



Feminized And At Her Mercy
by Crystal Summers

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Feminization Fables Vol. 2

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Chapter 1: "Things Don't Go According To Plan"

Trust is hard thing to come by, but misplaced trust can be disastrous. That's the lesson Doug would learn when he questioned his faith in his girlfriend but forgot to ask if he could trust his assistant. Doug would discover his mistake when an untested technology he uses to spy on his girlfriend leaves him feminized and at the mercy of his assistant.

Doug Handler was playing a dangerous game. Doug was dating a woman named Becky Jordan. She was perfect in everyway. She was smart, beautiful and everyone liked her. Unfortunately, her popularity was a problem for Doug because it made him insecure and it made him think that she had to be fooling around. To put his mind at ease, Doug planned to spy on her. To do that, he planned to use a revolutionary DNA altering process invented by the up-and-coming biotechnology firm Doug founded and ran. This process promised to cure any medical affliction by re-writing the DNA of the person. Doug, however, had a different idea for how to use it, and for that, he needed the help of his assistant Julie Kent.

"I'm telling you, she's fooling around," said Doug.

"She's a sweet girl, she doesn't fool around," Julie assured him.

He shook his head. "I wish I could believe that, but she's got so many male friends that something must be going on. Men aren't friends with women unless they think the woman is going to put out. That means, these guys think Becky is going to put out."

Julie rolled her eyes both at Doug's crudeness and at his total lack of faith in his girlfriend. "I really can't believe you, Doug. I've never seen anything that even hints at her being disloyal to anyone. You're just being paranoid and if you don't stop it, you're going to lose her."

Doug folded his arms. "I need to find out.

"How are you going to do that?" asked Julie snidely. "Are you going to hire someone to follow her?"

Doug pursed his lips and somewhat blushed.

Julie raised an eyebrow. "Don't tell me you did that?" she asked incredulously.

"I did."

Julie's jaw dropped. "That's really pathetic, Doug. Seriously, that's the kind of nasty thing people do to each other when they get divorced. Don't be surprised if this ends very badly for you."

Doug shrugged his shoulders. "It didn't work anyway. The problem is she spends all her time at exclusive clubs and events and the private investigator I hired couldn't follow her into anywhere she went."

Julie snickered. "Good!"

"Well, I'm not beaten yet," said Doug. "I have a plan.

Julie rolled her eyes again. "Of course you do," she said sarcastically. Even though Doug was her boss, Julie showed him little deference. At times, her conduct even bordered on contempt. Doug accepted this however, because she had lots of skills he needed to run his company, though he did wish she was more respectful. "What's your plan?" she asked.

Doug looked around to make sure they couldn't be overheard. He leaned closer. "I figured out a way I can actually be with her without her realizing it's me."

Julie raised an eyebrow. "How?"

"I've told her that a distant cousin of mine, who she's never met, is coming to visit and I've asked her to show this young lady around," said Doug. He ran his tongue over his teeth. "I'm going to be that young lady."

Julie burst out laughing. "You?! Doug, you're 6'4" tall and you must weigh 250 pounds. You'll never pass for a woman! Becky will spot you the moment you walk through the door!"

"Not if I don't look like myself," said Doug slyly.

"Doug, you can't hide your body from her. Women don't look like you."

"I know."

Julie shook her head. "And you can't just throw on a dress and hope no one notices the Amazon."

"I know that too."

"So how in the world do you plan to make yourself look like a woman?"

Doug smirked. "I'm going to use the process."

"What process?" she asked and she furrowed her brow. Then, suddenly, her eyes became huge and her jaw dropped. "You mean our process?!"

Doug nodded his head.

Julie looked worried. "Doug, that hasn't been tested on humans. You have no idea what it will do to you!"

"You and I both know it works," said Doug dismissively. "It's only a matter of getting regulatory approval at this point.

Julie furrowed her brow. "We don't know that. We don't know what the long-term side effects are. We don't even know if it will work properly on human DNA at this point."

"The computer models say it will."

Julie stared at her boss. "Don't do this."

He shook his head. "I need to. I need to know. And I need your help."

"My help?"

"Yes. I need your help and I go through the process to make sure I have the mannerisms down, and I will need your help to get back into the building to reverse the process because I don't want anyone knowing what I'm doing, so I can't tell the team. I also need you to take me to Becky's place. I'm going to stay at my apartment in town until the change is complete. It should take anywhere from 12 to 24 hours for the process to work. Then I need to get to Becky, but I won't look anything like my driver's license, so I need you to drive me to her."

"What about 'Doug'? Isn't Becky going to wonder where he disappeared to?"

Doug shook his head. "No, I've told Becky that I'll be travelling overseas for a month, which is why I need her to show my cousin around in the first place."

Julie stared at him for a minute. "You're serious, aren't you? You really are going to turn yourself into a woman so you can spy on your girlfriend."

