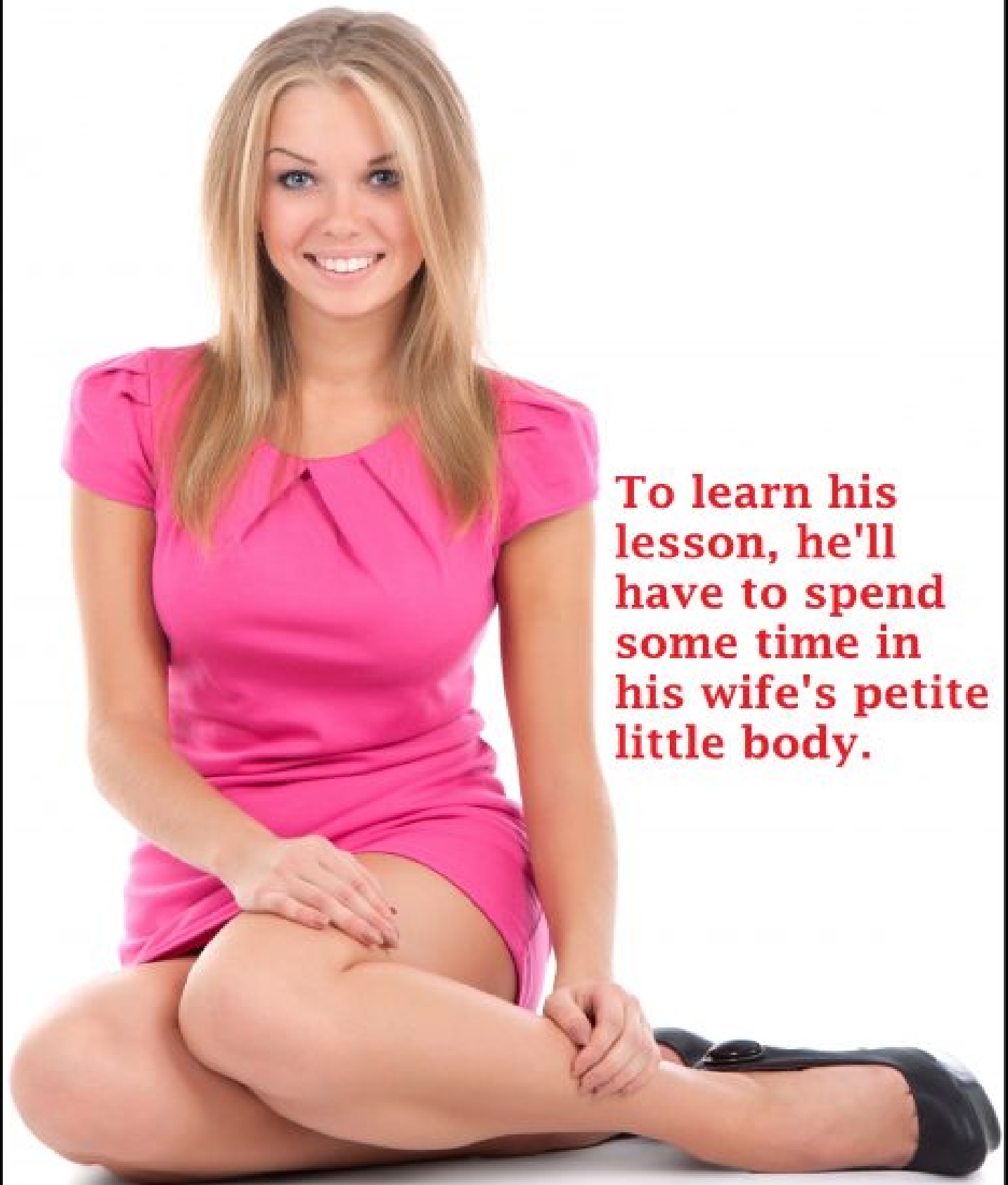


Fixing Bryan



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Written by Mina Black

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Smashwords Edition

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First Edition

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On paper, Bryan and Kimberly seemed pretty perfect. They worked together in real estate. Bryan owned a firm with dozens of agents. Kimberly was one of his best, and he gave her some of the choicest assignments. As an attractive, married couple, they had money and friends. They had the respect of their neighbors and peers.

They looked pretty perfect on paper, but Kimberly had to deal with a domineering husband. He was her boss as well as her husband, which meant that he had no problem ordering her around. Normally, that wasn't a problem.

But tonight, she had a long day, and she hated one of the rules he first announced when they got married. Simply put, she wasn't allowed to say no to sex.

Kimberly stood under the shower head as hot water streamed down her naked body. Those beads rushed through her hair, down her back, and along her pert little ass. She rubbed the soap between her palms, enjoying the feel of the lather.

She rubbed the soap along her arms, down her torso, and along her breasts. It felt good to massage herself. In fact, Kimberly started to rub herself right between her legs. She slid her soapy fingers and palm along her opening. Oh yes, this felt good. It felt soft and easy and intense all of same time.

After a few moments of massage herself, Kimberly barely stopped. She really didn't want to orgasm. It had been a long day, so she didn't need the extra exertion. As a real estate agent, she had to deal with so many different people, many of whom seemed to specialize in being as annoying and demanding as possible.

Kimberly let the water rinse away the soap suds. From there, she picked up the bottle of shampoo and poured out some of the viscous liquid as she savored the aroma. Cool and crisp and clean, the shampoo gave her another little dose of energy.

Closing her eyes, she spread the shampoo through her hair. She turned around, letting the water hit her naked body. This felt so good, so deliciously perfect.

Maybe she would touch herself. Maybe she would treat herself to a little climax. Grinning like a horny schoolgirl, Kimberly giggled at the thought. Yes, Bryan could be an incredible lover when he wanted to be,

but there are other times when he just seemed interested in his own pleasure.

As a good little wife, Kimberly wanted to please him, but sometimes she wished that he could be a little bit more considerate.

Pushing those thoughts aside, she faced the shower head again. The water beat down against her skin, pummeling her nipples and making them hard from the attention. Swallowing, Kimberly just enjoyed standing there.

For a moment, she dipped her head, looking down at her naked form. She really did have a hot little body. Granted, she tried not to get Eric and or cocky, but she was proud of herself. She watched what she ate, and she worked out. Her reward? Toned legs, a flat stomach, and she was especially proud of her breasts.

As a real estate agent, Kimberly took care of herself. She wants to look good for our clients, as well as her husband. She always washed and brushed her flowing blonde hair. She made sure to wear makeup.

Yes, she was good at looking good, not that she was ever boastful or arrogant about it. Some of her female friends loved to get catty, but not Kimberly. She was actually pretty sweet girl apart, at least when she was better rested.

Right then, she just wanted to crawl into bed.

The bathroom door opened, and she heard heavy footsteps. Right away, she knew that it was Bryan. Kimberly stuck her head out from behind the shower curtains. Her husband smiled at her. He walked right up to the shower and reached out, stroking her chin. It was such a light, gentle motion.

It sent little shivers of pleasure running down the length of her back.

"Hi there," he said. Fully clothed, her husband automatically made a striking figure. He had on his black pants and dress coat. At some point, he had removed his tie, yet that lost detail only added to his magnificence.

For a moment, Kimberly admired this man, savoring the fact that she got to be with him. But then he reached further into the shower, letting his fingers and knuckles grazed her skin.

She really kept hoping that he would stop, but he got down to her breasts, then to her nipples. Bryan enjoyed his wife's body. He savored

the way the water pattered down her skin. Yes, she was exquisite creature, and she belonged to him.

"You look like you just about done," he said.

Kimberly shook her head, "Bryan, come on, please, not tonight."

With one hand, he started to circle one of her nipples. Those gently soft movements stimulated her desires, turning her on despite the fact that she didn't want to have sex tonight. She tried to knock his hand away, but he kept going, grinning at her because they both knew that he was somewhat stronger.

Besides, they had a very specific rule. She wasn't allowed to say no to sex.

That was probably one of his favorite parts of their relationship.

With his free hand, he reached up between her legs, and he slid his fingers along her wet pussy. The shower left her stimulated and vulnerable, or crevice open to his attention. Kimberly tried to retreat back, but her husband simply reached in farther, teasing her and stroking her, pressing his fingers up against her clitoris.

Kimberly let out a little moan. It was involuntary, just something her body required of her because he was quite literally pushing a button. With one hand, he kept teasing her nipple. With the other, he played with her clitoris, turning her on a little bit at a time.

Then he reached in and grabbed her, practically yanking her from the shower. He lifted her up and sat back down easily. He got wet, but he honestly didn't care. He had something else on his mind.

Kimberly shook her head, "Bryan, please, I'm really not in the mood."

"Really?" he asked, pulling her even closer. He wrapped his arms around her, forcing the petite blonde to press her body against him. At the same time, he kept stroking her, playing with her clitoris. Kimberly let out another little moan, and her husband chuckled at her expense, "I think you want this. I think you just need a little bit of attention to remind you how much you love your place in our bed."

His low, manly voice triggered something inside of the blonde girl. She wanted to resist it, but he was igniting the passion's depot her core.

Shaking her head again, she shrugged off her desires. No, she wasn't going to let him do this to her again. After all, she was so much more than just a sex toy, and she needed to get to bed.

She started to stomp away, picking that he would let her go.

No.

As far as Bryan was concerned, she belonged to him. She was chattel, and she had an obligation to serve her husband. After all, he liked to view the world through an antique prism of propriety. She was the woman, so it's her responsibility to please him. In the meantime though, he would make sure that she enjoyed herself to, whether she intended to or not.

His hand shot out and he grabbed her wrist. Kimberly tried to pull herself free, but he held her tight. Bryan had no intention of letting his wife go. She paused, hesitating because she wasn't certain what she wanted to do. Tonight would be a good night to fight him, to make it abundantly clear that the sex rule had to come to an end.

Just as she was about to turn and face, he yanked her again, pulling her across the bathroom floor. She stumbled into his arms, and he wrapped his arms around her one more time. But he didn't stop there. Her husband leaned down and kissed her, taking her mouth against his.

Kimberly tried to push away, at least at first. But then something inside of her warmed to him. Her desires started to kindle, the sparks coming to life. It didn't help that one of hands found its way back down to the spot between her legs. He was stroking her again, petting her, slowly working the soft pads of his fingertips up and down the length of her pussy.

Again, Kimberly tried to free herself, but he held her tight. There was no way he was going to let her go, especially when she felt the girth of his excitement press out from his trousers against her thigh.

Smack!

Kimberly flinched as her husband's hand came down against her bare bottom. Between the beats of warm water and his strong hand, he spanked her hard, leaving a red welt along her perfectly sculpted curves.

"Hold still," Bryan said to her.

Kimberly had no choice but to freeze up. Slowly, her husband pulled her hands behind her back, petting her ass he kissed her. He started out her lips, taking her possessively. Every touch of his mouth against hers felt like he was taking something, and matter

how good he made her feel. Arousal started to blend in with her frustration, yet Kimberly refused to give in. She wasn't going to let her husband seduce her.

After all, this was so unfair. He wasn't supposed to be able to approach her and take her like this. Marriages were supposed to be partnerships. Equality should have been a pillar of their relationship, but it wasn't.

Kimberly pulled back for a moment. She pouted, looking small and powerless. For a moment, her eyes met Bryan's, and she hoped he would be kind. He should have been gentle with her.

But no.

He pounced. He grabbed her again, hooking his fingers around the back of her neck. He pulled her close and forced her body up against his. His cock pressed up against her pubis, triggering another one of those damned, instinctive responses. Kimberly couldn't stop her body from wanting this.

He kissed her again, harder and faster, exploring the tip of her tongue with his own. Bryan took what he wanted, and he very much wanted her. He wouldn't be put off by the niceties of courtesy or consent.

He kissed her for several more seconds until he held her hands behind her back. From there, he moved his mouth down to the curves of her neck. He let his lips graze her collarbone, and he kissed that spot between her breasts. He smiled at her, glancing up for just a moment.

For about a second, Bryan wore an almost-innocent smile. Kimberly shook her head. She didn't want him to do what he was about to do. She didn't want him to force her to enjoy this anymore than you'd already done, but her husband knew how to push her buttons. He knew how to turn her on and make her horny, even when that should have been the last thing on her mind.

Bryan pressed forward, circling his lips around one of her nipples. Again, Kimberly's body responded immediately. She could feel the small pleasure nub harden from his attention. He flicked his tongue along fine tip, and Kimberly felt jolts of pleasure shoot her body. He moved quickly at first, practically attacking her with sheer delight.

But then he slowed down, circling his tongue around her nipple, making her wonder when he would give her more pleasure. She wanted

it. She wanted it so badly. No, she didn't. She wanted to maintain her dignity and self-respect more.

Those two impulses battled for control, yet Kimberly didn't know which side she really wanted to win.

Bryan knew his wife. He released her hands and spanked her even as he moved his head to her other nipple. He licked and sucked, pulling on that oh-so-sensitive spot. Kimberly moaned, and her husband knew that he was winning.

His hand slid back to her slit. He slid his fingers back into her wet pussy, and he found her clit already hot and engorged with desire. Oh yes, Kimberly could make every protest she wanted, yet her body told the truth. Her body made it abundantly clear that she craved this.

"No!" she gasped again.

"Really? Can you really tell me you don't want this?" Bryan taunted.

Kimberly locked her lips together in an angry yet adorable pout. Her expression should have warned him off, yet it only made him want to do this more. Bryan grabbed a towel and quickly wiped her off. In every movement, she felt like an animal getting groomed, like a toy he prepared.

Bryan wanted to play.

Within a matter of seconds, he finished, and he grabbed her wrist again. Bryan pulled her from the bathroom and walked her back into their bedroom.

He threw her down onto the sheets, and he clamored over the bed, pinning her. Arms over her head, she tried to force him away. He weighed too much for her to move, especially when he wanted to have her.

He leaned down and kissed her again, taking what he wanted. He disregarded her feelings because she was his wife, because he owned her already. He kissed her hard, exploring the feel and heat of her lips. He savored the way she struggled beneath him, writhing and wiggling. In every movement, he could pick up on her desire.

