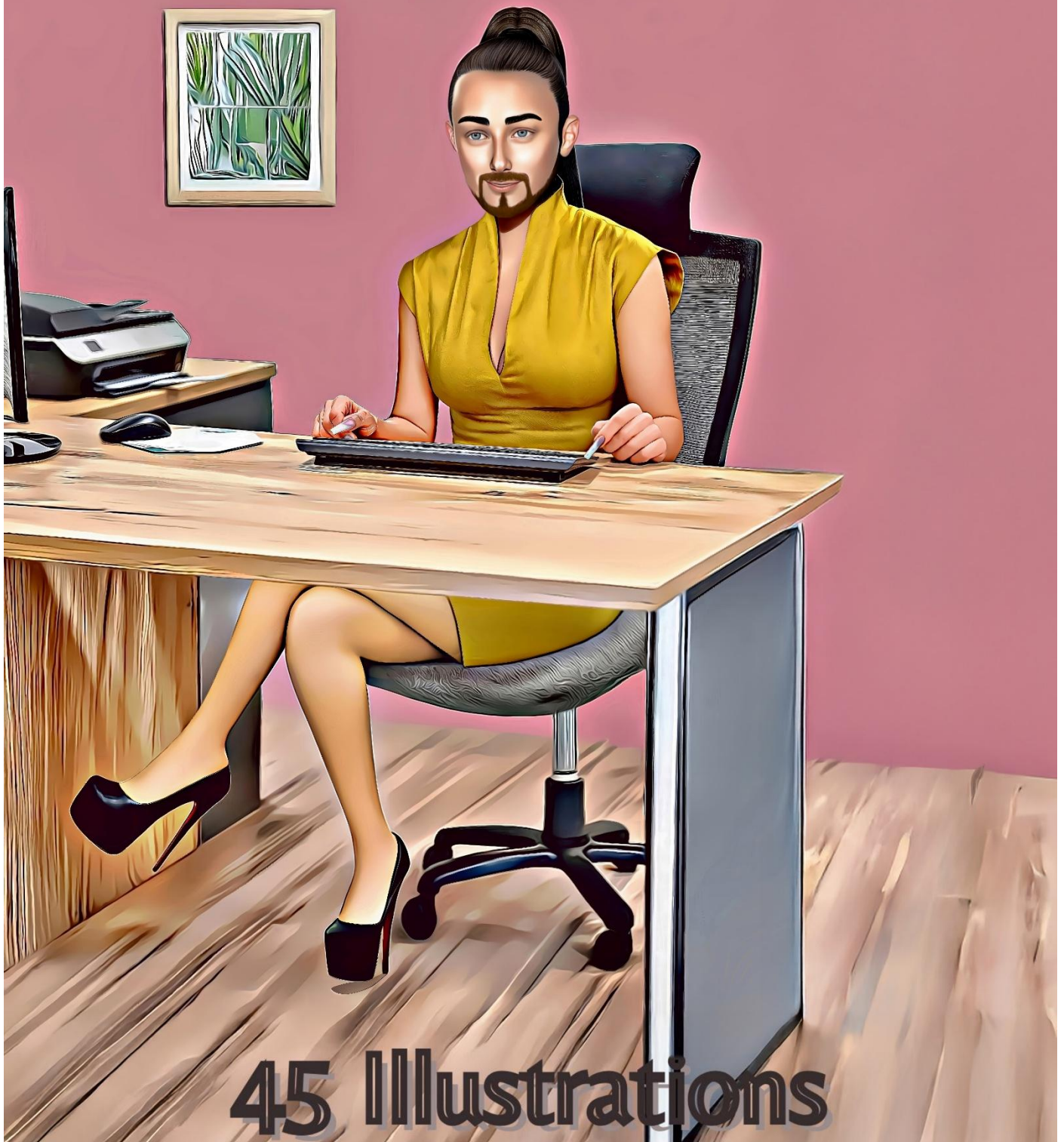


# Ctrl Alt Defeat : A Secretary's Takeover

A TG Tale by ds1000



45 Illustrations

# Ctrl Alt Defeat: A Secretary's Takeover

Morgan Wright had it all - wealth, power, and the unshakable belief that he was untouchable. As CEO of Stitch & Sovereign, he ruled with an iron fist, dismissing those beneath him with a smirk and a condescending remark. But arrogance breeds recklessness and one bad decision was all it took to bring his world crashing down.

Now, the once domineering businessman finds himself on the other side of the power dynamic - trading tailored suits for tight skirts, authority for obedience. Forced into the role of a seductive secretary, tottering in sky-high heels and dolled up to perfection, he must play along if he ever hopes to save his family's company.

Mia Bishop, the assistant he once tormented, now holds all the cards - and she's out for revenge. Each day, she pushes her former boss further out of his comfort zone, stripping away his resistance, reshaping him into the very image of what he once believed a secretary should be.

Will Morgan break free, or is he doomed to spend the rest of his life as a living, breathing fantasy?

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# 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 decor 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, informing her that he'd be right up.

## 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?"

"Certainly, 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 lipth 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 cleanther. 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 is 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."

"What!" Mr Wright bellowed. "Well, we'll have to change outfits 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."

"But..." 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 so,” 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 butcrack. 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 tight 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."

## Chapter 9: Third Time is a Charm

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mr Wright, momentarily taken aback, responded with a hint of confusion. "Really? I have?" Throughout the evening, he had spoken little of business, struggling instead to follow conversations centred on fashion and celebrity gossip.

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

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

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

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

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

"Are you free tomorrow afternoon to hash out the details?" Graham asked Mia with a warm smile.

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



“Of course,” she replied cheerfully. “Name a time, and we’ll be there.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