"Why not? I'll change myself back when I'm finished." Julie pursed her lips.

"Doug, this is a mistake."

"It's not. Will you help me or not?" he asked.

Julie took several seconds to consider her response. "Yeah, I'll help you," she said reluctantly.

Doug yawned and stretched his arms. He looked at his alarm clock. It was mid-day. He'd slept for about eighteen hours. He was relieved that the dizziness was gone. After he'd stepped out of the DNA Recombinator, he felt very dizzy and somewhat sick. It was almost bad enough that he couldn't drive himself home, but he'd made it. He then immediately went to bed. He knew it would take several hours for the DNA changes to take effect and it was best to sleep during that time because of the energy demands on his body as his DNA changed. Plus, it was virtually impossible to stay awake even if he'd wanted.

"I wonder how things are going," he said to himself and he swung his legs over the side of the bed. They didn't reach the floor. "Wow."

Doug wrapped his bed sheet around himself because he was cold and he hopped out of the bed. He immediately noticed that his balance had changed. His whole body felt lighter, but his chest felt heavier, it pulled him forward. Also, his head felt heavier because of the long blonde hair that fell into his face. He blushed it back over his shoulder, which is when he noticed that his nails were now long and jagged. Those and his hair had grown significantly as he slept. He suspected they might.

As Doug blushed back his hair, he felt his chest jiggle. This was a new sensation for him. It meant he had breasts. He pulled the sheet off his shoulders and let it fall to his waist so he could see his chest.

"My God! They're huge!" he thought to himself about his breasts.

Doug didn't know cup sizes, but his breasts were now DD's and they were massive on his tiny frame, a much smaller frame than he expected actually. Doug walked over to the full-length mirror by his walk-in closet and examined his body.

"Damn! I'm hot!" he squeaked. As he said this, he realized that his voice must be very feminine. He couldn't tell for sure as he couldn't hear what he sounded like to other people, but to him, his voice sounded "tiny." That made him blush a bit. He was used to being a massive, imposing man with a booming voice.

This change would take some time to get used to.

Doug returned his attention to the mirror. Although his hair was a mess and his nails were atrocious, the rest of his body was amazingly attractive. He had a small frame, delicate facial features including pouty lips and son eyes and a button nose, huge breasts with enormous nipples, and perfect hourglass curves. He looked very attractive and very feminine.

"I'm even more beautiful than Becky!" he said with a laugh.

He continued examining himself in the mirror. He didn't know how large he was exactly, but he figured the DNA to make him 5'6" tall, which was the same height as Becky because he didn't like the idea of being smaller than her. He also set the machine to make him about 140 pounds, give or take a few.

"Man, I'm hot!" he squeaked again. He couldn't get over how beautiful he was, a thought which made him laugh. "Why am I excited to be a hot chick?" He shook his head and laughed again. Actually, he giggled.

Doug now put his fingers on his nipples. He played with them, moving them left and right and up and down and pinching them. The sensations were amazing. Waves of pleasure shot from his fingertips through his nipples. This was a truly unusual feeling. It excited him a lot, which caused something to stir between his

legs. Strangely, it felt like something growing. . it felt like a feeling he'd known his whole life. . it felt like something that shouldn't be there!

"What the hell?!" he exclaimed.

Doug dropped the sheet and discovered that, between his legs, was his penis. . . son of It was no longer the thick, eight-inch long penis he remembered, it was now only three inches long and quite narrow, but it was still there. That shouldn't have happened! He should have a fully-functioning vagina.

Doug bit his lip.

"What is THAT doing there?" he asked himself

His heart raced. Something had gone wrong! There was something wrong with the process. He clenched his jaw and stopped breathing.

"Wait a minute," he said a moment later as he tried to calm himself "Don't panic. Maybe the effects aren't finished yet. Maybe this will just take more time."

Doug grabbed his penis and stroked it. It was really small, at least for what he was accustomed to, but it still worked. It was hard, it was sensitive, and it felt the same when he stroked it. Still, it shouldn't be there!

"Stay calm. . . stay calm, Doug old boy," he told himself

He took a deep breath. He considered his plan and he debated whether this posed a problem. It didn't. Since he didn't intend to show Becky his crotch and since he could hide this from her until he was ready to change back, there wasn't really a problem. It didn't help his comfort level, but it wouldn't actually interfere with his plans. He felt relieved.

After Doug calmed himself down, he opened his closet and pulled out two suitcases. They were much heavier than he remembered. In fact, he needed to drag them across the floor to his bed one at a time, whereas he had carried both simultaneously when he put them in the closet as "Doug." It also took all the strength he could muster to lift each onto the bed.

When they were on the bed, Doug sat down next to them and caught his breath. "I guess I never thought about the loss of strength," he said with a laugh.

He then entered the combinations on the suitcase locks and opened the suitcases. Inside were a variety of female clothes he'd bought from catalogues. These were the clothes he intended to wear while he was a woman. He'd hidden them inside the suitcases just in case Becky came to the apartment, which she sometimes did.