Sure, she could claim some mild reluctance, but she wanted this. She related, and he encouraged her, gently petting her pussy. She moaned and groaned, struggling to fight off her body as much as his.

"I'm going to make you enjoy this," Bryan told her. "I'm going to make you enjoy every single second and thrust."

Kimberly stared up at him, her eyes filled with blazing frustration. She was so close to rage, yet she couldn't quite get there, not when her slit throbbed for him. Like it or not, and really wanted him. She wanted to feel him inside of her.

"Spread your legs for me."

Kimberly hesitated, so he took the initiative and nudged her knees apart. Then he pulled out his already hard cock and thrust forward, burying his shaft deep inside of her. He didn't have to go slowly, not this time. Kimberly was hot and wet and ready for him. He felt her up, running his palms along her nipples even as he continued to kiss her, even as he continued to plunge forward, working his cock deep inside of her.

She whimpered from the sensation, doing her best to process all of the raw stimulation surging through her body. It felt as though every single nerve in her skin had been lit up. She wanted to think that it was bad, that she could complain or cry out, yet it felt good. It felt so, so good.

Bryan pressed his weight into the mattress and he smiled down at her. "This is where you belong. You're my wife, so you'll do as I say." With every word, he pulled forward or back, keeping the friction hot between them.

Kimberly glared up at him, but only for a moment. Then the passion took hold of her body, gripping her tight, as tightly as her husband. She couldn't get away, and he was too strong. He was her man, and he could take her whenever he wanted.

He plunged forward again, burying his shaft deep between her hot little lips. Kimberly tried to hide it, but a small orgasm rippled through her. He pulled back and grinned down at her, perfectly aware of what just happened.

Grimacing with humiliation, Kimberly should've been able to control herself. She should've been stronger.

Pushing his cock forward and back, he grabbed onto one of her nipples and pinched, making her arch her back even as she howled through the sensation. Kimberly loved and hated every second in equal measure.

He sped up, working shaft faster harder as he got closer to climax. It seems like every thrust and pulse stimulation made Kimberly orgasm again. They rippled through her like droplets hitting a pond. But then they felt more like splashes, explosions of pleasure burning through her.

Bryan's movements turned frantic because he was so close. He got to have her, and he savored every sensation her body gave him. He was using her, and she knew it, but she couldn't care, not anymore.

He kept at it, working her harder and faster until he came, his cock shuddering through his orgasm. Every pulse made her climax again until it felt like a constant stream of pleasure, searing ecstasy ripping through her. Kimberly couldn't think. She couldn't breathe, and it felt as though every muscle in her body locked up tight.

With one final gasp, he pulled out and towered over her. Spread out and naked, still wet from her shower, Kimberly felt helpless. She felt powerless, as though her husband could use her and play with her whenever he wished for one simple reason.

He could.

Bryan leaned down and kissed her on the forehead. He grinned at her like a bastard, and they both knew that he could get away with this as often as he wanted.

The next day, he really got dressed. She put on one outfit, only to have to change it because her husband and her boss ordered her to. "You're going to be dealing with some very high-end clients, and they're going to want to see you in something a bit more revealing," Bryan told her.

Kimberly inhaled to contradict him. She wanted to say that their clients would want a competent woman, someone who would be respectable. Even as she formulated those words, Kimberly knew that her husband was right. She was eye candy and nothing more as far as they were concerned.

They didn't care about her degrees or her expertise. They really didn't care about what she thought of the real estate prospects in this market. She could've been completely brilliant, but they only wanted to admire her tits and legs.

Knowing all of this, Kimberly went back to the bedroom and put on a shorter skirt along with a tighter blouse. She picked higher heels,

knowing that her feet would be aching by the end of the day.

Humiliated after being reminded of her place, Kimberly got into the passenger side of Bryan's car and they drove to work. She filled out paperwork and met with different clients. Most of them were men, wealthy business owners who wanted new houses. Sometimes they were vacation spot. Sometimes they work little hideaways for their mistresses. Kimberly tried not to ask too many questions, which wasn't an issue, not when these men simply ogled her.

Of course, they knew better than to touch her. After all, Bryan was a powerful man in his own right, and they would pay. Perhaps that was part of the allure of having her as a real estate agent. She belonged to another man, but they could put her in a subordinate position by hiring her.

If any of this bothered Bryan, he never let it show. After all, he was a consummate entrepreneur. He wanted to make sure that they made a lot of money.

After her third client, Kimberly went out to lunch with a friend.

Monique.

A fiery redhead with sharp features and a sharper tongue, Monique might have been Kimberly's polar opposite. While Bryan's blonde wife usually came off as demure and sweet, Monique was nothing less than a firecracker. When she smiled at a guy, he didn't view it as an invitation. Instead, he usually started to get nervous. Yes, he still wanted to be with her. There was no denying her primal magnetism, yet it would be a wonderfully clear that she was the predator. She was the huntress.

They sat down at a fine restaurant, and they perused the menus.

As Kimberly tried to figure out what she wanted, Monique pulled her menu down and demanded to know, "What's going on? You seem pretty out of sorts today."

Kimberly glanced up at her friend, marveling at her perfectly applied makeup and her expensive clothing. Kimberly wore nice things because she had to deal with high end clients, men and women who expected her to be adorned with name brand clothing. Monique, on the other hand, wore the best of the best because she wanted to. The pendant she wore had to be worth several hundred thousand dollars, and it was one of her least expensive pieces.

Pushing her curiosity about her friend aside, Kimberly sighed. "It's Bryan. We had sex last night."

"Isn't he very good?" Monique asked, raising one mischievous eyebrow. "If you like, I have some herbal remedies that might help him last bit longer if that's the problem."

"No," Kimberly said, not sure if she should laugh or break something. The glasses on the table looked pretty tempting. Hearing them smash against the cobblestone floor might have made her feel a little bit better. "He just has this rule, and I'm really getting frustrated with how he treats me."

Monique straightened up and seemed to really pay attention. For once, she didn't come back with some smartass quip.

Kimberly stared down into her water, "I'm not sure I should even be telling you this."

With a surprisingly tender gesture, Monique reached over and placed her hand on Kimberly's arm. "Look, and we joke around a lot, but I am your friend. More importantly, I can help you."

"What you mean?" Honestly, Kimberly didn't believe that her friend could do anything aside from providing moral support. Yes, that was really important, but it wouldn't actually solve her problem. Getting to complain about her husband with another woman might have felt good, but she needed to figure out some strategy, something she could do or say to make sure that Bryan learned his lesson.

Ultimately, it really didn't want him to treat her like his chattel anymore.

Shaking her head slowly, Kimberly really didn't think I was up possibilities. He was stubborn, brilliant, and powerful man. He didn't change easily.

Monique leaned forward, and she lowered her voice, almost like she was going to share a very important secret. "Kimberly, you won't know what I do for a living?"

This had to be some kind of attempt to distract her. Even so, Kimberly didn't care. She had pestered her friend about this particular question for a long, long time. The chance to get a real answer was too good to pass up. "Yeah, I really do."

"I'm a spell caster," Monique said. "I sell magic to powerful individuals. Sometimes the spells are very simple, and sometimes they

are more complex.”

She really didn't know what to say. Immediately, her mind went to the idea that Monique was just a charlatan, someone who knew how to convince rich people that she had special powers. It seemed like a good idea, especially when so many wealthy people out there were eager to part with their dollars.

"I know it you're thinking," Monique said. "You think I'm kidding. Or maybe you think that this is just some kind of business model, like I got up to old rich ladies and convince them that a magical stone will keep the ghosts away. But that is the one I'm talking about. It isn't anyone talking about it all. "

"You really believe that you can use magic?"

"I can," Monique told her solemnly. "Look, I know how it sounds. But I'm telling the truth. And what I think will really interesting is the fact that I know how to solve your problem. I know how you can fix Bryan and make sure that he never disrespects you ever again. "

Kimberly didn't know how to react. Pursing her lips, she liked the idea. Also, some part of her didn't mind going out into the fantasy world, not if it gave her a little bit of hope. Ultimately, she would probably have to rely on some overpaid therapist, yet this sounded more fun.

"What are you suggesting?" Kimberly finally asked.

"Simple. If you really want him to know what it feels like to be smaller and weaker and the woman in a relationship, you will take this and tired around his neck," Monique said. At the same time, she reached into her purse and pulled out a red piece of silk.

She held it out and Kimberly took it. The second her skin touched the soft material, a spark snapped against her skin. It must've been static electricity, Kimberly told herself, yet there's something faintly warm about the material. It seemed different from everything else she had ever seen.

"You can sense it, can't you?" Monique said, her eyes filled with eager anticipation. "When I first met you, I knew that you would be sensitive to the flows of magic. Now, you will get to use a little bit to set your husband straight."

"What will it do? What will it do exactly?"

Monique leaned forward and said, "Kimberly, it's simple really. We've had this around his neck, you will switch bodies. You will be in his, he will be in yours. You will have all the power because you will be the husband. You will be the man, and there won't be anything he can do about it."

Kimberly blinked a couple times, not sure how to process this new information. Slowly, the corners of her mouth rose into an aggressive smile. If this worked...

No, it couldn't. Magic simply wasn't real. But then Kimberly held the silk between her fingertips, and something told her this was different. There was something special here. Swallowing back her reluctance, Kimberly asked, "How long will it last?"

"As long as you want," Monique said. "Oh, and there's another little surprise."

"What's that?"

Monique's eyes crinkled with amusement. "As long as he's in your body, he'll have to do whatever you tell him. He won't be able to resist. You'll have absolute power."

Kimberly's heart pattered and something inside of her tightened pleasantly. Oh yeah, she liked that idea. She loved it. She wanted to be in control for once...and she could just use the silk long enough to make sure her husband behaved.

Yes, she saw many different possibilities.

After lunch, Kimberly went back to the office. Bryan was out, dealing with some other clients. These were men who had already decided to make their purchases, so now they wanted to deal with her husband. Although he really had been the one to do all of the legwork, Bryan would get the credit.

It wasn't fair.

Of course, once she sat back down at her computer, she decided that she would just talk to her husband. She wouldn't try some magical solution. It just wouldn't work. Magic wasn't real, she told herself again and again.

Together, they drove home, and Bryan gave her a little snack on the ass and told her to have dinner ready soon. Kimberly glared at him,

hating the way that he could order her into the kitchen. Even so, she started on their meal.

Later on, they ate, but Bryan never said thank you. Once he finished, he went back to his office to fill out even more paperwork.

Knowing that she had a little bit of time to herself, Kimberly put on her pajamas and she pulled out a book. She was headed toward the living room where she could read by the fire place, but she's headed back to her purse near the front door.

The red silk called to her, or at least that was how it felt.

No. She wasn't going to try something as silly as magic. Seriously, she was an adult. In spite of this fact, she kept the silk band with her. She stowed in the pocket of her sweats and sat down.

Kimberly was nestled up in the crook of her couch, yet she couldn't get comfortable. She couldn't focus on reading, not when images from last night kept popping into her head. Torn between aroused and frustrated, Kimberly kept thinking back to her husband, and the way he could casually take her whenever he wanted.

It wasn't fair. It wasn't right.

Realizing that she didn't have a choice, Kimberly got off the couch and marched through their house. She stopped at the doorway to his office, not really sure what she was going to say.

Despite her hesitation, Kimberly turned the knob and strolled inside.

Bryan was at his desk, and hope monstrosities designed to intimidate anyone who entered his office. He wanted his visitors to feel small, anything said or any attention he paid them would be in favor.

Fortunately for her, Kimberly was his wife, so she didn't need to feel like that. This was her house, after all. "Bryan, we need to talk."

"What is it, sweetheart?" he asked without taking his eyes off the screen.

"I want to talk about last night."

That got his attention. Bryan turned away from his computer and smiled at her, his expression darkening with lust. "Getting horny again?"

Kimberly stamped her heels against the floor. He was making her so frustrated! He was living her flustered because some part of her really did like it when he looked at her with that level of possession.

Yes, sometimes she wanted to be ravished and taken. But he needed to learn that she wouldn't always be available for him or his desires.

"Look, this is important."

"Honey, right now I have man's work to do. It's all very complex and complicated, and I'm sure you wouldn't understand, so you're going to take your tight little butt and get back into the living room. If you need me to give you an orgasm, you can come over here and get down on your knees and beg for it. Otherwise, you're going to leave my office right now."

Kimberly couldn't believe it. She couldn't believe what he had just said to her. He really did address her as though she were nothing but a sex slave. Yes, he built the business, which meant that all of the documents weren't his name. If she even considered leaving him, she would have absolutely nothing.

Like it or not, Kimberly depended on her husband.

Exhaling through her teeth, she stood her ground. "I'm not leaving until you listen to me. Up until this point, I have put up with the way you treat me. I let you make your sexist little jokes, and I let you tell me to dress up to impress your customers, but that ends right here and right now. From this moment on, I am in control of our relationship and our marriage. I am in charge. Understand?"

Kimberly fought hard to sound as though she were a powerful young woman, but her husband smirked at her. He got up from his desk and he walked over to her.

"I think someone needs a spanking," Bryan said to her.

He was going to spank her! Kimberly couldn't believe her ears, yet she knew her husband. She knew that he was capable of humiliating her in any number of ways. This was definitely one of them, but she wasn't going to let it happen.

Instinct took over as he approached. He was so close, and he could just reach out and grab her all over again, just like he did last night in the shower. But this time, Kimberly reached into her pocket and she snatched out the silk band.

She really had no idea what she expected to happen, but something took over. She touched it to his neck, and the band seemed to come to life. It wrapped around his throat, tying itself into a neat little ribbon.

Bryan stepped back, obviously confused. "What are you doing?"

He reached for the band, obviously intending to untie, but the second his finger touched the smooth silk, white light spread down the length of his body. He felt down onto his knees, and suddenly Kimberly felt very tired. She couldn't keep her eyes open. It wasn't long before she dropped down onto the soft carpet as well.

Bryan floated in the darkness, unconcerned. He didn't worry about anything as he slept, savoring sweet oblivion. This was perfect relaxation, a spot in his mind where he didn't have to worry about bills or invoices or noxious clients who didn't actually know what they wanted.

