

## Chapter 1: Doing Things the Wright Way

The grand facade of the Wyatt Hotel loomed overhead as Morgan Wright, chest puffed out in a display of misguided confidence, led the way toward its lavish entryway. The thud of his costly Italian leather shoes echoed commandingly with every step he took. Trailing just a step behind, burdened with two large, wheeled suitcases, was his personal assistant, Mia Bishop. Her expression remained a practised mask of patience as she struggled to keep pace.

"Did you ensure the suite is the best they have?" Mr Wright's voice pierced through the bustling traffic, laced with a familiar blend of demand and expectation.

Struggling to keep the overloaded suitcases rolling in a straight line – filled with an unnecessary volume of belongings for such a short business trip – Mia glanced up. Bracing herself for the weekend ahead, she responded, "Yes, Mr Wright. The Imperial Suite, as requested." she replied, her voice steady despite the inner unrest that churned at having to spend an entire weekend catering to her demanding boss's every whim.



This weekend was critical for both Morgan Wright and Mia Bishop. Stitch & Sovereign, once heralded for its excellence in bespoke tailoring, had faltered under Morgan's erratic leadership. The company, a legacy of Morgan's grandfather, now bore little resemblance to the esteemed enterprise his father had managed before him with such vision and integrity. Morgan's attempts to fill his father's shoes had been clumsy at best.

The lobby, with its high ceilings and gleaming floors, stood in stark contrast to Mia's inner frustrations, its serenity mocking her disarray. They were there in a last-ditch attempt to

save Stitch & Sovereign at an annual meet-and-greet - an event that attracted some of the big wigs of the fashion world. It was an opportunity to network, secure investment, and steer the company away from the precipice of bankruptcy. And their greatest hope rested on Mr Horton, a titan of the industry.

"Passports, Mia," Mr Wright demanded as they approached the reception desk, snapping his fingers inches from his assistant's face with a rudeness that bordered on obnoxiousness.

Mia stopped, wrestling with the heavy suitcases, fighting the impulse to snap back. She forced a practiced smile and, reaching into her bag, smoothly handed over their IDs to the receptionist, beginning the check-in process. She shot Morgan Wright a quick, disapproving look. His obliviousness to his shortcomings in an industry his family's company once led was a constant source of frustration for Mia as she endured his domineering commands.

Yet, her loyalty to Stitch & Sovereign was deeply rooted in her admiration for Morgan's deceased father, with whom she had worked closely for almost ten years. The unexpected inheritance of twenty percent of the company shares, as revealed in Mr Wright Sr's will, tied Mia's fate closely to the company's. So, despite her contempt for Morgan Wright's misogynistic tendencies and ineptitude, her resolve was unwavering. This weekend could change everything. It had to.

As Mia concluded the check-in process, Mr Wright loomed nearby, his impatience palpable. His thoughts were already racing ahead to the crucial meeting set for the next evening. "I trust you've confirmed the meeting with Mr Horton?" he queried, barely allowing Mia a moment's peace.

"Yes, Sir. 5 p.m. tomorrow. Everything's arranged. I confirmed before we left," Mia responded, her voice calm and controlled, concealing the growing frustration within.

Mr Wright, momentarily appeased yet quickly finding another issue to probe, turned his attention to a different matter. "And what about that beauty appointments we discussed? You've booked yourself in?" The implication was clear: Mia's compliance was expected, her personal feelings on the matter irrelevant, a presumed part of her duties as his assistant.

Mia's frustration surged once more at the mention of the topic, leading her to roll her eyes. "Is that really necessary, Sir? Will it truly make a difference in the grand scheme of things?" she asked, seeking to escape the demeaning demand.

"Absolutely," Mr Wright asserted, as though the entire success of their endeavour hinged on Mia conforming to his outdated standards. "As my secretary, you need to look the part in front of Mr Horton. For him to take us seriously as an important player in this industry, it's completely necessary."

Biting her tongue to hold back a torrent of retorts, Mia acquiesced with a strained smile, "Yes, the appointments are scheduled for the morning," while inwardly despising the idea of being primped and preened at the behest of such an antiquated mindset.

"And you have your outfit ready? A skirt and heels as I requested?" Mr Wright pressed on, his expectations unmistakable. "We'll have none of those unflattering trouser suits you're so fond of this weekend."

"Yes, Sir," Mia replied sharply, her mind teeming with disdain for his sexist expectations. "I've selected a skirt and a pair of heels that are appropriate for the occasion."

"Short and high, I hope," Mr Wright remarked casually, hands in pockets, oblivious to the discomfort his remarks caused, not only to Mia but also to the receptionist who couldn't help but overhear and grimace at the exchange.



"The skirt is as short, and the heels are as high as I feel comfortable wearing," Mia countered, her patience fraying at the edges.

"Unacceptable," Mr Wright retorted sharply, his insistence on his vision of perfection leaving no room for Mia's comfort or choice. "I'll need to see it once we're upstairs. Everything must be flawless for this meeting. I can't have you ruining things for me, Mia."

"Yes, Sir," Mia responded, her tone laced with a mixture of resignation and burgeoning resentment. The prospect of having her clothing inspected and sanctioned by Morgan Wright marked an all-time low in her role as his assistant. Nevertheless, driven by her commitment to the company and her personal stake in its success, she was prepared to bear this indignity. She consoled herself with the thought that the day she could sell her

shares and sever ties with the company - and, by extension, Morgan Wright's tyrannical oversight - was drawing ever nearer, heralding the start of a new chapter in her life free from the shadow of this a misogynistic buffoon of a man.

Their arrival at Morgan Wright's room was met with immediate dissatisfaction. Despite an opulent suite that seemed to stretch luxuriously across the top floor of the hotel – a suite that the company, teetering on the brink of financial ruin, could ill afford. Morgan Wright, fussy where his own comfort was concerned, found fault in the most trivial of details - the temperature of the room was not to his liking, the view from the window was 'underwhelming', and he lamented the absence of a particular brand of mineral water he preferred. Mia, accustomed to his grievances, methodically organized his belongings on the polished desk, tuning out his complaints until he finally halted his grumblings, albeit temporarily.

The transition to Mia's room underscored a stark contrast to the opulence of Morgan Wright's lodgings, leading them to the most budget-friendly option the hotel had to offer. Her room, while clean and serviceable, was a clear indication of Mr Wright's valuation of her contributions - minimal at best. The décor was simple, the room smaller, and the amenities far from luxurious, a stark contrast to the extravagance of his suite.

No sooner had they entered her modest quarters than Mr Wright reignited the debate over Mia's attire for the imminent meeting. Despite her attempts to reason with him, his insistence was unwavering. Reluctantly,

Mia retreated to the bathroom and emerged minutes later, clad in a stylish pencil skirt that fell just below her pantyhosed knees. She paired it with a crisp white blouse and elegant black pumps, the heels of which elevated her stature by three inches.

"No, no, no! What is this, Mia?" Mr Wright's words were like a cold draft, his disappointment palpable. "This won't do at all."

"And what exactly is wrong with it, Mr Wright?" Mia challenged, her arms folded, her frustration evident. She believed her outfit struck the perfect balance between professional and feminine, notwithstanding her personal discomfort from having to wear a skirt in the first place.

"That skirt covers far too much of your lovely legs, and my grandmother wears higher heels than those," Mr Wright exclaimed, blind to the growing resentment in Mia's gaze.

"Then perhaps your grandmother would be better suited to assist you in this meeting," Mia snapped back, her patience worn thin.

Mr Wright's reaction was almost theatrical - the comical drop of his jaw and his spluttering attempts at a rebuttal painted a picture of affronted entitlement. "How dare you speak to me like that, Mia!" he blustered, his voice rising. "I should fire you on the spot for such insolence."

The tempting thought of quitting flashed through Mia's mind, offering a brief respite from the indignities at the hands of her chauvinistic employer. However, the grim realization that Mr Wright would likely mess up the crucial meeting without her assistance - erasing the value of her twenty percent stake in the company to zero - forced her to swallow her pride.

"I'm sorry, Sir," she said through gritted teeth. "I just don't feel comfortable wearing provocative clothing. I let my feelings get the better of me."

"Well, keep those feelings to yourself in future. I don't need to hear about them," Mr Wright snapped back with his characteristic lack of sensitivity. "Tomorrow, you have some shopping to do. I expect a skirt that ends mid-thigh and heels twice the height of those. And for heaven's sake, try to liven things up a little; we want flirty, not frumpy," he ordered, eyeing Mia in a way that left her feeling deeply objectified.

"Understood, Sir. I'll take care of it first thing in the morning," Mia replied, her smile forced, her eyes sharp with concealed irritation.

"Make sure you do, Mia. I'll be heading down to the bar now. Keep your phone on - I might need you for something," Mr Wright declared, inflating his chest with self-importance before turning to leave.

"Certainly, Sir," Mia murmured softly, waiting for the door to close behind him before allowing herself a moment to vent the pent-up frustration that had accumulated throughout the day.

After enduring hours under the relentless demands of her boss, Mia finally found herself alone, embracing a moment of much-needed tranquillity. She discarded her confining work attire for the comforting embrace of a hot shower, afterwards slipping into the soft refuge of her comfy pyjamas. Tucked under the covers of her modest hotel bed, she let the unfolding narrative of a movie on the TV temporarily dissolve the weight of her professional responsibilities.

Yet, this fleeting retreat into peace was sharply interrupted by the intrusive ring of her phone. With a resigned sigh, Mia glimpsed the caller ID, bracing herself before responding, "Mr Wright, how can I help you, Sir?" Her tone was a mix of weary resignation and dutiful professionalism.

A pronounced groan on the other end served as a prelude to Mr Wright's distressed declaration, "Oh, Mia. It's all gone wrong! Pack the bags; we're leaving."

"What!" Mia's response was immediate, her previously relaxed demeanour replaced by alert tension. "Slow down for a moment and explain what's happened."

"The meeting with Mr Horton is off. Without it, there's no point in staying," he stated, despair evident in his voice.

"Off!" Mia repeated, her voice reflecting her astonishment. "I haven't received any notifications to that effect. Why do you believe it's been cancelled?"

"It just is, Mia," Mr Wright lamented, his voice filled with frustration. "Now, please pack your bags and arrange our transport home."

"No!" Mia's reply was sharper than she had intended, her exhaustion and frustration reaching a boiling point. "It's nine o'clock at night after a long, exhausting day. So, unless you provide a clear explanation, I won't be doing anything of the sort. Perhaps you should come to my room where we can discuss this."

