb teacher things that for some reason, I've never forgotten.

“How do you eat an elephant? One bite at a time.”

I've always thought of it as a positive thing, but over the next week, I felt like it applied just as well in a negative context.

How do you lose your girlfriend? One change at a time.

Over the next few weeks, I kept...noticing stuff. Just little stuff. Stuff that I thought was weird, out of character for my gee-eff.

But each time I mentioned something, Gabrielle just...explained why it was fine. Why it wasn't a problem.

And every time, she was right.

My girlfriend would look me in the eyes, calmly explain her behavior, and each time I'd just...I dunno, nod. Agree. It was impossible to deny; it made perfect logical sense. I was worrying for nothing.

But I was still worrying.

Gabrielle isn't, like a tomboy — with a chest like hers, that's not really on the table — but she's never been a girly girl. She likes wearing skirts and daisy dukes to show off her ass, but she's not the “lipstick and earrings and wearing pink and giggling with the girls over a cosmopolitan” type, y'know?

So when I caught her putting on a full face of makeup before heading into work (something I'd never seen her do before), I asked what the special occasion was.

“No special occasion,” she answered airily, finishing her eyeliner.

“Then what's with the, uh...”

I trailed off, and my girlfriend turned to me with a smile.

“Women in Tech need to look their best,” she answered, and for the life of me, I couldn’t think of a response.

Like, she was right. Obviously. Working in IT was already such an uphill battle for women, even here in supposedly-progressive California. Gaby had to do everything she could to stand out. To get ahead.

Women in Tech needed to look their best.

But as I watched her turn back to the mirror, pucker her lips, and apply a light pink lipstick, my stomach churned.

Of course she had to look her best. Women in Tech should use every asset they have available to them. It’s important to keep the people you work with happy.

So why did it feel so wrong?

Part of me wanted to say something. I don’t even know what I could have said; Gabrielle was doing the sensible thing. No, more than that — the only thing that made sense. She was an attractive woman; why wouldn’t she take advantage of that?

The rest of me knew that I should stay silent. Be supportive. My girlfriend was happy; why did I want to throw a spanner in the works?

“Gaby...” I began, but before I could compile any kind of argument, my girlfriend turned to me.

“Do you like my lipstick?” she pouted.

“Of course I do,” I replied immediately. She looked great.

“On my lips?”

“Y-yes?”

Her pout turned into a saucy smile.

“Is there anywhere *else* you’d like to see it?” she asked, and it wasn’t until she sank to her knees (giving me an amazing view down her top) that I realized what she was getting at.

Gabrielle giggled at the sight of my eyebrows shooting up. As she unbuckled my pants, I shuddered with pleasure. My girlfriend wrapped one hand around my cock as she looked up at me, those big brown eyes locked onto mine.

I couldn’t help but groan as I felt her tongue flicker across my tip. “Gaby!”

“What about...here?” she asked wickedly, licking along the length of my shaft. “Or...here?”

I nodded helplessly as her lips wrapped around the head of my cock, and began to suck gently.

Despite the fact that we were making love several times a day, Gabrielle never seemed to get sick of using her mouth and her hands to bring me pleasure. As she smiled up at me, wearing a full face of makeup, my girlfriend wasn't holding back.

She looked so good. So fucking sexy.

Women in tech needed to look their best.

Gabrielle pulled back, looking proudly at the pink ring she'd left on my cock. She winked up at me.

"I think that looks good," she purred. "How about you?"

I just grunted in response, grabbing her hair and moving her mouth back to my hardness. She let out a delighted squeal as I thrust forward, enjoying the sight of her huge tits bouncing in her low-cut top as I used her for my pleasure.

I knew Gabrielle would be late to work that day, but I didn't care.

As I enjoyed the feeling of my girlfriend's hot, wet mouth on my hardness, I moved her hair out of her face. I wanted to see Gaby's flushed skin as she delightedly serviced me. I wanted to watch her eyes roll back in her head as she took every inch of my manhood. I wanted to hear her moan as she sucked my cock, see her plump breasts jiggling as she pleased me.

There was no use hiding her tits. Everyone knows they're there.

"Oh, baby..." Gabrielle moaned, her hand sliding past the waistband of her trousers and into her panties.

"Mhmm..." I murmured. The sight of my curvy girlfriend touching herself as she sucked me was too much; my hips bucked, and I could feel my cock beginning to swell.

It wasn't long before I began shooting thick ropes of cum inside Gaby's wet, warm, willing mouth.

As I spurted into her, my girlfriend grinned happily, her cheeks puffing out as she swallowed my cum. "Mmmmmph..." she mumbled, contentedly gulping down the last drops of my seed, her eyes closed in ecstasy.

"Fuck," I groaned. I'd been tense about something — worried about something — but for all the stocks in Silicon Valley, I couldn't have told you what it was. All tension was gone from my body. "You're amazing."

"I try," she giggled, licking her lips. Had she always been a giggler?

Like I said: one bite at a time.

I released Gaby's head, and she stood up, leaning in to kiss me softly. Our tongues danced, a



possessive thrill going through my body at the taste of my seed on my girlfriend's mouth

"We didn't do you," I said apologetically, and Gabrielle pulled back and shook her head, a mischievous smile on her face.

"Women in Tech should give more than they receive," she replied firmly, kissing me on the cheek before skipping out of the building to head to work.

That weekend, we were watching YouTube on the couch (a surprisingly detailed history of a minor character from *The Simpsons*) when Gabrielle got a call from her boss.

The transformation was startling. Instead of the confident, professional tone she normally answered the phone with, my girlfriend answered in a breathy, supplicating voice.

"Yes, sir," she cooed. "Oh, that's such a good idea. Mm-hmm. Mm-hmm."

I swear, she was practically doing an impersonation of a sex-line operator.

"Yes, sir," my girlfriend repeated, her voice high and girlish. "Thank you, sir! Mmm, yes. Yes, sir."

With a giggle, she hung up the phone, then raised one eyebrow at the sight of the look on my face.

"...what?" she asked, tilting her head to the side.

"What was *that*?" I couldn't tell what was more shocking – my girlfriend's bizarre phone voice, or the fact that she apparently didn't recognize that anything was wrong.

"Just Steve," she said, waving it off. "He had a new idea for the app's database structure, and wanted to run it by me first."

I frowned. "Steve? Isn't he at the same level as you?"

"Yup," Gaby replied, clearly not following. "I think you'll like the idea though: we can integrate new tasks directly into the same system as the messaging system, and—"

I held up one hand, and was slightly surprised when Gaby immediately fell silent. Normally, once you got my girlfriend going on about the specifics of a programming project, it was impossible to shut her up. But as soon as I'd gestured, Gaby stopped talking. She sat next to me, her lips slightly parted as she waited for me to speak.

"So why are you calling him sir?"

My girlfriend didn't hesitate for even a moment before replying, her words clear and firm.

"Women in Tech should be respectful," she intoned. "Without giving respect, how do we expect

to be respected in return?”

Her confident tone gave me pause. I felt in my gut that there was something wrong with that logic, but as I thought through it, I had to admit: what she'd said made perfect sense.

If you showed respect to others, they would respect you in turn. Women in tech, to avoid being discriminated against, should be respectful.

“Gaby...” I half-heartedly objected, but a smile flickered across my girlfriend's face.

“I think I know what the problem is,” she pouted.

“W-what?”

“You feel left out,” Gaby said softly, moving her hand onto my crotch. “...sir.”

A pulse of pleasure passed through my body as my busty girlfriend touched my lap. More than a little, I have to admit, because of the look in her eyes as she addressed me.

Did the men at her work feel the same way when she called them “sir”?

“I'm sorry, sir,” she continued. She licked her right hand, while her left unbuckled my jeans, pulling out my rapidly-thickening cock. “Is there anything I can do to make you feel better, *sir*?”

“Gaby,” I groaned, my head sinking into the couch cushions as her warm, wet palm slid over my manhood.

Gun to my head, I couldn't have told you the last time my girlfriend had given me a hand job. We were back to our usual rhythm, making love almost every day, but more and more we were skipping foreplay and going straight to urgent, lustful lovemaking.

Hand jobs are nice, don't get me wrong...but nothing beats the feeling of unloading inside my girlfriend's bare, dripping wet pussy.

“Good, sir,” she grinned, her eyes shining with lust. “I want to serve you, *sir*.”

As Gaby's hand began fisting my shaft, I briefly wondered if should have been returning the favor, but I dismissed the thought immediately.

Women in tech should give more than they receive.

“Fuck,” I sighed, my hips bucking as her hand pumped my dick. “Gaby, you're so good.”

“I try, sir,” she purred, her voice soft and husky. “Just let me do all the work.”

“Mm-hmm,” I replied, my legs shaking.

“I love your cock, sir.” Gaby's voice was practically worshipful, and my cock throbbed at the contrast to his girlfriend's usual assertive self. “It's always so hard for me, sir. You're always

ready for me, aren't you, sir?"

"Mmmmmph!" I grunted, unable to stop myself from thrusting forward, my balls slapping against her palm.

"That's it, sir," Gaby moaned, pumping his erection harder. "Just tell me what you need, and I'll do it for you. I just want to serve you, sir. I just want to make you happy. Do you like that, sir?"

"Yessss," I gasped. I could feel my thighs trembling. Despite it being the weekend, Gaby wasn't dressed in her usual around-the-house garb: sweatpants and one of my baggy shirts. Instead, she was dressed in a tank top and yoga pants which hugged her curves and showed off her curves. Her hair was styled, and her makeup was flawless.

It was important for women in tech to look their best.

"Are you going to cum for me, sir?" she asked, her eyes gleaming. "Would you like to cum on my chest? On my shirt? I'd like that, sir. Please, sir. Cum on my chest. Please..."

