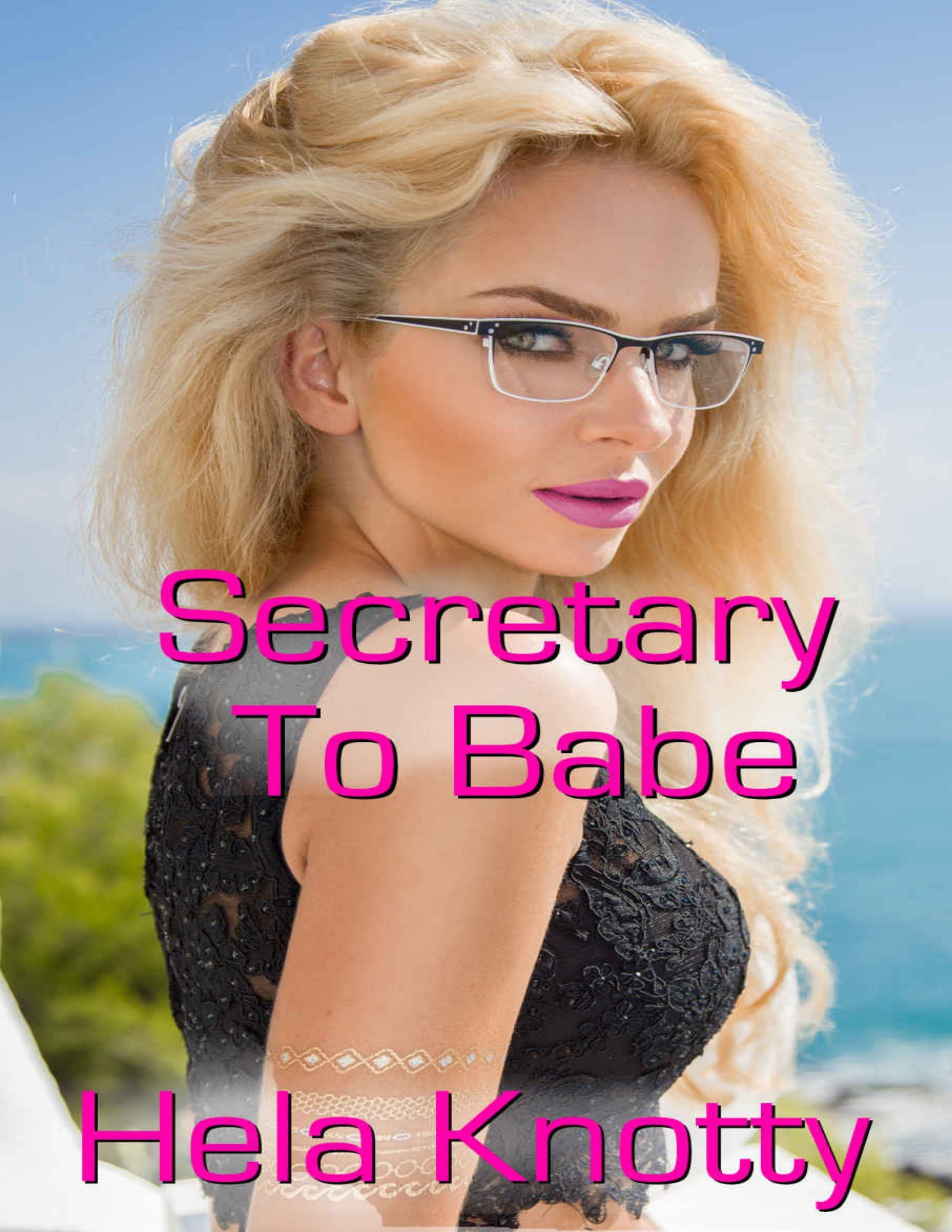


A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is shown from the chest up. She is wearing black-rimmed glasses and bright pink lipstick. She is looking over her right shoulder towards the camera. She is wearing a black lace top. The background is a bright, sunny outdoor scene with a blue sky and some greenery.

Secretary To Babe

Hela Knotty

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Chapter One

This was the moment I had been waiting for his entire life. There was literally no job position higher I could achieve. Most people thought personal secretaries were low level administrative jobs, but I knew the truth.

My mother had been the personal secretary of a Fortune 500 CEO. He trusted her implicitly with everything about the company. When her boss was sick, he relied on her to keep the ship running. Although her official title was secretary to the CEO, everyone knew she was his right hand. Next to him, she was the highest paid individual on the company. She knew everything.

And now that position was going to be mine. Sarubilis Chem Corp was one of the newest, most disruptive chemical companies in America today. From a long history of developing folk medicines, the current scion of the family Martin Sarubili diversified into gene expression editing technology years ago. That gamble paid off. Now Sarubilis was the only company in the world able to offer gene alteration to their wealthiest clients.

The technology was constantly improving, increasing client surgical operations and expanding their customer base. Everyday year or year growth was in the double digits and investors were incredibly optimistic. The stock prices of the company soared.

And I was now going to be Martin Sarubili's personal assistant. There was no place more exciting than helping the visionary change the world.

It was a stroke of luck really. His previous assistant Agatha Heinemann had been his father's assistant for forty years. Despite her age, he allowed her to keep working as long as she wanted. It was clear he considered her family, letting her dictate the terms of her job. When she finally received her first grandson, she decided to retire. The company held a large party in her honor. He also allowed her to pick her successor.

Agatha Heinemann had chosen me. I had been secretary to the CFO ever since I started at the company. I was originally just an intern. But once I organized his schedule and his office on my first day, he hired me on the spot. Agatha liked my work ethic and total dedication to the company. She knew I was the right man for the job.

She trained me in everything Martin needed to succeed. Sarubilis was also her life's work. She wanted to see it succeed beyond her wildest imagination.

Also, she owned a huge amount of stock. It was in her best interest to see the company successful.

I headed up to the penthouse office, excited to officially start my day as the new right hand. I had achieved my dreams in my mid-twenties. I couldn't be happier.

