



OFFICE JOB

GENDER SWAP

FEMINIZATION TRANSFORMATION

GAL HORNE

Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Copyright](#)

[Teaser](#)

[CHAPTER ONE](#)

[CHAPTER TWO](#)

[CHAPTER THREE](#)

[CHAPTER FOUR](#)

[CHAPTER FIVE](#)

[CHAPTER SIX](#)

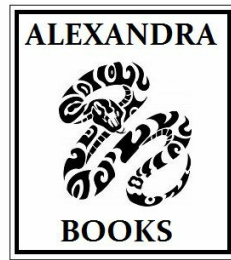
[CHAPTER SEVEN](#)

[MORE FROM GAL HORNE](#)

OFFICE JOB GENDER SWAP

Gal Horne

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TEASER

‘You look absolutely *gorgeous!*’ she exclaimed, taking her sexy little glasses off and looking me up and down. ‘And it’s really only been two days?’

I nodded.

‘And you’ve obviously had no cosmetic surgery, have you?’

I shook my head. How could she even think I would have had time to get surgery?

‘Oh Mr. Pherone is going to be so excited to see you. So very excited. I don’t think you’re going to have as much time to wait today, that’s for sure. I’m going to need to take a brand new picture of you today, don’t you think?’

I hadn’t even thought about that. If I had been asked for ID anywhere, I’d have been totally fucked!

I posed as best as I could, trying to keep a fairly neutral face, but to be honest, I was finding it hard not to smile the whole time. I felt so good in myself, like I was lighter, more nimble, and still as though all my senses were working on overdrive.

Lisa picked up the phone.

‘Mr. Pherone, Sean is here to see you,’ she said. I heard an excited voice from the other end. ‘Of course,’ she replied. She put the phone down and smiled at me. ‘He said he’s going to drop everything and that you should head straight through. Here’s your guest pass.’ She handed me a lanyard. I found it hard to believe that the beautiful face printed on the card was mine. I had mysterious, dusky eyes, glossy, dark hair, and soft, ruby lips.

That was the first time I had a very dangerous thought.

I want to stay like this forever.

CHAPTER ONE

Ever since I arrived at the AmCorp headquarters, I'd felt on edge. It wasn't just that this was the first job interview I'd had in six months. It wasn't just that I was getting to the very bottom of my savings, and I needed this job more than pretty much anything I'd ever needed.

Heck, it wasn't even just that I suffered from anxiety as a matter of course.

No. The thing is, this was AmCorp, the world's biggest biotechnology firm, the company I'd dreamed of working for ever since I'd finished college. This was my dream job, and I had a history of fucking up job interviews so long that it made *War And Peace* look like a shopping list.

There was a shroud of mystery surrounding AmCorp. The company had been started by Leo Pherone, a genius billionaire who made his fortune backing a couple big start-ups in the early days of the Internet. No one really knew much about Leo's past, about how he'd gotten the initial bundle of money which allowed him to invest in those start-ups to begin with. There was talk of criminality, of illegal biotech tests and dangerous procedures.

No one outside the company ever really knew what projects were being worked on until they were released. The NDAs they had set up were some of the most brutal in the business. But the products they released, when they finally were done were just incredible. Prosthetic limbs, cures and treatments for deadly diseases, even a rudimentary way to integrate electrical components into a body.

AmCorp was the bleeding edge of scientific progress. I'd always wanted to live at the forefront of human thought, and this was my big chance.

Leo had set up AmCorp with a different philosophy to other big tech companies. There was no hierarchy as such, which meant that the only person with any authority over anyone else was Leo himself. This had led to a creative, open work environment, where projects and the teams working on them were fluid and democratic.

This meant that even for someone like me, joining at a junior and unskilled level, the promotion prospects were very real, if I put in the time and had some good ideas.

OK, I realize that maybe I'm a bit more excited about 'company structure' and 'hierarchical norms' than maybe most people are. I guess I'm a bit of a geek about stuff like that.

The long and the short of it is that AmCorp was a cool, relaxed and inspiring place to work. Or so I'd heard.

To be honest though, right now I'd have taken a job as a street sweeper.

At least that option's still available to you if you fuck this up, I thought to myself, wryly.

The lobby was all glass and brushed steel, with the bright blue, red and green of the AmCorp logo liberally highlighting the important features of the space. There was a huge screen behind reception, displaying some of the products that AmCorp had brought to market. A young girl smiled on the screen, then brought up a prosthetic limb to the camera, giving a warm thumbs-up with her fibre-glass digits.

The woman behind the counter looked up from her screen.

'Good morning, welcome to AmCorp. I'm Lisa, how can I help you today?'

I hadn't really noticed until she'd looked up at me, but this lady was a *total fox*. Her eyes were dark and smoky, hiding slightly behind the fashionable lenses of her glasses. Underneath the rims was a cute nose, and a pair of some of the most luscious, pouty reds lips I'd ever seen.

Even lower than that, I even caught a glimpse of her beautifully round chest, peeping out from a low-cut blouse, with the buttons undone quite a long way down. Her breasts were large and tanned. I wondered for a moment just how far that tan went, and then I did what I always did when I was faced with a good looking woman. I froze.

'Um..' I said. When I froze like this I sometimes felt as though I'd forgotten my own name. That's what was happening now. OK, maybe it wasn't that I'd forgotten my name, more so that I forgot I was meant to say it!

Finally, after what seemed like a full year, I managed to get some words out.

'Sorry. Yes. I'm Sean Barrat. I'm here for an interview. At ten thirty.'

'Ah yes, Mr. Barrat. We've been expecting you.' She didn't even bat an

eyelid at my awkwardness, which I thought was very kind.

‘Would you mind just holding still a moment while I take your photograph for a guest pass?’

‘Of course not,’ I said, waiting for her to grab a camera.

‘All done,’ she chimed, cheerfully.’

Huh? How had she managed to take a photo without a camera? I checked the rim of the computer, too, and there was nothing to be seen. She must have picked up on the fact that I was confused, because a smile spread across her ruby lips.

She brought a finger up to the frame of her glasses.

‘We have cameras built into our smart glasses,’ she said, ‘makes it a touch easier to act quickly. Also, they look pretty good. Don’t you agree?’

‘Yeah, they look great,’ I said.

‘Can I get you a hot drink, while you wait?’

I didn’t think that I was going to have to wait for too long, and I wanted to make sure I didn’t need the bathroom halfway through the interview or anything.

‘I’m fine thank you.’

‘Are you sure? Mr. Pherone is running a little late, I’m afraid, so you’re going to have a twenty minute wait or so.’

Mr. Pherone? Holy fucking shit. I was gonna be interviewed by the CEO of the company? By Leo Pherone himself? It felt like my heart-rate doubled. I could feel it thumping away in my chest, like it was trying to break through my ribcage.

‘I didn’t know he’d be the one interviewing me,’ I said, my nerves getting the better of me.

‘Oh yes,’ she replied, ‘he interviews everyone. I remember the day of my interview.’ She licked her top lip. ‘In fact, it’s one of the most vivid memories of my life. He’s a great man, Mr. Pherone.’

She must have been able to tell just how nervous I was getting, because she next she tried to reassure me. ‘But he’s super-nice. You’ll see!’

‘OK then,’ I said, ‘I guess I’ll take that coffee.’

‘Very good,’ she said, and then she pressed a little button on her desk.

‘Camilla, could you bring some coffees to reception?’

She clicked her mouse and I heard the whirring and clunking of a printer somewhere under her desk.

‘I’ll just hand you your guest pass. She reached down and grabbed the pass

before having a quick look at it. A smile played across her lips briefly, then she reached up toward me with her hand outstretched. It didn't take me long to see why she was smiling.

It was completely obvious, from the direction of my stare in the picture, that I'd been looking straight down at her chest. I'd been caught red-handed. Or red-eyed, I guess.

'I'm sorry,' I started, but before I had a chance to finish my sentence, she caught me off.

'I don't know what you mean.' She had a cheeky smile on her face. It was kind of her to try to spare my embarrassment.

Tail between my legs, I went and took a seat on the plush couches they had set up in the waiting area. Instead of newspapers or magazines, there was a selection of tablets, all connected to the wifi of the business. I grabbed one and quickly googled Leo Pherone, trying my best to learn everything I could about the enigmatic CEO. Unfortunately, it was nothing I hadn't read or heard before, but it couldn't have done any harm to jog my memory, I suppose.

I didn't have long to wait. Camilla turned out to be another absolute bombshell of a woman, tall and pneumatic, with her own pair of smart glasses behind which her bright blue eyes sparkled like tiny oceans.

'Your coffee, sir,' she said, leaning in towards me.

'Thank you,' I replied.

'Are you here for the clinical trial of the new serum?' she said.

My pulse started to race. She hadn't exactly given away any industry secrets, but I felt a thrill, as though I'd almost been let into a private world, one which I was desperate to experience.

'No,' I said, 'just here for an interview.'

She looked worried for a moment.