A brief silence ensued, during which Mia prepared for a possible tirade, having openly defied her boss with such boldness. Surprisingly, Mr Wright's answer came in a subdued tone, "Okay, I'll be right up," leaving Mia unexpectedly disarmed and filled with a wary sense of anticipation.

## **Chapter 2: An unorthodox solution**

The quiet knock at Mia's door was so faint, she almost didn't hear it over the TV. When she opened it, there stood Morgan Wright, his usual bravado nowhere in sight. Without waiting for an invitation, he shuffled past her and began to pace the small room like a caged animal. "What are the chances," he muttered to himself, more to the air than to Mia. "Of all the places."

Perplexed by his demeanour, Mia closed the door and faced him, trying to piece together the fragments of his ramblings. "What are you going on about, Mr Wright?" she asked, her tone laced with both curiosity and annoyance. "What's happened?"

"It wasn't my fault, Mia," Mr Wright protested as he continued his pacing, his voice a mix of defensiveness and exasperation. "I was just being friendly."

Having reached the end of her tether, Mia snapped. "Will you stop pacing around and look at me!" she demanded, her voice louder than she intended. Mr Wright stopped dead in his tracks, turning to face her with a look of bewildered confusion.

Seeing his reaction, Mia softened, though her stance remained firm. "I'm sorry to raise my voice, Sir," she conceded, acknowledging his stunned silence. "However, you just told me we are going home. Meaning that your family company, along with the shares I own in it, are about to go up in smoke. I think I have the right to hear why. So, please, sit down and tell me what happened at the bar. Who were you being 'friendly' to?"

Reluctantly, Mr Wright strolled over to the bed and perched on the end, his posture deflated. "There was this woman, Mia," he began, his voice lifting at the memory of her. "All alone and dressed to attract attention."

"I offered to buy her a drink," he added, his voice suddenly changing, becoming quieter, almost embarrassed. "And... the nerve on her."



"She refused your offer, then?" Mia asked, unable to stop her eyes from rolling, though Mr Wright failed to catch the gesture.

"She did! and she was very rude about it!" Mr Wright exclaimed, a hint of indignation creeping into his voice. "Even when I tried to explain that I wasn't expecting anything in return."

Mia felt a surge of anger and annoyance but managed to mask it, keeping her voice neutral. "So, what happened next?" she inquired, dreading the answer yet needing to know the full extent of the disaster.

"Then this idiot comes over out of nowhere and accuses me of bothering the woman," Mr Wright continued, his frustration palpable.

"You were," Mia muttered quietly under her breath.

"What was that?" Mr Wright questioned, his head snapping around.

"Nothing, please continue, Sir," she said quickly, her irritation growing by the second.

"Well, I tried to explain to him, calmly, mind you, that I wasn't doing anything wrong. However, this joker threatened to get security and have me banned from the hotel," Mr Wright said, shaking his head in disbelief at the recollection. "Well... that's when things... escalated," he added, clenching his fists. "We kind of ended up in a little... scrap."

Mia inhaled deeply, shaking her head in disbelief. "That sounds awful, Sir. But forgive my ignorance. What does this have to do with Mr Horton and going home?" she pressed, needing to understand the full implications of her boss's actions.

"Well you see... the thing is... this man was Mr Horton. And the woman by the bar was his secretary," Mr Wright confessed in a sheepish tone, his gaze fixed on the floor.

"Oh no!" Mia groaned, rising from her seat to pace the room herself, the gravity of the situation setting in. After a few laps in her fluffy slippers, she halted, her mind racing to piece together a solution from the chaos. "How bad was this... scrap?" she asked, her voice laced with concern yet tinged with an underlying hope that the situation might still be salvageable.

"Bad enough," Mr Wright replied, his head shaking in dismay. The gravity of his actions and their potential consequences seemed to finally be dawning on him.

Mia sighed loudly, her brain working overtime. "So, there's no chance he's going to invest in Stitch & Sovereign if you turn up to the meeting," she stated, more to herself than to Mr Wright, piecing the scenario together out loud. "But!" What if I were to go in your place?" Mia suddenly proposed, a spark of inspiration sparkling in her eyes.

"Won't work," Mr Wright snapped back almost instantly, dismissing the idea. "A man like Mr Horton isn't going to conduct business with a secretary."

Undeterred by his scepticism, Mia huffed in frustration and resumed her pacing. But then, as if struck by a lightning bolt of ingenuity, she stopped dead in her tracks. "Okay. How about this? I'll attend the meeting posing as you?" she suggested, a bold plan forming in her mind. Noticing the bewildered look on Mr Wright's face, she elaborated, "Morgan is a unisex name, or can be. I'll take your place at the meeting and get him to invest," she said, her tone brimming with a newfound determination and a hint of excitement at the audacity of her own suggestion.

Morgan Wright leapt up from the bed, incredulity etched across his face. "Preposterous," he boomed, his voice echoing off the walls. "You? You don't have the skills or knowledge to pull off a deal of this magnitude, Mia. You're just a secretary!"

Mia glared at her sexist boss, hands on hips, enraged by the demeaning label. Having served as Morgan Wright's assistant for the better part of a year, she had heard her fair share of offensive comments, but this one took the biscuit.



Mia's body tensed as she prepared to unleash a torrent of anger. But then, in the heat of the moment, a radical, albeit satisfying idea formed in her mind, halting her outburst. "You're right, Sir," Mia managed to say, her voice steady despite the storm of emotions swirling within her. "I couldn't possibly do this without you. You'll have to accompany me."

Mr Wright chuckled dismissively, misjudging his assistant as a ditz. "Have you not listened to a word I've just said, Mia?" he asked, his tone dripping with sarcasm. "If he sees my face, I won't even get through the door."

"Then we'll change your face, Sir," Mia shot back, her gaze locking onto Mr Wright's with an intensity that took him aback. "I'll be Morgan Wright, and you will be there as Mia Bishop to assist."

Morgan Wright's face became a theatre of expressions as he struggled to wrap his head around Mia's audacious proposal. His features twisted through an array of bafflement, horror, disbelief, contemplation, and outright anger. As he stuttered, trying to formulate a coherent objection, he resembled a man grappling with a concept so foreign, it threatened to short-circuit his entire being.

"And before you dismiss the idea," Mia pressed on, her voice a blend of firmness and a hint of menace, "if you don't do this, you'll lose the company your grandfather began, and the bank will take your house and all your belongings. Do you think your family will understand? If not, the streets are a hard place to be, especially at this time of year."

As Morgan continued to emit odd, squeak-like noises - a soundtrack to the frantic whirring of gears in his mind - he finally managed to lock eyes with Mia, his gaze narrowed in a mixture of suspicion and confusion. "Go as you? As a secretary?" he echoed, the idea seemingly ludicrous to him.

"Yes," Mia replied with a confidence that seemed to fill the room. "With a wig and some makeup. Nobody will know it's you."

"Out of the question. I'd look and feel a fool," Mr Wright protested, his voice laced with dread at the thought of impersonating a woman.

"If we do it properly, you'll look enough like a woman to get through the meeting undetected," Mia said, her lips curling into a wry smile. "As for feeling like a fool, so what? We all have to do things we don't like sometimes, Sir. Think of it this way. It's one meeting to avoid the bank taking everything own."

Mr Wright appeared visibly shaken, sighing loudly as he mulled over the proposal. "This can't work, Mia. This is real life, not some flight of fantasy," he lamented, the weight of his predicament pressing down on him.

"Ah! Okay," Mia said, her tone shifting to one of feigned defeat. "That's a shame. It really would have worked. But I guess you're too scared to try. I'll get packing."

"Watch how you speak to me, Mia," Mr Wright boomed, his pride stung by her insinuation. "Or I might have to..."

"Fire me?" Mia cut in, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "From what, Sir? In two weeks, you won't have a company to fire me from. In fact, you won't have anything."

Before Morgan Wright could formulate a reply, Mia strode towards the door, opening it with a flourish. "I'd enjoy that fancy suite of yours while you can, Sir," she mocked, her words sharp as knives. "Because in a few weeks, you're going to be living in a cardboard box, searching through bins for scraps."

"Wait!" Mr Wright called out, his voice a mix of desperation and capitulation. "You're sure this can work?" he added, the scepticism still evident in his tone, yet undercut by a sliver of hope.

"I'm sure, Sir," Mia said, her smile broadening, not just at the thought of saving the company but at the delicious irony of Morgan Wright, the chauvinist, stepping into her shoes, quite literally. "But only if you do everything I say," she added, her voice a gentle but firm reminder of the stakes at play as she slowly closed the door, leaving a flustered Morgan Wright to ponder the lengths to which he was willing to go to protect his family's legacy.

### Chapter 3: Hostile Takeover

Mia lounged on her bed, sporting a huge grin that filled her basic hotel room with a mischievous glow. Silence hung heavy behind the closed bathroom door. "Are you okay in there, Mr Wright?" she called out, her voice dripping with mock concern. No reply came, and that said it all. Nodding her head, she chuckled softly. The situation was bordering on the surreal but devilishly exciting.

The thought of her boss, Morgan Wright - the epitome of a workplace dinosaur, infamous for his obnoxious misogynistic remarks - facing the upcoming meeting in a skirt and heels was deliciously ironic. It wasn't just about the clothes; it was the idea of flipping the script. For him to experience some of the sexist and demeaning comments she had endured while being ordered about like a slave.

Each memory of his dismissive behaviour, each time he had laughed off her ideas in favour of his own misguided ones, fuelled her resolve. There was a poetic justice in the air, a balance being redressed. Morgan Wright, who had always considered himself above it all, was about to experience firsthand what it felt like to be judged solely on appearance. And Mia, for the first time, held the reins.

"No, there's no such thing as 'too far' under these circumstances," Mia thought to herself with a twinkle in her eyes. She picked up her phone to explore a few options. Tomorrow's schedule was her canvas, and payback, her palette. She meticulously planned the day, ensuring that no detail was overlooked. From the salon appointment that would kickstart Mr Wright's transformation to the careful selection of an outfit that would meet the 'standards' her boss had once enforced on her, every choice was deliberate.

Feeling satisfied with her choices, Mia set down her phone. Curious about what was taking her boss so long, she decided it was time to check on her masterpiece in progress. She rose from the bed, her movements fluid and purposeful, as she made her way to the bathroom. The door was slightly ajar, whispering an invitation that Mia didn't decline.

With a gentle knock, Mia stepped in., to be greeted by the sight of Morgan Wright, her usually brash and overconfident boss, in a rare moment of vulnerability. He stood by the sink, clean-shaven, the absence of his signature goatee beard revealing a softer, younger-looking face that seemed foreign even to him. With his palms pressed into the countertop, he was leaning forward, staring into the mirror, as if trying to reconcile his reflection with his identity.