"Morning Trevorow." Martin greeted me by my surname. All the executives knew each other's secretaries. It was the best way to guarantee a meeting happening.

"Good morning Sir." I grinned at Martin. He was only a few years older than me being in his early thirties. We were both incredibly young to be running a company of this size and magnitude. But I was confident in my skills. I would help Martin get the job done.

"You'll have to wait in line. I'm waiting for my new secretary. Agatha told me this Dane girl is a total looker. I am so ready to have some nice eye candy. If you know what I mean." Martin winked at me playfully. "Loved Aggie to death, but I'm sure a young fresh grad will motivate better in the morning. Don't say anything to HR."

Martin laughed. I was glad he was comfortable enough to joke around with me. But I felt dread in the pit of my stomach. He expected his new secretary to be a new babe. Already I was failing his first expectations of me.

I coughed uncomfortably. There was no delaying the rude awakening. Agatha had chosen me for the job. I had to step up to the task.

"Martin. I'm your new secretary. My full name is Dane Trevorow." I hoped he wouldn't be too disappointed.

"What? Secretaries are supposed to be female. No offense Trevorow." Martin shrugged. I could see the disappointment flash on his face. His mouth quirked unhappily. "Agatha always did have a thing for lanky boys. She chose you?"

"Yes. I've been working for your CFO for years. Agatha figured it was best to train someone who's already produced good consistent results. I'm already aware of everything that's going on in the company. I know all the people you need to talk to. I've shown that I am up to the task." I defended myself. I needed him to know I was more than just a pretty face that Agatha liked.

"Of course I know you do a good job Trevorow. There's never been a doubt about that." Martin clapped me on my shoulder. I was glad for his acknowledgement for my skills. "But I would still like you to step down and go back working for John." Martin said plainly, referring to my old job as John, his CFO's, secretary.

"What why?" I couldn't believe this was happening. My first day and I was already being fired. I hadn't even done anything yet.

"Don't worry. You'll still get the pay rise and stock options promised with the promotion. I just really am more

comfortable with a woman as my secretary. I'm not used to ordering another man around. Really, I don't know what Aggie was thinking." Martin walked back to his office. He was done with this conversation.

He wanted a female secretary. And there was nothing I could do about it. If I stayed in Sarubilis, I would never become secretary to the CEO

"Please look for a new secretary for me by the end of the week. I'll give you another week after that to train her. And this time I'll interview the candidates. For now, you'll have to carry on my personal secretary temporarily." Martin said as he closed his doors.

I had an entire week to convince him I was the man for the job. This was my one chance.

Chapter Two

Work proceeded smoothly through the rest of the morning. Everything Martin asked me to do, I did well. He even complimented me on fixing one of his biggest scheduling conundrums between two earnest investors who had accidentally been scheduled on the same time. I also reorganized his emails and implemented folders on his mailbox.

Agatha was a great secretary but she wasn't very good at filing things for other people to find. She knew where everything was, but Martin clearly didn't. I fixed her system making sure Martin could find what he needed without my help.

I also started working on his calendar, to let him see what his next six months of work would look like. Doing that for John had been a life saver for him. He was able to plan vacations earlier since I freed up most of his time. We were also able to set proper deadlines and check-ups on accounting reports. Because of my system, all financial reports were delivered on the date without any delays.

By lunch, I knew I had impressed Martin completely. There was no way he wouldn't see the value in my work.

"Great job on project mapping. Never realized how much things we had to do before launch. Glad you're on top of that." He said as he stopped by my table. He had a working lunch with his parents at a five star restaurant. I reserved them their usual table.

"Thank you sir. The car is already waiting downstairs." I said. While I could do the high level planning, I made sure to be able to accomplish all the small things as well. The less he had to take care of himself, the more he could accomplish for the company.

"Wonderful. Make sure you train your replacement in how to make the calendar. It really is helpful. Also I want to see the list of candidates on my desk by tomorrow evening. I already miss the feminine energy." He said as he headed for his private elevator.

I was devastated. Despite all my handwork, Martin was still set on replacing me. I needed more help.

I decided to call Agatha to ask for advice. She knew Martin the best. She would tell me how I could win him over. Like any good secretary, she answered on the first ring. Old habits did die hard. I told her everything about Martin's desire for a female secretary. It was irrational. I could do a job just as well as any woman. I knew Agatha would see me side.

"Oh dear, it seems I made a mistake." Agatha said after hearing my side.

"You'll talk to Martin?" I asked hopefully. If anyone could convince the CEO to accept me, it would be her.

"Of course not. Martin's right. He does need a female assistant. I didn't realize how much my womanly presence soothed him. Of course the new secretary can't have a motherly energy like me. But he in a CEO's office, he needs a soft touch to balance out his masculine tendencies. Why didn't I think of this before?" Agatha cooed over the phone. She was siding with him. "Oh dear. What a mess. Hush baby."

The sound of an infant crying filled the room. I knew I wouldn't get any help from her.

"I simply must come back and pick my successor." She tried to console the crying infant. I could tell she wanted to stay with her grandchild.

"Don't worry about it Agatha. I'll look for the new candidate. I'll find my replacement and train her. I promise you won't be disappointed." I told her.

"Oh thank you Dane. I knew I had been right in choosing you. Too bad you aren't a woman. We wouldn't be in this mess if you were." Agatha cooed. We said our farewell before we hung up.

I had this problem because I was a man. So much for gender equality. I was going to lose my job all because I had a penis hanging between my legs.

Then it hit me. Our next experimental operation consisted of gender transformation for transsexuals. It was still in the experimental phase but clinical human trials had been approved. I quickly typed in the results of the test. Usually this was highly sensitive and classified information. But since I was the CEO's secretary, I had access to everything. Secretaries were truly the secret masterminds of companies.

I read the report. All tests had been successful so far. In addition, there were no recorded side effects. Reversibility in one patient had also been achieved without incident.

