

Chapter 9: Third Time is a Charm

Later that evening, Mia and Mr Wright sat side by side in the hotel lobby, awaiting their taxi to Giovanni's Italian restaurant. The restaurant was a mere ten-minute stroll away, but given the height of Mr Wright's new shiny leather pumps, navigating the distance on foot would have been quite the journey. Mia had briefly entertained the idea of making up some excuse just to watch the pompous man awkwardly stagger through the streets. However, delightful as the thought was, arriving at an important business dinner dishevelled after such an ordeal didn't seem very logical.

As they waited, both had crossed their pantyhosed legs at the thigh, yet their postures and expressions were polar opposites. Mr Wright sat bolt upright, his beautifully made-up eyes darting nervously around the room, muscles tensed as if ready to spring into action at the slightest hint of trouble. Mia, in contrast, lounged back relaxedly, casually swiping through social media posts on her phone, completely at ease in the plush hotel lobby.

Their attire further highlighted the extent of their role reversal. Mia wore an elegant long-sleeved dress that gracefully reached past her knees, paired with classic black pumps featuring a three-and-a-half-inch stiletto heel - stylish yet practical. Mr Wright, however, was dressed in a striking black and white patterned mini dress that clung to his padded frame. Held up by thin spaghetti straps, the flirty little number did little to conceal his ample bosom and thighs. His footwear - black platforms with seven-inch heels - was another devilish choice by Mia. It elevated the usually short man to nearly six feet in height, ensuring he would catch the eye wherever he clicked. He had been visibly unhappy when she presented him with the sky-high stilettos following her late afternoon shopping spree. However, when Mia reminded him that these new shoes matched the heel height he had once demanded she wear, and considering that he was now the eye candy and thus needed options, he had little ground to argue.

Their makeup, too, revealed their new respective positions. Both wore more than usual, yet the application differed markedly. Mia's makeup was skillfully applied, enhancing her features with a look that was sexy yet professional - ideal for a business dinner with a hint of evening allure. Mr Wright's Botox-stretched face, on the other hand, was plastered with product and designed to catch the eye. Madame Maria, now on a retainer for the next few days, had outdone herself - applying emerald-green eyeshadow that complemented his long fluttering lashes and dramatic darker lips to perfection. His look screamed sultry and seductive, the look of a woman out to mesmerize every man she encountered.

After a brief five-minute wait, a receptionist approached to inform the well-dressed pair that their taxi had arrived. As she delivered the message, Mia noticed the woman's gaze lingering curiously on Mr Wright. It was the same woman working the desk as the day they arrived at the hotel, and Mia couldn't help but wonder if she recognized the voluptuous ponytailed siren to her right as the same arrogant man she had checked in a few days earlier. After thanking the receptionist, who quickly scurried back to her position behind the front desk, Mia stood up and smoothed out her skirt.

Glancing around, she noticed Mr Wright still seated, a look of frustration painted across his heavily made-up face. "Come now, Mia. Up you get," Mia coaxed with a hint of amusement in her voice, reveling in the reversal of their usual roles, "you're going to make us late."

Mr Wright responded with a deep inhale, his darkly lined eyes narrowing and his bee-stung, glossy lips forming a pout. He seemed on the verge of saying something, but catching a well-dressed couple crossing the lobby out of the corner of his eye made him bite his tongue. With a wobbly effort, he gripped his little purse tightly between his extended nails and gingerly rose to his high-heeled feet. "Let's go then," he snarled quietly, his voice barely above a whisper as he half tottered, half stumbled towards the hotel exit.

Watching the man awkwardly manoeuvred through the lobby, Mia couldn't help but savour the spectacle. Each precarious step was a clear challenge, his transformed body weighed down by jiggling silicone, swaying as he struggled to maintain balance. The minidress hugged his artificial curves tightly, occasionally riding up to reveal more of his swishing thighs than intended, prompting him to constantly tug at the short hem. His ponytail added dramatic flair, bobbing emphatically with each loud step and undoubtedly pulling uncomfortably at his scalp. Seeing her former boss delicately clutching his small purse and mincing through a public space in his body-hugging dress, Mia felt a mix of triumph and amusement. Regardless of the outcome of the takeover talks, she knew she could now leave Stitch & Sovereign a satisfied woman.

An hour later, Mia and Mr Wright were comfortably seated at Giovanni's - well, Mia was. The meal had started with a classic bruschetta appetizer, which Mr Wright had initially attacked with too much enthusiasm, prompting Mia to embarrass him by pointing out he was ruining his lip makeup. Now, surrounded by two imposing figures, Mr Wright pondered how he would tackle the plate of ravioli - Mr Horton had ordered on his behalf - without any further mishaps.

To his right sat Mr Horton, who was engaged in a lively discussion about stock market trends with Mia, sat directly across the table. Opposite Mr Wright was Graham Horton's so-called business associate, who turned out to be none other than the vice president of the company and his younger brother, Grant. Dwarfing his brother - who was already well over six foot tall - Grant was a giant of a man, one who wouldn't look out of place on a professional basketball court. When introduced earlier, even in his stilt-like platform heels, Mr Wright had felt particularly dainty and small, the top of his head barely reaching Grant's chest.

"So, my brother tells me you want to target the celebrity market," Grant said with a friendly smile, breaking into the conversation. "A big change for a traditionally old-fashioned company like Stitch and Sovereign," he added with a chuckle, his gaze momentarily dropping to Mr Wright's artificially enhanced chest.

Mr Wright, feeling uneasy under such scrutiny, forced a smile onto his shiny lips. "It's one idea," he replied in his best imitation of a woman's voice, which was improving rapidly. "There's also the current clientele to consider. They... Ouch," he howled, suddenly stopping mid-sentence as he felt the tip of Mia's pump connecting with the side of his nylon-clad ankle.

Glancing over, he received a disapproving glare from his former assistant. Remembering his role, he quickly adjusted his demeanour. "I mean, it's never too late to change, right?" he added, trying to sound more flippant and ditz, fitting the secretary persona he was supposed to embody. "Celebrities are like... important."

The corner of Mia's mouth curled into a sly smile as she turned her attention back to Graham Horton. Watching Morgan Wright acting like a ditz as the enormous man to her right subtly flirted with him was deliciously satisfying, making her wish there was some way to extend their new roles.

Ten minutes later, moments after the main dishes had been served, Grant Horton exchanged a knowing nod with his brother before turning his attention back to the feminized man pouting at him from across the table. "Well, I'll be honest, Mia. I had my reservations when my brother first mentioned this takeover idea," he admitted with a warm smile. "But meeting you tonight, you've won me over."

Mr Wright, momentarily taken aback, responded with a hint of confusion. "Really? I have?"

Throughout the evening, he had spoken little of business, struggling instead to follow conversations centered on fashion and celebrity gossip.

"Yes," Grant continued, his eyes twinkling. "You have a creative flair that's quite compelling. I believe we could do great things together."

"Together?" Morgan gulped, his voice laced with apprehension.

"Let's toast to that," Grant suggested, lifting his beer. "To new relationships and successful collaborations."

Mr Wright glanced over to Mia for guidance. She nodded, prompting him to awkwardly pick up his wine, carefully arranging his acrylic nails around the glass. Slowly, he reached over the table to clink glasses with the smiling giant opposite, feeling ridiculous as he did so. Not only did he consider white wine a girly drink, but the small glass with his lipstick mark on the rim made his long-nailed hands look even daintier in comparison to the large beer glass held by Grant's massive, manly fingers.

"To new relationships and success," Graham Horton echoed his younger brother, clinking glasses with Mia.

"Are you free tomorrow afternoon to hash out the details?" Graham asked Mia with a warm smile. Realizing this meant another day in skirts and heels, Mr Wright froze, his wine glass suspended mid-air. He held his breath, acutely aware of every discomfort caused by his disguise: the tight pull of the ponytail extensions on his scalp, the weight of the gold hoop earrings tugging at his pierced lobes, the trapped heat under his prosthetics, and most notable of all, the throbbing in his toes and ankles. Silently, he prayed that Mia would come to his rescue.



"Of course," she replied cheerfully. "Name a time, and we'll be there."

"Excellent," Graham replied. "Then tonight we celebrate." Clicking his fingers loudly, he got the attention of a passing waiter. "The finest bottle of champagne you have, good sir. And four chilled glasses."

"Right away, sir," came the reply as the waiter trotted off to fulfil the request and compound Morgan Wright's

misery.

After an unforgettable evening, Mia stood slightly tipsy in the women's bathroom. Beside her, staring blankly into the mirror, was Mr Wright. "I don't think I can do this anymore," he said in a defeated voice. "I don't feel right. I don't feel like myself."

"Well, that's because you're not yourself anymore," Mia replied promptly. "You're a secretary now. Remember what you once said to me? Flirting a little to get a deal over the line is part of the job. So, fix your lips and buck up, Mia. The night's not over yet."

This comment ignited a spark of anger within the feminized man. "Buck up!" he roared. "That's your advice? After I've allowed myself to be manipulated into looking like this... this circus show," he yelled, glancing at his reflection in the mirror and waving his long-nailed hand. "You're really going to twist the knife further? Why did you have to accept his invitation for drinks? I can't walk anymore in these ridiculous shoes. You need to go back out there and make an excuse. I need to go back to the hotel now!" He stared Mia down, arms folded, and chest thrust out like a pouting princess.

There was a moment of silence before Mia burst out laughing. "Oh, Mia! You still haven't grasped your new role, have you? You don't give the orders anymore. For over a year, I watched helplessly as you made bad decision after bad decision, decreasing the value of the stock that I spent years cosying up to your entitled father to acquire. Well, now, I'm in charge, and I plan to get the money I worked so hard for. And if you want this cross-dressing adventure to stay between us - not to mention getting back the key to your little cage - you'll do as you're told."

Stunned by her words, Mr Wright took a sharp inhale as his plump bottom lip began to quiver. For a moment, Mia almost felt sorry for the man before quickly remembering the demeaning way he had always treated her. "Now, freshen up your lip gloss so you can get back out there and do what a secretary does when invited out for drinks."

Mr Wright turned sharply, his ponytail whipping around his makeup-caked face and his earrings jangling. "You're going to pay for this, Mia. Just you wait," he said menacingly as he rummaged through his purse, pulling out a tube of gloss.

"I can't imagine anything worse than working for you. So do your worst, dollface," Mia shot back, her gaze fixed intently on him.

Realizing he was trapped, Mr Wright chose not to argue further. Instead, he met Mia's defiant stare in the mirror, applying layer after layer of sticky gloss to his injected lips until they shone like diamonds. A line had been crossed in their tumultuous relationship, and with it, a silent war had been declared.

Mia exited the bathroom first, her stride confident and her posture impeccable as she approached the two imposing men waiting to escort them to a nearby cocktail bar. Mr Wright lumbered behind, each step a struggle in the towering heels that had tormented him all night. He tried to mask his discomfort and frustration, but his cinched, padded, and stretched body was almost at breaking point.

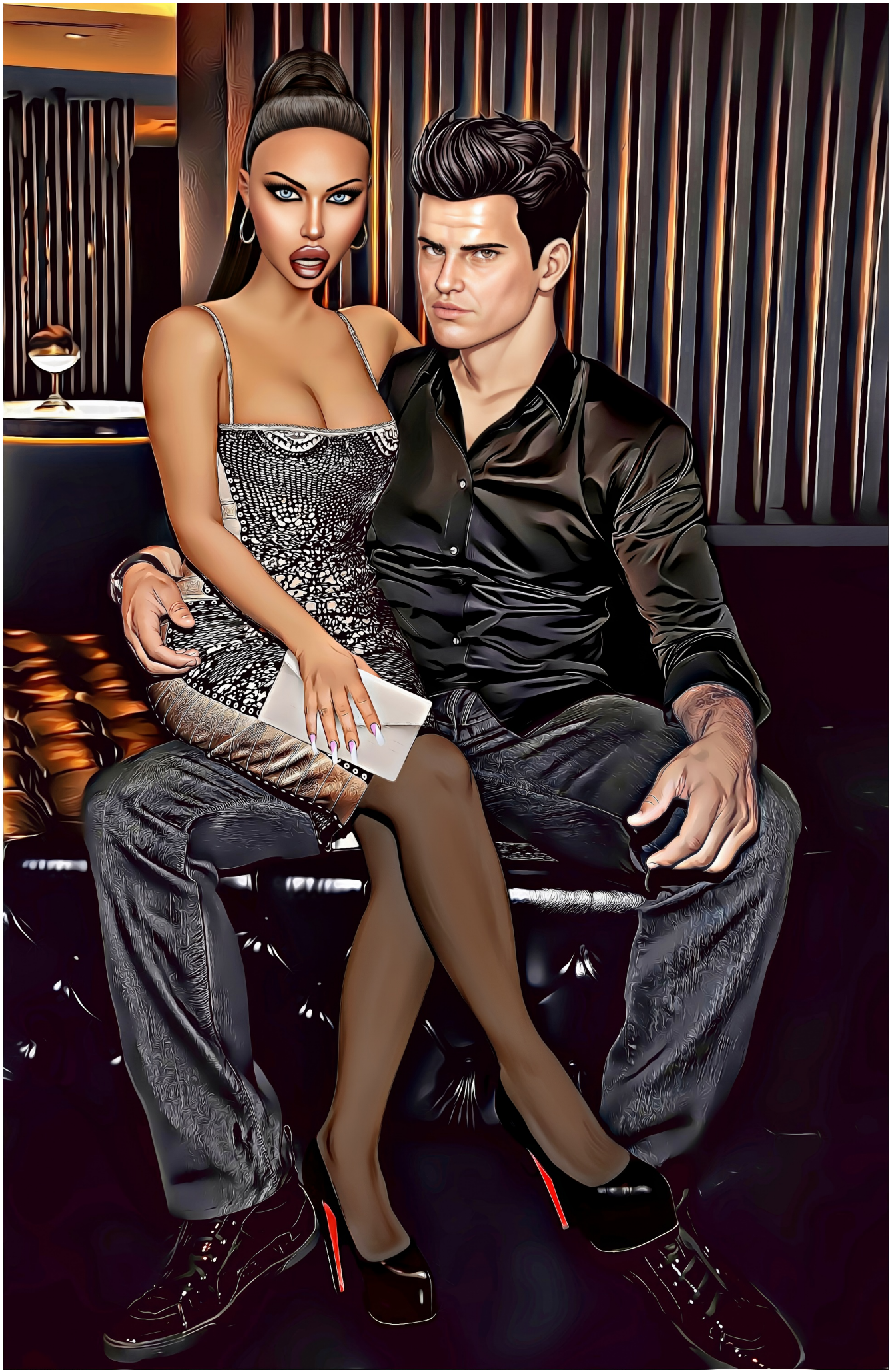
As Morgan Wright neared the Horton brothers, slightly tipsy himself, disaster struck. Tripping over the edge of a rug, he stumbled. Arms flailing and unable to regain his footing, he lurched forward toward Grant, who was seated on a leather sofa. Reacting quickly, Grant caught Morgan effortlessly, lifting him onto his knee as if he weighed nothing.

