

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.

"Mmhm..." 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.

“Mmmmm!” 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?