"You're so fucking hot," I panted. Everything she was offering sounded so damn good.

"Thank you, sir," she said, her face flushed. As her right hand continued expertly stroking me, her left arm moved under her braless G-cup breasts, lifting them to show off what looked like a football field of cleavage.

"Cum on me, sir," she breathily gasped, and with a grunt I obliged. Both of us watched, wide-eyed, as I shot my load into the air, my entire body twitching as I sprayed my seed onto the front of my girlfriend's tight, low-cut tank top.

"Mmmm..." she mewed, her eyes closed in ecstasy, her hands still holding my shaft. "I love it when you cum on me, sir. Women in Tech are here to please."

"Women in tech are here to please," I echoed without thinking. I was staring, entranced, at my girlfriend's face as my orgasm subsided, an unfamiliar look of submissive lust on her face. She smiled at my stare, her cheeks pink, her eyes soft and satisfied.

I happily collapsed into the couch, suddenly exhausted. "Can you get me a beer, babe?" I yawned, and Gaby nodded.

I watched her ass sway as she fetched me a can of Coors Light.

"There you go, sir," my girlfriend purred, setting the drink down in front of me. "Is there anything else I can do for you, sir?"

I'm not going to lie; I was enjoying the changes in Gabrielle's behavior.

I love my girlfriend. I think I've always been pretty clear about that. Even if she quit work, became a bum, and gained fifty pounds, I'd still love her. As much as I believe in soulmates;

she's my soulmate, and I'm hers.

Back in Texas, I probably would've told you that I couldn't imagine anything would make our relationship better. And I wouldn't have been lying.

Turns out, there were a few things. Gaby wearing tops showing off her incredible boobs, for one. Or breathily calling me 'sir'. It was like chocolate syrup on ice cream; I didn't *need* it, but it was a very welcome addition.

But I couldn't shake this idea that something was wrong.

Everything my girlfriend had said made total sense. I kept running her explanations around my head, again and again and again.

Women in Tech should use every asset they have available. Be team players. Save their energy for serious issues.

Women in Tech should look their best, and give more than they receive. They should be respectful.

Women in Tech are here to please.

No matter how hard I thought on them, no matter how many times I repeated them in my head, I couldn't see anything wrong with what she'd said. Gaby's a smart woman — smarter than me, in case I didn't make that clear.

Like a magical sitar in a fictional musical, she only spoke the truth.

So why was I so uncomfortable?

Again: not all the time. Certainly not when she started taking over the household chores. Back in Texas we'd always split the duties fifty-fifty, but when we'd first moved to the Valley, she'd been so exhausted (and frustrated) from work that I'd started cooking...and since Gaby was the primary breadwinner, it had only seemed fair that I handle the dishes as well.

I'm not going to lie: I hate doing dishes. I don't mind cooking, but washing dishes just feels like pure drudgery. So Gaby had offered to take over them again, I hadn't objected. Women in tech should give more than they receive.

Before long, she was cooking too.

Again, no complaints from me.

And I definitely wasn't objecting to our sex life. Or the increasingly slutty clothes she wore around the house. But

— and this might sound weird — even though everything she was doing made sense, even though she had a perfectly logical explanation for the changes...the rapid shift still made me

uncomfortable.

Just to be clear, it wasn't like Gaby had been replaced by a pod person, or a Stepford wife. No, the woman who snuggled up to me in bed each night was still the same girl I'd fallen in love with — she still snored, she still hogged the blankets, she still got pissed off whenever her sister sent her a tone-deaf message.

(Gaby has a twin sister, Steph, who I'd never actually met. They're not close — I think Gaby hated being a twin almost as much as she used to hate her bountiful chest. Every time Steph messages her, Gaby always spends a few hours of sulking and grumbling about what a deadbeat she is. I try to stay out of it.)

Most of the changes were...cosmetic, I guess is the word for it. The breathy, high-pitched voice. The makeup. The new clothes. Beneath all of that, she was still my Gaby. She still laughed at the same dumb jokes, she still left plates around the apartment (although she now picked them up when ordered to), she'd still lose half an hour to reddit, snapping out of it to share yet another injustice in the world with me.

She was still my Gaby. She hadn't lost herself.

Not yet.

A few nights each week, she'd go to a Women in Tech mixer. Networking events (I desperately wanted her to get another job — *any* other job) and seminars and everything a programming girl needs.

But whenever I asked about the specifics of what she did at the events, she'd dodge the question.

Subtly, at first, but once I started noticing...well, that's what got me thinking. Ever since Gaby had started going to Women in Tech...

That's when the changes had started.

And again, to be clear: everything they'd told her made total sense. It wasn't like they were filling her head with nonsense; every piece of wisdom she shared, I one-hundred percent agreed with.

What's more, they weren't a, like, shadowy corporation. Women in Tech was a non-profit with an overtly feminist mission. There was no way to fault it.

But whenever I glanced over and saw the dark eyes of Flynn Parson staring down at me, I couldn't help but feel a shiver run up my spine. And so for the first time in my life, I put logic and reason aside, and followed my gut.

Googling Women in Tech didn't come up with anything suspicious, at least not at first. I clicked through to their site, but there wasn't much to see. The group's mission statement was simple: "We are here to support, encourage, and empower women in technology. We want to build a

community where everyone can thrive, regardless of gender, race, sexuality, or ability.”

The “Team” page was suspiciously bare. There was a photo of Flynn Parson, the same photo from the flyer that Gaby had brought home with her. I scowled at his dark eyes, staring at me from the computer screen.

The only other person on the page was Sylvia, the woman my girlfriend had met with. She had the same broad smile on her face as Flynn did, and it gave me the same uncomfortable feeling.

After several minutes of looking at the sinister pair, I closed the page with a shudder.

I couldn’t find anything else about Sylvia anywhere online. She didn’t have any social media, any record of working at other tech companies or non-profits. The woman was a ghost.

The founding member of Women in Tech, however, had left a bit more of a trail. My eyebrows rose as I searched through archived articles from a decade earlier. Flynn had founded a company called “Visionary,” which had raised a couple million dollars before going bankrupt. They’d been involved in a lawsuit, but despite my best efforts, I couldn’t find the details anywhere online.

Visionary.

I felt like a conspiracy theorist at first. Based on nothing but a hunch (and two similar names) I began scouring the web for every article and news report I could find about the company my girlfriend worked for. I wasn’t even sure what I was looking for, but something told me there was something to find.

Most of what was available was just news about their funding rounds. They’d increased their valuations with each round; were people really that excited about Taskrabbit for the rich?

Before founding Vision, the CEO had been working on developing an AI to help people deal with their stress. It had raised a few million in venture capital, but had never managed to release a version to the public.

But just as I was about to declare myself crazy and give up, I found it.

Women in Tech had been formed at the same time as Vision. Not just the same year, or even the same month. The same day. In fact, when I checked their WHOIS records, the domain registrations were less than five minutes apart.

One was registered to the founder of Gaby’s company; the other to Flynn Parson.

I dove back into the dark-eyed man’s background. He was born in New York, and he’d moved to San Francisco in the late nineties. He’d graduated with a degree in Computer Science; after Visionary went bust, he’d done some consulting. None of this information was easy to find, I should mention; I had to piece it together from old forum threads, a review of his consulting firm – “Acumen Mentoring” – and mentions in press releases. It was like he’d tried to remove any

trace of his past from the internet.

But the internet is like an immortal elephant: it never forgets. And so after several hours of searching, I found it. One of the startups Parson had consulted for? A company working on an AI that helped people deal with their stress.

As soon as I saw that, I leaned back in my chair, feeling like I was just cape and a pointy pair of ears away from being the world's greatest detective.

Vision and Women in Tech were connected. It was a loose connection, but it was definitely there. Flynn Parson – and possibly his blonde accomplice – were the link.

I needed to know more. And, as I glanced at the flyer my girlfriend had brought home, I could only think of one way to further my investigation.

I didn't tell Gaby about anything I'd discovered. Maybe that was dishonest, but I didn't feel like I could. Whenever we discussed anything, she was so perfectly reasonable, so logical. So convincing.

That shouldn't be a bad thing, right? When your girlfriend makes total sense. That should be something to celebrate.

But...I dunno. There was just something off about it.

Like when she'd come home with her shirt matted to her body. Gaby had left that morning in white pants, a matching low-cut top, and a pink bra. An odd look, but hot as hell. That was important. Women in Tech needed to keep the people they work with happy, and look their best. I was happy Gaby was using every asset she had available.

The pink bra was clearly visible through the outfit, but..I mean, there was no use hiding her tits. Everyone knew they were there.

As she walked through the door, it was like she wasn't even wearing a shirt. The white top was completely translucent, and the pink bra was thin enough that her hard nipples were poking through.

"What the hell happened to your clothes?" I asked, and Gaby just looked at them like this was what she wore home from work every day.

"Sir?" she replied, her voice high and girlish. Sometimes her old voice would make an appearance, but for the most part she spoke like a Barbie doll. My cock stirred at the sound of it.

Well, the sight of my girlfriend's exposed skin contributed a little. More than a little.

"You're soaking wet," I pointed out, trying to contain my anger and confusion.

"Of course, sir," she answered matter-of-factly. "It's Tuesday."

My mouth opened, but no words came out. My frustrated gestures must have gotten the message across, because Gaby moved close in response, wrapping her hands around my neck. Her arms were covered in goosebumps; San Jose is far from cold, but the wet shirt and the breeze meant that she was shivering slightly as she explained.

“We have little contests every Tuesday afternoon. I thought I’d told you about this.”

I shook my head, still too angry to speak.