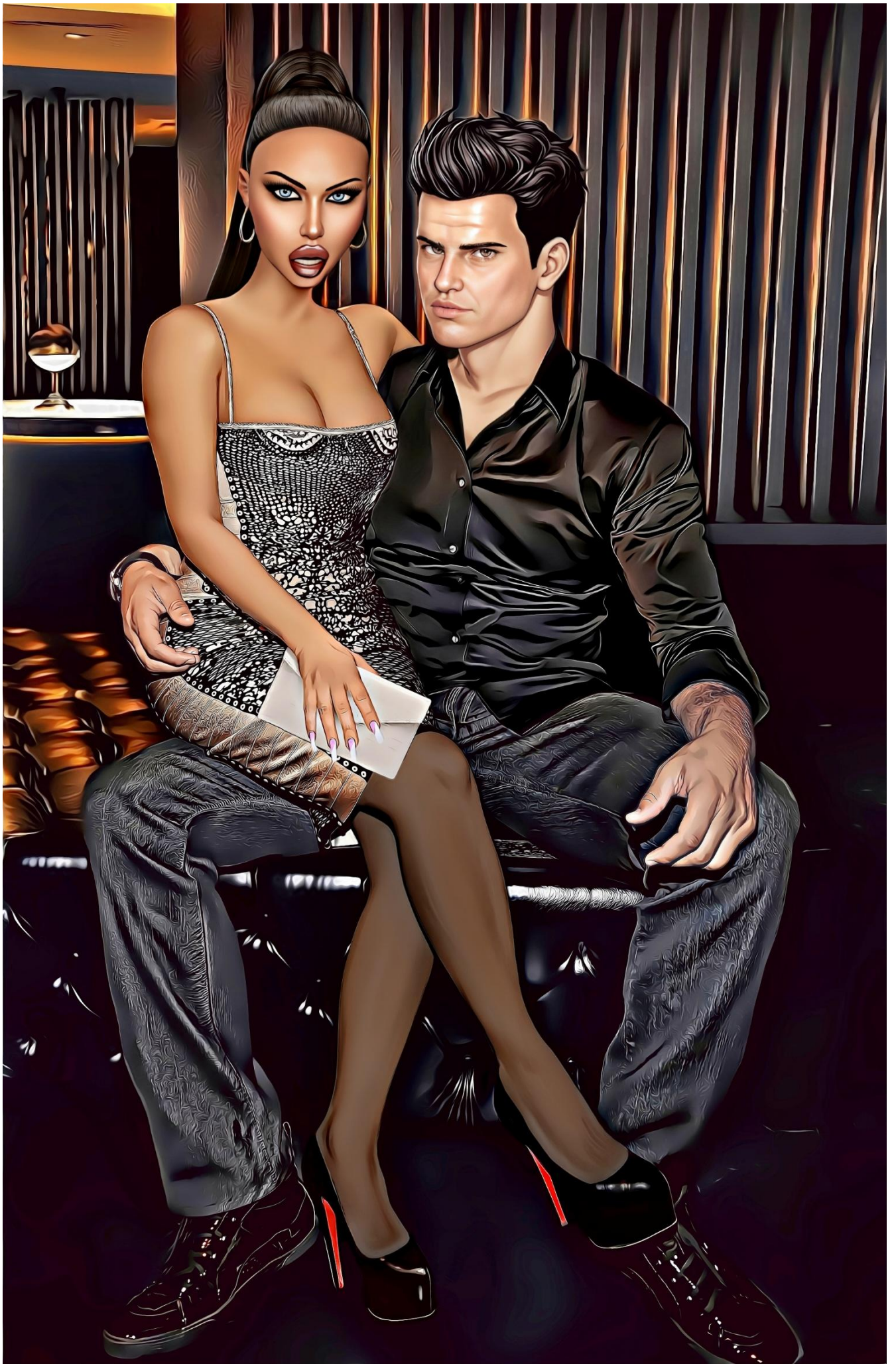
As Morgan Wright neared the Horton brothers, slightly tipsy himself, disaster struck. Tripping over the edge of a rug, he stumbled. Arms flailing and unable to regain his footing, he lurched forward toward Grant, who was seated on a leather sofa. Reacting quickly, Grant caught Morgan effortlessly, lifting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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

## Chapter 10: Signed, Sealed, and Delivered

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

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

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

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

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

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



Turning her head, Mia paused a moment before speaking, revelling in the sight before her. “You remember what we talked about?” She asked the pouting man

sitting uncomfortably to her right. “Yes,” Mr Wright replied sullenly, clearly not in the mood to talk, prompting Mia not to push him further.

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

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

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

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

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

“And the key?” he snapped.

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

“But... that’s... evil,” Mr Wright lamented. “Do you realize how uncomfortable this thing is?”

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

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

“You don’t,” Mia replied, sensing a shift in his demeanour. “However, contrary to what you might believe, I’m not evil! I just want what I’m owed. So, if we complete

this deal as previously discussed, you'll get your key. And be free to get on with your life as a rich man."

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

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

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

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

Mr Wright gritted his teeth and shook his head. "Fine, I'm in."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The pair settled on a plush sofa, with Mr Wright accidentally sandwiching himself between Mia and Graham. As he sat there, feeling thoroughly out of place, he was largely ignored, while his former secretary negotiated the future of his family company. Now reduced to mere eye candy, Mr Wright, with his ample cleavage on display and his almost indecently short leather skirt creeping up his padded, pantyhosed thighs, felt far removed from the commanding leader he once was and more like an inconsequential figure to be occasionally oogled.

After sharing a few laughs about the previous evening's festivities, Graham apologized for the ongoing renovations, explaining that the building - the new headquarters for the marketing department, run by his brother Grant - had needed to open despite the ongoing construction work. With the small talk out of the way, Graham Horton promptly shifted his focus to business. “Well, Morgan,” he announced cheerfully after sipping his whisky, “I’m convinced and ready to make a deal.”

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

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

“I’m all ears,” Mia responded with a nod.

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

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



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

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

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

“I... I...” Mr Wright stuttered, feeling trapped and overwhelmed.

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

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

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

“Immediately,” Mr Wright echoed, nearly choking on the word.

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

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

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

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

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

## Chapter 11: Steps of Change

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"That ship has sailed, sweetie" Mia chuckled, glancing at the feminized man struggling beside her. "You only have yourself to blame for the heels. "This is the heel height you deemed appropriate for a secretary, remember? And now that

you've worn shoes like this to the previous meeting, it's going to be expected of you going forward."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

\* \* \* \* \*

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Mia paused, letting the silence stretch just a moment before speaking. "You won't be alone," she finally said, her voice steady. "Adjusting to your new life will require

assistance. So, I've arranged for a flatmate for you." As she finished her declaration, the click-clack of high heels on hardwood echoed ominously through the room. Mr Wright's heart plummeted as a familiar voice rounded the corner.

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

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

"Oh, Mia," Mia responded, her tone almost patronizing as Madame Maria strutted over to her side. "Secretaries don't stay in posh hotels for months on end. It simply wouldn't be proper."

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Chapter 12: The Daily Grind

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

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

With his gaze lowered and his vision obscured by long, fluttering eyelashes, Mr Wright tentatively began his walk back. As he trotted through the bustling pedestrian street, crowded with people going about their daily errands, he could feel their curious stares piercing through him. Each sharp click of his heels on the pavement resonated like a drumbeat, announcing his dolled-up presence. Clutching a coffee with long-nailed fingers, the crossdressed man moved as quickly as his towering, stilt-like shoes would allow. Each step sent a jolt of pain up his calves, and he prayed for the ordeal to end. Gusts of wind whipped around his minidress and thinly veiled legs, intensifying the unnerving sensation of being exposed and scrutinized in a way

he had never imagined. As he reached the crossing, he lowered his head further, his embarrassment peaking as a bus full of passengers slowly drove by.

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



Now, with every step heavier than the last, he finally reached the entrance to his building. Exhausted, even though it was only eleven in the morning, Mr Wright trudged up the stairs to his apartment. Each step reminded him of the absurdity of his situation - transformed into a caricature of a bimbo secretary to such an extent that even his mother wouldn't recognize him. With every click of his ridiculously tall heels and unnerving wobble of his silicon chest and hips, his resentment towards Mia deepened for orchestrating this nightmare.

As he stepped into his new apartment and saw the two desks positioned to face each other, his disdain quickly extended to Madame Maria. Now a constant, grating presence in his life, she incessantly nagged him under the guise of training him to be the perfect personal assistant.