"Mia! Do be careful," Mia exclaimed, feigning concern as she looked down at her former boss, now awkwardly adjusting the hem of his short dress while seated on Grant's knee.

Trying to rise, Mr Wright felt Grant's large hand press against his padded hip, holding him firmly in place. "It's fine," Grant said with a smirk. "As fancy as those shoes look. They can't be very comfortable. She can rest here for a minute. Take a load off."

With a nod, Mia turned to Graham. "Would you like to join me for a smoke outside before the taxi arrives?" she asked, unconcerned by Morgan Wright humiliation.

Crossing his legs in an attempt to maintain some semblance of modesty, Mr Wright glared up at Mia, lips parted, and eyes filled with rage while his former assistant simply ignored his plight.



"Lead the way, Morgan," Graham replied, offering his arm for Mia to link hers through.

As the pair departed, Mr Wright felt the steady pressure of Grant's hand working its way down the padding covering his thigh. Clearing his throat uncomfortably, he turned. "Erm... thank you for catching me, but you can let me up now," he said, finding himself much closer to the man's face than he wanted to be.

"Of course," Grant replied, his voice low and teasing. "But first, tell me, do all your dates end up sweeping you off your feet like this, or am I just lucky?"

With a loud tut, Morgan Wright looked down past his fake bust to see his pantyhosed legs ending in a pair of impossibly high heels. 'How did I end up like this?' he asked himself, determined to find a way out of his current predicament and reclaim his old life.

Chapter 10: Signed, Sealed, and Delivered

Glancing to her right, Mia couldn't help but smirk. The sight of Mr Wright perched on a high stool was nectar to her soul. With his curvaceous thighs pressed tightly together and his nylon-covered ankles crossed neatly, he stared blankly at the far wall of the room, his expression one of utter mortification. When she had first concocted her plan to embarrass her boss - to teach the arrogant, entitled man a lesson, she never imagined it would escalate to this extent. She thought it would be a one-time event, nothing more than a moment of fleeting amusement. Yet, here she was, days later, with her former boss now acting as her secretary, dressed in an outfit more suited for staring in a porno than a business meeting.

As her smirk evolved into a full-blown smile, Mia marveled at the surreal transformation she had orchestrated. Watching his feet bobbing up and down in sync with his ponytail, she knew they were in pain, trapped inside those towering platform pumps. These shoes, chosen specifically to make him uncomfortable, perfectly matched his tarty outfit - a sleeveless pink satin top with a plunging neckline and a tight black leather miniskirt. Yet, Mia felt no sympathy for the man who had always treated her as a slave, wondering if his discomfort was enough to make him regret his sexist comments and behaviour from the past.

Suppressing a snigger, Mia thought back on their journey across the city. The journey for Mr Wright, judging by the sullen look on his stiff, Botox-filled face as he tottered, jiggled, and jangled, was a miserable experience. In contrast, for Mia, it was awash with amusing moments. Watching the man struggle to bend as he entered the taxi was particularly humorous - his large hip pads and tight miniskirt severely limiting his mobility as the taxi driver stared at his ample bosom.

Then, there was their arrival at the office where they now sat, waiting to meet with Graham Horton. They were greeted by Molly, who immediately offered to take their coats. Mr Wright, obviously embarrassed, initially refused, clutching the fabric of his fur coat tightly. Mia quickly intervened, mockingly telling the man to stop being silly. His frustration was evident as he reluctantly surrendered the warm garment, the frown on his glossy pink lips deepening as he revealed the skimpy outfit underneath.

Another memorable instant unfolded moments later as her former tyrant of a boss awkwardly tried to clamber onto a tall stool, battling with his tiny skirt that persistently rode up his pantyhosed thighs. Seeing the feminized man struggle, Molly apologized, explaining that the office was new and still being renovated, hence the temporary stools borrowed from a nearby coffee shop.

Initially, Mr Wright attempted to maintain his dignity by standing after his first failed attempt at mounting the

stool. However, witnessing Mia effortlessly hop onto her stool, dressed comfortably in her linen pantsuit, made Mr Wright acutely self-conscious. He stood there, wobbling unsteadily on his tall heels, while Molly's occasional glances from across the room added to his discomfort. Feeling the pressure of the situation and on the balls of his feet, the skirted man steeled himself for another attempt. This time, he succeeded, though his movements were far from graceful as he awkwardly climbed up, flashing his bright pink panties in the process.



Turning her head, Mia paused a moment before speaking, reveling in the sight before her. "You remember what we talked about?" She asked the pouting man sitting uncomfortably to her right. "Yes," Mr Wright replied sullenly, clearly not in the mood to talk, prompting Mia not to push him further.

That morning, after Mr Wright had thrown a tantrum, they had come to an understanding. It had all unfolded moments after Mia presented him with his risqué outfit for the day, leading Mr Wright to assertively declare, "I'm done," his arms crossed under his heavy breasts as he tried to take back control of the situation.

Mia had responded with a scoff and an eye roll. "Okay. Off you trot then," she said coldly, pointing towards the door. "Check out is at eleven. I guess I won't bother booking another night." Mr Wright, taken aback by her response, stuttered before his upper lip curled in disgust. "I need my clothes and the key to release this blasted contraption," he said, gesturing towards his groin.

"I'm not responsible for your items," Mia replied with a tut. "Where did you leave your clothes?"

"In my suitcase. But I haven't seen it since we switched rooms," Mr Wright answered, visibly irritated. "What have you done with it?"

"I haven't done anything with it." Mia lied, fully aware that his suitcase had ended up in the trash outside the back of the hotel and was now most likely lying at the local dump. "You can go look for it if you want, or there are plenty of outfits here," she added, referring to the large collection of provocative clothing she had purchased for him over the last few days.

"And the key?" he snapped.

"I'm going to hold onto that," Mia replied sternly. "I can't force you to see this through, but if you're going to throw away this business deal, the key will go the same way."

"But... that's... evil," Mr Wright lamented. "Do you realize how uncomfortable this thing is?"

"Evil is ruining my future when we're so close to a deal," Mia shot back sharply. "Evil is making me watch as you ran the company into the ground with your incompetent decisions."

A stunned silence followed. "How do I know that you haven't thrown the key away already?" Mr Wright muttered after a heavy sigh.

"You don't," Mia replied, sensing a shift in his demeanour. "However, contrary to what you might believe, I'm not evil! I just want what I'm owed. So, if we complete this deal as previously discussed, you'll get your key. And be free to get on with your life as a rich man."

Mr Wright looked at Mia sceptically. "I just have to get through this meeting?" he questioned.

"No, you'll do whatever it takes to get the deal done, no matter how long it takes," Mia answered assertively. "And I want this to be the last time we talk about this."

Mr Wright turned away briefly, his shoulders tensed. When he faced her again, he looked like a bulldog chewing a wasp. "I haven't really got much choice, have I?" he mumbled angrily.

"There's always a choice, sweetheart," Mia replied. "So make yours. Are you in or out? I want to hear you say

it.”

Mr Wright gritted his teeth and shook his head. “Fine, I’m in.”

“Good decision,” Mia cheerfully sang out, her mood instantly brightening. “Well, why don’t you go and change then? Madame Maria will be here any minute.”

The phone ringing caused both Mia and Mr Wright to look up. “Yes, right away, sir,” Molly said after answering. She hung up and turned to them, “Mr Horton will see you now.”

“Thank you, Molly,” Mia said as she effortlessly hopped down from her stool. She then turned to Mr Wright, who was staring down at the ground with an anxious look on his heavily made-up face. “Come on, Mia, chop chop,” she teased, watching as the skirted man tried to gauge the safest way to dismount his stool without tumbling into an undignified heap.

Moments later, after a somewhat awkward and laboured descent back onto his aching feet, Mr Wright tottered behind Mia into Graham Horton’s office. The older man stood up as the pair entered. “Morgan, Mia, please come in,” he called out cheerfully, rounding his desk to greet them. “I apologize for the delay; I was called into an important video call with our New York team. How are you both feeling today? Recovered from last night, I hope?”

As he reached the pair, he first greeted Mia with a kiss on the cheek, then offered the same affection towards Mr Wright, who managed to suppress a recoil. “Not a problem, Graham,” Mia responded brightly, looking up at the tall man. “There’s never a break in the world of business, right?” And yes, we’re both recovered and raring to go, thank you. Even after all the fun last night.”

“Indeed., and glad to hear it,” Graham replied with a smile. “Please take a seat. I can’t offer you coffee as the kitchen hasn’t been fully installed, yet. However, I do have a bottle of scotch in the top drawer of my desk. That is... If it isn’t too early for you?”

“Not at all,” Mia responded, deciding to accept. While scotch wasn’t usually her drink of choice, she wasn’t about to decline the gesture after all the effort they had put into shmoozing the previous evening.

The pair settled on a plush sofa, with Mr Wright accidentally sandwiching himself between Mia and Graham. As he sat there, feeling thoroughly out of place, he was largely ignored, while his former secretary negotiated the future of his family company. Now reduced to mere eye candy, Mr Wright, with his ample cleavage on display and his almost indecently short leather skirt creeping up his padded, pantyhosed thighs, felt far removed from the commanding leader he once was and more like an inconsequential figure to be occasionally oogled. After sharing a few laughs about the previous evening’s festivities, Graham apologized for the ongoing renovations, explaining that the building - the new headquarters for the marketing department, run by his brother Grant - had needed to open despite the ongoing construction work. With the small talk out of the way, Graham Horton promptly shifted his focus to business. “Well, Morgan,” he announced cheerfully after sipping his whisky, “I’m convinced and ready to make a deal.”

“Fabulous,” Mia replied, her lips curling into a smile. “Because we’re also ready to do business.”

“Not so fast,” Graham interjected, his attitude becoming slightly more serious as he set his glass down. “Having discussed this at length with my brother, we have a particular vision for the future of Stitch & Sovereign. I’d love to hear your thoughts on the idea.”

"I'm all ears," Mia responded with a nod.

"Well, what I'm proposing is a multistage takeover," Graham announced, becoming more animated with his hands as he launched into his pitch. "First, my company would collaborate with Stitch & Sovereign to devise and implement a strategy to reach new customers. If targets are met, we would purchase 51% of the company. At this point, we would set some projections for the fiscal year. If those are reached, we will then complete the takeover."

As Mr Horton outlined his strategy, Mr Wright's eyes - accentuated with dazzling purple shadow and dark liner - widened in alarm, his large bee-stung lips parting as the realization of what the man was saying sank in - this takeover was going to take months, if not years, to complete!



"There will be an option for you both to retain a small percentage in the company if you wish. Yes, I've done my research," Graham continued as he glanced over at Mr Wright. "I know about your twenty per cent stake in the company, Mia. In fact, we have an important role in mind for you."

"An important role?" Mr Wright murmured, his voice trembling.

"Indeed. My brother loved your suggestions, and with your background in fashion design, he has requested that you transfer to this office to work closely alongside him while we venture out on this exciting new journey together."

"I... I..." Mr Wright stuttered, feeling trapped and overwhelmed.

"She'd love to," Mia interjected swiftly. "What an exciting opportunity, right Mia?" she added, patting Mr Wright on his nylon-clad thigh.

"Uh-huh," Mr Wright murmured, his eyes still wide with stunned surprise.

"Excellent. I'll get Molly to draw up the paperwork, and once signed, we can get her started immediately," Graham declared.

"Immediately," Mr Wright echoed, nearly choking on the word.

"Yes," Graham affirmed, gazing past Mr Wright's fluttering eyelashes into his horrified blue eyes. "We can set you up in an office across the hall, and Molly will help you get up to speed."

