

Women in Tech

by Pan

Chapter 5

My wife took the entire week off work. I was honestly surprised; as Steph had pointed out, Gaby loved her job beyond all reason. And I knew that she'd do anything to get ahead. Women in Tech need to do anything they can to climb the ladder. I couldn't believe she'd risk taking a full week off.

But of course, Women in Tech need to make time for fun. I could respect that.

I guess I'd assumed that with a week off, I'd get to spend more time with her. But for all the years she'd spent complaining about her sister, I think Gaby really enjoyed having her around. The two of them spent all day together, shopping and catching up, and then they'd come home and sit on the couch to watch movies, talking and laughing.

Meanwhile, I'd started getting a bunch of client requests (I guess good work pays off...I just wish I could translate the sudden career success to programming instead of dog-walking) so I was suddenly slammed with new gigs. Well-paid ones, too, which I needed: after what I'd seen, I'd started to decline my highest-paying job.

The billionaire with the Jack Russell Terrier.

I just couldn't. I tried not to take it personally, but it was...it was too painful.

I wasn't making anywhere near my wife's salary, of course, but I was finally making enough that I felt like I was pulling my weight.

Over the past few week, we hadn't repeated anything like that night on the couch. I won't say I wasn't tempted: there was something about the exhibitionism that...I dunno, it had been hot.

If nothing else, it had helped me better understand why Gaby liked dressing the way she did. The memory of my girlfriend's sister's eyes on me, watching my cock as Gaby's red lips slid down it. Steph's face as I'd unloaded inside her sister's mouth, and Gaby had swallowed it down.

Yeah. There was an undeniable appeal to being watched.

Something told me that neither of the twins would have objected. That held a dark appeal as well – the idea of just ordering my girlfriend to go down on me, while her sister was in the room, and knowing that my command wouldn't be questioned. That Gaby would suck me off even while Steph was there...and that Steph wouldn't mind.

That she'd stare in lust as she watched my cock come into view.

But I didn't. I couldn't.

Whenever I thought about it, I was reminded of what I'd seen.

My girlfriend, on her knees in front of another man. Giving him head. Letting him cum inside her.

Cheating on me. And not even because she was dissatisfied, or out of lust (though she'd definitely seemed to be enjoying it). For *money*.

I tried not to take it personally.

Whenever we could, Steph and I exchanged thoughts. Like me, she was having a lot of trouble pinpointing what exactly was happening. She was also aware of the changes in her sister's wardrobe, but we'd discussed it again the previous night, and she'd admitted that it all made sense.

Women in Tech need to look their best. They should show off their bodies. They love to be watched.

They're here to please.

Every time Steph and I discussed these things, she sounded more and more sure. It was almost a relief; if she shared my convictions, it made me feel less crazy.

She said she had a theory, but for some reason wouldn't tell me what it was. "It won't make sense to you," she said thoughtfully, chewing on a pen and staring at the rows of neatly-written notes she'd made.

Women in Tech should be respectful.

Women in Tech are here to please.

Women in Tech need to be competitive.

Women in Tech should be respectful.

Women in Tech are here to serve.

"Why not?" I asked, wondering if I should be worried. I obviously didn't know Steph that well, but even from our limited time together it felt like she was acting strangely.

She shrugged. "Because it'll sound crazy," she said simply. "And because...well, I think that..."

I waited for her to finish, but instead she just trailed off, throwing me a strange look. At times like that I fully understood why her sister found her so infuriating.

Still, I'd rather have an ally than not.

Every day, I'd ask the same question, desperate for even a hint as to what was happening. As to what we could do to save Steph. To save my relationship. "Anything else unusual?"

For the most part, their days were pretty...I dunno, stereotypical. Gaby had never really been a girly girl, but having her sister there (and going dress shopping) had really brought out that side in her. Apparently the twins spent the day going to the gym, to hair salons, to the mall. They went for manicures together, they walked around in cute outfits, and – of course – they went dress-shopping.

For the Christmas party.

But every day, Steph would have a small update. Something her sister had mentioned, something that had struck her as abnormal.

"Women in Tech have expensive tastes," was the first one. It was one of those things that Gaby would've strenuously denied back in Texas...but as soon as Steph mentioned it, I was forced to agree.

"Women in Tech have expensive tastes," I repeated, the two of us nodding at the absolute truth of the words. I mean, just living in Silicon Valley means that you're paying through the nose for something as basic as a burger. We were surrounded by wealthy tech moguls; it made sense that living here, you'd start to develop a penchant for the premium items of the world. Women in Tech have expensive tastes.

After Steph mentioned that, I went and looked at the receipts for what the two of them had bought that day. Even knowing that we were paying California prices for clothes, even though there were two of them, even though I know Women in Tech have expensive tastes...I have to admit I was surprised. They'd bought three dresses apiece, and they'd had come to more than I'd made from dogwalking in the last week.

Each.

I was suddenly very glad that I was starting to make better money; Women in Tech have expensive tastes.

