

## Chapter 19: Moments of Weakness

Standing before the bathroom mirror, Mr Wright felt his plump bottom lip quiver. The reflection staring back at him was unmistakably that of a nude woman, save for the one remaining marker of his masculinity: a limp, shrivelled penis trapped within a chastity cage between his legs.

Reaching up, he hesitantly cupped one of his enormous breasts with a trembling hand. The woman in the mirror mimicked his movements, her long, manicured fingers looking dainty as they failed to fully grasp the ginormous fleshy mound. Slowly, he closed his thumb and fingers around his enlarged, swollen nipple and gave it a tentative squeeze. The unexpected jolt of sensation made him gasp, and he quickly pulled his hand away as though burned.

It had been two months since his surgery, but Morgan Wright was still struggling to accept the curvaceous body he now inhabited as his own. The physical wounds had healed; just days ago, the stitches had been removed. What remained now were scars - each a permanent reminder of what he had allowed to be done to his once-masculine physique. The ones hidden in the crease of his now-voluptuous backside marked where the butt implants had been inserted, leaving him with a shapely derriere that attracted attention everywhere he went. The scars along his ribs were due to the removal of two lower ribs. This invasive procedure, combined with aggressive liposuction, had created a disturbingly exaggerated hourglass figure. And then there were his breasts - massive, heavy, and impossible to ignore. Inserted through incisions that were difficult to notice - unless he raised his arm - the silicone implants stretched his skin to its limits, caused him to constantly feel off balance and made sleep much more challenging than it needed to be.

Regret weighed heavily on Mr Wright's mind these days. He often wondered why he hadn't put a stop to this madness, especially the surgery. Shaking his head angrily, he felt the damp weight of his freshly dyed hair piled under a towel atop his head. The towel pressed down, amplifying the suffocating sensation of everything. His frustration boiled over, and he cursed the person he held responsible for all of this - Mia.

From the start, she had been there, downplaying the significance of every step. She'd convinced him that breast augmentation surgery was a simple procedure - that the implants would be as easy to put in as they would be to take out. Only after waking up, groggy and in pain, had she revealed the truth: multiple procedures had sculpted his body into a copy of when he had worn the padding. Recovery had been gruelling, and even now, he felt daily aches and pains as his skin adjusted to the foreign objects within.

"Are you okay in there?" Madame Maria's voice rang out from the next room, bringing Mr Wright back to the present.

"Yeah, I'm fine! Just give me a minute, will you?" He yelled back, popping his head out the bathroom door, his fingers gripping the doorframe tightly.



“Alright, but don’t dawdle too long,” she replied briskly. “The photographer is nearly ready, and we still have lots of work to do.”

“Don’t remind me,” Mr Wright muttered under his breath, retreating into the hotel suite’s bathroom with a frustrated sigh. It was a place he was unfamiliar with and had no desire to be in. There was nowhere to sit, and his reflection in the large, gleaming mirror was unavoidable, taunting him everywhere with every careless glance. However, once he stepped out, his makeover would continue: Madame Maria would descend upon him with her brushes and combs, styling his hair, perfecting his makeup, and dressing him in yet another humiliating outfit.

After that, he’d be paraded into the adjoining room, which was currently being prepared with lighting and props for the start of 'The Convertible's' social media campaign. With no budget to hire professionals, he had been drafted in as the model, Madame Maria was in charge of makeup and styling, while Mia had taken on the role of director.

He exhaled sharply, trying to steady himself. The hours of preparation had already left him drained. His skin still tingled from the spray tan, his scalp ached from the rigorous colouring and styling, and his nails had been shaped and painted into glossy perfection. Only a few steps remained, but each felt like a marathon.

He cast one last glance at the bombshell of a woman in the mirror, shaking his head at the sheer absurdity of it all. Letting out a resigned sigh, he turned away and stepped out to continue the madness.



An hour later, Madame Maria's busy hands finally stilled as she stepped back to inspect her work. Her sharp eyes scanned Mr Wright's freshly dyed black hair, styled into soft, glossy curls that cascaded over his shoulders. Spotting a stray strand out of place, she immediately leaned in to fix it with deft precision.