"But... I can't... I don't have anything with me," Mr Wright managed to squeak out, trying to halt proceedings before they got even further out of hand.

"I'm aware," Graham answered with a warm smile. "However, I'm prepared to offer you a generous budget to shop for a whole new wardrobe. It'll get you started while we get your possessions moved up here. Call it a little signing-on bonus," he added before turning to Mia. "That is, if you can spare her, Morgan?"

"She'll be missed, but I'll manage," Mia replied, feigning sadness. "Send over the papers, and I'll have them signed and on your desk in the morning," she added, extending her hand across Mr Wright to shake on the deal.

"Pleasure doing business with you," Mr Horton said as he clasped Mia's hand and gently shook it. "I feel this is going to be a very beneficial relationship for all of us," he announced as a helpless Mr Wright looked on in stunned horror.

Chapter 11: Steps of Change

Mia strode confidently out of the hotel, warmly greeting the doorman with a "Good morning." It was a typical late autumn day - the last leaves clinging stubbornly to the trees and a crisp chill hanging in the air, though not uncomfortably cold. Dressed in jeans, a cashmere sweater, and ankle boots with a low heel, Mia was the epitome of smart casual. Glancing back towards the hotel, she caught sight of her former boss, Morgan Wright, looking decidedly less comfortable. His body swayed and bounced as he tottered towards her in his sky-high Mary Jane pumps.

His outfit - a metallic gold-coloured sleeveless dress with a round neckline and a form-fitting bodice that flared into a pleated A-line skirt - clung to his padded figure. His plump thighs, sheathed in thick, flesh-coloured tights, shimmered beneath the hem. Accessories included a small clutch purse and hoop earrings, and his bold hair and makeup demanded attention.

"Do hurry up, Mia," she called out, watching as the feminized man's heavily made-up face contorted into a frustrated pout. He advanced with a determined strut, his expression one of defiance.

Mia watched, amused yet impressed, as Mr Wright tackled the hotel steps, approaching with an unexpected grace despite his towering heels. "There, that wasn't so bad, was it?" She commented as she began walking by

his side, matching his slow pace.

The feminized man shook his head in frustration. "A nightmare, that's what I'd call this," he muttered sullenly. "Why are we even out here? It's freezing."

"Don't be so dramatic," Mia retorted with a smirk. "It's not that cold, and you'll warm up after a few blocks in those heels." Mr Wright scoffed in response.

"We're here to practice walking," Mia continued. "And before you say we could have done this in the hotel room," she added, mimicking Mr Wright's higher-pitched voice, "that simply wouldn't work. Walking on the uneven, unpredictable ground outside poses a completely different challenge from the flat, carpeted floors inside. You need to get used to it."

"I wouldn't need to get used to anything if you'd allow me to wear lower heels, or better yet, call off this farce," Mr Wright replied, carefully placing his stiletto-heeled feet down to avoid gaps in the sidewalk pavement.

"That ship has sailed, sweetie" Mia chuckled, glancing at the feminized man struggling beside her. "You only have yourself to blame for the heels. This is the heel height you deemed appropriate for a secretary, remember? And now that you've worn shoes like this to the previous meeting, it's going to be expected of you going forward."

Mr Wright took a deep breath and exhaled slowly, his large faux breasts rising and his long ponytail swinging. "Look, I admit, I might have been a little... short-sighted in the past. I didn't realize how much of a burdensome dressing like this could be. I'm... sorry if I put unnecessary pressure on you."

Hearing an apology from Morgan Wright's oversized lips, caused Mia to stop dead in her tracks - it was the first time she had ever heard him utter those words. To anyone! "Say that again," she said, a look of surprise appearing on her face.

"I'm sorry," Mr Wright repeated, the words coming out gruffly, clearly not sitting comfortably with him.

"Well, thank you for the apology. That shows growth," Mia said, her smile warmer than usual.

"So... we can stop this?" Mr Wright asked, his long eyelashes batting in a way that almost made Mia feel sorry for him.

"Stop?" Mia echoed with a light chuckle. "No, one apology doesn't erase years of misogynistic behaviour. It doesn't change the fact that my future is tied to your company, and without a deal, it gets flushed down the toilet."

"But... but... you can't possibly expect me to go through with this madness. To work for that man as his..." Mr Wright faltered.

"Secretary," Mia finished for him firmly. "I do. Until the papers are signed, you will be everything you wanted me to be and more. So, focus and get your head in the game."

Mr Wright's face fell, his brow furrowing and his lips pursing into a deep pout, the very picture of devastation. "Ten minutes up this street. Well, ten minutes for me," Mia continued. "There's a Starbucks. Get there before I finish my coffee, and we'll take a taxi back to the hotel later. If you can't make it on time, you're walking back. And don't even think about taking off those shoes. If there's a run in the bottom of those tights, you'll walk the rest of the day until your feet fall off." With that, Mia turned, her stride confident and unwavering as she left her former boss behind, his muted protests fading into the background as she didn't look back.

Sitting outside the coffee shop with a chai latte in hand, Mia chuckled to herself as Mr Wright approached. His makeup, a morning masterpiece by Madame Maria, still looked flawless, but his face beneath betrayed signs of his tiring ordeal. After mincing through the city for the last twenty minutes, the physical toll was evident - Mia knew the discomfort of high heels all too well, even if she had never endured anything as challenging as the towering pumps Mr Wright was now shambling towards her on. Mentally, he seemed just as frazzled. Likely turning heads with every click of his torturous heels while the flared hem of his minidress danced around his chunky thighs, he was an uncommon sight on an early Thursday afternoon, and it showed in his flustered demeanour.



Staggering up, he flopped down into the chair opposite Mia, shooting her a furious glare. "Perfect timing," Mia announced, finishing her coffee with one final gulp and placing the empty cup on the table. "Time to go," she added, rising from her seat.

The look on Mr Wright's face - a blend of confusion and outrage - was almost comical. "Go! Right now?" he exclaimed. "I've just got here."

"It's not my fault you took your time," Mia responded, the irony of the situation not lost on her as she recalled the countless times that her demanding former employer had done the same to her after running around doing errands for him. "What kept you?"

The expression on Mr Wright's face darkened as if he was on the verge of exploding with rage. "Never mind, it's not important," Mia quickly added before the man could make a scene, echoing a line he had often used on her. "I don't need to know the personal details of your life. "Come on, Mia, I have something I want to show you."

"Show me?" Mr Wright asked, wary of yet another surprise. "What is it?"

"Well, get off your lazy butt, and you'll see," Mia quipped, thoroughly enjoying the role reversal. "Or are you planning to stay here?"

She watched as Mr Wright sighed, then slowly eased himself back onto his aching feet with a groan. "Is it far?" he asked in a defeated tone while shaking his head.

"No. It's just over there," Mia pointed out, gesturing towards their destination. "Come on."

Setting off, Mr Wright followed Mia across the street, his bewildered expression intensifying with every step. When they reached a nondescript door, Mia pulled a key fob from her purse, held it against a reader, and the door sprung open. She entered with authoritative strides, leaving Mr Wright trailing behind as he peered nervously down the narrow, dimly lit corridor lined with mailboxes. "What are we doing here?" he asked, his voice tinged with unease.

Mia stepped through another door and offered no reply. With a heavy sigh, Mr Wright followed, only to be confronted by a daunting flight of stairs. He groaned at the sight before glancing down at his cramping feet, acutely aware that his towering shoes would make the ascent a gruelling test of endurance. By the time he reached the fifth floor, he was gasping for air, his sides pinching painfully with each sharp breath drawn through the constricting corset. Mia was waiting, holding a door open with a delighted smile. "There you are," she chirped. "This way." She disappeared inside without waiting for him.

With legs like jelly, Mr Wright staggered out of the stairwell into a corridor lined with numbered doors. Spotting one open, he trudged into a small apartment, immediately hit by the smell of fresh pastel pink paint that adorned the walls. "What is this place?" he squeaked out, his head swivelling to take in every detail of the femininely decorated apartment.

"This really is a great location," Mia remarked, gazing out the large window facing the street with an eerily calm voice. "Just a ten-minute walk to the office, and there's even a place to grab a coffee for the boss on the way." She turned slowly, a sinister grin spreading across her face. "It's not the luxury you've grown accustomed to, but it's cosy enough for a secretary."

As Mia's the implications of Mia's words dawned on him, Mr Wright felt a cold dread seep into his bones. His shiny pink lips parted slightly, his ability to speak momentarily lost. "You mean... you expect me to live here? Alone and like this?"



Mia paused, letting the silence stretch just a moment before speaking. "You won't be alone," she finally said, her voice steady. "Adjusting to your new life will require assistance. So, I've arranged for a flatmate for you." As she finished her declaration, the click-clack of high heels on hardwood echoed ominously through the room. Mr Wright's heart plummeted as a familiar voice rounded the corner.

"Darling!" Madame Maria's deep voice boomed, rich with excitement. "Isn't this place just the cutest? I can't wait to see you blossom here." Mr Wright's eyes flicked to Mia, who had, an undeniable glint of triumph in her eyes.

"I don't understand," he stammered, his voice laced with despair. "Why would I stay here? What's wrong with the hotel?"

"Oh, Mia," Mia responded, her tone almost patronizing as Madame Maria strutted over to her side.

"Secretaries don't stay in posh hotels for months on end. It simply wouldn't be proper."

"Months!" Mr Wright gasped, his voice rising in horror.

"Well, that all depends on you now, doesn't it?" Mia continued calmly. "The quicker you can convince the Hortons that your idea works, the quicker we can get the papers signed and wrap this up. So, you'd better listen to Madame Maria; she's going to teach you all the skills you need to be a flirty, helpful little secretary. And you only have a week to prepare."

"And where will you be?" Mr Wright's voice cracked as he asked.

"I've got some business to attend to back home, but I'll be back in a few days to check on your progress," Mia explained.

Madame Maria, now practically buzzing with enthusiasm, stepped closer. "Oh, this is going to be such fun, darling," she gushed, clapping her hands together. "We'll arrange a little desk for you in the corner, and I'll whip you into shape in no time."

Mr Wright opened his mouth to speak, then stopped. Instead, he turned away, brought his long-nailed hands up to cover his mouth, and let out a muffled scream into his palms, his body shaking with the force of his silent outcry.

Chapter 12: The Daily Grind

Mr Wright took a deep breath and cautiously stepped out of the coffee shop, the sharp click of his stiletto heels on the concrete echoing in his ears. The door snapped shut behind him, and he flinched, the sound jolting him like a slap on the back. He felt exposed and vulnerable as if the world were watching his every move. He scanned his surroundings, his head pivoting with the wariness of a meerkat on high alert. It was his first solo excursion in public while dressed en femme, and the rapid change in his circumstances felt surreal. Just over a week ago, he had been comfortably seated in his office, plotting the future of his family business, when Mia had softly knocked to bring him his morning coffee. Back then, he had critiqued her outfit for not being feminine enough - a remark that now echoed with biting irony as he tried not to think about his exaggeratedly feminine appearance.

From head to toe, his transformation had been intentional and drastic. His hair, once short and easy to manage, was now painfully pulled back into a long ponytail that gave him a constant headache. It bobbed around annoyingly, in sync with the large, dangling earrings tugging at his pierced ears. His face, drastically altered by fillers and Botox, felt unnaturally tight beneath a heavy layer of makeup. Then there were the bulky prosthetics glued to his body, giving him an undeniably feminine form. Hot and sticky when he was still, wobbly and disorienting when he moved, they were impossible to ignore. His outfit did little to downplay his new curves. Today he wore a silky, mustard-coloured minidress that clung to every artificial curve, its hemline daringly short, exposing his glossy, nylon-clad legs. The low-cut neckline of the dress revealed a generous amount of faux cleavage, while a short blazer draped over his shoulders added a touch of professionalism but offered no real warmth against the chilly morning breeze. A petite black handbag - dangling from his arm - forced him to keep his elbow tightly by his side, accentuating the forced, mincing gait necessitated by the towering patent-leather platform pumps that tormented his feet.

With his gaze lowered and his vision obscured by long, fluttering eyelashes, Mr Wright tentatively began his walk back. As he trotted through the bustling pedestrian street, crowded with people going about their daily errands, he could feel their curious stares piercing through him. Each sharp click of his heels on the pavement resonated like a drumbeat, announcing his dolled-up presence. Clutching a coffee with long-nailed fingers, the crossdressed man moved as quickly as his towering, stilt-like shoes would allow. Each step sent a jolt of pain up his calves, and he prayed for the ordeal to end. Gusts of wind whipped around his minidress and thinly veiled legs, intensifying the unnerving sensation of being exposed and scrutinized in a way he had never imagined. As he reached the crossing, he lowered his head further, his embarrassment peaking as a bus full of passengers slowly drove by.

Once the road was clear, he quickly tottered across. It felt surreal to be out in public, not as himself but as a hyper-feminized version of what he once thought a woman should be. Everything about his appearance felt foreign and wrong: the unfamiliar points of pressure across his altered body, the way it jiggled with every painful step in his infernal heels, and not to mention the way strangers' eyes lingered just a little too long on his voluptuous backside. It was infuriating. His only small comfort was the warmth of the coffee cup in his hands, countering the chill - a sensation he hadn't experienced on the equally humiliating trip over from the apartment.