'Don't worry, though,' I continued, 'my lips are sealed.'

As I drank my coffee, I did what I always did before interviews. I ran over all the possible hypothetical questions I could think of. I ran through my resumé in my mind, probing it for weaknesses and inconsistencies. I tried to think of intelligent sounding questions I could put to to my interviewer.

But I had no-one of knowing that no matter what I ran through in my head, there was no way I could prepare myself for what was about to happen to me.

CHAPTER TWO

My name was finally called over the loudspeaker. The wait was longer than twenty minutes - in fact it was more like half an hour. That didn't help my state of mind much, to be honest. Yet another gorgeous woman came through the elevator doors at the end of the reception area. I started to wonder if there were any men at all who worked here.

'Mr. Barrat?'

I nodded. She motioned towards the way up.

'Follow me, please,' she said.

We walked together through the immaculately clean and futuristic-seeming corridors of AmCorp. I saw some amazing spaces as we progressed through the building: airy chambers in which smiling people worked in pods on bean-bags, recreational rooms full of ping-pong tables and antique arcade machines, even a swimming pool in which fit young people swam lengths to the sound of a pounding disco beat.

'The workplace is truly holistic,' said my guide, whose name was Tracie, 'and we truly believe that the best way to foster teamwork and real creativity is to provide a stimulating environment for all of our staff members. There are other areas which offer a more traditional office-like work culture, too, if you're that way inclined.'

It was all just so perfect, just like I imagined.

I mean, sure, I hadn't pictured this place staffed entirely by incredibly good-looking women, but I guess that was just an unexpected perk of the job.

'Right, here's the interview room. Mr. Pherone will be with you very shortly. Good luck, and maybe we'll see each other again at some time in the future!'

She opened the door ahead of me, and I made my way inside.

The room was typical enough, furnished with a large, dark-wood desk and two large, executive chairs. I chose the one nearest me and sat down.

Within a minute, the door to the room swung open.

‘Very good, very good,’ said a deep, intelligent-sounding voice, the first male voice I’d heard all day, beside my own.

I turned to look behind me. It was Pherone. I recognized him from countless images and news stories from the past few years, but in real life, he looked slightly different. I’d never met a celebrity before, and I was surprised by how exciting it was to see him in real life. None of the pictures I’d ever seen quite prepared me for just how striking he looked.

The first thing that struck me was just how clear his eyes were, and how much they sparkled. His lashes were long and thick, and it made his big, expressive eyes stand out even more than they otherwise would have done. He had thick, but short black hair, with a streak of white running from the left hand side of his forehead all the way round the side of his head. I wondered whether he dyed his hair, or whether the unusual coloration was the result of some strange quirk of genetics. He had a very strong jaw, it was so pronounced that it looked almost like it was actually sharp. His cheekbones were high and pronounced. He looked almost, I don’t know, noble or something.

Then, I noticed the thing that Leo Pherone was most famous for, physically at least. It was right there in his left eye, a slim, jagged rip in his cornea, a strip of black in the middle of a sea of blue. Apparently, it was a side-effect from an injury in his childhood. All I knew is that it made him look extremely striking.

‘It’s fantastic to finally meet you, Sean,’ he said, holding his hand out toward me.

I rose to meet him, taking hold of his hand in mine. He gripped me suddenly, and pumped my hand up and down. Damn, this guy was strong. I mean, it’s not like I was a super-beefcake or anything. I’d never really shown any interest in sports and I definitely wasn’t a gym-bunny. But his grip was like a vice round my hand.

‘You too, sir,’ I managed to speak without stuttering, which given my present mental state was pretty darn impressive.

He gave me a funny look.

‘You most certainly don’t need to call me sir,’ said Mr. Pherone. ‘Unless you want me to call you madam.’

I didn’t really get what he meant at all, but I just did what I normally did when I was nervous. I laughed.

‘Well, thank you very much for coming along today. It’s always exciting to meet someone as well qualified as you. It’s thrilling to think that you might be able to add quite a bit to our little family here, isn’t it.’

I nodded as he took a seat.

‘A quick question,’ he said, ‘how did you decide where to sit?’

‘Hmm, now that he mentioned it, I didn’t really know. I’d looked around the room and hadn’t seen any particular difference between the chairs.’

‘I honestly don’t really know,’ I said.

‘Just operating on instinct, I suppose?’

‘Yes, I’d say so.’

‘Excellent,’ he said. ‘I think good instincts are one of the main things we look for here at AmCorp. Now, let’s have a look through your resumé...’

We spoke about my experience for around twenty minutes or so. I was surprised by how much time he spent going over work I’d done that had nothing at all to do with biotech. Like, how much could you tell about me from how the work I’d done in the various bars and cafés I’d worked at over the past few years?

He was impressed by my degree, which I was pleased with. I’d stayed on to do a Master’s degree in experimental biotechnology, something that had cost me quite a lot of time and money, and it was great to think that maybe, just maybe I’d finally have the chance to use some of that knowledge.

I was starting to relax a little. Leo had a charming manner to him, and he was doing everything he could to make me feel at ease. Eventually, we got on to the topic of my most recent, longest stretch of unemployment.

‘So what’s the reason for it?’ he asked, looked at me with those piercing, unusual eyes.

‘Well,’ I said, ‘the thing is, as you can see from my resumé, I’d been taking whatever jobs I could, just to get by. But I soon realized that these little jobs weren’t doing anything for me at all. Sure I was earning a small amount of money, but I was miserable. So I decided that I was only going to apply for jobs that I actually wanted. I didn’t want to work in any more bars. I didn’t want to work in retail. So I decided that I was going to concentrate on things I really wanted. Turns out, there’s not much work in those areas. Jobs at good companies are super-rare. In fact, this is the first interview I’ve been to in six months.’

His eyes lit up.

‘Six months? That’s an awfully long time, isn’t it?’

I nodded.

‘It is. My savings are running low.’

‘I’ll bet they are. I suppose you must be pretty desperate for work now.’

‘You certainly could say that,’ I said. Was it a good tactic to admit that I was desperate for work, any work, and that I’d take what I was given?

‘Excellent, excellent,’ he said, steepling his fingers together. ‘You know Mr. Barrat, you’ve made a very good impression on me. And I think that we may even have a position at AmCorp for someone like you. The one thing I don’t quite remain convinced on though, is your commitment.’

My commitment? How on earth was I supposed to demonstrate that?

‘OK,’ I said, waiting to hear more.

‘I’m going to ask you to do something for us, Sean. It’s something that we ask of every potential new starter. If you’re happy to agree with what I’m about to ask, you can have a job. No questions asked, you start next Monday. If you refuse my request, I’m afraid that we can’t offer you a position. Under any circumstances. You see, our corporate culture here is very, very important to us. We want to make sure that everyone who works here is on exactly the same page.’

I wondered what it was he was going to ask. I felt pretty sure that I was going to agree to almost anything. What on earth could it be? And how could it be something that would demonstrate my commitment and loyalty.

‘Before I go any further, I just need you to sign a tiny little NDA, if you don’t mind.’

He opened a drawer on his side of the desk I hadn’t noticed before. I looked down to my side of the desk. There was no drawer. Had I gone round the other side, and picked the other seat, I would have seen the drawer. Hmm.

He pulled out a thick pad of paper, and a pen, before pushing it across the polished desk to me.

‘You can read it if you like, take as long as you want. But I’ll give you the short version: you promise that if you don’t agree to undertaking what we’re about to discuss that I’ll never tell anyone in the world about it.’

Then he crossed his arms, and waited.

I wondered what the best thing to do was. Surely a really confident, business-minded person would take the time to read through the contract in full, wouldn’t they?

But the truth was, I felt pretty sure that nothing better would happen if I just signed it. I mean, I was only agreeing to not sure this information, right?

So I grabbed the pen. It was heavier than I thought it was going to be, and there was a small golden logo printed on its body. Everything here just screamed quality and money. This was one cash-rich company.

I unscrewed the lid and scrawled my signature across the piece of paper.

‘Excellent,’ he said, clapping his hands together. He took the contract back from me and put it back into the drawer by his knees. ‘Now,’ he said, ‘I suppose I better let you in on our big project. I always get so excited to share the details. It really is the future of biotech, and we feel privileged to be working on it here at AmCorp.’

‘A few years ago, while I was just beginning work on some of the prosthetic limb stuff that’s getting close to manufacture now, I stumbled across something that is going to become, if I’m not totally mistaken, the single most important leap forward in human science since the splitting of the atom. I was looking at ways to control prosthetic items aside from just direct muscle driving. We were trying everything we could. In the end, I started looking into hormones.’

‘The body’s chemical messaging system,’ I said, without thinking.

‘That’s right,’ he said, looking straight in my eyes, ‘impossibly fast and efficient, hormones are one of the best ways the body regulates itself, and instigates physiological change.’

‘So what did you come up with? A way to control prosthetic limbs using biochemical markers?’

He laughed.

‘No. It was a complete failure. A flop. But like so many of the most interesting moments in the history of mankind, out of failure was born incredible possibility.’