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

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

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

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

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



He entertained a brief fantasy of telling her exactly where she could stick her report. But then he remembered a crucial detail: Madame Maria controlled the key to his

chastity device. Angrily, he tempered his response. "Almost done," he replied, his voice artificially sweet.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh! it is fine, darling. But you start your new job in a few days, and you can't go into the office with the same style every day. Fine won't cut it," Madame Maria explained as if it were the most obvious thing in the world.

This logic did little to assuage Mr Wright's growing despair. The thought of allowing himself to be feminized further was suffocating. "You're not going to do anything too extreme, are you?" he asked, his voice high with alarm.

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

As Mr Wright turned back to his computer, his thoughts were turbulent. The reality of his situation was inescapable. In just a few days, his transformation from a high-powered executive to a dolled-up secretary would be complete. The reflection on the screen of a tarty secretary - loudly clacking her acrylic-coated nails against the keyboard - made his stomach churn. Huge earrings dangled from either side of her Botox-stretched face, while her overfilled lips gleamed with gloss, and her fan-like

lashes fluttered with every blink. The sight was so far removed from who he considered himself to be that it was almost impossible to accept the image as his own. Staring at this horrifying image, it hit him that this was only the beginning - another round of changes was coming. His heart sank at the thought as he continued to slowly type.

## Chapter 13: Polished and Powerless

Mr Wright shifted uncomfortably on the hard plastic stool in the cramped bathroom of his overly feminine apartment. His lower back ached, and his pantied backside had gone numb as he fidgeted under the salon cape draped over his altered body. A clear plastic sheet wrapped around his shoulders, adding to the claustrophobic feeling that seemed to suffocate him. The air was thick with the sharp scent of hair dye, mixing unpleasantly with the aroma of the overpowering floral scent that Madame Maria insisted on spraying throughout their shared space.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She let out a low chuckle, pausing briefly as if considering his offer before resumed her work, amusement lacing her tone. "Oh, darling, I'm not interested in money. I much prefer helping people blossom into their true, beautiful selves." She gave him a knowing look. "Besides, darling, I don't think you have any money, do you?"

Mr Wright's voice wavered as he tried to summon some of his old confidence. "My family does. One phone call and you'll have more money than you could ever imagine. In your account by the end of the day. Just give me the key and you can name your price."

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

Her words cut deep, forcing Mr Wright to drop his gaze to the floor. His throat constricted with a blend of rage and helplessness, but he swallowed it down. Arguing was pointless - he was trapped, at least for now.

Sensing his deflation, Madame Maria's tone shifted to false cheer. "Now, hang in there a little longer, darling. I'm almost finished with your hair. Then we'll fix your nails and get you dressed and looking beautiful. You'll be the belle of the ball tonight!"

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Chapter 14: The Hand That Leads

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mia turned to face him, a satisfied smirk curling on her lips. "Necessary or not," she replied coldly, "I've told you before. I'm done arguing with you or indulging your little tantrums. You do as you're told. Are we clear?"

Mr Wright momentarily held her gaze, defiance flickering in his eyes, until the chill of the wind biting at his pantyhosed legs, the flutter of his long hair against his Botox-stiffened face, and the ache in his arched feet brought him back to reality. His frustration gave way to resignation as he looked away.

"Are we clear?" Mia repeated, her tone unyielding.

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

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

\* \* \* \* \*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

At the very same time, Grant stepped in front of Mr Wright, a playful glint in his eye. Towering over the smaller man, he placed a firm hand on the small of his back and leaned in to plant a tender kiss on his cheek. The gentle yet assertive gesture made the crossdressed man’s breath hitch, the touch of another man’s lips on his skin igniting a surge of revulsion within him. He felt Grant’s hand linger momentarily, a warmth radiating through the thin fabric of his short dress. Flustered, he pulled back, his expression filled with unease.

Graham cleared his throat. “Morgan, I’m afraid duty calls,” he began, looking somewhat apologetic. “The office has pulled me back in for a bit - an issue with some files, unfortunately. But if you’d like to accompany me, I’ve got a bottle of Glenlivet Winchester that we can enjoy while we discuss the progress of our merger.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The drinks arrived swiftly, and Grant wasted no time, lifting his glass. "To new beginnings," he said, his gaze lingering shamelessly on Mr Wright's chest before travelling up to meet his eyes. Knowing he had no choice but to go along with the charade, Mr Wright picked up his girly pink cocktail, clinking it reluctantly against Grant's sturdy tumbler. Taking a hesitant sip, he grimaced, unsure what was more

appalling - the overly sweet, sickly taste or the bright pink lip print glaring at him from the rim of the glass.

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

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

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

Before Mr Wright could reply, a large hand slid between his crossed legs, making him gasp. With a firm yet steady grip, Grant pried his legs apart, then slowly let his fingers trail along the curve of the nylon-clad knee.

Mr Wright's breath caught in his throat, his instincts suddenly on high alert. Feeling Grant's strong fingers tracing higher along his leg, he quickly placed his hand between his legs, holding the hem of his dress down to keep it from riding up any further.

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



Grant's question hung in the air, heavy with implication, as Mr Wright struggled to maintain his composure. His heart raced, and his breathing quickened. With

Grant's hand resting possessively on his thigh, he forced himself to meet the man's gaze, summoning every ounce of courage he had left.

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

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

Mr Wright swallowed hard, resisting the urge to flinch, knowing that causing a scene would only worsen his predicament. He took another steadying breath, mustering a tight smile. "Very. But it's also important to create boundaries - ones that both parties are comfortable with," he replied, his voice barely above a whisper.

Grant's fingers stopped moving, and a smirk played on his lips. "Agreed," he said slowly, clearly enjoying the battle unfolding. "But boundaries are there to be tested. Sometimes, we don't realize where they truly lie, especially when something important is on the line."

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

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

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

## Chapter 15: A Secretary's Struggle

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

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

The office environment demanded a level of attentiveness he wasn't used to providing, and the staff treated him exactly as he appeared: a ditzy-looking secretary whose opinions were seldom sought. In addition to fetching Grant's meticulously detailed coffee orders, managing the giant man's overflowing calendar, and running errands that sent him scurrying all over the city, his colleagues would hand him piles of paperwork without so much as a glance, expecting him to sort and file everything flawlessly.

Grant seemed to relish assigning tasks that forced uncomfortable closeness or required them to spend extended periods alone in his office. A simple task like delivering files had become a minefield, as Mr Wright tried to avoid accidental brushes of hands or other unintended contact while passing over documents. Grant would often seize these moments to comment on how "essential" Mia was to the smooth running of his day.

Despite an overwhelming sense of humiliation, Mr Wright pushed through, steering conversations toward the Stitch & Sovereign project whenever possible - the only reason he was enduring this ludicrous charade. However, each time he broached the subject, Grant would offer a dismissive wave or a vague assurance that they would "get to it soon." The delay was frustrating, and the former businessman couldn't shake the feeling that he was being kept in this role longer than necessary.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

His skin was bronzed and flawless, airbrushed meticulously to disguise any seams betraying the faux hips, padded buttocks, and full chest beneath his fitted dress. The weight of the silicone attached to him only deepened the discomfort, reinforcing the exaggeratedly feminine shape he now inhabited. Every part of him felt uncomfortable - the steep gradient of his heels, the vice-like cinch of his waist, and the lengthy, ornamental nails glued to his fingers.