The next morning, before the girls went shopping (again) and I went to a new client's, I brought up the cost of the outfits. Gaby looked at me...well, slightly scornfully, if I'm being honest, like I was a peasant who'd deigned to talk to a queen.

"They're much nicer than anything in Texas," she said. I began to protest, but she cut me off before I could.

"Women in Tech know the value of money."

"Women in Tech know the value of money," I replied, staring into my girlfriend's eyes. I couldn't help but blush; she was right, of course. I had to admit that Gaby knew better than me

about this kind of thing. She made more than a month than my father made in a year. Women in Tech have expensive tastes, but it's not like she was frittering it away on nothing.

She knew the value of money.

That night, Steph shared another nugget of wisdom her sister had told her. "Women in Tech are attracted to wealthy men."

My heart sank as she said it. I immediately recognized the undeniably truth of the words – I mean, it wasn't like that was even unique to programmers. Wealthy men always had their pick of women, it was natural. They'd proven themselves to be successful; that made them attractive.

And if you were a Women in Tech, if you knew exactly what they'd done to make that money, to separate yourself from all the wannabes...well, it made total sense that you'd be attracted to them.

I sat down on the couch. "Women in Tech are attracted to wealthy men," I said, my voice flat. When I'd seen Gaby and the billionaire...when I'd seen how much fun she was having...

I dunno, part of me had just assumed it was for work. Women in Tech need to satisfy their clients. Women in Tech love to make men hard.

Women in Tech love to get men off.

But part of me, some small part, had talked myself out of thinking that she was really *attracted* to him. What a fool I'd been; of course she was attracted to him.

Women in Tech are attracted to wealthy men.

I had tried so hard not to take it personally. I had tried so hard.

But I was a dog-walker. A dog-walker, in a city of people who could have afforded to pay George Clooney to walk their dogs.

I was a dog-walker in a city of billionaires. And Women in Tech are attracted to wealthy men.

Steph sat beside me on the couch, her hand on mine. I knew she was trying to comfort me, but I couldn't bring myself to feel comforted.

"We're going to fix this," Steph said. "We're going to get Gaby back."

I shook my head. "It isn't Gaby's fault," I said with a sigh. "Women in Tech are attracted to wealthy men. That's just a fact. It's just...something I never wanted to notice."

There was a long pause, before Steph sighed. "I'll see if she lets anything slip tomorrow."

The next day the girls went to a day-spa. When they came back, they were both glowing.

“Women in Tech deserve to pamper themselves,” Gaby explained as they walked through the door. I nodded, not even questioning it for a second. It was a hard job, they needed to relax. I made conversation with the two girls before getting the name of the spa and quickly looking it up on my phone.

When I saw the prices on the website, I froze, just staring at the ridiculous amounts of money they were spending.

Women in Tech deserve to pamper themselves, I reminded myself. Women in Tech know the value of money.

But even as I tried to process how much my wife had just spent on a day-spa, the same thought kept coming back to the fore. *Women in Tech are attracted to wealthy men.*

Gaby deserved to pamper herself. But I couldn't help but wonder...did she also deserve a man who would foot the bill?

Did she deserve a man better than me?

No. No, I couldn't go down that train of thought. I loved Gaby and she loved me. We deserved each other.

We loved each other.

“Anything new today?” I asked Steph, then gulped at the look she gave me. “How bad is this going to be?”

“Do you know what ‘reddit’ is?” she asked, and – despite the seriousness of the situation – it was all I could do to hold back a smile.

“The website, right?” I asked, trying not to sound patronizing. She wasn't much of an internet person, not like me and Gaby.

“Yeah,” she said, pulling out her phone.

When she showed it to me, I couldn't believe what I was seeing. The nude photos of my girlfriend, the ones that her scumbag ex had posted online. The ones that she'd worked so hard to scrub from the internet, only to have them reappear when she started at Vision.

The ones her workmates had posted all around the office, the cause of her joining Women in Tech in the first place.

Apparently reddit had discovered them. Somehow (and I had a pretty good idea how) they'd worked out my wife's name. Not a pseudonym, not a screen name...my wife's actual, full, legal name.

She had a subreddit. And even though there had only been a dozen pictures, the subreddit had

tens of thousands of members.

“What the fuck,” I said, staring at Steph in horror. “How did you find out about these??”

Steph avoided eye contact as she answered.

“Gaby showed me.”

I almost dropped her phone in shock. “What?”

“Gaby showed me,” Steph repeated, her eyes darting to mine for a split second.

“She *knows* about it?”

“She doesn’t just know about it. She’s an admin.”

“A moderator,” I corrected, before I could stop myself. I looked back down at the phone – Steph was just accessing reddit through the browser (much less easy to navigate than Apollo, or even the official app), so it took me a minute to find the list of moderators.

Yup. Sure enough, there she was. My wife was one of the sub’s moderators.

My wife was the moderator of a subreddit dedicated to her old leaked photos.

Except...no. As I returned to the sub’s main page, I realized that I’d been looking at it sorted by “top”. Sorted by new, there were...there were regular updates.

A regular stream of photos, posted mostly by Gaby herself.