He reached into his jacket pocket.

‘Sean, I want you to trust me. You are going to take this pill, and then you’re going to go home. In a day or two, you are going to start noticing some changes in your body. Then, next Monday, you’re going to come into work and report to me. Then, we’ll run some tests and give you something to counteract the changes. If you want us to. Then, your job really starts.’

As he talked, I felt my brow prickle with sweat. I didn’t know why, but my anxiety was really starting to play tricks on me.

‘So what does the pill do?’

‘Unfortunately,’ he said, ‘I don’t want to tell you.’

‘So I just have to take a pill that’s going to change my body, without

telling me what it's going to do to me?'

'Like I said,' he smiled with confidence and authority, 'I have to be one hundred percent sure of the commitment of my staff. And this is the best way to test it. Rest assured, the product is in the very final stages of testing. It is perfectly safe. And all of the other staff members here have tried it. Indeed, they have been very impressed with the effects it.'

It felt like the hardest decision of my life. I don't know why I was struggling with it so much. There was something about the unknown that I had always had problems with. But this had to be the best opportunity of my life. It wasn't like Leo Pherone would poison me for no reason, would he?

I wondered what the changes to my body would be. Hormones, he had said. I immediately thought of testosterone and cortisol, the male hormone and the stress hormone. Both changed major systems in the body. Then, suddenly, I felt something bubbling up in me.

Sean, I thought to myself, you *have* to do this. If you don't accept this job, you're gonna regret it for the rest of your life. This is a chance to join AmCorp, the one place you've been wanting to work for the entirety of your adult life. You *have* to do it.

'I've got one question,' I said, finally plucking up the courage to say something.

'Shoot.'

'Can I get some water to help with the pill?'

He laughed.

'Oh Sean,' he said, a twinkle in his eyes, 'I'm gonna enjoy getting to know you better. Lucky for you, you just need to suck this pill, not swallow it.'

Then he got up and moved toward me.

'Open wide,' he said. There was a strange that had come over him, like he was enjoying the theater of his actions an awful lot.

I opened up my mouth and held my hand up, expecting to drop the pill into my palm. It was a surprise then, to feel his fingers at the corners of my mouth, and the light drop of a pill onto my tongue. Leo Pherone had just put his fingers in my mouth. What the heck...

I was almost too surprised to notice that the pill had a pleasant strawberry taste. Kind of creamy and rich, with a fresh note that was truly delicious.

'I hope you like the flavor,' said Leo, 'I balanced it myself. I think it's so important to have a good experience with medicines from the very first moment, don't you? It's true what they say: a spoonful of sugar helps the

medicine go down.'

As the pill dissolved, I felt a thick, syrupy sensation slowly trickling down my throat, coating my insides.

'Is it meant to go all, gloopy?' I said.'

'Oh yes,' he said, 'gloopy, that's a good name for how it feels. Now, I believe that concludes our business for the day. I look forward to examining you very closely on Monday morning.'

CHAPTER THREE

I didn't stay so much longer at AmCorp. After I'd taken the pill Leo left me by myself in the room for a few minutes. He told me that I might want to just take some time to be mellow by myself. At first I didn't really know what he was talking about, but within five minutes or so, this weird, warm sensation started to settle over my body. It was like I was being soothed from the inside out. That bizarre, gloopy feeling that I'd felt coating the inside of my throat had just spread and spread, until my whole body went gloopy.

'Sean?'

I hadn't even noticed that there was someone in the room with me. But it was Camilla, the gorgeous woman who'd brought me my coffee earlier on.

I tried to speak, but suddenly felt as though I just didn't want to. It would take an effort to speak, and all I wanted to do was just sit here, and feel warm and sparkly.

'Are you doing OK?' she asked. She reached out and put a hand gently onto my shoulder. But it didn't feel like it normally did. The touch felt wonderful. Like someone was gently stroking or massaging my skin, soothing aches and pains that I didn't even know were there.

'Why...why does it feel so good?' Jesus. Was that my voice? It was breathy and strange, and I could barely recognize myself in the unfamiliar sound.

Camilla laughed, and as she did, it almost looked to me as though her eyes shone from the inside out. What was happening? First some body hallucinations, now weird visual stuff.

Her voice had a tinkly quality to it as well, as though it was a wind chime trying to do an impression of a human voice.

She took hold of me by the shoulders and helped me to my feet.

'This is just the first wave of effects, Sean. They're pretty intense. It's just the body getting used to the heady mix of chemicals we've introduced to it.'

Don't worry, they'll pass with time. I remember how weird it felt to me to begin with.' She was walking me down the corridor toward the elevator, and it was true, it felt as though the physical effects on my body were lessening slightly.

'Now,' she said, and we were back in the reception hall of the office, 'you might experience some time dilation and loss of short term memory.'

'Memory loss?' I asked, my voice slightly stronger than it had been before.

'That's right,' she said. It felt so good to have her arms around me now. 'Don't worry, all these effects are very temporary. The holes in your memory you're going to experience will just be a temporary blip on the path to something truly incredible.' I felt a fuzzy warmth envelop my body and then I was somewhere else, the office of AmCorp just a distant memory.

But where was I?

Home. Thank God.

But how had I got back here?

I couldn't remember my journey at all. Luckily, I felt a touch more alert and awake than I had while I was at AmCorp.

'So what was so weird about it?'

That was Kat, my house-mate. It sounded like she was on the phone with someone, mid-conversation. I must have blacked out so bad that I hadn't heard the start of it.

There were a couple seconds of silence and then Kat spoke up again.

'Sean?' she asked, poking her head through the doorway leading to the corridor. 'What was it about the interview that was so weird?'

Oh crap. She'd been talking to me. I'd totally missed the start of the conversation, and I'd been a fucking part of it.

'You're not gonna believe this, Kat, but I've just totally forgotten the start of our conversation. Not only that. I don't even know how I got home. Like, I can't remember anything about it at all.'

'You're fucking with me,' she said. Ah Kat. I could always rely on her potty mouth to bring me back down to earth.

'No,' I said, grinning, 'I'm not fucking with you. How much have I already told you about what happened at the interview?'

'Basically nothing.'

So I talked her through what had happened from my moment of arrival all the way up to where my memories ended.

‘Sounds to me like you got a fucking job, finally!’

That’s what she got out of all the crazy stuff I’d been through. Sure, I’d got a job, but I’d ingested a potentially dangerous, experimental drug which was going to change my body. Wasn’t that the thing to focus on?

I was lucky to have Kat. She’d been a good friend to me these last few months in particular. She’d known I was coming to the end of my savings, but she’d never put any pressure on me. She’d always maintained that I’d manage to get something before things got too bad.

‘I knew you’d do it, Seany-Baby! Woo-hoo!’ she exclaimed, holding out her hand to high-five me.

I weakly met her hand with mine.

‘Woo-hoo,’ I quietly echoed. ‘But aren’t you at all worried about the effects this drug might be having on me? It’s not like I have super-great insurance in case anything goes wrong. I’d be waiting for hours at a free clinic, or who knows, maybe something even worse than that.’

‘I’m not worried,’ she said, ‘that woman told you that there would be short-term memory loss - only temporary. So it’s not like there have been any particularly unexpected side-effects or anything.’

I guess she was right, but I’d never experienced anything else like this.

‘Do you feel anything else at all? Anything unusual?’

I thought about my body, scanned it mentally for anything out of the ordinary. I couldn’t notice anything weird just now. No pains or odd sensations.

I mean, sure, I was maybe a touch warmer than normal.

I mean sure, it was maybe my crotch which felt warmer than it normally did. OK, like much warmer.

‘Kat,’ I said, suddenly feeling an overwhelming panic run through my body. ‘I don’t want to freak you out too much, but it feels like my cock is on fire.’

‘Your cock?’

‘Yep,’ I said. It was so uncomfortable that I started to shift around on my chair, from buttock to buttock, trying to spread my legs as wide as they could. It was bizarre. It wasn’t like it was painful or anything, it was just a painless, white heat, burning away. ‘OK, this is too much,’ I said, ‘I’ll be back.’

I got up from the chair and moved as quickly as I could without alarming Kat too much, straight toward the bathroom. I swung the door open and slammed it closed behind me. I grabbed the waist of my pants and ripped

them open, forcing the zipper apart, then I jumped out of them and straight into the bathtub. We had a showerhead over the tub, and I grabbed it from its holster before screwing the cold faucet as open as I could.

The relief from the water was instant, and wonderful. I breathed out a huge sigh of relief. It was only then that I realized how dumb I must look. Clothed from the waist up, standing in the tub, with a freezing cold stream of water pumping out over my crotch.

‘Everything OK in there?’

Kat’s voice sounded muffled and far away.

‘Oh yeah,’ I said. ‘Totally normal and not worrying at all in any way.’

‘If you’re sure. I can always come take a look if you’re freaking out.’

Ha. The thought of Kat looking at my junk didn’t exactly make me relax.