“What’s taking so long in here?” Mia's voice cut through the silence, causing Mr Wright to visibly jerk. Slowly he turned, his face contorting into a mix of anger and disbelief as if he were about to unleash a torrent of complaints. But something in Mia’s gaze stopped him, a reminder perhaps of the bizarre, yet necessary arrangement they had agreed upon. Swallowing his pride, he opted for a more subdued approach. “Shaving one’s face takes time, Mia,” he replied with a strained attempt at dignity. “I didn’t want to cut myself.”

“Of course, Sir,” Mia replied, her voice laced with an amusement she fought hard to conceal. It was challenging to associate the man before her with the Morgan Wright she knew - a man who prided himself on his rugged manliness. Without his facial hair, he

looked considerably less formidable. The change had taken ten years off his appearance, revealing a surprisingly pretty face that she felt confident she could work with.

“Well, if you’re ready, let’s get you dressed, sir,” Mia declared, her voice dripping with mock formality, though the corners of her mouth twitched in a barely suppressed smile.

Mr Wright’s face twisted into a grimace as if the very notion caused him physical discomfort. “Is it really necessary, Mia?” he implored, the hope in his voice betraying his desperation to escape the humiliation.

“Of course, it’s necessary, Sir,” Mia shot back, her voice firm, leaving no room for negotiation. “This will give us an idea of your size and the styles that will suit you. If we don’t do this now, I won’t know what to shop for tomorrow, and you might end up looking out of place at the meeting. You don’t want to be discovered, do you?”

A look of panic flashed across Mr Wright’s face, his usual confidence dissolving into fear at the thought of being branded as some sort of pervert. “Of course not,” he retorted, his voice filled with insistence that quickly gave way to resignation. “I just... feel very... uncomfortable with all this.”

“As did I earlier, Sir. When you made me dress up for you. However, I endured for the good of the company, and so will you. Now come,” Mia urged, her tone brooking no argument as she marched out of the bathroom, leaving no opportunity for Mr Wright to voice any further protests.

Seconds later, Morgan Wright, with just a hand towel wrapped awkwardly around his waist, shuffled sheepishly into the bedroom, his usual swagger replaced by a hesitant gait. “There’s a fresh set of underwear on the bed. Don’t worry. I’ve never worn them,” Mia announced, her voice filled with authority. “I’ll turn my back while you put them on.”

“I’m not wearing women’s underwear,” Mr Wright boomed, his voice momentarily regaining its usual commanding tone, though it quivered with underlying discomfort.

Mia sighed, her patience thinning. “Mr Wright. I thought we agreed that you wouldn’t question my guidance? Because if you are going to resist every suggestion I make, we might as well stop this now and give up on the company.”

Mr Wright’s demeanour faltered, caught between outrage and the stark reality of their situation. “But it’s women’s underwear, Mia. You can’t possibly expect me to... It’s not right!” he protested, his face a canvas of conflicting emotions.

“You can’t wear your boxer shorts under a skirt, Sir. It won’t hang right,” Mia explained logically, noting the discomfort in her boss' body language at the mention of the word 'skirt'.

"If we are to have any chance of success in our mission, whether you like it or not, you must embrace the role of a woman until after tomorrow's meeting, and that includes dressing accordingly. If you cannot do that, we may as well stop this now. Should I start packing and call us a taxi?"

Mr Wright sighed heavily, a sound heavy with resignation. “Fine, let’s just get this over with,” he declared, a spark of newfound energy propelling him towards the bed. “But, if you ever tell anyone about this, Mia. I’ll...” Mr Wright began to say, his voice taking on a threatening edge.

“Yes, yes, yes,” Mia quickly interjected, her tone light, yet dismissive. “This will be our little secret, Sir. Now, let me know when you have your panties and bra on,” she added with a smirk, turning her back to afford him some semblance of privacy.

While Mia eagerly waited, the room behind her filled with the sounds of Mr Wright’s fumbling and a litany of muttered frustrations. Imagining the scene unfolding behind her, she couldn't help but wear a smile from ear to ear. Eventually, the room fell silent, prompting her to ask, “Are you ready, Sir?”

Hearing a deep, exasperated groan, Mia couldn’t resist turning around. She was met with the sight of her boss awkwardly wearing a pair of black satin panties, with an unhooked matching bra hanging from his shoulders. The sight was so unexpected, so utterly bizarre, that laughter bubbled up uncontrollably from her.

“That’s it!” Mr Wright’s voice boomed with rage as he angrily tossed the bra to the ground. “I look like a fool. This is never going to work,” he protested, his arms animated and expressive.

Mia quickly tempered her amusement, her expression shifting to one of seriousness. "Okay. Okay. I’m sorry I laughed, Sir. I shouldn’t have. But believe me, this will work. And remember, this the only option we have to save Stitch & Sovereign from the bank.'

Watching Mr Wright as he huffed and puffed, slowly calming down, Mia recognised the importance of the moment. “I promise from now on, I’ll display the seriousness this task deserves. Now, let me help you,” she said, her voice softer, more encouraging as she leaned down to retrieve the bra.

Before Mr Wright could voice another protest, Mia deftly threaded the straps over his arms and secured the clasp at the back. As he looked down at the unfamiliar sight of silky feminine underwear hugging his manly frame, Mia quickly grabbed a packet of black tights from the bed, tearing it open. She took out a pair, rolled them into a ball, and carefully placed them into one of the empty bra cups, before repeating the process on the other side to create some volume. Once done, she stepped back, leaving Mr Wright, his face a picture of bewilderment, to reach up and examine the makeshift fillers.

“Sit, please,” Mia directed, her tone soothing yet commanding. Mr Wright, surprisingly compliant, allowed himself to be guided into a sitting position at the edge of the bed. Mia wasted no time in taking the last pair of opaque tights from the packet, before rolling them up Mr Wright’s legs. The fabric stretched and moulded itself to the unfamiliar terrain of his hairy legs, until finally, she hoisted him back to his feet. Then, in quick succession, Mia had her boss step into a skirt, lowered a blouse over his head, and guided his feet into a pair of heeled pumps.

Stepping back, Mia bit her lip to suppress a smile, surveying her handiwork. Her domineering boss, now dressed in the very outfit she had been pressured into modelling for him mere hours earlier, cringed before her. “Not bad, Sir,” she managed to say, her voice an instrument of seriousness. However, inside, she was giddy with excitement, stunned that he had actually fit into her outfit, shoes and all! “A good start, I’d say,” she added, the corners of her mouth twitching as she battled with an emerging smile.

Mr Wright glanced down at his outfit and then back up at Mia, his expression marred by uncertainty. “Start?” he questioned, his voice betraying a hint of vulnerability as his nylon-clad knees wobbled slightly due to the unfamiliar angle his feet were forced to adopt inside his three-inch heels.

“Think of this as an initial test,” Mia responded without missing a beat, her enjoyment of the situation evident in her voice. “You don’t look the part, yet. But when the ladies at the salon have finished with you, you’ll be perfect. I’ve called and given them the instructions. So, all you have to do in the morning is show up.”

Confusion washed over Mr Wright’s face, a look that turned to one of comic panic as he attempted to articulate his thoughts. Teetering precariously atop his heels, he suddenly lost his balance before tumbling backwards onto the bed in a seated huff. “Salon?” he managed to question, the word almost foreign to him, as he reached under his skirted backside to retrieve his towel from earlier.



“Yes, Mr Wright. The appointment was your idea after all. But seeing as you're now going to be the secretary, I've transferred the appointment over to you. I don't have the necessary skills needed for your makeover.” Mia explained, her tone matter-of-fact, as if this were the most natural progression of their plan.

“A Makeover!” Mr Wright cried out in a distressed voice, his eyes wide with anxiety. This is all getting a little out of hand now, don't you think, Mia? I can't have a makeover at a beauty salon,” he added, shifting uncomfortably as the soft fabric of his secretarial ensemble slipped beneath him. His tights in turn pulled at the hairs on his legs, as his shoes pinched at his toes.

“You can and you will, Mr Wright,” Mia reassured him, her voice laced with confidence. “All you have to do is turn up and smile. No one will say anything bad to you.”

As she watched a look of concern cross her crossdressed boss’s face, Mia changed the subject, “Now, why don’t I help you undress? It’s getting late, and we have an early start in the morning.” Internally, she was buzzing; it felt as if every Christmas had come at once. She knew sleep would be difficult that night, the anticipation of seeing a dolled-up Mr Wright’s tottering into the meeting with Mr Horton was almost too exhilarating to contain.

#### Chapter 4: A Hair-Raising Experience

The morning air was crisp, infused with a sense of purpose as Mia strode through the bustling streets, her mission clear and her mood buoyant. She was to procure everything needed to complete Mr Wright's transformation from overbearing boss to sexy secretary. As she navigated through aisles and racks, her mind occasionally drifted to thoughts of Mr Wright at the salon.

Getting him there had been a battle of wills. He had awoken grumpy and resistant, muttering protests and questioning everything. Mia had needed all her patience to remain calm while quashing his complaints - Reminding the pig-headed man what was at stake, which seemed to realign his priorities, albeit grudgingly.

As Mia flipped through a rack of dresses in a chic boutique, her mind wandered to Mr Wright, likely sitting under the bright salon lights at that very moment. As she held a flashy little number up to the light, scrutinizing the fabric and its fall, a mischievous chuckle escaped her lips. She wondered how long it had taken Mr Wright to realize that she had informed the salon that he was transitioning and that today was his coming out day. The thought of his embarrassment, surrounded by the salon’s staff bustling around him, offering enthusiastic support and beauty tips, was deliciously satisfying.

Turning the dress in her hands, Mia considered the length of the hem while draped over her boss's feminized frame. It had to be just right - After all, Mr Wright had been very clear with his instructions. Placing the dress in her basket, Mia’s mind again drifted back to Mr Wright’s ongoing salon session. The all-over body waxing - which included his eyebrows and lower face - would certainly be complete by now. Mia imagined the scene vividly: the salon’s bright lights, the rip of the wax strips, Mr Wright's shocked expressions, and likely a loud scream at the initial yank of hair from skin. The idea brought a grin to her face, mingled with a vindictive pleasure.

Yet, the final reveal was what truly excited her. Mr Wright, fresh with a spray tan, eyelash extensions fluttering, ears pierced, and his nails extended and painted, would be a sight to behold. More importantly, Mia hoped the experience would offer him a new perspective - a painful lesson into the lengths that women often went to mold themselves into the image set forth by a corporate world still dominated by men.