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

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

As the once-powerful CEO tottered into the room, he felt every pair of eyes lock onto him, assessing and dissecting every inch of his feminized appearance. His towering heels sank slightly into the plush red carpet, the sequins catching the light,

scattering sparkles around the room and drawing even more unwanted attention to his painstakingly slow progress.

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

The gown's train trailed behind him, while the front portion brushed against his nylon-clad ankles - each soft tickle competing with the rhythmic swish created by his pantyhosed - for the most distracting sensation.

He'd been instructed to keep his head held high, but despite himself, he occasionally glanced downward. When he did, his vision, limited by voluminous eyelashes and pressed-together, inflated lips, would come to rest on the plunging neckline of his gown. The low cut revealed a prominent cleavage, formed by silicone breast forms that rose and fell with each shallow breath, obscuring any view of his aching feet below.



As his auburn curls bounced with an infuriatingly feminine flair and his chunky hoop earrings swung with a soft, mocking chime, Mr Wright kept his gaze averted from the waiting executives. He knew they were silently analysing his unusual boardroom attire, their eyes tracking his every move. He could almost feel their judgment, the

amused glances, the raised eyebrows, as he minced across the room with slow, cautious strides.

His face was flushed with embarrassment as he finally reached the front of the room. Letting go of the gathered fabric, he felt his dress drop and settle heavily around him, its weight grounding him in place. Taking a final, shaky breath, a wave of fear and shame washed over him as he lifted his pretty eyes to meet rows of suited executives, their faces painted with amused smiles.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Now, it was Mr Wright's turn to deliver the final touch. He traced his long-nailed finger along the side of the dress, finding the button cleverly concealed in the bodice's seam. Holding his breath, he pressed it.

Slowly - agonizingly slow as far as the feminized man was concerned - he stood, grinning stiffly, while a chemical reaction warmed the material by half a degree. To the astonishment of all watching, the colour started to fade, and morph, until the transformation from an extravagant pink ballgown to a sleek grey mini dress was complete. The crowd collectively gasped, their eyes widening in astonishment. Dresses with detachable skirts were nothing new, but colour-changing technology had always fallen short - until now. Awe-whispers and nods of approval rippled through the audience, their initial doubt now replaced by genuine interest.

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



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

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

## Chapter 17: Putty in His Hands

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

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

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

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

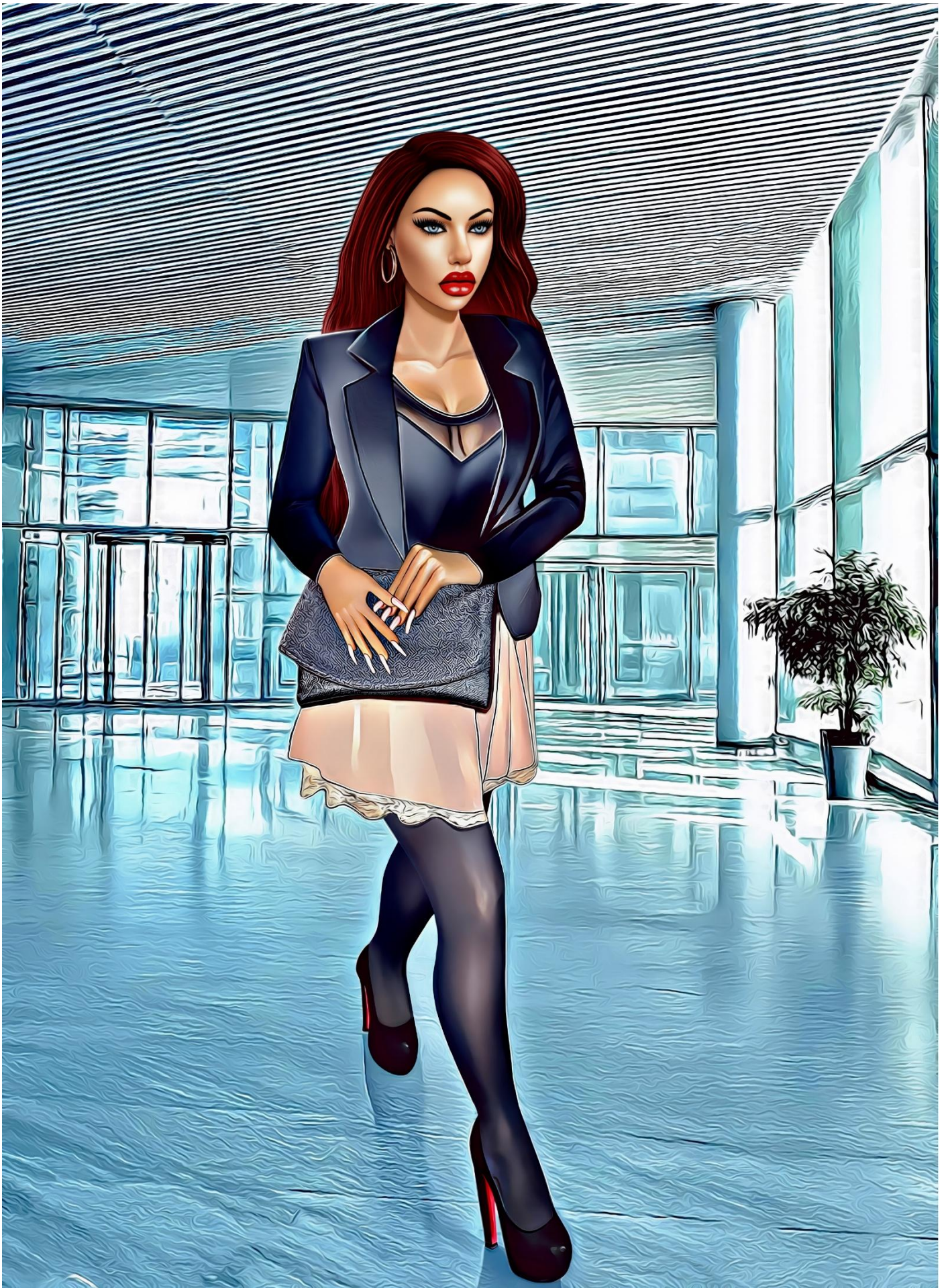
Re-entering the office building, Mr Wright forced a polite half-smile at the security guard stationed by the entrance. The man's eyes made an unsubtle sweep up and

down his feminized form before he greeted him with a warm, “Welcome back, Mia.”

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

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

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



Arriving back at his desk, Mr Wright sank into his chair with a loud sigh, the weight lifting from his throbbing feet offering a fleeting moment of relief. He longed to kick

off his torturous platform pumps, but the glass-topped desk left no room for discretion. Anyone walking by would see, and the last thing he wanted was to be called into a meeting to explain himself.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yes! Join me on the sofa, Mia,” Grant said, motioning toward the plush seating near the window - his broad frame dwarfing the furniture around him as he stood. “There’s something I’d like to run by you.”

Mr Wright hesitated, his head turning towards the small, intimate seating area. His long, wavy hair swayed with the motion, brushing against his cheeks, while his hoop earrings jangled softly in his ears. Noticing his reluctance, Grant chuckled and added, “This is about Stitch & Sovereign. Please.”