‘I’ll leave it, thanks,’ I said. I mean, it’s not like I hadn’t thought with lust about Kat before. She was a good looking girl, with a slamming bod. But I’d known her for so long and we’d gotten to close that I kinda thought about her the way someone might think about a sister. So basically no, I didn’t want her looking at my dick.

Also, there was the minor point of Kat’s sexuality. She was a lesbian, so most definitely was off the menu as far as I was concerned.

‘The offer’s there if you ever need it. It’s not anything I haven’t seen before.’

‘Ain’t that the truth,’ I said.

‘Fuck you,’ she said. I could tell she was smiling though.

‘You wish.’

But as I looked down at my crotch and my legs, I realized that this most probably wouldn’t be something that Kat had ever seen before. Because the water which streamed over my flesh, was having an unsettling effect on my legs. It was washing all my hair out.

I’d never had a huge amount of hair on my legs, but it was fast being reduced. It didn’t feel bad. If anything, the sensation was rather pleasant. It was like someone was gently tickling my skin, making it pucker with goosebumps rather than yanking all the hair out.

I ran my hand over my skin and was amazed by just how smooth my leg was. It was like warm, soft, porcelain.

And it wasn’t just from my legs that my hair was vanishing. The tiny black hairs from around my crotch were coming out. I moved my hand to them and tugged gently as I could. Normally, there’s no way that a tug of that kind of

strength would have any kind of bad effect on my hair. But now the hair was coming away in massive tufts. What the fuck had that pill done to me? First, memory loss and now loss of my body hair?

I wondered if these were just side-effects, or whether this was the intended main effect of the pill. It couldn't be.

I tried to calm down. The burning in my crotch had gone, which obviously was a good thing. Try to focus on the good stuff, Sean, I thought to myself, trying to find some kind of silver lining on this massive, troubling cloud.

I dried myself up, and got my pants back on.

'Well that was intense,' I said, heading back out.

Kat was sitting at the table with a glass of wine. 'It couldn't have been that bad,' she said.

'What makes you say that?'

'Well,' she said, 'I figure if you had time to shave in there, you can't have been freaking out that bad.'

'I didn't shave...'

I moved my hand up to my face. It was smooth. Smooth as my legs. Smooth as my crotch. Smooth as the face of a pre-pubescent boy.

'Fuck fuck fuck, what is happening to me?'

'Hey, calm down, Sean.'

'No, you don't understand. It's not just my facial hair. My leg hair is gone. It just fell out. And my pubic hair. It's gone.'

'That's weird. I guess hormones can be pretty powerful, huh?'

Sure, hormones could make people grow hair in places they'd never had it before. Everyone knew that. But I'd never heard of hormones making someone's hair *fall out*.

'I don't think it was just hormones that they gave me, you know.'

I began to get really, really tired. It was still early, but I had this sudden urge just to head to bed. I let out this big, long yawn.

'You tired?'

'You know, I really am,' I said. As I spoke, I felt this strange calm come over me. It was like something inside me was urging me to just calm down, and accept the changes that I was experiencing.

A soothing voice sounded inside me. *Sean, everything's going to be alright. Just go to bed, and when you wake up, everything will be better.*

'I think,' I said, 'that I'm just going to turn in for the night. It was a stressful day, and I should just catch up on sleep.'

Kat checked the watch on her wrist. 'It's like, three thirty in the afternoon, Sean. And you're going to bed.'

I yawned again. A big, wide yawn.

'Yup,' I said, calm and soft. Then I walked to my room, slumped onto my bed, and within a minute. I was fast asleep. Little did I know that a whole new world was waiting for me tomorrow.

CHAPTER FOUR

I'd never dreamed like I did that night. For a start, I could almost never remember my dreams. I used to go out with a girl who remembered all her dreams. Every morning I'd ask her what she'd dreamed the night before, and each time she'd tell me some really specific, detailed story of what had happened to her.

Not me though. If I was lucky, once month or some I'd have some vague idea that something had happened in the night, but no real detail of memory of what that thing was.

Secondly, I never, ever had sexy dreams. Like, never in my life. I used to feel jealous of people who got to experience things like that in the night. The idea of being able to have realistic encounters with fantasy women seemed like a pretty good one to me.

That night though, I dreamed long. And I dreamed hard.

It was the most vivid dream I had ever had, and it was all about Leo Pherone. I was back in that interview room with him. Camilla was setting in the corner of the room, and she was wearing this super-sexy little bodice, with lacy frills around her impressive cleavage and smooth, toned thighs.

'You see,' Mr. Pherone whispered to me, 'we have to test your commitment. I want to know just how much you want this job.'

The room thrummed with this intense, dark energy. It was as it had been the day before, but it also felt strangely different. And I knew instinctively that in this world, anything was possible.

He rose from his seat, and to my surprise, and weirdly, delight, I saw that he wasn't wearing any pants. His cock, long and thick, hung below him and swung gently with heavy intent.

'You see Camilla is very committed to both the company, and to me, aren't you, Camilla?'

She nodded, and got up out of her seat. She walked straight to him, and

immediately dropped to her knees in front of him. My view was perfect as she started to gently lick up and down the length of his shaft.

‘That feels awfully nice, Camilla, thank you.’

She moaned, and then started to take him further into her mouth, somehow fitting his whole penis inside.

‘But you know,’ he said, ‘it’s not quite doing it for me. Sean,’ he said, looking straight at me, ‘I wonder just how committed you really are.’

I felt a lump in my throat, and my heart started to beat faster.

I got really worried, and thought how strange I felt. I moved my hands over my thighs, trying to convince myself that I didn’t have to suck his cock, that it was wrong for someone to demand sex from an employee. But the more I tried to convince myself not to do it, the more I knew I was going to do it. And the more I knew I was going to do it, the more I was sure that I *wanted* to do it.

Then I felt that something was off with my legs. I looked down, and I realized I was wearing something weird.

It was a skirt.

I woke with a jolt, and my heart was still racing. The sun was shining. I normally woke at around seven o’clock, but I knew that it was much later now. How long had I been asleep?

I looked at my wristwatch. Half eleven. Fucking hell, I’d been asleep for nearly twenty hours? I felt OK. I was expecting there to be some residual bad feeling from the symptoms yesterday, some burning or tingling sensations, but my body felt fine.

I rose from my bed and walked through to the bathroom. I had a horrible taste in my mouth, and I was desperate to brush my teeth. When I saw myself in the mirror, my eyes opened wide, and my lower jaw dropped down, kinda like a cartoon character’s might.

I looked gorgeous. It’s the only word for it. My eyes seemed clearer and larger, like someone had stretched them out, and my skin seemed smooth and mark-free. I reached up to my face and stroked it with a finger tip. It felt so soft and silky to the touch. All trace of my facial hair was gone. I got up close and I couldn’t even see the follicles from where hair would normally sprout.

This was so fucked-up. My lips were different, too. They were plumper, wider, and had this ruby-red glow, like I was wearing lipstick. I bit my lip gently with my teeth, and felt a little thrill of sensation spread throughout my body. It was as though my senses were heightened. It should have felt a little

painful, but there was no pain at all, just a little pleasant tingle.

I had to look real close for this one, but it looked to me as though the actual shape of my face was somewhat different. I used to have this kinda sharp jawline. You know, it was pretty masculine and one of the few features of my body that I genuinely felt good about. That sharp jawline was gone. It was softer and definitely more feminine than it had been before.

Holy shit: my hair.

I hadn't even thought about it. It was longer. Like, quite a bit longer than it had been before. Maybe a good inch or so. What the heck was going on with me?

I grabbed at my hair. So these hormones made all my body hair drop out, but somehow managed to make the hair on my head grow longer. The things I was prepared to do for a job, honestly.

I brushed my teeth. It felt different. I mean, to be honest, everything felt different, but the bristles on my brush, it was like I could feel every single one of them, individually. And time seemed slower. Every time I had any kind of physical sensation, it was as though I could hone in on the particular thing happening to me, and really feel it more deeply than I could before.

I went back into my bedroom to get dressed. When I took off the t-shirt I'd slept in though, I had my biggest shock yet. I had breasts. Not like, fully-formed, large breasts or anything, but I definitely had some new tissue in my chest area. My nipples seemed a touch darker than they had before, and they looked kinda tight and small, but a little more proud from my chest. Was the hormone pill turning me into a woman?

With a sudden spike of anxiety, I walked up to the full-length mirror in the corner of my bedroom. I looked so bizarre, I couldn't get over it. I mean, I was still definitely me, there was no doubting that, but I basically looked like a way more feminine version of myself. It was like I was stuck somewhere halfway between the genders. I feel like if you passed me on the street, it would be really tricky to tell if I was a man or a woman.

I know I should have just been freaking out and calling AmCorp, demanding an explanation. Hell, I probably should be calling the cops, or at least a lawyer, trying to work out what my best options for litigation would be. But I didn't feel as though I should be doing either of those things. Because that voice in my head was back again. That wonderful, calm, feminine voice.