No, here he could just enjoy himself.

But eventually, he started to wake up. Sunlight cut through the window in his office and beat down against his eyes, forcing them to regain consciousness. As he opened his eyes, he noticed his hand looked different.

He was on the floor. What happened? Nothing quite makes sense. He remembered Kimberly coming into his room and talking about how she deserved more respect or something. Frankly, he hadn't really been paying attention, not as her hot little body had been spread out before him. Even in her pajamas, Kimberly knew how to look sexy.

Bryan blinked a few times. He reached up and rubbed his eyes, hoping to clear away the last traces of sleep. Somehow, everything felt foggy and distant, like he couldn't remember how to make his brain work.

Sitting up, he felt a little bit better, but then he noticed his wrist.

Thin and dainty, it didn't belong to him. There just wasn't any other way to describe it. And when Bryan raised both hands? They were small and feminine, a woman's hand, but they didn't belong to just anyone.

They were Kimberly's!

Bryan shot up onto his knees. His eyes ran down the length of his body—except this wasn't his body! Heart pounding, he searched for some sign of what was going on. He had her thin arms, her toned and tanned legs.

Mouth dry, Bryan glanced down at his chest, and he found breasts! They were the same tits he had teased and climaxed on so many times before. Swallowing back his trepidation, Bryan started to touch himself.

After all, this had to be some kind of trick, like an optical illusion or something. A mind couldn't actually be switched from one body to another after all.

He gripped his breasts. They felt real. Not only that, they felt sensitive. Eyes wide, Bryan enjoyed the way his nipples practically tingled from his touch. Palms pressed down on those erect points, he started to rub himself.

The sensations were positively addictive.

Bryan stood there and touched himself even though it meant exploring his wife's body. He kept at it until he felt the dampness between his legs.

A different thought occurred to him, only he didn't know how far he wanted to explore. Bryan had never, ever imagined how it might feel to inhabit a woman's body, how the grace and beauty might feel if it were his to command.

He still had on his work clothes from last night. Apparently, whatever caused this traded their bodies without affecting their clothes. Slowly, he pulled his way-too-loose trousers down and found himself looking at a well-trimmed pussy.

As Kimberly's husband, he had explored every part of her body. Nothing was off limits, yet seeing her slit from this position seemed entirely new. It was different, exciting, and it made his mouth go dry.

Could he do it?

As that question reverberated, Bryan kept touching his—his wife's—breasts. He fondled them lightly, rubbing his fingers around those hard little nipples with circular motions. Closing his eyes, Bryan allowed his instincts to take over. He reached down and ran one fingertip from the bottom of his slit up to the top.

He shivered with pleasure.

It felt so good!

Bryan never imagined her pussy could be so sensitive.

For a few seconds, he hesitated to try again, but then temptation won out. With two fingers, he started to finger himself, working those

digits down against his lips. After another half minute or so, his pussy practically dripped with excitement. His lips parted and he slipped his fingertips inward until he found his clitoris.

Tentatively, Bryan moved his fingers down against that sensitive bundle of nerves. He circled and teased his clitoris, drinking in every sensation. The stimulation seemed incredible! It felt like discovering a new favorite meal or learning about a whole new color. He kept at it, touching and teasing himself until a girlish squeal escaped his full lips.

The orgasm rushed through his now-female body and Bryan nearly collapsed down onto his hands and knees. Simply remaining upright felt like an incredible challenge, yet he somehow managed.

As he inhaled and tried to understand all of this, the door to his office opened.

“Hi, honey,” came the strong and distinctly masculine voice.

Bryan slowly turned around...and he faced himself.

Bound within the body of his petite, blonde wife, Bryan didn't move. He couldn't think as he looked up at himself. That was his body! Taller and stronger, he seemed to stand in the doorway, his arms crossed over his chest.

Unlike Bryan who still had on his clothes from the previous night, his apparent doppelgänger wore a new outfit. Unwrinkled and pressed, it looked good on his body's frame.

“You look confused,” Bryan heard from his own voice. The sounds seemed strange. Obviously, he could recognize those tones, yet it sounded a lot like hearing a recording. He sounded strange.

“Kimberly?” Bryan finally asked, once again struck by how feminine and girlish his new voice sounded.

“What's wrong, sweetie? Worried I might treat you badly?” Kimberly asked as she strutted forward in his body. “Worried I might use a certain rule against you?”

“Rule?” Bryan squeaked. “What are you talking about?” He shrugged off her swagger and said, “Look, it doesn't matter. Kimberly, we have to figure this out. I don't know what happened, but we need to get back into our bodies.”

Bryan watched as his body got closer and closer. Within a matter of seconds, Kimberly came right up to Bryan and smiled down at her

pretty face. “You really do look cute when you start to pout, but I’m not going to let you off the hook that easily. Tell me, what was the rule you gave me on our wedding night?”

It clicked. He realized what Kimberly meant, so he started to back away. Before he could make it three feet, Kimberly snapped out with her new, beefy muscles. She grabbed Bryan and pulled him close.

Right away, he felt the difference in strength. It never occurred to him how he was really so much stronger. Now that he lost that strength, he felt powerless.

Kimberly didn’t seem to mind, not as she struck Bryan’s tight little butt. “You don’t walk away from me when I’m talking to you!” Kimberly spanked Bryan again and again, making his heart-shaped ass sting.

His wife talked down to him, and she could do it because she had his body!

Bryan had no idea how to respond. His thoughts scattered as his wife spanked him harder. His eyes started to water. The impulse to cry flooded through him and his womanly body, yet Bryan fought hard to resist the urge. He wasn’t going to humiliate himself by bawling! He wouldn’t do it!

“Now, when I talk to you, you’re going to listen,” Kimberly said in the husky tones Bryan expected from his mouth. “I’m the husband, and you’re the wife.”

“You have to be kidding,” he said, his eyes wet from tears. He tried to knock Kimberly’s strong hands away, and it worked—for a second or two.

But then a shadow passed across the man’s face. Kimberly grabbed Bryan by his forearm and yanked the pretty girl back from the office. Kimberly pulled him in his lithe frame through the house, all the way back to their bedroom.

From one step to the next, Bryan tried to break his wife’s grip, but she was *strong*. Way, way too strong!

Kimberly, in her new form, easily compelled Bryan into the bedroom.

“Don’t worry, pretty girl,” Kimberly said with mock affection. “We’re going to have some fun.” She forced Bryan down onto the bed, pinning the pretty blonde beneath her newfound mass.

Down on his back, Bryan struggled, shaking from side to side. His vision was obscured by tangled strands of bright blonde hair. His wife's hair! No, it was his hair now, whether he wanted it or not.

Kimberly leaned down and kissed Bryan on the mouth. She pressed hard, taking what she wanted. Ignoring all of her husband's meek struggles, Kimberly only pulled back after nipping at his lower lip.

It stung, and Bryan tried to kick out, to break free. It didn't work.

His wife grinned with his face. "I'm going to make you enjoy this. I'm going to fuck you so hard." Kimberly lowered her voice, leaned down, and whispered into Bryan's small ear. "You're going to be my little slut. I'm going to treat you the exact same way you've always treated me."

Bryan opened his mouth to respond, but Kimberly tore off his shirt. The buttons popped away, exposing Bryan's gorgeously plump mounds. Wearing his body, Kimberly smiled down, enjoying the sight.

She objectified him. She made her husband feel like nothing but a sex toy.

As his lower lip started to shake, Bryan swallowed back his pride. "Kimberly, look I'm sorry, okay? You're right, and you've made your point. I promise I'll be a better guy. Just let me up."

She reached down. She touched his nose and grinned. For a few seconds, it really did seem like Kimberly was going to let him go, especially because she sat up. "You know, Bryan, I almost believe you." She flashed her teeth, her hands shot down, and she pinched Bryan's nipples.

He howled through the storm of sensation even as his pussy started to throb. It hurt so badly, yet something inside of his body loved it. Of course, it didn't hurt that his pussy was already wet from when he fingered himself just minutes before.

Kimberly bent down and kissed him again even as another protest bubbled at the base of his throat. She kissed him, taking him even as she lowered her body down.

Bright hues of blush rushed along Bryan's cheeks when he felt something. Kimberly. Something hard and firm pressed down against his thigh. Bryan realized what it was, his cock! Only Kimberly wielded it now.

When Kimberly pulled back again, Bryan babbled and whimpered, “No! Please, please don’t do this to me. Please, Kimberly. You don’t need to do it. I swear, I’ll change! I’ll do better! I’ll do so much better!”

“That’s sweet,” Kimberly said with his mouth. “But honey, this has nothing to do with you being a better man, at least not right now. You see, I have you,” she said, running her coarse fingers down his chest. She circled his nipples and smirked as Bryan’s lips parted. He gasped and started to moan.

Bryan couldn’t help himself; he didn’t know how to control this body.

“Bryan, sweetie, I want to have you. I want you to know how it feels,” she said, her eyes crinkled with delight. As she spoke those dreaded words, Kimberly unzipped her fly.

Bryan was about to get taken and used. He was going to understand exactly how it felt to be the girl, helpless beneath the man who decided he wanted her and intended to take her. She squirmed and struggled. She writhed, yet there was ultimately nothing Bryan could do to keep this from happening.

His wife pinned Bryan, bracing her weight down on him. He could fight as hard as he wanted, but he would never be able to free himself without her permission.

Kimberly plowed down, shoving her cock against his welcoming slit. Already wet and aroused, Bryan couldn’t even try to clench up to keep his wife from having him how she wanted.

Bryan hated this. He hated the way it felt to feel the invasion of his wife’s member. No! It was his cock! He should have been in control. He should have been the one on top.

Giggling, Kimberly went quiet for a moment before she moaned out, “Oh yes, this feels good.” She pulled out a little bit, enjoying the hot friction between them.

Beneath her, Bryan shook his pretty little head, doing everything he could to make this stop, which was effectively nothing. Now that Kimberly wore his body, she was the one in charge. She could keep it like this is one issue wanted.

Besides, how many times had he insisted on sex? How many times had he decided that she needed to be plowed, that he wanted to bury

his cock deep inside of her? This was just fair play as far as Kimberly was concerned.

Bryan felt her thrust down again, pushing her cock into his tight little pussy. He wiggled and struggled, which only made it better for Kimberly. His wife left out another groan of pleasure with his voice. She was practically growling, every sound another promise that this wasn't going and until she finished with him.

Horrified, Bryan realized something. As she pushed back into him, penetrating him and making him her plaything, Bryan realized that some part of his new form enjoyed this. He could feel it deep down in his core.

Pleasure coursed through his veins. It didn't matter how humiliated or discussed that he felt at getting penetrated by his own body.

Bryan had never had any bisexual tendencies or fantasies. He never wondered what it would feel like to be a woman or have a cock slide into him. Now his wife forced it on him, and he liked it!

Kimberly's body turned against him, forcing him to enjoy every sensation. His nipples hardened puckered, little moans kept escaping his throat, and his pussy was so wet and welcoming for Bryan's cock, even though he didn't get to be the one in control of it.

Struggling beneath his wife, Bryan couldn't slip free. He could break her hold, and she wasn't even trying. He knew how much stronger he could be, how little effort it took to hold her down, at least one she had been the one.

But now that was his role.

Kimberly bent down again, kissing her husband even if you strapped to her body. She loved this. She loved the power, knowing that she could control the cadence and rhythm of their lovemaking. So often, she had been the helpless one, the recipient of the subordinate.

Well, no more.

She bit down on his lower lip again, savoring the way he let out a girlish little squeal. Bryan, the big man, reduced to the state of a pretty girl. Oh yes, she could definitely get used to this. She moaned his thought, getting close to orgasm.

Kimberly never imagined that burying a cock inside of a pretty woman could feel this good. She pushed down again, filling up her

former body, savoring the sound Bryan made beneath her. It was weird hearing her old voice make those sounds, but she didn't care. After all, Kimberly just wanted to have fun. She just wanted to make her husband understand how it felt to be the one on her back.

But Kimberly's favorite part? That had to be feeling Bryan wiggle and pulsate beneath her. He was fighting as hard as he could, he really knew. Even so, he didn't have a chance. That wasn't often rewarding thought.

More and more of Kimberly's attention went to controlling her own orgasm. While her with husband could sign next time and time again in a woman's body, Kimberly knew that she only had this one chance, at least for a little while.

Unfortunately, the man's body wasn't composed entirely of advantages. But considering the power she could now wield, Kimberly decided this was absolutely worth it.

Breathing carefully, Kimberly wanted to enjoy this first orgasm with a cock. She pushed down again, pulling out, letting the instincts in her new body guide her.

Kimberly finally let her cock tighten up, and she felt the orgasm shoot into Bryan. He was being penetrated the most visceral, significantly possible. He struggles increased. At the same time, he whimpered for her to stop, for her to pull out.

She had been in his position too many times, insisting that do something differently. Each and every single time, he had disregarded her opinion. After all, Kimberly was supposed to be the wife. He owned everything, from the house to the business, which meant that he had the right to make every single decision. Since she had his body, it seemed right that Kimberly get to take control and enjoy herself for a bit.

She pushed in and out, pounding her little husband eagerly. At the same time, she knew that Bryan was coming again and again. His lips shook, and he had his eyes locked shut as he moaned and begged. Sure, he told her no over and over again, yet Kimberly knew her own body very well. She understood the orgasms that were exploding through him.

Every thrust pushed ignited more pleasure. Kimberly felt her, shake and shudder as she blew her load. It felt so good. She couldn't

imagine doing anything else.

On and on, her orgasm went. It felt like minutes, though she knew that it could only have been a matter of seconds. And once she finished, Kimberly straightened up, arching her back.

Beneath her, Bryan could barely stay awake. That was adorable, she thought, especially because it had normally been her. Rather than feel exhausted by their sex, Kimberly felt a surge of adrenaline and strength. She was amped up, and it felt incredible.

But as she looked down at her former body, Kimberly knew that Bryan must have been very upset. All this was probably very shocking for him, so she got back down on the bed and decided to be kind.

Kimberly pulled Bryan in her arms, tightening her grip around him. This time, Bryan didn't try to wiggle away, not that he would have the strength in any case. Instead, he cuddled against her, giving in to his feminine instincts.