After a final, productive stop at a boutique specializing in crossdressing and male-to-female transformations, Mia returned to the salon, her arms heavy with bags. Each item, carefully selected, not just for aesthetics but for the profound impact she hoped they would have. And since all the purchases were charged to Mr Wright's credit card, Mia felt no guilt for the small fortune she had just spent.

Stepping into the cool, perfumed air of the salon,, laden with her bounty, her mood dampened slightly when the receptionist informed her that Mr Wright's makeover was not yet complete. Disappointment crept across her face, but it quickly evaporated as her eyes followed the direction of the receptionist's outstretched hand, causing her mouth to fall open in shock.

There, under a large salon dryer, sat Mr Wright. The startling sight of his altered face above his usual business suit momentarily took Mia's breath away. He was slumped in the chair, with a clear expression of glum resignation on his face, as warm air hummed around him. His eyebrows had been thinned and delicately arched, emphasizing his dramatic, sultry eyes, now framed by thick, luscious eyelash extensions grafted to his natural lashes and tinted black. The final look surpassed Mia's expectations, lending her boss an unmistakably feminine appearance.

Mia stood frozen, absorbing every detail of the changes. Her gaze was drawn to his almost claw-like nails. With his fingers interlocked, Mr Wright seemed unsure of how to manage his hands, now sporting enormous glossy talons. Mia shook her head, aware that even the simplest tasks, were about to become much more challenging. She wondered if he had somehow insulted the manicurist, prompting her to saddle him with such impractical nails.



As the corners of Mia's mouth twitched upwards, she contemplated whether to approach for a closer inspection. However, anticipating a barrage of complaints or potentially harsh words, she decided to meet him back at the hotel, while imagining his walk of shame. She asked the receptionist to convey the message and swiftly exited the salon before Mr Wright noticed her.

Mia decided to wait for her boss in his comparably nicer penthouse suite. She ordered a light lunch from room service and settled on the luxurious sofa to flick through a magazine. About forty-five minutes later, Mr Wright burst through the door, head down and hands shoved deep into his pockets.

"How was the salon?" Mia asked, looking up from her comfortable position on the sofa, her voice casual, while suppressing the smile tugging at her lips.

"I don't want to talk about it," Mr Wright roared back, his voice thick with irritation as he stomped towards the bathroom. "After I wash all this off, you and I are going to have some harsh words," he added gruffly before slamming the bathroom door shut.

From the main living area of the hotel suite, Mia could hear the shower turn on followed by a series of muffled curses that faded into a quiet resignation. After twenty minutes, the total silence piqued her curiosity. Approaching the bathroom door, she knocked gently. "Mr Wright, are you okay in there? Can I come in, Sir?" she inquired through the door.

"No! Go away," came the firm but weary response.

Ignoring his plea, Mia opened the door slightly and peered inside to find Mr Wright sitting on the ground next to the large bathtub. He was wearing a pair of off-white sweatpants and a large dressing gown. His hands were hidden from sight, and his head was hung in what appeared to be shame or perhaps defeat.

"What are you doing down there, Sir?" Mia chirped, feigning ignorance to his distress. "We don't have time to waste resting. We still have a lot of work to do if we're going to have you ready in time for this meeting."

"It won't come off, Mia!" Mr Wright moaned, shaking his head in frustration.

"What won't come off, Sir?" Mia asked, playing dumb.

"All of it," Mr Wright boomed as he lifted his head to meet her gaze for the first time, looking much less intimidating than usual with his long eyelashes fluttering inadvertently. "The tan. The black in my hair. These goddamn nails!" he exclaimed, lifting his hands to show her. "Even these eyelashes! They're all stuck!"

"Well of course they're stuck, Sir," Mia replied in a calm and composed voice. "Well, temporarily at least. That's the whole point. We need you to look authentic for the meeting."

"Authentic! I look ridiculous," he shot back, the flush of embarrassment clear on his face. "Do you know how embarrassing it was walking back to the hotel like this? These nails are so long, they don't even fit in my pockets."

"Well, why did you ask for such long ones, Sir?" Mia asked innocently, turning her head to hide a smirk.

"Ask for these ridiculous claws," he spat back, his hands waving frantically. Are you stupid, woman? Why would you ask me such an idiotic question," Mr Wright snapped, his patience clearly worn thin.

"Please calm yourself down, Mr Wright. I realize that you've had a stressful day, but please don't take it out on me," Mia responded sternly while folding her arms. "I'm merely asking why, when the manicurist asked what style you'd like - as manicurists always do - you didn't ask for a shorter style. Nail extensions always go on long but can be trimmed down to any length you desire."

Morgan Wright looked at his assistant with a stunned expression, his high-arched brows increasing his surprised look, making it almost comical. "I... didn't know," he muttered, shaking his head slowly. "For heaven's sake, Mia. What am I supposed to do now? I look like a freak," he asked, his voice laden with a rare vulnerability.

Mia smiled warmly, a kindness in her eyes. "You don't look like a freak, Sir," she reassured. "You look great. Better than expected. There's no way Mr Horton will recognize. Which was the whole point, wasn't it?"

"You really think I look okay?" Mr Wright asked, his voice carrying a note of insecurity.

"You will, once we finish getting you ready," Mia replied, eager to move on to the next step in her master plan. "So, are we going to complete the task and save Stitch & Sovereign, or are we going home?"

Mr Wright looked uncertain, the weight of his new appearance bearing down on him, before taking a deep breath. "You're sure all of this can be easily reversed later?"

"Certain, Sir. Trust me," Mia answered with a sly smile. "So, shall we continue?"

"Okay," Mr Wright said, reluctantly agreeing as he awkwardly got up from the floor, his extremely long nails complicating the previously simple action of pushing himself off the ground. "What's next?"

"Hair," Mia replied as she marched from the room. "Come through to the main room and we'll see what I can do."

"Fine," Mr Wright said in a meek voice. "But can you make me a cup of tea first? I need to calm my nerves."

Mia, taken aback by the request, almost refused. However, with Mr Wright finally co-operating, she didn't want to risk another meltdown. For the next few minutes, the room fell silent, save for the sound of the kettle boiling. 'Soon you'll be the one making the tea,' Mia thought, glancing at Mr Wright, who was staring down at his hands, mourning the dexterity he used to take for granted.

When ready, Mia walked over and placed the tea on a tabletop. "It's hot," she cautioned. "Why don't you take a seat while it cools?"

Mr Wright grunted in acknowledgement and moved to sit on a large wooden chair "So about my hair?" he asked, his voice tinged with confusion. "Why did they dye it black at the salon? I thought I was going to wear a wig?"

"You are," Mia replied as she rummaged through a bag. "Well, sort of. I was planning to wear this for the meeting after you complained that my hair was too short. What was it you said? Oh yeah, that a real secretary should have long hair." She added as she pulled out a mass of silky long hair, holding it up for him to see.

Seeing Mr Wright's perplexed look, she explained further. "This is a hairpiece made of real human hair. It attaches at the top of the head, giving the appearance of a long ponytail."

"You're going to attach that thing to me?" Mr Wright asked, his eyes wide with apprehension.

That's the plan, Sir. Now that your hair colour matches mine, this hairpiece will blend seamlessly and appear more natural than a wig. I thought this approach would be safer, considering a wig might slip off!" Mia explained, justifying her decision to have Morgan Wright wear the hairpiece she had felt pressured to wear before they decided to trade places.

Before Mr Wright could protest, Mia squeezed a dollop of hair gel onto her palms, working it through Mr Wright's freshly dyed black hair, the slick substance making it easier to manage and style. Next, she picked up a brush and began tugging his hair back, her movements brisk and somewhat forceful.

She then gathered his hair and twisted it into a high, extremely tight topknot at the crown of his head. The tension from the topknot pulled at Mr Wright's skin, causing his face to grimace. "It's too tight," he complained, his hand reaching up, only for Mia to bat it away.

Ignoring his complaints, Mia continued with her task, knowing the tension he must be feeling, and enjoying watching her boss squirm. Finally, she took the lush cascade of silky hair and began attaching it to the topknot. She used a series of ties to bind the extension securely, followed by several hairpins pushed deftly through the knot. Each pin was placed strategically, ensuring that the ponytail wouldn't be easy to remove.

Seeing Mr Wright wince from the tightness of his girly hairstyle, Mia couldn't help feeling satisfied. "There, all done," she announced cheerfully, handing him his cup of tea.

Mr Wright took the cup gingerly, fumbling slightly as he tried to navigate holding the mug with his elongated nails. It was another frustrating discovery - that another simple task, that he used to take for granted, had now become much more difficult due to his cumbersome nails.

"Excellent," Mr Wright declared as he rose from his seat. Pausing for a moment, a flicker of surprise danced across his pretty face upon feeling the unfamiliar weight and sway of the long hair against his shoulders - a most unsettling sensation. "So, we're finished?" he announced hopefully, turning towards Mia with a tentative smile.

"Yes," Mia replied, pausing for effect. "With your hair," she finally added, a mischievous glint in her eye. "Now it's time to give you the body and face you've told me Mr Horton expects in a secretary." Watching with amusement as Mr Wright's fleeting smile faltered.



“My body and face?” he enquired, his voice tinged with apprehension. “Really. Must we, Mia?”

“Yes, Mr Wright. Remember, today you’re the secretary. And to play the part without suspicion, you need a look completely different to your normally appearance,” Mia explained matter-of-factly. “For that reason, I’ve arranged for a woman to come over to help.”

“What?” Mr Wright shrieked, his anxiety palpable. “Mia, who is this woman?”

Mia offered a reassuring smile. "She's someone with the skills we need to give you the appearance of a woman. Skills I don't have."

Mr Wright looked unsure. "And what is she going to do to me with these... skills?"

"She will use some padding to adjust your figure and some tricks to alter your facial appearance." Mia replied as if what she was saying was completely normal. "I know it sounds scary, but this will be a crucial part of tricking Mr Horton into believing you're someone else. Try to relax, Sir, and think of the positives. The worst is behind you now, and in a few hours, Stitch & Sovereign will be saved."

Despite his reservations, Mr Wright slowly nodded, believing that he had already gone too far to give up now. While also knowing that this bizarre and uncomfortable ordeal was his best shot at saving his company, and his family legacy.

## Chapter 5: Madame Maria

The penthouse suite fell silent following Mr Wright's failed attempts to operate his smartphone with his impractically long nails. Dressed in his sweatsuit, he sat sulking on the sofa, his earlier rage now subdued. When the phone rang, shattering the calm, both he and Mia looked over abruptly. "I'll get it, shall I?" Mia said, smirking. Mr Wright gave a reluctant nod from his seat.