Now, with every step heavier than the last, he finally reached the entrance to his building. Exhausted, even though it was only eleven in the morning, Mr Wright trudged up the stairs to his apartment. Each step reminded him of the absurdity of his situation - transformed into a caricature of a bimbo secretary to such an extent that even his mother wouldn't recognize him. With every click of his ridiculously tall heels and unnerving wobble of his silicon chest and hips, his resentment towards Mia deepened for orchestrating this nightmare. As he stepped into his new apartment and saw the two desks positioned to face each other, his disdain quickly extended to Madame Maria. Now a constant, grating presence in his life, she incessantly nagged him under the guise of training him to be the perfect personal assistant.

Each morning, after helping him into a revealing outfit and meticulously applying his dramatic makeup, Madame Maria would settle at her desk opposite to continue her supervision. From there, she incessantly micromanaged his posture and duties, peppering him with constant commands such as, "Cross your legs, darling," "Sit up straighter, darling," and "I need that report by lunchtime, darling. You're going to need to type faster." These small jobs and assignments - designed to keep him busy - were mind-numbingly dull. Yet, after his harrowing first coffee run in a minidress and heels, returning to the mundane safety of these monotonous tasks sounded unexpectedly comforting.

"Any problems, darling?" Madame Maria called out cheerily as Mr Wright stomped into the living room.

"No," he replied sullenly, placing the coffee on her desk before hanging his blazer and handbag on the coat rack near the entrance. Briefly watching her take a sip with a sense of contempt, he pre-emptively tottered over to his desk, well-acquainted with her usual commands and finding her voice increasingly grating.

Carefully seating himself on his wheelie office chair - a simple task complicated by the tightness of his dress and steepness of his heels - Mr Wright arranged his skirt, straightened his back, and precisely folded his shiny legs - a skill honed from many hours of reluctant practice. He unlocked his computer and resumed his morning assignment - an inventory of fictional office supplies that needed restocking. His lengthy acrylic nails awkwardly obstructed the keys as he began typing, turning each keystroke into a frustrating challenge. The physical discomfort of his disguise was matched only by the mental anguish of being trapped in a role he never wanted, knowing that the only way out was to endure and go through the motions.

After ten minutes of relative silence - punctuated only by the passing cars outside the window and the slurping of coffee - Mr Wright had found a calm rhythm. However, just as he was settling into the task, his concentration was shattered. "What's the ETA on that report, Mia, darling?" Madame Maria shrieked out from across the room. Mr Wright looked up, irritation flaring as he pouted at the large red-haired face grinning at him.



He entertained a brief fantasy of telling her exactly where she could stick her report. But then he remembered a crucial detail: Madame Maria controlled the key to his chastity device. Angrily, he tempered his response. "Almost done," he replied, his voice artificially sweet.

"Almost done, darling?" Madame Maria pressed, her tone teasing yet demanding. "You need to be more specific than that. Your job is to keep everything in the office running smoothly. We need an exact time frame, darling."

Mr Wright groaned, feeling the strain of his new reality. He wasn't accustomed to typing - especially not with long, cumbersome nails. He also wasn't used to the distracting tightness of his clothing. Unsure of how long it would take, he hazarded a guess. "Erm... probably about two hours," he said, his tone uncertain.

"Two hours!" Madame Maria exclaimed, her voice filled with mock horror. "That's far too long, darling! You still have to organize the client files for next week, and after that, we need to work on your hair."

"My hair!" Mr Wright repeated, his hand instinctively rising to touch the tall ponytail sprouting from the crown of his head.

"Yes, darling," Madame Maria affirmed with a grin that felt more mocking than comforting. "We need to get started early. This kind of stuff always takes longer than you think."

"But... why do I even need my hair done?" Mr Wright protested, his frustration growing. "I thought it was fine like this?"

"Oh! it is fine, darling. But you start your new job in a few days, and you can't go into the office with the same style every day. Fine won't cut it," Madame Maria explained as if it were the most obvious thing in the world. This logic did little to assuage Mr Wright's growing despair. The thought of allowing himself to be feminized further was suffocating. "You're not going to do anything too extreme, are you?" he asked, his voice high with alarm.

"Of course not, darling," Madame Maria responded cheerily. "Just some extensions to give us a few more options. But we'll also have to change your nails. A woman like you would never have the same manicure for more than a week! Now, finish up that report so we can get started."

As Mr Wright turned back to his computer, his thoughts were turbulent. The reality of his situation was inescapable. In just a few days, his transformation from a high-powered executive to a dolled-up secretary would be complete. The reflection on the screen of a tarty secretary - loudly clacking her acrylic-coated nails against the keyboard - made his stomach churn. Huge earrings dangled from either side of her Botox-stretched face, while her overfilled lips gleamed with gloss, and her fan-like lashes fluttered with every blink. The sight was so far removed from who he considered himself to be that it was almost impossible to accept the image as his own. Staring at this horrifying image, it hit him that this was only the beginning - another round of changes was coming. His heart sank at the thought as he continued to slowly type.

Chapter 13: Polished and Powerless

Mr Wright shifted uncomfortably on the hard plastic stool in the cramped bathroom of his overly feminine apartment. His lower back ached, and his pantied backside had gone numb as he fidgeted under the salon cape draped over his altered body. A clear plastic sheet wrapped around his shoulders, adding to the claustrophobic

feeling that seemed to suffocate him. The air was thick with the sharp scent of hair dye, mixing unpleasantly with the aroma of the overpowering floral scent that Madame Maria insisted on spraying throughout their shared space.

His thoughts were a mess - tangled up like the foils meticulously folded into his hair. How long had he been sitting there? It felt like forever, waiting in this humiliating position, his scalp prickling under the layers of dye and bonded hair extensions Madame Maria had spent hours sewing into his natural hair.

Behind him, the mirror taunted him with a reflection he struggled to accept. He didn't need to turn around to see the plump-lipped monstrosity he had become. His freshly waxed, spray-tanned skin gleamed with an unnatural bronze hue, darker and smoother than ever before. Touch-up injections of Botox had frozen his expression into a persistent, perplexed pout, while fillers had softened the contours of his face further, erasing any last hints of masculinity. His lips, already rubbery and bloated, had been given a few additional shots of solution, leaving him with an exaggerated pout that bordered on the absurd.

The rustling foils tugged at his scalp and pushed down on his neck, making his head feel uncomfortably heavy. The irritating sensation of the dye bonding itself to his hair molecules was torture, but he didn't dare scratch, not with Madame Maria's stern warnings ringing in his ears.

All he could do was sit and wait, powerless, as the tickle of dye ran along the edge of his scalp and the growing itch threatened to drive him mad. Each second crawled by at half speed, the chemical smell and presence of the foils slowly becoming unbearable. He shifted again in his seat, but there was no escaping the discomfort - no escaping what he was becoming. All he could do was wait for Madame Maria to return and continue her torment.



After what felt like an eternity of misery, the door creaked open, and Madame Maria strutted back into the bathroom, her presence looming like a dark cloud over his already-soured mood. "Ready to see the new you, darling?" she cooed in her deep, melodious voice.

Mr Wright didn't bother to respond. He had grown accustomed to tuning out her relentless chirping, choosing instead to focus on his seething thoughts of throttling her. Unfazed, Madame Maria began the monotonous process of removing the foils from his hair. Each crinkle and tug made him wince, and though her hands moved with the precision of experience, the sensation only fueled his growing hatred for her.

As his newly dyed locks were being revealed, she prattled on about how gorgeous he would look when she was finished, but her words barely registered. Morgan Wright's thoughts were stuck on the humiliating reality of his situation: a man of his stature, reduced to playing the part of a simpering secretary whose main duty was to tempt men with her sexiness.

The combing, trimming, and blow-drying that followed dragged on endlessly. Madame Maria's hands fluttered over his head, shaping and styling his hair into voluminous red waves that framed his Botox-frozen face. His resentment simmered as Madame Maria worked her magic, but a casual remark from her snapped him out of his dark thoughts.

"Oh, I can't wait to see Mia's reaction when she sees you later, darling," she said offhandedly, still fussing with his hair.

"Mia's coming here today?" he asked, his voice tight with worry.

"Yes, darling. You two are going out tonight," she replied breezily.

Mr Wright's heart rate spiked, a wave of panic crashing over him. "Out?" he croaked, his voice cracking.

"Where are we going?"

Madame Maria shrugged as though the details were inconsequential. "Some business meeting with your new bosses, darling. Mia didn't give me the details."

"The Hortons?" His breath quickened, now fully alert.

"Yes, the Hortons, darling," she repeated, calmly as ever, adding the finishing touches to the feminized man's hair. "Don't worry, you'll look stunning."

"Please," he begged in desperation. "Please, Madame Maria, give me the key to the cage. I'll pay you! I'll make you a rich ma... erm... woman."

She let out a low chuckle, pausing briefly as if considering his offer before resumed her work, amusement lacing her tone. "Oh, darling, I'm not interested in money. I much prefer helping people blossom into their true, beautiful selves." She gave him a knowing look. "Besides, darling, I don't think you have any money, do you?" Mr Wright's voice wavered as he tried to summon some of his old confidence. "My family does. One phone call and you'll have more money than you could ever imagine. In your account by the end of the day. Just give me the key and you can name your price."

Madame Maria paused again, appearing to seriously consider his words this time, before bursting into laughter once more. "Oh, that's very tempting, darling," she said, tilting her head slightly, her eyes narrowing. "But if you truly hate all this as much as you say you do and at the same time have the kind of money you're talking about, you wouldn't be here, would you, darling? "I think you're a desperate, pathetic man, one who's brought his life to the brink of ruin through his own mistakes, and is now willing to lie to get what he wants. Tell me I'm wrong, darling!"

Her words cut deep, forcing Mr Wright to drop his gaze to the floor. His throat constricted with a blend of rage and helplessness, but he swallowed it down. Arguing was pointless - he was trapped, at least for now. Sensing his deflation, Madame Maria's tone shifted to false cheer. "Now, hang in there a little longer, darling. I'm almost finished with your hair. Then we'll fix your nails and get you dressed and looking beautiful. You'll be the belle of the ball tonight!"

Mr Wright groaned inwardly, dreading the humiliating evening ahead, wishing more than anything for this nightmare to end.

Ninety minutes later, Mr Wright was perched on the sofa, staring blankly at the living room clock. Tick, tick, tick. The rhythmic sound was the only thing keeping him grounded as his mind swirled in a storm of resentment and self-loathing. His waxed legs were crossed in the dainty, feminine manner Madame Maria had drilled into him, putting unrelenting pressure on his groin where a cage trapped him in this ludicrous situation. Each shift in position only heightened his discomfort as his frustration bubbled beneath the surface.

The weight of the silicon adhered to his body only added to his discomfort. His large, fake breasts jiggled with each shallow breath, and the added bulk on his hips and thighs made even the simple act of sitting feel unnatural. He felt trapped in his own skin - or rather, the skin someone else had crafted for him.

Tick, tick, tick. The clock seemed louder, almost mocking him. It distracted him momentarily from the feeling of the long, red hair cascading down to the small of his back. Madame Maria had explained that he could still wear it in a ponytail like he used to, but now it could also be styled into an array of elaborate feminine hairstyles. The very idea made his constricted stomach churn. He didn't want long hair, he wanted his old, familiar short style back - simple and masculine.

His hands rested stiffly on his nylon-clad knees, and he didn't dare move his fingers. The new set of baby-pink acrylic nails - longer than the last - still felt fragile, and the thought of breaking one filled him with dread. The last thing he wanted was to sit through another round of Madame Maria's cheerful chitchat while she fixed it.



Suddenly, the door clicked open as Mia let herself in, her eyes immediately locking onto Mr Wright. She stopped dead in her tracks, savouring the sight before her. The once powerful businessman, looking very different to his former self, was an image to behold. Her gaze lingered hungrily over his new look, savouring every detail of his transformation, from the towering platform shoes on his feet to the stylish leather purse resting on the sofa beside him.

"Looking good, sugar," she teased, eyes glinting with amusement. "I love the new look, but perhaps we should have gone blonde."

Mr Wright let out a low growl, his voice strained with suppressed rage. "You can't be serious," he snarled, narrowing his heavily lashed eyes at her. "Why do this anyway? I already fooled the Hortons." His frustration was palpable.

Mia smirked, enjoying the power she held over her former boss. "Well, partly because I knew you'd hate it," she said with a wicked gleam in her eyes. "But yes, you did fool them. However, if you always look the same every time they see you something might seem off. A perfect little secretary like you should always be thinking about her appearance and trying to improve it."

Mr Wright grunted, crossing his arms in frustration, a motion that only pushed his enhanced chest up further, making him feel even more ridiculous.

"Anyway," Mia continued, shifting the conversation as the edges of her lips curled. "Seeing as you've already got your coat on, I assume you're ready to go. Are you wearing the dress I picked out?"

Before Mr Wright could answer, Madame Maria swept into the room, greeting Mia with an overly dramatic air kiss on both cheeks. "She is, darling," Madame Maria announced with a beaming smile. "Dressed and ready to go. Doesn't she look just divine?"

Mr Wright clenched his jaw, seething quietly. "Why am I dressed like this anyway?" he asked, his tone thick with frustration as he shifted uncomfortably in his scandalously short dress, his face set in that ever-present pout thanks to the Botox injections. "Is this a date or a business meeting?"