"Here goes nothing," he said and he picked up a blush-coloured A-line dress which looked good to him in the catalogue. He slipped it over his head. It didn't

fit. To the contrary, it hung on him like a sack. It was way too large and it hung down to his ankles, whereas it should have stopped mid-calf

"This isn't right," he said. "They must have sent me the wrong size."

He ripped off the dress and grabbed a black pencil skiff. He slid that up his legs and zipped it up. It was a good six inches too large around the waist and it also hung to his ankles, whereas it should have stopped just mid-calf

"What's going on here?" he asked.

He grabbed a sweater and pulled it over his head. Its sleeves were several inches too long and drooped way down to his rear. It looked on him like he was a woman who had borrowed her boyfriend's sports jersey.

"I don't believe this!"

He tried several other items.

"Nothing fits! It's all too large! I don't understand."

Doug sat down on the bed and rested his head in his hands. What had happened? He'd set the DNA properly, he knew that. He should be 5'6" and 140 pounds. The clothes he ordered should fit that. Something was wrong.

"How big am I?" he squeaked. He twisted his lips.

Doug looked all over the apartment for a way to measure himself, but he found nothing. He needed something, a tape measure, a scale, something. Even a ruler might help. He found nothing. Then he remembered that Julie had promised to come over tomorrow to help teach him mannerisms. He wanted a day to himself to adjust to the new body, but now he realized it would be better if she came over right away. She could help him. He grabbed his phone and punched in her number, which was difficult with the long nails.

"Hello," said Julie.

"Julie, it's me, Doug."

There was a moment of silence. "Doug? Oh my God, you sound like Minnie Mouse!"

Doug swallowed hard. Was it that bad? "Julie, listen, I need your help right now, not tomorrow."

Julie furrowed her brow. She knew this had been a bad idea from the get go and she could only imagine what could have gone wrong which would get him to call her in a panic. "What happened? Are you all right?"

"Yes, I'm fine, but I need your help."

"What do you need?" she asked.

He paused. "It would be easier to show you."

"What's wrong?"

"I'm not sure, but my measurements aren't quite right. None of my clothes fit. I need you to help me get new clothes right away."

Julie raised an eyebrow. This she had to see. "I'll be right over."

Chapter 2: "Making Him Girly"

Half an hour later, Julie pulled up before the apartment building and went inside. It was a Saturday, so she was dressed casually in jeans, a multicolored sweater and black spike heels. Despite the fact she was 5 '8" she always wore spike heels. She knocked on Doug's door. A moment later, a tiny woman opened the door and let her in. This woman was wrapped in a bed sheet.

"Doug?" asked Julie cautiously.

"Who else?"

Julie's jaw dropped. There was no way this little woman could be her hulking, masculine boss Doug. She couldn't believe it. Though, as her mind processed the fact that this was indeed him, she began to feel intensely excited and very wet for reasons she didn't fully understand. She followed the woman into the apartment. As she walked across the entrance way, her high heels echoed loudly off the hardwood floors. . . click, click, click

"I'm not sure what went wrong," said Doug in his tiny voice.

Julie snickered. He sounded like a little girl and that excited her. It excited her that this powerful man was now such a tiny, helpless creature. Indeed, in her heels, she estimated that she was almost a foot taller than he was and she must have been sixty pounds heavier. In a contest of physical strength, she was sure that one of her arms could easily subdue him.

Doug continued as he led her to the bedroom. "For the most part, things turned out well, but there were a few surprises."

"I can see that," said Julie and she ran her fingers through his wild hair.

"Yeah. The hair. The process resulted in accelerated growth of my hair and my nails," he said, holding up his hand for her to see. His nails were about three inches long and quite unattractive.

"Don't worry, we can trim those and shape them. I'll give you a proper mani-pedi. I can work with your hair too. Fortunately, it's not too long so it just needs a good wash and maybe a curling iron. It might be best once we get you dressed to get you to a salon for a styling though," she said and she giggled to herself at the idea of giving her macho boss a pedicure and curling his hair.

"Right now, I need clothes," he said.

"I can see that," she said, noting that he had wrapped himself in a bed sheet.

They finally entered the bedroom, where Julie saw the two suitcases and the mess of clothes on the floor. He'd clearly tried on most of the items in the

suitcase and left them wherever he tossed them when he stripped them off again.

"Ok, first things first, let's get some measurements," said Julie, as she unveiled a tape measure. "Drop the sheet and come here."

Doug hesitated. "Uh, can't you just go buy me some clothes?"

Julie put her hands on her hips. "How am I supposed to do that? I have no idea what size you are. You don't even know. That's why I brought the tape measure. Now drop the sheet and come stand over here away from the bed so I can move around you."

Doug bit his lip. It was probably inevitable that she would see what he didn't want her to see, but that didn't make it any easier for him to show her. He took a deep breath and dropped the sheet. Julie gasped. "Oh my God!" Doug blushed.

