An illustration of two men in business suits shaking hands. The man on the left has dark hair and is wearing a dark green suit with a teal tie. The man on the right has light blue hair and is wearing a dark blue pinstriped suit. They are in a room with wooden walls and shelves of bottles in the background. A speech bubble is next to the man with dark hair, and another is next to the man with light blue hair.

*Hello, Mr Young! The explosive growth of your branch has really caught the attention of all of us in the board.*


*Thank you Mr Wagner, though I assume you're here for reasons other than to offer congratulations.*



*Oh, I'm just here to sniff out the foul play.*

*Like how your pimping business is somehow making more than the casino.*


*Ah, you mean the brothel. It's entirely legal, I assure you.*



*Look, whatever you want to call it, I know it's a front.*

*Why don't you save us some time and tell me where the money's really coming from?*

*...Perhaps we should continue this conversation in private.*



*You see, it really is the brothel making that money, but it's not a traditional brothel.*

*What makes us special is we employ cutting edge pharmaceuticals to temporarily transform our male patrons into young women.*

*...You're joking.*



*Not at all.*

*In front of you now  
are the pills which  
have allowed many to  
experience sex as a  
beautiful girl with  
other beautiful girls...*


*...Along with the  
standard consent form.  
The lack of competition  
so far has made this  
service quite popular and  
lucrative.*

*Now, as the transformation can be quite uncomfortable, the pills induce sleep.*

*While the consumer is unconscious, our staff test their health, then wash, clothe, and bring them into a well-equipped private room, where they will be enthusiastically doted upon by one of our high class prostitutes.*

*As laid out in the consent form, any foul play, such as mistreatment of our girls or staying past the allotted time, is penalized...*






*While I don't believe you, I've been instructed to have a chat with one of your working girls.*

*Whatever kind of racket you're running, 'legal' prostitution almost never actually follows the rules needed for it to be legal.*

*Ah, then you may have a problem. My girls are contractually entitled to anonymity. I can't simply present them to you or give you their information.*