"Perfect," she declared with a satisfied smile.

Mr Wright shifted uneasily on his feet, feeling far from perfect. The tight corseted top of his dress clung like a vice, forcing his massive cleavage to spill over in a way that made him want to disappear. He tugged at the frilly skirt, its exaggeratedly feminine flare brushing against his bare thighs with the slightest movement. Beneath it, the form-fitting miniskirt of the "converted" look waited to make things even worse - something he was trying not to think about.

Faux diamond jewellery added insult to injury. Dangling earrings swayed annoyingly with each tilt of his head, a necklace glittered obnoxiously against his chest, and a collection of bracelets clinked and jangled each time he moved his arms.

"Absolutely stunning," Madame Maria said, giving herself a satisfied clap. "Sit and rest for a moment. I'll call through and let them know you're ready." With that, she trotted out of the room, leaving Mr Wright free to perch on the foot of the bed. He crossed his smooth, hairless legs and shifted, trying to find a position that offered even a hint of comfort. Leaning back, he planted down his palms and attempted to ease the tension in his aching back. The effort proved pointless - his muscles stayed taut, strained from the relentless weight of the bulky silicone sacks burrowed within his chest.

A sharp knock on the door shattered his fleeting attempt at calm, snapping him back to the moment. Before he could react, Madame Maria's heels clicked purposefully across the room, her voice ringing out confidently, "I'll get it!"

The suite fell into an unusual quiet as the main door opened and then softly clicked shut. Mr Wright's eyes fixed on the entrance to the bedroom, expecting Mia to round the corner. Instead, his breath hitched as Grant Horton stepped into the room.

"Grant?" Mr Wright blurted out, the shock in his voice undeniable. Of all people, Grant was the last person he expected—or wanted—to see, and the sight left a stupefied look on his taut, Botox-stretched face.



Grant's gaze swept over the feminized man lounging on the suite's comfortable-looking bed, lingering just a little too long.

"Well," Grant said with a slow, deliberate smile, his voice low and full of implication. "Don't you look gorgeous?"

Mr Wright's stomach churned, his cheeks flushing with humiliation as he averted his gaze. "I—I wasn't expecting you," he stammered, his voice high-pitched and shaky, betraying his discomfort. His hands fidgeted with the hem of his frilly skirt, desperate for something to anchor him.

Grant chuckled softly, the deep, rich sound filling the room. "Clearly," he replied, taking a few measured steps closer. "But I'm glad I came by. I wanted to see how things were progressing... and I must say, I'm impressed."

"Impressed?" Mr Wright echoed, his voice almost a squeak. He risked a glance up, his heavily lashed eyes meeting Grant's. The man's expression was unreadable.

"Very," Grant replied smoothly, closing the distance between them. He reached out, his fingers brushing a stray curl away from Mr Wright's cheek. The touch was featherlight but electric, and Mr Wright stiffened, his breath catching in his throat.

"You've come a long way, Mia," Grant continued, his voice soft yet commanding. "This role suits you more than I ever imagined."

"I don't—" Mr Wright started to protest, but the words faltered as Grant lowered himself onto the bed beside him, the mattress dipping slightly under his weight. The closeness was suffocating, and Mr Wright shifted instinctively, but there was nowhere to go.

"Relax," Grant said, his tone soothing. His large hand settled gently on Mr Wright's knee, the warmth of his palm now meeting bare skin. It wasn't the first time Grant had touched his legs, but it was the first time he'd felt the man's hand directly on his skin, without the barrier of tights. "You're too tense. It's been a stressful few months for you, has it not?"

"I'm fine," Mr Wright insisted, though his trembling voice betrayed him. He tried to pull away, but Grant's grip tightened ever so slightly, not enough to hurt, but enough to remind him who was in control.

"You don't have to pretend with me," Grant murmured, leaning in just enough that his voice was a low rumble in Mr Wright's ear. "I see how hard you're working, how much you've sacrificed. You deserve to be appreciated."