Mia answered the phone, speaking briefly to reception. When informed that her guest had arrived, she requested they send them up. Two minutes later, there was a loud knock. Mia crossed the room with a sense of anticipation and opened the door to reveal a very flamboyant, colourful figure.

The woman who strutted in stood over six feet tall in her heels, boasting a large frame and an aura of confidence. Wheeling a sizable case behind her, she instantly commanded the room. "You must be Mia? It's a pleasure to meet you, darling. I'm Madame Maria," she declared, tossing back her bright orange hair and letting out a warm, hearty giggle that resonated in a deep, masculine tone.

"Yes, that's right. And this is Mr Wright," Mia replied, gesturing towards her boss who looked up from the sofa, visibly uncomfortable by the extravagant entrance. "Thank you for coming on such short notice."



"It's no bother, darling," Madame Maria responded cheerily, inspecting Mr Wright with a curious glance. "With a project as fun as this one, how could I refuse?" She added, her expression turning to slight confusion. "Is this him then, darling? The one we spoke about?" she asked, not really waiting for an answer. "He's not what I expected."

"Erm... yes," Mia quickly replied, "I hope there isn't a problem?"

Madame Maria giggled again. "No, not at all, darling. He's just not as... masculine as I thought he'd be. But that's a good thing, isn't it? I think we can achieve wonderful things here this afternoon."

Keeping an eye on Mr Wright during the introductions, Mia noticed his embarrassment and the evident dent in his pride. Rising from his seat, he puffed out his chest and strode forward, attempting to project his usual authoritative presence. "Madame Maria? I'm Morgan Wright, owner of Stitch and Sovereign. It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance," he said, extending a manicured hand. "You're here to help, I hear."

"Erm... yes," Madame Maria replied, her own long-nailed hand giving Mr Wright a limp shake before turning away to focus her attention back on Mia. "Shall we begin then, darling? She asked enthusiastically. "You purchased all the items we discussed, I presume?"

"Yes, I got everything," Mia confirmed. "We're in your hands. Where would you like to start?"

"Excellent," Madame Maria exclaimed, clapping her hands together loudly. "Take my case to the bedroom and place it with the items you bought?" she instructed Mia before turning to Mr Wright with a predator's gaze. "As for you, Darling. Undress completely, including your underwear, and lie on the bed. I'll be with you shortly."

Mr Wright, startled by the directness and the thought of lying naked on a bed for whatever Madame Maria had planned, was about to protest when Mia, sensing his discomfort, gently tugged at his arm. "Come on, Sir. We have a lot to do and no time to waste," she said, grabbing Madame Maria's case with her other hand and leading both the case and Mr Wright into the master bedroom.

As soon as they entered the room, Mr Wright turned to Mia, his face etched with disbelief and discomfort. "Mia, you do realize that's a man out there, don't you?" he asked, his voice tinged with mistrust.

Mia shook her head, her response firm and a bit stern. "Please, Mr Wright. Don't be so insensitive. Whatever label or identity Madame Maria chooses for herself is none of our concern. She's here to help us, and who better than someone who has already gone through the kind of change you're about to experience?"

Mr Wright's face twisted into a visage of discomfort. "Yes... but..." he began, only to be swiftly cut off by Mia.

"But nothing, Sir. Like it or not, this is our only option now. The meeting is only a few hours away, and we need you to look unrecognizable. Do we really have to go over the reasons

why you're doing this again? Because it's getting tiring," Mia said, her voice laced with frustration. She shook her head and fixed her boss with a stern glare.

Mr Wright opened his mouth to protest, but after a brief pause, he let out a loud sigh of resignation instead. "Well, at least give me some privacy," he blustered, his eyes darting away from Mia's unwavering stare.

"Of course, Mr Wright I need to start getting ready myself anyway," Mia replied, softening her tone. "Just please do as Madame Maria asks. She knows what she is doing, Sir. Without her, this won't work, meaning everything you went through at the salon will have been for nothing."

"Yes, yes," Mr Wright acknowledged, his tone one of lingering irritation. "I understand that, Mia. I'll do as she asks. Now please, give me some privacy."

=====

Mia re-entered the bedroom after her shower, her hair still damp, not expecting the transformation process to have progressed so rapidly. The sight before her halted her in her tracks, her eyes widening in astonishment. Mr Wright stood by the far wall, looking shell-shocked and ready to bolt, his body recast into that of a voluptuously curvaceous woman.

As Mia took in his transformed figure, she struggled to hold back her amusement. She had imagined the application process during her shower, but witnessing the outcome was something else entirely. The high-quality silicone shapewear had dramatically altered Mr Wright's physique. The large breastplate, which Mia knew was attached with professional-grade adhesive, endowed her sexist boss with an imposing E-cup chest that jutted out prominently. His hips and buttocks, enhanced by extra-large pads that were also glued in place, flared out to match the width of his shoulders, creating a perfect hourglass silhouette. Thoughtfully designed with an opening at the crotch, the piece allowed for practicality, eliminating the need for removal during bathroom breaks.

Then there was the corset, tightly cinched around Mr Wright's midsection, drastically narrowing his waist and contributing to the crushed, breathless expression on his face. Mia could almost hear the grunts of discomfort as Madame Maria, using her muscular arms, pulled the strings tight, squeezing him to within an inch of his life.

It was most likely at this stage, that Madame Maria would have attached the chastity cage. Mia had spent the day deliberating whether or not to actually use it. However, the more she

read about the topic of submission and forced feminization, the more she found herself drawn to the idea. The cage, which Madame Maria likely fitted while his large faux breasts obscured Mr Wright's view, must have felt both strange and uncomfortable. Mia wondered what Madame Maria told her boss during the process, or if she had simply secured the device without explanation, locking it into place before he even realized what was happening.

Over his new striking feminine figure, Mr Wright wore a tight beige bodysuit that smoothed and sealed the entire look together. Glaring at Mia and shaking with rage, he stroked his new, blubbery thighs with his gaudy-looking nails. Clearly struggling for a full breath, the long ponytail sprouting from the top of his head bobbed up and down, adding to the overall surreal sight.



"Mr Wright, you look... incredible, Sir," Mia finally said, choosing her words carefully to avoid angering the feminized man. "Truly, Madame Maria has done a sensational job."

Mr Wright, still coming to terms with his new appearance, gave Mia a wary look. His discomfort was clear from his tense posture and the silence that hung between them, unbroken by any response.

"We're almost there, Sir. Just a bit longer and this will all be worth it," Mia encouraged, secretly relishing every moment of watching her misogynistic boss squirm. Mr Wright's jaw

moved from side to side as if he was grinding his teeth. He opened his mouth to speak, but just then, Madame Maria stepped between them, breaking the intense eye contact.

"Close your eyes for me, darling" Madame Maria ordered. Mr Wright complied out of fear of being blinded as Madame Maria began the process of airbrushing him with a strong, long-lasting solution. Starting with his face, she worked meticulously, her hands steady as she sprayed a fine mist that gently settled on the soon-to-be secretary's skin. When she reached his neck, she paused to pull down the straps of his bodysuit. Mr Wright's eyes popped back open as his chest was exposed, but he remained silent.

Madame Maria then turned her attention to the silicone breastplate. She sprayed it thoroughly, changing its colour to match Mr Wright's tanned arms and neck. Mia watched on mesmerized as the procedure modified the previously shiny, unnatural colour of the breastplate to blend flawlessly with Mr Wright's skin tone, concealing the seams at his neck and shoulders.

Continuing her work, she moved down to his curvaceous thighs and backside, each pass of the airbrush camouflaging the large hip pads with his body. Just like the breastplate before it, the seams vanished under layers of long-lasting solution, making the silicone additions appear as natural extensions of his now shapely legs.

Madame Maria completed her task with a hairdryer, setting the makeup solution to achieve an eerily realistic finish that stunned Mia with its believability. "Flawless, darling," Madame Maria declared triumphantly, snapping Mr Wright's bodysuit back into place around his shoulders. "Why don't we take five while I set up in the living room?" Turning on her heels, she didn't wait for an answer, strutting from the room, leaving a horrified Mr Wright standing rigidly, statue-like, in her wake.

Mia approached cautiously. "Are you okay, Sir?" she inquired, both curious about Madame Maria's work and concerned by Mr Wright's unusual calmness. "She... put... something... on... my..." Mr Wright managed to say between laboured breaths before stopping abruptly.

"What's that, sir?" Mia asked, struggling to understand him.

"She... locked... my... Christ, Mia. I... can't... breathe in this contraption," he gasped, clawing at his corseted waist with his extended nails, his breathing growing rapid and shallow. "It's... too. Tight."

"You'll get used to it in a moment, Sir," Mia reassured him, well aware of what was locked away but opting not to discuss the matter. "Try to breathe slowly, deep breaths. Like me," she instructed, demonstrating a slow, controlled breathing technique.

Mr Wright mirrored her, and gradually, his breathing steadied, calming him significantly. Once he appeared more composed, Mia met his gaze. "Better, Sir?"

Mr Wright shook his head, his expression pained. "This is not what I was expecting, Mia. Look at what that... person did to my body? This is madness."

"This is what we need, Sir," Mia said firmly. "If Mr Horton is indeed the type of man you described to me, with a body like this, he's far less likely to stare at your face, don't you think? She said, pausing for a moment to let her logical response sink in before adding, "We'll remove it all later, and you'll be back to your normal self," fully aware of the challenges that the removal process would entail. "And speaking of your face, Madame Maria is waiting for us in the living room. After a few quick injections, she'll do your makeup, and you'll be ready to go."

"Injections!" Mr Wright exclaimed, his composure shattering once again.

"Completely temporary, Sir," Mia quickly responded, though not entirely truthfully. "Just to get us through the meeting."

"No! No, Mia! This is over. Enough is enough!" Mr Wright protested, his hands flailing around erratically.

Reaching her limit, Mia did something she never thought she would do - She slapped her boss hard across the face. The sharp sound echoed through the room, marking a sudden, stark silence.

"Mia!" Mr Wright exclaimed, his extended eyelashes fluttering and his mouth agape. "You slapped me. You..."

"I did! And I'll do it again unless you start thinking straight." Mia interrupted sternly. "I'm tired of your tantrums. Since the moment I woke up early this morning, everything has been about you and fixing your mistake. I've tried to be patient. I really have, Sir. But you keep acting like a bratty child. We agreed to this plan together, remember? So why are you fighting me at every step?"

As Mr Wright rubbed his cheek, visibly shaken by Mia's uncharacteristic assertiveness, she pressed on. "We've come too far to give up now. So, get your butt into the living room and

pull yourself together. Or perhaps the key to that device you were complaining about a moment ago will magically disappear!"