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

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

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

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

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

Sensing the need to respond, Mr Wright forced a bright, practised smile. “That’s wonderful, Sir. I’m so pleased it went well,” he said, his high-pitched, sugary tone making him cringe inwardly. “So, what are the next steps?”

Grant shifted closer on the sofa, his imposing frame making Mr Wright feel even more emasculated. “We need to create a clothing range,” he began, his tone calm and casual. “Something that proves The Convertible has a market. It’s a big job, and frankly, Mia, I’m not sure you’re up to the task.”

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

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

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

Grant shifted even closer. “Oh, I do love it when you get all fired up, Mia. It’s very sexy,” he said, his deep voice dripping with condescension. “Okay, I’ll give you a shot, but I want Morgan Wright working alongside you on this. You are but his secretary, after all. We’ll need his expertise.”

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

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

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



“Mia, are you okay?” Grant’s deep, rich voice snapped Mr Wright from his momentary daze. The feminized man looked up to see Grant’s brow furrowed in confusion and concern.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Grant chuckled softly, his hands moving with confident ease. “Relax, Mia,” he murmured, leaning back slightly as he continued. “You run around all day for me, balancing on those skyscrapers. You deserve this.”

A flush of embarrassment crept up Mr Wright’s neck, but his body remained helplessly entranced under Grant’s touch. His enhanced chest rose and fell with each shallow breath, and his legs, clad in silky pantyhose, remained limp and compliant in the man’s lap. The tension he carried all day dissipated, replaced by a warm, intoxicating relief.

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

“Uh-huh,” Mr Wright mumbled, barely registering the words. His usual convictions about how wrong this was dissolved under the blissful sensations coursing through his body. As Grant’s hands continued their meticulous work, Mr Wright’s plump lips parted with a soft, involuntary purr, his eyes fluttering closed and rolling back. The waves of relief and pleasure coursing through him felt almost euphoric - an overwhelming release after weeks of nothing but restraint and restriction.

## Chapter 18: Sink or Swim

“The Bahamas?” Mia exclaimed, her voice rising in disbelief. Her eyes narrowed into sharp slits, piercing through the air as she fixed an accusatory gaze on Mr Wright, who stood before her with an embarrassed expression, shifting uncomfortably on his high-heeled feet. “Why on earth would you agree to that?”

“I... I... He tricked me...” Mr Wright stammered, his face flushing red as he fidgeted with the hem of his short skirt.

“Tricked you? How, exactly?” Mia folded her arms, her expression sharp enough to cut through his excuses.

Mr Wright’s jaw tightened. The memory of Grant’s hands massaging his pantyhosed legs, the way it had turned his brain into mush, was humiliating enough without having to relive it in front of Mia. “That’s not important,” he snapped, avoiding her glare. “What matters is getting out of it. We need a plan.”

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

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

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

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

Mia tilted her head, her expression softening slightly as she studied her sissified boss. Her sharp gaze swept over Mr Wright, from his stiletto-clad feet to the top of his perfectly styled auburn locks. “There is one I can think of,” she said slowly, drawing out the words for effect. “But I doubt you’re going to like it.”

Mr Wright’s stomach churned. “I don’t like any of this,” he muttered, his voice low. “Just spit it out.”

\* \* \* \* \*

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mr Wright let out a deep, defeated sigh. He hated how right she always was. “Okay, fine. What if I faked being ill? Or... or said there was a death in the family that weekend? You could go in my place and seal the deal.”

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

The thought chilled him to his core. They would be inside him—a permanent change that would blur the already fragile line between his costume and his identity. Returning to who he once was would become infinitely more complicated and time-consuming. Then there was the thought of actually having breasts stretching out his chest. What would that feel like? Would it be painful? Would they be sensitive to touch, like a real woman's? The idea was terrifying, a reality he couldn't fully grasp and didn't want to confront.

Mr Wright soon found himself lost in the vibrant chaos of the fashion show, the rhythmic music and flashing lights blurring into the background as his thoughts churned. Just months ago, he was a man at the helm of a centuries-old empire. Now, here he was - draped in silk, balancing on stilettos, surrounded by people who saw nothing more than a fashionably dressed bimbo secretary.

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

## Chapter 19: Moments of Weakness

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

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

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

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

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

and even now, he felt daily aches and pains as his skin adjusted to the foreign objects within.

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

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



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

“Don’t remind me,” Mr Wright muttered under his breath, retreating into the hotel suite’s bathroom with a frustrated sigh. It was a place he was unfamiliar with and had

no desire to be in. There was nowhere to sit, and his reflection in the large, gleaming mirror was unavoidable, taunting him everywhere with every careless glance. However, once he stepped out, his makeover would continue: Madame Maria would descend upon him with her brushes and combs, styling his hair, perfecting his makeup, and dressing him in yet another humiliating outfit.

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

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

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

\* \* \* \* \*

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

"Perfect," she declared with a satisfied smile.

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

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

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

A sharp knock on the door shattered his fleeting attempt at calm, snapping him back to the moment. Before he could react, he heard Madame Maria’s heels clicking purposefully across the room just outside his, her voice ringing out confidently, “I’ll get it, Darling!”

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Chapter 20: A Stage Set for Vengeance

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

mind. Whatever had happened in that cabin, Mia was certain it was far from PG-rated.

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

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

"No!"

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

Mia forced a tight smile. "Fine."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

Soon, a team of beauticians would descend upon him, meticulously refining every detail of the hyper-feminine identity Mia had engineered for him until he radiated a flawless, artificial glamour. Then, he would be ushered into a room full of leering men to deliver his humiliating striptease of a presentation - an event designed to

shatter whatever scraps of dignity he had left. Meanwhile, Mia would sit back and revel in every second of the spectacle. Tonight, Morgan Wright would finally understand what it meant to be powerless.

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

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

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

## Chapter 21: Stripped of Control

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



“What you’ve just witnessed is a fairly typical entrance for an attractive young woman like Mia if you were attending one of these events,” she resumed. “However, the gown she’s wearing is anything but typical.” Mia paused, letting the pink-clad figure onstage shuffle over to a different area.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“But so what?” Mia finally announced, breaking the silence that threatened to suffocate him. “You might be thinking this is nothing special - a detachable skirt.

That's hardly groundbreaking." She paused, letting a tense hush fill the room. Then, she bent to collect the discarded pink tulle from Morgan's gown and sauntered to the back of the room, leaving the feminized man alone at the front, cheeks burning as every eye remained fixed on him.

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

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

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

"She's smiling, having a wonderful time," Mia coaxed, prompting Morgan to reapply his rehearsed smile once again. "Until," Mia paused for effect. "It's time! Time for her big moment."

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

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

All eyes turned back to Morgan, perched precariously atop his barstool. Carefully, he delicately unfolded his shapely legs. Peering over his outsized bust and wide, flaring skirt. With painstaking precision, he brought down the heel of one glittering pink stiletto, aiming to press a concealed trigger on the band of the opposite shoe. The angle was excruciating, his balance unsteady - but he couldn't afford to fail. He held his breath, pressed down, and felt a heady rush of relief for not toppling from the stool.