The words, so gentle yet loaded with meaning, sent a shiver down Mr Wright's spine. His chest rose and fell rapidly, the corset constricting his breathing as his mind raced. "I don't need—" he began, but Grant's hand slid a fraction higher on his thigh, and his voice failed him.

"Shh," Grant whispered, his tone both calming and commanding. His fingers traced slow, deliberate circles just above the knee, the intimate gesture making Mr Wright's skin tingle despite himself. "You're beautiful, Mia. And you should be told that."

"I'm not—" Mr Wright replied as he tried again to escape the large man, but the intensity in Grant's gaze held him captive.

"You are," Grant said firmly, his hand moving higher still, his thumb dipping under the delicate hem of Mr Wright's skirt. "You may not see it yet, but I do."

Mr Wright gulped, his body betraying him with a stillness he couldn't control. The pressure of Grant's fingers on his bare thigh sent an unsettling rush through him, made worse by the pleasurable memories of the foot massage. He wanted to stand up, to protest, but his muscles refused to obey, his thoughts spiralling into a haze of unease and something deeper he dared not acknowledge.

"You take such good care of me each day in the office," Grant continued, his voice a velvet murmur. "Let me show you my gratitude."

Before Mr Wright could respond, Grant's hand slipped to the small of his back, guiding him closer. The move was gentle, almost tender, but it left no room for resistance. Mr Wright's lips parted in a soft gasp, his plumped, glossy mouth betraying his inner turmoil.

“Grant, I—” he whispered, but the words trailed off.

“Shh,” Grant whispered again, his face inches from Mr Wright’s, his breath warm and intoxicating. “You don’t have to say anything. Just let yourself feel.”

Grant’s lips hovered tantalizingly close to Mr Wright’s, his warm breath brushing against his skin. Meanwhile, Mr Wright sat frozen, a passenger in the moment, his mind a storm of panic and bewilderment. However, just as their lips brushed, Grant abruptly pulled back, his hand slipping away as he stood with an easy, fluid grace.

A crooked smile tugged at his lips as he looked down at Mr Wright, who blinked back with his glossy pink lips still parted in confusion. “Ah, we shouldn’t,” Grant said, his tone light and casual, as if the past few moments had been entirely ordinary. “You’ve got a photoshoot to get to. And I wouldn’t want to mess up your makeup.”

Mr Wright sat stunned, his mind racing to process what had just happened. His heart pounded in his chest as his eyes followed Grant, who calmly straightened his cuffs with slow, deliberate movements, as though he had all the time in the world.

“We’ll continue this another time,” Grant said smoothly, his tone carrying an unmistakable edge of satisfaction. His gaze swept over Mr Wright’s feminized form, his expression unreadable before he turned toward the door.

“Grant, I...” Mr Wright began, only to falter as his thoughts spiralled into confusion.

Grant paused, glancing back. “Yes, Mia?” he asked, his tone a disarming mix of charm and condescension, his smile widening as he held Mr Wright’s uncertain gaze.

“I...” Mr Wright stuttered again, his carefully manicured hands gripping the edge of the bed for support. His cheeks burned, and the heavy sensation of humiliation settled over him. “Never mind,” he finally muttered, his voice barely audible.

“Good luck with the shoot,” Grant said with a slow nod, his tone calm and assured. “You’ll do great. You always do.”

With that, he turned and strode out the door, leaving the room in heavy silence. For a moment, Mr Wright remained motionless, his mind struggling to process what had just happened. Then, a wave of anger and embarrassment crashed over him. “You fool,” he muttered, his manicured nails digging into the duvet. “Stand up for yourself!”

He shook his head sharply as if trying to dispel the lingering sensations of Grant’s touch, the warmth of his breath, the haunting thought of the kiss that had almost happened.

## **Chapter 20: A Stage Set for Vengeance**

Upon entering the luxurious hotel suite, Mia allowed herself a slow, satisfied smile. After all her careful planning and every subtle manipulation, her endgame was finally within reach. The presentation was mere hours away, and if everything went according to plan, she would finally be free of Morgan Wright forever - free to claim the life she had always dreamed of.