This was my salvation. I could become a woman to be Martin's secretary. Of course I had to keep it a secret from him. He'd also want to interview me before hiring me.

I'd have to arrange everything perfectly to get this right. Getting the procedure done would be easy. Everyone in the company knew who I was. I would be able to promise the lead scientist favors, one he would accept. I was going to be the person whispering in the CEO's ear. Who wouldn't want that kind of influence?

I would also have to work with HR to get my new womanly identity in the system. Claire was a personal friend. I knew I could wing that.

As I went over my plan, more and more I realized I could really do this. I could become a woman and be the perfect secretary. I wasn't that attached to being a man anyway. While I liked sex with women, it wasn't my purpose in life. I could sacrifice that much to make my dream come true. This could work.

Martin came back from his working lunch, looking completely refreshed.

"Any new candidates?" He asked me after the we exchanged pleasantries.

"There is one woman who seems very qualified. I worked with her in the past. She should be able to do everything Agatha and I did. She's also quite beautiful." I hung the bait in front of him.

"Excellent Trevorow. I knew I could count on you." Martin smiled at me.

He didn't know I was going to pull the wool over his eyes.

Chapter Three

The operation turned out to consist of only one injection. According to Dr. Stevenson, I would complete the transformation in one to two days. There would be some dizziness and fatigue. I decided to get the injection on Friday evening, that way I would be able to go to work on Monday.

“All done.” Dr. Stevenson said after pricking the inside of my elbow. I didn’t feel a thing at all.

“That’s it?” I remarked. I had been expecting a more involved transformation. Sarubilis gene therapies often induced a big number of changes in our customer’s bodies. I was turning from a man to a woman. I was expecting something more drastic.

“When we’re awake our bodies tend to not change as much. Most of the cell degradation and regeneration occurs when we’re asleep. If you want to speed up the process you can take naps throughout the day. But really deep REM sleep at night is the key to the transformation.” Dr. Stevenson explained. “This seems to be a pretty drastic step to keep a job you like. You could have just asked HR to intervene for you. I’m sure they would have found a way to keep your promotion.”

“Sure that’ll be smart. I would make an enemy out of my immediate superior, the person who decides all the work I do. No, this was the only way to achieve my dream.” I rolled up my sleeve and looked in the mirror. I still looked like myself. I had soft brown hair and bright blue eyes.

“Well, if anything happens call me.” Dr. Stevenson offered me his card. “Dizziness is normal but vomiting isn’t. Don’t forget the favor you owe me.”

“I always keep my promises.” I said evenly. Everyone in the company knew I was a man of my word. I used to keep a tight ship on everyone’s financials.

I decided to eat at my favorite restaurant before heading home. Since I’d be presumably cooped up the entire week, I wanted to get some delicious takeout. I ordered twice as much and got half to go.

So far, I wasn’t feeling any different.

As I was heading into the men’s bathroom, the man waiting in line pointed me into the other direction. “Girl’s restroom is on the other side.”

“I’m in a suit.” I pointed out to him. I was surprised he had made the mistake. I wondered what had changed in such a short time.

The man apologized clearly meaning no offense.

But the small encounter did get me thinking. Maybe I was too hasty in my decision. I had no experience in what a woman’s life was like. I may have needed the operation for work, but how would it impact the rest of my life.

It was too late to turn back now. Dr. Stevenson had told me I would need at least a month before changing back. In that month, I had to make myself indispensable to Martin Sarubili. Then I would tell him the truth of my identity. He would have no choice but to accept Dane Trevorow as his secretary.

I just had to stick to my plan for a month.

The nausea set in as I entered my apartment door. I quickly stripped off my suit. I looked at my male body one last time. I had always had a decent build. It wasn’t overly masculine but I liked my body enough.

I ran track and field in university and kept up most of the training habits. My chest wasn’t prominent but I didn’t have sagging man boobs either. My abs were also flat which was nearly impossible to maintain for adults who worked hard on their careers. I also had a cute butt.

I reached for my penis. I would definitely miss the ability to pee standing up. Once I was a woman, I would always have to sit down. I wondered how sex would feel. I didn’t know if I liked the idea of someone putting something inside me. It felt so invasive.

But I wasn’t too worried about that. As a man, my sex drive was pretty low. If it weren’t for my friends making jokes about my singleness, I wouldn’t have realized that I had been celibate for over a year. I don’t think I even jerked off in the past few months. I enjoyed sex but it wasn’t a priority for me.

In contrast, to serve the CEO was my calling. I wanted to help the man be the most he can be. It was the highlight of my career. In a way, I saw myself as Martin’s enabler. I would break down any barrier that prevented his success.

In a way, my gender was a barrier to that. And thus it needed to be changed.

I felt much better about my decision. I decided to go to sleep early. Once I turned into a woman, I would need to shop for clothes and shoes. I would need an entire wardrobe appropriate for a secretary. It would have to be modest and professional.

Martin did say he wanted eye candy. Beautiful secretaries had always been part of a CEO’s office. It was my turn to fill that role.

As I laid down on my bed, I couldn't quite contain the excitement I had for tomorrow. Once I was Martin's secretary, I would be living the dream.

Chapter Four

The minute I woke up. I knew something inside me had changed. There was no two ways about it. My body felt different. I vaguely recalled having some spooky dreams that night. The details faded as my mind cleared from the fog of sleep.

I felt damp. It had just been as Dr. Stevenson described. I would sweat out a lot of toxins, hormones and other organic material as my body changed. The transformation would lead to a lot of byproduct, one my new body would have to discard. The urge to pee was bad.

I didn't get up from the bed. I was extremely afraid of what I might see. The reality of becoming a woman was only sinking in. I kept my eyes closed. I wanted to feel myself first before I made the decision to look. Maybe that way, the transformation wouldn't feel so jarring.

I reached up towards my chest. It was no longer flat. I could feel a softness around my nipples. There was definitely small but rounded mounds where my pecs had been. I circled my fingers around my nipples, finding them somehow more sensitive. They felt so much bigger and rounder as well. They were now small A cups. I had to see what they looked like.

