

Mini-Story: #Girlboss

By FoxFaceStories

A man takes a new job at a new city, but he's struggling to keep up. His manager refers him to a career coach that transforms him into a real girlboss.

#Girlboss

Arthur Sidney had always struggled with confidence. In love, in friendship, and most of all, in work. His inability to be determined and forthright in the latter didn't serve him too well, given that he worked in the corporate hellscape that was Bronson-Forsythe Enterprises. It was a huge company with offices all around the globe, and it had its fingers in everything, from electronics to clothing manufacturing to novelty toys for parties. It was an empire of commerce, and he was the little bug at the bottom of it, caught under the foot of managers that asked too much and gave too little . . . especially when it came to paychecks.

But it made sense, didn't it? Arthur was just a grunt. An office worker. A salaryman. Someone to work in a personality-less cubicle until he reached the grand old age of sixty and died of a heart attack five years out from his pension. The kind that everyone looked over, and just lived his days making calls to customers who didn't appreciate him, and filing TPS reports to managers who didn't even know what they were, or why they weren't even necessary. But oh my, they could be counted on to *always* check that they'd come. By God, they could.

And yet, Arthur had dreams. He wanted to be a manager. He had always *yearned* to be a corporate higher-up, even when he was a kid. Wearing a powerful suit, making commands, and having a hot secretary to show the world that he was a big man. Despite his nebbish appearance, with his short height, lithe frame, curly black hair and overly-long nose, he still held a fascination with one day being a top dog who intimidated others at the negotiating table. He just wished that such a dream was even tenable.

Which was why he responded to a random ad he found one day. It was in a mess of junk mail, and he nearly discarded it completely, until he happened to catch what it said.

Are you feeling like you're always being walked on? Come talk to Coach Colton to level up and become a real boss of yourself, and others! Find your inner essence with this career coach!

He was sceptical, but desperate. The news was that with yet another acquisition of a smaller company, Bronson-Forsythe would be laying off the 'fat' on both sides. It could well be his head on the chopping block in a few weeks. He needed to make a difference.

So he made the call.

Coach Colton was an odd duck. He was a huge, roided up kind of alpha male who shouted half his words and sneered the rest. After several days of back and forth, of long speeches about what it meant to be a boss, tips and tricks on how to dress, how to act, how to square your shoulders and so forth, Coach Colton was clearly a little weary.

"Looks like I've got a lot to work with, and a lot of work to do!" he said as he inspected Arthur. "Looks like I've got to really draw down deep for your essence, mate. In that case, there might be . . . other changes."

"Other changes?" Arthur asked.

The man shrugged. "In these cases, I can draw on an old tool I found a long time ago. It put me on a good path, and it has the power to give you the energy a true boss's boss needs. But I warn you, it can be tricky. A bit random. You may find yourself a different kind of boss than expected. I certainly did."

But Arthur had to become more confident, more powerful, and climb that corporate ladder before it was pulled up ahead of him. So he insisted. Coach Colton retrieved what appeared to be one of those dial spinners, the kind that face vertical to you, and when you spin them the arrow lands on a particular part of the circle with a separate colour and description. They read rather interestingly.

Macho Man

Techno Wiz

CEO TYPE

#GirlBoss

Suit King

Ladder Climber

Model Employee

"It's risky, but you can spin it, if you wish. Whatever happens, can't be reversed."

"It - it changes you?"

He shrugged. "Believe me or not kid, I used to be a willowy little thing. A total girl, literally. Now look at me. Take a spin if you think I'm lying."

Arthur didn't know what to believe, but he knew he had to try. He summoned the only daring he'd ever had, and spun the wheel. Round and round it ticked, and the two watched with fascination as it spun so, so, so very close to *CEO TYPE*.

Only to click over to *#GirlBoss*.

"What does that mean?" Arthur asked.

Colton began lighting a cigarette. "It means, you better be ready for a very different kind of life in the company than you expected."

Before he could ask what that meant, the spinner flashed, and its hypnotic pattern seemed to draw Arthur into it. His body tensed and changed and pulled and altered. Before his very eyes, his waist pulled in. He gasped, freaking out as his height increased to a solid six feet, even as his body hair fell away and his thighs thickened slightly. His legs became shapely, his arms slender yet somehow more fit than they'd ever been. His wiry frame gained some curves, though not in areas he expected: he developed a real nice peachy ass which pushed back against his also-changing clothing. More than that, his hips spread, becoming a wide set that would attract any man's attention.