Pausing in the centre of the room, just out of sight, Mia let her eyes drift toward the balcony. There he was - her former misogynistic boss, lounging in the early afternoon sun. Her smile widened. The transformation she had orchestrated was nothing short of miraculous. Once an average, unremarkable man, Morgan Wright was now a flawless vision of artificial beauty - a masterpiece crafted by her imagination.

At a glance, there was nothing left of the old Morgan Wright. His once short, mousy brown hair had been transformed into a sleek, glossy curtain of jet-black strands flowing smoothly down to his mid-back. The ridiculous goatee he'd once thought made him look suave had been lasered into oblivion - along with most of his eyebrows. What remained were two delicate arches framing his striking blue eyes - the only lingering fragment of the man he once was. Thick, fluttering lashes surrounded them, while the rest of his face was utterly unrecognisable. Botox and fillers had plumped and smoothed his features into a flawless, hyper-feminine mask. His skin was taut, his cheekbones prominent, and his inflated lips locked in an involuntary pout - Leaving him looking so perfectly put together that it felt disturbingly unnatural.

Below the neck, his body had been through an equally shocking transformation - sculpted into a head-turning hourglass figure. The hormones - secretly slipped into his food for the last few months - had softened and rounded, but it was the surgeries that had truly shaped him into the woman he appeared to be. His chest now displayed an impressive pair of oversized breasts, while his waist pinched unnaturally thin, and his hips flared into a curvaceous backside. Gone were the days of buying off the rack with his voluptuous silhouette demanding custom-tailored clothes to contain his full-figured frame. Not that he had worn much clothing over the past week. Since arriving in the Bahamas ahead of the presentation, Morgan had been parading around in nothing but tiny dresses and skimpy bikinis, his manhood tucked away by special elastic panties. Designed to create the illusion of a camel toe, they must have been torturous to wear - yet necessary to maintain his appearance as Mia the sexy secretary.

Most of his days had been spent draped across a sun lounger by the pool or stretched out on the pristine white sands of the five-star resort's private beach. Mia had taken immense pleasure in watching him from afar, as he awkwardly navigated his new reality. Each nervous glance over his shoulder, every cautious step in his impossibly high heels, was a delightful spectacle - His discomfort etched into every roll of his sculpted hips and every jarring bounce of the oversized breasts.

Most satisfying of all had been watching the feminized man squirm during the private boat trip with the Hortons the previous day. Squeezed into a baby-blue one-piece swimsuit, its crisscross strings barely containing his exaggerated curves, Mr Wright had been on full display. He sipped champagne with a tight, rehearsed smile, awkwardly engaging in flirty small talk, pretending he wanted to be there. However, Mia could see through the act. Beneath his blank, Botox-frozen expression, she knew he was seething. A man of his stature - reduced to the role of an empty-headed, overly sexualized bimbo, existing solely to be looked at and admired.



As the afternoon progressed and inhibitions loosened, boundaries began to dissolve. Mia, perched comfortably on Graham Horton's lap, eventually gave in to his wandering hands - Just as Morgan had with Grant. Mia hadn't seen what unfolded after Grant effortlessly lifted Morgan into his strong arms and carried him below deck, but the intense make-out session that had led up to it left little doubt in her mind. Whatever had happened in that cabin, Mia was certain it was far from PG-rated.

There had been a fleeting moment on the yacht when Mia, watching her former boss being treated like a plaything rather than a person, wondered if she had gone too far. Was Morgan Wright's punishment too cruel? Too extreme?

But that fleeting moment of doubt didn't last long. She shook her head sharply, dismissing the thought.

"No!"

The word slipped from her lips with such force that Graham Horton glanced at her, brows raised in mild concern. "You okay?" he asked.

Mia forced a tight smile. "Fine."

To someone unaware of the full story, it might have seemed as if she were the villain in all this. But Mia knew better. After everything Morgan Wright had done to her, she felt justified in her actions.