I scrolled down, unable to believe what I was looking at. My girlfriend, my girlfriend who had never sent me so much as a slutty text, was posting erotic photos of herself for strangers online. On what looked like a daily basis.

I looked up at Steph in shock. Her eyes were wide.

“What the hell is happening here?” I asked, and she took a moment to answer.

“She explained it to me,” she said, and I could tell that she was holding something back. “And... look, it made sense.”

“How?” I exploded. Gaby was in the next room, having a shower – she could have heard me and discovered the conspiracy I shared with her sister, but in that moment I didn’t care. “How could it *possibly* make sense? You know your sister, in what possible universe could this possibly make even a lick of sense?”

Steph was looking nervous now, like I was scaring her. Or like she was scared of something else. But she stayed calm and held firm, despite her obvious discomfort, despite the fear in her eyes.

“You’re telling me,” she said slowly, “that there’s no explanation that I could give that would

make this make sense to you.”

“Of course not!”

“That this is so out of character for my sister—”

“Yes!” I interrupted, before she could even finish her point. She paused expectantly, and I started listing reasons on my finger. “Firstly, she’s not taken a photo like this since Brian” – her ex – “leaked the last batch. Secondly, if she *did* start taking pictures like this, I’m pretty sure she’d show them to me first! Thirdly, you know Gaby – she’s just...she’s not the type to show off like this. I know that Women in Tech should show off their bodies, but she hates being seen as anything other than a programmer. As a person!”

I hadn’t looked at my girlfriend’s reddit profile in year, even though it was (like all reddit profiles) public. She just barely used it; occasionally she’d poke her head into a discussion about the *Culture* novels or the *Discworld* series, or ask/answer a question about Python (both the code and the comedy group, actually). But her username wasn’t explicitly gendered, and she never did anything to give away the fact that she was that most rare of things: a woman on the internet.

So to post...to post photos like the ones on Steph’s device in my hand – Gaby in a wet t-shirt, or bending over to show off her cleavage, or draped across what I recognized as our bed, wearing red lingerie – that was inconceivable.

And yet, here they were.

“Fourthly,” I added, “why would she tell you before me?”

“She wanted to post a photo of the two of us,” Steph replied, answering only my final point. “She wanted permission before she did.”

“What??”

I clicked through to “New” and scrolled down, but the most recent photo posted was from two days ago – Gaby at the mall, holding the bags of dresses. The rest of the posts were text posts theorizing about what my girlfriend was like in bed, or asking for more pictures, or wondering when she was going to start an OnlyFans.

“I said no,” Steph added, and I gripped her phone so hard that I worried I was going to break it.

“So what’s this explanation,” I said with a groan. My head was spinning, and I felt dizzy. “What on earth did she say to you that made the whole thing make sense?”

Steph paused briefly before responding, staring into my eyes as she did.

“Women in Tech deserve attention,” she said slowly. “Women in Tech need to self-promote online. Women in Tech need to maintain an active social media following. And Women in Tech...should make themselves available.”

I'd thought the room was spinning before Steph spoke, but with each sentence it felt like it sped up. Her words hit my brain like bolts from a crossbow, and if I hadn't been sitting down, I swear I would've fallen over.

The two of us sat there in silence for several minutes as I processed what she'd said.

Women in Tech deserve attention. Well, that was self-evident. If you're a Woman in Tech, you're going against the grain. You're going to stand out no matter what you do, just by picking such a male-dominated occupation.

Of course they deserved attention. And, if I was being honest, Gaby more than most. She was incredible, one of the sharpest brains I'd ever encountered. And that was before you even got to her perfect body.

Yeah. If anyone deserved attention, it was her.

And being in such a minority, they need to do whatever they can to get ahead. Women in Tech should use every asset they have available. Women in Tech need to be competitive, and they need all the promotion they can get.

Women in Tech need to self-promote online. Of course they do, it would be ridiculous not to.

I glanced down at the phone in my hand again. Aside from the initial nudes taken by my girlfriend's ex, none of these new photos were actually *pornographic*. Yes, they showed off Gaby's body, but...well, with a body like hers, it was hard not to.

Gaby hadn't started this. When the photos had leaked, what was she meant to do? Whoever leaked them was just going to leak them again; there was no point in trying to swim up a waterfall.

Instead, she'd taken the most sensible path – she'd utilized this existing fanbase to self-promote. She'd turned it into an opportunity. Yeah, her photos were a little provocative...but that's what the audience wanted. She could have let this chance for promotion slip away, or she could have stoked it, kept herself in the public eye a little.

After all, the men who run big tech companies use reddit. And Women in Tech need to self-promote online.

I was breathing more steadily, and the room had stopped spinning when I turned my attention to the next thing Steph had said – *Women in Tech need to maintain an active social media following*. Before I could even begin to reflect on the incontrovertible truth of that, my girlfriend's sister interrupted my thought process with a question.

“So...you're okay with it?”

“Of course,” I answered immediately, briefly confused why she'd even ask. Of course Women in Tech needed to self-promote online. Of course Gaby deserved attention.