I removed all my clothing and stood in front of my full length mirror. I forgot about my chest once I saw my face.

My eyes were definitely prettier. Their shaped had changed to be more delicate and demure. My lashes also seemed longer. My hair had turned a light shade of blonde. It had lengthened to reach past my shoulders. My nose had narrowed considerably, being thinner and more elegant. My lips had turned a shade redder and filled out to be more plump.

I couldn't stop looking myself. When I was a man, I thought of myself as perfectly adequate. But as a woman, I was stunning. I turned my head to different angles, wondering if this ethereal creature could actually be me. It was. And no matter where I turned, I was beautiful. And the transformation hadn't been complete yet.

I let my gaze fall to my breasts. They were still small but I could feel them growing larger. I just knew in just another day, they would be big beauties. My whole body felt more sensual than I had expected. Every time my fingers grazed across my skin I felt a tingle of excitement deep in my spine. It was a whole new feeling.

My waist had shrunken down, but my body still had the last vestiges of being a man. Although all the body hair had fallen out, I still had a lot of muscle. It was weird, I could tell I was still in transition.

Then my gaze fell to my penis. It was smaller than it used to be, reducing to at least half its size. I knew I should have been worried. But I found that I didn't really mind the change. I reached out to touch it, finding that while I could still get hard, it was mostly through flicking my penis rather than stroking it. There wasn't a lot left to hold on to. My testicles had risen back into my body and were almost unnoticeable.

The pleasure I felt was very strange. Instead of being hard on my penis, it felt like my whole body was aroused instead. I stopped once the feeling became too foreign. I would test out my body more tomorrow.

I looked very strange indeed. But I knew I was on my way to being a woman. At the rate I was changing, I should complete my transformation by tomorrow.

I put on some loose clothes and headed out. The headache Dr. Stevenson described wasn't nearly as bad as I expected. I wanted to get a head start on shopping. I never had been able to sit still.

Since my body hadn't changed completely yet, I stuck to one size fits all casual dresses and a pair of slippers. My main goal for the day was to try out my new body. See if there was anything different about being a woman.

The first time I had to pee in the mall, I realized I almost made the mistake of going to the men's bathroom. I quickly course corrected. Unfortunately there was a line.

The woman in front of me looked at me. I could tell she was judging my outfit of hoodie and loose jeans.

"Girl. You got a pretty face but you ain't getting no man wearing clothes like that." She pointed her fingers wildly at me.

"Oh. Weekend at my boyfriend's. I forgot to bring extra clothes." I answered back, finding it surprising how much more sociable I was. If I was a man, I would have answered politely.

"Oooh. I know that feeling. Hope you got some good dick." The woman laughed. She gave me a few skincare tips for the summer. She was very friendly.

Women's bathrooms were so much better than men's rooms. It may have been more crowded with girls hanging around by the mirrors but the experience was just so much more pleasant. There were no foul odors of pee at all. Instead everything smelled nice and flowery, as if someone sprayed potpourri everywhere. The girls were also very friendly, complimenting on my beautiful skin and bright lips. Someone even gave me a sale coupon telling me to buy nice fitting jeans.

I had more fun than I thought. I went home after that excursion feeling so much better about myself. When my transformation finished tomorrow, I would complete the fabrication of Miss Danielle Sharp. She was the alias I decided for myself. I had fabricated a complete biography for her. All my plans were coming to place. By Monday at this time, I would be the new personal secretary of Mr. Martin Sarubili.

I couldn't wait to see his reaction when he finally saw me.

I went to sleep that night dreaming of my new self.

By Sunday morning, my transformation was complete. Dane Trevorow no longer existed. Only Danielle Sharp stayed in his place.

Danielle was an ambitious fresh graduate with D-cup breasts, a slim hourglass figure with a great ample butt to hold onto.

As I went shopping for clothes, my idea of professional and modest was thrown out the window. I felt constricted by boring suits that I had initially picked out. I wanted to show off my new body. I picked numerous wrap dresses and silk blouses.

I was determined to win Martin Sarubili over. There was no way I was letting myself be rejected for a second time.

Chapter Five

It was the day. I arrived first at the office making sure I was the earliest. I had asked in a favor with IT to put Danielle Sharp in the system. I was now fully employed in a completely new identity.

"Excuse me Miss." The receptionist at the counter stopped me. When I glared at him, he seemed unsure of what to do.

I tapped my ID at the elevator barricade making them open. I could feel his eyes check out my ass I walked passed him. People were definitely going to notice me.

Wanting to make a good impression on Martin from my first day, I put on a low cut blouse that had ample cleavage. Then I covered it up with a formal blazer. The outfit was finished with a tight skirt and five inch heels. It took me all day to practice walking on heels.

There was no way I was showing up to work waddling like a goose. Martin wanted a secretary who looked good for his office. He would get one.

I began my actual work preparing his day. I also brewed his coffee in time to his arrival. Like all the best CEO's, Martin stuck to a schedule. My arrival wasn't going to change that. His private elevator sounded.

I walked up to it, making sure I would be the first thing he saw.

"Good Morning Martin." I said once he got out. I could see his eyes dart to my face in confusion. He lingered on my lips, making me feel a little heated. I couldn't help but lick my them Then his gaze fell onto my breasts, distracting him.

"Uh... Hello." He murmured. After a few seconds, he finally had the decency to look back up at me.

"I'm Danielle Sharp, Dane's replacement. He forwarded you my resume this weekend. I'm completely up to date on your entire schedule. Dane made sure to transition me into this role as smoothly as possible. We don't want to inconvenience you in any way." I grabbed his arm and walked him to his office. We had already spent too much time just standing and talking.

"Uh... Where is Dane? I was supposed to interview you before hiring you." Martin looked completely lost. His eyes kept darting back to my exposed cleavage. And if they weren't there, they wandered into my hips.