Mia chuckled, clearly enjoying his discomfort. "Well," she began with a wicked smile. "Why sit in a stuffy boardroom when you can enjoy a cocktail with a stunning view?" Her tone was playful but carried a sharp edge. "So, to answer your question, perhaps it's both."

Chapter 14: The Hand That Leads

At seven-thirty, as the city lights shimmered against the evening sky, a taxi pulled up to the curb outside a towering glass building. On the thirteenth-floor an overpriced cocktail bar awaited, promising a night of business chat and casual flirting. In the cab's backseat, two feminine figures sat in tense silence, the weight of unspoken words hanging heavy between them.

Mr Wright shifted uncomfortably in his seat, rearranging his legs and hearing the loud swish of his nylon-clad thighs rubbing together. "I don't feel comfortable dressed like this," he muttered, barely above a whisper. "I want to go back to the apartment," he added, feeling the weight of his hoop earrings and the tightness of the garments crushing his body into its current ultra-feminine form.

Mia glanced at him coolly. "Your comfort isn't my priority," she replied sharply. "We're here for the company. Now, get out of the cab."

The feminized man folded his arms and glared at his former assistant. "And if I don't?" he challenged, arching a meticulously sculpted eyebrow.

Mia sighed in exasperation as she reached into her purse, pulling out two crisp twenty-pound notes. She handed them to the taxi driver. "Take this gentleman wherever he wants to go," she said firmly. "And if he can't decide, just drop him at the train station."

The word "gentleman" hung in the air. Morgan Wright's eyes widened in shock, his head whipping around to meet the driver's equally stunned gaze in the rearview mirror. A flush of embarrassment heated his cheeks, and he quickly looked away. Meanwhile, Mia stepped out of the cab, slamming the door behind her.

For a moment, Mr Wright sat frozen as the reality of the situation sank in. The prospect of being left alone, dressed as he was, suddenly felt far more daunting than anything waiting inside the building. Swallowing his pride, he fumbled with the door handle, his inch-long nails momentarily hindering his escape.

Stepping out into traffic, he narrowly avoided an oncoming car, stumbling and nearly twisting his ankle. Regaining his composure, he drew his coat tightly around himself and wobbled on his towering heels to catch up with Mia. "You truly are a heartless person," he snarled, his words dripping with venom. "Was that truly necessary?"

Mia turned to face him, a satisfied smirk curling on her lips. "Necessary or not," she replied coldly, "I've told you before. I'm done arguing with you or indulging your little tantrums. You do as you're told. Are we clear?" Mr Wright momentarily held her gaze, defiance flickering in his eyes, until the chill of the wind biting at his pantyhosed legs, the flutter of his long hair against his Botox-stiffened face, and the ache in his arched feet brought him back to reality. His frustration gave way to resignation as he looked away. "Are we clear?" Mia repeated, her tone unyielding.

"Yes, we're clear," Mr Wright muttered quietly, his shoulders slumping in defeat.

"Good. Then let's go." Without another word, Mia turned and strode toward the building entrance, leaving Mr Wright to totter along behind her.

Mia strode into the dimly lit bar, her heels clicking crisply against the polished marble floor as she led the way. Soft jazz music drifted through the air, wrapping the space in a mellow, sophisticated ambience. With each step, she radiated authority, the sway of her tailored coat moving in rhythm with her purposeful strides. Mr Wright minced behind her, struggling to match her brisk pace on his tendon-stretching heels. His hips swayed far more than he intended, the pressure on his slightly bent knees forcing him to walk with small, careful steps. Together, they created a striking image - Mia, the powerful, self-assured businesswoman, and her feminized companion, every inch the caricature of a tarty secretary.

They were greeted at the entrance by a sharply dressed host, who smiled politely. "Good evening, ladies. How can I help you this evening?"

Mia met his eyes, her gaze steady. "We're meeting the Hortons. Have they arrived yet?" she replied with an air of confidence.

The host nodded and gestured toward the nearby coat check. "Yes, ma'am. If you'd kindly leave your coats here, I'll escort you over."

Mia slipped out of her coat effortlessly, revealing a sleek, stylish dress that hugged her figure perfectly. She handed it to the host, who carefully draped it over his arm before turning to Mr Wright, who was clutching the lapels of his coat protectively.

"Ma'am... your coat?" the host prompted, a look of confusion on his face.

With a reluctant sigh, Mr Wright loosened his grip and slipped out of his coat, handing it over. As he did, a chill ran over his bare arms, and he became acutely aware of how exposed he suddenly was.

The top half of his dress was bustier-style, crafted from sequined white fabric with a glittering gold band. The skimpy number - forcing his silicon chest up - created a deep, eye-catching cleavage that spilt over the top of the dress. From the hips down, the dress transitioned into a form-fitting black skirt that hugged his rounded thighs and ended far too high for his liking, leaving almost the entirety of his legs on display.

For a brief moment, he stood frozen in fear, cheeks flushing as he imagined what the host must be thinking of his daring outfit. Time seemed to stop, his heart pounding in his chest, while he shifted uncomfortably, long-nailed fingers twitching at his sides.



"Mia!" The sharp, irritated voice cut through his haze, snapping him back to reality. He looked up to see the real Mia waiting impatiently by the host. Quickly, he scurried over, his stilettos clacking against the floor as moved forward to stand beside her. Imagining all eyes lingering on his feminized frame, he kept his gaze firmly downward. His vision - half obscured by thick, fluttering lashes - was otherwise filled with plump, pink lips jutting out above rounded mounds of fleshy-looking silicone.

After a brief, heart-thumping pause, the host nodded and gestured for them to follow. "Right this way," he said calmly, leading them through the bustling bar floor and toward the exclusive lounge at the rear.

As they approached the table, both Horton brothers rose with welcoming smiles. Graham moved forward to greet Mia, leaning in to kiss her cheek, his hand lightly resting on her arm. "Stunning, as always," he said warmly.

Mia gave a gracious nod. "Thank you, Graham," she replied, flashing a confident smile. "You're looking handsome as always."

At the very same time, Grant stepped in front of Mr Wright, a playful glint in his eye. Towering over the smaller man, he placed a firm hand on the small of his back and leaned in to plant a tender kiss on his cheek. The gentle yet assertive gesture made the crossdressed man's breath hitch, the touch of another man's lips on his skin igniting a surge of revulsion within him. He felt Grant's hand linger momentarily, a warmth radiating through the thin fabric of his short dress. Flustered, he pulled back, his expression filled with unease. Graham cleared his throat. "Morgan, I'm afraid duty calls," he began, looking somewhat apologetic. "The office has pulled me back in for a bit – an issue with some files, unfortunately. But if you'd like to accompany me, I've got a bottle of Glenlivet Winchester that we can enjoy while we discuss the progress of our merger."

"You're leaving?" Mr Wright blurted out, the panic evident in his cracking voice as he glanced nervously between Mia and Grant.

Before Mia could respond, Grant interjected with a reassuring smile. "No need to worry, Mia," he said smoothly, placing a hand on Mr Wright's shoulder. "I'll keep you company. Besides, we have a lot to discuss before you officially step into his new role."

Mia turned back to Graham, a sly smile on her lips. "That sounds perfect," she replied, before averting her gaze towards her former boss. "You get yourself acquainted with your new boss, Mia," she said with a wink. "I'll catch up with you later."

Mr Wright's bloated lips parted, his eyes pleading. "But..." he started, desperation creeping into his voice. Mia held up a hand, cutting him off. "I know, I know," she said, feigning sympathy. "You're worried you'll be asked a question you won't know the answers to. But you're a capable young woman now, remember? You'll muddle through." Her words dripped with irony, and her satisfied smile left him fuming.

As she turned to leave with Graham, Mr Wright watched in dismay, his nerves heightening when he felt Grant's hand slide from his shoulder to the small of his back once more. Grant leaned in close, his tone intimate. "Shall we?" he murmured, guiding Mr Wright toward the seat his brother had just vacated. The feeling of vulnerability was unsettling, but he forced himself to sit, crossing his legs daintily out of habit, suddenly painfully aware of how his tiny skirt rode up, almost exposing his thong beneath.

Grant settled down opposite, his piercing gaze locking onto Mr Wright's. "So, what'll you have to drink?" he asked, his tone casual yet carrying a weight that made Mr Wright shift in his seat.

Mr Wright blinked, still dazed. "Uh... anything," he replied nervously. "Whatever you're having."

Grant chuckled, his laughter deep and intimidating, as he waved over a server. "I'll have a Negroni," he said, then shot a grin at Mr Wright. "And a Cosmo for the lady."

The former businessman's cheeks flushed as he realized what had been ordered for him, anger flickering in his eyes. "A Cosmo?" he questioned. But Grant only smirked.

"Somehow, I don't picture you as the type of girl who drinks Negronis," Grant replied with a chuckle.

Mr Wright stiffened, a flash of irritation breaking through his discomfort. "And how do you know what type of girl I am?" he shot back, a touch of unintended sass in his voice.

Grant's eyes lit up with amusement. "Oh, I think I'm beginning to get a sense of it," he replied smoothly, his tone laced with mischief.

The drinks arrived swiftly, and Grant wasted no time, lifting his glass. "To new beginnings," he said, his gaze lingering shamelessly on Mr Wright's chest before travelling up to meet his eyes. Knowing he had no choice but to go along with the charade, Mr Wright picked up his girly pink cocktail, clinking it reluctantly against Grant's sturdy tumbler. Taking a hesitant sip, he grimaced, unsure what was more appalling - the overly sweet, sickly taste or the bright pink lip print glaring at him from the rim of the glass.

Grant leaned back in his chair, his demeanour casual yet calculating. "So, Mia," he began smoothly. "We'll get you set up next to my desk on Monday. That way, you can observe and adjust to your new environment. After a few weeks, we'll start brainstorming strategies to bring Stitch & Sovereign into the 21st century," he added with a smirk, clearly entertained by the prospect.

"Weeks!" Mr Wright blurted out, barely containing his dismay. The thought of spending even a single day as Grant's secretary made his skin crawl. Never mind the notion of enduring weeks of fetching coffee and answering calls, all while trapped in this humiliating persona. It was almost too much to bear.

Grant's expression softened, but there was a glimmer of something else in his eyes as he leaned in closer, edging his chair just a bit nearer. "Well, perhaps we can make things move a little quicker," he purred, his voice dropping a notch, "if you're a quick learner, that is."

Before Mr Wright could reply, a large hand slid between his crossed legs, making him gasp. With a firm yet steady grip, Grant pried his legs apart, then slowly let his fingers trail along the curve of the nylon-clad knee. Mr Wright's breath caught in his throat, his instincts suddenly on high alert. Feeling Grant's strong fingers tracing higher along his leg, he quickly placed his hand between his legs, holding the hem of his dress down to keep it from riding up any further.

Grant's fingers continued their slow ascent, his gaze fixed intently on Mr Wright's flushed face. "Are you a quick learner, Mia?" he asked in a low murmur, making his intentions unmistakably clear.



Grant's question hung in the air, heavy with implication, as Mr Wright struggled to maintain his composure. His heart raced, and his breathing quickened. With Grant's hand resting possessively on his thigh, he forced himself to meet the man's gaze, summoning every ounce of courage he had left.

Clearing his throat, he replied, "I... I've always been a quick study," hoping his voice didn't betray too much of the tremor he could feel coursing through him.

Grant's lips curved into a knowing smile, his fingers stroking away as he leaned in even closer. "That's what I like to hear," he replied with a smile. "Adaptability is key, Mia. A secretary who can anticipate her boss's needs is invaluable. Don't you agree?"

Mr Wright swallowed hard, resisting the urge to flinch, knowing that causing a scene would only worsen his predicament. He took another steadying breath, mustering a tight smile. "Very. But it's also important to create boundaries - ones that both parties are comfortable with," he replied, his voice barely above a whisper. Grant's fingers stopped moving, and a smirk played on his lips. "Agreed," he said slowly, clearly enjoying the battle unfolding. "But boundaries are there to be tested. Sometimes, we don't realize where they truly lie, especially when something important is on the line."

Mr Wright's pulse quickened, but he held Grant's gaze. "True. But let's not run before we can walk now." Mr Wright replied, glancing at the man's hand on his thigh.

Grant raised an eyebrow, a flash of amusement in his eyes as he slowly pulled his hand back. "Touché," he chuckled, leaning back in his chair, finally allowing Mr Wright a moment to breathe. "It's good to see you've got something about you, Mia. It's going to make our time together all the more entertaining."

Mr Wright let out a barely perceptible sigh of relief, as he recrossed his feminine-looking legs and sat back. With a strained smile, he lifted his glass and took a long sip, trying to suppress the dread that twisted in his stomach. He knew this was only the beginning, and he steeled himself for what was to come.

Chapter 15: A Secretary's Struggle

For the past two weeks, Mr Wright had been navigating the labyrinth of his new life as Grant Horton's personal assistant. Seated at a meticulously organized desk just outside his superior's expansive office, he found himself immersed in a world that was both unfamiliar and unsettling. The once-powerful businessman was trapped in a role he despised, his days filled with tasks he had always deemed trivial.