“You’ll be so proud of me, sir,” Gaby purred. “This is the third week in a row that I’ve won.”

“W-won?” I managed to spit out, and Gaby nodded, her chest wobbling at her enthusiasm. I refused to let myself get distracted. This was something that she wouldn’t be able to talk herself out of, I was sure of that.

“Uh huh,” she lilted. “It was a wet t-shirt competition. A lot of the other girls weren’t wearing a bra, but I think it gave me the edge. Do you like it, sir?”

“Gaby,” I hissed, ignoring the question. “Do you think it’s appropriate to have an all-woman wet T-shirt contest at work?”

She tilted her head to the side and raised one eyebrow.

“The men were involved too, sir. They were the judges. Just like last week, when I won the twerking contest...”

I couldn’t believe the words coming out of my girlfriend’s mouth. Like I said, Gaby’s always been proud of her butt, but...twerking at work? I’d never heard of anything so obviously, blatantly...–

“Women in Tech need to be competitive,” she said, staring me in the eyes. “Don’t you think?”

“Of course they do.” My brain was still processing the words as my mouth answered without hesitation. “It’s a competitive field. You’ve got to do whatever you can to get ahead.”

Gaby smiled, and my forehead creased with confusion. She was right, of course. Men can get by on privilege, old boys' clubs...women had to be competitive just to have a chance.

I knew that as a fact...but just a minute ago I’d been so angry, so...–

“Three wins in a row, sir,” my girlfriend reminded me. Despite the wetness of her torso, her makeup was immaculate: I’d watched that morning as she’d applied it: foundation, powder, lipstick, eyeliner...the entire routine took almost forty-five minutes, but I knew it was worth it. Women in tech had to look their best. “A hat trick. Don’t I deserve a prize?”

I smiled as I realized what Gaby was asking me for. Dismissing my worries from my mind, I leaned forward and met my girlfriend’s mouth with mine; it was hot and hungry, and I eagerly



slipped my tongue between her lips.

“Oh yes,” I sighed as her hands slid down my back. “Yes you do.”

Her soaked shirt was difficult to peel off, and as I struggled with it, I couldn't help but imagine all the jerks at her work – Michael, Sean, Jessie – watching as my girlfriend squealed in shock and delight as they hosed her down.

It made me so angry to think of Gaby being treated that way (especially after we'd moved halfway across the country to get away from that kind of asshole), but...I mean, she had to be competitive. How else was she going to get ahead?

Gaby giggled as I managed to remove the damp cloth from her skin, as I undid her bra and watched her huge breasts fall into view. I would never get sick of the sight of them; round and firm and perfect, like an anime character come to life.

(Yeah, I watch anime. My nerdy interests extended to more than my job.)

My girlfriend squealed as I devoured her mouth, my hands roaming around her body. I loved her curves, her soft skin, her hair, her lips. Everything about her, really. Even the giggle she'd picked up since moving to the Valley.

Gaby's nipples were hard, and I sucked on each in turn, my fingers tweaking the stiff buds as I went.

“Mmmmmm!” she moaned as I played with her tits. “Oh, god, sir...that feels so good.”

I froze.

“Really?” I asked, looking up at her. Her eyes were closed, her mouth open with bliss.

“Yes, sir,” she sighed. “Don't stop...”

I'm not a, like, human lie detector...but Gaby and I had been together long enough that I could tell when she was stroking my ego, or lying to make me feel better.

“You really like this?” I asked again, and she bit her lip and nodded firmly.

“So much, sir. So much...”

As you may recall: my girlfriend is sexually perfect in pretty much every way. Her body, her enthusiasm, her sex drive. We've always been completely compatible, and there's nothing I would change about her.

Except one thing.

Gaby has many erogenous zones. Practically her whole body, in a sense – whenever I give her a back massage, she starts squirming and moaning at my touch. I've never lasted more than a few

minutes before giving up on the massage and making love to her.

But her breasts – her huge, perky, beautiful breasts – aren't one of them.

It's not like she can't feel anything, it just doesn't do anything for her. Tongue her belly-button and she'll writhe around like you're sucking her clit; bite down on her nipples, and all you'll get is a polite smile and a hint that maybe your attention would be better directed elsewhere.

But as my girlfriend stood topless in front of me, my mouth on her bare nipples, she shivered every time my tongue flicked them.

I experimentally bit down on one, and Gaby gasped.

“That...oh, sir, y-yes. That's so fucking good. I can't...I just...I need...I just...you have no idea how badly I want it.”

I pulled back and looked at my girlfriend, who was staring at me with a look of intense desire. My mouth twitched; for a moment, I was tempted to ask her what was happening, why her historically insensitive nipples had suddenly turned into a pair of pleasure buttons.

But I held back.

If I asked her, I knew she'd answer. And something told me...I'd listen. I'd believe her. I'd agree.

So I didn't ask. I bit my tongue...and then my girlfriend's other nipple. I decided to think about it later – and for now, distract myself with the gift that Gaby had inexplicably given me.

“Oh, fuck,” Gaby moaned. She was writhing in my arms, as turned on as I'd ever seen her.

Had she been this flushed, this excited as she was showing off her wet top for her workmates? Jealousy flared up in me, and I forced the thought aside, using the emotions to fuel my onslaught on my girlfriend's newly-sensitive tits.

Gaby trembled as I pinched and tweaked her breasts, her hands reaching out to grasp my head, pulling me closer.

“Fuck, sir, I'm gonna cum...”

“Do it,” I ordered, my low rasp a stark contrast to her breathy, bubbly voice.

“Oh, god, sir, I can't...I can't hold back...I...I...I...!”

My girlfriend's eyes rolled up as her body stiffened, her orgasm hitting her hard.

“Oh, sir, yes, sir, I'm...I'm...I'm...! Oh, shit, I'm...I'm...”

I could feel my cock throbbing in my pants as – for the first time in my life – I watched Gaby

cum purely from feeling me work her tits. When she was done, I reached between her legs. Even through her damp panties, her heat was obvious.

“Ae you okay, babe?” I asked, my fingers brushing against her pussy.

“Yes, sir,” she answered, her face still red and her breathing labored. “You...you...you...”

She trailed off, and I leaned in and kissed her. I felt her shiver as my hand moved past her waistband, and I started to rub her clit.

Gaby’s eyes were closed, her lips parted, her chest heaving. I licked her neck, and she sighed.

“I...I...I love...love your tongue,” she said, her voice husky. I smiled; for the first time in a week, she sounded like my girlfriend, not the airheaded bimbo that I’d somehow found myself living with.

“Sir,” I reminded her, my other hand cupping her breast. I could feel her crotch twitch just from that light contact with her boob.

“S-sir,” she replied, a full octave higher.

God help me, my cock throbbed. Part of me wanted to stop and work out what was happening to Gaby’s tits. She was the love of my life; I needed to help her. Maybe save her.

But first and foremost, I needed to get off.

“I want you so bad, sir.”

I bit her shoulder and she squealed.

“Good girl,” I murmured, my dick so hard it was painful.

I tugged her pants down, dragging her panties with them. In just a few moments she was naked and my own trousers were around my ankles. I looked at my girlfriend, who was staring at me, her mouth open with need. Despite the fact that she’d just climaxed, I knew she wanted more. Needed more.

Needed me.

I took her by the shoulders, and she let me guide her to my desk. It was where I had spent most of our time in the Valley looking for work. I was so used to it being a place of frustration; the idea of using it to make new, more pleasant memories held an undeniable appeal.

I pushed Gaby back, and she leaned against the top of the desk, her ass up in the air. I knelt behind her, my erection pressing into her crack.

“Mmmmm,” she moaned. “Please. Please...”

“Women in tech should be respectful,” I reminded her, and she nodded, her body tensing at the words.

“Yes, sir,” she whispered. “Sorry, sir. Please, sir. Forgive me, sir, please. *Please...*”

I pressed my hips forward, and my girlfriend gasped. I slid my cock along her pussy, feeling her wetness, and then I pushed inside her.

“Oh, fuck,” Gaby groaned, her eyes rolling up. “Sir!”

“Women in Tech are here to serve,” I told her, and she shuddered.

“Yes, sir. Let me serve you. Please, sir. Let me serve you with my pussy. My ass. I want to serve you, sir. Please...”

Another pulse of jealousy suddenly hit me. Was Gaby...at work...

No. No. It was impossible. My girlfriend would never be unfaithful. She'd not so much as looked at another man since we'd started dating. There was no way she'd...she couldn't...

It was impossible.

I pushed that thought out of the way as well, and tried to focus on the incredible sight in front of me. My beautiful girlfriend's naked, flushed, quivering body. Her breasts heaving with every breath.

Without warning, I thrust into her, my hands squeezing her tits as I did.

“Oh, sir,” she whimpered. “Fuck. Fuck, sir. So good. Sir. Oh, god, sir, yes. Yes, sir. You're... you're...oh, sir, I'm cumming again...”

Gaby arched her back, her face contorted in ecstasy as she came, her cunt clenching around my dick.

“Cum for me,” she groaned. “Cum in me. Fill me. I need it. I need you. I want to feel your hot, thick, warm, delicious sperm inside me. I need your cum. I need your seed.”

“Sir,” I said warningly, and she nodded, her knuckles white as she gripped the desk.

“Sir!” she corrected herself. “Please sir, please. Sir, sir, oh god, *sir...*”

I slowed my pace, enjoying the experience, not wanting to cum yet. Once I did, I knew I'd have a lot of uncomfortable thoughts to reflect on, and I wanted to delay that for as long as possible.

My hands moved down Gaby's stomach, sliding over her ass. I pulled her cheeks apart, and positioned one finger between her buttcheeks.