"Of course. The interview is scheduled at the end of the day. Dane figured it would be best for you to have a full day trial with me first. That way you can give me feedback on my performance. Dane was very selective in his choice sir. I assure you, I'm up to the task." I placed both my hands on his chest. I could feel his heart beating madly against my palm. I pretended to fix his tie. "Now, I believe you like to read the news before getting to work. I've set the papers on your desk. I'll bring you coffee in just a second."

I ushered him into his office. Martin was still gawking at me like a fish out of water. While I was flattered by his shock, I really wanted to show my prowess at getting things done.

I brought his coffee like he liked, two cubes of sugar, a dash of milk and a little sprinkle of surprise like chocolate, nutmeg or cinnamon to keep him on his toes.

"Mmmm... cinnamon. Dane really managed to teach your everything?" He sat on the desk and looked up at me appreciatively.

"Yes sir. We spent the entire weekend onboarding me with being your secretary. He's also decided to take a personal leave to assess his future career. During that time, he's made himself available to me full time." My plan was flawless. Already I could see Martin soaking up every word I said. At least the ones he heard when he wasn't distractedly looking at my chest. I could see pants tighten considerably around his package.

Martin suddenly stood up. He loomed over me as he handed me his coffee cup. "It seems Dane selected you very well. I look forward to us working closely together."

He leaned in as my hand grazed his fingers.

I couldn't suppress the shiver going up my spine as I inhaled his scent. This was something I did not expect.

While I had assumed he would find me attractive, I didn't think the reverse was going to be true as well. But I could feel my new body stirring as he entered my personal space.

Martin Sarubili had always been a handsome man. But I never realized how good looking he actually was. He had fine aristocratic features that gave him an air of gravitas. He was taller than me by at least a few inches.

And underneath that well-fitting suit, I knew had a well toned body. I had personally reviewed his schedule and noted his two hour daily workouts with a personal trainer. I also tracked his meals and caloric intake through an app Sarubilis had developed on the side.

And even without all this knowledge, his reputation as a fantastic lover was known far and wide. He always dated celebrities and fashion models, all of whom seemed lovestruck and heartbroken when he left them. They all made coy quips about his excellent performance and his gentlemanly nature. It was one of the reasons the company

had gotten so much recognition the past few years. Martin Sarubili was known to work hard but play even harder.

“I do think this is the start of a beautiful relationship.” He whispered into my ear.

I couldn’t stop a little heady moan from leaving my mouth. My body was reacting to him in a way I didn’t expect.

He simply winked at me in response. Then he went back to his table.

My panties felt wet. I quickly excused myself and went back to my desk. This was definitely something I hadn’t planned for.

Chapter Six

“Danielle. My office.” Martin’s voice was deep and dark. I had heard him many times before, but now the treble of his voice stirred something in me.

It was mid-morning and he had just finished his morning news review. He was now reading up on a proposal for a new acquisition. We were meeting with team in an hour. Last week he had delivered all my instructions through the speaker phone earpiece. Already, this was a departure in how he treated me.

I stood up and smooth out my skirt. I didn’t know why I was feeling so nervous. I had done this everyday for my previous boss. Going inside an office shouldn’t make me feel excited or nervous.

“How can I help you sir?” I asked, opening the door ever so slightly.

Martin was seated at his big desk. He had taken off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. For some reason my eyes wandered to his big muscular hairy forearms. My brain couldn’t stop recognizing him as a man. It was sending signal to my body that I didn’t want to interpret.

“Come over here. Why don’t look at these numbers and tell me what you think?” Martin asked me. He placed the document on his table.

I didn’t know why there was so much tension in the room. We were just doing the job. I walked to his desk. I was familiar with the report but hadn’t fully read it yet. Instead of sitting down, I bent over the desk to get a closer look at the graph.

All the numbers seemed accurate. There wasn’t a any misrepresentation of the data. Then I noticed it. There was no indication of the sample size. I flipped through the pages looking for attached appendices explaining where the data that was gathered. It was missing.

“The acquisitions team failed to include the focus group description.” I looked up at him. I realized his eyes were focused on my cleavage. Instead of covering myself up, I couldn’t resist the urge to pull my blouse just a little lower. I loved this new attention he was lavishing me. It felt like he was seeing more of me than ever.

Something about the increase in attention he was giving me got me excited and bothered.

“Right. Please tell the team to bring that data with them.” Martin quickly corrected himself. “There’s another thing that’s bothering me.”

Martin pulled the documents close to him. He rotated the document and pointed at paragraph.

Since I couldn’t read it upside down, I walked around his desk and stood beside him. I bent over his desk. Martin pulled away, giving the space I needed to look closer. I fixed my position, making sure he could see my ass bent over in front of him.

I didn’t know if he was just making an excuse to get a good look at my butt, but I didn’t care. I wanted him to see my new body. I had given up everything to be woman. He might as well see the fruits of my hardship.

There was indeed another anomaly in the report. I would have the team to check it over.

I waited for Martin to touch my ass. I wanted at least a non-committal pat. The yearning for physical contact was overwhelming me. I didn’t know where this desire was coming from.

He didn’t do anything. I stood up and smoothened my outfit.

There was definite interest in his eyes. He followed my hands as they worked the wrinkles out of my blouse and skirt. I made sure my fingers lingered at the bottom hem of my skirt. I wanted him to see right where my new stockings ended. I had decided to splurge and bought ones with lace at the rim.

“Is there anything else I can do for you sir?” I asked as I stood right in front of him. I could see his fingers itching to touch me. What was he waiting for?

Martin just looked at me for a long moment.

“Nothing for now. Make sure everything is prepared for the meeting in an hour.” He pulled himself back close to his desk. But not before I saw the impressive bulge in his slacks.

“Of course Sir.” I walked away slowly, adding a sway to my hips. I could feel his eyes staring at my ass.

I quickly informed the acquisitions time while I still had control over my sense. My body was feeling so heated and aroused. I knew my clit was engorged. It took all my willpower to not play with it.