Of course she needed to maintain an active social media following.

The look on Steph's face made me remember how I'd felt a few moments ago, and I couldn't help but blush. "I totally overreacted," I said, my cheeks burning. "I'm sorry, I...I wasn't being reasonable."

"And now you are?"

I nodded. "Women in Tech deserve attention."

"Women in Tech deserve attention," she nodded in response, before glancing down at her notes. I hadn't even seen her pull her notepad out.

I handed her phone back and apologized again, but she waved me off. "It's not your fault," she muttered, but before I could work out what she meant by that, she'd left for bed.

I was about to do the same when a thought struck me.

Women in Tech need to maintain an active social media following.

Reddit is technically social media, of course, but no one thinks of it that way. Social media generally means Facebook, Twitter, Instagram...

Gaby didn't have any of them. Neither did I. You work in tech, you...see how the sausage is made, I guess. No part of me had any interest in going near those apps. Negative interest, in fact.

Gaby didn't have any of those. But...Women in Tech need to maintain an active social media following. And so I pulled out my phone and typed her name into the Instagram search bar.

I wasn't surprised by what came up, not really. Her account shared a lot of posts with the subreddit, but where those had been titled to catch the eyes of horny reddit users, her posts on Instagram felt more...personal. The picture of her at the mall was captioned "Day of shopping with my twin sister #loveyouis #sisters #twins #family," and then a dozen tags specific to the mall she'd gone to and the stores they'd visited.

Scrolling down, I found a photo of her in a wet t-shirt – Instagram's content restrictions must have been stricter than reddit, because she'd added an emoji over each of her nipples (which had been clearly visible through the soaked shirt on reddit). "just another day at Vision ;) #worklife #lovemyjob #womenintech #womensupportingwomen #womeninbusiness."

Despite the fact that she'd only been uploading for a month or two, she had over 25k followers. I couldn't help but be impressed.

Women in Tech need all the promotion they can get.

Women in Tech deserve attention.

Gaby was only following a handful of accounts – Vision's profile looked exactly like every other

tech company's social media profile: photos of people using their products and smiling at the camera, announcements of success stories, media pictures. She was also following Flynn Pastor – his account was private, so I couldn't see what he posted – and the official Women in Tech account.

It had only a fraction of the followers that my girlfriend did – less than a thousand, despite updating more regularly. As I scrolled through the timeline, I could see why: the account exclusively posted pictures of text. It was an odd mix – about half of it was stuff that was obviously true (like “Women in Tech should be team players”, “Women in Tech should save their energy for serious issues”, or “Women in Tech love to swallow cum”), while the rest was really outlandish stuff.

“Women in Tech should always wear heels.”

“Women in Tech should be used for sex.”

“Women in Tech should be owned by men.”

It was so gross, and so...strange? I tucked it away as something to bring up with Steph the next day.

In turn, the Women in Tech account was following a number of popular Instagram...stars? Instagrammers? Instagramaphones? People on Instagram with a lot of followers, anyway.

Gaby, for one. And then a lot of women who looked like her.

Well, no, they didn't look *like* her. My girlfriend is one-of-a-kind. I spent an hour poking through the various accounts that Women in Tech followed, and it took me a while to work out what they had in common. Some of them were short, some were tall, and the women (they were all women, of course) had a number of ethnicities – mostly white and Asian, just like the tech industry itself, but not exclusively so.

They were all, like Gaby, using the social media cleverly. Provocative photos, pictures of them in bikinis, tight clothing, revealing clothes, lingerie...like Gaby, never anything pornographic, but clearly the kind of stuff that would attract attention.

Women in Tech deserve attention.

No, the thing they all had in common? They were gorgeous. Each and every one of them, completely stunning. None were as busty as Gaby (very few women are) but they were all... well, sexy.

That was the commonality. All the women that Women in Tech followed on Instagram were sexy.

I've been a programmer for a while, and I can tell you – Gaby (and these women) were the exception, not the rule. Most programmers are shy, retiring types. But Women in Tech had

somehow found all the sexiest, hottest programmers and followed them.

As I kept looking through the various accounts (which, trust me, did *not* feel like a chore), I realized that I recognized one of them – Vanessa Zhang. A few months ago she'd married Nathan Moxley, one of the three founders of CAIender, that AI-driven calendar app Google bought for several billion dollars.

Like the rest of the women, she was gorgeous – she had the smile of a model, and was wearing a bikini in at least half of her pictures. I scrolled down until I found her wedding photos – her and Nathan, happily getting married at the beach, surrounded by friends and family.

My phone reminded me that I was meant to be in bed several hours ago, and I was about to close it down when a thought struck me.

Women in Tech should make themselves available.

It was true, of course. In order to get ahead, in order to satisfy their clients and climb the ladder, Women in Tech needed to make themselves available for whatever was needed. And Gaby may have her faults, but that wasn't one of them.

Aside from the impromptu blowjob in front of Steph the other day, we hadn't had sex in a while...but that wasn't because she wasn't available to me. That was because...well, I tried not to take it personally.

