

# White Collar Crime: They always say crime don't pay... or does it?

Amanda Hawkins

"Her? Nah, that's the dude that used to do our books. Yeah, that little guy who could never make eye contact. The boss figured he knew too much so we had ta make him disappear."

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"Why's he look like a chick? Well, as of three days ago... he is a chick. We sent him to a clinic down Mexico way that does transgen surgery on the QT. He drew the full house: sweet pair of headlights, feminine face, castration, and his dick remodeled into the best damn twat you ever saw. She's still wearing a dilator under that skirt."

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"Tell me about it. The boss might be running this outfit on a no-kill basis, but he sure don't mess around. She's got a couple of deep implants in her butt that'll keep her topped-up with estro-gen for the next three years."

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"He did have long hair, but it wasn't that long. We had a salon give him permanent extensions, as well as a makeover. A few of the girls got him dressed up proper, like a white collar lady with a fancy-ass job should be."

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"Oh sure, she gets to go right back to her old job. We got a judge to make it all nice and legal. He's a woman now, just like she made it happen herself. The same office, same apartment. He lived alone and didn't have no close buds, so that made it real easy. Lots of these transgen types in the news these days, so what's one more?"

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"No worries. This chiquita won't be tellin' anyone about our operation. That's why she's here. We got her scheduled for multiple sessions of deep hypnotic conditioning. By the time we're finished, she'll think the whole sex change thing was all her idea. Plus she'll forget about what the boss keeps in that second set of red books. Heck, she's even gonna turn out totally straight, in that she'll dig the dudes the way you and I dig the ladies. Is that wicked or what?"

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"I hear ya. I'd give her a whirl myself if I thought I could get away with it. But you know how things are these days. Chicks don't let you get away with squat. They call the cops, they tell the whole effing world. Me, I'm gonna play it straight out from now on. No more rough stuff. Now, take a sec and check her out. That's one classy dame, right? Way out of my league, she is. Yours too, brother."

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"Ya know, I never thought of it that way. If this hypnotic stuff works like hot shit, why'd we bother turnin' him into a girl at all? Man, why you gotta be such a goddamn killjoy? The little dweeb was a waste of space. Now he's a stone cold fox, and you can't have too many of those, right? But no, if it was up to you the guy'd be sitting around in his sweats playin' Donkey Kong all night, every night. Seriously, where's the fun in that?"

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