Julie lushed over to Doug and reached out her hand. Doug wondered what she would grab first, his breasts or his penis. It was his penis. She crouched down and grabbed his penis with her right hand. She put her face right up to it.

"What happened? I've seen you naked before," she said. This was true. On two occasions, she'd stumbled into his office as he changed into his workout clothes and she'd seen his penis both times. They'd even laughed about it then. This time, however, Doug was not laughing. "This used to be eight inches long! Now it's tiny!"

"Yes, I know," said Doug with some annoyance.

"What happened?" she repeated more to herself than him. Then she furrowed her brow. "Wait a minute, why do you have a dick at all? Did you intend to be a girl with a dick?"

"No, of course not."

"Then I don't understand," she said and she stroked his penis and squeezed it. She also felt his shrunken testicles which had gone from together being the size of a baseball to each being the size of a grape. "This is stunning. What happened?" she asked rhetorically.

Doug took a deep breath. He didn't want to talk about this, and he wasn't thrilled with her treating his penis like a curiosity. He also didn't like her touching it because she was causing it to become hard and it would be embarrassing if it started to grow in her hand. . especially if it didn't grow much. He pushed her hand away. "Clearly, something went wrong with the process, or I wouldn't have a tiny penis right now and I wouldn't be so damn small.

Julie stood up again and towered over her diminutive boss. She giggled.

"You got that right! Damn you're small, girlfriend!"

Doug blushed. "I know," he said bitterly. "Please just measure me and get me some clothes."

"All right, hold still."

Julie took the measuring tape and wrapped it around his body. She measured his chest, his waist, his hips, his legs, his arms, his head and everything else. He was tiny. She also pulled a bathroom scale from the duffle bag she brought with her and weighed him. He was 5' 1" and he weighed 105 pounds. His breasts were DD and his figure was the perfect hourglass shape. His feet were a size six.

"Ok, I'm going to go buy you some clothes. Why don't you shower in the meantime and wash your hair with the shampoo and conditioner I brought. Also, use the pink bottle in the duffle bag to remove what's left of the hair from your body," she said. At this point, the only hair on his body was on his leg and between his legs.

"Remove my hair? Why?" he asked.

"Because women don't have hairy legs," she said and she walked to the door. She stopped and turned back to face her feminized boss. "You need to stop thinking like a man, Doug. You're a woman now, you better start acting like one." She left.

It was several hours before Julie returned. When she did, her arms were loaded with bags and boxes. She'd bought him a complete wardrobe. Only, it wasn't the wardrobe he'd expected.

"I can't wear these things!" complained Doug as he held up a body hugging minidress.

"Why not?" asked Julie.

"These are. . . they're for. . . they're too girly," he said.

Julie laughed. "Have you looked at yourself in the mirror?"

"Seriously, these are really sexy, how about something more conservative?"

"Which one of us has been a woman her entire life, Doug?" "Well

"That's right, I have. I know what it takes to be a woman. I know how women dress and how they act. You don't. The clothes I bought you are appropriate for your curvy little body, Doug." It actually made Julie tingle to say this. She was enjoying having her boss helpless and dependent on her. And in truth, she had intentionally bought clothes that were more than a little risqué because she

decided that, with the sexy body he had, she wanted to see him wearing those clothes. The idea turned her on and she would not accept no for an answer.

Doug, meanwhile, was feeling a little scared. Turning himself into a woman was strange enough and humiliating enough as it is, and finding himself so much smaller and weaker than expected made this even worse, but adding these clothes. . tight dresses and short skirt, sweaters that would show his midriff; super high heels this was just too much. These clothes made him nervous.

"Shouldn't I ease my way into this?" he asked nervously. He cringed as he pulled out a black satin and lace thong.

"How long do you have, Doug?" she asked sarcastically "If you want to take a couple months before you meet your girlfriend, then sure. But I'm betting you told her you would meet her tomorrow or the next day, and that means you just don't have long enough to ease your way in. Face it, this is how a woman of your age and body would dress, and that's how you will need to dress."

Doug bit his lip.

Julie noticed his uncertainty and it suddenly struck her that here was her chance to have a little fun. It was clear that Doug's confidence had taken a major blow and this gave her an opening to take control of the situation. . . to take charge. In fact, the same moment this thought occurred to her, she suddenly realized just how much the idea of taking charge appealed to her. She always was independent by nature and, admittedly, a little controlling, but Doug stood in her way because he was so dominant himself Now he wasn't. She smiled to herself "This could be a lot more fun than I realized," she said to herself

"Look Doug," said Julie to her boss. "Stop arguing and let's get you dressed. I need to do your hair and your makeup and then teach you how women act and there's just not enough time if you're going to complain and fight everything along the way. . now do it!"