But I couldn't wonder how else my girlfriend made herself available.

As I'd been clicking through the various beauties followed by the Women in Tech account, I'd realized that Instagram lets you link to a single site from your profile. Some of them (like Vanessa Zhang) hadn't had a URL, and I hadn't clicked on the others...but overcome with curiosity, I returned to my girlfriend's profile.

Sure enough, she had a link. vis.ion/gaby – a structure I immediately recognized from my own Vision dog-walking account (I was vis.ion/dogcoder; my attempt to promote my real vocation had yielded zero results so far).

I clicked through, but it was a restricted link – "premium members only". If it hadn't been so late, I would've tried to access google cache or see how much a premium membership to Vision was (I hadn't even realized that was a feature), but I decided to call it a night instead.

Despite my late night, I was up before either of the girls the next morning. My brain had been buzzing all night – I felt like I was finally making progress, that we'd found some breadcrumbs that would lead us to the cause of all this.

Due to her continuing jetlag, Steph was awake when I knocked on her door. She was wearing a pink tank top and matching panties, which I very carefully did *not* look at, and her hair was still loose, curling around her shoulders.

"You look happy," she said dryly, but when I finished showing her what I'd found the previous

night, her grin mirrored mine.

“This is it!” she said, waving my phone triumphantly. Despite the way this made her generous chest move, I firmly kept my attention on my phone – not least of all because I wasn’t sure how strong her grip was. “This is the missing piece!”

“What is?”

“This insta,” she said, scrolling down the Women in Tech feed. A few of the platitudes jumped out at me – “*Women in Tech are perfect trophy wives.*” “*Women in Tech never wear pants.*” “*Women in Tech need to belong to a man.*”

“Why?” I said, and her eyes flashed at me – they were brown, just like her twin’s.

“This is how they’ve been doing it,” she gushed. “They just...they just posted it all online! It’s all here.”

I held up one hand. “Maybe it’s because I only got a few hours sleep, but I’m not following. What’s all here?”

“This!” she said, pulling up an image at random – *Women in Tech appreciate pet names.*

“Women in Tech *do* appreciate pet names,” I said. “That’s just true.”

“Women in Tech appreciate pet names,” she agreed, before rolling her eyes in frustration. Not for the first time I was surprised by how similar she and Gaby were.

“That’s not the...–”

The door opened, and we both froze. Gaby’s head poked in, a confused look on her face.

“What are you two doing in here?”

She actually slept in less clothing than her sister did; my girlfriend was wearing a pair of pajama shorts (blue, in contrast to her sister) and nothing else. Her huge tits swayed as she came into the room, not shy at all about her state of undress.

My girlfriend loved to show off her body. She deserved attention.

Women in Tech need to look their best. And it was hard to deny that “topless” was a pretty damn good look for my girlfriend.

“We’re, um...” I stammered, but Steph cut me off.

“Gaby, we found the Women in Tech Instagram account.”

“Oh, isn’t it great?” she beamed. She rose up slightly on her feet in excitement, causing her tits to bounce – a sight that I’ll never grow tired of. “I’ve been following it for a while.”

“Great??” I grabbed the phone back from Steph. “‘Women in Tech should be owned by men.’ – does that sound great to you?”

My girlfriend’s brow furrowed and she leaned over my shoulder. “No, okay, that doesn’t sound right. Are you sure this is the real account?”

“You’re following it!”

“I just searched Women in Tech,” she shrugged. “I didn’t, like, get it off the website.”

I looked back down at my phone. It didn’t have a verified checkmark or anything like that; maybe it *was* a fake account. A huge organization like Women in Tech; even if they were up to something, surely they wouldn’t post stuff like this.

“C’mon, Gaby,” Steph urged. “You’ve got to admit that there’s something going on here. Look at this crap.”

She took the phone out of my hand and pulled up another random post.

“Women in Tech should wear high heels,” Gaby said, and I blinked twice. A few seconds ago I’d thought for sure that was one of the posts that I’d earmarked as misogynistic and sexist, but...as soon as my girlfriend had said it, I realized that one was true.

Women and men have different dress codes, after all. And while the idea of professional wear for men was t-shirts that read “I <3 code”, I knew that smart, professional women always wore heels.

“Women in Tech should wear high heels,” Steph repeated.

“Women in Tech should wear high heels,” I echoed, suddenly realizing that I hadn’t seen Gaby out of heels in...god, I didn’t even know how long.

I shook my head. “Okay, well *that* one’s true, but...

“Guys,” my girlfriend said with a laugh. “Can we talk about this another day? Steph and I have to get ready!”

“For what?” I asked, but as soon as the words left my lips, I knew the answer.

”Tonight’s the Christmas party!”

“I really think we should...–”

“Women in Tech need to be the life of the party,” Gaby said quietly, staring me in the eyes, and I nodded.

She was right, of course.

My jaw literally dropped when I saw the two women standing in front of me.

I say two – if you’d told me it was a trick with mirrors, and that there was only one person standing there, I would’ve believed you.

Steph had been right. They looked *identical*.