Whoever said women didn’t get aroused were so wrong. It felt like my libido was a hundred times more active than my previous one. I couldn’t stop ogling Martin. It was inappropriate and so dangerous. But those thoughts were always niggling at the back of my mind.

I set a timer on my desk and focused on the work at hand. I couldn’t allow myself to be distracted by my boss. I had become a woman not to seduce him but to serve him properly. I needed to get back on track.

By the time the acquisitions team arrived for the meeting, my mind was all cleared.

Or at least I thought it was.

The minute I saw Graham Porter I felt myself get excited again. I was noticing things about men I hadn't seen before. He was tall coming from his Dutch heritage. His long blond hair was a wavy mane that made him look powerful but wild. When he saw me, he approached me purposefully, taking my hand and kissing it lightly.

"I was sad to see the young Dane vacate this position, but I must admit I could understand now why Martin much prefers you." He said to me with a sly grin. "The same capability in a much more attractive package."

I couldn't stop myself from squeaking in earnest. I could feel the heat rise from my face. Nobody had ever flirted with me so blatantly before. I didn't know what to do.

I quickly pulled my hand back.

"Let me inform Mr. Sarubili you've arrived." I went back to the natural protocols in cases like this.

"I have a good feeling about this meeting. I feel like celebrating tonight. Would you like to join me for a wonderful dinner?" Graham asked me smoothly. His deep blue eyes were seducing me with every second.

"I'll think about it." I murmured helplessly. I should not be thinking of dating anyone.

Martin's voice over the speaker, calling to send them in, saving me from any more conversation. I was thankful for that.

I entered after everyone else did and closed the door behind them. Just as I was to take a seat at the back to take notes, Martin gestured to me to sit beside him at the head of the conference table.

This was new.

But I didn't want to embarrass him in front of everyone, so I complied.

The team quickly introduced the new company they were asking Sarubili to purchase. The first few minutes of these were relatively unimportant. As due diligence, Acquisitions had to discuss the company history as well as any potential scandals in the timeline. Political affiliations of its executives were also part of the discussion. This was more of a problem for legal.

Martin's main concern was the potential and benefit this company would bring to Sarubilis' portfolio. If the company didn't have a revenue generating product, it might have technology or ownership of a patent that would complement Sarubilis current product line. Often it was acquisitions like this that provided multiplicative returns rather than additive ones. We were still a half an hour away from the discussion.

This part of the presentation was boring. I could feel my mind slowly drifting away.

Then I felt it. It grounded me back into reality. There was a warm firm hand on my thigh.

Martin's hand was on my bare thigh.

I looked at him in alarm. His face looked completely absorbed by the boring discussion. And thanks to my place at the head of the table, nobody would be able to see what he was doing to me.

Then his fingers moved, stroking my thigh. It moved closer to my most intimate place and then stopped.

I waited in bated breath, wondering when he would move again. After a minute, I realized he was waiting for me.

I slowly opened my legs, giving him access to my inner thigh.

Martin let out a heavy huff of breath, one that I was only able to notice being so near him.

His fingers expertly teased my legs, sending chills of pleasure down my spine. Then they reached the seam between my leg and torso.

I sucked in a deep breath. I needed more of his touch. It felt like he was controlling me without any words. I spread my legs open more. His finger teased the front of my already wet panties.

My whole body shuddered in ecstasy.

Then he pulled his hand away.

"Any concerns Martin?" Graham asked from across the room.

"None so far. What exactly am I buying here?" Martin asked without missing a beat. He was in complete control of himself as if he hadn't been teasing me these past few minutes.

"It's a new system of delivery for our genetic enhancement products. Instead of an injection system, they can deliver the medicine orally but with instant results." Graham began to explain various scientific terms that was key to our knowledge.

I focused myself and quickly took down notes. I also asked question to clarify some matters which Graham didn't quite explain. The man was slippery, often leaving out crucial bits of information. As Martin's second pair of eyes and ears, it was my job to find out the truth so that Martin could make the most well-informed decision.

The meeting concluded. Martin had a large number of concerns about the due diligence and veracity of Graham's claims. We scheduled another meeting for next week.

I quickly escorted the acquisitions team out. Just as I was about to leave, Martin stopped me.

"A word. Danielle." Martin said as he sat on the front of his desk. He had removed his jacket again and folded up his sleeves. It was something I realized he did when he was alone in the comfort of his office. He folded his arms

across his chest, making his thick biceps bulge along with his chest. "Close the door behind you."

I did as he instructed. I approached him without being prompted too. If he wanted to continue our little play, I was more than happy to oblige. Martin was eliciting feelings from me that I had never felt before. Whatever sense of professionalism I had crumbled away in the face of pure desire.

My mind was weak to the wants of my body.

"About what happened earlier, I want to make sure you know that your job is no way conditional upon your acceptance of my advances. If you feel at any time, I'm crossing the line, just say the word and I stop." Martin reached his hand up to sweep back his hair. I could see the vulnerability in his eyes. It only made me want more. "I don't know what possessed me to do that."

"I want more." I stopped him before he could say anything else. It didn't matter anyway. I placed my hands on his thighs and rubbed them with my hands. I was drawn to his tight package. "I've never felt like this before. I don't want us to stop."

"Good." Martin's face was so close to mine. I could feel his breath on my lips. I could see the small stray white hairs on his beard. Up close, he seemed even more distinguished than before. "I don't want to stop either. But we are at the office."

"Yes. You do have another meeting coming up in ten minutes." I reached up to feel his hardness at his pants. "It may be enough time."

"Join me for dinner tonight." Martin licked his lips. "I want to do this right."

Chapter Seven

Arriving at Las Palais Royale felt unnerving. As secretary to very rich men, I often made reservations at this exclusive restaurant. It was the most prestigious dining experience in town. Located at the penthouse floor of a six star hotel, it had tables that overlooked the city. It was an unparalleled experience reserved for the one percent of the one percent.