Doug froze. No one had ever spoken to him in this type of commanding tone before and he didn't like it. He didn't like it at all. But right now, he really had no choice but to accept Julie's help. He needed her to show him how to dress and to teach him how to be a woman. Plus, he realized in the back of his head, he needed her help to return to his male form. Hence, he needed to swallow his pride and just accept things the way they were for the moment. That said, however, he did assure himself that he would address her conduct when he was back in his male body.

Doug picked up the silver bandage dress and ran his fingers over its silky fabric. "Fine," he said.

Over the next few hours, Julie dressed Doug in everything she had bought to make sure everything fit. She showed him how to sit and stand in skills, how to walk in high heels, and how to carry himself generally as a woman. She showed him how to apply makeup and she added it to his face. She pierced his ears. She trimmed his nails to be half an inch beyond his fingers and she shaped them into ovals. She painted them a dark red. She did his toenails as well. Then she curled his hair slightly.

"You're going to need to see a stylist for your hair. I've fixed it, but a stylist could do so much more."

"I'm sure it's fine," he said. He didn't intend to stay in this body long enough to need a stylist. Indeed, the last few hours had been horribly humiliating enough for him and he was anxious to get this over with. For while he now had the body of a woman, his mind remained that of a man and it felt emasculating to wear women's clothes, to apply makeup, and to let Julie boss him around.

"You think it's 'fine'?!" asked Julie.

"Yes, fine. It just needs to pass."

Julie put her hands on her hips. "That's the wrong attitude. Women care about their hair. They don't just think it's 'fine.'" I'm going to make you an appointment tomorrow."

Doug bit his lip. He didn't want an appointment with a stylist, but Julie was quite insistent, so he would go. In the meantime, however, she decided it was time to move on to the second part of her crash course in being a woman.

"Ok, now comes the hard part," said Julie.

Doug furrowed his brow. "What do you mean 'the hard part'?" he asked as he rubbed his feet, which were already sore from wearing five-inch high-heeled sandals.

"We need to get you out into public." "Public?!" he exclaimed nervously.

Julie raised an eyebrow. "Of course. Did you honestly think you would never go out into public? How did you plan to meet Becky?"

"Well, I," said Doug and he paused. The truth was that he never thought about it one way or another. He envisioned himself dressing as a woman at his apartment, Julie driving him to Becky's house, and then he and Becky spending time together. He assumed they would go to a club, where he would see if she was fooling around on him, but it never occurred to him that the club would be "public." He swallowed hard. "I'm not sure I'm ready for this. What if someone recognizes me?" he squeaked in his tiny voice.

Julie burst out laughing. "Are you kidding?! Doug, look at yourself! You look about as much like 'Doug Handler' as I do. Even I don't really believe it's you yet and I know how you pulled this off No one. . no one will ever imagine that you are Doug Handler."

Doug blushed. He'd forgotten what he'd done to his body. It was actually surprisingly easy to forget despite the heels, the hair, the breasts, the dress and the fact everything around him was so much larger because, in mind, he was still Doug. "Yeah, I guess you're right."

"There's no guess about it. You could walk right up to Becky right now and tell her who you are and she'll think you're insane. Heck, you could walk right into the DNA Recombinator Lab right now and tell everyone there who you are and what you did to make that happen, and none of them—" Julie stopped mid-sentence as the gravity of what she'd started to say hit her. No one would ever believe this was Doug!

Doug noticed the far-away look in her eyes. "Julie?"

She looked at Doug who looked up at her, waiting for her to finish her sentence. "Uh, I'm sorry, I lost my train of thought," she said. She never finished her sentence.

"Yeah, well, I need to use the restroom," said Doug and he walked off on his high heels. . click, click, click

As Julie watched Doug's tiny body wiggle its way to the restroom, Julie's mind raced. What she'd said to Doug was true and the implication of it was only now starting to sink in. She was the only person who knew who Doug really was and *no one* would ever believe him. This meant she had a tremendous amount of power suddenly. Without her help, there was no way Doug could ever get anyone at the lab to agree to change him back. He would be stuck as this tiny feminized creature forever. She held his fate in her hands. This thought made her nipples rise and soaked her panties.

She started to form a plan. But first, it was time to have a little fun with Doug.

Chapter 3: "Night At The Club"

Julie practically needed to drag Doug into the club. Of course, the fact she was seven inches taller and about sixty pounds heavier made it pretty easy to make him go wherever she wanted. The fact he struggled even to maintain his balance in his silver five-inch high-heeled sandals helped a lot as well, as did the sheer tenor he felt being outside. Indeed, not only was Doug terrified at being a woman in public, but he was also terrified that everyone was suddenly so much larger and stronger. When he was his normal male size, everyone around him was smaller and they took care not to get in his way, but now that he was this tiny woman, he was the one who felt intimidated. Not to mention, he felt completely exposed in his silver minidress, which barely covered his crotch.