“Sir,” she said, her voice cracking. “Please. I can feel it. It feels so good. Please, sir. Oh, sir,

sir...”

I licked my middle finger, then pushed it into her tight asshole. It slid inside her with a single smooth motion, and Gaby gasped.

“Oh, sir,” she moaned. “Sir, sir, sirsirsirsirsir...”

As my girlfriend babbled needily, I increased my pace.

“That’s it,” I grunted. “You like that, don’t you?”

In response, she just continued gasping variations of the word “sir”. It was like feeling me fill both her holes at once had fried her brain.

I slipped a second finger inside her ass, and Gaby tensed and bit her lip.

“S-sir! SRRRR!!!” she screamed, her eyes rolling up.

I leaned in and kissed her neck, and she shuddered in another climax. The feeling of her cunt spasming around me was enough to push me over the edge; my thrusts sped up, and I felt my cock throbbing.

“I’m cumming,” I groaned, and my girlfriend squealed in pleasure.

“Yes, sir. Cum. Please. Please. Please. Please, sir. Please, sir. Please, sir. Please, sir. Please, sir. Please, sir. *Please...*”

With a gasp, I obeyed Gaby’s panting demand, emptying my balls into my quivering, pleading girlfriend.

She cried out in ecstasy as I filled her up. My cock twitched and my fingers continued pumping into her tight ass until she was writhing and moaning, her body shaking from the aftershocks of our shared orgasm.

When she finally stopped moving and fell back against me, I smiled at her.

“Wow, Gaby. That was...wow.”

“Thank you sir,” she whimpered happily. I pulled my fingers from her ass, and brought them to her mouth; Gaby eagerly sucked them clean, her tongue swirling around my digits.

As I watched my obedient, busty, dripping wet girlfriend lick my fingers clean, I knew I should be worried. She was changing, and I didn’t know why. The only lead I had was Flynn Parson – Women in Tech was behind this, somehow, but I couldn’t even begin to guess how he was doing it.

But as Gaby moaned around my hand, wrapping her soft fingers around my still-hard cock, I

couldn't stop a smile from crossing my face.

The real problem – I mean, aside from my girlfriend's change in behaviour – was that I didn't have any evidence. Not really. I mean, I could only imagine going to the police with what I had. “Hey, my girlfriend's breasts become really sensitive. Also, she's making extremely sensible decisions at work. That's not enough for you? Wait until I tell you that two unrelated companies bought their domains *on the same day*.”

Yeah. Not exactly an iron-clad case.

I needed more.

The other problem was Gaby. I didn't tell her what I was thinking. What I was worried about. I didn't tell her anything – I couldn't.

Believe me, lying to my girlfriend was the last thing I wanted to do. Our relationship has always been based on complete honesty. More than just honesty: full disclosure. I told Gaby everything, and I knew she did the same.

Did, past tense. Because I knew something was going on. Something that Gaby, for some reason, wasn't telling me.

And so, as much as it cut me up inside...I didn't tell her anything. I didn't tell her that I was suspicious of Flynn, of her work, of Women in Tech.

I guess I was afraid. Nervous that she'd smile at me and calmly inform me that...I dunno, Flynn was a good man and shouldn't be questioned, or that his non-profit was doing great things.

But I knew it wasn't. I didn't have any evidence, but I knew that something was up.

So I didn't tell Gaby anything. I even stopped asking questions. Like when she started wearing skirts to work – small, flippy things that showed off her legs and exposed her ass whenever she turned around quickly (which she'd started doing at every opportunity).

I didn't say anything, but I did enjoy the view. Women in tech had to use every asset they have available. They had to look their best.

Now that my girlfriend was showing off her ass, legs, *and* tits...yeah, it was hard to imagine anyone looking better than she did.

But still. Something about it rubbed me the wrong way. Gaby had never worn skirts to work before. When we were going out, sure. But not to the office. It made perfect logical sense, but at the same time...it felt wrong.

I tried not to think about it, and just enjoy the perks. Watching my girlfriend dress to show off as much skin as possible...it was almost as hot as it was disturbing.

I didn't even say anything when Gaby began wearing skimpy lingerie to work beneath her clothes. Well, beneath the few clothes she was still wearing. Between her low-cut tops exposing her midriff, her short skirts, and the heels which seemed to double the length of her legs...I knew that the jerks at my girlfriend's office must have been loving the view.

Which was good. There was no use hiding her tits; everyone knows they're there. Women in tech need to look their best.

But added to that, the knowledge that underneath her revealing outfits, my girlfriend was wearing lacy black bras, thong panties, sometimes stockings and garter belts...I was one part turned on, five parts jealous. I couldn't stop thinking about the fact that the whole time she was at work, Gaby was cavorting around the office, turning on every guy in her building. Every guy on her team.

I hated it. I hated that something was happening to my girlfriend, something that I didn't understand.

But I did enjoy the benefits.

When my girlfriend got home, more often than not I'd have her bend over the desk for me, or drop to her knees in her sexy little outfit. The sight of her got me so hard, and she was unquestioningly obedient. If I told her to beg, she'd beg. If I told her to suck my dick, she'd suck my dick.

If I told her I was going to take her perfect ass while we watched TV, she'd obey.

No, more than obey. She loved it.

"Thank you, sir," she'd gasp, my hardness between her breasts. "T-thank you for, oh, god *damn*...t-thank you for f-fucking me..."

"Oh, fuck," I'd grunt in response, slamming into her. "Gaby, I'm gonna cum."

"Yes, sir. Yes, sir. Oh, sir. Sir, sir. Fuck me. I'm cumming again. I need it. I need your cock. Please, sir. I need you. I want you. I love you. Thank you, sir. Thank you, sir. Thank you, sir."

"I love you too," I'd gasp, before unloading into my wet and *very* willing girlfriend.

She wouldn't cum unless I told her to. That was new too. No matter how worked up I got her, no matter how hard I fucked her, how much I played with her tits and ass...without a direct command, she wouldn't cum.

"Cum for me," I'd whisper with a smile, enjoying the show. My girlfriend has never exactly been discreet, but her orgasms had become increasingly...performative.

And wet.

"I'm cumming!" she would gasp, her entire body twitching with need. "Oh, sir. Sir, I'm...I'm..."

oh, I can't stop! I...fuck. I...can't...stop..."

Nine times out of ten, Gaby would squirt when she came. Another new addition to the repertoire. Another change that I mentally noted, but avoided asking her about. Her thighs would quiver as a jet of fluid spurted from between her legs, her face contorted in ecstasy. It was a little messy, but she always cleaned it up afterwards.

Women in Tech are here to serve.

Not all the changes went unexplained. Some of them made total sense, like her new reaction to nicknames.

When Gaby's team had started calling her names, she'd been completely reasonable about it, and saved her energy for stuff that really mattered. So I'd figured that was, y'know. Resolved.

But then one night, she'd come home wearing nothing but her bra and panties (it had been a Tuesday, and they'd finished the day with a game of strip poker) and I'd discovered her attitude had changed slightly.

"What're we eating tonight, darling?" I asked. In response to the pet name, Gaby let out an audible moan. At the look of confusion and alarm on my face, she answered the unasked question immediately.

"Women in Tech appreciate pet names," my girlfriend matter-of-factly informed me. It's funny; no matter how often I asked, she'd never tell me what she was learning at those seminars...but then she'd share little tidbits like this at the oddest times "It means they're being embraced by the team."

And yeah: the moment she said it, I knew it was true. Maybe it was the conviction with which she made the proclamation...but it felt like it was more than that. It felt like the words coming out of Gaby's mouth *were* inherently true. Like, the fact that she was saying them was just shining a light on a fact that we all knew, deep down inside.

I couldn't dispute it. It was just a fact: of course pet names meant that you were part of the team. You don't give a nickname to a stranger. It's something peers do to other peers.

I was almost embarrassed that my girlfriend had ever been annoyed by the nicknames.

"Don't you think, sir?" Gaby said, moving closer to me. Before I could reply, her mouth was on mine, her fingers running through my hair. We stood there and kissed for what could have been hours, lost in each other's embrace.

When I finally broke away, I looked into her eyes.

"I love you, sir," she whispered.

"I know, sweetie," I replied, and she shivered with pleasure at my words. "You're my honey



bunny.”

“Mmmm...”

“You’re a cutie-butt,” I continued, and Gaby’s mouth fell open at the words. “You’re my lovey-dovey. My baby girl. My sweet potato. My pussycat. My sexy little vixen.”

Gaby was panting, her face flushed with arousal at my words. I could see her body trembling; the front of her panties slowly getting damper.

The image of the creeps at Gaby’s workplace calling her nicknames and getting her riled up crossed my mind, but I pushed it away. It made sense for her to enjoy pet names from her workmates. It meant she was part of a team.

“Touch yourself,” I ordered, and Gaby nodded, moving one hand to the outside of her panties.

“Yes, sir.”

I lay back on the couch, my hands behind my head.

“Good girl,” I said softly, and Gaby groaned at the compliment. “Nice work, darl. Shorty. Sweetie pie.”

She blushed and moaned again, sliding the gusset of her panties to the side, revealing the pink slit between her legs.

I smiled, moving one hand to my own erection. Gaby’s eyes moved to my cock as I unzipped my pants and brought it into view. She dipped two fingers into her wetness.

“Good job, sweetheart,” I murmured, enjoying the shiver of pleasure that went through my girlfriend’s body at my words. “You sexy little thing.”

“Th-thank you, sir,” she gasped, sliding two of her slender fingers in and out of her sex. I watched her face contort in pleasure as her thumb moved to her clit, rubbing it firmly. “Sir...”