"What, what did you do to us?"

"Shush," Kimberly said, sliding her fingers through his pretty blonde hair. It was so soft. Kimberly always done a good job of taking care of herself, and it made her smile to think of all the work Bryan was going to have to do to keep that body nice and sexy. Fortunately, he wouldn't have a choice in the matter.

If he even considered letting himself go, he would find himself across Kimberly's lap so fast. Yes, spanking his heart-shaped little ass would feel really good. Besides, Kimberly knew there were so many other punishments she could dish out now that she had control.

"Don't worry about that right now. Just go to sleep, sweetie," Kimberly said, enjoying the way she could patronize her husband. How many times she approached him with something serious or significant only to have him dismiss her?

For his part, Bryan tightened up with frustration. He just been pounded thoroughly, and his whole body thrummed. Part of him actually wanted to start humming happily even as his eyes got heavy.

No, he thought. He couldn't fall asleep. They needed to talk. They had discussed what was going on, and he couldn't just let her dismissive like this. Bryan's old ego got in the way, and it almost kept him awake.

But as Kimberly started to pet him, stroking her strong fingertips along the length of his rib cage and down to his womanly hips, Bryan relaxed more and more. It just felt so good to give in, and before he knew it, he was asleep again.

"Sweetie, it's time to wake up," Bryan heard.

Opening his eyes, he remembered the weirdest dream possible. He thought that he'd been in his wife's body, and that she had commandeered his.

Rubbing his eyes, he turned to see his wife, only it wasn't his wife. He was looking back at himself again!

Immediately, Bryan scooted back across the bed, but Kimberly just chuckled, with his voice of course. "You know, I was thinking that I'm getting kind of hungry. Why don't you get your cute little ass in the kitchen and make me a sandwich?"

"You have to be kidding," Bryan said, sitting up. At some point, his wife must have stripped him because he didn't even have on his guy clothes. He was totally naked!

Not only that, he realized with a start that his nudity leftfield exposed and vulnerable. As a man, Bryan never worried about nudity. He could walk around the house completely naked, and he wouldn't lose any of his confidence.

But something inside of them felt different. He'd felt the instinct to cover himself up, to hide his nipples and bring his knees together. He tried again, doing his best not to flinch when he heard his voice, and those girlishly high pitches. "Kimberly, this isn't funny. We really do need to figure this out. I need to get back my body. I need to get back in there right now."

"Don't worry, sweetie. I called in to work and let them know that we wouldn't be in today." Kimberly nodded as she spoke, almost like she wanted to simply calm down and irrational female.

But he wasn't female! She couldn't actually treat him like this!

"Kimberly, you have absolutely no right to do that. I don't care what you think is going on, but I'm still in charge. I'm still your husband," he started to say.

Kimberly smirked, thinking that Bryan would probably go on for quite a while if she let him. But with the newfound confidence of being

bigger and stronger, she reached over and placed her finger on his lips. Now that Bryan was a woman, he really did have a pretty mouth. Kimberly couldn't quite decide if or when she wanted to put it to use.

But that was a distraction. Right then, she told her husband, "Bryan, as far as the rest of the world is concerned, I am the man. I am your husband, which means that I'm in charge now. You're going to be my adorable little wife until we figure this out."

It was almost a miracle that Bryan managed to contain his rage. He stared back at his body, infuriated beyond belief. Kimberly can treat him like this! How dare she talk down to him!

Of course, he ignores the fact that he had routinely used that exact same tone.

"Now like I said, you sweetheart and go to the kitchen and make something which or were going to do something a little bit more aerobic," Kimberly said with a lascivious grin.

Feeling very small and very much like prey, Bryan didn't know what her the choice he had. He got up off the bed and he walked over to his dresser. He was going to pull on some clothes, but Kimberly came up behind him.

She wrapped her arms around him, forcing his hand down to his sides. At the same time, she started to fondle his breasts, teasing his nipples until they stood up once again. "Sweetie, these aren't your clothes. Everything you need to wear is the dresser over there."

Bryan glanced over at his wife's side of the room. He opened his mouth, ready to tell her that there was no way he'd put on woman's clothing. It didn't matter that he had on her body; it just wasn't going to happen.

Before he got the chance to speak, Kimberly whispered in his ear, "If you don't go that dresser right now, honey, and get out something cute and sexy to wear for me, I'm going to send you the kitchen naked."

"You wouldn't," Bryan insisted.

"Like you have never done that to me before," Kimberly said with just a hint of resentment. There had been several instances where he forced her to go cook something, and she been naked. No matter how loudly she whined or begged, he insisted that she take her place in the kitchen.

Bryan couldn't help but catch the note of amusement in her voice. She was enjoying this, he realized. Exhaling through his teeth, he went back to her dresser, and it took in a minute to find everything. He found a pair of lacy socks, some pink panties, a pair of sweatpants, and a white tank top.

Altogether, it surprised him how light those clothes were. They hardly felt like anything at all, but he dumped them under the bed, and he started to get dressed.

Meanwhile, his wife watched him. She watched him with undisguised arousal, which only made him feel smaller and less powerful. He thought back to those women who could insist that being naked or seductive gave them all of the power, yet he didn't feel it. If anything, having his wife watch him like a predator made it all the more difficult.

Taking his time, Bryan started with the socks. He gingerly pulled them up his dainty little feet. From there, he pulled on the panties, surprised at how snug and comfortable they felt at the same time.

"Do you like that? Because I'm enjoying watching you get dressed," Kimberly said from her spot on the bed. She was on her stomach, her chin supported by her palms. Altogether, she still had some rather feminine body language, but Kimberly could've jumped up in the second and shown Bryan exactly who was in charge.

Ignoring his wife's taunt, Bryan pulled on his sweatpants, and he finished it off with the tank top. Exhaling through his teeth, he tried not to get frustrated. After all, this couldn't last forever.

He headed for the kitchen, every second another embarrassment when he is about to do. Before he could even make it out of the bedroom, his wife halted him, "Bryan, you didn't ask me what kind of sandwich I want."

With his hand braced against the door, Bryan felt his knuckles whiten as he forced out those words, "Kimberly, what kind of sandwich would you like?"

"I think I'm in the mood for some turkey," she said. "Now run along and make me my sandwich."

He gritted his teeth. It really did take all the self-control not to spin around and say something that he would regret. Instead, Bryan walked through the house. Despite the haze of frustration lining his site,

he couldn't help but notice how the house seems different. For one, everything seemed just a little bit bigger. He was shorter now and smaller.

When he got to the kitchen, Bryan quickly made her sandwich. He threw it together quickly because this was embarrassing. He never should've been in the kitchen. What right did Kimberly think she had to demand he just go off and drop everything and make her freaking sandwich, especially when they had real issues to deal with?

He sighed and did his best to relax.

Ultimately, Bryan knew that he couldn't freak out. He couldn't let himself make some stupid mistake. Getting his wife upset would definitely count as a very big mistake.

Once he had her sandwich and a cup of soda, Bryan headed into the dining room. Kimberly was there, playing on his cell phone. At first, he figured that she would just be messing around with again, but then he realized that she had his text message application open.

Bryan said her meal out in front of her, "What are you doing?"

"Just answering some questions," she said.

"It's my business," Bryan insisted with all the self-righteous determination he could muster.

"No, no my dear wife," Kimberly said, each and every sound dripping with condescension. "The business belongs to Bryan Leeds. As of right now, I am Bryan, and you are Kimberly, my adorably obedient little wife."

Bryan pursed his full lips, uncertain of how he could possibly respond. "Here's your sandwich," he said setting it down in front of her. For a moment, he considered staying there, but there is something about her affect and manner that made Bryan nervous. It looked like she was up to something, so he was about to beat a hasty retreat from the room.

"Kimberly, I want you to stay right here," she ordered.

Bryan froze up and grimaced, hating the fact that she was using a feminine name on him. That wasn't his name, but he couldn't say anything! He didn't dare try to defy his wife, not when she was stronger.

He stopped and turned to face her.

Kimberly picked up sandwich and took a bite. "This is really very good," she complemented. "Maybe you missed your calling. Maybe

should've been in the kitchen all along. What you think of that? I could make all the important business decisions, and you could see your pretty little head making dinner plans for us. Do you like that?"

Bryan refused to dignify her tops with any kind of response. Instead, he watched as she ate, clearly enjoying her newfound male appetite.

About halfway through her meal, she glanced back up at him and said, "Do you remember that time you joked about eating a sandwich while I went down on you? And do you remember how you actually made me do it?"

The color drained from Bryan's normally rosy cheeks. At the same time, his stomach seemed to drop out, and he didn't know what to do or say. He didn't want to agree with her, but she didn't require any real response.

Kimberly turned to him and grinned, "Honey, I want you to crawl under the table and service me while I enjoy this delicious sandwich."

"No!" Bryan practically spat back, unable to believe that she would even suggest something so absurd.

"Honey, you know how this is going to end. You know that you are going to do exactly what I want." Kimberly sounded so smug as she made that promise, and Bryan had to wonder if he normally spoke with that same level of arrogance.

"What makes you so sure?"

"Simple," she said with his mouth. "If you don't, I'm going to take your cell phone, and I'm going to start telling clients to go to our competitors."

"You wouldn't dare," he said. Bryan had spent years building his business, and there was no way his wife would ever dare to damage his enterprise.

"Care to try me?"

Bryan couldn't take the chance. Almost immediately, he knew that on a primal level. After all, his wife had routinely told him that they already have plenty of money. It wasn't like he still had to work so hard, especially after he had already made several rather brazen and brilliant business decisions at the beginning of his career.

In fact, he could lose every single client, and they would still be rather wealthy.

This whole thing was supposed to be temporary. He was supposed to be able to get back in his body, so he couldn't let her make any decision that would have lasting consequences.

Hating himself for the ease with which his wife could manipulate him, Bryan got down onto his knees, then his hands. The floor felt cold beneath his body, but his skin seemed to burn bright pink with humiliation.

All the while, Kimberly giggled to herself, savoring the way her wife looked as she crawled along the floor. "There, how does it feel? How does it feel to crawl along the floor like an animal, knowing what your husband is about to make you do?"

Bryan didn't respond.

His silence didn't matter though, not when Kimberly chuckled, "I can see the appeal. In fact, I can almost understand why you made me do this. But this is really fair play. You really do deserve to be down there, Bryan. Now, I suppose the only question is how long you're going to have to service me."

With his lithe body, Bryan crawled between the chairs and underneath the table. He looked up, lifting his head to see Kimberly unzip her fly. Her cock was already stiff with excitement, and Bryan stared at himself for a moment.

That was his penis, and he was about to suck on it because of his wife, because of her command.

Plenty of other men would have felt ashamed of what they had done. They would have learned their lesson right then and right there, but Bryan wasn't like most other guys, even when he was trapped in his wife's body. In fact, he stared out that his naked penis, and he wondered what kind of punishment he would be able to inflict on Kimberly for putting them through this.

"Hurry up, sweetie. Time is money," she said, mocking him with one of his favorite expressions.

Bryan crawled forward several more feet, and she lifted her head, only to catch the scent of pre-come. It seems so different to his now female nostrils. "Just promise me you won't come in my mouth," Bryan said.

Kimberly pushed her chair back and went down at the hapless blonde on her hands and knees. She really did like seeing her husband

did not subordinate position, knowing that Bryan would have to do or say or where whatever she wanted. Having this kind of power was definitely intoxicating.

Slowly, Bryan lifted his mouth. He looked really cute and her body, especially the way he pouted.

"Do a good job, and maybe I will go talk to my friend about getting us switched back. She is something of a spell caster, so maybe she will be a help." Kimberly smirked again at Bryan's reaction. He looked upset, probably hating the idea of having to rely on one of her friends.

But what other choice did he have? This could be some kind of medical condition. Science doesn't know how to deal with this set of circumstances.

"Hurry up," Kimberly commanded as her pretty wife continued to hesitate. He got a little bit closer, but Kimberly grew impatient. She reached out with her hands and ran her fingers through Bryan's blonde hair. Now that she had him, she pulled his face forward, practically shoving her cock up against his mouth.

Knowing that any kind of defiant only get him in trouble, Bryan opened his mouth and he started to gently suck on his own penis. At first, he didn't know what to expect. He didn't know how he would taste even as the disgust and revulsion and humiliation burned at his core.

He couldn't stop her from doing this to him. He didn't have a choice in the matter, no matter what he wanted to believe about the relationship. Like or not, Kimberly was in control, and she was forcing him to suck on his own member.

"Oh yes, this incredible. Now starting to understand why you like it so much," Burley said, everywhere turning into little more than a primal growl."

At first, he moved slowly, barely flicking his tongue up and down the length of her shaft. It took all of his concentration not to stop right there. But then Kimberly pulled on his hair, sending little darts of pain running through his scalp. His hair related field much more sensitive now, so he started to lick and suck with more effort.

"Good girl," teased his wife. "You really have a natural talent for this."

Bryan opened his eyes momentarily, just long enough to glare up at her. Unfortunately for him, Kimberly didn't care one way or another.

If anything, his frustration only made it better for her.

Moving his head forward and back, he continued to suck on her, servicing her. Whenever he slowed down or failed to meet her expectations, Kimberly simply tugged on his hair, making him moan or grimace with frustration.

Of course, for now Mike Bryan, this position must have been the worst thing he could have imagined. He kept going about, doing a good job because she demanded nothing less.

"Oh yes, keep going. Good girl," Kimberly said without any hint of irony.

She was getting close, but she couldn't quite decide how she wanted to enjoy her orgasm.

"Don't you dare stop, but I need to figure out how I want to come," Kimberly said gingerly, almost lightly. For her, it was just a question of enjoyment. For Bryan, this was the height of humiliation.

"You have been a good girl, so maybe I will make you swallow your own come," Kimberly said, her tone made it abundantly clear that she hadn't really decided one way or the other. "You're so good at being sweet and docile and obedient. Yes, I definitely enjoyed your obedience."

With every word beating against his ears, Bryan imagined the different forms of vengeance he could take. He imagined his wife back in her cute little body, tied down as he spanked her and screwed her. He would make her hot wet and desperate, and he would make her apologize for every single indignity. Even then, he would make sure she paid. There would be no forgiveness for this.