"What?" Mr Wright gasped, real fear flickering in his eyes as he reached down between his legs. "You... you wouldn't?"

"Try me," Mia replied firmly, crossing her arms. She was done playing nice; having finally got her typically domineering boss into a vulnerable position, it was time to assert her dominance.

## **Chapter 6: The New Face of Power**

Deeply unsettled by their earlier exchange, Mr Wright followed Mia into the suite's living area, his steps heavy as his transformed body wobbled and jiggled. "Ah, there you are, darling," Madame Maria called out, her voice rich with enthusiasm as she spotted them. "Take a seat over there, would you? We'll get started."

Mia noted the fear in her boss's eyes as he examined the scene - a rare glimpse of vulnerability from a man usually so composed and commanding. Standing awkwardly with his arms folded beneath the bulky mass of his new breasts, he was for once lost for words. Mia, meanwhile, settled herself on the sofa positioned strategically behind him. She didn't want to miss a moment of the next phase of the makeover, wishing she had prepared some popcorn.

"What are you going to do?" Mr Wright asked, his voice carrying a mix of curiosity and dread as his gaze fixed warily on the array of equipment and tools set out on the glass coffee table, which now resembled a surgeon's table.

"We're going to create a masterpiece of beauty," Madame Maria responded with a flourish, her smile wide and assured. "A small change here and there to create a look that will fool Mr Horton into believing you are someone else. That is what you want, isn't it, darling?"

Mr Wright looked uncertain as he turned to Mia for reassurance. She met his gaze with a firm nod, prompting him to proceed. He sighed deeply as he turned back towards Madame Maria, "Yes, we do, but I don't want.... anything too... drastic or permanent done."

Madame Maria chuckled loudly at his response, a sound that clearly irked the anxious man. "Apart from death and taxes, nothing is permanent, darling," she quipped, her

laughter echoing louder. “However drastic is what I do, darling. That’s why I’m the best.” 'And the most expensive', Mia thought from her vantage point on the sofa, reminded of the small fortune she had charged to the company credit card. “I make the ordinary extraordinary. Now, shall we begin?”

Mr Wright glanced back at Mia once more, receiving another firm nod from her - a nod that clearly communicated: comply, or your genitals will remain trapped between your legs forever. Folding her legs beneath her to find a comfortable viewing position, Mia couldn't help but smile as she observed the reluctance in Morgan Wright’s beautifully framed eyes. She could almost see the cogs whirling in his brain, searching for an escape route.

However, there would be no escape from the elaborate plan she had devised as Morgan Wright headed towards his feminized fate, still unaware of just how extreme the transformation would be. The power she now held over her formerly domineering boss was intoxicating. She was going to savour every moment of the next few hours, fully aware that today's events would mark the end of her employment, either through dismissal or the company’s dissolution.

With Mr Wright seated, Madame Maria began the procedure by applying a topical anaesthetic to numb his skin. She thoroughly spread the cream across his face while he sat rigidly, his eyes tightly closed as instructed and his long nails digging into the armrests.

Mia noted the anxiety evident on his face. However, after enduring countless sexist remarks and experiencing the frustration of having her ideas constantly dismissed as he drove the once-prosperous company into the ground, she found herself devoid of sympathy. Temporarily setting aside her own preparations for an upcoming meeting, she watched intently as Madame Maria prepared the first syringe filled with specialized filler.

"Just relax, darling," Madame Maria said in a firm yet soothing tone, poking his cheek with her nail to test the numbness. Receiving no response from the ponytailed man, she proceeded with the injections. She first targeted his cheeks, injecting filler at strategic points to enhance their roundness and fullness. After each injection, she gently massaged the area, moulding the sharper contours into smoother curves. Mr Wright flinched with each prick, visibly uncomfortable yet silent, enduring the ordeal.

Mia's eyes widened as she witnessed the transformation unfold. The once masculine lines of her boss's face softened, giving way to fuller, more prominent cheeks - a sight she found unexpectedly thrilling.

Satisfied with the overall look she had achieved, Madame Maria turned her attention to the grimacing man's lips. "This might feel a little strange, darling. Keep your eyes and mouth closed and breathe through your nose, okay?" she instructed, piercing his bottom lip with a syringe and pressing down the plunger to flood his thin lips with the volumizing serum. Enduring injection after injection, Mr Wright's discomfort grew alongside his mouth, which became so pouty and full that Mia wondered if it was possible to overfill lips to the point of bursting.

Mia couldn't look away or suppress her smile as Madame Maria switched to Botox injections. She started at her boss' forehead before moving to eliminate his crow's feet, dispensing small amounts here and there to smooth out any lines and create a tight, firm surface. "Stay still, darling," she directed, her authoritative tone brooking no argument. Working around his eyebrows next, she carefully adjusted their position and shape to a high, arched look on his now taut forehead.

"Flawless, darling," Madame Maria exclaimed as she set down the last syringe. "I'm just going to powder my nose. When I return, we'll make you up and get you dressed. We're almost there, darling. You're going to look fabulous," the flamboyant diva added, departing with a theatrical wave of her hand.

Mia waited with bated breath for her boss' extended lashes to flutter open. When they did, they revealed a look of utter confusion and unease. As Mr Wright came to grips with what had happened, Mia silently observed him struggling to move his face - now firm and stiff from fillers and Botox. His appearance, almost unrecognizable, resembled that of a wannabe Hollywood actress or perhaps even an inflatable sexdoll.

Mr Wright's attempts to speak were hindered by his overinflated lips, which dribbled slightly as he tried to form words. "What the... I needth a mirrorth. Now!" he managed to say, his speech slurred and his breathing strained by the tight corset encircling his waist.



“Calm down and breathe, Mia,” Mia retorted sharply. “A secretary should never raise her voice in frustration to her boss.”

Mr Wright's head snapped up to meet Mia's gaze, a look of confusion etched across his altered face. "What didth you justh call me?" he asked, his stupefied expression was made even more comical by his pouting lips.

“From this moment on, we are going to assume our roles for the meeting. That means you will address me as Miss Wright, and I will call you Miss Bishop or Mia.”

"Whath? No. I don'th liketh this, Mia. God dam ith. My lipths are huge. I can'th speak correctly. I sound like thome thlut bimbo." Mr Wright cried out, raising his long-nailed hands to examine his tightened face.

"It's Miss Wright from now on. You are Mia, remember?" Mia replied firmly. "And quite frankly, what you like or dislike are of little concern to me," she continued, echoing a phrase Mr Wright had often used on her. "What's important is that you finish getting ready, so we can make it to the meeting on time."

Mr Wright seemed stunned by this reply. His altered face flushed red with anger. "That'sh it! You're firedth!" he roared, though the words sounded weaker due to the lisp in his voice. "And I promith you that I'm going to maketh sure you never find another job with a title higher than toilet cleantther. Ith that clear?"

Mia glared at the feminized man for a moment before shaking her head. "Very true to form that," she said coldly. "Letting your emotions cloud your judgment. If you haven't noticed, things have changed. You are now Mia Bishop, the curvaceous secretary to Morgan Wright - that being me. Let me put this simply for you. After today, once we've hopefully secured investment for the company, we'll discuss you buying out my shares at 1.5 times the market value. And here's my promise: if you don't fully commit to acting like the flirtatious secretary you wanted me to be at this meeting, the key to that chastity device and the video recordings of your makeover from all the hidden cameras I installed," she paused, pointing to a concealed camera, "will be sent to all your family and friends. Is that clear?"

The room descended into silence, Mia's gaze locked with that of her transformed boss, whose plump lips were slightly parted in astonishment. At that moment, Madame Maria strutted back into the room. "Everything alright in here, darlings? I heard shouting," she inquired, her tone suggesting she was only mildly concerned.



“Everything is fine, Madame Maria,” Mia responded, rising from the sofa. “I’m going to finish getting ready. How much longer until Mia here is ready?”

"Thirty minutes, maybe forty-five at most," Madame Maria answered, her eyes darting between the two, clearly sensing the shifted power dynamics.

"Perfect. Let me know if you need anything," Mia said, her tone thick with authority. She then turned to Mr Wright, who sat shell-shocked in his chair. "And you, Mia. Try to behave, won't you? We don't have time for any more of your womanly emotions today."

With a triumphant smile, Mia exited the room. The satisfaction of her unfolding plan to exact revenge was unfolding beautifully. Saving the company had become secondary; today was about giving Morgan Wright a taste of his own medicine. If he thought women should adhere to a certain stereotype in the workplace, today he would experience first-hand the challenges and scrutiny that came with it.

## Chapter 7: As Requested

Mia felt a vindictive thrill as she prepared for the meeting in the master bedroom. Today, she applied her makeup with unusual care, diverging from her typical minimalist approach. She had always disliked the idea of dolling herself up for the visual pleasure of the men around her, but today was different. Today, she wanted to look powerful. She was in charge, and Morgan Wright - undergoing a far more drastic transformation in the adjacent room - was hers to boss around.

She began by spreading foundation, creating a flawless base on her skin. Next, she contoured her cheeks to accentuate her features. As she blended the makeup, she imagined Mr Wright getting his own face painted. After his earlier airbrushing, he likely needed only some additional shaping and a touch of blush to enhance the artificial features Madame Maria had meticulously crafted.

Next, Mia lined her eyes with a thin, dark line, adding just enough definition to make them pop, before brushing her lashes with mascara. As she worked, she again envisioned Mr Wright in a similar position, his arms folded and a sulking expression on his face as he endured each flick of the mascara wand across his voluminous lashes. She chuckled at the thought of his discomfort, each stroke chipping away at his usually uncompromising male ego.

Mia finished her makeup with a muted pink on her lips to enhance her appearance without overpowering it. After dressing, she stood back to admire her work, feeling a surge of satisfaction and anticipation. She looked chic in her professional outfit, but more importantly, her smart top and pants would starkly contrast the feminine ensemble Mr Wright would totter into the meeting wearing. Slipping into her stilettos, Mia strutted confidently towards the bedroom door and knocked lightly. "Madame Maria, may I enter?" she called out.

"Yes, darling. We are almost there," came Madame Maria's cheerful reply, her deep voice carrying throughout the suite.

Taking a deep breath, Mia composed herself before entering the room. She knew the sight that awaited her could easily break her stoic demeanour, tempting her to laugh or make harsh comments at the sight of her former domineering boss completely feminized. Yet, she would need to maintain her calm to successfully get the drastically altered man out of the suite, where, jiggling and wiggling, he would squirm under the judgmental gaze of others who would see him as nothing more than a hypersexualized secretary.