I arrived at the hotel lobby. For this occasion, I bought a new backless red dress and matched them red faced heels. Women's clothing was expensive but from the way I felt beautiful wearing them, it was worth the price.

The doorman opened the door for me and gave me an approving glance. As I walked in the grand entrance, I saw many people give me a double take as they saw me walk in. The rich businessmen and husbands couldn't take their eyes of me while their wives and girlfriends wondered who I paid to get a body like this.

I should become the new spokeswoman for Sarubilis' new gene alteration line. If Dr. Stevenson could make a man look this beautiful, imagine what he could do for a real woman. By just adding a genetic code, he could give everyone stunning cheekbones and the inability to put on any weight.

The hostess greeted me at the restaurant. It seems Martin had booked us a seat by the window. He was already waiting for me at the table. He stood up when he saw me. The desire I could feel from his eyes made my knees weak.

Nobody had ever waited for me before. As a secretary, I was the one always waiting. This more than anything else, felt strange to me.

"You looking stunning Danielle. I thought it was a celebrity coming in from the way the crowd hushed silent as you came in." Martin reached for my hand and kissed the back of it. "Then I realized no celebrity could elicit a reaction like the one they gave you."

"Thank you Martin." I said in the absence of a witty comeback. I felt flustered and hot as I felt his strong hand guide my bare back into the chair. He even pulled it out for me.

"I must say, you've left a very powerful impression on me. And we've only me today." Martin smiled to me.

"I do hope it's a good impression." I flirted back.

"It's very good. In fact, I couldn't stop thinking of you the entire day." Martin was only staring into my eyes. My cleavage was on the display but not once was he distracted by it. His gaze was strong and fierce, to the point that I felt completely exposed to him, as if he could read my thoughts.

The waiter arrived offering us drink and the menu. Martin waved it away. He ordered the degustation menu for us and a bottle of his favorite red. The waiter nodded and left. That quick interaction cost easily upwards of a thousand dollars.

I knew of Martin's expensive tastes but never experienced it first hand. I didn't consider myself a shallow person but that show of wealth excited me. He was just so strong and confident.

"Where have you been hiding all this time?" Martin asked me.

I had planned this part perfectly. I already had the perfect excuse. No one would find out my real identity unless I wanted them to.

"Dane and I were classmates in university. While he stayed in the states, I went abroad to work freelance jobs. I mostly helped small restaurants owners get their classic diners out of the red. It's like working for big company like Sarubilis except on a much smaller scale." I purposely kept any real detail out. Martin wouldn't have the patience to double check my facts anyway.

"How fascinating." Martin reached for my hand. He started stroking the back of it sending chills of pleasure down my spine.

Feeling bold, I lifted my leg and shucked off my heels. The underside of our table was covered completely by table cloth. I slipped my foot in and reached for his. I found his crotch and pressed on it with my foot.

Martin narrowed his eyes at me and licked his lips. His cock hardened under my silk stockinged feet. It felt enormous to me. I grew bolder at his reaction. I stroked the full length of it with my foot.

For anyone looking at us, it looked like we were only making inconsequential small talk. But only the two of us knew the true extent of our interaction. I was stroking his covered cock underneath the table cloth. He reached down and adjusted himself.

When I pressed my foot against him, I could know feel the shape and heat of his tool. He had taken his cock out completely.

The sense of danger and exhibitionism excited me. Here we were at the most prestigious restaurant in the entire city. And we were playing footsie in front of everyone. It felt very naughty.

I had never done anything so daring before.

Underneath the table, he began stroking my foot.

"The food here is wonderful, but I have special dessert planned for us tonight." Martin said smoothly.

The waiter brought out our appetizers. I didn't take my foot away from his penis. I felt so brazen, wondering if the waiter just knew I was stroking my boss' cock. He left without another word.

"What could be more exclusive than this place?" I giggled. I was having so much fun skirting the boundaries of propriety.

"It's exclusive because I'll make it for you in my apartment. It's a secret family recipe." Martin licked his lips. He was asking me to go home with him.

It had only been a day. And already I was thinking of sleeping with my boss.

I had become a woman not seduce him but to serve as his secretary. Then again, what was the ultimate act of service than pleasuring him in bed.

"I can't wait."

Chapter Eight

By the time we arrived at Martin's penthouse apartment. I was already a bundle of nerves. After a delicious dinner, he brought me back to his place using his private limousine. Once we were inside the vehicle, he erected the privacy barrier.

I thought for sure he would take me then and there. I was so excited.

Instead Martin simply took my fingers and intertwined them with his. He then stroked my thigh the whole way home. I knew he was building me up for the moment. Martin was a master of seduction wanting me to anticipate his every move.

It was working. The minute we entered his doorway, I was absolutely bursting from excitement.

He didn't make me wait long. He took my face into his strong hands and kissed me hard.

I melted in his arms as I felt his strong lips onto mine. He tasted strongly of wine and steak. His tongue pushed past my lips and captured my own. I let out a breathy moan of pleasure as he took complete control of me.

This was how real men kissed. I now understood what being weak-kneed felt like.

"You make me lose control." Martin growled deep into my ear as he pulled me close to his body. His hard erection pressed against my front.

"Take me." I whimpered.

Logically, I knew I should have been afraid. I had never before in my life been penetrated by anything. But my mind's desires were too powerful. I couldn't resist him at all. In fact, I wanted more. I yearned for more contact, more touch. I needed to feel him against me.

I reached for his tie and pulled him close to me. This second kiss was more passionate and searing than the first. Instead of being a passive participant, I fought for control over his mouth. I had to pull away for breath, and he started kissing down my neck.

His expert fingers slipped my gown away from my body. Suddenly I was standing in the middle of his hallways only wearing black lacy lingerie and heels.

"You're beautiful." Martin said to me with bold admiration. He let his eyes examine my new female body.

Instead of shying away from his gaze, I let myself be fully exposed to him. I cupped my big d-cup breasts and touched my nipples.