When Mia first joined *Stitch & Sovereign* straight out of college, she was full of life. As secretary to Stanley Wright, Morgan's father, she had landed a coveted role many envied. The pay was generous, the hours were reasonable, and Stanley himself was a kind, respectful man. Over the years, they built a professional bond grounded in mutual trust and respect. However, that comfortable life began to unravel when Stanley's son, Morgan, started appearing in the office more frequently. At his father's insistence, Morgan was to learn the ropes of the family business. Yet from their first meeting, when Morgan refused her outstretched hand, Mia sensed this boy was very different to his father.

The way Morgan's eyes had shamelessly raked over her body, eyeing her up like a juicy steak, made her skin crawl. Unlike his father, Morgan carried himself with an air of entitlement, arrogance dripping from every smirk and condescending remark. He acted as though anything he wanted was his for the taking.

Over time, his behaviour worsened. He barked orders without so much as a *please* or *thank you*, treating Mia like a servant rather than a fellow professional. But it wasn't until that day in the stationery cupboard that Morgan's true nature revealed itself.

Without warning, he had slipped inside and locked the door. Startled, Mia barely managed to ask what he was doing before the young man pounced. Mia screamed. But no one came to her aid.

Morgan's hands tore at her clothes, groping and grabbing, his lips slobbering against her skin, his fingers violating every boundary.

When Stanley Wright found out, he was horrified. Genuinely appalled. But that horror didn't stop the man from begging Mia not to involve the police. He pleaded with her to stay quiet, offering her a stake in the company as compensation and promising that his son would be banned from the building permanently.

Mia accepted the deal, though it left a bitter taste in her mouth.

Years passed. The sharp pain of that day dulled slightly, but the office never felt safe again. Each time she entered the stationary cupboard sent her pulse racing. And interactions with Stanley became strained, clouded by the knowledge that he had swept her trauma under the carpet to protect his pig of a son.

Yet, true to his word, Mia never saw Morgan again - until Stanley's death that is. A week after the funeral, Morgan strolled into the office wearing a smug grin, as if nothing had ever happened. In the years that followed, as he systematically dismantled his family's legacy through sheer incompetence, he never once acknowledged the past. Not a single word.

Mia thought about leaving many times, but she couldn't stomach the idea of giving up on her share in the company and walking away with nothing. Not to mention the unbearable thought of running away and leaving Morgan Wright to believe he had won. No! Mia had made a promise to herself. *No matter how long it took, she would come out on top. She would be the one smiling in the end.*

Continuing to observe Morgan Wright through the sliding glass door of the suite, Mia watched as he lounged on the sun-drenched terrace, absently flipping through his notes for the upcoming presentation. His golden tan glistened under the warm afternoon sun, accentuated by the delicate shadows cast by his wide-brimmed straw hat. The intricate straps of his barely-there swimsuit clung to his impressive figure, while his long, smooth legs stretched out gracefully on the sunbed. His feet, precariously perched in towering black platform heels, shifted uneasily on the warm stone floor. Mia smirked, her eyes glinting with amusement, already savouring the thought of the evening ahead.



It would begin the moment she stepped outside to inform the feminized man that it was time to start getting ready. He'd glance up at her with that pitiful, lost-puppy expression - his plumped bottom lip jutting out in a silent plea for mercy, his wide eyes searching hers for any chance of escape. But there would be none.

Soon, a team of beauticians would descend upon him, meticulously refining every detail of the hyper-feminine identity Mia had engineered for him until he radiated a flawless, artificial glamour. Then, he

would be ushered into a room full of leering men to deliver his humiliating striptease of a presentation - an event designed to shatter whatever scraps of dignity he had left. Meanwhile, Mia would sit back and revel in every second of the spectacle. Tonight, Morgan Wright would finally understand what it meant to be powerless.

Draped in his shimmering gown, with a forced smile stretched across his bee-stung lips, he would give it his all. Believing he was on the verge of reclaiming his old life, he would let the elegant gown slip away, unveiling a barely-there minidress that clung to his surgically sculpted figure - every curve and contour shamelessly exposed for their amusement.