He just needed to get back in his body!

"Yes, you are so good at this," Kimberly said again. "I guess I really shouldn't come in your mouth."

With that, Kimberly pushed her husband's head back, and he quickly wiped away some of the pre-come from his mouth. But Kimberly wasn't done with him, and she didn't let him go.

In fact, she used her free hand to touch herself, squeezing her shaft. She was already so close, which meant that Bryan didn't have a lot of time to figure out what she intended for him. She gave her shaft another little squeeze, and her orgasm rushed out, spouting her load right onto his face.

Of course, Bryan tried to withdraw. He tried to retreat back under the table, but she held him with one hand, using his hair like a leash. Kimberly's ejaculate splattered all over his face, a sticky white mess Bryan would never forget.

Through every blast of her seed, Kimberly wondered how many times Bryan had done this to her. Too many times, she decided with a feral grin.

When she finally finished, she released Bryan's hair, letting her husband crawl out from under the table. He quickly retreated back to the kitchen to wash off his face. For her part, Kimberly picked up his phone and she started to respond to the employees' various questions.

Oh yes, it was good to be in charge.

Bryan spent the rest of the day as the wife. He cooked, he cleaned, and he did his best to keep out of Kimberly's way. All the while, she was in his office, on his computer, doing whatever she wanted.

His only consolation was the fact that she would go talk to her friend and try to figure this whole thing out. It would come to an end, and he would be able to undo whatever damage she caused.

When it was time to go to sleep, she insisted on sex.

Bryan opened his mouth, ready to complain that he had a headache, but he stopped himself, knowing that any excuse would be completely futile. So instead, he just tried to ask her nicely. "These, please don't make me do it again," he whined.

"Get naked right now," she replied.

He did it, and she plowed him again, kissing her husband as she sucked him hard, making him moan, groan, and cry out. After they were done, Kimberly even joked about how she could turn him into a little musical instrument. Maybe she would study the different sounds he made and try to turn them into a melody.

Obviously, Bryan wasn't amused.

Finally, Kimberly left him alone. She went out to meet Monique at a nice restaurant downtown.

"Hello, Kimberly," Monique said, setting down her menu. She had arrived first, yet she had absolutely no trouble picking out Kimberly from the crowd, despite her new appearance. "You're looking energetic and quite pleased."

Kimberly sent down and quickly ordered a beer from the bar. "You know it," she said. "It has been fantastic being in charge. I have to say, I really joy knowing that Bryan will do whatever I tell him."

"And how is your naughty husband taking to this new lifestyle?"

Kimberly tried to keep her features even in steady, but she couldn't do it. After about a second, she started to laugh. "He's been pretty upset," Kimberly laughed. "But you know what? I am really enjoying this. I love the way I can make him crawl, and that mouth of his!"

"You made Bryan go down on you?" Monique asked, raising one eyebrow. For half of a second, Kimberly wondered if she shared too much with her friend, but then Monique burst out laughing. "That is precious!"

Kimberly laughed along with her friend, "I know!"

"So why did you want to talk to me? It sounds like he should be at home fun with your little wife," Monique said as she wiped a tear of amusement from her eye.

That was the real question. Kimberly paused for a second, not entirely sure what she should say. Finally, she licked her lips and told her friend of the truth, "I promised Bryan that if he went down on me that I would talk to you about reversing this."

"Is that what you really want?"

For several seconds, Monique's question hung on the air. Did she really want to give this all up? As the pause stretched on, Kimberly shrugged, "I like this, but come on, it's not like you can last forever."

Daniel smiled at her friend. "I don't know. Are you convinced that Bryan is learned his lesson? Are you convinced that you have really fixed him?"

Kimberly inhaled, filling her lungs and waiting again. Ultimately, she could really know. After all, now that Bryan had a taste of what it felt like to be the girl in their relationship, maybe he would back off a little bit. Maybe they could renegotiate some of their rules.

Leaning forward, Monique lowered her voice, "Kimberly, you don't look really happy at the prospect of going back."

In all honesty, she wasn't. Kimberly loved the way she could board her newfound power over her husband, and the idea of becoming the

cute little wife didn't appeal to her, not the least. Even so, Kimberly didn't think she could admit that.

"Maybe not," Kimberly finally said. "Maybe I want to keep them like this."

"I think, really, the question you have to ask yourself is whether or not he is learned his lesson. And trust me, I've met Bryan. I know that he can be a bit stubborn. No offense. Anyway, I know he's your husband and everything, but maybe some time as a girl could teach him to be just a little bit more circumspect and demure."

"Could I? Could I really keep him like this?"

"Absolutely," Monique said. "In fact, tell me about your relationship. Tell me about all of the things that he's done that he shouldn't have. Then maybe you can come up with some good ways to get just a little bit more payback."

Kimberly grinned eagerly.

Before she left, Kimberly told Bryan to vacuum the living room floor. At first, he had balked at the idea, yet she just glanced at him, making it abundantly clear that she would not go meet with Monique to discuss their situation unless he did exactly what she commanded.

At first, Bryan simply sighed out its frustration. It wasn't fair. He was the man, or at least he was supposed to be. He should have been the one in charge. Walking around in this little body, feeling silk panties between his legs and knowing that his wife could order him around all pricked at his ego.

Bryan really didn't know how much more of this could take.

He pulled up the vacuum cleaner, but before she left, Kimberly looked him up and down. "Honey, you can't wear that while you're cleaning. You're going to get my pajamas all messed up," she said.

"What else would I wear?" Bryan had just started to get used to the sweats and tank top. The idea of having to put on something else made his teeth hurt.

This time, Kimberly went over to the closet on her own. She rifled through a couple different outfits and came back with a hanger. The second his eyes locked onto this new outfit, Bryan started to shake his head. No, no way, he thought. Fury danced across his pretty features, which only made Kimberly more certain.

"You're the one who made me buy this, remember?"

"As a joke!"

"C'mon," she said. "You'll make an adorable French maid. Besides, I really don't want you messing up my pajamas, so unless you want to start cleaning the house naked, you're going to get changed right now."

"Please, you can't be serious," Bryan started to whine, and he sounded especially pathetic as he used her voice. "Please."

"Oh no. This is going to happen. I promise you."

Bryan looked up at himself, his face, and he didn't find any mercy there. If anything, Kimberly took another step toward him, making it crystal clear that this was going to happen one way or another. Bryan could be a good little wife and do as he was told, or things could become much more difficult.

Gritting his teeth, he took the hanger and nodded for Kimberly to give them some privacy. "I'm staying right here," she said and plopped herself down on the bed.

Again, Bryan tried to fantasize about the different kinds of prevention could get on his wife once he had the power again. He pictured her tight down, on her stomach, and he would spank her bottom bra. He would take her out and make her dress like his own private slut; he would make her dance for him.

He started to think about the other costumes she might buy her. She thought the French maid was that? Well, he could get a lot more creative. She could be his little sex bunny, maybe a kitty cat on a collar and leash.

There were so many possibilities.

But those weren't enough to truly distract him from the reality that he pulled off his tank top and sweatpants to replace them with a black, a little dress. After that, Bryan had to endure the indignity of watching his wife get up and tie the apron around his waist. White and frilly, it made his position incredibly clear.

He was the French maid, the servant girl, and Kimberly loved every second of this. He put on the stockings, and he allowed his wife to tie his blonde hair into a French braid. Not only that, Kimberly insisted that he put on makeup.

Since Bryan didn't really know how to do it, Kimberly helped him. She took in the room, sat him down, and applied foundation, write red

lipstick, and a touch of eye shadow. As Bryan sat there, he couldn't help but feel as though every touch of makeup removed a little bit more of his masculinity.

He kept reminding himself that isn't matter if she had a pussy and breasts. At first, he could tell himself he was still a man, no matter what skin he wore. He still had the same psyche, mind, and thoughts. But in that uniform and wearing that makeup, it became much more difficult to think of himself as anything but a pretty little blonde girl.

After she finally left, Bryan went back to the bathroom and he looked at his reflection. He was very pretty. Kimberly had always been gorgeous, yet he now found some consolation in that fact. Some part of him actually appreciated the idea that this was now his reflection.

Immediately, Bryan shoved those thoughts. He buried them and refused to consider what they might mean. No, he could never enjoy this. No, he would never appreciate any facet of being a woman. This was where his wife was supposed to be.

And hopefully, she would come back and she would tell them how to reverse the process. As she left the bathroom, Bryan grinned, thinking about how it would be to be able to plow his wife again. He would make her cry out. He would make her whimper and moan and beg, and it was going to be fantastic!

Bryan went back to the living room and found the vacuum cleaner. For a few seconds, he seriously considered disregarding her orders.

It would be so easy to just turn on the TV and wait for Kimberly to come back. He could hope that the spell would break automatically. Maybe Monique could wave her hands and disrupt the magic, no matter where she happened to be.

Bryan truly appreciated the idea of his wife stepping back into her own body, and Bryan would come back, find her dressed like his little servant girl. He would pin her and pump her. He would spank her and tie her down. He would make her crawl, and every hole on her body would belong to him.

But what if the magic worked differently? What if Kimberly and her friend came home to perform some kind of elaborate ritual? Ultimately, Bryan had no idea how any of this would work, so he couldn't risk offending his wife.

Dressed like a French servant, Bryan pulled out the vacuum cleaner, and he started to clean his own house. Every push of the vacuum made him feel more and more like the little housewife. Before long he had to grit his teeth to keep himself going. He really wanted to stop.

As he worked though, his mind started to drift, and he thought back to having sex with Kimberly as she wore his body. Arousal started to work its way through Bryan, teasing his pussy until it started to moisten.

"No, oh no. Not going to happen," he whispered to himself, barely speaking.

To distract himself, Bryan tried to think about how it would feel to get his body back again. Only that didn't work this time. He kept drifting back to being the one on the bottom, on his back helpless, pinned.

Even when Bryan tried to imagine something brand-new, he kept picturing himself in his wife's body.

What is happening to him? What was going on?

After he finished half of the living room, Bryan stopped. Something took over, and he wandered back over to the couch. He sat down, thinking that he was just going to take a little break. His hands wandered over to one of his perky breasts, and he started to touch himself, rubbing his nipples and softly circular motions.

It only took a few seconds before his nipples hardened. Oh yes, that felt so good.

Bryan tried to stop. Distantly, he knew that he was putting himself into a compromising position. After all, what if Kimberly came back and decided that he obviously enjoyed being in her body?

He really shouldn't have given her any kind of excuse.

As those thoughts tumbled through his pretty head, Bryan kept going. He kept touching his breast with one hand, and with the other, he hitched up his maid skirt. He pulled down his panties, and he lightly stroked his pussy.

This time, he knew what to expect, so he didn't even better job masturbating. That first light caress of his slit sent shivers of pleasure running along his back. Bryan took his time, enjoying the way he felt, enjoying the way his female body could light up with pleasure.

Bryan took his time, enjoying every single sensation. Each stimulus need him gasp or moan. He didn't know how far he could take this, but he was looking forward to finding out.

Then the door opened, and he watched his body walk back into the living room.

Embarrassment burned red and hot all along his skin.

"My, oh my, I tell you to do one simple chore, and you can't even manage that." Kimberly sounded so incredibly smug, as though she had the authority to give him whatever order she wished.

Bryan immediately sat up, and he fumbled with his panties, doing his best to get them back in the place. It took him a couple of seconds, but he somehow managed.

Ignoring her condescending tone, Bryan swallowed and asked, "Did you talk to her? Did you talk to your witch friend?"

"Well, she prefers the term spell caster, but yes, we did have a very nice lunch together. Maybe I will tell you about it if you come over here and suck my cock for a few seconds."

"What she say? Come on, Kimberly, quit playing games. I'm serious! We need to get back into our bodies right now!"

Kimberly strolled across the room and sat down beside her pretty wife. Looking deep into Bryan's eyes, Kimberly seemed so serious, at least for a few seconds. But then she grinned and started to chuckle, "Honey, we don't need to do anything. I did talk to Monique, and I did learn how to change us back, but then we had another conversation."

Another conversation? Bryan didn't like the sound of that. "What, what did you talk about?" he asked, ashamed of the stuttering his voice.

"That's right. We talked about how you've always been such a domineering, jackass husband. We talked about how maybe we should stay like this because I don't think you really learned your lesson."

"Learned my lesson?" He tried to roar those words, but he couldn't send intimidating, not when he wore the lithe little frame of a sexy blonde. He looked more like a model throwing a tantrum, especially in his makeup and kinky little outfit.

"Yes, like the shoddy job you did in here. And when I come home, I find you pleasuring yourself? Not good. Not good at all."

Bryan got back up onto his feet and he only barely stood taller than his wife who was currently on the couch. "Look, I don't care what

kind of game you think you're playing," he said doing his best to sound his intimidating and ferocious as possible. "But you're going to switch back right now, and if you don't, I am going to punish you. I'm going to make sure you pay for every second you keep me in this body."

"And what would you do to me if I don't do exactly what you say?" Kimberly asked, her features almost straight, her expression almost solemn.

Because he was upset, Bryan didn't hear the little note of mockery in his wife's voice. He also didn't realize the trap he was right about to walk into. "I'd strip you naked, put a collar around your neck, leash you, and force you to crawl all around the house. I'd spank you until your little bottom was bright red, and then I would use some hot wax and ice on your most sensitive spots to make sure that you really got the message."

When he finally stopped, Bryan was practically panting. His pussy was still damp, and he wasn't thinking straight.

Kimberly got up off the couch, and she towered over him again. Instinctively, Bryan tried to step back, to get out of his wife's weight, but she grabbed his shoulders and held him right where he was. Maybe he could've struggled free, but doing so would've been a mistake.

Now that his heart rate was finally starting to slow down, Bryan began to understand the depths of mistake you just made. "Those all sound like very good ideas." Kimberly grinned at him.

"You wouldn't. You couldn't!" Bryan said, though there wasn't a trace of certainty in his voice.

"Let's find out," Kimberly said as she grabbed Bryan's wrist and tugged him toward the bedroom.