"Can't we go home?" he yelled to Julie so he could be heard over the music. His tiny voice was no real match for the club's speakers.

"No, we just got here," she said.

"But I'm out. I've shown I can do it. Let's go back to my place."

Julie laughed. "Have a drink and enjoy yourself, Daisy. We're staying for awhile."

Doug cringed. He didn't want to stay here. He felt horribly intimidated by everyone around him. Even the women seemed gigantic to him now. He also hated the name "Daisy." He realized he needed a feminine name, but "Daisy" somehow felt too feminine. He wished he'd picked something more masculine when he told Becky the name of his mystery cousin.

As Doug worried about this new environment in which he found himself, Julie went to the bar and got two drinks. She brought them back to the table where Doug drank his down in one shot.

"You might want to be careful with the booze," said Julie.

"Why? I can drink a lot more than that," he said.

"Doug could. I doubt Daisy can."

Indeed, Daisy couldn't. Within a minute, Doug's head began to swim. He wasn't drunk, but he was tipsy and he felt a great deal looser. He actually enjoyed this feeling quite a bit as it calmed him.

"Hey ladies," said a voice behind Doug. "Mind if we join you?"

"Hey there," said Julie with a smile, "not at all"

Doug turned around to see two college-age males. They appeared huge to him now, even though neither was likely a full six-foot tall. His mouth went dry and his palms began to sweat.

"Can we buy you drinks?" asked one of the men. "Sure," said Julie.

As the taller of the two males went to the bar to get the drinks, the other pulled up a chair to the table at which Doug and Julie sat. He had long black hair and a five-o'clock shadow. Doug recognized his type as "a player," the same thing Doug considered himself in college.

"I haven't seen you here before," said the male, whose name was Rick.

"This is our first time," said Julie.

At this point, the other male returned with the drinks. For the next five minutes, they engaged in small talk, though Doug didn't know what to say so he remained silent as Julie took the lead. Then the boys suggested they dance. Doug had no idea how to dance, but soon found himself swept up by the group and ushered to the dance floor, where Rick took Doug in his arms and twirled him around the dance floor. With the alcohol coursing through his mind, Doug lost track of everything around him and just went with the moment.

"That was great," said Rick when they got back to the table. To Doug's great alarm, Julie and the other boy were now kissing. Without warning, Rick took Doug in his arms and placed his lips directly on Doug's lips. Doug struggled to escape, but there was no way, Rick was far too strong.

Rick kissed him deeply, even sliding his tongue into Doug's mouth.

Doug felt sick. Not only was this utterly humiliating to Doug to be kissed by a male, but his shame grew worse as his penis became erect. This horrified Doug that any aspect of this could possibly turn him on. He grabbed his drink and swallowed it in one shot. Then he ordered another. Within a few minutes, his head was swimming

Then something strange happened.

As Doug's head swam and his inhibitions disappeared, he felt a strange urge inside him. . . it was an urge to kiss Rick. This shocked Doug as he'd never felt the slightest interest in men in his entire life. To the contrary, he found the male form repulsive. Yet, he was suddenly fascinated with the idea of kissing Rick. and touching him. Before he knew what was happening, he smiled at Rick and leaned over and kissed him on the lips.

"What am I doing?!" Doug asked himself and he jerked away again. As Doug did this, it dawned on him: when he changed his DNA, he must have changed more than just his body. Perhaps he had also unwittingly changed his desires. He bit his lip. What else would he feel compelled to do?

Before Doug could finish this thought, Rick wrapped his arms around Doug and kissed him again. Doug's penis throbbed and somehow escaped the girdle Julie had tightly wrapped it in to keep it from appearing unexpectedly.

This was a disaster.

Doug instantly realized this meant his penis now visibly tented up his dress or possibly had even escaped the short dress and stood out for everyone to see! Doug freaked out and pulled himself out of Rick's arms. He dropped his hands to cover his penis and he fled the club to the parking lot.

Doug clattered along on his high heels. . click, click, click, click, as he stumbled his way to Julie's car with his hands covering his crotch; fortunately, his penis only tented up his dress, it hadn't escaped.

"Oh my God!" said Doug. "That was utterly humiliating!" Click, click, click, click.

Doug reached Julie's car only to discover that it was locked and he had no key.

"Oh great, what do I do now?"

"Wait," called out Rick behind him. He'd followed Doug from the club. Doug turned to face the young man. It made Doug feel so very small to need to look up nearly a foot to look this man in the face. Doug didn't speak. He felt intimidated, but even worse, he felt an irresistible sexual pull toward Rick and it terrified him that he might succumb.

"You forgot your purse," said Rick. He held out the silver clutch. Doug cautiously reached out for it. "Thank you." "I hope it wasn't anything I did?" asked Rick.

Doug smiled shyly. "No, I just needed to get out of there."