Mia entered the room to find her initial view of Mr Wright obscured; he was still seated where she had left him, with Madame Maria's large frame blocking most of his body. However, the sight of his ankles encased in black nylon and his feet rocking inside the incredibly high heels she had purchased earlier that day told her progress had been made. Seeing those towering, nude-coloured Mary Jane-style platforms buckled to his feet made Mia's eyes widen with delight. She could visualise his dismay at being forced into such impractical shoes and wondered what feeble arguments he might have attempted to avoid having to wear them.

"We won't be but a moment, darling," Madame Maria chimed without turning, her voice rippling with enthusiasm. "Just a touch more gloss, and we'll be done." Her words were casual as if the transformation she was conducting was an everyday occurrence.

As Mia edged further into the room, more of Mr Wright came into view could be seen. The hem of the outrageously short leather minidress resting on his padded, pantyhose-clad thighs caught her attention next. It was something she would never wear herself, bordering on inappropriate for any professional setting, but also wickedly perfect for the occasion. Mia had chosen it specifically for its shock value, and seeing it now, wrapped around Morgan Wright's feminized frame, she felt a surge of evil pleasure.

Finally, Madame Maria stepped aside, and Mia was presented with her first full view of her utterly transformed boss. Slouched in his chair like a disgruntled diva, Mr Wright's expression was one of pure discomfort. His bright red, bee-stung lips formed a glossy pout while his heavily made-up eyes blinked rapidly, struggling to adjust to the weight of his false lashes. Large hoop earrings dangled from his ears, accentuating the tight, high ponytail that pulled his features taut.

Below his glaring, beautifully framed eyes, the top of his dress plunged daringly low, showcasing an ample, buxom bosom that Madame Maria's skills had rendered indistinguishable from reality. The whole ensemble was outrageously over the top, screaming 'office bimbo' in a way that no one would ignore. Smiling, Mia couldn't help but

revel in the irony and perfection of it all. The man who had once looked down on her was now the epitome of everything he had once pushed her to become.

Madame Maria glanced from Mia to Mr Wright, a knowing smile playing on her lips. "Well, it's been a pleasure, darlings," she sang out, sensing the tension simmering in the air. "I'll just pack up my things and be out of your hair. If you ever require my services again, you have my number." With that, the room fell silent. Mr Wright and Mia locked eyes in a silent standoff as Madame Maria quickly gathered her belongings and left the suite.

As the door clicked shut, the silence between the pair was broken by Mr Wright, whose voice, filled with rage, shattered the quiet. "Mia, what the hell hath you done to me, woman?" he demanded, rising to try and appear more commanding, only to stagger comically due to the unfamiliar angle his feet were forced to adopt. "Thith ith ridiculouth! You've turned me into thome thort of offith tart. Thith dreth ith... it'th obthene!"

Mia remained calm, her gaze steady as she observed her makeover boss. "I selected this outfit based on your preferences - a skirt ending mid-thigh, as you requested. I can't imagine your grandmother wearing this."

Mr Wright's face flushed with a mix of embarrassment and fury. "Don't get thmart with me, Mia. You know thith ithn't what I meant. I wanted theductive, not thex worker." he grumbled, wobbling as struggled to remain upright.



Mia took a step closer, her expression firm. "From where I'm standing, you look very seductive," she shot back with a smirk. "If this isn't what you wanted, perhaps in the future, you should think more carefully about the way you phrase things."

Morgan Wright pressed his blubbery lips together and exhaled a heavy, frustrated sigh. "We can discuss that later. Right now, I need something else to wear. I can barely breathe in this corset! And these boobs," he gestured to the silicone breasts protruding from his chest. "They are too big and very distracting! Where's the outfit I tried on last night?"

"Gone," Mia replied, her expression resolute. "I donated it this morning. After your disapproval, it was hardly worth keeping."

"Whath!" Mr Wright bellowed. Well, we'll have to change outfit then. I need the pants you're wearing."

Mia shook her head. "No can do," she replied firmly. "Think about it. What would you think if you attended a meeting and saw someone in a short dress and heels while their secretary was in pants? You wouldn't take them seriously, would you? The meeting would be over before it even started."

"Buth..." Mr Wright blustered. "I feel like a damn fool!" he added, his voice rising. "I realize a disguise was necessary for this crazy idea to succeed. But this is damn right humiliating! I can't even stand in these ridiculous shoes."

Mia, enjoying her former boss's discomfort, folded her arms and feigned annoyance. "Double the height of the previous pair, also as requested. Now, enough of this whining. This is the only outfit we have for the meeting. We agreed on this plan together, remember? So until we've saved the company, you need to put your complaints aside. Your comfort is now secondary to the success of this mission. Try to focus on the bigger picture here."

Mr Wright's hands flew upwards upon hearing this, only to awkwardly collide with his silicone breasts, sending them swaying furiously. "How am I supposed to focus when I feel like a third side show? And what about my lips! I can't even talk properly with these swollen things!"

Mia crossed her arms, her gaze unyielding. "You don't need to speak. You're the secretary. I'll do all the talking. All you have to do is sit there, look pretty, and take notes."

Mr Wright's expression changed to one of disgust as the reality of his situation sank in. He looked down at the tight leather dress barely containing his hourglass figure and grimaced. "This better work, Mia. Because if it doesn't..." Mia cut him off with a wave of her hand. "Enough of that," she commanded. "Let's just focus on what needs to be done. We've got fifteen minutes before we leave, and you need a crash course in moving and talking like the woman you appear to be. Oh, and you really need to start calling me Miss Wright. You wouldn't want to mess everything up over something so trivial, would you?"

Mia watched Morgan Wright slowly shake his head in defeat, sending his high ponytail swinging. He looked so pathetic in his current guise. She was going to enjoy the next few hours, savouring every moment of his suffering.

=====  
Twenty minutes later, Mia was comfortably seated on a black leather sofa in one of the hotel's downstairs conference rooms. Beside her, far less comfortable, was Mr Wright. He sat with his nylon-encased legs tightly pressed together, his long manicured fingers interlocked atop his thighs, and his head hanging low in utter disbelief. The short journey from the suite to the meeting room remained vivid in Mia's mind. She had watched as her misogynist boss cautiously minced down the corridor at a snail's pace while she coached him on his posture and gait. A particularly memorable moment occurred when he yelped while trying to call the elevator, awkwardly jamming a long nail into the button and nearly breaking it. This moment was almost as delightful as watching him click nervously across the hotel lobby, clutching a small handbag under his arm, while his short skirt flapped and swished around his juicy thighs.

Mia and Mr Wright sat in complete silence for five minutes until a blonde woman entered the room. She strode toward them confidently. Mia stood first, quickly and alert, while Mr Wright followed more slowly and with far less enthusiasm. He recognized the woman as Mr Horton's secretary, the same person he had flirted with the previous evening. As she approached, she did a double-take, clearly taken aback by his daring choice of attire.



“Hi, I’m Molly Tamworth, personal assistant to Mr Horton,” she said, her voice tinged with confusion as she paused a few paces from the role-reversed pair.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Molly,” Mia responded, extending out her hand. “I’m Morgan Wright, and this is my secretary, Mia Bishop.”

Still puzzled, Molly shook Mia’s hand before extending her arm over to greet Mr Wright. “Have we met before?” she inquired, gently shaking the feminized man’s hand.

“Erm... no, I don’t think tho,” Mr Wright squeaked, attempting to speak high and clear.

Molly shrugged. "Guess not," she said with a smile before refocusing her attention on Mia. "I come bearing bad news, I'm afraid. Mr Horton can't make the meeting today due to personal reasons," she said, noting the disappointed expressions before her. "However, he is eager to still meet. He has reviewed the report you sent through and sees potential for investment in your company. Are you free to meet back here at 1 pm tomorrow?"

Mr Wright's mouth fell open, slightly aghast, while Mia, much more composed, smiled and nodded. "Yes, that should be fine. Thank you for letting us know in person, Molly."

"It's my pleasure, Mr Wright" Molly replied while looking at Mia. "Mr Horton looks forward to meeting you tomorrow. Have a good evening," she added before striding from the room.

"Oh, thith is terrible," Mr. Wright mumbled as soon as Molly disappeared from sight. Stumbling backwards, he almost fell onto the sofa, eager to rest his aching feet. "What are we going to do now?"

Mia rejoined Mr Wright on the sofa, fixing her gaze on the cross-dressed man. "Oh, don't be such a drama queen, Mia. It's just a short delay. We'll prepare for the meeting and go again tomorrow," she said confidently. "I can message Madame Maria to see if she's available. we'll need to go shopping, of course. You can't wear that same outfit again now that Molly has seen you. I know you weren't particularly pleased with this dress, so perhaps we can find you something less revealing for tomorrow." As Mia prattled on, outlining the necessary preparations, Mr Wright let out a heavy sigh, too mentally exhausted to respond. Humiliated and embarrassed, he had been longing for this ordeal to end, and now he was being asked to continue the pretence. "Well, shall we get moving? There's no point in sitting around here all day," Mia declared with a clap of her hands, startling Mr Wright slightly. "Let's get back upstairs and start moving our things."

"Nothing?" Mr Wright questioned, having zoned out of the conversation.

"Yes, moving, Mia. Do keep up. I'll sleep in the suite tonight, and you'll be in my old room. If Mr Horton or Molly happened to see us, it wouldn't seem right - a secretary in a master suite, would it now?"

Mr Wright closed his tired eyes, feeling his lashes tickle his cheek as he inhaled deeply. Part of him wanted to end this farce right there, but with the chastity cage gripping tightly between his legs and the ruin that awaited him if he gave up on his family business now, he tried to find the courage to face one more day as a bimbo secretary.

## Chapter 8: Round Two

After thanking Madame Maria for her exceptional work and for coming on such short notice, Mia escorted the large woman out of the door of her luxurious penthouse suite. Turning to face Mr Wright, she found it hard to believe the pouting, feminized figure before her was the same imposing boss she had endured for so long. Dressed in the outfit Mia had bought while out shopping that morning - a perfect mix of preppy and provocative - he epitomized the stereotypical bimbo secretary. Once again, Madame Maria had worked her magic, transforming the once obnoxious man into a sight to behold.

“Is this really what I’m wearing?” Mr Wright questioned, his arms folded below his overly pronounced breastplate, slightly lifting the heavy silicone to relieve the strain on his back. “I thought you were getting me something less revealing?”

“You don’t like it?” Mia replied, a hint of mockery lacing her voice as she imagined the discomfort he must be feeling after a full night in the heavy prosthetics. “The skirt is longer than yesterday, and your arms are covered.”