Tonight, Morgan Wright would know exactly how it felt to feel vulnerable. Just as she had felt that day in the stationery cupboard when he'd stolen her dignity, he too would feel the weight of that same helplessness. As he stripped away his dress, he would also be stripping away control of his life, trapping himself in a role he wouldn't be able to escape.

And after, when the truth was revealed and the inevitable tears and tantrums began, Mia would watch with a knowing smile on her lips, knowing justice had finally been served.

## **Chapter 21: Stripped of Control**

Morgan Wright cast an uneasy glance downward, struggling to locate his feet beyond the imposing obstacles now occupying his line of vision. For starters, his breasts - standing to attention - appeared almost comically large, held in place by his underwire bra - an ever-present burden no matter how hard he tried to ignore them. Below his watermelon-sized chest, a frothy explosion of pink tulle flared outwards from his tightly corseted waist, creating a loud display of girlish flamboyance that starkly contrasted the man he once was. But even if he couldn't see his feet, he could certainly feel them: the steep arch forced by seven-inch platform heels, the glittery straps digging into his now-hairless ankles, and the tremor in his legs made his predicament brutally clear.

The sight of his once-masculine frame - now all fleshy and wobbly, stuffed into a striking pink ball gown and forming a perfect hourglass figure - churned his stomach. He despised how, step by step, he'd been coerced - yet somehow complicit - into this shocking transformation, culminating in that very moment: standing behind a curtain in the Bahamas, of all places, about to totter out before a room of influential men to deliver a crucial presentation.

His hands trembled, their long acrylic nails painted a bright white, amplifying how unrecognizable they looked. Add in a silky cascade of jet-black hair, a made-up caked face, and long dangling earrings, and the man he once was felt like a distant memory. Yet if he could calm his nerves, play his part, and present this impressive new technology convincingly, someone in the audience would surely see its potential. Then, at long last, his days in dresses and heels would end, and he'd be free. He knew undoing the changes to his body wouldn't be instantaneous, but he clung to the hope that, in time, he could return to something resembling his former life: a man of importance, finally at ease in his own skin once more.

Suddenly, the overhead lights snapped on with a clunk, making Morgan Wright flinch. The speakers crackled, and Mia's voice echoed through the room. "Welcome, gentlemen, and thank you for joining us today for our newest product demonstration. We call it The Convertible, and we're very excited to show you what it's capable of. So, without further ado, let's get started."

Morgan drew a deep breath, feeling the familiar feeling of taut skin held rigid by Botox. He exhaled slowly through his large glossy lips just as the curtain parted. Gritting his teeth into the most convincing smile he could manage, he teetered forward, the curtain falling back behind him.

He found himself standing on a makeshift stage on the twelfth floor of a lavish hotel. The medium-sized room, typically reserved for conferences, had been transformed into a performance space by removing the central table and arranging chairs in neat rows opposite him. Thirteen pairs of eyes were fixed on Morgan as he stared out in horror, most lingering on his ample chest. Every curious or amused expression only deepened the knot of dread churning in his stomach.

Firmly planting his towering heels into the plush red carpet, Morgan pushed down and tensed every muscle in his exaggerated, curvaceous form to subdue his quivering legs. Then Mia's voice rang out again, full of professional polish but tinged with unmistakable delight. "Gentlemen, meet Mia," she announced through her microphone. "A young starlet making her debut at a movie premiere, determined to dazzle the cameras. She strides forward, full of confidence."

Fighting the urge to turn and flee, Morgan minced toward the businessmen, conscious of every wobble and bounce. Halting at the edge of the red carpet, he held his breath and waited for further instructions.

"She's wearing a custom-made Stitch & Sovereign ball gown - something she's very proud to show off," Mia continued. Morgan took his cue, clumsily posing as he turned left, then right, the voluminous gown rustling audibly around him.

"She blows a few kisses," Mia added, her voice sweet yet undeniably mocking. Morgan's heart lurched. That wasn't in the original script. When Mia repeated the request more firmly, he sighed and complied, raising a delicate-looking manicured hand to deliver coy kisses to the grinning onlookers. His cheeks, though heavily made-up, burned with mortification.