Adjusting to the daily routine had been more challenging than he anticipated. Gone were the leisurely mornings and afternoon golf outings he once enjoyed as the head of Stitch & Sovereign. Instead, his days began before sunrise, wriggling into elaborate outfits and mastering the art of makeup application - a task that still eluded him despite Madame Maria's relentless tutoring. The sky-high stiletto heels he was made to wear added an extra layer of torment; the sharp click-clack they produced with every step grated on his nerves, announcing his presence in a way he despised. They forced him into an exaggerated sway, his hips rolling unnaturally, making him feel ridiculous. By day's end, his feet throbbed painfully, and the thought of repeating the ordeal the next morning filled him with dread.

The office environment demanded a level of attentiveness he wasn't used to providing, and the staff treated him exactly as he appeared: a ditzy-looking secretary whose opinions were seldom sought. In addition to

fetching Grant's meticulously detailed coffee orders, managing the giant man's overflowing calendar, and running errands that sent him scurrying all over the city, his colleagues would hand him piles of paperwork without so much as a glance, expecting him to sort and file everything flawlessly.

Grant seemed to relish assigning tasks that forced uncomfortable closeness or required them to spend extended periods alone in his office. A simple task like delivering files had become a minefield, as Mr Wright tried to avoid accidental brushes of hands or other unintended contact while passing over documents. Grant would often seize these moments to comment on how "essential" Mia was to the smooth running of his day. Despite an overwhelming sense of humiliation, Mr Wright pushed through, steering conversations toward the Stitch & Sovereign project whenever possible - the only reason he was enduring this ludicrous charade. However, each time he broached the subject, Grant would offer a dismissive wave or a vague assurance that they would "get to it soon." The delay was frustrating, and the former businessman couldn't shake the feeling that he was being kept in this role longer than necessary.

The irony of his situation was not lost on him. A man who once wielded power without a second thought for those beneath him was now at the bottom of the hierarchy, experiencing firsthand the dismissiveness he had so often dished out. Every day was a lesson in humility, one he desperately wished would end.

Sitting at his desk, tapping his long pink nails impatiently on the glass surface during a rare moment of peace, Mr Wright was nearing the end of his tether. The sudden ring of the phone shattered the silence, and he snatched it up, already dreading the voice he knew he'd hear.

"Mia, I need you. Can you step into my office for a moment?" Grant Horton's voice was smooth, carrying that authoritative tone that always made his skin prickle.

"Yes, sir," he replied, the simpering, girlish tone he was forced to adopt making him cringe.

With a heavy sigh, he set the phone back on its receiver, his manicured fingers lingering for a moment. As he glanced down, a groan escaped him at the sight of what he'd become - a lowly secretary dressed to captivate in a snug, alluring outfit that left little to the imagination. The fitted black blouse with flared cap sleeves showcased an impressive cleavage, while below, a leather miniskirt clung tightly to his enhanced backside, exuding a seductive sultriness that contrasted sharply with his true self.

His hairless legs, encased in silky black pantyhose, extended from the tiny skirt, gliding unnaturally against each other with every slight shift in his office chair, sending shivers up his spine. The prosthetics sculpting his exaggerated feminine figure were hot and cumbersome while sitting, but even worse when standing. Each slow, deliberate movement brought a wobble and jiggle, and one misstep in the ridiculously tall heels - lifting him far beyond his comfort zone - could send him toppling to the ground.

Today, a high ponytail added to his discomfort, pulling relentlessly at his scalp and making his face, already stiff from Botox and plastered with makeup, feel like a mask.

Glancing at his computer monitor and catching sight of his plumped lips jutting out in a perpetual pout, the sudden thought of whether his bloated slugs needed another coat of gloss crossed his mind. But seeing them still red and glistening from the sticky layer he had applied not long ago, he dismissed the idea, feeling foolish. He hated when thoughts like that crept in - the old Morgan Wright would never have entertained such frivolous concerns.

The alien face on the monitor blinked, its stiff, rounded features briefly disappearing behind a veil of thick, extended lashes. When the monstrous visage reappeared, a sudden surge of determination washed over the

feminised man.

Hauling himself to his aching feet, Morgan Wright decided to approach the subject of the merger one more time - and this time, he wasn't going to be fobbed off. Puffing out his chest, causing his silicone enhancements to oscillate, he strutted from his desk to Grant Horton's door and knocked loudly.

Grant's voice boomed from behind the closed door. "Enter."

Mr Wright quickly pushed it open and minced inside, ready to confront the man, but abruptly stopped. His manicured hands instinctively rested on his hips as he hesitated, taking in the scene. Grant was lounging behind his desk, feet casually propped up, and a smug grin on his face. The large man's relaxed presence suddenly made Mr Wright feel small and out of place in his current attire, the confidence he'd mustered wavering.

"You wanted to see me, sir?" Mr Wright asked, hoping to keep the encounter short and to the point.



"Come in, Mia," Grant said, waving him forward. "Don't just stand there, girl. Take a seat."

With a forced smile, Mr Wright tottered into the room, the click of his stilettos echoing loudly. He could feel his tight skirt tugging against the curve of his hips and thighs, making his movements even more painstakingly feminine. Reaching a chair in front of Grant's desk, he carefully perched himself down, smoothing his skirt over his legs before crossing them gracefully, the silky pantyhose swishing audibly with the movement.

"I like your outfit today, Mia," Grant said in a flirtatious tone, eyeing the crossdressed man with obvious appreciation. "It's very flattering on you."

Mr Wright rolled his eyes, his patience already wearing thin. "You wanted to see me, Sir," he replied, trying to keep his voice soft and feminine despite the irritation bubbling inside.

"Oh, so tetchy today," Grant teased, his smile widening as he let the comment hang in the air. When it became clear that his assistant wasn't in the mood for playful banter, Grant gave up with a sigh. "I need an energy boost. Would you mind heading out to grab me a coffee? Double shot of espresso, a splash of oat milk, and two pumps of vanilla syrup."

There was a moment of silence. Mr Wright's fingers clenched slightly around the arms of the chair before he responded, his voice uncharacteristically firm. "No."

Grant's eyebrows shot up, clearly caught off guard. It was the first time his new secretary had ever refused him anything.

"I'm here to help facilitate a merger, not to be your errand... girl," Mr Wright continued, his tone more defiant now. He crossed his arms and pouted, emphasizing his frustration. "I'm tired of your excuses. I'm starting to think there's something else going on here."

For a moment, Grant simply stared before a slow, knowing smile spread across his face. "There she is," he said with a chuckle, leaning back in his chair. "That's the spirited young woman I've been waiting to come out. I was going to brief you later today. I've just put the final pieces in place for your new role."

"Really?" Mr Wright responded, the doubt evident in his voice.

Grant's grin only grew wider. "Remember that errand I sent you out on yesterday?"

Mr Wright nodded, the memory of struggling with a heavy box while teetering on his stilettos still fresh in his mind. His legs had felt like jelly by the time he made it back to the office, and the humiliation of being ogled as he wobbled down the street had burned through him.



Grant's eyes locked onto Mr Wright. "Inside that box," he said, pausing for effect, "is a prototype. Put together by my design team." His tone was slow and condescending, as though he were explaining something complicated to an imbecile.

Mr Wright's brow furrowed in confusion. "A prototype? For what?"

Grant's smile widened, his eyes twinkling with that same infuriating smugness. He was clearly enjoying this. "It's for the new direction Stitch & Sovereign is going to take. I've set up a meeting for early next week with some key investors. We're going to present the brand's evolution."

A cold dread gripped Mr Wright's chest, a weight pressing down as he thought about the centuries-old legacy of his family business. Carefully crafted over generations, it was a hallmark of tradition and excellence. The thought of someone like Grant, with his flashy ideas and modern twists, making changes to that legacy sent alarm bells ringing. "What new direction?" he asked cautiously, trying to keep the panic from creeping into his voice.

Grant paused, interlocked his fingers, and clicked them loudly before placing his still-linked hands on his desk. "I want you, Mia, to wear the outfit in that box to the meeting. You're going to walk in there, looking every bit the stunning young woman you are, and you're going to sell them the future of Stitch & Sovereign."

Mr Wright blinked, utterly lost. "What idea? What am I supposed to say?"

Grant smirked, clearly enjoying the confusion and helplessness radiating from Mr Wright. "Oh, don't worry your pretty little head," he said, his tone dripping with mock reassurance. "I'll explain everything to you soon enough. You'll know exactly what to do when the time comes. But first..." He paused, leaning forward slightly. "I want that coffee. Now."

Chapter 16: Don't Judge a Book by Its Cover

Mr Wright stood on his tiptoes outside the conference room door, his stomach churning with anxiety. This was the day he'd dreaded ever since Grant had unveiled his plan. And now here he was, about to walk into a room full of fashion industry titans and give a presentation on the 'new direction' for Stitch & Sovereign. Normally, delivering a pitch like this would be daunting. But doing it as Mia Bishop, dressed in a garment meant to showcase this 'new direction,' it felt more like a waking nightmare.

The past few days had been an exhausting blur of preparation, both in mind and body. He'd rehearsed every line of Grant's meticulously crafted pitch, determined to get every word right. But it was the relentless beauty sessions that truly wore him down. Waxed, tanned, and injected, he now embodied every inch of the sultry businesswoman Grant expected him to be.

His long auburn hair had been expertly curled, cascading in glossy waves down his back. His face felt taut and smooth after another round of Botox. His lips, already plump and perpetually pouty, had been filled even further, creating an alluring look he despised. His voluminous eyelash extensions- freshly filled in - fluttered with each blink, adding a seductive frame to his heavily lined eyes.

His skin was bronzed and flawless, airbrushed meticulously to disguise any seams betraying the faux hips, padded buttocks, and full chest beneath his fitted dress. The weight of the silicone attached to him only deepened the discomfort, reinforcing the exaggeratedly feminine shape he now inhabited. Every part of him

felt uncomfortable - the steep gradient of his heels, the vice-like cinch of his waist, and the lengthy, ornamental nails glued to his fingers.

He'd grown somewhat accustomed to seeing this version of himself in the mirror, but the thought of stepping into that room still made his pulse race. This wasn't a typical boardroom meeting where he'd once held power; this was a stage, and he was the show!

Taking a steadying breath, he reminded himself that this ordeal would soon be over. Gathering up his flowing skirt with one manicured hand, he reached out with the other, fingers trembling slightly as they closed around the door handle.

As the once-powerful CEO tottered into the room, he felt every pair of eyes lock onto him, assessing and dissecting every inch of his feminized appearance. His towering heels sank slightly into the plush red carpet, the sequins catching the light, scattering sparkles around the room and drawing even more unwanted attention to his painstakingly slow progress.

The fitted bodice of his pink high-low gown clung tightly to his faux curves, while the capped sleeves added a touch of elegance. The heavy, layered skirt tugged gently at his hips, giving his movements a subtle sway, an almost ethereal glide that felt unnaturally graceful. Each step was delayed, too smooth, as though he were floating, yet every exaggeratedly feminine motion only heightened his discomfort, making him feel both dainty and utterly absurd.

The gown's train trailed behind him, while the front portion brushed against his nylon-clad ankles - each soft tickle competing with the rhythmic swish created by his pantyhosed - for the most distracting sensation. He'd been instructed to keep his head held high, but despite himself, he occasionally glanced downward. When he did, his vision, limited by voluminous eyelashes and pressed-together, inflated lips, would come to rest on the plunging neckline of his gown. The low cut revealed a prominent cleavage, formed by silicone breast forms that rose and fell with each shallow breath, obscuring any view of his aching feet below.



As his auburn curls bounced with an infuriatingly feminine flair and his chunky hoop earrings swung with a soft,

mocking chime, Mr Wright kept his gaze averted from the waiting executives. He knew they were silently analysing his unusual boardroom attire, their eyes tracking his every move. He could almost feel their judgment, the amused glances, the raised eyebrows, as he minced across the room with slow, cautious strides. His face was flushed with embarrassment as he finally reached the front of the room. Letting go of the gathered fabric, he felt his dress drop and settle heavily around him, its weight grounding him in place. Taking a final, shaky breath, a wave of fear and shame washed over him as he lifted his pretty eyes to meet rows of suited executives, their faces painted with amused smiles.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, forcing a bright smile. "Thank you for being here today." He carefully enunciated each word, painfully aware of the higher-pitched tone he was forced to adopt. His manicured hand fumbled slightly with the clicker he'd been concealing in his palm - his glossy pink nails making it feel clumsy and awkward as he tapped to display the first slide.

"I'm... excited to introduce a product that's set to redefine luxury fashion," he continued, shifting awkwardly on his heels to try and suppress the discomfort in his feet. "In partnership with The Horton Corporation, Stitch & Sovereign is moving into a bold, new era of high-end apparel." He shifted again, the fabric of his gown rustling around his crossdressed frame.

A few murmurs drifted through the audience. Mr Wright could sense their bafflement, the confusion of seeing what looked like a voluptuous woman in a ball gown presenting on behalf of a historic brand. He caught questioning glances and raised eyebrows, each one sending a tremor through his legs, making it harder to stand atop his towering heels.

"Our..." he hesitated, forcing a smile onto his plumped pink lip once again, "Our newest product, The Convertible, is our answer to a world that demands both elegance and adaptability."