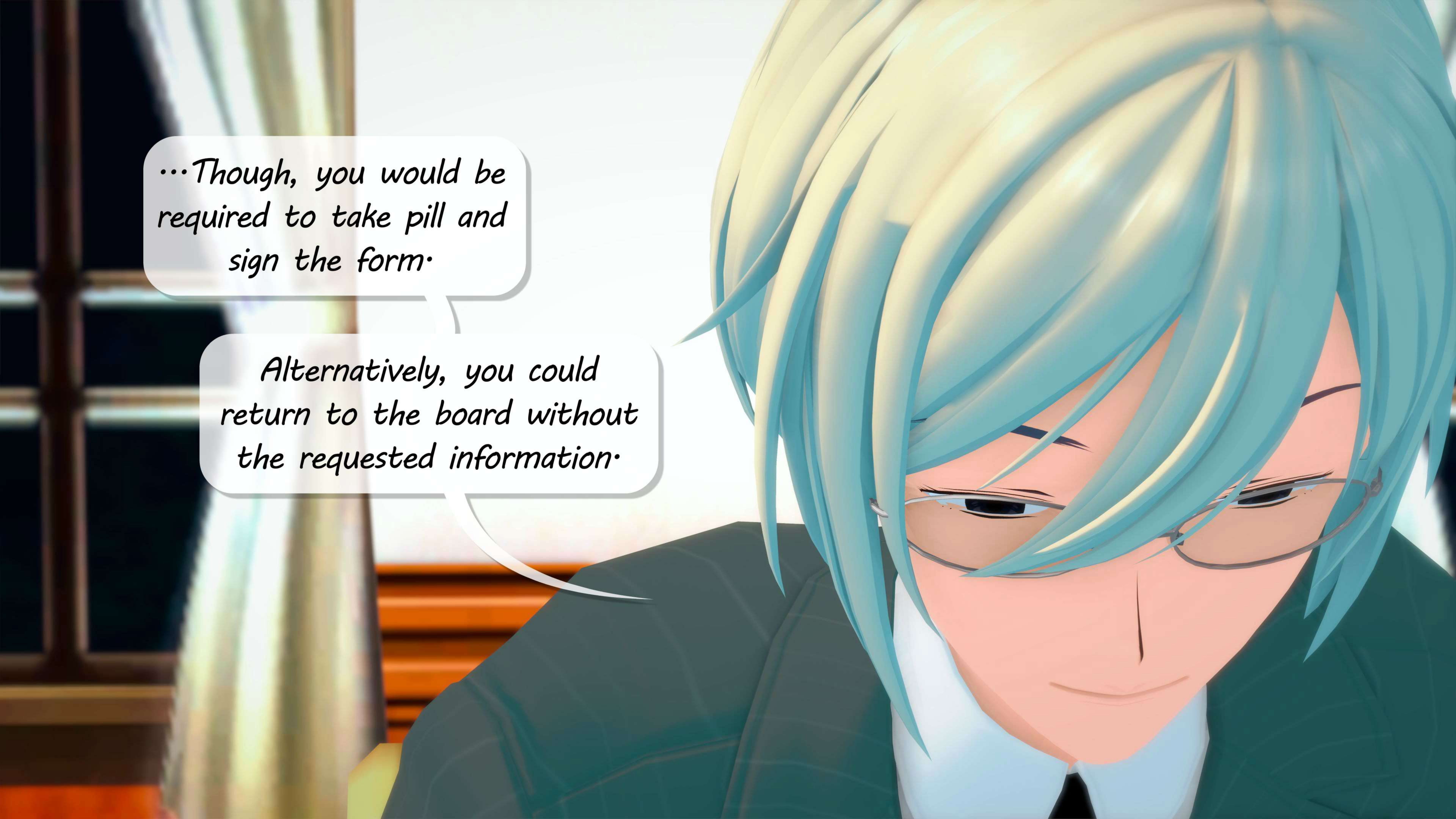


*I'm afraid the only way you could meet with one of them is to partake in our services. My treat.*

*I'm not interested in your whores, Young.*

*Certainly. You wouldn't be obligated to do anything but ask questions.*





*...Though, you would be required to take pill and sign the form.*

*Alternatively, you could return to the board without the requested information.*