Bryan yanked his hand back, refusing to go to the bedroom, especially because he knew what sorts of toys they had there. Of course, when they first bought them, they were all sized for Kimberly's small frame. Heart pounding, Bryan absolutely refused to be on the receiving end of toys.

He would not be collared. He would not be leashed. He would not let his wife turned him into a little sex toy. He was better than that!

Kimberly must not expect him to fight quite so hard because he managed to free himself. In his wife's body, Bryan spun about, ready to

run outside. Sure, it'd be humiliating to be seen in this skimpy little outfit, but it would be better than the alternative.

He made it about five feet before Kimberly pounced, scooping Bryan up into her strong arms. She even flung him over her shoulder, barbarian style. I over the floor now, Bryan kicked and pounded his weak fists against Kimberly's back, not that it made any difference.

How many times that his wife been in this position? How many times had he picked her up and take exactly what he wanted?

With her sexy little husband over her shoulder, Kimberly walked the blonde back into the bedroom. She tossed Bryan down onto the sheets, and he bounced once. He scrambled up, ready to make a run for the bedroom door.

By the time he got there, Kimberly was ready. She grabbed him around the waist and picked them up again, tossing him back down onto the bed. In some ways, Bryan felt like a little kid. He was just too small and weak to truly have any chance of getting away. But that was exactly how Kimberly liked it.

"Please, please don't do this, post quote Bryan begged and whimpered, doing his best to sound sympathetic.

It didn't work.

Kimberly held up a pair of handcuffs. These weren't fuzzy, and they didn't have a release pin. When Bryan first insisted they experiment with bondage, he wanted his wife to be truly trapped. Now he was going to pay for that decision.

Knowing he only had one chance, Bryan darted for the open doorway again. He tried to flee, but she caught him. She was faster. There was no denying that fact. He thrashed and kicked, doing his best to somehow distract Kimberly, only it didn't work.

Before he could even blink, Bryan found himself pinned. His wife straddled Bryan in his body. She smiled down at him, her eyes crinkled with amusement. "Don't go anywhere. You really do look best on your back."

Bryan reached up hoping to shove Kimberly off; only his wife grabbed his wrists and pulled them toward the headboard. With two metallic clicks, she locked the cuffs around his wrists.

Not only that, Kimberly made sure to tighten the iron restraints. Bryan wasn't going anywhere.

Face down, Bryan struggled hard, pulling on his metal shackles. They didn't bend or break. They didn't yield, no matter how hard he pulled. The metal sides dug down into his skin, but he kept pulling.

"Stop that. You don't want bruises on your pretty skin," Kimberly snapped as she smacked his ass.

"You won't get away with this," he cried out, his voice muffled by the pillow in front of him. Bryan had never been this vulnerable. "I'm going to make you pay for this the second I get out of these cuffs!"

Kimberly dipped low, speaking right up against his cute ear, "Then I guess I'll just have to keep you like this."

"No!" he cried out, sounding oh-so-very whiny and wimpy. This wasn't the man who had scared off all of his competition. In fact, he wasn't a man at all. Kimberly had reduced him to a cute little plaything.

"So you started off by saying that you'd put me in a collar? Was that right?" she asked and hopped off the bed.

Bryan turned his head and watched as she opened their toy drawer. Inside, he knew there were dozens of toys and instruments. "No!" Bryan squealed back with her voice. He hated sounding like a woman! He hated coming off as pathetic, like the damsel in distress.

Damn it, he didn't know how much more of this he could take.

But like it or not, Bryan didn't get a vote. Kimberly came back with a leather collar. It was the one with the little heart-shaped padlock. "I never liked this thing," Kimberly said. "I guess it made me feel like an animal. What do you think?"

Kimberly clambered across the bed and straddled her husband again. Bryan struggled harder, but with the added weight of a full-grown man, his feminine form had zero chance of getting free.

His wife slid her fingers through Bryan's hair. "This feels nice. And you know what? I'm glad I don't have to be the one to worry about conditioning or anything like that." She chuckled at him, laughing at her helpless husband's expense.

Bryan didn't respond, mostly because he hated the way she was talking. Kimberly made it sound like she might want to stay this way for a while.

Tightening her grip on the pretty blonde's mane, Kimberly pulled his head back and looped the collar around his neck. Unable to fight back, Bryan turned his head from side to side, but he couldn't stop her.

The leather tightened into place. A second more and Kimberly fixed the lock into place.

“There. That’s a lot better,” Kimberly said.

The snug leather made him shiver with embarrassment, but Kimberly wasn’t done. On her jaunt back to the toy drawer, she didn’t grab just a collar. Nope. She came back with a beaded paddle as well.

“Do you remember when I asked you to let me spank you?” Kimberly asked. “Remember when you told me that only women should get spanked? Well, you know what?” She sounded sweet and coy. She sounded cruel and vindictive beneath her curved smile. “I agree.”

“No, don’t! Don’t you dare!” he spat back as a surge of frustration and anger boiled beneath his perky breasts.

Kimberly ignored her bound husband. She tapped the paddle against her palm several times. She lifted it and brought it down with a loud smack. Pain shot through Bryan’s ass, and he struggled harder. The metal bit down into his wrists, but he couldn’t escape. He would have to take this as long as Kimberly decided.

Raising the paddle again, she said, “How many spankings would you have given me? I mean, you had so many good ideas.”

He didn’t respond. He gritted his teeth and stayed there on his stomach, his melons pressed down into the sheets as he waited for the onslaught to continue.

“Ten? Ten sounds good.”

She brought the paddle down, the black leather blurring on the air. Each arc landed hard, making Bryan squeal with his girly voice. He cried out each time, and his eyes watered, yet he refused to bawl. He wasn’t going to cry.

After all, Bryan absolutely had to hold onto some of his past self. Otherwise, she might be able to convince him that he would make a better girl. She could argue that he had never really been a man.

“There’s five! And six!” Kimberly laughed out. “Seven! Eight! Nine!” She stopped and stroked his smooth ass, enjoying the way Bryan shivered and shook. Kimberly’s masculine fingers might have been rough, but she caressed him deftly. Each and every moment left Bryan shaking, his flesh hypersensitive after his paddling.

“One more?”

He didn’t respond.

“Answer me, or I’ll double it.”

Realizing he didn’t have a choice, Bryan gave in to his wife again. “One more. Yes, there’s just one more.”

“Ask for it.”

“Never!” he shot back.

Kimberly grabbed his hair and yanked Bryan’s head back again. The pain cut through his scalp, but Bryan locked his teeth together. Refusing to make a sound, he fought hard to maintain his composure.

“Bryan, you’re the girl. You do as you’re told or you pay for it,” Kimberly said. She grabbed his ass, making him hiss through his teeth. But then she said, “Ten more. I think you need another ten, useful spankings to remind you how to behave.”

His wife raised the paddle and brought it down in a flurry of movement. Clap, clap, clap! The paddle left his ass pink and stinging beneath his maid uniform. “Oh! I think this would be better if I spanked your naked little ass. Maybe you’ll wiggle it for me.”

He protested again, demanding that she stop.

Of course, she didn’t. Kimberly was having too much fun!

Kimberly yanked up his skirt. She ripped his panties down, leaving Bryan’s smooth ass exposed to the open air. It was already a cute shade of pink, but Kimberly thought they could do better.

“Ask for another spanking.”

“No.”

“Ask for another five.”

“No!”

“Ask for ten, you stupid bitch,” Kimberly said. She grabbed his hair again, forcing his head up so he could better hear her. “C’mon. How many times have you spanked me? How many times did you make me ask for more?”

“I’m not supposed to be here, not like this!” Bryan finally replied.

“But you’re the girl!” Kimberly accented her point by giving him another wallop of pain. She smacked his ass with the paddle, striking different spots. Each swing seemed stronger, like she became more comfortable putting her husband in his place.

His eyes kept watering, and Bryan knew he couldn’t win.

There was nothing to stop Kimberly from spanking him from one hour into the next. And really, he wouldn’t be able to take much more.

"Please," he whispered. "Please spank me."

"Louder."

Her command hung on the air, and Bryan tried again. "Please spank me."

"Why should I spank you? Did you forget your place?"

"Yes," he said from his female lips. "I forgot my place."

"And where is your place?"

"I'm the wife," he said. "I belong on my back, beneath you."

"That's right," she said, and she swatted his ass ten more times. He gritted his teeth as unshed tears rolled down his cheeks. He wasn't crying though. Bryan had to call that tiny bit of defiance a victory.

The spanking came to an end, and Kimberly asked, "I'm supposed to tease you with wax and ice. Isn't that what you said?"

"Please, please don't. I'm sorry! Okay?" he panted back. "Please, please don't do it." After taking forty or fifty paddles to his rear, Bryan didn't think he could take any more.

"Too bad," she said. Kimberly scampered off the bed and retreated from the room. She left him alone.

Now that he didn't have his wife breathing down his neck, Bryan lifted himself up. He stared at the cuffs, thinking there had to be some weakness. There had to be some way for him to slip free.

He tried everything. Although he worked every conceivable angle, time ran out, and he heard from the doorway, "Uh oh. Is someone being a bad, bad girl?"

"I'm not a girl!"

Kimberly sauntered over the carpet, she climbed onto the bed, and she kneeled between Bryan's svelte legs. "You're not a girl? You're not my pretty blonde?" Kimberly demanded. Without giving him a chance to respond, Kimberly forced her fingertips between his legs. "This isn't your wet little pussy that I'm touching right now? This isn't your body?"

"No, it's not!" Bryan snapped back.

"Really? Because I don't believe you," she said gleefully as she slid her fingers up and down the length of his slit. Within a matter of heartbeats, he was wet and practically dripping with excitement. "I think you're lying. I think you are just a bad girl heart, and you need to

be punished. This thing was a good start, but I have some other ideas too. Or, more accurately, these are all of your ideas."

Because she was braced between his legs, Bryan couldn't see his wife. He couldn't pick up at the cruel grin spread across her manly features.

Kimberly continued to stroke him, working him up into a frenzy. Again, Bryan rediscovered how desperately sensitive this body could be. Arousal pounded through his skin, impossible to ignore. Every sensation threatened to overwhelm him, but he couldn't lose control.

After all, he knew that Kimberly wasn't just going to give him pleasure. Despite that awareness, he slowly started to relax into the steady rhythm of her finger against his clitoris. He found himself getting hotter and wetter by the second, which left him painfully exposed.

Kimberly used her free hand to pull out a cube of ice. She pressed it down against his already hot ass. She picked his right cheek, as she healthy iced down, shooting glances of stimulation throughout his body. His nipples hardened even more, goose bumps ran up the length of his arms and legs, and Bryan hollered out.

The sound was ripped from his throat, and he had absolutely no chance of stopping it. Even so, Kimberly didn't show him any mercy. She rubbed the ice all over his tormented buttocks until it finally melted. Then she grabbed another to and did the same thing all over again.

Cold, hot, horny, and painful all vied for dominance inside of his head. His brain didn't know how to process all of this information he struggled as hard as he could, yanking and thrashing, but he couldn't even kick out, not when Kimberly easily pinned his shins beneath her knees.

She kept at it, tormenting poor Bryan on and on until she decided to try something new. "You always wanted to experiment with hot wax, right?"

It was true. Bryan had always enjoyed the idea of having his wife tied down and helpless as he smeared liquid wax all over the length of her body. He wanted to watch her jump against the restraints, doing everything she could to get away, only to realize that he had taken control of her.

Now Bryan was in a position, helpless and whimpering and begging. "Please, please don't do it. Please, I promise I will be good. I

will do whatever you want. I swear, Kimberly. Just don't do it! Just don't —"

When Kimberly interrupted him, he went silent instantly. He didn't want to seem rude, not when she could do whatever she wished to him. "Bryan really, you are blubbering like some girl. I swear, you can't even take a little spanking and ice. You really think I should let you be a man again?"

"Let me?" Bryan demanded, those two words laced with an almost primal frustration. He wants to get back at her. He wanted to punish her, yet he had to keep his temper in check.

"That's right," she affirmed. "The way I see it, you're just my little wife right now, so unless you want to stay this way, you better learn to behave yourself."

What could he possibly say to that? He had no way to disagree with her.

"If I let you back into your body, you behave? Will you learn to be a better man? Will you respect me and value my opinion? Or would you go back to being a pompous ass? Would you just see me as a sex toy?"

Bryan didn't know what to say, and he hesitated too long. He heard something click behind his head, and a moment later he realized that it was a lighter. She lit a candle and watched as the wax turned to hot liquid.

"Look, promise I'll be better," Bryan said without a hint of sincerity.

Frankly, none of this has changed his perspective. As far as he was concerned, he still deserved to be in charge of their relationship. Even so, he could tell Kimberly whatever she wanted to hear.

Only she must've picked up on the deception in his voice. "I don't believe you," Kimberly told them right before she tilted the candle to the side. Droplets of hot wax spilled down and splashed against Bryan's taut little ass.

He howled again, straining against the chains which bound him to their bed. He could fight all he wanted, but he wasn't going to get away, especially with Kimberly sitting right behind him. "Did you like that? Was that a good idea? I know you want to try for such a long time," she teased again.

"Stop this! Stop it right now," Bryan demanded.

"But honey, you were right. This is just so much fun," Kimberly replied before she dipped the candle to decide one more time. Fresh drops of hot wax sped down and hit his vulnerable flesh. He howled and he cried out, trying to kick or thrash his way free.

Tilting her head to the side, Kimberly watched as the wax solidified. She scraped it off, leaving his skin tingling.

"Have you learned your lesson?"

For about half of the second, Bryan seriously considered challenging her again. He could have insulted her or insisted that she should have been the one chained to the bed, on her chest, helpless and waiting for whatever punishment he decided to dish out. But for once, he managed to control his arrogance, and he quickly told her, "I've learned my lesson. Yes, I've learned to be a good girl."

Those words tasted so bad against the tip of his tongue, but he didn't see any other option or possibility. He had to play along with her games.

"Then I want you to get up onto your knees and spread your legs."

"Doggie style?" he said.