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The moment the curtain closed behind him, the frocked man sank to his knees in a pile of frills and lace, adrenaline surging as he began to tremble. He heard Mia’s voice addressing the crowd, announcing she was about to present a prototype commercial they had produced for The Convertible. It would show Morgan

prancing about in a collection of embarrassingly girly outfits. Yet, at that moment, the sissified CEO hardly cared. The presentation that had plagued his every thought was over. Meaning the storm, at least for now, had passed, and in its wake, he clung to a fragile hope that brighter days would follow.

## Chapter 22: Silver Linings

“We did it, Mr Wright!” Mia announced as she burst into the women’s washroom, her voice buzzing with excitement. “You were the perfect little hostess at the presentation. We’ve got a deal on the table.”

Morgan Wright turned to face his former secretary. The title of "Mister" sounded strange, having been so long since he had heard it.

“You mean... it’s over?” he asked cautiously, barely daring to believe it. “I can be... myself again?”

Mia quickly closed the distance between them. “Yes,” she confirmed with a bright smile, pausing for effect before adding, “Well... after the flight home, of course.”

“Oh, thank God,” Morgan exhaled as his shoulders slumped. “Because I can’t take another second of this girly bullshit. I feel like I'm slowly losing my mind.”

Mia smirked. “You’ve done amazingly well, sir,” she said, deliberately over-enunciating the title with that same mocking lilt. “You've gone above and beyond to save the company. Your family would be so proud.”

Morgan’s Botox-stiffened face twitched at the mention of his family. The thought of his father - if he could somehow see him now, dolled up like some tart, about to spend the evening giggling and sipping drinks with the Horton brothers - made his stomach lurch. The old bastard would be rolling in his grave.

“All that's left to do is sign a few papers and all this will be over,” Mia continued, smoothly producing a stack of documents and a pen from her purse.

“Papers? What am I signing?” he shot back, tilting his head, trying to maintain an air of authority, despite the humiliation he felt, teetering before her in his Barbie-core ensemble.

“For the merger, of course, silly,” Mia replied, placing the papers on the polished stone countertop beside the sink. “The Hortons may see me as Morgan Wright, but for everything to be legally binding, we need your signature on the contract.” She flipped open the first page and marked an ‘X’ with a flourish. “Here.” She flicked through a few more pages. “And here.” Another quick turn. “And finally... here.” Holding up the pen, she smiled sweetly, her eyes dancing with expectation.

“Well... I’ll need time to read it over,” he muttered, his voice laced with unease as he peered down at the papers through his thick, extended eyelashes.

“No!” Mia snapped, her eyes widening in an almost theatrical look of panic. “There’s no time for that. The Chadwick & Mercer Fashion Group.” Mia continued, “have come forward with a huge pre-order. But only if we get the paperwork signed before they fly out first thing in the morning.”

“So we have time,” Mr Wright countered, his irritation growing. “I’ll give it a once-over and I’ll have it back to you with time to spare.”

Mia shook her head, looking genuinely flustered. “You don’t get it, sir. This isn’t just about the one deal. Now that we’ve proven there’s a market for Convertible Technology, we can finally complete our merger with The Horton Corporation. But for that to happen, these papers need to be processed today. If we miss the deadline, we won’t be able to seal the Chadwick & Mercer deal - and without that, the whole thing crumbles.”

“Then why,” he thundered, his voice regaining something of its former commanding presence - though still inflected with a feminized lilt after months of speaking that way - “are you only bringing this to me now? You should have had all this sorted out sooner, Mia!”

Mia lowered her head. “I know,” she admitted. “I got caught up discussing future strategies with the Hortons. I would have messaged you to get started on it, but…” She trailed off, then lifted her head with a wicked grin. “You were busy getting all glammed up for our celebration dinner tonight.”

Mr Wright parted his plumped lips to speak but quickly snapped them shut, his cheeks burning hot beneath the thick layer of foundation. While crucial negotiations that would shape his company’s future were unfolding without him, he had been stuck in a makeup chair, having his hair styled and his face painted. The sheer degradation of it made his skin crawl.

“Anyway,” Mia cut in briskly. “None of that matters now. If you just sign, I’ll run these up to the room and get them scanned immediately. We can still pull this off. But only if we stop wasting time.”

A heavy silence settled between them.

Mia stood tall in her sharp, impeccably tailored pantsuit, exuding authority. Her polished, no-nonsense appearance was the very image of control.

Mr Wright, by contrast, looked like a parody of femininity - sealed into a sleek, form-fitting pink gown with a plunging neckline. The smooth, shimmering fabric hugged his forced curves, while a dramatic thigh-high slit exposed a sliver of hairless leg, leading down to a garish pink platform sandal. The absurd height kept him in a

constant state of imbalance, the relentless pressure sending a dull throb oscillating through his lower legs.

Their gazes locked. Neither blinking.

Finally, with an exasperated sigh, Mr Wright tore his gaze away. "Fine," he snapped, throwing up his arms in surrender - only to startle himself as the sudden motion set his massive, breast implants jiggling. The humiliating bounce deepened his scowl. "But no more dilly-dallying," he barked, bending over the counter to sign, the restrictive fabric of his gown squeezing his widened backside uncomfortably. He scribbled his signature at the first 'X' before he could second-guess himself.

When he attempted to turn the page, his overlong acrylics again betrayed him, clacking loudly against the smooth stone surface. Mia watched in amused silence, letting him struggle for a few agonizing seconds before, with effortless ease, flipping the page. "I'll even run," she said sweetly, layering her voice with false sincerity. "I'll get this done, sir. That's a promise."

"See that you do," Mr Wright said through gritted teeth, signing at the second 'X,' "I've sacrificed too much for you to blow this now."

Mia's lips curled wickedly. "The only person who'll be blowing anything is you, sir," she quipped, flipping to the last page. "If you don't hurry up that is." she quickly added. "Sign here, and we can both start our new lives."

Morgan Wright glanced up at Mia and exhaled sharply. He knew better than to trust the woman who had turned his life upside down - having shown her true colours throughout this ordeal. But what choice did he have? If he refused to sign and the deal collapsed, Mia would most certainly leave him stranded in the Bahamas, feminized and alone.

However, logic dictated that Mia stood to gain just as much as he did. With her stake in the company, she would walk away a rich woman. She wouldn't risk losing her millions, he thought with a nod, clinging to that belief as he signed.

As the feminized man straightened, Mia took a moment to savour the weight of her triumph. Her gaze swept over the pink pouting Barbie doll before her, drinking in the sheer, unbelievable extent of her handiwork - the cascading curtain of silky black hair trailing down his back, the stretched and plumped contours of his feminized face, the impossible curves reshaping his once-masculine frame. He was a masterpiece.

Was transforming her misogynistic boss into a bimbofied secretary too extreme? Perhaps, to others, it might seem that way. But they hadn't endured what she had.

They hadn't been sexually assaulted, degraded, and dismissed as a mindless woman by a pompous man who saw himself as untouchable. Feeling no remorse, she gathered up the papers and slipped them into her purse.

"Your sandal has come undone," Mia announced suddenly, her grin widening as she watched his thin, arched brows lift in surprise - the only part of his Botox-frozen face still capable of movement.

"You get yourself looking presentable, Sweetcheeks," she said breezily, deliberately using the same condescending nickname he had once thrown at her without a second thought. "I'll handle everything else."