Rick stepped closer and put his hands on Doug's hips. "Good," he said and he kissed Doug again on the lips. As he did, his hand blushed against Doug's breasts, causing his nipples to become erect and his penis to throb. Doug's hand had been hiding his penis, which was tenting up beneath his dress, but he instinctively began stroking his penis through his dress. He didn't even know he was doing it, and this made him feel very calm and lost in the moment.

Suddenly, Doug realized that if Rick looked down or put his hand on Doug's dress, he would see Doug stroking his penis! He stopped stroking himself immediately and tried to hide his penis. His panic returned.

"I love your perfume," said Rick and he kissed Doug's neck.

Doug barely heard him. His mind was racing to find a solution to this problem. He needed to get away from Rick before he spotted Doug's penis. The car was locked, so he couldn't retreat there. He couldn't go back into the club either because his penis would give him away. Somehow, he needed to find away to hide his penis from Rick immediately. . . but how?

Rick's lips moved to Doug's ear and kissed his earlobe. His hand, firm but gentle, ran down Doug's spine, coming to rest on his pert buttock, making a shiver run through Doug's body and made Doug's penis throb even harder.

Doug was becoming incredibly excited again and his rational mind was losing control.

Rick's hand started down the front of Doug's dress.

Doug snapped out of his distracted state. He knew he needed to act fast.

Any second Rick's hand would reach his penis. What could he do? He couldn't run away, not in these heels. The only thing he could think of was a diversion, and the only diversion that came to mind was the thing his brain was screaming inside his head. . the one thing he wanted to resist because he knew it wasn't his own desire, it was the new DNA talking.

Rick's hand almost reached Doug's crotch. Doug had to act.

"Hold on," said Doug softly, "I've got a better idea." He couldn't believe he was about to do this, but he didn't see that he had a choice, or at least, he couldn't think of an alternative.

Without another word, Doug crouched down to his knees. He used the opportunity to push his erection down so that it ran parallel to the ground beneath his dress rather than pointing up toward Rick. He then set his purse on his lap so that it covered his erection. He reached out and unzipped Rick's zipper. "Oh yeah," said Rick. "I've always dreamed about a moment like this Doug had too, only this wasn't the way his dream went.

Rick reached inside his pants and pulled his penis through his zipper. It was huge, probably as huge as Doug's had been before the DNA process. It was hard too. "Go on."

Doug swallowed hard. Part of him hated this. He was a man and men don't do this. The very thought humiliated and emasculated him. Another part of him, however, the part re-written by the new DNA was screaming with joy. He took a deep breath and leaned forward. He took Rick's penis in his mouth and licked it with his tongue. It tasted salty and sticky and strange.

Doug squeezed his lips along the shaft. As he did, his tongue danced along the underside of the penis. Becky had done this to him in the past.

He felt sick. He didn't want to do this. Even worse, he felt shame. He felt shame that he had another man's penis in his mouth and he felt shame that this made him hard. He felt even more shame that his penis was suddenly squirting his own cum to the ground beneath his dress.

He would never live this down if anyone ever found out.

"As much as I'd love to see what happens next," said the voice of Julie behind Doug, "I need to get to work early tomorrow, so we need to go."

Doug let out a huge sigh of relief He was saved. But his face also burned red with shame at being discovered like this. He slipped his lips back off Rick's penis and retreated to Julie's car. She unlocked the car and Doug slipped into the car without a word. Rick watched as Julie drove Doug away. A mile down the road, she burst out laughing.

Chapter 4: "The Power Grab"

Doug followed Julie into his apartment. He'd never felt more humiliated in his life than he felt on the long ride home and now following the woman who had witnessed his shame into his apartment. He wanted to rinse out his mouth, shower, and forget tonight ever happened. Julie, however, had other plans. She went to his drinks cabinet and poured herself a whiskey.

"I'd offer you a drink," she said, "but I suspect you've had enough."

"I'm never drinking again," he said. He was still blushing.

Julie laughed. "That was quite a scene," she said and she sipped her whiskey. "You're a woman for less than one day and already you've got a dick in your mouth. You've got quite a career ahead of you as a hooker if you want it."

Doug didn't respond. He had no response. He just crashed down on his sofa and began to unbuckle his sandals. His feet huff, as did his pride.

"So Doug, let's talk shall we?" asked Julie and she finished her drink.

"About what?" he asked snidely.

She laughed. "About all of this, and the future."

"What about the future?" He was in no mood to talk right now.

She pointed at him. "That's the question, Daisy"

"Don't call me that."

"TIY and stop me, Daisy," she said ominously. This made Doug nervous suddenly. The alcohol was clearing from his head and he was beginning to regain all of his senses, and they were telling him that something was wrong here.

"What do you want?" he asked cautiously.

"That's an even better question," she said and she walked over before him. She folded her arms and looked down on her diminutive boss. "See, I've been thinking, and I've come to certain realizations."

"What realizations?"

"For one thing, no one will recognize you, and I mean no one."

"Thanks Heaven for small favours," he said sourly.