“God you’re a hottie,” I replied, my own hand moving faster and faster. Just masturbating in front of Gaby was hotter than the best sex I’d ever had with anyone else. “Don’t stop, sugar-tits. I want to see you cum.”

“Oh, fuck, yes, sir,” she whimpered, her hips bucking against her fingers. “I’m...oh, I...fuck... I...I can...”

“Not yet, princess,” I warned. “Not until I cum. Beautiful. Gorgeous. Angel-face.”

I was starting to run out of pet names, but my churning balls told me that I wouldn’t need many more.

“Oh, bubba. Pumpkin. Sh...schnookums. Oh, sugar lips. Puddin'. My sweet...little...slut...”

Gaby was gasping, her face red. Her whole body was shaking, and with every thrust of her slim digits inside her pussy, she was letting out a high-pitched squeal.

“Gonna cum,” I said, my fist moving so fast it was a blur. “Oh, baby, I’m gonna cum. Cum for me...TII. Come for me.”

At the sound of the nickname that had haunted her for years at our old job, I could see my girlfriend cumming, her orgasm perfectly timed to match my own. I came hard, my body jerking uncontrollably.

“Fuuuuck,” I grunted, my eyes rolling back into my head as I spurted my load onto my stomach. “You’re my sweetie. My lovey. My little slut. You’re my sexy little angel. I love you, my precious. I love you, I love you, cum for me, darling. Cum for me...”

“Oh, sir,” Gaby interrupted, her hand still moving furiously. “I’m cumming for you, sir. Please. Please sir. Please...”

I watched with a smile as my girlfriend squirted, her thighs quivering. I have no idea what she was begging me for, and I don’t think she did either. She was so beautiful. So perfect. So damn hot.

I held out my arm as her orgasm subsided, and she shakily walked to the couch before collapsing onto me, her body still shaking with the aftershocks of her climaxed.

“Thank you, sir,” Gaby sighed, not caring that she had one arm draped across my cum-coated stomach. Her face flushed with arousal, and her eyes were full of love. “You’re amazing. That was amazing. I love you, sir.”

“I love you too, baby doll,” I said, kissing the top of my girlfriend’s head. My words made her twitch with pleasure.

Part of me wanted to be jealous. Like, I should have been jealous, right? My girlfriend was the most attractive woman I’d ever seen, and every day she was dressing up (or down, I guess) for her co-workers, going into work scantily-clad, playing strip poker, winning wet t-shirt contests, and now moaning whenever they called her demeaning nickname.

It all made sense, of course. She was using every asset she had available, and being appreciated by the team. The only real weirdness was the sensitive breasts, and I guess the squirting, but of course that wasn’t something her workmates would ever be exposed to.

Right?

Women in Tech

by Pan

Chapter 3

“I want to come to one of these mixers,” I told Gabby firmly. She looked at me strangely.

“What?”

“The Women in Tech mixers you disappear to several times a week. I want to come.”

“Sir,” she said slowly. “...you’re not a woman.”

“Come on,” I replied, trying not to sound like I was whining. I kind of sounded like I was whining. “There must be a, like, bring your boyfriend night or something.”

“Again, sir,” she said slipping one arm into mine. “I feel like you’re not getting the general idea of these meetings.”

“Work out which event you can take me to, Gaby,” I said, staring my girlfriend straight in her big brown eyes. “That’s an order.”

She shivered.

“Yes, sir,” she replied. Oh, yes, I don’t think I told you about that. Women in Tech love to obey. Gaby had explained that to me after she’d been forced to pause a blowjob to answer her phone. I’d asked if she could ignore it, but she’d told me that her boss had ordered her to be available to call.

It made sense, of course. You have to be a team player to get ahead in the IT world, and the sad reality is that women are more likely to be employees than bosses. The climate is shifting, but slowly. Someday, women in tech will be giving orders with the best of them, but until then... they have to obey.

And if you’re going to spend your career taking orders, you might as well learn to love it.

So for the past few weeks, I’d enjoyed giving Gaby orders, and watching her tremble with pleasure as she obeyed.

Going to the mixer was a fishing trip. Not, uh, literally.

I’d spent the better part of a month digging around online, trying to find *anything* incriminating on Vision, on Women in Tech, on Flynn Parson.

Nothing. I’d even visited the local library to see if they had any hard copies of articles that weren’t online any more.

Diddly. Squat.

So I was starting to get desperate.

I don't really know what I was looking for, to be honest. A pamphlet, describing their sinister plot, or a building full of squirting, sensitive-breasted women in skirts. That second option sounded pretty good, actually.

But when Gaby invited me to a Women in Tech social night the next week, it was...well, kind of boring.

I'll start with the building. It was, like a lot of Silicon Valley architecture, bland and functional. The lobby was a large space with high ceilings, dark wood, and a big, wooden reception desk.

The mixer was after-hours, of course, but the receptionist was still there. She was a woman with dark hair, her face framed by glasses. Not as busty as Gaby (it would've been notable if she was), but not completely flat-chested either. Nor was she dressed to show anything off.

It was a drab office with a drab woman at the front desk. She gestured us into the elevator, and I smiled down at my girlfriend, who was practically humming with energy.

To my surprise, Gaby hadn't particularly dressed up for the event either. She was wearing a knee-length skirt — it flattered her legs, while still looking professional — and one of her old tops which did nothing to show off her chest. I've no idea why; there was no use in hiding her tits. Everyone knows they're there.

We were alone in the elevator, and I couldn't resist reaching out and honking my girlfriend's breast. She didn't shudder in need or groan, she just shot me a "seriously?" look, and wrapped one arm around my waist.

For a moment, it was like I had my old girlfriend back. I smiled down at her, and tried to ignore the tinge of sadness that my crude gesture hadn't practically brought her to orgasm.

The mixer was small, and sure enough, I was the only man there. I couldn't help but feel a little uncomfortable; no wonder Gaby had never brought me before. Even at their social night, this was clearly a women's space.

I tried to swallow my awkwardness and take advantage of this peek into a Women in Tech event.

The other women there were attractive, though not suspiciously so. I don't know exactly what 'suspiciously attractive' looked like — a room full of Gaby clones, I guess, or a preponderance of cleavage and makeup.

Actually, as I looked around the room, I noticed that practically none of them were wearing makeup. It was a little disappointing, to be honest. Women in Tech need to look their best. They should use every asset they have available to them.

For a moment, I was even *glad* that the organization existed, if only to teach women the basics of

how the industry works.

After a few minutes of floating (like I said, I was feeling pretty weird, being the only dude there) I finally settled into a conversation. Her name was Angela, I learned, and she'd just moved to town and was having trouble getting work.

I wasn't surprised, to be honest. She wasn't unattractive, but she clearly wasn't using every asset she had available. After a few minutes of conversation, I politely told her that, and out of nowhere she called me a name and stormed off.

Thank god she'd found this group. Women in Tech should be respectful. Without giving respect, how do they expect to be respected in return?

The next group conversation I floated into was with some girls who had been in the program for about as long as Gaby. The four of us clicked immediately, especially when I told them the experience I'd just had with Angela.

"Women in Tech should be respectful," I said, and the three women agreed.

"Women in Tech should be respectful," one of them offered.

"Yes," another agreed. "Women in Tech should be team players. It's important to keep the people you work with happy."

We all nodded at that.

"Women in tech should save their energy for serious issues," I replied. "Real problems. Stuff that really matters."

"Exactly," said the last woman. "Women in Tech need discipline."

That last comment took us all by surprise. In response to our blank looks, she repeated it.

"Women in Tech need discipline," she said again. "How do we learn without being punished?"

As we processed what she'd said, all four of us began to nod.

"Yes," I said firmly. "Women in Tech need discipline."

"Women in Tech need discipline," another of the women replied.

"Women in Tech need discipline," the last of us agreed.

We smiled at each other. Me and these smart, respectful, team-playing women in tech.

"Well said, sugar tits," I said, wanting to make sure it was clear that we were all on the same team.

All three of the women shuddered in pleasure at my words.

“What did you think, sir?” Gaby asked as we walked through the front door of our apartment. As soon as we’d left the event, she’d returned to normal.

Well, *new* normal. Her new breathy, compliant, obedient normal. I’d even experimentally pawed at her breast in the car, and been rewarded with a shuddering “Sir!” in response.

“I had a good time,” I admitted. Despite my best efforts, I hadn’t been able to find anything suspicious about the event. Except Angela...but that wasn’t her fault. Poor girl was new.

She’d soon learn what it meant to be a woman in tech.

“I saw you chatting to some of the other people,” Gaby admitted, and I shot her a look.

“Jealous?”

She smiled, and shook her head, leaning in until her mouth was at my ear.

“Competitive,” she whispered, reaching down to grasp my hardening cock. I grinned in response.

Good.

“Women in Tech should be competitive,” I confirmed, and Gaby nodded.

“Women in Tech should be competitive.”

“Women in Tech should be team players,” I added.

“Women in Tech should be team players,” she repeated, moving her mouth to hers. As Gaby’s tongue slipped between my lips, I imagined the three women we’d been chatting to there with us in the living room, each of them naked, each of them looking their best.

Each of them competing for my attention.

“Women in Tech need to look their best,” I said, and Gaby’s eyes glanced down at her own outfit.

“Mm-hmm” she agreed. “I’ll be right back, sir.”

When my girlfriend returned, she was dressed in an outfit I’d seen her wear to work a few times: a tight red skirt, and a top with thin straps that connected across the front...and no bra underneath. It was right on the cusp between slutty and professional, but I’d never objected. Women in Tech needed to look their best.

I’d already been hard when she left the room, but at the sight of her outfit, my cock threatened to explode.