The idea of feeling his own cock inside of him again left Bryan feeling humiliated and ashamed, powerless and aggravated, but it could've been worse. He didn't she wanted, bracing his weight on his delicate elbows. He also spread his knees and waited as Kimberly went back to the toy drawer. This time, she came back with some lube.

She squirted some onto her palms, and she rubbed it all over the length of her shaft. Considering that Bryan was already wet and ready, he didn't understand why she felt the compulsion to use the lubricant.

Then he figured it out very quickly when she squirted another glob onto her fingertips. But this time, she pushed those digits along his ass.

"What? No! No! You are not doing that!"

"But you said it felt so good," Kimberly said with a cruel chuckle. "You told me how much you enjoy it, so now I just want know what it's like." His wife sounded so completely reasonable, but Bryan kept blubbering about how she couldn't do this.

She ignored him, coming forward and shoving her cock against his dark hole. At first, he tried to clamp down, to clench up and make sure that she couldn't get any kind of purchase. Only Kimberly knew her

own body. First she spanked him, and then she reached forward and pinched his nipples.

Together, the two stimuli made him relax. He let go for just a moment, and she shoved her way forward, sliding deep inside her. It hurt first, but then Kimberly started to work herself forward and back, gently helping him to relax. In fact, she was a lot more kind and compassionate than he'd ever been.

"There," she said, and he could hear the grin in her voice. "That's nice. That's really nice. I think you make an excellent anal slut, way better than I could have ever done."

Bryan fought hard to disagree, but every movement sent shivers through his body. He couldn't tell they felt good or bad. They were different, alien, like something his body had never been trained to expect.

Of course, they had had anal sex before, but he didn't think it would take like this. He didn't think it would feel good like this either.

Deep down, he felt deeply ashamed. That had to be something cultural or instinctive, something preprogrammed into him. Maybe they were lingering traces of Kimberly's personality. In any case, he couldn't be certain one way or the other.

"You're my slut. You're my silly little bitch, and I get to play with you however I want," Kimberly said, right before she gave his ass another smack.

Almost by some force of nature, Bryan started to move forward and back, working her cock deeper and deeper inside of him. It felt good, and the fullness of her girth almost made him want to orgasm. Considering how Kimberly had already stroked him, he was close to a climax.

Bent over, on his knees and elbows, Bryan felt like nothing but a sex toy. He was a hole for her to use, and some part of him actually enjoyed it! He couldn't explain it. Logically and rationally, he wanted to hate this experience in every possible way, yet at his core, there was some flicker of pleasure.

Just like before, and all those other times where she used debased him, something inside of Bryan enjoyed this.

She started to speed up, pounding him harder and faster. His ass cheek from the stress, but she didn't stop. He could have begged

pleaded. He could've cried out, get that would've only robbed him of his flagging credibility.

Kimberly started to growl and grunt, making her sound a lot like a predator. She had found her prey, and she intended to enjoy her reward. She started to come, shooting her load, and Bryan grimaced. Even so, he started to pant because something inside of him really did take pleasure in this evaluation.

His climax came fast and hard, making his pussy throb and drip down the length of his inner thighs.

At the same time, Kimberly finished, and she pulled out, panting for breath. She gulped down big gulps of air, and she watched as her husband as he fell back down. Kimberly tilted her head to the side, once again thinking that he really did make a very cute little wife. Maybe she would follow Monique's suggestion after all.

Kimberly looked down at her husband, seeing the defeat etched into his features. Whereas she had put up with his treatment for years, Bryan could hardly stand a few hours. Between the costumes and the oral sex and knowing his place, his will was very close to broken.

There was one last thing she wanted to do to him. After that, she would decide whether or not he would earn the privilege of getting his body back. Otherwise, she could keep his body as her own.

Simply put, Bryan had to go to work in her body. He had to learn what it was like to try to be a businesswoman at his office and working with his clientele.

When Bryan first heard that, he laughed. "What? You think this body is going to make it harder for me? Seriously, this is going to be so easy!"

So the next morning, as they were getting ready for work, he found himself in the unenviable position of picking out his outfit for the day. As much as he hated it, he knew that Kimberly would insist he wear panties and stockings.

He found himself a reasonably respectable dress. As he put on his bra, Bryan checked himself out of the mirror. He sighed, wondering how much longer he would have to endure this humiliation. Hopefully it wouldn't go any longer than the end of the day.

Kimberly came back and clicked her tongue, "Bryan, don't tell me you think you're going to dress like that for work."

"What's wrong with this?"

"You look like a nun," Kimberly laughed. "Oh no, honey, you're going to wear something a lot more provocative."

"what, what do you mean?"

Without answering, Kimberly went over to the dresser in the closet. She quickly gathered up a couple of different items of clothing and spread them out on the bed for Ryan to see. Without even putting them on, he knew that this outfit was going to be slutty.

"Bryan, each and every day, you sent me to work, and you tell me to wear something that will get the clients' attention. Well, this will get the clients' attention." She grinned at him, obviously enjoying the irony.

His face turned a shade of pink as he tried to think of some way to convince her not to do this. Yes, he always made sure that she wore revealing clothes to work, but it wasn't fair! That was back when he was just starting out. He needed her to help him make a splash.

"Every single day, I've gone to work, and I know that knowing their respects me. I know that they just think I'm some stupid bimbo," Kimberly said, her tone hardening. Right there, Bryan knew this wasn't going to have a chance. His wife had made up her mind, and he was going to have to live with the consequences one way or another.

Exhaling through his teeth, he went over to the bed and he picked up the top. Technically, it should have been relatively modest as a white blouse, but he slipped it on and it was absurdly tight. It pressed out his breasts, putting his cleavage on full display.

After that, Bryan pulled up the gray skirt. Pleading, it looks like something a schoolgirl might've worn, and it showed off his toned legs. Taken together, he really did look like some little college girl, some virgin in search of a hot cock.

"I'm not wearing this," Bryan insisted.

His wife came up behind him. She wrapped her arms around his torso, binding his arms together. "Yes, you are going to wear this. And there something I didn't mention. When I changed you into a woman, when I switched our bodies, I also gained complete power over you. If I give you command, you won't be able to disobey me."

Kimberly grinned at their reflections, and Bryan felt the color drain from his cheeks. He looked shocked, his mouth dropping open. She did this intentionally, and she knew how to change them back. This wasn't some accident. It was a game for her, one he had to win if he wanted to get his body back.

Only Bryan had no idea how to make that happen.

"Are you going to be my pretty little wife at work? Are you going to support your husband by doing as you're told?"

Embarrassed and ashamed of his weakness, Bryan cleared at his reflection. This case should have been his wife's. He shouldn't have had to go to work and has the pretty blonde girl. He should've been the one making the decisions.

In order to get his power back, he did what she wanted. "Yes, Kimberly, I will be your wife at work today."

"Good, now go get the chastity belt."

"What?" he demanded, shock adding extra volume and potency to that single syllable. "I'm not going to wear that. I don't care what you do or what you say."

Kimberly wrapped her husband's hair and pulled her close, forcing Bryan to look into her eyes. "Yes you are. Go get the chastity belt right now."

Something her voice triggered the magic that had swapped their bodies. Bryan didn't know why she waited so long to use this ability. Maybe she had enjoyed toying with him before. Maybe she simply wanted him to understand the depths of his powerless now.

In any case, Bryan started to move. He did it without even thinking. It was automatic and undeniable. Bryan went back to the drawer with their toys, and he shoved everything aside, going to the very back.

Bryan had forced Kimberly to where the chastity belt several times, and she complained on each occasion. Technically, it looks like nothing so much as a pair of leather panties with several locks. But there was something else, a built-in dildo that could be remote-controlled from an app on his phone.

The same phone that Kimberly her person.

"Get on the bed right now. And take off those panties and stockings."

“Why did you make me put them on in the first place?”

“I thought you’d look cute!” Kimberly said.

Once again, he felt compelled to follow his wife's command. He climbed onto the bed, feel on his back, and he peeled off the unnecessary garments. After that, she took up the chastity belt and pulled it up the length of his legs. She petted him too, teasing him about how he was going to have to learn to shave his legs pretty soon.

Bryan grimaced, hating the way she could torment like this. But then she stopped just before the dildo penetrated his tight little pussy. “You know, I think you probably need a little stimulation. I would hate for this to be uncomfortable.”

Before Bryan could object, she bent down and started to lick at his pussy. This felt so good! He wanted to make her stop, but he couldn't get out the words, not when his entire nervous system had suddenly been kicked into overdrive.

Looking at his clitoris, Kimberly teased her husband, working in the higher and higher. It felt as though his insides turned to molten liquid, and he kept gasping, moaning and whimpering with delight. He never made the sounds before. Sure, he had heard Kimberly make those once or twice, it then never been from his thoughts or his intentions.

The pleasure kept pummeling through him until it all disappeared. He was so close! You've right on the verge of an orgasm, and then Kimberly pulled back. She wiped off her mouth, and she tugged the chastity belt up the rest of the way.

Now that Bryan's pussy was throbbing and hungry for penetration, the dildo had no trouble sliding right into his lips. He struggled immediately, realizing the trap yet fallen into. But Kimberly was ahead of him, and she locked the belt and the place, pulling the key free and tucking it back into her pocket.

Technically, that he was only a few feet away, but it might as well have been on the moon. There was just no way, Bryan would be able to get back from her.

“This is going to be fun,” Kimberly promised just as she pulled his phone from her pocket. “Now if I recall, this is the program to start it up.” Just as she finished her sentence, she tapped the screen, and the vibrator started to pulsate between his legs.

"No, don't—" he started to say, but the waves of pleasure cut him off.

Bryan fell back down, and he twitched, his nipples hard as he tried to reach down for the chastity belt. Unfortunately, the material was too thick and stiff. There was no way he could touch himself to achieve an orgasm.

Like it or not, Bryan had done a very good job when he originally commissioned the creation of this torture device. Yes, it used pleasure as a means of torment, but he was now on the receiving end. He was going to learn exactly how it felt to have his sex be controlled by his partner.

"Get your stockings back on, and then we can go to work," Kimberly said, making it sound like a reward when they both knew that this was going to be punishing for her husband.

It was almost intuitive.

Bryan and Kimberly got out of the car. She, of course, drove. And after Kimberly parked, he fell in line behind her. Somehow, it felt right, almost as though Bryan instinctively understood that his husband should go first.

At the same time, Bryan risked a peek back down at his body. He didn't want to admit it, but the sight of his legs and pretty feet, his tight torso and gorgeous breasts all since little shivers of pleasure running through his body.

No! He couldn't allow himself to enjoy any part of this. He couldn't...

But he did.

After Kimberly kissed him hard on the mouth and gave his ass a little snack, she sent Bryan back to his desk. Fortunately, he already knew all of her assignments, which made sense considering that he was the one who originally handed them out.

He could handle her work, but he spent more time thinking about this.

Most of the morning was spent on paperwork and wondering about Kimberly. He didn't see his wife, though Bryan knew that she was probably dealing with various clients and suppliers. Each time he thought about her conducting his business, Bryan had to grit his teeth

in frustration. The idea that she could take away his life like this burned more than anything else.

Or so he thought.

He was about halfway through one set of paperwork when the vibrator came back to life. It buzzed, and he let out a loud, high-pitched squeal. Everyone in the office glanced up, and he stood there, tightening his legs together as his body instinctively responded. He felt his skin turned hot, and plenty of the guys were smirking at her, probably guessing what she was feeling.

It wasn't fair! He felt their eyes on him, and they were looking at the snow he were nothing but a piece of meat.

They wanted him. They wanted to function. They wanted to hold him down and play with his boots. Every inch of his body, of her body, would be at their mercy and their disposal.

Bryan didn't know how he could guess what they were thinking, yet it seemed so plain and obvious.

On plenty of occasions, Kimberly had gone to her husband and told her about the guys in the office, how they would harass her. Bryan had always laughed it off as a joke, especially because he trusted those guys. Maybe they could be a little rough around the edges, but they knew their business, and that was what counted most of all.

When Bryan went to make some copies, Doug, one of the other real estate agents came over to him. Technically, he just said hi, but he let his eyes wander up and down the length of Bryan's body.

Every lascivious glance made Bryan feel like less than nothing. He wanted to slap Doug, but obviously couldn't do it, not unless he wanted to risk Kimberly's ire. So instead, Bryan walked away, and even then he could feel Doug's eyes on him.

Of course, it got worse when Bryan eventually went out to go work with a client. Wearing his short skirt and tight blouse, Bryan showed up at the house. He showed the potential buyer around, but this man had new interest in talking to Bryan. He wanted to talk to the man, someone he can actually respect.

Granted, the client never said those words exactly, yet his dismissive attitude made it abundantly clear that he would never trust anyone like Kimberly.

The frustration grew worse and worse over the course of the day.

And once everyone else went home, it was just Kimberly and Bryan at the office.

This gave Ryan plenty of time to think about how his wife had been treated all of these years. Really, he should have been more sympathetic. He should've been a better guy to her, and he saw that now.

Exhaling through his pretty lips, he finally got up and walked over to his old office. He found Kimberly at the laptop, typing away e-mail or writing up a new business plan. He couldn't tell one way or the other, but he knocked within small knuckles, waiting for permission to enter.

This time, he would be able to convince her to swap their bodies back. He knew it because this time he wouldn't be lying. He really did intend to make a change around his office. Things would be different from now on. Guys like Doug would be fired, and Kimberly would get the respect she had always deserved.

Kimberly looked up and motioned for him to come inside the office. Bryan took several steps, and he waited to be cited to sit down here and he held his hands over his torso, looking very sweet and very demure.

"Can we talk?" All of the bluster had disappeared from his voice. He didn't sound like the kind of manual click the charge, not anymore. After a day as Kimberly, he knew that she really did work hard, and that she deserved so much more respect than she had been receiving.

"What you have to say?"

Bryan explained it all of it. He apologized to her and said that things are going to be different. He kept talking, going on and on, all while Kimberly simply sat in his office chair and nodded along occasionally. Obviously, she agreed with his new position, but when he stopped, she weaned back in his chair and seemed to consider exactly what to say.

"I'm really happy to hear that you have found new perspective," Kimberly said. But then she ticked up her phone and tapped the screen.