The sceptical glances that continued to be exchanged around the room made it clear they saw him as just another airheaded bimbo on display. He knew exactly what they were thinking - he'd been in their position countless times and would have thought the same himself. It took all his resolve to keep his voice steady as he continued, "In today's fast-paced world, our clients need more than beautiful clothing. They need innovation, style, and flexibility. The Convertible... is designed with these celebrities, performers, and high-profile clients in mind."

He continued, and while outlining the unique features - the hidden fastenings and fully customisable thermochromic technology - he caught the eye of an older executive, who seemed unconvinced, a frown creasing his brow.

"This technology," Mr Wright squeaked, trying to muster authority, "allows effortless transformation. With extremely healthy profit margins and a waiting market, The Convertible has the potential to captivate discerning clients seeking exclusivity and contemporary design." As he finished his sentence, the silence in the room felt suffocating. He dared a quick scan of the room, his lashes fluttering as he tried to gauge their reaction.

"Now," he continued, still smiling despite his nerves. "Rather than simply describe the potential of The Convertible, I'll show you."

The executives in the room leaned forward, eyebrows raised, their expressions now filled with intrigue. Mr Wright swallowed hard. This was it - the moment Grant had insisted on, putting him and this elaborate prototype on full display.

"Imagine, if you will," he began, attempting to channel the confidence he'd once wielded effortlessly, "that I'm stepping onto a red carpet." He forced a soft smile through gritted teeth as he held the gaze of an older gentleman in the front row, who looked back at him with a lustful stare. "'I've made my entrance, posed for the photographers,' he said, his voice faltering slightly as a wave of humiliation washed over him. 'I've sat through the glamorous event, and now it's time for the after-party. I'd love to feel more comfortable, but changing is such a hassle. Luckily, I'm wearing The Convertible.'"

At his cue, an assistant slipped quietly into the room, moving with purpose and precision. Mr Wright stood rigid, his hands by his side as the woman positioned herself behind him. His stomach fluttered with nerves, and he kept his gaze straight ahead, dreading the moment to come.

With a deft movement, the assistant reached for the hidden fastenings at his waist, fingers working swiftly to unhook each clasp. The room was silent, save for the soft rustling of fabric until he felt the weight release from his frame, and the heavy, layered pink fabric unfurled in a gentle cascade, slipping down his pantyhosed-legs and pooling gracefully at his feet. The sudden rush of cool air against his exposed thighs was a jolt, making him instinctively press his legs together, his eyes widening as the shorter hemline - hovering daringly high on his thighs - left him feeling bare, vulnerable, and on full display.

With nimble fingers, the assistant then swiftly unhooked the cap sleeves, revealing more of his shoulders. The sleeves slipped off as effortlessly as the skirt had fallen, and with a quick, efficient motion, she gathered the discarded fabric and exited the room.

Now, it was Mr Wright's turn to deliver the final touch. He traced his long-nailed finger along the side of the dress, finding the button cleverly concealed in the bodice's seam. Holding his breath, he pressed it. Slowly - agonizingly slow as far as the feminized man was concerned - he stood, grinning stiffly, while a chemical reaction warmed the material by half a degree. To the astonishment of all watching, the colour started to fade, and morph, until the transformation from an extravagant pink ballgown to a sleek grey mini dress was complete. The crowd collectively gasped, their eyes widening in astonishment. Dresses with detachable skirts were nothing new, but colour-changing technology had always fallen short - until now. Awed whispers and nods of approval rippled through the audience, their initial doubt now replaced by genuine interest.

Mr Wright, teetering on his stiletto heels with a beaming smile, felt a rush of adrenaline as he took in the sea of amazed faces. His heart pounded as he paused for effect.



Taking a measured breath, he carefully smoothed the snug fabric of his dress over his curvy silhouette, aware of his delicate appearance yet fully playing to the crowd. 'The Convertible isn't just a gown; it's a new way to experience luxury, offering two distinctive looks in one.' He glanced around, noting their captivated expressions, and continued, 'It gives women the power to adapt to any occasion - quickly and effortlessly. Thank you for listening. I'll now invite Mr Horton up, who will be happy to answer any questions you may have.'

A tense silence lingered for a few moments before a wave of applause erupted, filling the room. Relief washed over Mr Wright as he took it in, pride swelling beneath his polished, feminine exterior. When the applause faded, he thanked the room once more, then spun on his towering heels, feeling the pain in his calves but ignoring it - The pain dulled by the thrill of his success and the validation in their applause. He had done it! He had knocked it out of the park!"

Chapter 17: Putty in His Hands

After the high of the presentation, the following days sank back into the dreary rhythm of his secretarial duties. Mr Wright begrudgingly returned to fetching coffee, making photocopies, and completing the endless stream of trivial tasks he despised. By now, navigating the office in short skirts and precariously tall heels had become almost second nature - an uncomfortable routine, but one he'd reluctantly adapted to. Most of his coworkers barely paid him any attention, which made it easy to forget his situation at times. However, all it took was a lingering look from an officer visitor or a stranger's double-take on the street to remind him just how far he'd fallen from his former life.

On a cold, rainy Tuesday, the day dragged on uneventfully. The morning had been quiet, allowing Mr Wright to focus on the task of filling his long, cumbersome nails - a ritual he found tedious but necessary to avoid Madame Maria's hovering presence and relentless criticism later at home. Early afternoon, he was sent on an errand to the post office. For the average person, it would have been a quick trip around the block, but for Mr Wright, it was a slow, cautious journey as he navigated the wet pavement in platform pumps with barely any grip. Each step required careful calculation, the towering heels forcing him into a dainty, mincing stride that inevitably drew unwanted attention from passersby.

Clutching a bulky package under one arm, Mr Wright felt the chill in the air seep through his pantyhose, the sheer fabric offering no protection against the biting wind. The flared hem of his pale pink skirt fluttered incessantly against his thighs with every gust, each brush a maddening reminder of how exposed and ridiculous he felt. His clothing, like all his outfits, had been meticulously chosen to emphasise femininity to the extreme: a fitted black top with a low-cut neckline and a mesh panel that acted as a window to his artificial cleavage, topped with a blazer that offered little more than the illusion of professionalism.

As he trotted along the treacherous streets, his fiery red hair, styled in voluminous waves, bounced with each hesitant step, while his plump, glossy lips glistened, attracting even more unwanted attention. Onlookers' gazes lingered longer than he could bear, their curiosity amplifying his humiliation. Though his icy glare, from behind the veil of thick, curled lashes, usually made them avert their eyes, the ordeal of navigating the city dressed like some attention-seeking hussy left his cheeks flushed with embarrassment.

Re-entering the office building, Mr Wright forced a polite half-smile at the security guard stationed by the entrance. The man's eyes made an unobtrusive sweep up and down his feminized form before he greeted him with a warm, "Welcome back, Mia."

"Thank you," Mr Wright replied curtly, his put-on, high-pitched voice barely masking his irritation. His eyes smouldered with barely concealed frustration, weary of the way every man now seemed to scrutinize him like an object on display.

With measured steps, he tottered toward the elevator, the sharp click-clack of his towering heels echoing loudly against the marble floor of the cavernous foyer. The sound, amplified by the emptiness around him, created a relentless rhythm that felt almost mocking, while every motion sent pangs of discomfort shooting through his aching feet. Despite the pain, he pressed on, his hips swaying unnaturally to the rhythm his stilettos demanded.

As he moved forward, the irony of his situation hit him like a cruel joke. How many times had he been the one staring, letting his gaze linger on a woman's figure without a care for how obvious he was? Was he this blatant? A soft, bitter chuckle slipped from his over-filled red lips at the thought.



Arriving back at his desk, Mr Wright sank into his chair with a loud sigh, the weight lifting from his throbbing feet offering a fleeting moment of relief. He longed to kick off his torturous platform pumps, but the glass-topped desk left no room for discretion. Anyone walking by would see, and the last thing he wanted was to be called into a meeting to explain himself.

Instead, he allowed his mind to drift to the break room. If Mr Horton requested his afternoon coffee, he'd have a chance to escape for a few minutes. Dumping the remaining coffee in the pot would give him at least ten minutes to perch on the sofa while a new one brewed. Ten blessed minutes to stretch his aching tendons, and finally escape his heels for a little while. The idea was pure bliss.

As if the universe had heard his plea, the phone on his desk rang sharply, the flashing light indicating it was from Mr Horton's office. Taking a deep breath and reminding himself to sound cheerful, Mr Wright reached for the receiver.

"Good afternoon, Mia," Grant Horton's deep, commanding voice rolled through the line. "Would you join me in my office, please?"

"Certainly, Sir," Mr Wright replied automatically, echoing the response his former assistant must have said to him countless times. Before seizing the chance to add, "Shall I bring you a coffee?"

"No, that won't be necessary," Grant replied smoothly, dashing Mr Wright's hopes. "Just your pretty face is required."

The comment made Mr Wright's skin crawl, but he forced himself to respond in a friendly tone. "Understood. On my way."

Hanging up, he grimaced, the disgust he felt clear on his tightened features. With a reluctant sigh, he pushed himself back to his aching feet, the thought of whatever was waiting in Grant's office weighing heavily on him as he hobbled toward the door.

Carefully curling his fingers - his long, pink acrylic nails making it impossible to form a proper fist - Mr Wright knocked lightly on the door.

"Come in, Mia," Grant's booming voice called out from within.

Pushing the door open, Mr Wright tottered to the centre of the room, the usual sharp click of his heels muffled by the thick carpet. He stood silently, waiting as he always did, while Grant finished typing away at his computer. Mr Wright suspected this was another of Grant's little power plays - a way to show him who was in control. It reminded him of a tip he'd once read in a book on leadership: always make others wait for you to assert dominance. Whether it was deliberate or not, it worked. One man in the room held all the authority, and it certainly wasn't the one wearing a lacy thong beneath a flimsy, short skirt.

Determined to hide his unease, Mr Wright stared straight ahead, locking his heavily made-up eyes on Grant. Finally, after what felt like an eternity, Grant stopped typing and looked up with a smile.

"Sorry about that, Mia," he said casually. "Just had to jot down some ideas before I forgot."

"If it's concerning Stitch & Sovereign. Perhaps I can help?" Mr Wright asked, his tone overly sweet.

Grant chuckled, shaking his head. "No, nothing you need to worry your pretty little head about. Just one of those many things a business owner like me has to juggle. You wouldn't understand."

Forcing a tight-lipped smile, Mr Wright bit back a retort. "No, I suppose I wouldn't," he replied in a soft, feminine tone. "So, you wanted to see me, Sir?"

"Yes! Join me on the sofa, Mia," Grant said, motioning toward the plush seating near the window - his broad frame dwarfing the furniture around him as he stood. "There's something I'd like to run by you." Mr Wright hesitated, his head turning towards the small, intimate seating area. His long, wavy hair swayed with the motion, brushing against his cheeks, while his hoop earrings jangled softly in his ears. Noticing his reluctance, Grant chuckled and added, "This is about Stitch & Sovereign. Please."

Reluctantly, Mr Wright turned back toward the little sofa, pausing for a moment to weigh his options. Sitting on one side would leave him cornered, whereas sitting in the middle might give him some wiggle room if needed. Opting for the latter, he minced over, carefully smoothed down his skirt, and lowered himself, arranging his legs in a crossed, ladylike manner.

Grant smirked as he watched his buxom secretary settle in, then strode confidently across the room. Sitting down beside the feminized man, his large frame instantly filled the space, making the already small sofa feel even smaller.

"So, I've got some exciting news," Grant began, leaning back slightly as his smirk widened. He let the moment hang, clearly enjoying the anticipation building in Mr Wright's expression.

"After your brilliant presentation, we've secured new investment and resources for the project," he continued, his tone casual yet self-satisfied.

Mr Wright smiled instinctively, relief and pride bubbling up. Despite the nightmare of the situation, this was positive news.

Sensing the need to respond, Mr Wright forced a bright, practised smile. "That's wonderful, Sir. I'm so pleased it went well," he said, his high-pitched, sugary tone making him cringe inwardly. "So, what are the next steps?" Grant shifted closer on the sofa, his imposing frame making Mr Wright feel even more emasculated. "We need to create a clothing range," he began, his tone calm and casual. "Something that proves The Convertible has a market. It's a big job, and frankly, Mia, I'm not sure you're up to the task."

Mr Wright's smile faltered, his heart sinking. "What? I'm capable," he shot back, unable to keep the frustration out of his voice. "This is my company! I'm the most capable person there is," he added passionately, panic bubbling beneath his words. The thought of being sidelined, left to play Mia the seductive secretary indefinitely, was unbearable.

Grant raised an eyebrow. "Your company?" he asked, his voice laced with amusement.

"Erm... A slip of the tongue. I mean... I've worked there for decades, and I do own 20%. It feels like it's my company," Mr Wright quickly corrected himself, his voice sounding panicked as his hands, resting on his pantyhose-clad thighs, clenched into small fists. His long nails pressed into his palms, betraying his frustration. "I can do this. Let me show you."

Grant shifted even closer. "Oh, I do love it when you get all fired up, Mia. It's very sexy," he said, his deep voice dripping with condescension. "Okay, I'll give you a shot, but I want Morgan Wright working alongside you on

this. You are but his secretary, after all. We'll need his expertise."

The words stung more than Mr Wright cared to admit. "Of course," he replied tight lipped, feeling utterly ridiculous as he sat next to a man who was once his equal in a pair of skyscraper heels and a frilly miniskirt. "Thank you, Sir. I won't let you down."