“Hey toots,” I purred, my hand running down my erection. That was all it took to get Gaby in the mood...not, of course, that she was ever *out* of the mood. Within moments, she was bent over the couch. I was standing behind her, my hands reaching under her skirt to pull her thong underwear to one side.

“Oh, yes, please sir,” Gaby groaned, her ass pushing against my erection. “Oh, fuck, you’re so good. I love your big, strong hands. Oh, I want you inside me. Fuck me, sir. Please, I want it in my mouth. I want it in my pussy. I need it...”

The skirt was tight enough that it took me several moments to remove it. When I did, her ass came into view, and my hand twitched.

“Women in Tech need to be disciplined,” I informed my girlfriend. Her eyes went wide at my words, and her jaw dropped.

“W-women in Tech...”

“Women in Tech need to be disciplined,” I said again, more forcefully. “How do we learn without being punished?”

My hands ran across my girlfriend’s firm ass. She shivered in pleasure, before nodding.

“Women in Tech need to be disciplined,” she finally said, her voice cool and dispassionate.

I’d already accepted the advice as a fundamental truth, but hearing her confirmed it. It was a fact of the human condition; we screw up, we’re punished, we learn. Nothing unusual about that at all..

I ran my tongue across my lips.

“Are you ready to be punished?” I asked, my mouth dry.

“Yes, sir,” Gaby said, looking back at me, her brown eyes wide. “I need to be disciplined. I deserve to be punished. I need it.”

Now, for the life of me, I couldn’t think of anything that Gaby had done wrong. Not just that week, but ever.

But with a smile, I realized: I didn’t need a reason.

Women in Tech needed to be disciplined. My girlfriend needed to be disciplined.

Did I even require an excuse?

“Bend over,” I said, my voice husky. Gaby and I had experimented with spanking before, but my girlfriend didn’t like pain, so it had been light-handed taps on the ass. Firm but not painful.

Now, I saw no reason to hold back. Women in Tech needed to be disciplined.

How would she learn without a little pain?

Gaby obeyed with a shiver, once more exposing her ass to me. I raised a hand, bringing it down on my girlfriend's rear with a mighty THWACK.

The sound echoed through the apartment, and Gaby gasped as my hand struck her.

"You naughty girl," I growled, my hand moving again. To her credit, she didn't move, didn't resist. She stood there, breathing heavily, and took the spanking like the good, obedient woman in tech that she was.

THWACK. THWACK. THWACK.

For the next several minutes my hand was a blur, smacking her ass over and over, her body trembling in response. Before long, my palm was numb with pain, and I could only imagine how Gaby felt.

"That's it," I grunted, slapping her ass hard, then harder. "Take it. You deserve it."

Gaby didn't respond, just stood there as I rained blows upon her butt, shivering at the intensity of each one.

"Say it," I ordered.

"I deserve it, sir," Gaby replied, her voice a low groan. "Please, sir. I deserve every smack, and more."

"Yes you do," I said, my voice a low, menacing rumble. My hand was aching from all the punishment, but I kept going anyway. I wanted to see what she could take. Besides, I knew that I wouldn't be the only one to discipline my girlfriend like this.

Women in Tech need to be disciplined. It was so obvious, I couldn't be the only one to work this out.

Before long, I would've bet my bottom dollar that someone at Gaby's work would be bending her over and spanking her ass.

It wasn't until I saw a tear drip from my girlfriend's face onto the desk, I stopped. My dick was rock-hard, and my balls ached.

"I'm going to fuck you, pet," I groaned, and Gaby's hips involuntarily thrust forward at the nickname. "Are you ready?"

"Yes, sir," she breathed. "Please, sir, fuck your naughty little girl. Please."



Gaby trembled as I removed her soaking wet panties and pressed my cock against her pussy.

“Oh, god, sir,” my girlfriend moaned, her voice breaking. “Fuck me, please. Fuck your slut. Use her. I want you to use my cunt, sir. I need it. Please.”

Without saying a word I pushed inside her, my hands gripping her waist as I began to pump into her. I wasn't gentle, and Gaby cried out, her head thrown back.

“Sir!” she gasped, her eyes rolling. “That's so good. I want more. Oh, sir, it's so big. I've never felt anything so huge. I don't know if I'll be able to take it. I need more. I need more, sir. Please, sir, give me more.”

Gaby has always been somewhat vocal during sex, but recently she'd taken it up to eleven. I hadn't questioned it; figuring it was like the squirting, the breast sensitivity, the skirts.

Strange. Scary, on some level. But — at least in the short term — not unwelcome.

And like everything my girlfriend did, she was damn good at it; the words just rolled off her tongue like they belonged there.

I continued fucking my girlfriend hard and deep while she begged me not to stop, flattering every part of the experience— my body, my talent, my “enormous cock” (honestly? I'm right in the middle of the bell curve. Yes, I measured. What guy hasn't?)

Gaby gasped as I grabbed her by the hair, pulling her ear to my mouth.

“Beg for it,” I growled. “Beg me to fill you with cum.”

“I love you, sir. Please. I need to feel you coming in me. I need to be filled with your seed, sir. I need it. I need it. I need it. I need it. I need it. I need it. I need it. I need it. I need it. I need it...”

Sometimes Gaby would get stuck in a loop. It was like her brain just switched off, her mouth mindlessly repeating the last few words of whatever she was saying.

A firm slap on the ass broke her out of it.

“Cum in me, sir,” she gasped, her voice trembling. “Fill me with your hot, sticky cum. Fill my body, my soul, my very being. I am yours. I belong to you. I crave you. I worship you. I live to serve you. I'm yours, sir. Please...”

My girlfriend's dirty words – and the intense experience we'd just shared – was enough to tip me over the edge. I came hard, filling her with my thick cream.

“Oh, god,” I groaned, slumping on top of her. Her legs trembled but didn't buckle. “I love you, Gaby.”

“I love you too, sir,” she replied, reaching behind herself to comfortingly stroke my arm. “Thank

you, sir.”

After a moment, I pulled out of her. Both of us let out a gasp at the sensation, but Gaby didn't say a word, just turned to look at my softening cock lustfully.

It occurred to me that she hadn't cum, but the thought didn't bother me. After all, Women in Tech should give more than they receive.

When Gaby left for work the next day, I sat down at my desk to get to work.

No, not to continue my never-ending hunt for a job. I had something more on my mind:

I had to figure this out.

Something was going on with my girlfriend, and I needed to wrap my head around it. Once upon a time, my girlfriend had been so modest. So confident. She'd been a card-carrying feminist.

Now, she was a giggling, breathy, scantily-clad woman who begged me to spank her.

And it all made sense.

It's hard to explain. All the individual parts of my girlfriend's behavior made complete sense, but I knew — *I knew* — that something was wrong overall.

Imagine you're an inspector. Like, a house inspector or a food inspector or something. Every day, you go to a new site and check everything off your list. You make sure the foundation is solid, or the knives are clean. Whatever it is that you've got written down to look at, you inspect, and everything is perfectly up to code.

But then you start to notice some odd patterns. Like, all the homes you're inspecting are individually fine, but you realize the furniture in each one is exactly identical, down to the positioning of the mess. Or every kitchen you check has just way too many knives. Each knife passes inspection; there's just way too many of them.

On paper it's all correct, technically, but as a whole...it's just off. You start to notice patterns, and you can't get rid of a feeling in your gut that something is wrong.

And that's not to mention the stuff that I hadn't asked Gaby about. The sudden breast sensitivity. The skirts. The squirting.

Something told me that if I asked, she'd explain it to me...and each of those odd elements would also make sense.

Not gonna lie; part of me was tempted to give into that urge. I'd started losing sleep about the whole situation, and the prospect of easy answers held an undeniable appeal.

But I resisted.

Maybe it was unfair to my girlfriend, but as long as she didn't tell me, I could keep on feeling uncomfortable about it. That feeling of discomfort, paradoxically, felt *right*. It was almost like it was the stuff I was okay with that worried me.

Like I said...it's hard to explain.

So you can imagine my reaction when Gaby told me Women in Tech were holding a weekend retreat.

"Seriously?" I asked, not even trying to mask my panic. Gaby looked at me strangely...which, yeah, fair enough.

Women in Tech had helped her so much. They'd helped her acclimatize to the culture at work, they'd taught her so much about working in the industry...hell, I'd even gone to an event and had a great time.

Despite my best efforts, I hadn't been able to find anything suspicious about them. And believe me, I'd tried.

So why did every bone in my body want to fight back against my girlfriend going away for a weekend?

"Babe," I said cautiously, ignoring my girlfriend's shudder of pleasure at the affectionate term. Women in Tech love pet names. "I...I don't want you to go."

"Women in Tech should use every asset they have available," Gaby reminded me, and my shoulders slumped. She was right, of course.

My girlfriend had learned so much from the mixers. I could only imagine how much she'd learn from a dedicated weekend retreat.

I shuddered at the idea of how much she'd learn from a dedicated weekend retreat. Would I even recognize the woman who came back to me?

"Are partners allowed?" I asked hopefully.

"No, sir," she smiled. "You seem to forget the focus of *Women in Tech*."

Everyone has moments of regret. I think all of us wish we'd invested our life savings into bitcoin when they were only a few cents each. Obviously I wish I hadn't accepted the promotion back in Texas, or had at least talked to Gaby about it first, or...y'know, broken the news in a less thick-headed way.

But I don't think anything will ever match the regret I feel for letting Gaby go on that retreat.

It's always so obvious in hindsight. From the outside, I bet it's blatantly obvious that I should

have forced my girlfriend to quit her job, whisked her back to Texas, taken her as far away from Women in Tech and Vision as I possibly could.

But at the time, it just made so much sense.

Women in Tech needed to use every asset they had available. They had to be competitive. Be team players.