Turning with a dramatic flair, she resisted the urge to linger on his stunned reaction. Yet as she strode confidently from the room to start the next chapter of her life, she still took immense pleasure in imagining the shock and horror the next few hours would bring the feminized man.

"Enjoy yourself," she thought. "You've earned it."

Watching the woman he had once ordered around like a dog vanish through the bathroom door - completely unaware of the vengeance she had just delivered - Mr Wright let out an exhausted groan. His gaze dropped to the pink lace that had come loose - no longer a dainty bow securing his absurdly tall sandals to his delicate-looking foot.

He tried to bend, but his skintight dress refused to give, forcing another frustrated sigh. Bracing himself with one manicured hand on the countertop, he instead hoisted his left leg up onto the surface, begrudgingly grateful for the long slit running the length of the skirt.

With a grunt and a wheeze, he set to work securing his shoe, wincing at the sight of the gaudy pink cone-heeled monstrosity he was condemned to wear for the rest of the evening. His long acrylics turned the simple task into an ordeal, his fingers fumbling to grasp the long pink strings.

After three agonizing attempts, he finally managed to secure the bow, exhaling sharply as he caught his breath.

Just as he finished, his phone pinged. Snatching it out of his little pink purse, he glanced at the screen, his stomach tightening as he saw Mia's name. A faint shudder ran down his feminized frame as he opened the message.

"We have a problem. Your help is urgently required. Come up to my room. Quick!"



“For goodness sake! What now?” he wailed, stabbing at the screen as he typed his irritated reply. “On mu wsy.”

Scowling at his typo, he sent it anyway, knowing Mia would get the message. With an annoyed flick of his wrist, he shoved the phone into his purse and turned toward the mirror.

The wide-eyed wet dream pouting back - voluptuous, over-the-top, and oozing sex appeal - was a stranger wearing his skin. Every inch of her - him - was a meticulously engineered caricature of what he once thought a woman should be. However, there was no time to dwell on the nightmare of his own reflection. Taking a deep, calming breath, he turned and tottered forth, the unforgiving heels forcing his gait into a mincing, hip-swaying strut as he exited the bathroom.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr Wright stormed into the suite, frustration bubbling beneath his carefully painted exterior, only to find the room empty. Where the hell was Mia? What could be so urgent that she had summoned him up here, only to vanish before he arrived? He glanced around, confusion settling in. Maybe she had just stepped out for a moment.

With a tired sigh, he plodded across the room and lowered himself onto the edge of the bed, shifting uncomfortably as he tried to find a position that didn't feel like torture. His feet throbbed, and his back ached from fighting an opposing battle with gravity to keep his massive breasts aloft. Fishing out his phone, he quickly typed a message.

Minutes passed. No reply. The silence pressed in around him, thick and suffocating. Then, the door swung open.

Morgan's head snapped up, expecting Mia - but instead, he saw someone entirely unexpected. His breath caught, his heart lurching violently in his chest. His lips parted in stunned disbelief as a sick sense of foreboding crept over him.

Of all people, it was Graham Horton, striding in with effortless confidence. Relaxed and assured, he carried himself like a man who had something to say.

"Mr Horton?" Morgan blurted out, his voice high and uncertain. "What... what are you doing here? I wasn't expecting you."

Graham's sharp gaze roamed over him, drinking in the sight before him - a shapely figure in a tight pink dress, its plunging neckline flaunting an indecent swell of cleavage, while smooth, shapely folded legs peeked out gracefully from beneath the hem.



“Oh, I imagine you weren’t,” Graham mused, his smile widening.

Morgan frowned. “Have you seen Mi... Morgan? Erm... I mean Miss Wright?”

Graham let out a low chuckle, shaking his head as he stepped closer. “Morgan won’t be joining us.”

Something cold curled in Mr Wright's gut. "What do you mean?" he asked, his voice edged with unease.

Graham casually folded his arms across his chest. "She's gone."

Morgan blinked. "Gone?"

Graham nodded. "Packed up. Left."

A silence stretched between them.

Morgan's glossy pink lips parted, struggling to form words. "She wouldn't just leave without telling me. That would be... that would be..."

"She got what she wanted," Graham cut in smoothly, his expression unreadable.

Morgan's stomach lurched. "What are you saying?" The words felt thick on his tongue, dread creeping in.

Graham smiled. "You signed the papers, didn't you?"

Morgan froze. His pulse pounded in his ears. "You don't mean...?" The rest of the sentence refused to come out.

Graham's smirk deepened. "Yes, exactly what you're thinking."

Morgan felt the blood drain from his skillfully made-up face. He shook his head, sending his silky mane cascading around his shoulders. "No. No, that's not possible."

"Oh, it's very possible," Graham said, clearly enjoying himself. "You signed away your company. And Mia - being the ruthless little opportunist she is - sold it. To me."

Morgan's breath hitched as a wave of dizziness washed over him. His vision blurred at the edges, the room tilting slightly as his limbs went weak. A cold sweat prickled his skin, and for a moment, he wasn't sure if he'd stay upright. His company. His family's empire. Generations of legacy. - gone! It couldn't be real.

"You bastard," Morgan snarled, about to spring to his high-heeled feet until a sudden thought stopped him cold.

Graham had called his former assistant Mia, not Morgan. The realisation stole the breath from his lungs. If Graham knew who she really was... then did he know who he really was? His rage diminished, replaced by a chilling dread as his eyes widened in fear.

Graham watched the colour drain from Morgan's face. "Yes, I know exactly who you are - Mr Morgan Wright, former CEO of the prestigious Stitch & Sovereign." He let the words hang in the air, savouring their impact. "I've known for quite some time. And I have to say, this look suits you a lot better than the arrogant idiot who took a swing at me back at that hotel bar."

Morgan's breath hitched. Hearing it said aloud sent an icy dread through his veins. His hands clenched in his lap, the sharp bite of acrylic against his palms grounding him in the horror of the moment. "You know..." he whispered, barely able to form the words. His throat felt tight. "You know who I am?"

Graham chuckled, the sound low and satisfied. "I do." He tilted his head, watching Morgan squirm. "You do look very convincing, I'll give you that. But from the first time you showed up dressed like this," he gestured at Morgan, "something felt off. It didn't click for me then, but Mia... well." He let out a short laugh. "She got a little loose-lipped one night after a few drinks, and the pieces all fell into place. After getting over my surprise and hearing her reasons for doing this to you, we put our heads together, we came up with a plan - one that benefited us both."

Morgan sat frozen, his body rigid with fear and humiliation. His lips parted, but no words came out. He could feel the weight of Graham's presence towering over him, suffocating, inescapable.

"You really have got yourself in a pickle, haven't you?" Graham mused, shaking his head as if Morgan's predicament was nothing more than an amusing inconvenience. "The irony is, I actually came to meet you that weekend, prepared to make a deal. I was ready to help your company. But you?" He let out a small sigh, almost pitying. "You let your emotions get the better of you. And here we are."

Morgan swallowed hard. The room felt smaller now, the air thicker. He'd lost everything - his company, his identity, his power - and he felt lost. "What am I supposed to do now?" His voice was barely above a whisper.