Don't panic, Sean, just go with it. Everything is going to be alright. Just

find some appropriate clothes, and try your new body out.

So that's what I decided I was going to do. I just had one thing to check out first.

Slowly, with trepidation, I hooked my hands underneath the elastic waistline of my boxer shorts. I took a deep breath, ready to accept anything I was going to see with as much of an open mind as I could.

I still wasn't prepared to see just how strange my crotch looked without hair. I read somewhere once that if you shave your pubic hair off, it makes your dick look bigger. But I have to say, that wasn't what had happened to me at all.

My penis looked tiny. It had definitely shrunk, there was no question of it. I touched it. It felt so bizarre. Smooth and strange, and as I touched it, it almost seemed to shrink more, further up inside myself. I took my hand away. I wasn't ready to completely lose my penis just yet! Underneath my cock, my balls had shrunk too. They felt almost non-existent. I massaged them gently, trying to work out just how small they were. I was not prepared for how good it would feel. Instantly, I had this feeling in my legs as though I was just going to collapse. There was an intense burst of pleasure, the likes of which I'd never felt before, and it was just coursing through my body in crazily powerful waves. I shook my head for a moment, as though I'd felt a cold chill, but it was just the pleasure, working its way round my body.

I couldn't help it. I touched my cock again. This time, I gently stroked the tip of it. And it felt *gooooood*. I had an urge to push it, to rub it, to slip my finger all over it, and then, the strangest desire of all, I felt like I wanted to push my finger up into the shaft of my cock, filling it up, nice and fat with my digit. I thought suddenly of Leo Pherone, and imagined him playing with my little dick, toying with it, making it shrink further into me. I imagined his nice long, thick cock, as I'd seen it in my dream, getting harder, turned on by touching my freakish body.

'You're nearly ready for me,' he was saying.

There was a knock at the door. As quick as I could, I pulled my boxer shorts back up, around my slowly retracting penis, then pulled on some clothes. They felt so baggy around me. My body had become slimmer, especially around the waist and the hips. I grabbed a shirt, and tucked it into my pants, before rushing to the door, before whoever it was decided no-one was home.

It was a delivery guy. He was absolutely massive, his bulging muscles

threatening to burst out of the incredibly tight T-shirt he wore. When he opened the door, and saw me standing there, a look of mild confusion spread over his face.

‘Miss?’ he said, eventually.

I wondered for a second about correcting him, about saying mister, but for some reason, I decided just to go with it. And I felt, for the first time in my entire life, an attraction to a man. I could smell him. It was a deep, rich smell. I knew that it must have just been because he worked a physical job, but it didn’t feel like I was just smelling bad body odor. This was an amazing scent, and it made me want to curl up to him, to run my hands up that muscular torso, to rip his clothes off and see exactly what was underneath.

‘Mmhhh,’ I said. I was worried that my voice might give me away as a man, but I needn’t have even thought about it. It was higher pitched. It didn’t sound exactly like it was a woman’s voice, but it certainly wouldn’t out me as a man.

‘Miss Katherine Brown?’

‘That’s me,’ I said.

‘I’ve got a delivery for you, miss. Could you just sign here for me?’

He held out a little electronic pad. I did my best forgery of Kat’s signature, and then took the package from him. He turned and walked down the stairs to the exit of the apartment block. I watched the muscular roll of his buttocks and felt the unfamiliar sensation of new arousal budding in my groin.

The package was soft and pliable, and when I turned it over I saw that it was from an online clothes shop.

I wanted to open it. I wanted to see exactly what clothes Kat had ordered, and then I wanted to try them on.

CHAPTER FIVE

Kat wouldn't be back from work for at least another three hours. I'm sure that she wouldn't mind me looking through her stuff, would she?

But I couldn't just open her package. She'd definitely notice that. Trying someone's clothes on without them knowing was one thing, but breaking a seal on a package that had come through the post and was boxfresh was something totally different.

I put the packages down on the table in the shared living room, and walked to her door.

I didn't go into Kat's room so often. I think that the last time I did was when she broke up with her last girlfriend, Jen. Jen had been a bit of a bitch, to be honest, and she'd cheated on Kat. Kat had been totally devastated by how harshly she'd dumped her when she'd found out about her infidelity. I'd heard her crying one evening and knocked on her door. We'd had a good heart to heart that night, and I'd even made her dinner and brought it to her in bed. It had been one of the experiences we'd been through that had really cemented our friendship.

I opened the door and saw that the room was still much as I had remembered it. It was immaculately tidy, which was in stark contrast to my terminally messy room.

She had interesting taste. Her bedsheets were deep gray, and her pillowcases were bright crimson. There was a sweet smell in the room. In the corner was a little make up table, covered in cosmetics, ointments and perfumes, and in the other corner, a large wardrobe, chock full of clothes.

Part of me couldn't believe that I was even considering doing this. I'd never, ever worn any women's clothes at all, not even as a joke for Halloween or anything like that. It felt as though I was nearing a line which, once I crossed it, I could never go back over again.

I walked over to the wardrobe, my heart beating fast. I could feel sweat

starting to accumulate on my palms, on my forehead. My body was clammy, and I could feel the color draining from my cheeks. Kat's wardrobe had a mirror built into it, and I caught sight of my reflection.

And all of a sudden, it all fell into place. It felt right that I was there.

I wriggled out of my t-shirt, and threw my pants down onto the ground.

It was a shock again to see my body with the changes it was going through, but I gotta say, I was starting to look good.

I opened up the wardrobe and looked through the clothes.

'OK,' I said, 'what do we have here...?'

First, I opened some of the little drawers on the right-hand side. The second one down was full of carefully folded-up underwear. I mean, who folds their underwear?

I picked out a simple pair of t-shirt material briefs, and stepped back. My cock was even smaller than it had been before. When I put the panties on, you almost couldn't tell that I had anything in there at all. It was so close, so near to looking just like a woman would look like if she was wearing these panties. I posed a little, left and right, and couldn't quite believe how natural and good it felt to be wearing women's underwear.

I feel like it should have felt dirty, or wrong. But it felt so, so, so good. I ran my hands up over my butt. It was tight and firm, and when I turned round to check myself out from behind in the mirror, I was surprised to see the kind of ass that just a couple days ago would have driven me crazy. And now it was mine, all mine.

I can't tell you just how good the simple act of touching my body felt. There was something intoxicating about just how different my skin felt now, just how smooth and firm it was. I could have spent all day just stroking the warm, powdery surface of my body, but I had more important stuff to do.

The briefs looked good, but I wanted to try something a little bit... sexier.

In the draw beneath the standard underwear was some items that were racier. Thongs, lacy knickers, the kind of stuff that could really get someone's pulse racing.

I chose a bright red, lacy thong.

I held it up and looked at it. The amount of fabric in this thing compared to the average pair of underwear I was used to wearing was just tiny. It felt like it was just a couple scraps of lace.

I pulled the gray panties off, and stepped into the thong. I pulled it slowly up my legs, noticing how toned and shapely they looked. It was hard not to

shiver with delight.

The thong looked amazing on me. I felt like if you'd just seen me from the waist down, I could have definitely passed for a woman. But I was still a man, wasn't I? Wearing women's clothing didn't make me a woman, and I was just trying them on for an experiment, because of the crazy changes in my body. But my gender wasn't actually changing. I didn't think...

I'd thought my butt had looked good in the last panties, but this thong really emphasized how curvaceous and beautiful the shape of my ass had become.

I would have loved to have tried on one of Kat's bras, but there was no way that they would fit me. I held up a matching red lacy bra to my chest, just to see what it might look like, and was for some reason sad that it wouldn't manage to cling to me in the way it should.

Oh well, maybe later, I thought to myself.

Kat had some very pretty dresses on the hangers in the wardrobe. There were some beautiful, summery numbers, and I picked out one of the lightest of them to try on.

I didn't even really know how I was gonna get into it, and for a moment I had to think carefully about how to step into the short, floral scrap of fabric. Eventually I worked it out, and I was wearing a dress for the first time in my life. It was tricky to reach behind and fasten the zipper, but I did manage to do it.

Looking at myself in the mirror, I was disappointed by my lack of cleavage. Kat was pretty busty, and as I looked at myself in the dress, although from the chest down it fitted me really well, it was hard not to feel as though it just wasn't quite right.

For a second I thought about maybe stuffing some socks or something down by my chest, just to get an impression of what I might look like, but I decided not to. I was already doing some pretty crazy stuff, but I still had limits, right?

One thing that I did want to try on though, was a pair of pantyhose. I reached into one of the other smaller drawers, and grabbed a pair of the super-light, strangely coarse-feeling clothes.

Getting into pantyhose was not as tricky as I thought it was going to be. For the first foot, I rolled up the whole leg of the tight so that I could just poke my toes right into the end, and pull it up my leg in one smooth motion. For the second, I just plunged my foot into the wrinkled garment, and easily

pulled it up to my waist.