Julie smirked. "I wouldn't be too thankful just yet. See, the problem is that while your anonymity means no one will ever be able to connect what you did tonight with 'Doug Handler,' it also means that no one will believe you if you start screaming that you are Doug Handler. In fact, you'd probably get locked up.

Doug's mouth went dry. "Go on."

"That means, you have no way to go back to being Doug, unless I make it happen. Do you see your problem?"

He took a deep breath and swallowed hard. This was bad. "Go on."

"And I'm thinking that maybe things will be better if Doug never comes back. . . at least for me. See Doug, with you out of the way, I can take the company from you. I have access to all of the accounts. I have authority to sign all the documents. You have no relatives. There's no one to protest. Heck, you only have one investor and he likes me more than he likes you."

All the colour left Doug's face. She was right. She had him by the balls, or what was left of them. "What do you want?!" he growled.

She laughed.

"If this is blackmail, then tell me what do you want?" he demanded firmly, though with his tiny voice it was hard to take his "commanding tone" seriously.

She shook her head. "You don't get it, do you? I don't want anything, I'm taking everything I've realized that I can take everything you have and there's not a thing you can do to stop me. I'm taking your house, your apartment, your money and your company. . . all of it."

Doug saw red and shot to his feet with the intent of overpowering Julie. He wasn't sure to what end, but he wasn't thinking too clearly. He just knew he needed to act.

Julie shoved him back down onto the sofa. It was amazingly easy given her size and height advantage.

Doug slammed his rear back onto the sofa and he lost his footing in his heels as his legs flew up into the air. His dress tugged up over his crotch now and his penis popped out from beneath his dress and girdle.

Julie forced herself down on top of him and pulled the shrunken Doug over her lap. She felt his penis jutting down between her legs and she pinched her thighs shut to hold it in place. She then put one hand on the back of his neck and held his face down in the sofa as she began raining blows down on his rear.

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

Three blows shuck in rapid succession. Doug was shocked by the blows and squirmed beneath her grip. The blows stung. "Stop it!" he squealed.

CRACK!

CRACK!

"Make me," said the much stronger Julie.

CRACK!

CRACK!

Doug's legs flailed behind him and he looked ridiculous as the light reflected off his silver high-heeled sandals as they flew about.

CRACK!

CRACK!

"I'm sorry!" Doug suddenly yelled.

Julie laughed. "I know you are, but I want you to understand your new position. From now on, you have nothing, Doug. You don't have a home, a job, or even a gender, you're half and half. You have no identification and no way to get one. You don't exist. That means you're at my mercy, do you understand that?"

"I understand," he said. He was desperate to make the spanking stop. Not only was his rear end hot and stinging, but embarrassingly, his penis was throbbing between her legs and each blow brought him closer to cumming, which would be very humiliating. "I really do!"

"Do you really?" she asked. "Do you understand that this means you are entirely dependent on me from now on? I control your life.

"I understand," he repeated. His face burned bright red.

"Tell me what you understand!" she demanded.

"What?" he asked. He wasn't sure what answer she wanted.

CRACK!

"I'm sorry!" he said. "It means you're in charge."

"And?"

"And what?"

CRACK!

"I'm sorry!" he said and he felt his penis throbbing even stronger. It means I need to do whatever you say."

"That's right...**CRACK!**...whatever...**CRACK!**...I...**CRACK!**...say."

CRACK!

This final blow was too much and Doug's penis squirted cum everywhere down her legs. It hit her thighs, it hit her calves, and it hit her shoes. Julie rolled him off of her and looked at her legs.

"Lick me clean," she commanded.

Doug took a deep breath. Could he do this? Would he do this? What choice did he have? He truly had trapped himself Julie held all the cards and that would never change. Unless she let him use the device, he would forever be trapped as Daisy, a tiny woman with a tiny penis and no official existence. He sighed. He really did have no choice.

"Go on, Daisy," said Julie mockingly. "Lick up all the tasty cum."

Doug closed his eyes and leaned over and began to lick her thigh clean.

As he worked his way down her leg, cleaning her calf and finally her high-heeled shoe and her foot with his tongue, he realized that his only hope was to work to get on Julie's good side and to one day hope she set him free. . one day.

Julie, on the other hand, was dripping wet at the prospect of having total control over her former macho boss. She laughed as he licked his own cum from her foot. She had visions of her tiny boss wearing a maid costume and fluttering around serving her as she saw fit. Or perhaps over her knee in a cute little schoolgirl's uniform with his...her...panties pulled down, getting her pert little bottom spanked. It was a bright future indeed.

The following day, Julie announced to the staff that Doug was retiring for health reasons. She'd already claimed all of his assets. In a few minutes, she would call Becky and tell her that Doug had sent her an e-mail saying he had found someone else overseas and he wouldn't be returning. After that, she would finish what she needed to do at the office, and then she would go home to play with her new toy. . . Daisy.

The End