"And she finishes with a curtsy," Mia instructed, barely holding back a snicker. Swallowing his pride, Morgan gathered up the billowing layers of his skirt and dipped into a dainty bow, seething inside but maintaining the polished façade he'd perfected throughout his months of humiliation.



“What you’ve just witnessed is a fairly typical entrance for an attractive young woman like Mia if you were attending one of these events,” she resumed. “However, the gown she’s wearing is anything but typical.”

Mia paused, letting the pink-clad figure onstage shuffle over to a different area.

“Now, imagine a few hours have passed. Mia has sat through the movie screening, and it’s time for the after-party. This is where our Convertible technology shines. Our patented innovation allows her to change her look without hauling around a second outfit or spending ages wrestling with costume changes. And believe me, gentlemen, when you’re as well-endowed as Mia, repositioning everything isn’t as simple as tossing on a fresh shirt.”

She let that remark linger, watching Morgan’s posture stiffen under the crowd’s collective chuckle. After a seemingly endless pause, Mia rose from her spot in the rear corner and strode slowly - torturously so if you happened to be a crossdressed man standing in a frilly pink ballgown with a crowd of suited men gazing at you - toward the front of the room.

“Gentlemen, allow me to demonstrate,” Mia said, stopping beside her sissified former boss. “Mia’s floor-length gown can be converted into a flirty mini dress in a matter of seconds with minimal fuss.”

Stepping behind him, she swiftly unfastened the two straps running from the gown's bust over his shoulders, then knelt to undo a series of hooks discreetly hidden around the skirt circumference. Within moments, a large swath of fabric fell to the floor, pooling at Morgan's stilettoed feet. Mia offered him a hand, helping him step free of the discarded material. Leaning close, she hissed quietly, "Smile, will you? Do you want to ruin this?"

"And just like that," she announced into the microphone, "the transformation is complete." Next to her, Morgan mustered a forced grin, his feminine-looking legs now on full display.

Mia let the tension build, refusing to rush. She glanced to her left, where the man who had once assaulted her all those years ago now stood, transformed into a simpering, sissified fairy. His once masculine frame - that had intimidated her inside that stationary closet - had been sculpted into that of a bimbofied parody of a woman - a sight that gave her a swell of dark satisfaction.

Meanwhile, to her right, Morgan Wright stood frozen, battling waves of nausea and dizziness. His heart thundered, and the forced grin on his swollen lips became increasingly harder to maintain. He took short, shallow breaths while scanning the room, careful not to focus on any one of the leering men for too long. All he could do was bat his long, curled lashes and pray the floor might swallow him whole before the shame of it all overwhelmed him.

"But so what?" Mia finally announced, breaking the silence that threatened to suffocate him. "You might be thinking this is nothing special - a detachable skirt. That's hardly groundbreaking." She paused, letting a tense hush fill the room. Then, she bent to collect the discarded pink tulle from Morgan's gown and sauntered to the back of the room, leaving the feminized man alone at the front, cheeks burning as every eye remained fixed on him.

"Gentlemen," she resumed once more, "let's take this a step further and show you the real power of The Convertible. Picture Mia at the after-party, cocktail in hand, her ravishing figure drawing the attention of every eligible bachelor present."

Turning, Morgan approached a barstool - placed there earlier as a prop - his legs protesting every step thanks to the punishing height of his stilettos. He bent down carefully to retrieve the waiting cocktail glass, hyper-aware that the wrong angle might expose the skimpy panties beneath his now shortened gown.

Then came the inelegant climb onto the stool. His skirt bunched awkwardly around his thighs, and his balance felt laughably fragile as he manoeuvred his inflated backside and jiggling chest onto the narrow seat. Finally getting into position, he daintily crossed his legs, cringing at the feeling of soft, airy fabric tickling high on his bare thigh.

"She's smiling, having a wonderful time," Mia coaxed, prompting Morgan to reapply his rehearsed smile once again.

"Until," Mia paused for effect. "It's time! Time for her big moment."