And the outfit they were each wearing was unlike anything I’d ever seen.

It was blue.

And it was short.

Much shorter than anything I’d seen my girlfriend in before. Shorter than almost anything I’d seen any woman in, in fact. It barely covered her butt. Their butts. If I’d dropped to my knees (and believe me, the view made me want to do that) I swear I would’ve been able to see the entire bottom half of each ass.

The material was sheer, showing off every curve of the twin bodies. The top was simply a pair of strategically placed straps, crossing the chest, ensuring the top *and* bottom of their ample bosoms was on display, and the material was so thin that if I stared closely enough, I could almost make out the outline of their nipples.

I knew that I wouldn’t be the only one staring that night.

Women in Tech need to be the life of the party.

Both girls were wearing black boots that went up to their knees, leaving the tops of their thighs bare. It was, frankly, the hottest sight I’d ever seen. As soon as I walked into the room, I could feel my cock beginning to swell.

I’m a faithful man. I love Gaby, I truly do. I’ve never so much as looked at another woman since we started dating. Why would I, when I was dating perfection itself?

So I felt strangely guilty as I looked back and forth between the two women. I only wanted to be turned on by my girlfriend, by my Gaby.

But – through no fault of my own – at least half of my arousal had been caused by her sister.

“G-Gaby?” I asked, stepping towards the woman closest to the door. The two girls shook their heads, and I turned to the other woman. She smiled a wicked smile, and in an instant I could tell it was her. It was uncanny, like finding a familiar landmark while lost.

I couldn’t tell my girlfriend’s body from her sister’s, but at least I recognized her smile.

“Hey honey,” I said, and she shivered with arousal. Women in Tech love pet names.

Another clue.

“You ready to do this?”

Both women nodded, and each took one of my arms. I shot Steph a comforting look; she bit her lip nervously in response.

“Let’s go,” I said, and walked the two gorgeous, near-identical women to the car.

The drive was uncharacteristically quiet. For all her complaints about her sister, Gaby sure did love gabbing (no pun intended) with her. Whenever the two girls were together, they didn’t shut up.

But tonight, neither of them had anything to say.

I knew why Steph, sitting alone in the back, was silent – we’d found a few minutes to discuss the plan for tonight; she was going to be taking some risks, trying to get into areas she wasn’t meant to. Find documents she wasn’t trying to find.

And my own silence wasn’t a mystery to me: tonight, for the first time, I was going to meet some of Gaby’s workmates. The men she spent all day with.

The men who had almost bullied her out of Silicon Valley when we’d first moved here.

But I was curious why my girlfriend was being quieter than normal. When we pulled up to the lights, I turned to her; there was a gentle smile on her face.

“You okay, babe?” I asked, and she shivered in pleasure at the term of endearment.

“Uh huh,” she said. “Just excited for tonight.”

She reached out, moving her hand to my leg. I gave her a soft smile, and turned my attention back to the road.

Well, I tried to.

“Women in Tech like to be touched,” my girlfriend reminded me, and my eyes widened.

“Gaby…” I said warningly, but in response she just reached up to grab one of my hands from the wheel, moving it to her mostly-exposed thigh.

I couldn’t blame her. Aside from our little show the other night, I’d barely touched her in weeks. Even when we shared the same bed at night, I was curled up in the corner. I could have pressed my body against her, but I didn’t. I couldn’t bring myself to.

But I knew how much she liked to be touched. Women in Tech like to be touched.

“Women in Tech like to be touched,” Steph said from the back seat. I glanced at the rear view

mirror; her eyes were on her sister's thigh.

On my hand on her sister's thigh.

"Women in Tech like to be touched," Gaby said again, pushing my hand higher. I hadn't even noticed myself getting hard at the feel of my girlfriend's soft skin. Her thigh felt like satin under my fingers.

"Women in Tech like to be touched," Steph said, and I thought I heard a hint of longing in her voice. I don't know why; she's not a woman in tech.

My hand was high enough that I could feel the heat of Gaby's pussy. My fingers brushed against her panties, and I felt her shudder with pleasure.

"Women in Tech like to be touched," she repeated softly.

"Women in Tech like to be touched," I finally echoed, and Gaby didn't respond. Just smiled and closed her eyes. And forced my hand higher.

I felt a thrill run through my body as the tips of my fingers found her wetness. My eyes were on the road, but my attention was between Gaby's legs as I explored her, quickly finding her clit, and gently rubbing it. She moaned, and leaned over towards me, her breasts pressing against my arm.

"Women in Tech like to be touched," Steph said softly, leaning closer to watch what I was doing. Just like the other night, there was an electricity to being watched. And not just by anyone: Steph was Gaby's identical twin sister, dressed to match her exactly.

It was like I was touching Gaby while also being watched by her. Except I knew it wasn't, I knew it was Steph. It added a new level of intimacy to the act; the sound of Steph's breathing in the back seat only heightened the sensation.

I pushed my finger into Gaby's slick hole, causing her to gasp. I kept touching her, pulling away as I circled around her clit, feeling her body responding beneath my touch. We were only a few minutes away from the Vision building where the Christmas party was being held, but I knew Gaby was close.