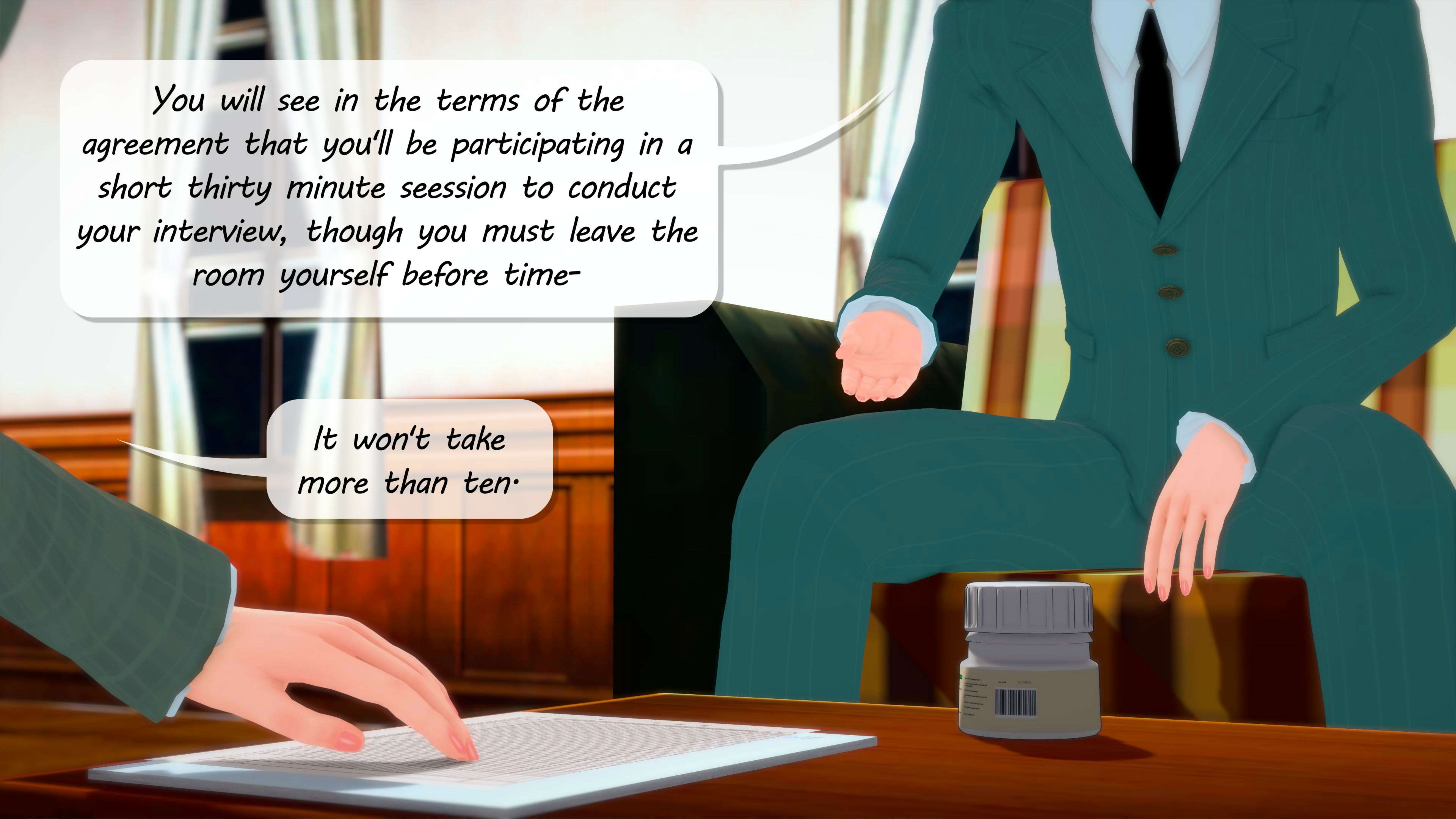


*Fine. Gimme  
your magic pill.*

*How open-minded  
of you.*

*You will see in the terms of the agreement that you'll be participating in a short thirty minute session to conduct your interview, though you must leave the room yourself before time-*

*It won't take more than ten.*






Indeed. Then all that remains  
is to ingest the pill.

So, this'll knock  
me out, and...?

...And turn you into an  
attractive young woman.

Riiight... Just don't go  
anywhere while I'm out.



*Of course not, Mr Wagner.  
I'll be waiting right here for  
you to return.*

**SLUMP**



*Erghmmm,  
huh?*



*You're finally awake!  
Good morning, sleepyhead.*

*...Who are you?*

*I'm Cindy, your lover for  
the next thirty minutes!*



Okay, timer start!

*\*Beepbeep!\* Thirty minutes remaining.*

Wait, this is real!?  
I'm actually a girl!



*I'm afraid there's not  
enough time to be  
shocked. We should get  
right down to business.*

*W-wait, I just  
want to talk!*





Huh? We're not gonna have sex?

N-no, I'm only here for an interview!

My hand is so small...



*Oh, I get it. You're  
playing hard to get.*

*That's not it. I'm being  
completely serious.*

*C-could you tell me how you  
were recruited for this job?*



*Sorry, but I'm not obligated to answer any questions that I don't want to...*

*...But maybe if you'd do me a favour.*

*What kind of favour?*





*Since this is all I have to wear, I'm feeling a bit exposed.*

*I think if you were similarly exposed, I'd be more comfortable.*

I, um-


**BUUMP**

*Oops, uh... You're not allowed to tell anyone what happens here, right?*

*I'm bound to secrecy!*

*...Alright. I'll do as you asked.*





*Th-there, we're even.  
So could you answer  
my question?*

*Hmm, alright.*

*Mr Young noticed how  
cute I was, so he offered  
me the job, and I'm a  
horny girl so I took it.*



*That's it? No drugs,  
no blackmail?*

*You want to know our  
dark secrets? I'll need  
another favour then...*




*The truth is before  
this job I was a man.*

*I used to be a doctor and  
a regular customer, but I...  
Enjoyed my time here a  
little too much.*

*So, I took up a  
permanent position.*



*You gave up your old life  
to be a prostitute? Why  
would you do that?*


An anime-style illustration of two young women. The woman on the left has short, layered brown hair and large, vibrant blue eyes with a small red heart-shaped pupil. She is wearing a light blue, strapless top with a small bow at the back. The woman on the right has long, dark teal hair styled in a high bun with a few strands framing her face. She has large, dark blue eyes and a soft, blushing expression. She is wearing a light yellow, strapless top. The background is a soft, out-of-focus purple and pink gradient.