"Holy shit!" he cried, in a voice that now had a sexy female husk to it, "I'm becoming a woman!"

"That you are. A real girl boss type. Hope it works out!"

Colton began packing up even as Arthur freaked out at his changes. His chest expanded, growing and growing until he had an impressive set of double-Ds, or perhaps even E-cups, on his chest. Either way, they were full and ripe and round, and pushed against his top perfectly. It had changed to a professional white woman's office shirt, just as his clothing had become a tight suit that confirmed well to his female figure.

"Ohhhhhh . . . why d-does it f-feel so right!?"

"Because you're getting more confident," Colton said, packing the last bag of his. "You're going to be like this for good now, but at least you'll have confidence. I'll get out of your hair - make sure to send me that last payment!"

Arthur could barely respond, overwhelmed by the pleasure of his changes. His face transformed, becoming sharper, defined, with prominent cheekbones and a slightly pointed nose that only lent him further authority. Tall black heels manifested beneath his newly slender feet, and his hair lost its frizz, becoming a smart black bob that wouldn't be out of place on a sixties pop culture spy girl. His groin became to tug, and before he could even grab hold and plead for his manhood to remain, it slipped up inside him.

“OOHHHHHH G-GOD! AAAAHHHH - YESSSSS!!!”

She was now a woman, a tight pussy forming where once a meagre manhood had been. He, now *she*, gasped at the sensations of the incredible orgasm. But she had little time to take them in, because following that a series of mental changes occurred. The new woman felt a wave of confidence flow through her, a determination in her gut to succeed, a lack of fear in confronting others on their work ethic, and an almost superhuman skill at figuring out social interaction and delving through office politics. It was like a revelation from the gods, and when it was over, and she had finished panting, she stood to her full height, feeling like a god herself.

No, a goddess.

“I’m going to succeed,” she said.

Colton had already left, but the words weren’t meant for him.

“Harry, that report is late, have it on my desk by Friday.”

“Yes, Miss Silvie.”

“And tell Genevieve that she needs to shape up when it comes to the office romance. I don’t care that it’s happening, it just needs to be subtle, okay?”

“Will do, Miss Silvie.”

Silvie smiled. It had been a year since she changed, and now she truly was a girlboss, just as the chart had made her. She was tall, she was powerful, she was strident. And with her height and devastating looks, she was a hot mix of attractive and intimidating, sexy and charming with a dash of domineering. And goodness knows, a lot of men (and some women) liked that domineering. Liked it a lot. They liked it enough to promote her already to the head of the branch, and now her word was law at the city’s office. She had higher ambitions, of course, and she’d achieve them. She had confidence.

Just like she had confidence in the prowess of Harry, the one she was issuing orders to. He was a tall drink of water - not as tall as her, of course - and didn’t just have stamina when it came to corporate work ethic either.

“Julie,” she said to her secretary as they approached. “You take five. No, ten. Pick up the copies of the latest financial statements on the third floor while you’re at it. I’d like to peruse them this afternoon.”

“Yes Miss Silvie,” she said, grabbing her materials and moving promptly, a knowing look in her eye.

Silvie liked Julie. She was competent, she was quick, she was smart. And she was discrete, and knew what was up.

“This way, Harry,” Silvie said, directing the man into her office. It was large, spacious, bigger than most high-living bedrooms, and even had its own maintained fish tank. It also had a spacious desk.

“Close the door,” she said.

He did so in practised fashion, a hopeful look on his face. Silvie was already undoing the buttons on her top, revealing an impressive crevice of curved cleavage, and sitting her fine ass upon her desk. She spread her legs suggestively, and leaned forward enough so that Harry’s eyes were nowhere near her own.

“We’ve got five minutes for your performance review,” she said in her husky, domineering tone. “Make sure to please your boss.”

His dick strained in his pants, and she couldn’t wait to be the one fucking it. She did the fucking after all. She was the boss.

And with her leadership skills, the former male turned girlboss hadn’t been given reason to worry about a bad ‘performance review’ yet.

The End