They felt WONDERFUL. So cool, but at the same time, reassuringly warm. It was like, they warmed up my legs, but as I moved them through the air, a breeze could penetrate the fabric and keep my temperature under control. Why the hell didn't men wear these, too. I thought that on cold days, I'd even like to wear them underneath my pants, as an extra layer that wouldn't be as stiflingly warm as thermal underwear.

I started to feel more and more comfortable and confident in my new outfit. Well, I guess it was technically Kat's outfit, but I was wearing it.

The smell in the room was so lovely, so feminine, that I wanted to totally immerse myself in it. It all felt so right to me, like this was what I'd been waiting for my whole life. Was it just the tablet I'd taken, or was this something that had been lurking inside me my whole life, just waiting for me to awaken it? I mean, I'd never felt totally happy in my body, that was true, but I'd never even considered that I might have been born into the wrong gender.

I moved over to the make up table and sat my beautiful ass down on Kat's chair. I didn't really know what I was doing, make up wise, so I just chose a bright red lipstick and carefully pasted it onto my lips. Then, I took a small tube of mascara and slowly painted it onto my lashes. I'd never really had any reason to look closely at mascara before, but I'd definitely not expected it to be this thick and gloopy. I only had to use it very sparingly, and my lashes looked even fuller and longer than they had before.

Next, a touch of eye shadow. I didn't dare to use eye liner. In fact, the thought of sticking a pencil anywhere near the edges of my eyes made me feel faintly nauseous.

In fact, a weird feeling was taking hold of my body. But it wasn't nausea. It was quite the opposite.

I felt a warm, soft sensation envelop the top of my body, from my shoulders down to my waist, and as I looked down, I saw my breasts start to blossom. I couldn't believe it, but it seemed that the more I willed it, the bigger and more womanly they became. I laid my hands on my chest and I felt my chest swell underneath my touch, like two balloons being inflated smoothly but relentlessly. It seemed as though with each of my breaths, they swelled more and more.

The warm waves of sensation started to shift further down my body, and I felt my legs slim even more, as though the flesh was pulling into itself, tying

my body tighter and making it leaner. I felt my buttocks swell slightly, and I turned to look at myself in the mirror, and watched the fabric of my dress billow out behind me.

Watching my body change like this in front of my very eyes was unbelievably thrilling. Fuck, I wished that the delivery man was back here again. I had a sudden urge to go out into town and just find any man I could and bring him up to my room.

Jesus, Sean, stop thinking like this. I tried to convince myself that I was still in control of myself, but I knew that I was losing myself.

My hair was growing, thick and dark, shiny and full of body. I ran my hands through it, and couldn't believe just how good it felt, falling down by my shoulders. As the changes continued to bloom around my body, I felt this growing sensation of pleasure. It started in my crotch. It was like a network of nerve-endings was being activated around my body, like little impulses were being sent out, waking up sensation all around the tips of my body. My fingers, my toes, the top of my head, my lips, my tits, all were joined to the burning center of my body.

An urge was building. The voice was back in my mind.

Look at yourself, Sean, touch yourself, get to know your body.

So I threw myself down on Kat's bed, and gingerly, as carefully as I could, I pulled down my pantyhose and my underwear in one go.

I looked at myself in the mirror, and was overjoyed at what I saw: a perfect, pink pussy.

CHAPTER SIX

Every man wonders what it's like to feel sexual pleasure as a woman. Most men ask their partners at some point or other, while they're lying together in bed in that special afterglow of sex.

God knows I've asked each partner I've ever been with to tell me what it's like. And of course, it's difficult to explain. Try explaining to someone, anyone, what an orgasm actually feels like. You can think about it in purely mechanical terms, about the building of tension and pressure, about going past the point of no return and then the feeling of tightness, of the way the penis lengthened and erupted at the point of ejaculation, and the blissful relief you felt afterward. But that didn't really explain it all.

Let me tell you, it's nothing and I mean NOTHING compared to the sheer pleasure that women experience when they're turned on, and being stimulated in a way that pleases them.

My pussy was so much more complicated than my dick had been. You know, a dick is basically a little ball of pleasure on a fleshy stick. I mean don't get me wrong, I fucking loved my dick while I had it, and enjoyed the pleasure and warmth of fucking mouths and pussies whenever I could.

The thing is though, it just doesn't compare to what happens when a pussy gets turned on.

The first time I touched mine, as softly as I could, not knowing what to expect, I gasped. It was so sensitive. So much more sensitive than the tip of my cock had been. At first I could hardly bear to touch it, because of just how tingly and pleasurable it was. I gently, gently ran my fingers up and down the very outer edge of my beautiful little pussy lips. Their flesh was so soft and warm, so crazily inviting.

'Come in,' they seemed to be saying to my fingers. 'Please, make yourself at home.'

So I did. Carefully, and slowly, I pushed apart the tender lips of my

opening. I immediately felt a gush of lubricant spurt up from somewhere inside me. It took me by surprise, if I'm totally honest. I'd not even thought about the fact that I might get wet.

But I was. I was soaking. I lifted my fingers away from my pussy and looked at the juice that covered them. It was silky smooth, and when I pulled them apart, a golden thread of moisture spanned their distance.

It sounds like a stupid thing to say, but my pussy was not happy that I'd pulled my fingers away.

'I want more attention,' she seemed to be saying to me.

I moved my wet fingers back down to my body's entrance, and I found the warm, soft passage into myself again. As I pushed them in, this wonderful feeling of fullness, and wholeness spread throughout my body. I knew that more could fit in me, but it was still good to have my fingers in there. And I wanted to move them in and out and each tiny movement was just heavenly. As I pulled them out and pushed them in, I started to grind my ass down hard into the bed. I wanted to get that full feeling, and pushing down made my fingers fill me up even more than they had before.

The more I touched, the more the rest of my body started to tingle and fizz with excitement. My nipples started to contract a little, making them quiver in the cool of the room. I unlooped the shoulder strap of my dress, and started to caress the tip of my nipple with my left hand. Oh, it felt good. Each part of my body felt so distinct from the others. To my amazement, I felt that the harder I pinched and rubbed my nipples, the better it felt. Soon, I was grabbing huge handfuls of the flesh of my breasts, squeezing and rubbing my nipples, desperate for more sensation, for something to tip me over the edge.

Then, quite by accident, I touched my clitoris.

Fuck.

What the fuck?

I let out a squeal. I just couldn't help it.

It was the most intense feeling I'd ever experienced. Is this what all women's bodies felt like, all the time? This ridiculously sensitive bundle of pleasure receptors?

I brought my left hand down onto my clit, as my right continued to probe deeper into me. I carefully, smoothly, with a gentle beckoning motion, ran the moist tip of my finger back and forth over the incredible nub at the top of my pussy. Every movement over it sent new pulses of pleasure thrashing around my hot new body.

I started to moan. I couldn't help it. The fucking feeling was too much for me.

My fingers seemed to move by themselves, gently flicking, stroking, tracing figures of eight around my clit; probing, beckoning, stuffing themselves into my pussy. I could feel something growing in me, could feel the pulsing of the muscle groups begin to get stronger and stronger.

'Fuck me, FUCK ME,' my pussy was shouting to me, urging me deeper, harder, faster.

So I gave in. Two fingers, then three, then all four fingers, and I threw my head back in abandon and pushed harder and faster.

I started to talk, something I've never done while pleasuring myself again.

'Come on,' I whispered to myself, 'fuck me, fuck me harder, destroy my pussy.' I closed my eyes hard and let out a shout of unbridled passion.

The feelings of building tension grew and grew, until in a moment of ridiculous eruption of release and relief, I lost control of my body; all of my tendons and muscles contracted hard and started to spasm and jerk, my pussy was pulsing so hard it felt like it had clamped itself around my hand and just wouldn't let go. It pulsed and pulsed and I screamed with joy as I came all over my hand, all over the dress, all over the bed.

I let out a huge sigh, and for the first time in my life I felt truly satisfied.

As I lay there, on the bed, I felt my body throbbing with new-found power. Not only that, I felt as though parts of me were still shifting and moving under my skin. My breasts were still expanding, pounding over my heart, trembling with my new femininity. My pussy still pulsed too, and I could feel it tightening, drawing itself even more closely inward. I felt truly wonderful.

The biggest difference between the male and the female orgasm was about to be revealed to me in the most wonderful, cruel and surprising way. Because just then, my phone started to ring.

It was the number I had saved for AmCorp. Hmm, I wondered why they were calling me now.

'Hello,' I said. My voice sounded totally different now, like my vocal cords had somehow reorganized themselves.

'Oh Sean,' said a deep, rich voice at the end of the phone, 'it's so wonderful to hear your new voice. That is you, isn't it?' It was Leo. I felt as though maybe even my hearing was heightened, like every other sense I had. I felt as though he was just here, in the room with me. I imagined him looking over my new body. I bet even someone as successful and

professional as Leo Pherone would struggle not to look at the curve of my new breasts, the tightness of my brand new ass.