*You know the deal. One question for one favour... And I could really use a kiss from a pretty girl right now.*

*...If that's what it takes.*



Hhmmmm~



*How about instead  
of telling you why,  
I show you?*

*...That  
could work.*



*Can you imagine doing  
this all day everyday?*

*\*Beepbeep!\*  
Twenty minutes  
remaining.*



Oh... Ah!

Mmm, the sounds you  
make are so cute...

*\*Beepbeep!\**  
Ten minutes  
remaining.

*\*Beepbeep!\*  
One minute  
remaining.*

*Huh-hurry up...  
I gotta go...*

*Nnn-ah...!*






*Please, I'm...! Oh...  
I'm so close, just...*

*Eeep!*






*I have to... Guh!  
Go-ohhh...*

*Hmm? No one's  
stopping you.*

*\*Beepbeep!\* Time  
has expired.*

*Auuuhhh~!*





*No point in  
running now...*

*Damn it, I  
overstayed!*

*Maybe if I hurry,  
no one will notice.*



Eh!? The door's locked!

That's what happens when the timer runs out.

We gotta wait for security to open it.

*In the mean time, you've  
been naughty, so it's time  
for your punishment...*

*W-what does  
that mean!?*





Huh? What's with the gas!?

What!? How long!?

It makes the effects of the gender change drug permanent.

Plus it's a strong and long lasting aphrodisiac.

Well, I'm still feeling its effects.

*Don't bother holding  
your breath.*

*When I got locked in here  
it was an hour before  
anyone came to get me.*

*I'll wait for you  
on the bed.*





Mm...

...Hrmmph!





*GASP!*

*Oh...  
Ohhh!*



*Aww, poor cutie.  
How do you feel?*

*So... Horny...  
H-help, please...*



*I... Ohhh... I need  
to s-sneak out...*

*Th-there's gotta  
be a way to  
change back...*

*Nope, none!*

*Come on, why fight your  
desires... When you could  
satisfy them instead?*

Later...


Oh, sounds like  
the door's open.

Time to get you  
dressed to meet  
the boss.

Haaa...