My girlfriend's happiness – and I hope I've made this clear – is the most important thing in the world to me. After almost a decade of working in shitty jobs with shitty people, she was finally enjoying her work, all thanks to Women in Tech. And not just her work: the people she was working with too. Women in Tech have to be competitive, and she was frequently winning at strip poker, or the wet t-shirt competitions they held. Women in tech need to be disciplined, and the marks Gaby came home with on her ass told me that her bosses (and possibly co-workers as well) weren't shy about spanking her when she needed it.

Women in Tech love pet names; it makes them feel like part of the team. Where else was Gaby going to find a workplace so willing to give her affectionate nicknames?

And at first we'd thought that her nudes being leaked would be a show-stopper if anyone found out, but as Gaby had pointed out when I'd found them on reddit (with her name attached): Women in Tech need all the promotion they can get.

My girlfriend was happy, I was happy that she was happy, and all I had to resist it was this vague sense of unease, and discomfort with her wearing skirts to work and being able to cum just from having her nipples sucked.

Like, those weren't red flags. Those were things I'd all but wished for!

If I'd tried to stop her, I would've sounded crazy. Irrational. Like an overly-possessive boyfriend gone mad.

But if I'd known then what I know now, I would have done it without hesitation.

In the end, she's her own woman (as much as she loves to obey, and give more than she receives) – it was important for her job that she go, and I decided it wasn't my place to stand in her way.

Bad fucking move, I'll tell you what.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

I offered to drop her to the retreat. Well, no. Not offered – insisted.

And then, after I saw what she was packing for the two days away, ordered.

I've mentioned before, Gaby wasn't shy, exactly, about her body back in Texas. Like, she didn't cover herself from head to toe and shriek like a cartoon character if anyone ever saw her exposed

skin.

But a lifetime of male attention directed at her chest meant that she didn't wear anything top-heavy if she could avoid it. In all the years we'd been together, I'd never seen her in a bikini.

For the weekend retreat – which she'd assured me was strictly business – Gaby had packed a bikini.

Again: if I knew then what I know now...

It made sense, really. Women in Tech had to look good. Women in tech had to show off their bodies. Women in tech should use every asset they have available.

But, again, there was something about it that just made me uncomfortable. Something I couldn't place.

And it wasn't like she was wearing it as I dropped her off. The retreat was at a resort in the mountains; I'd questioned why Gaby needed a swimsuit at all, but she'd been told that dips in the hot tub were a key aspect of the experience.

Despite the cold weather, my girlfriend had still managed to find a way to show off her cleavage. She was wearing a jacket, open at the front to reveal her tight white tank-top.

She looked great. There was no use in hiding her tits. Everyone knows they're there. And besides – as Gaby had reminded me every time I tried to score an invite, the event was for *Women in Tech*. It wasn't like she was going to spend the weekend being lusted after by men.

So why did it feel so wrong?

The feeling of unease never left me as I made the long drive home alone. The scenery was beautiful, but I barely even noticed it. My mind was spinning, trying to reconcile the contradictions it contained.

I loved my girlfriend, that I knew. I wanted her to succeed. I always had. And in order to succeed, Women in Tech have to be competitive. They need to look good.

Gaby *needed* to show off her body. For her career.

The retreat would be really good for her. And yet, despite all of that, I was worried. About her.

About us.

I texted her as soon as I got home, but it was hours before I heard back from her.

“havin a great time,” she replied, adding the kissy-heart emoji. I smiled at the sight of it, but my gut still told me something was wrong.

“selfie?” I asked, and sighed as she obliged immediately.

She was in the bikini. Don’t get me wrong - she looked amazing. It was like the outfit had been designed specifically to show off her body; her breasts jutted proudly out of the thin material, and her nipples were rock-hard.

I don’t think I’ve ever seen her in anything so skimpy before.

And she was smiling, her eyes bright and her lips parted as she looked into the camera. It was a look I was extremely familiar with; my girlfriend was aroused.

I was a hundred miles away, and my girlfriend was turned on.

With a sigh, I closed the photo and opened the Vision app. I normally set myself as unavailable over the weekend, but with Gaby away, I wanted something to distract myself.

I spent the next two days walking the dogs of tech millionaires, and I didn’t see a single woman in a bikini.

I tried to call Gaby whenever I was between gigs, but she didn’t pick up until Sunday night.

“Hi, honey,” I said, my cock tingling at the breathy sigh she gave me in response.

“Hey babe,” she replied.

“How’s the retreat going?”

“Oh my god,” she gushed. “It’s *amazing*. I’m so, so glad that I came to this. I can’t wait to tell you about it.”

I smiled. She sounded excited.

“You can tell me now,” I offered.

“Can’t,” she said with a sigh. “We’re about to go into another training exercise. But seriously, love, this has been incredible. I’m learning so, so much. I’m going to come back to you a brand new woman, I swear.”

“I like the current woman,” I reminded my girlfriend, and she just laughed in response.

“I gotta go, babe,” she said. “I love you.”

“I love you too,” I replied, but the call had already ended.

Gaby came back on Monday afternoon (Women in Tech bussed everyone back, so I couldn’t go pick her up) and I was surprised to find her wearing jeans and a v-neck sweater. I’d half expected her to come back looking like a Victoria’s Secret model, but instead she was dressed like normal.

Well, her neckline was low, and her shirt showed off her ample cleavage. She was wearing

makeup, and I don't know what she'd done to her hair but it somehow looked, like, a foot longer.

So not Texas normal. California normal.

As she cooked dinner, I was eager to find out what she'd learned. But whenever I tried to ask, she seemed to dodge the subject.

"So how was the retreat?" I asked.

She was distracted, her hands moving quickly as she stirred the pot.

"The food was great," she replied. "Oh, and the hot tub was amaaaazing."

"What sort of thing did the training cover?"

"I met some of the most amazing women. I've never worked so hard in my life. I feel like I've got the whole world at my feet."

"Watch out, planet Earth," I laughed. "But seriously, what did they teach you?"

"Lots and lots. And it was all things I could use to get ahead in the business. You should have seen me; I was a natural. They were so impressed."

"A natural at what?" I pressed, but Gaby's attention was drawn to the pasta.

After we finished eating, I sat beside her on the couch. She shot me a saucy smile; I guess after three days away, she assumed I'd have only one thing on my mind.

And, well, she was right. But it wasn't what she'd expected.

"Gaby," I said firmly, using her name so she wouldn't get distracted. "Tell me what you learned on the retreat."

"Oh my god, so much," she smiled, but I held up a hand to silence her.

"Specifically," I instructed. "I want to know exactly what they taught you."

Gaby hesitated, and I took her hand in mine.

"That's an order," I said softly, and she nodded.

"Well, sir," she replied, her voice suddenly very calm. "I learned that Women in Tech need to do anything they can to climb the ladder. Women in Tech need to learn how to serve. Women in Tech need to satisfy their clients.

"Women in Tech must submit."

I blinked twice. My head felt very light, all of a sudden. The list of maxims all made sense, of course. They were all completely, undeniably true. But hearing them all at once, spoken with

such conviction, it was... a lot.

“Any more questions, sir?” my girlfriend asked, and I shook my still-spinning head.

Over the next week, I couldn't stop thinking about what my girlfriend had learned from the retreat. The words ran through my head constantly; no wonder she'd come back so hyped. The information was so...valuable, I guess.

You know that moment where you learn something, and it just makes everything click? Maybe it's a programmer thing; you'll be slaving away at a piece of code, and then you'll see an article or a tweet from someone and it'll just make the whole thing come together. You'll add a class or switch out a module, and it all just *works*. It's like flipping a switch.

Everything my girlfriend had shared with me was like that. Except...not.

I mean, it all made sense. It all clicked. But at the same time, it didn't. At all.

It was like trying to do maths in base eight: it's all *correct*, but no matter how I tried, I couldn't get it to sit right in my head.

Of course Women in Tech need to do anything they can to climb the ladder. That's just how corporate America works: if you're not moving up, you're moving down.

Obviously Women in Tech need how to learn how to serve. In every job, you're serving a million different needs at once. The bosses, the clients': there are demands coming at you from all angles, and you have to manage all of them at once.

Women in Tech need to satisfy their clients; if they didn't, they'll soon find themselves out of work.

And it goes without saying that Women in Tech have to submit. If you're disobedient or insolent to any boss, you'll soon find yourself out of a job.

Plus, we're coders. We submit stuff all the time.

You see what I mean? Every part of it made sense. Complete, perfect, logical sense But as the words ran through my mind again and again...god, I dunno. They just didn't add up.

I was putting 5 and 5 together and getting 12. I could understand the logic, but I didn't fundamentally grok it.

To make it worse, I had a *lot* of time to reflect on Gaby's newfound wisdom. See, after she came back from the retreat, her work started keeping her late. For the first few days I figured it was because she had to make up for the day she'd missed, but after a week of late nights (and even going in on Saturday), I realized that this was just the new normal.

I'd asked her what she was up to that suddenly required her at all hours, and she got weirdly



vague about it. “Meetings”, she told me.

For the life of me, I couldn’t work out why she suddenly needed to spend so much time at meetings...but, of course, Women in Tech need to do anything they can to climb the ladder. If late-night meetings were the way to move forward, I guess that was where Gaby had to be.

I just wished that I was making any kind of progress in my own career. I was still applying for jobs as they came up, but my only reliable source of income with Vision’s app. I’d taken a little online course that Vision offered, and expanded my services from dog-walking to grooming. I wasn’t about to open up a pet salon or anything like that, but when someone needed an emergency wash or nail-trimming, I was perfectly adequate.