Knowing the moment had arrived, Morgan Wright's manicured fingertip searched the waistline of his eye-catching gown, seeking out a tiny, hidden button. When he found it, he drew in a shaky breath and pressed down with an elongated nail.

A ripple of gasps and excited chatter confirmed the chemical reaction was working. The gown's vivid pink hue began to dissolve, giving way to a shimmering gold that danced beneath the stage lights. Mia's voice cut through the commotion, smooth yet charged with triumph. "Imagine the buzz, gentlemen, when word got out. It would be the talk of the town. And our colour-changing technology isn't limited to dresses - it works on shoes, too."

All eyes turned back to Morgan, perched precariously atop his barstool. Carefully, he delicately unfolded his shapely legs. Peering over his outsized bust and wide, flaring skirt. With painstaking precision, he brought down the heel of one glittering pink stiletto, aiming to press a concealed trigger

on the band of the opposite shoe. The angle was excruciating, his balance unsteady - but he couldn't afford to fail. He held his breath, pressed down, and felt a heady rush of relief for not toppling from the stool.

The reaction was instantaneous as the shoe's candy-floss pink colour began morphing into a glimmering gold, harmonizing perfectly with his previously transformed gown. A wave of astonishment rippled through the audience, their hushed excitement echoing in Morgan's ears. Smiling through gritted teeth, he felt only searing humiliation beneath his doll-like facade. Each flamboyant swish of the now-golden minidress made the emasculation all the more painful, reminding him he was no longer a respected businessman but a spectacle to be gawked at. Stripped of every shred of masculine pride, he willed the chemical reaction to speed up.



"Gentlemen, and that's not all. The Convertible's technology can be integrated into most fabrics," Mia declared, her voice clear above the rising chatter. Meanwhile, Morgan struggled to transform his other shoe with the same seamless grace. "As you've just seen, the change is swift, reliable, and extremely impressive. The potential applications are vast, and perhaps most importantly, this innovation can make us all a great deal of money."

That final remark sparked audible excitement among the men, their muted whispers turning into energetic conversation.

"I'll be sending each of you an information pack," Mia continued, "detailing every feature of The Convertible - including its ability to regulate fabric temperature. But for now, I ask you to join me in expressing my gratitude to my stunning secretary, Mia, for demonstrating the tech today. I'm sure you'll agree she looks lovely in her little dress."

Led by Mia, a wave of applause spread through the room as Morgan, cocktail still in hand, gingerly slid from the barstool. He remained in place for a moment as instructed, holding a grin that still felt alien on his puffed-up, pink lips.

Staring blankly out across the conference room, Morgan felt a nauseating wave of irony. Once, he might have sat among these applauding businessmen in a tailored suit, polished loafers, and neatly trimmed nails. Now, he perched atop skyscraper heels, each subtle shift of weight sending a crippling ache through his cramping feet, forcing him to balance with trembling caution. The tight, super girly gown squeezed his ribs, reducing each breath to a strained rasp, while his long acrylic nails - awkward and unwieldy - threatened to catch on anything they brushed against.

With each blink, thick false lashes flicked against his flushed cheeks, and every slight turn of his head caused long strands of silky black hair to tickle his bare shoulders. His over-inflated lips felt obscene, held in a permanent pout that only reinforced the impression these men likely held of him: a trashy, brainless bimbo, all exaggerated curves and brazen allure, with little worth beyond the bedroom.

After a few agonizing seconds of grappling with these thoughts, Morgan, unable to take any more humiliation - spun on his towering stilettos and staggered back toward the same curtain he'd entered earlier. It parted like a final mercy, letting him slip backstage.

The moment the curtain closed behind him, the frocked man sank to his knees in a pile of frills and lace, adrenaline surging as he began to tremble. He heard Mia's voice addressing the crowd, announcing she was about to present a prototype commercial they had produced for The Convertible. It would show Morgan prancing about in a collection of embarrassingly girly outfits. Yet, at that moment, the sissified CEO hardly cared. The presentation that had plagued his every thought was over. Meaning the storm, at least for now, had passed, and in its wake, he clung to a fragile hope that brighter days would follow.