\*CLACK\*





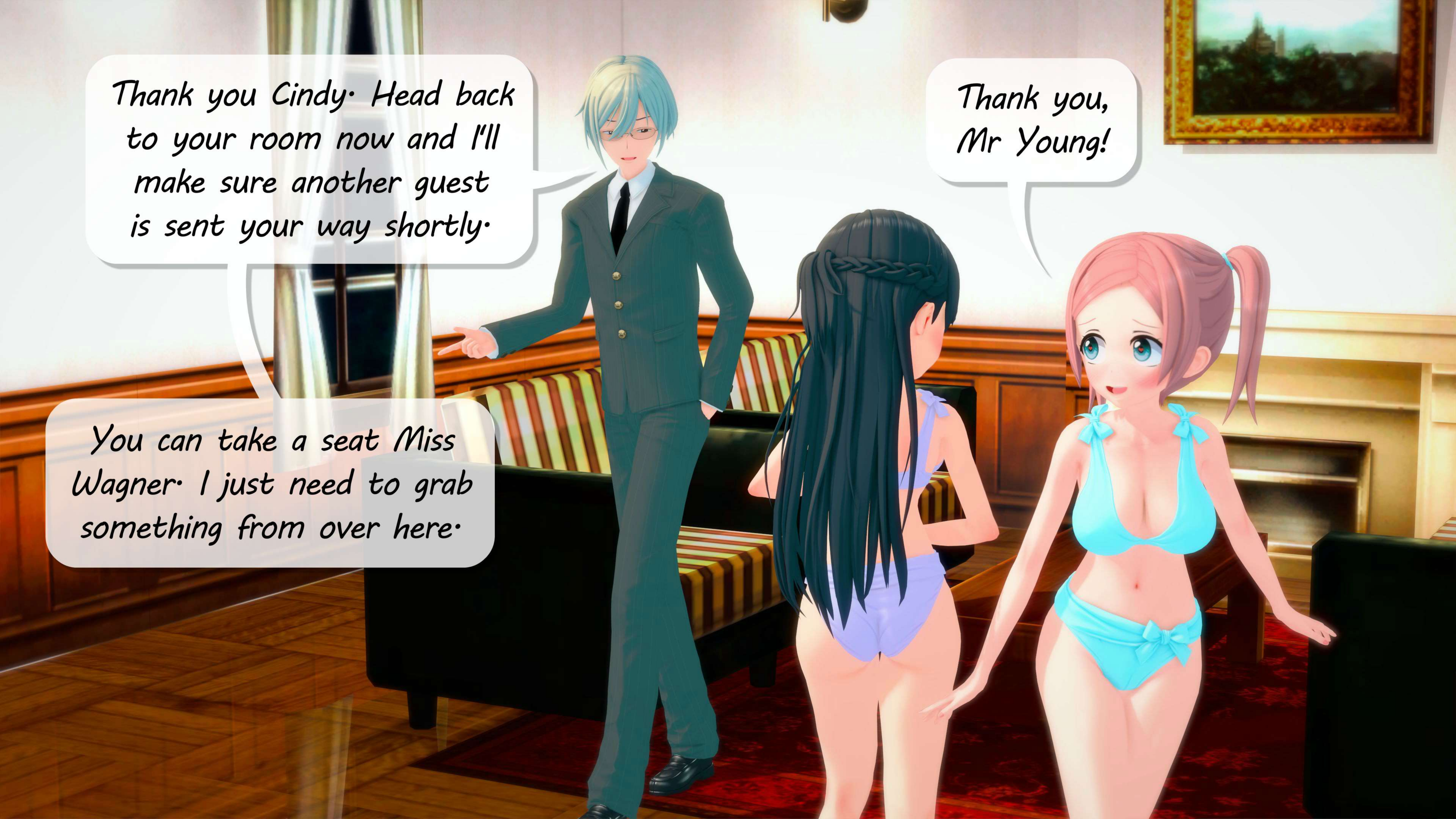
*Hoh, what do we have here?*

*Meet our newest  
nympho, Mr Young!*

*She just couldn't  
staying an extra  
couple seconds!*



*I hope it was  
worth it, eh  
Miss Wagner?*



*Thank you Cindy. Head back to your room now and I'll make sure another guest is sent your way shortly.*

*Thank you, Mr Young!*


*You can take a seat Miss Wagner. I just need to grab something from over here.*



*Y-you set me up,  
didn't you?*

*Hmm? Well, no one forced  
you to break the rules, did  
they? Though Sophie tends to  
have that effect on people...*





Ohhh, I'm s-so horny  
I can hardly think...

You've got to reverse  
this... P-please?

I'm afraid I haven't the  
means, though you'll get  
more used to it over time.

Still, it'll be awhile before  
you can be comfortable  
again without frequent  
sexual stimulation...

*...Naturally, you'll have to leave your current job. You're terribly suited for it like this.*



*Fortunately, I can offer you a replacement career immediately, which will also serve as treatment for your condition.*



*Your position would be the same as the one Sophie has, with identical rights and duties.*

*Sophie, being one of our best and most loyal girls, makes north of \$100,000 annually.*