‘It’s me,’ I said. ‘Mr. Pherone, what’s happening to me?’

‘Oh,’ he said, ‘all of the changes are totally expected. I hope you understand exactly how much commitment we expect from our staff members now, Sean.’

‘I do,’ I said, panting slightly. What was wrong with me? Why was I getting so horny, just listening to the voice of man on a phone? I felt like I was out of control, and had to restrain myself from once more dipping my slender fingers into my slippery pussy.

‘We’d like you to come in this afternoon for a check-up. I know it’s early, but the tracer you took with the pill is sending us some interesting readings. We’d like to take a look at you.’

It dawned on me that I was going to have to go out into the world looking like I did. Looking like a woman.

‘I can come in,’ I said bravely. In truth, I was excited to have the chance to see Leo again. God damn, I just couldn’t help the feelings of lust and anticipation that were exploding within me.

‘Good,’ he said. ‘Be as quick as you can. I’m dying to see how you’re looking.’

If only I could have had some warning of what was waiting for me at the AmCorp headquarters. Mind you, even if I’d been warned, I don’t think I would have believed the warning. Because my life was about to be changed forever.

CHAPTER SEVEN

I couldn't believe the looks I got from guys on the subway. Is this what women had to put up with all the time? Lots of men just straight up looked as if they were trying to undress me with their eyes. There were some who just stared at me, brazenly, not even caring that I looked right back at them, trying to make them stop. It didn't feel all that bad, to be honest. I never used to get any kind of attention from members of the opposite sex when I'd been a guy. I still had lust beating around my body, and some of the guys weren't that bad looking.

I had a couple naughty thoughts about the best looking ones: a grimy-looking workman wearing only a high-viz vest on his torso, a stern businessman with commanding eyes and razor-sharp cheek bones. But there was no way I was going to act on any of my impulses. I had an appointment to attend.

I was still wearing Kat's dress from earlier. I was going to have to explain the situation to her later on. I'm sure she wouldn't mind under the circumstances. In fact, I felt like I was gonna have to buy her some replacement clothes. I'd even had to borrow a pair of her sneakers for the trip, as none of my old pairs of shoes fitted me in the slightest anymore.

As I approached the entrance to AmCorp, I recalled just how anxious I'd felt the other day as I'd arrived for my interview. That anxiety was back, but it was for a totally different reason now. I wondered if anyone would recognize me as I walked up to the front desk.

Soon, I found out.

'Sean? Is that really you?' It was Lisa, who'd been on reception last time I was here.

'Yep,' I replied, smiling.

'You look absolutely *gorgeous!*' she exclaimed, taking her sexy little glasses off and looking me up and down. 'And it's really only been two

days?’

I nodded.

‘And you’ve obviously had no cosmetic surgery, have you?’

I shook my head. How could she even think I would have had time to get surgery?

‘Oh Mr. Pherone is going to be so excited to see you. So very excited. I don’t think you’re going to have as much time to wait today, that’s for sure. I’m going to need to take a brand new picture of you today, don’t you think?’

I hadn’t even thought about that. If I had been asked for ID anywhere, I’d have been totally fucked!

I posed as best as I could, trying to keep a fairly neutral face, but to be honest, I was finding it hard not to smile the whole time. I felt so good in myself, like I was lighter, more nimble, and still as though all my senses were working on overdrive.

Lisa picked up the phone.

‘Mr. Pherone, Sean is here to see you,’ she said. I heard an excited voice from the other end. ‘Of course,’ she replied. She put the phone down and smiled at me. ‘He said he’s going to drop everything and that you should head straight through. Here’s your guest pass.’ She handed me a lanyard. I found it hard to believe that the beautiful face printed on the card was mine. I had mysterious, dusky eyes, glossy, dark hair, and soft, ruby lips.

That was the first time I had a very dangerous thought.

I want to stay like this forever.

Lisa gestured towards the doorway to the left of the massive TV screen and I headed straight toward it. As I was about to push the door, it opened from the other side.

‘Fucking hell, Sean. You look amazing.’

It was Leo. He stood in front of me with his arm stretched out toward the door. He was so fucking hot. Every other guy I’d seen just seemed so normal compared to him. Those stern, strange, beautiful eyes. His hard jawline and that incredible smile. I could hardly contain myself. I felt as though I wanted to push myself up against him and just drink me in.

But it wasn’t just me who was obviously excited by the meeting. He was looking at me the way a lion looks at a bloody steak. I couldn’t help but blush.

‘Come through quickly. This has all happened way faster than we thought it might. We need to run some tests.’

He escorted me through the winding corridors of AmCorp, past the various departments I'd seen the other day. He asked me questions as we walked, about how I was feeling, about how the changes had felt, about whether I'd had any strange urges or impulses. I tried to answer him as best as I could, but I felt foggy. I think it was just because I was so close to him and I could just feel the lust pounding around my body. I'd never wanted anything as much as I'd wanted him, and just being near him was clouding my brain behind a shroud of hormones.

I felt like a teenager, like a horny adolescent.

'Well, here we are,' he said. He pushed open a door in front of him, and we entered a small chamber. There was medical equipment next to a soft-looking reclining chair. 'Would you like to take a seat for me?' he asked.

I did as he asked, and was delighted to note that the chair was indeed as comfortable and soft as possible.

'Now,' he said, 'I'm going to do some tests on you. They're going to be a little invasive. I hope you don't mind too much. I just need to make sure that all of the changes that you've been through are complete, and that your body is working as it should be.'

'Um, what do you mean, invasive?' I asked, with my new, strange voice.

'Well,' he replied, 'I need to take a look at your body. I need to undertake an internal exam.'

Now I know that the phrase internal exam isn't the sexiest collection of words, but for some reason the very thought of an internal examination was getting me very hot, and very, very wet.

'Mr. Pherone,' I said, 'I think there might be something wrong with me.'

'Why's that?'

'Well, it's just that, I don't know, it's hard to describe.' As I was talking, Leo walked over to a little chest of drawers and opened them up. 'It's like there's this burning inside me. Like I need to be filled up. I want desperately to be filled up.'

He took out a pair of latex gloves, and fastidiously put them on. They were tight and close around his fingers.

'I see,' he said. 'The good news is that a couple of the other people who've taken this medicine before have had similar reactions, and they've only ever been temporary.'

What I didn't tell him was that I liked the feeling of desire that had been blossoming recently inside me.

‘Now,’ he continued, ‘would you mind just taking that dress off for me? I need to get a good look at you. All in the name of scientific advancement, of course.’

I reached behind me and carefully reached for the zipper of my dress.

‘I hope you can see just the incredible breakthroughs we’re making here. The very idea that just with a collection of powerful hormones and some other, proprietary chemicals we can elicit a true gender transformation is just world-changing. Not just for those who want to truly transition from one gender to another, but just for the curious. For every man on the planet. And we’re close to a version that works the other way as well.’

I wriggled my way out of the dress as he continued to talk to me. My breasts fell onto my skin and I felt that strange new sensation of having weight to them.

‘My, my,’ said Leo, suddenly gawping at me, ‘I was not expecting your chest to fill out quite like that.’

‘Isn’t it normal?’ I said, enjoying the attention he was paying my body.

‘Well, the other women here had to have breast enhancement surgery to complete their transformations.’

‘You mean the other women here have been through the same process?’

‘Oh yes,’ he said, ‘you’ve all been through it. Now, I’m just going to examine your breasts.’

He moved his hands to the side of each of my breasts. I wasn’t ready for just how good his touch was going to feel. Even through the latex gloves, I could feel how warm and strong they were. He carefully stroked my soft skin, making my nipples instantly erect.

‘Fascinating,’ he whispered, watching me like a hawk.

His touches weren’t just causing a reaction in my breasts. My pussy was getting wetter and wetter. I could feel my juices seeping through the panties I was wearing, and it made me want to squirm. I felt a desperate need for him to move his fingers over me, to touch the area around my nipples, and my nipples themselves.

‘Please,’ I said, ‘I think you need to examine my nipples. They feel so strange.’

‘They look fine, to me,’ he said. His fingers strayed ever closer to the sensitive, dark skin at the center of my breasts. I couldn’t help it, I let out the softest, most delicate little moan.

‘They need to be touched,’ I whispered.

Then, he carefully moved each of my nipples between his fingers.

‘Like that,’ I said.

‘They feel so natural and good,’ he said.

‘They like it when you touch them, Mr. Pherone,’ I said, obviously squirming in the chair now. I could see him trembling slightly. I wondered whether he was as turned on by the situation as I was. I kept sneaking looks at his crotch. Was that a bulge I saw growing in there?

‘Sean,’ said Leo, ‘I’m going to examine your vagina, now. If you don’t mind, would you pull your panties down for me?’

I’d never wanted to do anything as much in my life.

I hooked my thumbs under the waistband of my underwear then pulled them down.

‘Does it seem normal to you?’

‘Your penis has completely disappeared, hasn’t it? In such a small amount of time.’