I couldn't even remember the last time I'd made her cum. How sad was that? She was the love of my life, the hottest woman I'd ever met (although her sister certainly gave her a run for her money), the best sex I'd experienced...and I didn't even know when I'd last gotten her off.

Of course, I wasn't the only one making her cum any more.

If I hadn't been driving, I would have closed my eyes and tried not to take it personally.

"Women in Tech like to be touched," Steph whispered in the back, and I nodded. This wasn't about me. This wasn't about our relationship.

This wasn't about Gaby's cheating.

This was about my girlfriend's need to be touched.

"I'm going to cum," Gaby moaned, writhing on our SUV's black seat. "I'm going to...cum...oh god," she screamed, and I felt her pussy clamp down on my finger.

With a groan of my own, I pulled my fingers free and shifted gears. Gaby was shaking, whimpering softly in the aftershocks of her orgasm as I drove us towards the building.

"Women in Tech like to be touched," Steph said wistfully.

"Women in Tech like to be touched," I repeated, smiling at her in the mirror.

I honestly don't know what I'd expected from the party. Or from Gaby's workplace, for that matter.

Well...okay, this is going to sound dumb, but part of me had expected it to be all men.

Like, I knew there were almost three hundred employees. And Gaby had told me they had wet t-shirt competitions and stuff like that – so I *knew* there were other women there.

But whenever I visualized Gaby's workplace – and yes, I know that this was mostly fueled by jealousy, I *know* that – my girlfriend was the center of attention, and everyone else was a dweeby looking man lusting after her.

No, actually, if I'm being honest...in my imagination, everyone else was a perfect specimen of manliness lusting after her. Yeah. I've worked in tech; I know what the reality looks like...but in my mind, all the men at this start-up were somewhere between Chuck Norris, male models, and professional athletes.

Well, the good news was that my imagination had been inaccurate. The men of Vision were... maybe "dweebs" isn't fair, but they were programmers. With the range of body-types that evokes. Maybe some of them lifted a few weights, occasionally, but there's a reason "programmer" isn't one of the personas that male strippers portray.

And there were other women there, too. Some of them were even pretty attractive, at least by programmer standards.

But none of them – *none* of them – compared to my girlfriend.

Or her sister.

As soon as the two women entered, they had the attention of the entire party. Men and women both. And I can tell you, it *immediately* became obvious to me which one was Gaby and which one was Steph.

Gaby was the one who lit up at the attention. Gaby was the one who strutted around, practically glowing at the way everyone was looking at her. Lusting after her.

I mean, it made total sense. Women in Tech love to dress up.

Women in Tech love to make men hard.

Women in Tech need to be the life of the party.

I was burning with jealousy as I stood in the corner, sipping on punch, watching my girlfriend soak up the attention of the entire office. Watching as she got compliments from everyone she worked with (and presumably people she doesn't).

And...knowing what I knew about Gaby's workplace, I should've seen it coming...watching as some of her workmates got a little handsy.

It started subtle. A touch on the arm. A firm pat on the butt. The kind of thing that Gaby would've sued over, back in El Paso. But here, I knew that it was just part of the job.

Women in Tech like to be touched.

Women in Tech are here to please.

And Women in Tech need to do whatever they can to climb the ladder.

Steph, god bless her, had immediately taken the opportunity to disappear. To investigate. When we'd been making the plan, I'd suggested I go with her, but she'd shot the idea down. "Two people are going to attract more attention than one," she'd told me. And at least she looked like an employee.

I mean, literally. She looked like Gaby, who was an employee. It was a perfect disguise.

So my role was lookout. Except in this case, "lookout" just meant watching my girlfriend. Watching as she was caressed by her workmates.

Women in Tech love to be watched.

And then, as the night went on, and more drinks were consumed, more than caressed. Groped. No, groped is an understatement: Gaby was handed around like piece of meat.

Women in Tech love to be touched.

Women in Tech are here to serve.

Women in Tech need to be team players.

It's funny, I never saw her go near the punch, but the way she was acting...she *must* have been drunk. There was no way Gaby would let an entire room full of men touch her the way she did

otherwise.

Women in Tech like to make men hard. Women in Tech like to get men off.

Meanwhile, I didn't say anything about it. I *couldn't* say anything about it. If I did, I risked the whole operation. You see, as long as I was standing there and not objecting, it was entirely believable that it was *Steph* being used by the roomful of men. Which meant that if the real Steph got caught, we had plausible deniability.

But if I kicked up a fuss, if I did anything other than watch as my girlfriend's colleagues explored her entire body with their hands, then I'd draw attention. I'd make people wonder where Steph was.

And if they went looking, and caught her digging up evidence that could save Gaby, finding key information that could uncover the entire conspiracy...well, then our plan was dead. And I'd have no chance of rescuing her.

Sometimes being a hero isn't punching the villain or storming the castle. Sometimes being a hero is standing there, watching as a room of horny programmers fondle the love of your life. As their hands groped her ass, pawed at her tits, stroked her bare stomach.