*I... Could get used to that...*

*Well, that's the pay for  
the top performers...*

*You'd be starting with  
a salary of \$30,000.*

*Guess I don't have  
much of a choice...*

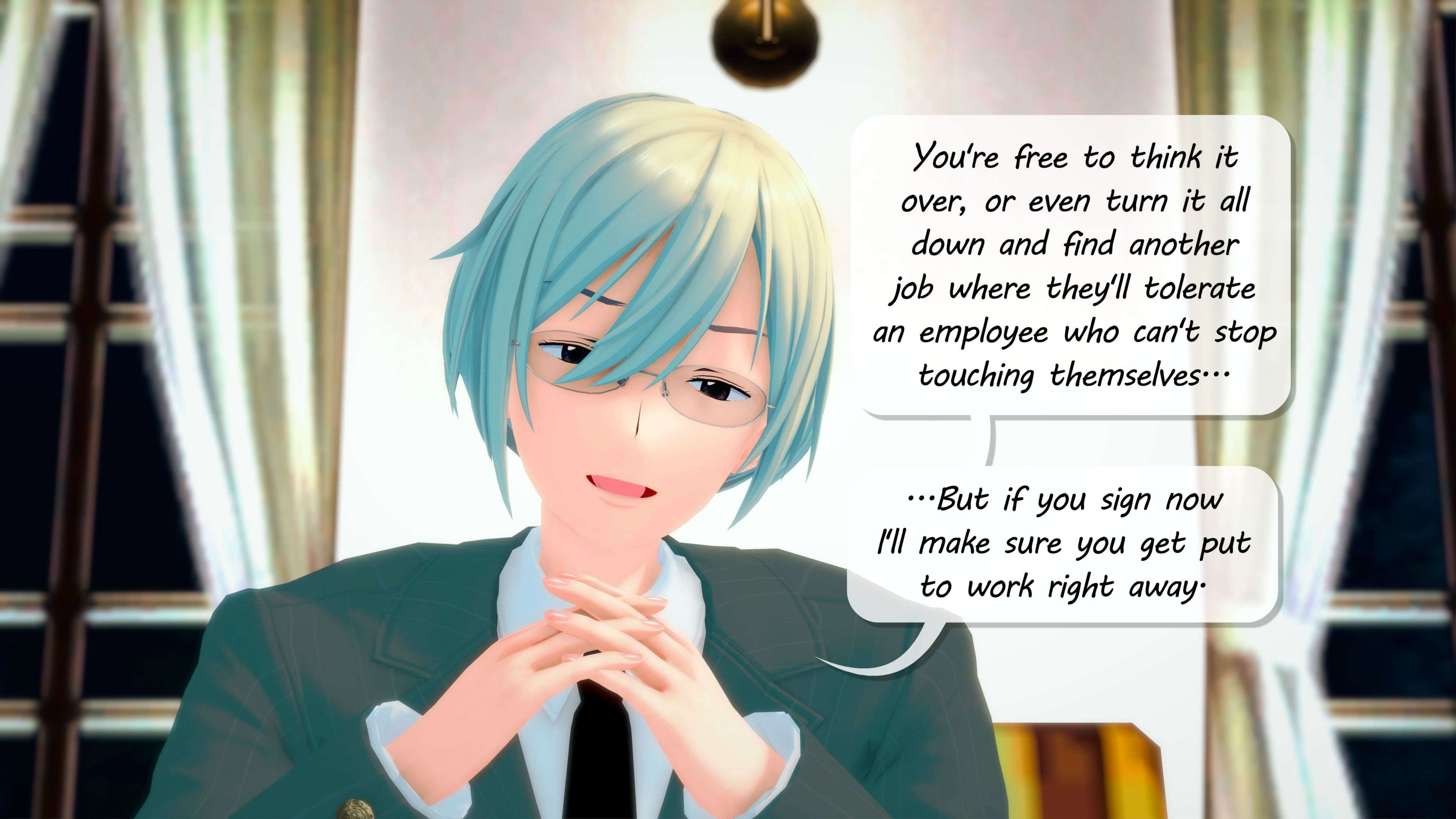




*Actually, you do get a choice.*

*If you sign at the bottom of the second page, you'll forfeit half your salary for the right to live here with most of our other girls, and full access to our facilities in your free time.*

*You'd be able to play with each other to your mutual contentment.*



*You're free to think it over, or even turn it all down and find another job where they'll tolerate an employee who can't stop touching themselves...*

*...But if you sign now I'll make sure you get put to work right away.*



*D-deal! I'll take the whole package!*

*Excellent. Then follow me and I'll show you to your designated room.*

*Ah, and we'll need you to pick our a cute new name for yourself, okay?*

*Y-yes sir!*