His left hand rested on my upper thigh, sending lightning bolts bouncing around my body. He moved his right hand to the edge of my pussy, then carefully, with impossible slowness, he traced his index finger up the right-hand lip of my entrance. The sensation was so strong. Just that tiny tickle of movement was enough to make me gasp.

‘It’s so intense,’ I said, ‘every tiny movement is so intense.’

‘And how does it feel when I touch here?’ he said. He moved his finger further up, and slid it smoothly over my clit.

‘Hnnnghhh,’ I said, stifling the urge to scream, ‘it feels amazing, like I’m going to burst.’

‘And now?’ he said. He slipped another finger down low and then, with a soft motion, he’d slid it all the way into me.

‘Please,’ I said, ‘move it. Move your fingers up and down, fuck me with them. I want you to.’

‘I couldn’t possibly do that,’ he said. His fingers remained tantalizingly still.

The more they stayed in there, the more desperate I was for him to shove them further in. I wanted him to really explore me, to take my right there on the chair.

‘I know you want me,’ I said, writhing around, making his fingers move in me, ‘I saw the way you looked at my breasts, saw your cock growing in your pants. Please, I need you to fuck me. I’m right here, waiting for you.’

He started to breathe heavily, looking at his fingers inside me, then up at my face, at my tits.

‘I can’t,’ he whispered, ‘it doesn’t matter how much I want to, I just can’t.’

‘But why not?’ I asked, pleading with him.

‘Because if even a drop of semen hits that pussy, you’ll be stuck as a woman forever.’

Forever? I mean, it had been what I’d wanted just an hour ago. I’d have taken anyway to stay like this for the rest of my life. But now, when I was given the opportunity to make it happen, make it permanent forever, I was wavering.

But the lust I felt, the need I had, the sheer overwhelming fucking horniness that was pounding me from the inside out was so difficult to ignore. No, it was impossible.

‘Just, put the tip of your cock in me,’ I said, ‘please. I want to know what it’s really like to be a woman. I just want a taste of it.’

‘Just the tip,’ he said. ‘And that’s it.’

‘Come here,’ I said. I took hold of his shirt lapels and then undid the buttons of the crisp white garment. Groaning with desire, I slipped my hands under his clothes and felt the hard body beneath them. Fucking hell he was totally ripped, like he was a bodybuilder or athlete.

‘You’re so fucking hot,’ I said, ‘I want you in me. You don’t know what it’s like. I just need you to fill my pussy up.’

‘Just the tip, we agreed,’ he said, undoing his belt. Now his pants were off, and I could see the outline of something big lurking in his underwear. Fucking hell. Even just the tip of this dick was gonna stretch my delicate little pussy in ways it had never been stretched before.

When he finally actually did take his underwear down and stood there in front of me just for a second, I thought I was going to pass out. He looked like a fucking God. I could smell him as well, this rich, deep, manly scent, the likes of which I had never smelled before. It was like I’d shoved my nose in the earth, and a powerful, ancient aroma was assaulting me.

‘You look amazing,’ I said.

‘So do you,’ he said, moving closer. ‘Now,’ he said, ‘I’m going to show you what it’s like to have sex with a man.’

He grabbed my shoulders and lifted me out of the seat, before turning me to face the wall.

‘Your ass is so tight,’ he said, ‘and your pussy is so fucking wet. I’ve

never seen anything like it,' he continued. I felt his fingers at my entrance.

I threw my head back and said, 'Please, I need your cock!'

Then I felt it. A smooth, hard, warm thing, pressing gently at my entrance.

'Don't push back,' he said, 'I want you to feel every tiny movement. I'm in control here.'

He started the slowest, most agonizing forward thrust I could imagine. He must have been so strong, because the control he was displaying felt almost super-human.

'Fuuuuuuck!' I groaned. I could feel my pussy lips being gently split apart by the power of his dick. I'd never experienced anything like it.

'Is that just the tip?' I asked. I could scarcely believe it. He must have been so massive.

'That's just the tip.'

'I want more,' I said, 'I need more. Please, let me just push back a little bit. It feels so good. I wanna cum, I need to cum.' I already felt close. Just having him open me up like this was so fucking intense, I could sense those sweet golden threads of pleasure working their way around my body.

He carried on slowly thrusting into me.

'You feel so good,' he said, 'I don't think I can stop. I want to destroy your pussy. Fuck, I want to destroy *you*.'

And he started to. At first his movement were soft and slow. He began to build momentum.

'I'm gonna cum,' I said, and almost before the end of the sentence, I started to pulse and throb around him. More and more juice from my pussy spilled out from me, falling in slick tendrils to the ground.

'You dirty little bitch,' he said, 'you horny fucking whore.'

'I'm your little bitch,' I said, 'I'm your filthy fucking bitch who's gonna cum every time you stick your cock in me.'

That's when he started pounding in to me, over and over, relentlessly fucking me. His arms were all over my body, grabbing my tits, pulling my arms back. He pushed his fingers into my mouth and I sucked them as he slickly beat into me over and over. It felt like one long orgasm as he continued, and my body shook with pleasure as he had his way with me.

'I want you to cum in me,' I said, 'I want to be your fuckslave from now on. I want to know that you're the man who changed me into a woman.'

'No,' he said, 'I musn't.'

'You have to,' I said, and I pushed back into him harder, coated him with

my slickness. ‘You can do anything you want with me,’ I said.

In a rage of lust, he pushed me down, so that he was pounding down into me.

‘Yes,’ I said, ‘fill me up. Make me yours.’ And then, in a moment of unbelievable release I felt his cock lengthen in me, like it was about to burst. And then it did. I felt the cum spray up inside me and I gasped with pleasure. Because there was something in that cum that made me just feel totally incredible.

‘Fucking hell,’ I said.’

‘I couldn’t have put it better myself,’ he replied.

* * *

Let’s just say that I got the job at AmCorp. The work was exciting, almost as much as the work environment. It took a while to get used to my new life as a woman, but I found that Leo was a very good teacher. He made a woman of me over and over again, in his office, on the roof, in every quiet corner the two of us could find. Truly, getting that interview had led to my dream job, and I’d never need to look for work again.

I was in heaven.

*

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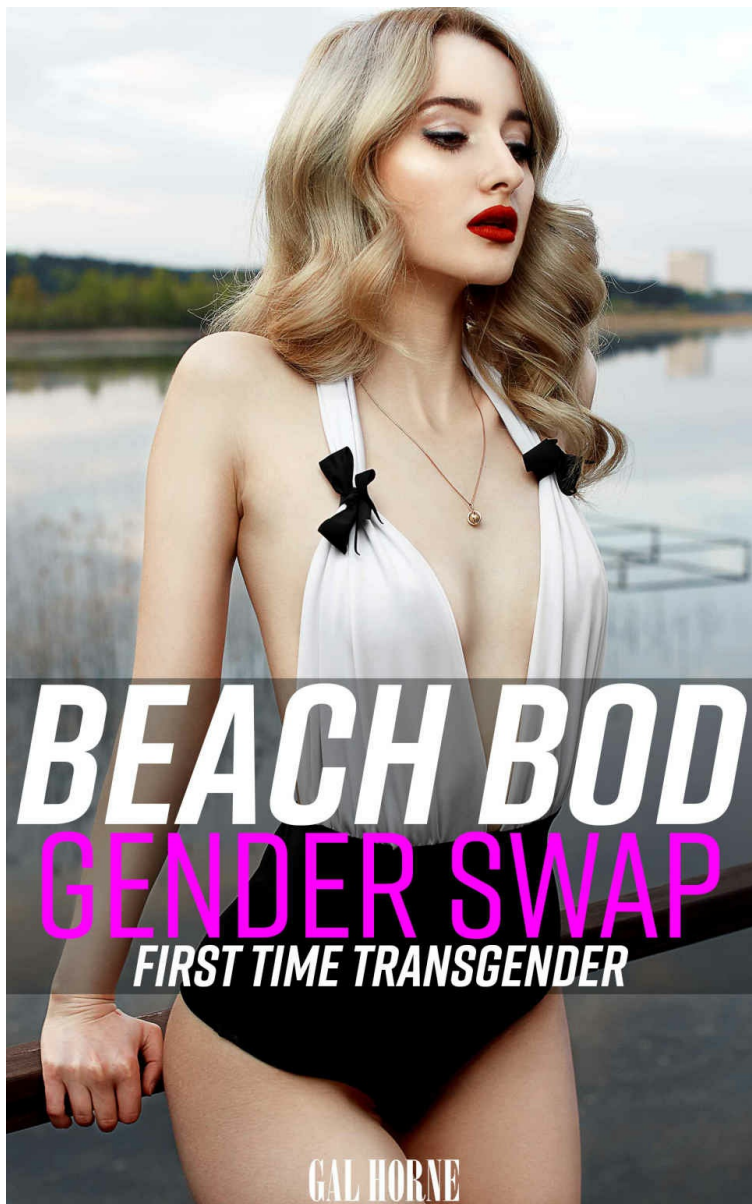
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