So I watched. I drank the punch. I pretended not to be jealous. And I did nothing as my girlfriend made her way from man to man, from group to group.

There was no entertainment at the party. With Gaby there, who needed it?

You drink enough punch, the room starts swaying. But no matter how much I drank, it wasn't enough to stop me from being aware of what Gaby was doing. It was like I wasn't even there, the way she was behaving.

Was this how she behaved every day at work? No. No, it couldn't be.

If it was, there was no way they'd ever get anything done.

But the way they were treating her, the casual way they were touching Gaby, the way that she was responding...it certainly didn't look like the first time any of them had done it.

As the evening went on, things escalated. My girlfriend went from friendly to flirty to practically fucking her co-workers. I watched, stomach churning with disgust and jealousy as went from kissing the men on the cheek to kissing them on the mouth. Full, open-mouthed kisses with anyone who wanted one.

As you can imagine, a lot of men wanted one.

Not just the men, either. If she ran into another woman during her rotation, Gaby would kiss them too. Their hands would explore each other's bodies while the men watched, hollering and hooting, as the women made out for their entertainment.

If her sister had been there, I realized, Gaby would've kissed her too. Gaby would've made out with her own twin (who, I'll remind you, she could barely stand) just to titillate her co-workers.

Women in Tech need to keep the people they work with happy.

Women in Tech should use every asset they have available.

Soon, the making out wasn't just reserved for the other women. I watched in a drunken silence as Gaby made out with the men she worked with, as their hands roamed her body, hungrily grabbing at her tits, her ass, pulling her into their bodies, letting her grind on their erections.

If I hadn't been there, would she have gone even further? If I hadn't been watching, how long would it have taken for my girlfriend to start jerking them off, blowing them?

Fucking them, like she had the billionaire with the Jack Russell Terrier?

I tried not to take it personally.

Women in Tech need to satisfy their clients.

Women in Tech like to get men off.

Women in Tech need to be the life of the party.

If I hadn't been there, would Gaby have returned from the party covered in cum? Covered with the cum of a dozen co-workers? A hundred?

Would my girlfriend have returned from the party with her fellow programmers' seed dripping out of every hole?

I wouldn't have been surprised if you'd told me a black cloud appeared above my head as I watched her get passed around. At one point, her straps were loosened, and one of her tits popped out. She laughed – everyone laughed – while I glowered, standing in the corner, drunk and alone.

She didn't put it back. And when the second one popped out, she didn't do anything about that, either.

How often did Gaby's tits' "accidentally" come out during an average workday? How often did her workmates move their lips to her nipples, sucking and licking while her eyes rolled back in pleasure?

Women in Tech should give more than they receive.

Women in Tech love to obey.

I practically emptied that punchbowl by myself. And as I scooped the last of it into a white paper cup (Vision was an environmentally-conscious company) and gulped it down, I decided I'd had

enough. Things had gone too far.

It was time to stop this.

Gaby was in the arms of some weedy-looking intern; he looked like he was both about twenty and in heaven. His hand were on her bare tits, his tongue was down her throat, and as I watched, her hand moved to the bulge in his pants, and started expertly stroking him through his pants.

Women in Tech love to get men off.

Women in Tech love to swallow cum.

“That’s it,” I growled, but when I took a step forward to regain control of the situation, the room began to swim.

“Whoa there,” a familiar voice said, and I felt an arm steadying me.

“Thank you, sir,” I muttered unintelligibly, and it took me a few minutes to realize who my mystery benefactor was.

Flynn Parson.

“You!” I grumbled, but the room was still rocking unsteadily, and there was not a lot of threat to my words. Or, frankly, a lot of words to my words.

“I found your sister-in-law,” he said in a friendly-tone. “She was...lost, I assume. Somewhere she shouldn’t have been, looking at files she *definitely* shouldn’t have had access to.”

My eyes widened in fear. Fuck! Steph! She’d been caught, and he’d...and he’d...

“What’d you do to her?” I said. I suspect the question came out sounding more like a raccoon’s mating call than human communication, but the tech mogul seemed to know what I meant.

“Well, exactly what you’d expect,” he said, and my heart leapt into my throat. “I was so impressed by her initiative, I gave her a job!”

Wait. What?

“Wait. What?”

“Oh yes,” he said, clapping his hands. “I don’t technically work here, but I’m sure I’ll be able to pull a few strings. With that kind of investigative mind, she’ll make a great data analyst, don’t you think?”

Flynn stepped aside, and the room stopped swaying just long enough for Steph to come into view. If I didn’t know that Gaby was on the other side of the room, practically topless and being fondled by someone who looked he was still only halfway through puberty, I would have had no

way of knowing which sister I was looking at.

Especially when she opened her mouth.

“Isn’t it great news?” she said, sounding identical to her sister. “I’m finally doing it!”

“W-what?” I asked nervously.

She beamed, looking as happy as I’d ever seen her. And at her next sentence, the room started going black, and I could feel my consciousness escaping.

“I’m going to be a Woman in Tech!”