Mr Wright narrowed his eyes, letting out a heavy sigh. “What about these tights? They’re not very professional,” he grumbled, running his hand across the white nylon material adorned with black M’s that made his legs the focal point of his ultra-girly outfit.

“Nonsense,” Mia shot back with a dismissive wave. “Men wear expressive socks all the time in the office. I’ve seen you sporting colourful pairs on many occasions. Why should a woman be judged any differently?”

“But I’m not a woman,” Mr Wright moaned, his voice laden with resignation as he rose from his seat opposite the makeshift makeup station.

“Today you are,” Mia replied sternly, watching him gingerly take a few steps in the same towering platforms he had worn the previous day. “So, let’s stop complaining, shall we? And get our heads in the game. Show me your walk.”

“Again?” Mr Wright groaned, looking at Mia with a puppy dog expression, his ruby red lips glistening and his long black lashes fluttering dramatically.

“Yes,” Mia commanded firmly. “Ten laps up and down the room. This time, let’s see it with the purse.”

Mia watched intently as Mr Wright set off, his body jiggling and his flared red skirt fluttering with each mincing step. She shouted instructions, reminding him how to move his arms and hips, and the importance of keeping his shoulders back and his head held high.

Despite the absurdity of the scene, Mia had to hand it to Mr Wright; he was a quick learner. In less than twenty-four hours, he had managed to adapt to speaking normally with his dramatically plumped lips. Although his walk still needed refinement, for someone who was new to heels, he was handling his six-inch platforms surprisingly well.

Seeing Mr Wright, his face flushed from exertion and his breathing laboured, Mia couldn't resist a jab, echoing the condescension he'd often directed at her. "Good job, Mia," she exclaimed with a sarcastic tone. "Are you sure you haven't worn heels before? You're a natural," she added, knowing full well the question would irritate him.

Mr Wright's lip curled in visible disgust. "What? Of course not," he blustered, clearly offended. "I'm not one of those... gays."

Mia wanted to let a smile slip through her stern facade but maintained her composure. "I didn't ask about your sexual preferences," she retorted coolly. "Come now, Mia. You really need to think before you speak sometimes. Try to remain professional, would you?" Her words mimicked the very advice he had often given her, adding a layer of delicious irony to the exchange. Mr Wright's reaction was an explosion of headshakes, frantic hand movements, and spluttering.

"Now, do you have your notebook?" Mia added, throwing his often-asked question back at him.

"Yes, I have my notebook," Mr Wright responded sharply, his voice filled with aggression.

"Excellent. Why don't you lead the way, then?" Mia said, stepping back to open the door, his surly mood only adding to her enjoyment of the situation. In a huff, Mr Wright tottered past her and out the door into the corridor, his movements jerky and irritated, amplifying the wobble of his transformed figure.

Mia followed him out, mesmerized by the vision of Morgan Wright, transformed from boss to secretary and ready to assist. His high ponytail swung in rhythm with each roll of his high-heeled feet. His flouncy, long-sleeved white blouse with puffed shoulders sheathed his hourglass figure, its top button undone to tease his artificial cleavage. A red pleated skirt, mid-thigh in length and held up with suspenders, fluttered around his swishing, patterned legs. The soft thud of his stilettos echoed down the hallway, each step sending a

jolt of discomfort through his feminized frame. In his manicured hands, he clutched a snakeskin purse, the keeper of a notebook soon to be used for taking notes amidst squirms of embarrassment.

Initially, Mia had thought this switch of places would be a one-time event - a bit of poetic justice to show the misogynist pig of a man what it was like to be objectified and belittled. Yet, as she watched Morgan Wright, CEO and owner of the prestigious company Stitch & Sovereign, navigate the corridor in his feminine finery, Mia decided she would savour every moment of this unexpected extension before she inevitably severed ties with him for good.



Mia, impeccably suited, and Mr Wright, awkwardly adorned in a skirt, clicked their way into the conference room. Unlike their previous visit, they were not kept waiting this time. Two wooden desks had been set up facing each other, and Mr Horton and his assistant, Molly Tamworth, were already seated and waiting. As Mia and Mr Wright entered, the pair rose to greet them.

"Good afternoon, Miss Wright," Mr Horton greeted, extending his hand to Mia with a confident tone. "I do apologize for yesterday, but something unavoidable came up."

"A pleasure, Mr Horton," Mia responded, shaking the imposing man's hand firmly. She couldn't help but wonder what was going through Mr Wright's head when he believed he could take the giant man in a fight. "No problem at all, and please, call me Morgan."

"Very well, Morgan. Call me Graham," Mr Horton replied with a warm smile, then nodded toward the blonde to his left. "You've already met my assistant, Molly."

"Hello again, Molly," Mia announced, noting the woman's low-cut blouse and tight pencil skirt.

"And this is Mia," she said, introducing her own provocatively dressed assistant for the day.

"Nice to meet you," Mr Horton announced, stepping forward to grasp Mr Wright's long-nailed hand.

"Hello," Mr Wright managed to squeak, his voice barely above a whisper as he lowered his eyes in embarrassment - a sight Mia found immensely satisfying.

"Shall we begin, then?" Mr Horton suggested, gesturing towards the desk behind Mia.

"An excellent idea, Graham," Mia said before turning and striding confidently across the room, leaving Mr Wright tottering along behind. Taking her seat, Mia relaxed into her chair and stole a glance at her former boss. She watched, barely suppressing a smirk, as he struggled with his skirt, attempting to sit gracefully on the wheeled office chair - a challenging feat in six-inch heels.

"So, I've read over the proposal you sent through," Mr Horton began, his voice steady as Molly passed him the document. "However, I have some reservations about the valuation of your company. Can you explain to me how you came to this figure?"

Instinctively, massive breasts or not, Mr Wright puffed up his chest and leaned forward.

"Well, Stitch & Sovereign is one of the oldest bespoke clothing companies in the world. It

carries with it a name that people trust and associate with quality,” he said, his voice straining to maintain a high-pitched imitation of a woman's tone.

As he finished speaking, the room fell silent for a moment, Mr Horton’s surprised gaze shifting between Mia and Mr Wright. Finally, Mr Horton spoke, his tone condescending as if speaking to a child. “Well, while that may be true, young lady, companies are not valued on goodwill and public opinion. They are valued on revenue and projected growth.”

“Yes, we are aware, Graham,” Mia quickly interjected, her voice calm and composed. She then turned to her ponytailed assistant, her tone firm. “Mia, please let me do the talking from now on. Where is your notebook? Get it out. You just focus on jotting down any important information. Okay?”

She then turned back to Mr Horton with a confident smile. “Sorry about that, Graham. Mia means well, but she isn’t the sharpest knife in the draw. Shall we discuss a new valuation?”

As Mia redirected the conversation, Mr Wright's mouth hung open in shock and remained this way until he noticed Molly staring at him from across the room. Quickly, he lowered his gaze, his long eyelashes fluttering in embarrassment. Hastily, he opened the purse sitting on his skirted lap to retrieve the notebook and one of Mia’s favourite pens. His movements were clumsy and exaggerated, further highlighting his discomfort and unfamiliarity with his current role.

For the next forty-five minutes, Mia and Mr Horton engaged in a detailed discussion about his potential investment in the company. Meanwhile, Mr Wright, having been scolded earlier, focused on his note-taking, feeling completely and utterly emasculated. When Mr Horton suddenly addressed him, Morgan Wright, distracted by the headache from his tightly pulled-back hair, momentarily forgot his assumed identity.

“Mia,” the real Mia called sharply, causing the skirted man to jump. His head swung from Mia to Mr Horton, to Molly, and then back to Mia again. All eyes were on him. “Wake up, Mia,” Mia boomed, shaking her head slightly. “Mr Horton asked you a question.” She then turned to Mr Horton. “Forgive her, Graham. As I mentioned earlier, she’s a little dim. However, Mia's been with the company for years, working alongside my dear departed father.”

Mr Wright swallowed hard, the humiliation burning his cheeks as he stammered, "I-I'm sorry, Mr Horton. Could you repeat the question, please?"

“It’s no problem, Mia,” Mr Horton replied with a kind smile “I just wanted to ask your opinion. You seem like a woman into her fashion. How would you modernize Stitch & Sovereign?”

Caught off guard by the question, Mr Wright thought quickly; the term ‘modern’ was a foreign concept to him. “Erm... perhaps get some famous people to wear our brand. Models, perhaps?” There was a pause after his answer, which made him feel even more uncomfortable than he already did - a mean feat given all the body modifications he had endured.

When Mr Horton nodded, it was a relief. “Not a bad idea,” the enormous man said while turning to face Mia. “Designing a line influenced by high fashion yet appealing to the celebrity crowd could be a good fit for a company such as yours.” He paused to think before turning back to Mr Wright. “Mia, did you pack a nice dress for this trip?”

Mr Wright, confused by the question, froze. Pen in hand, he stared at the man he had punched a few days ago, unable to form a coherent thought in his pounding head. Luckily, Mia, lounging back in her chair, answered for him. “Yes, she has a dress. Why do you ask, Graham?”



“Perfect,” Mr Horton replied, clapping his hands together as he smiled at Mia. “I have someone I’d like you to meet, a business associate of mine. If he likes my idea, I think we may be able to put an offer on the table to buy out your company in full, while keeping the staff on with a healthy salary. Is that something that would appeal to you, Morgan?”

The thought of selling his family business to this man of all people sickened Morgan Wright even more than sitting there in a skirt and heels with a pair of woman's panties riding up his buttcrack. He was about to voice his opposition when Mia beat him to the punch. “Yes,” she exclaimed loudly. “That sounds like something I’d be very open to discussing.”

“Great!” Mr Horton replied with a nod. “Let’s reconvene around eight. I know a wonderful little Italian place just around the corner.”

He then turned to Molly. “Molly, can you arrange a table for four in our usual corner?”

Molly nodded, making a quick note in her planner. “Of course, Mr Horton. I’ll take care of it right away.”

“Molly will send the details through to your assistant. I look forward to seeing you both later,” Mr Horton said as he stood up. “You must try the ravioli; it’s as good as being in Italy.”

“We’re looking forward to it,” Mia replied as she stood up. By this time, Mr Horton had approached the desk. She extended her hand, and they shook firmly before Mr Horton and his assistant Molly made their departure.

Turning to her right, Mia observed Mr Wright, who appeared shell-shocked, trying to process the whirlwind of events. “That was a great answer,” Mia praised the feminized man, who sat with his long-nailed hands cupping his inflated face. “He loved it. Now we just need to build on it, ready for tonight. I think we’ve done it. We’ve saved the company.”