Grant reached out, resting his large hand on Mr Wright's shoulder, his fingers playing lightly with a strand of his long, auburn locks. "I know you won't. So, here's how it will work," he continued. "You'll accompany Morgan Wright to a few fashion shows for inspiration. That'll prepare you for your meeting with the design team in a few weeks. After that, we'll tackle marketing and the soft launch of the product. Throughout, you'll keep me constantly updated, and if all goes well, in around six months we'll hold a meeting with the board to finalize everything. How does that sound?"

"Erh... Erh," Mr Wright stammered, struggling to form words. Six months! Six more months of this charade! His mind raced as the reality settled over him, his heart pounding in dread.



“Mia, are you okay?” Grant’s deep, rich voice snapped Mr Wright from his momentary daze. The feminized

man looked up to see Grant's brow furrowed in confusion and concern.

"Yes, sorry," Mr Wright squeaked, scrambling for an excuse. "That all sounds... great. I just... got a sudden cramp in my leg," he added, leaning forward and clutching his calf in an overly theatrical gesture to mask his reaction. The movement successfully dislodged Grant's hand from his shoulder, but the towering man didn't seem inclined to let the moment slip away so easily.

"Oh, a cramp? Let me help with that," Grant offered, his voice warm and commanding, giving no room for refusal.

"No, really, that's not nec—" Mr Wright's protest turned into a startled gasp as Grant gently, but firmly clasped his leg and lifted it onto his lap. The move was smooth, surprisingly tender, and left Mr Wright too stunned to react. With deft movements, Grant slipped off one of his towering platform pumps, the cool air hitting Mr Wright's nylon-clad toes, now exposed, and curling involuntarily.

"Let's start here," Grant said, his large hands cupping Mr Wright's delicate-looking foot. With a firm but soothing touch, he began kneading the ball of his foot, thumbs pressing into the arch with rhythmic precision. Mr Wright let out a soft moan, his body betraying him as the relief from hours of teetering on stiletto heels flooded his senses.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" Grant asked, a teasing smile playing on his lips as he worked his way to the heel, rubbing deep circles with a strong thumb.

Mr Wright's fingers gripped the edge of the cushion tightly, his glossy pink nails digging into the fabric. "This... this is highly inappropriate," he managed, though his voice lacked the conviction he'd intended.

"Inappropriate? Or overdue?" Grant countered, his tone light but suggestive. Without waiting for an answer, he took Mr Wright's other leg, removing the second shoe with the same care before beginning the same methodical massage on the other foot. His thumbs worked the tension from the arches while his fingers applied gentle pressure to the delicate joints of the painted toes.

Mr Wright's lashes fluttered, his thick extensions brushing his heavily blushed cheeks with every blink. He tried to find the will to remove his legs from the giant man's grasp, but the sheer pleasure of the massage overwhelmed him. "Please... I..." he trailed off, unable to find the words.

Grant chuckled softly, his hands moving with confident ease. "Relax, Mia," he murmured, leaning back slightly as he continued. "You run around all day for me, balancing on those skyscrapers. You deserve this." A flush of embarrassment crept up Mr Wright's neck, but his body remained helplessly entranced under Grant's touch. His enhanced chest rose and fell with each shallow breath, and his legs, clad in silky pantyhose, remained limp and compliant in the man's lap. The tension he carried all day dissipated, replaced by a warm, intoxicating relief.

"Now, where was I?" Grant asked, his voice casual as if nothing about this situation was out of the ordinary. "Oh yes, the board meeting. If we time this right, we can align it with the annual trip to the Bahamas. Have you ever been to the Bahamas, Mia? The water's crystal clear, and I bet you'd look spectacular in a little bikini."

"Uh-huh," Mr Wright mumbled, barely registering the words. His usual convictions about how wrong this was dissolved under the blissful sensations coursing through his body. As Grant's hands continued their meticulous work, Mr Wright's plump lips parted with a soft, involuntary purr, his eyes fluttering closed and rolling back. The waves of relief and pleasure coursing through him felt almost euphoric - an overwhelming release after

weeks of nothing but restraint and restriction.

Chapter 18: Sink or Swim

"The Bahamas?" Mia exclaimed, her voice rising in disbelief. Her eyes narrowed into sharp slits, piercing through the air as she fixed an accusatory gaze on Mr Wright, who stood before her with an embarrassed expression, shifting uncomfortably on his high-heeled feet. "Why on earth would you agree to that?" "I... I... He tricked me..." Mr Wright stammered, his face flushing red as he fidgeted with the hem of his short skirt.

"Tricked you? How, exactly?" Mia folded her arms, her expression sharp enough to cut through his excuses. Mr Wright's jaw tightened. The memory of Grant's hands massaging his pantyhosed legs, the way it had turned his brain into mush, was humiliating enough without having to relive it in front of Mia. "That's not important," he snapped, avoiding her glare. "What matters is getting out of it. We need a plan."

Mia's eyebrows shot up, and her lips curled into a mocking smirk. "Oh, we need a plan, do we? And I suppose you expect me to come up with it?"

"Well, you're the one who got me into this mess in the first place," Mr Wright retorted, his voice rising as he gestured to his feminized appearance. "None of this would be happening if—"

"Oh, please," Mia cut him off, her voice laced with venom. "You're seriously blaming me? You were the one who drove Stitch & Sovereign into the ground. You're the one who picked a fight with the only person willing to save your sorry arse. So don't stand there bitching at me while trying to shift the blame."

Morgan Wright clenched his teeth and curled his long-manicured fingers into as tight a fist as he could manage. He wanted to yell back, to remind her who she was talking to, but the words caught in his throat. Realizing there was an uncomfortable truth to what she was saying, his shoulders slumped as he exhaled sharply through his nose. "Fine, I'll admit that I've made a few mistakes," he muttered, forcing himself to look her in the eye. "But tell me, do you have a solution or not?"

Mia tilted her head, her expression softening slightly as she studied her sissified boss. Her sharp gaze swept over Mr Wright, from his stiletto-clad feet to the top of his perfectly styled auburn locks. "There is one I can think of," she said slowly, drawing out the words for effect. "But I doubt you're going to like it." Mr Wright's stomach churned. "I don't like any of this," he muttered, his voice low. "Just spit it out."

A month later, Mr Wright awkwardly tottered across a plush grey carpet, the heels of his six-inch stilettos sinking slightly with each step. He was returning to his seat after a quick bathroom break, his patience growing thin from having to endure yet another fashion show - his third of the week.

The venue's strict no-camera policy had forced him to deposit his coat and purse in the cloakroom upon arrival, leaving him with nothing to shield his feminized form as he navigated the bustling crowd. The silk gown he'd been made to wear felt impossibly light and airy against his padded frame, its floor-length skirt brushing and tickling with every cautious step. A daring front slit offered occasional flashes of his pantyhosed legs, while the sleeveless top, secured by a single strap over his right shoulder, left his arms and much of his chest area exposed.

The glances were unrelenting as he moved through the crowd, but Mr Wright understood that they were merely appraising his outfit, unaware that beneath the slinky frock lay a trapped businessman. The meticulous disguise - layers of prosthetics, expertly applied makeup, and the silky gown - concealed his identity flawlessly. This realization left him feeling conflicted, but he pushed the thought aside, his mind too preoccupied with more pressing matters to dwell on the humiliation of it all.



Shuffling through the door at the back of the main room, Mr Wright carefully descended a short set of stairs and took his seat next to Mia in the front row. A quick glance around confirmed that a few people were looking his way, their expressions a blend of curiosity and jealousy, perhaps wondering if he was someone famous to warrant such a prime seat. Their interest faded when they seemed to decide he was a nobody, though the faint tinge of envy in their glances lingered. Mr Wright, however, would have gladly traded places with any of them. The last thing he wanted - apart from being crossdressed and feminized at the fashion show - was to be sitting in the glaring spotlight of the front row. But Grant had secured the tickets, and clearly, the man had connections.

"You took your time," Mia remarked, her voice low but teasing, as Mr Wright settled beside her. He crossed his legs neatly at mid-thigh, his long skirt quietly swishing as he arranged it carefully over his smooth, pantyhosed legs.

"Well, it isn't exactly easy using the bathroom these days," he muttered back, a pointed edge to his tone as he referred to the layers of padding sculpting his feminine figure. "I didn't miss anything, did I?"

"No," Mia replied, giving the feminized man a curious glance. "The show hasn't started yet. Do you know what you're looking for?"

"Anything innovative or appealing to young trendsetters," he answered flatly, his exhaustion evident in his voice and posture.

"Good. You were paying attention during the briefing," Mia said, her smile warming slightly. "I like the ideas we passed on to the design team after the last show, but there's still time to add more if something catches your eye."

"Uh-huh," Mr Wright murmured with a distracted nod, his gaze dropping momentarily to the polished runway ahead, only half-hearing Mia's words as his thoughts wandered towards the following day.

"Stop thinking about it," Mia said abruptly, leaning in as if she'd read his mind. Her tone was firm yet sympathetic. "When we talked about the path forward last month, you agreed that this was the only way."

"It didn't feel as real back then," Mr Wright admitted, his voice barely above a whisper. His eyes flicked down to the faux cleavage protruding from the top of his dress. The sight turned his stomach, knowing that by tomorrow evening, the large mounds filling the cups would no longer be silicon - they would be his own flesh and a part of him. The thought made him feel faint. "There has to be another way."

"Not one that works," Mia replied with a shake of her head, her tone unwavering. "The Bahamas is going to be sweltering, and swimsuits are unavoidable. You need the right... assets, or the jig's up."

Mr Wright's gaze fell once more. His meagre lunch churned ominously in his stomach, the nausea rising. "What if we delay the project somehow? Miss the trip altogether?"

"Too risky," Mia countered instantly. "You know we've got competitors using similar technology. If we don't hit the market first, we'll lose the majority share. Try explaining that to a boardroom of executives - without a good reason other than we dragged our feet. The merger with the Hortons will collapse, and Stitch & Sovereign would be liquidated by the bank."

Mr Wright let out a deep, defeated sigh. He hated how right she always was. "Okay, fine. What if I faked being

ill? Or... or said there was a death in the family that weekend? You could go in my place and seal the deal."

"Still too risky," Mia replied, dashing his fleeting hope of avoiding the surgeon's scalpel. "Too many loose ends to tie up, too many lies to keep straight. Listen," she said, her tone softening as she turned to meet his wide, frightened eyes. "Everything can be undone. And these days, the procedures you're getting are relatively simple. You'll be in and out in a day with plenty of time to adjust before the trip. As soon as the contracts are signed, we'll get you booked back in to reverse everything. By that point, the filler in your face will be wearing off and you can get back to normal."

"Okay, I get it," Mr Wright whispered, his voice trembling with desperation. "But the Bahamas trip is at least five months away. There's no reason this operation has to be tomorrow."

Mia turned to him, her tone surprisingly gentle. "I know you're nervous, and I get it. But it has to be tomorrow." She paused, letting the words sink in before continuing, "Grant's going out of town for ten days. That's just enough time for you to recover without raising suspicion. It's our only window of opportunity. It has to be now."

Mr Wright stared at her, his plump lips slightly parted as he searched for a counterargument that didn't come. Defeated, his head dropped, and he reached down, his manicured fingers interlocking around his knee in a subtle, vulnerable gesture.

"Let's continue this later, okay?" Mia added, her voice returning to its authoritative tone as she nodded toward the stage. "The show's about to begin."

Resigned, Mr Wright followed Mia's gaze as it shifted to the runway. The overhead lights dimmed, replaced by a kaleidoscope of spotlights that danced across the stage in time with the pulsing bassline of the music. From behind a heavy curtain, the first model emerged, dressed entirely in white. The crowd collectively leaned forward, captivated by her confidence and poise, their murmurs of appreciation blending with the rhythm of the music. Mr Wright's eyes followed her as she strutted down the catwalk, his gaze fixed on her small chest bouncing with each step.



A whirlwind of emotions churned within him as he considered what awaited him the following day. He detested the faux breasts he currently wore - how they wobbled and jiggled, how they dragged him off balance whenever he moved too quickly. They were heavy, hot, and constantly in the way. But real breasts? That was a completely different type of beast.

The thought chilled him to his core. They would be inside him—a permanent change that would blur the already fragile line between his costume and his identity. Returning to who he once was would become infinitely more complicated and time-consuming. Then there was the thought of actually having breasts stretching out his chest. What would that feel like? Would it be painful? Would they be sensitive to touch, like a real woman's? The idea was terrifying, a reality he couldn't fully grasp and didn't want to confront. Mr Wright soon found himself lost in the vibrant chaos of the fashion show, the rhythmic music and flashing lights blurring into the background as his thoughts churned. Just months ago, he was a man at the helm of a centuries-old empire. Now, here he was - draped in silk, balancing on stilettos, surrounded by people who saw nothing more than a fashionably dressed bimbo secretary.

The absurdity of it all struck him like a cold slap. How had his life spiralled so far out of his control? He shifted in his seat, feeling the fabric of his dress slip over his smooth legs - a most intimate and unnerving sensation. At that moment, he still viewed himself as a man - a humiliated, heavily disguised man, but still a man. Would he feel that way after tomorrow? Would it still be a disguise, or would the masquerade finally become his reality?