I was considering adding cleaning as well; Gaby’s late nights meant that she was no longer able to take care of dinner, and since we couldn’t afford nightly takeout, I was cooking for both of us and taking care of the housework too. She asked if she could handle it (I think she’d started getting off on being so domestic for me) but she was always so wiped when she got home, I couldn’t bring myself to take her up on the offer.

And worst of all, her new schedule also meant that – for the second time in our relationship – our sex life had hit a low point.

No, look. That’s not fair. It would be easy to blame it on her late nights (and how tired she was when she got home), but if I’m being honest...she was still up for anything. Anything, literally anytime. She’d purringly made the offer that I could wake her up with my dick inside her if I got in the mood while she was asleep.

The real problem was that *I* wasn’t in the mood.

It was a combination of things. Resentment, more than anything. Not only was Gaby working (while I was washing dogs), but she was clearly getting all these great opportunities – I couldn’t believe some of the names she was dropping; these late-night meetings were putting her in contact with some of the biggest names in Silicon Valley.

And it felt like she was cutting me out.

I know that isn’t really what was happening. It was part of her work; she wasn’t, like, given two tickets and told to bring anyone she wanted. But as she came home night after night, sleepily gushing about getting to meet some of the most powerful people in the industry, I couldn’t help feeling left behind.

My girlfriend’s career was skyrocketing, while mine was at a dead end.

I mean, yeah, I guess I’d gotten to meet some pretty cool people in the context of walking their dogs. Face-time is face-time, as they say. But so far no one had said “Wow, you did such a great job walking Rowdy – how’d you like to come join my new startup?”

So I was frustrated. And hurt, frankly. For the first time, I really *got* how Gaby had felt when I’d

taken that promotion on top of her.

And this wasn't even as bad as what I'd done. Fragile male ego, I guess.

The end result? Even when Gaby came home glowing, even when she sunk to her knees in front of me and practically begged to suck my cock...I pushed her away. I told her to go to bed. I ordered her to, resenting the shiver of pleasure that passed through her body when she obeyed.

I knew it was petty. I knew it was immature. And I'm a little embarrassed at how easily I was able to justify it to myself. If you're not in the mood, you're not in the mood, right? Having sex with my girlfriend when I wasn't truly into it, I told myself, wouldn't be fair to either of us.

And so, yeah. The sex dried up. I had a gorgeous, constantly-horny, obedient, ambitious, intelligent woman in my bed each night, eager for me to use her for my pleasure...and I didn't.

I believe Shakespeare said it best: "What a fuckin' moron."

Gaby, to her credit, tried to talk to me about it, but I just shut her down. I told her that I was sorry, but I just wasn't in the mood, or I was too tired. And after a few weeks of grumbling excuses...she stopped asking.

I could tell that she was frustrated, but it was clear that work was taking up all of her time and energy, and she didn't have the capacity to deal with her boyfriend's low libido.

Maybe that should've made me realize how dumb I was being. But instead, and I realize this makes no sense, it too just made me mad.

All the while, I was still worried about her. About Vision, and Women in Tech. So when she casually mentioned another social event, I jumped on the opportunity.

It was on a weeknight, one of the few that Gaby had off. And again, Gaby surprised me by dressing down. Her makeup was impeccable, at least, but her clothes were...I don't want to say dowdy, but she definitely didn't look her best. Women in Tech should use every asset they have available.

Women in Tech should show off their bodies. They need all the promotion they can get.

She was wearing one of the outfits we'd bought her when she'd first started at Vision, back when she'd put an unnecessary amount of effort into trying to hide her body from her co-workers. Women in Tech should save their energy for serious issues, stuff that really matters. The outfit (a lumpy sweater and a pair of white jeans) wasn't just unflattering, it was actively trying to be unattractive.

And just like last time, as we approached the building, she lost her new girly mannerisms: her giggle, her breathy voice. She didn't even call me sir.

The whole visit promised to be a repeat of the last.

But as soon as I entered the room, I realized something was different:

I wasn't the only man in the room. Standing in the corner, chatting to the young women I'd met last time — Angela — was the founder of Women in Tech himself.

Flynn Parson.

He was taller than I'd expected, and — just like his photo — it felt like wherever I moved in the room, his dark eyes were following me. Did everyone feel like they had his full attention at all times, or was it just me?

I froze, my face flushed under his gaze. I felt like he was able to read me like a book, flip through my thoughts as easily as one skims through pages.

In that moment, I would have sworn he knew exactly why I was there. Everything I suspected. Everything I'd discovered in my research.

I tried to shake the irrational feeling off, but before I could, he was gone.

I blinked twice.

“Where'd, uh...where'd he go?”

“Who?” Gaby replied, squeezing my hand.

“Flynn Parson,” I said, gesturing to the stunned-looking Angela. Unlike the previous social, she was wearing makeup.

“He never comes to these,” Gaby replied airily. “I've only met him in passing a few times. Now come on, I want you to talk to Sylvia.”

I was still stunned as Gaby pulled me along to the blonde woman I recognized from the Women in Tech website. Sylvia, the woman who Gaby had been meeting with. The woman who had run the retreat.

The woman who had shared so much wisdom with my girlfriend. With both of us, indirectly.

She was impeccably dressed. About ten years older than Gaby and I (our birthdays are only a few months apart) with her blonde hair in a bun, her lime-green jacket somehow not clashing with it at all.

“Hello,” she said with a smile, reaching her hand out to take mine. “You must be Gaby's boyfriend. I've heard so much about you.”

“Hopefully not about my cooking,” I joke, and was met with a thin-lipped smile in response. “Uh, t-thank you for helping Gaby out at work.”

“Of course,” Sylvia replied coolly, her light eyes burning into mine. I was left with the same

feeling of exposure as when Flynn Parson's gaze had locked onto me, but without the intensity. "Thank you for coming to the event."

"He insisted," Gaby said apologetically, and I did nothing to deny it.

Just like last time, it was a pure mixer. I talked to some of the women I'd met with last time — Angela, I was happy to see, was being much more respectful. A real team player. I told her that Women in Tech were here to please, and she nodded, repeating the words thoughtfully.

Women in Tech are here to please.

Just as I was approaching the group of ladies I'd spent most of the last event with, Sylvia cut me off.

"Excuse me," she said, her smile not reaching her eyes. "Mr. Parson would like to meet with you."

My eyebrows shot up. I'd come here specifically to investigate him, and he was just...inviting me to meet?

Maybe I was better at this detective stuff than I'd thought. Or much, much worse.

"I'll get Gaby," I replied immediately, but Sylvia shook her head firmly.

"Just you," she said.

I swallowed.

"Lead the way," I said as the blonde woman's eyes bore into mine.

Flynn Parson's office was unlike any I'd seen before. The walls were lined with books, and a large desk sat to the side of the room. It was spotless, and — strangest of all — I couldn't see a computer anywhere.

He sat behind his desk, and gestured at the empty chair opposite it. Sylvia led me in, bowed to Flynn, and let us be.

"Uh, hello," I began awkwardly. I didn't know why I was here. How worried I should be. I didn't even know if my girlfriend knew I'd gone.

But this man, I was convinced, held the answers to all my questions. And so I put my fear aside, and decided to make as much out of this meeting as I could.

"You wanted to see me?"

"You seem troubled," he said, flashing a dark smile as I sat down.

I hesitated. He was right, of course, but...

“Tell me what’s wrong,” he insisted, and before I knew what was happening, words were spilling out of my mouth.

Not about Gaby. Well, not about her job.

About our sex life.

“I want to be supportive,” I finished, after confessing more to the total stranger than I’d told anyone else in my life. “I love her, I really do. I feel guilty, but I can’t help it. I just can’t...get in the mood.”

“Nonsense,” the older man said. All the time I’d been speaking, his face had held a smile full of secrets. “It’s not about the mood.”

“Sir?”

“It’s about self-worth. Self-respect. So your wife is doing well at work, boo hoo.”

“Girlfriend,” I corrected, but he ignored me.

“The real problem is that you don’t feel like a man. Like a breadwinner. It’s not natural, for women to provide for their partners.”

I frowned at his words. Not exactly what I’d expected to hear from the man behind such a feminist organization.

But as he spoke, I couldn’t deny that he was right. I didn’t feel like a man. And it wasn’t about being in the mood, not really. That was just the excuse I’d been telling myself – and Gaby – to try to dissuade my guilt.

The last part...I didn’t necessarily agree with how he’d phrased it, but I couldn’t deny that he was right. Historically, men have been the hunter-gatherers. Women in that role...it wasn’t natural.

Parson’s smile broadened, and he leaned forward.

“You want to feel better? Work. Throw yourself into work, boy. Get more shifts on Vision. It’ll distract you. Give you something to do.”

I nodded. I didn’t even remember telling him what I did for work, but it must have slipped out while I was speaking.

I could see why he got so much consultancy work. Not only was he insightful, but whenever he spoke, it felt like his advice resonated through my entire body.

I’d come there to uncover his secrets, but I knew that as soon as I got home, I’d be following his suggestion.

“Thank you,” I said, standing up. Part of me knew that I should dig, ask questions, investigate. It was a real What Would Batman Do situation.

But at the same time...I was strangely drained. At the smallest of prompts, I’d told this near-stranger my deepest secrets. My insecurities.

I’d bared my soul, and I didn’t have the energy for subterfuge.

“I...I appreciate it,” I concluded honestly.

“Not at all,” he said, waving me away. I turned to leave, but he called me back.

“Oh, and by the way...”

I turned to see him smiling at me, a calculating look in his eye. His eyebrow raised, and for a moment his gaze intensified.

“Don’t take it personally.”

With that, he returned to whatever he was writing – with a pen – and I left Flynn Parson’s office, my head spinning.