Eyes wide, Bryan shook his head, hoping that he would show her a little bit more mercy, especially after he just promised to change. Everything would've been different, but the vibrator came to life and Kimberly stood up. "Bryan, I really do think you changed, but so have I. You see, I like this. I like being in charge, and I like knowing that you

can't take any decisions. Frankly, I can understand why you were such a jerk. It's pretty tempting."

Kimberly sauntered around the desk and stood over Bryan. "But I'm not going to change it back because I think I know your secret. I think you secretly like this too."

"No!" he said, and Kimberly responded by tapping the screen again. The vibrator sped up a little bit more, robbing him of the breath needed to defend himself. Oh no, Bryan wouldn't be charming his way out of the situation. He wouldn't be allowed to defend himself.

His wife had all the power. Only from now on, she was going to be his husband.

Permanently.

He tried to convince her to change her mind, but Bryan couldn't even get out single word. He kept moaning and writhing, unable to do anything and the device between his legs tormented his clitoris, driving him to new heights of pleasure and desire.

Bryan was especially sensitive considering that his wife had tormented him in the morning, only to send them to work and make him fill out a bunch of documents. He was wound up, ready for a little bit of teasing.

"Before we leave here tonight, you are going to admit it. You're going to tell me that you want to be my wife. And you're going to tell me your name," Kimberly promised.

Unable to speak, Bryan shook his head from side to side, letting his blond bangs found against his forehead. No, he wasn't going to give in. He had to get his body back!

Even as that overwhelming surge of desire beat against his psyche, he could still recognize the little whisper at the far edges of his mind. Would it really be that bad if he stayed the woman? Couldn't he just become Kimberly?

Didn't it feel good to wear the pretty panties and to sashay about with such a cute and lithe body? Didn't some part of him really enjoy the attention?

He didn't have the strength to answer all of those questions. Instead, Bryan stood up, thinking that he could grab the cell phone from his wife's hands.

Instead, Kimberly moved faster, so much or quickly than he could have ever dreamed. She stowed the phone and picked him up again. She held Bryan over her shoulder and carried her back out into the main office. But she didn't stop there. No, she took him back to the conference room.

Bryan kicked his feet forward and back, and he lost his shoes. The cute little flat he had worn since that morning hit the floor, leaving his pretty feet exposed.

Kimberly sent him back down on the conference table. The surface was hard and cold, but Bryan didn't feel either sensation, not as the vibrator continued to drive him wild. Heart pounding, pussy throbbing, he felt so wet, but he could actually orgasm. No, this thing had been perfectly designed. It wouldn't allow for release, not until Kimberly decided he had earned it.

"I'm going to spank you again, and when I'm done, you're going to have the chance to go down on me. Then and only then will I hear you out."

She didn't turn off the vibrator, which only made things worse.

For a moment, Bryan hoped that he would have one defense against her palm. The chastity belt. The thick layers of leather couldn't be cut by simple scissors, so maybe they would be able to absorb some of the force of her palm.

It was a great thought, except for the fact that the chastity belt didn't really care about her ass. It is designed to block off her pussy and to keep her trapped. Bryan tried to push away, but he couldn't escape his wife.

Bigger and stronger, she had no trouble keeping him pinned against the conference table. This felt like an added humiliation, especially because it conducted some of his best deals here. How many times had he gone up against powerful opponents, only to win whatever price he set his eyes on?

But this time? This time, he was the prize. Kimberly wanted him for her own. She wanted him to be subordinate in their relationship, the cute little girl who would do whatever her loving but domineering husband demanded.

No, no he couldn't let it come to that. He had to hold out. He had to show her that he was the stronger person, the better man.

But that was the entire point, wasn't it? Kimberly wanted him to acknowledge his femininity. She wanted him to surrender his manhood and accept the panties, the skirts, everything that meant being a woman in a chauvinist's office.

Kimberly spanked him, jumping her palm from one of his pert butt cheeks to the other. After last night, maybe he should have developed some kind of endurance. Perhaps he should've been able to take it, yet he felt even weaker now. The stinging ran through his skin, making his eyes water all over again.

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

"There's my good little wife, squirming and struggling. How many times did you have in this exact same position? Only you never showed any sign of mercy. As far as you're concerned, you had every right to spank me, to put in my place."

Bryan opened his mouth, hoping to defend himself. He didn't get the chance, not when her palms came down again, cutting off anything he might have tried to say.

SMACK!

SMACK!

"But I can see it in your eyes. You like this. Tell me you don't, and you'll be lying. You want to be like a little girl. You want to be my happy little life in your cute little apron. You want to know that you have a place in the kitchen, that you have a loving husband to serve." Kimberly laughed a little bit, "And service."

He tried to deny it. Even as she spoke about in what was once his voice, Bryan couldn't ignore the little flush of pleasure that seem to run through the bottom of his stomach. Yes, some part of him did like the idea of becoming the woman, of permanently accepting his place as Kimberly's chattel.

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

Bryan endured those four spankings, and his but practically glowed from the hot pain surging through his sensitive flesh. Even so, he forced

his voice to work again, "I don't like this. I don't want to belong to you."

"Really?" Kimberly wanted to know. She did sound genuinely surprised, though he could also hear that little note of mockery in her voice. "Because I'm pretty sure that if I check right now, you are going to be very damp right down here."

Kimberly slid her hand down between his legs, and she found the little droplets of excitement that had managed to smear free from the chastity belt. "Oh yes, you're definitely very excited right now."

His wife wiped away some of the excitement and pulled her hand free. She grabbed Bryan's head by his long flowing, blonde hair. "Oh my, I seem to have gotten my fingertips all wet. Suck them for me."

Staring down at her glistening digits, Bryan refused to do it. He gritted his teeth, but she yanked on his hair, making him yelp. "Do it right now," she commanded, and the magic that had first changed their bodies kicked in again.

He opened his mouth, and he started to suck on her fingers. He could taste the excitement, and he recognized the flavor from those rare instances when he had gone down on her.

He kept sucking, cleaning her off the way she commanded. But then Kimberly pulled her fingers away, and she wiped his spittle off on his blouse.

"You can admit the truth," Kimberly told him. At this point, she sounded almost sympathetic, almost kind. "You can tell me about how some part of you is tired of being the man. I'm sure it's a lot of pressure, but I've always been a little bit stronger than you. Isn't that why you've always insisted on putting me through my paces?"

Pursing his lips, Bryan didn't respond. He didn't know what could possibly say.

Deep down, he really wanted to disagree with her, except something about her words seemed compelling. Perhaps it was the magic. Maybe she was berating his personality, changing him into an entirely different person, yet he had no way of knowing.

It is also very possible that he did want to be the wife. Maybe. Possibly.

In any case, he wasn't going to admit it, which was fine with Kimberly. After all, she enjoyed spanking him. She enjoyed making sure

that he truly understood what it meant to be the hot arm candy at the office.

She crashed her hand down against his bare bottom again and again, smacking him until he was practically crying. Of course, a strong individual like Bryan would never surrender entirely, yet she could enjoy the way he whimpered and yelped and squirmed on the conference table.

He didn't want to surrender, yet he didn't see any other choice. With every smack of her hand, he could feel his resolve starting to crack and break. How much more could he take? How much more could he endure before he had to yield to the truth?

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

"Are you ready to go down on me?"

Bryan nodded, and a vibrator kept teasing his clitoris, making him desperate for an orgasm even through the storm of pain. Yes, the ache in his buttocks started to fade, yet that only made his desire more and hence.

Kimberly stepped back and lowered her fly. She pulled out her already erect cock, and Bryan managed to climb back up onto his feet. He was only in that dignified edition for a few more seconds, because Kimberly placed her hands on his shoulders and nudged him back down onto his knees. His skirt fell back around his thighs, and the vibrator kept teasing him, making him wet and horny and eager.

"Suck me like a good little slut, and I will let you have your orgasm."

Bryan licked his lips and he went to work, wrapping his mouth around her cock. As a heterosexual man, he never imagined himself in the position, but he had no choice. Kimberly emphasized his powerlessness by running her fingers through his hair one more time, making it abundantly clear that if he tried to stop or slow down, she would punish them. She would make his pretty scalp hurt.

Like good little wife, Bryan sucked on her. He tightened his lips around her cock, aching feel so good for Kimberly. Oh yes, she really did enjoy talking him in the face. This was a marriage at its finest, she thought. She had her place, and he had his. She could do on him and

dominate him, and when he finished servicing his wife, he would be ready.

After all, Kimberly may have had a male body, yet she still had a woman's intuition. She knew how to read her husband, even when he wore the face of the pretty girl.

Kimberly let him continue to go down for a minute, two minutes, then three and four and five. It felt so good, and she didn't want him to stop, but she was getting close to coming.

Finally, she pushed him back, and Bryan had to acknowledge the taste on his tongue. It was pre-come.

"I know you're not quite ready yet, but I wanted to get back up on the table like a good little wife."

This time, Bryan didn't argue. He was almost broken, almost completely tamed. No, not just tamed, Kimberly thought with a little smirk as she watched her husband scampered back up onto the table. He was almost *fixed*.

Kimberly reached into her pocket and pulled out the key to his chastity belt. She tossed it across the conference table, and it clattered along the faux wood.

"Go get it," Kimberly ordered. "But remember to bring it back to me in your mouth." Really, this was just one more test, just one more way for Kimberly to make sure that her husband had learned how to behave.

He exhaled through his teeth again, letting out a frustrated sigh, but that didn't stop Bryan from bowing his head down and crawling across the conference table. Then he didn't even try to use his hands. He dipped his head low, and he picked up the key in his mouth. It probably didn't taste very good, but considering the flavors already along his tongue, Kimberly didn't really care.

She watched as her husband crawled back and dropped the key into her outstretched hand. Only then did Kimberly tell him to lay back.

"You're going to fuck me again, aren't you?" Bryan asked with his female voice.

Kimberly smiled at him, and she stroked his cheek with her knuckles. "Yes, honey, I'm going to take you as a man takes his woman. And then, I really do think it would be ready to tell me the truth."

He wanted to contradict her. Bryan wanted to argue with her so badly, yet something kept him from trying to fight her. He couldn't name it, not yet.

"I'm going to take you, and you're going to enjoy it. I dare you to try to lie to me when you feel me inside of you," she said, but Kimberly didn't sound harsh. If anything, she simply sounded like someone who understood his desires better than he ever could.

She had spanked him, she had degraded him, she had tied him down and played with his body. Nothing was beyond her power, and Bryan knew that she wasn't going to give this up. He had lost his right to be a man because he treated her badly.

Kimberly unlocked his chastity belt and pulled it down his legs. Then she set it aside and turned it off, but Bryan didn't dare touch himself. He knew that his body belonged to her. She got up on the conference table too, and she was going to take him from behind.

Bracing himself, Bryan waited for the inevitable penetration.

He didn't have to wait long.

A rush of sensation, both pleasurable and humiliating, washed over him as she plunged her cock down into his crevice. She filled him up, making his skin stretch just a tiny bit, just enough to accommodate her girth.

It felt good. It felt so incredibly good, and Bryan didn't know what to say. He didn't know how to insist, even silently to himself, that this wasn't right. It was. It was so incredibly right.

Kimberly pressed forward, pushing her thighs up against his ass. At the same time, the balls swung back and forth, but she didn't mind. If anything, the rhythmic sway reminded her of what power she now had. This was her mate, her little wife, her chattel. She was going to savor every second she had with him.

"Tell me what you want," Kimberly demanded. "Tell me right now!"

Bryan didn't feel the tug of magic when he started to speak again. As the pleasure pounded through his skin, he felt his breasts swing back and forth. "I want this," he gasped. He dipped his head low, bracing his four head against the table, hoping that she would demand anything else.

Nope. He couldn't get off so easily.

"Tell me you want to be my little wife. Tell me you want to be my little bitch. Tell me that you belong to me. Tell me!"

She pushed for, thrusting deep inside of him, and he gasped, letting his breasts sway and giggled beneath him. It felt so good, so incredibly hot. He was going to come, and a first orgasm rippled through him, yet it wasn't enough. His body wanted and craved so much more.

Fortunately for him, Kimberly intended to make him take so much more. She was going to pump him and plow him, penetrating and in the most visceral way possible. Yes, he may have once been a man, but now he was the girl, the pet and the plaything. He was the wife, practically a house slave.

"Tell me you want this. Tell me you don't ever want to go back to your body," Kimberly commanded, but really, all she wanted from him was the truth.

Bryan couldn't deny any longer. Like it or not, he found his mouth moving, panting through every word. "Yes!" he cried out. "Yes! Yes, I want to be the girl! Don't put me back in my body. Please, I want to be like this forever and ever!"

Right then, she started to orgasm, her cock shuttering as his pussy tightened around her member. She kept pounding him, wanting her cock deep inside of him, and he loved it. He loved feeling the pressure from her body as she released her load.

Panting and sweating, Bryan took it. He took everything his wife had for him.

"Say it again," she commanded.

"I want to be your wife. I want to be the girl in our relationship," he said, yet Bryan couldn't be certain whether or not every single word made it out on the air. It felt like he was panting, gasping for breath even as his body lit up, every nerve of life and singing with pleasure.

She kept at it, coming hard as another orgasm rushed through Bryan's body. He clutched his eyes shut, and he kept saying it, over and over again. "I want to belong to you. Please, make your wife. Please, let me be the girl, let me serve you. I want you to own me," he told her, meaning every single word.

And when she finally pulled out, her load spent, Kimberly looked down at his wife.

They had traded roles, they had traded bodies, and now it was permanent.

No one else around the office ever knew that anything was different. Okay, so maybe a few of the female employees noticed that Bryan became a lot less tolerant of their chauvinist colleagues. Any time someone made a sexist comment or behaved inappropriately, they were rarely punished, if not outright fired.

At the same time, Kimberly seemed to become much more docile. She wore whatever her husband wanted, and she also seemed especially eager to serve. Oftentimes, the husband and his wife would lock himself in his office, and everyone in the office could guess what was going on in there.

But really, the biggest difference was that they both seemed so much happier. It was like they had finally been able to accept their lives and their roles. Maybe Kimberly needed to be spanked every once in a while. Maybe her husband deserved blow jobs whenever he wanted.

The End