Graham's smile returned, slow and calculated. "That's up to you," he said, his tone almost pleasant. "I'm not a monster, Morgan. So, I'll offer you a lifeline."

Morgan's spine straightened instinctively, bracing himself.

"As it happens, my secretary, Molly is leaving me soon, and I'll be needing someone to take over her duties," Graham continued, his eyes gleaming. "Someone to tend to my needs - professional and personal, if you get my drift. You'll receive a generous salary, full healthcare, a monthly clothing allowance, and I'll even throw in a luxurious apartment for you to live in, free of charge."

Morgan's lips curled in disgust. "What do you mean by personal needs?"

Graham smirked. "You may have the appearance of a bimbo, Morgan. But, I'm sure you can work it out. What would you expect from a secretary that looks the way you do?"

Morgan recoiled, a wave of revulsion tightening in his throat. "You can't be serious?"

"Oh, I'm very serious," Graham replied, staring the feminized man down.

"I can't do that. I won't," Morgan spluttered, looking away in disgust.

Graham exhaled sharply, feigning disappointment. "Then good luck to you." He shrugged. "Your room here is paid for the next three days. Enjoy the pool, the beach, the facilities. But after that?" He spread his hands. "Hasta la vista."

The words and the future they described hit Morgan hard, his mind raced through the implications as he glanced down at his voluptuous frame. Stranded in the Bahamas with no money. No male clothing, and no way to undo what had been done to him. He couldn't let that happen.

"You're not giving me much of a choice," he murmured, his voice hollow.

Graham's expression hardened. "Life is full of choices, Morgan. You chose to act the way you did that night in the bar. You chose to force yourself on your assistant in a stationery cupboard." He leaned in slightly, his voice dropping just enough to make Morgan's skin prickle. "Some choices are just more difficult than others. And some have bigger consequences."

Morgan let out a slow breath, his shoulders slumping in resignation. "Fine," he muttered, frustration lacing his voice. "I'll do what you want." Better to play along, get back home, and find a way out of this mess once back in a position of strength.

"Good decision," Graham replied, looking smugly satisfied - before his expression shifted. "But not so fast. "First, we need to see if you have the skills necessary for your new role."

"Skills?" Morgan repeated, confused. His confusion didn't last long as Graham reached down and unzipped his fly, releasing a terrifying sight.

Morgan's breath hitched as his gaze locked onto the thick, veiny one-eyed monster standing to attention before him. His stomach churned violently, and he tried to look anywhere else, but the reality of his predicament was unavoidable.

“This is how you tested Mia all those years ago, wasn’t it?” Graham mused, his tone smooth, almost conversational. “Telling her that if she wanted to keep her job, she needed to show how good of a secretary she could be.”

Morgan gulped. He wanted to defend himself, but no words came. He knew he had backed himself into a corner through rash and foolish decisions. And now, it was time to suck it up and do what was needed - or, in this case, just suck.

"That’s a girl," Graham cooed, watching Morgan slowly rise from the bed, his eyes wide and glossy as if hypnotised, before sinking to his knees in front of him. “Let’s see if you’re as good as Molly and what those big lips of yours can do,” he added, reaching out to cup Morgan’s trembling chin, forcing those plumped lips closer.

“Oh, and speaking of Molly - I prefer blondes. We’ll get you a salon appointment sorted," he remarked as he thrust his member into Morgan's mouth. “And how do you feel about the name Sabrina? I think it suits you better than Morgan.”

## Epilogue: Full Circle

The grand façade of the Wyatt Hotel loomed ahead, just as it had last year. But while the building stood unchanged, everything else had.

Graham Horton strode ahead of him, crossing the road with the effortless confidence Morgan Wright had once possessed. But that man - the man who had once attended these annual meet-and-greets in a sharp suit and comfortable loafers - he was gone. In his place tottered Sabrina Honeywell - Mr Horton's secretary and plaything - a curvaceous, heavily made-up doll, dressed to draw attention and invite desire.

She trailed behind her boss, tugging his designer suitcase as its wheels rattled over the uneven cobblestones. Each step was a battle - her nylon-clad feet slipping inside her sky-high glossy patent pumps, the narrow stilettos wobbling over the rough ground.

"What's the hold-up, Ms Honeywell?" Graham's voice cut through the air, laced with impatience and just a hint of amusement.

Sabrina halted, her grip tightening around the suitcase handle as she shot him a glare, barely masking her frustration. The hold-up? Maybe it had something to do with the sheer impossibility of moving at any real speed, given the treacherous combination of his stilt-like heels and the unforgiving terrain. Each step was a nerve-wracking test of balance, made worse by the wind whipping around the hem of his tiny skirt, threatening to expose the lacy panties beneath. Or maybe it was the creeping dread of returning to a place where, in past years, he had waltzed in as Morgan Wright, CEO of Stitch & Sovereign, anticipating a weekend of golf with industry associates and evenings of scotch and effortless flirtation at the bar.

This time, it would be very different. Instead of business meetings and backroom deals, he'd be tottering around after Mr Horton making himself useful in whatever way he saw fit. Instead of sipping whiskey and charming potential partners, he'd be dodging old acquaintances, praying they wouldn't recognise him as the exaggerated Barbie-doll parody he had become.



He forced a breath through her nose, swallowing down the frustration, as he answered as calmly as he could “Nothing, sir,” he replied sweetly, lifting the suitcase slightly to clear a patch of raised ground before wobbling forward, hips swaying, backside bouncing with every graceless step.

As the grand entrance neared, Sabrina struggled up the final few steps, his footing unsteady, only to stop dead in his tracks as he caught his reflection in the gleaming glass door. The platinum blonde bombshell gazing back was no longer the shocking sight it once was. It hadn't been for a long time. But even so, the sight of his sultry red lips and heaving bosom - still gave him pause for thought.

"Welcome, sir," the doorman greeted, addressing Mr Horton with a respectful nod. "May I assist with your luggage?"

Mr Horton smirked, casting a knowing glance at his secretary before striding on. "No need, good sir," he replied smoothly. "Sabrina here is more than capable. Come along, Sabrina. We don't have all day."

Sabrina sighed softly, his beautifully made-up eyes rolling ever so slightly as he hoisted the heavy suitcase up the final step and clicked into the hotel's opulent foyer.

It promised to be a long and taxing weekend, filled with uncertainties. But one thing wasn't uncertain - after check-in, Mr Horton would expect him in his suite to unwind from his journey.

There, he would drop to his pantyhosed knees, the nylon sinking into the soft carpet as the material stretched taut over his hairless thighs. His overinflated lips would part, inviting six inches of excited man meat into his mouth for another ride. His head would bob back and forth in a well-practised rhythm, his tongue dancing and twirling. Meanwhile, his long acrylic nails would rake, tease, and tickle - each delicate motion adding to the moaning, slurping performance he had perfected.

His only reward would be a salty cocktail he was expected to swallow with a smile. But there was no panic, no hesitation - just mechanical efficiency, a workmanlike focus to finish the man off as quickly as possible. Practice had dulled the humiliation. Repetition had made submission second nature.

The Wyatt Hotel hadn't changed. But the man who had once walked through its doors as Morgan Wright? He was long gone.

## The End