"That's it. Show me what you like to do." Martin led to me to the bedroom. He sat on the foot of his bed. "Take off your clothes for me. I want to see every part of you."

I gasped feeling my folds engorge and moisten. Martin wanted me to strip for him. As his secretary, it was my job to comply.

I slowly unhooked the lacy bra from my chest. But before taking them off, I covered my nipples with arm. A good striptease always had element of mystery and teasing. I felt so powerful and sexy.

Martin seemed to like my performance based on the way he was stroking his cock.

I wiggled my ass in front of him. Then I slipped my panties all the way down. I was completely naked now.

"Bend over." Martin commanded me. He grabbed my legs and pulled me close to him.

I did as he asked. I realized why soon enough. My excited folds were now completely exposed to him. He pressed a finger against my clit, sending reverberation of pleasure throughout my body.

Then he leaned and pressed his nose against my sensitive spot. His soft beard grazed against my soft inner thighs.

"Oh Martin." I gasped as the intimacy of the act. Nobody had ever touched me there before, whether I was a man or a woman.

Then his tongue flicked out.

"Oh god." I cried out. Martin began eating my pussy out earnestly. He was doing so many things with his tongue that I couldn't describe. They were all completely new sensations to my body. I didn't have the words or knowledge to explain the feeling.

Soon I felt two fingers slide into me. He was stretching me out while pleasuring all the same.

"You taste so good." Martin's voice was deep rumble I felt in my core.

I couldn't hold on. My body began trembling from the sheer ecstasy of the act.

"Don't hold back. Give me everything." Martin turned me to face him. He tossed me to the bed and spread my legs. He buried his face into my pussy.

"I'm cumming." I cried out as he sucked on a spot that was so sensitive. My pleasure suddenly erupted from my body. The feelings were so powerful my vision went completely white. My entire body shook with the intensity of my orgasm.

“So beautiful.” Martin said as he kissed my leg. He moved slower and gentler as the aftershocks of my climax filled my body.

I felt so good and alive.

But I knew the night wasn't done.

I hadn't satisfied him yet.

It was my turn to serve.

I quickly got on my knees and stroked his package.

“Take it out.” Martin's eyes were completely covered by the fog of lust. He had lost his jacket but was still otherwise fully clothed. I loved the contrast between us. It showed who held all the power in the relationship.

I wrapped my hand around his cock. It was so much longer and thicker than mine had been. I knew I was supposed to feel disgust since I was man. But since I was now a woman, I only felt pure unadulterated lust. There was nothing more I wanted to do than take it into my mouth.

“Suck it.” Martin ordered me.

I complied eagerly. The spongy head felt heavy on my tongue. I loved the manly flavor of it. Drops of salty bitter precum filled my tongue. I swallowed more of him into my mouth. He stretched my lips wide as he thrust deeper into me.

I pulled out gasping for breath.

“I've never had anyone this big.” I admitted to him. I could see the desire burn brightly in his eyes.

“Then you better learn.” He growled at me. He thrust past my lips again feeding my his cock.

I opened my mouth and accepted him whole. His thick cock pushed past my cheeks. I couldn't explain the glorious feeling as his cock filled my mouth. Somehow I felt like I belonged. I reached down to touch myself. It felt so erotic having this man in my mouth.

Martin grabbed my head and pushed in deeper. He reached the back of my throat. He slowed his pace to let me stretch around him. The feeling was exquisite. I had to breathe through my nose inhaling his complex masculine scent.

“You're so good at this.” Martin groaned as he pushed his cock all the way in. “No woman has ever taken all of me.”

Accomplishment. I felt accomplishment as I swallowed the entire length of his cock. I wasn't like his other lovers. I wanted to be his best everything. Nobody could compare to me.

I reached up to fondle his balls. I had played with my own before, knowing the pleasure they felt. I knew other women wouldn't know this technique. Martin growled in approval.

“I don't want to cum yet.” Martin said as he pulled out.

I gasped for air. I felt unreasonable empty without his cock. I wanted it back inside my body.

“I'm going to fuck you.” Martin announced as he started undressing.

“Yes. I want you so bad.” I whimpered. My eyes gazed over his masculine body. I fingered myself as I waited in bated breath for the cock that would take my virginity.

Martin took off his shirt, revealing a well formed body. His chest was strong and prominent like those fitness models in magazines. It was covered in black and white hair giving him a sense of distinguished polish. The fur trailed lower to his abs, empathizing his strong eight pack. He obviously kept himself in good shape. I could see where the hundreds of dollars he paid in gym instruction and self care went to.

The sound of his belt unbuckling heated my core. It sounded so erotic and enticing. He pulled down his pants, revealing his thick turgid cock.

My whole body seemed to salivate at his presence. This was the man who was going to take away my virginity. I had become a woman for him to work for him. Now I was giving him my everything.

“Are you ready?” He crawled over on top of me. His body was so much bigger than mine. My soft feminine form rightfully fit under his hard masculine frame. I was meant to be under him.

“Yes.” I whimpered.

He reached down to kiss me. As he pressed his lips to mine, he also lowered his entire body against me. We were completely connected. There was no space between us. There was only one way we could be closer.

His cock slid against my folds letting me feel his size. It felt so impossibly large. I didn't think it could fit. But while my mind was afraid of the pain and stretch, my body wanted to be filled. I yearned for him in my very core. I needed him inside me.

“Please Martin.” I begged.

Martin kissed me again. Then he aimed his cock at my pussy. He teased my clit with the thick head, smearing my folds with his precum. He was rightfully marking his territory. After this act, I would belong to him completely. There was no going back from this. I would devote my entire life to this man.

“You feel so good Danielle.” He groaned as he pushed his cock into my body.

My whole body tightened as I felt him enter my most intimate place. The feeling of another object entering me was so foreign. There was pain but it was overcome immediately by pleasure. The more he filled me the more I felt my body buzz with ecstasy.

Then I realized this was all meant to be. Women’s bodies were meant to be filled by cocks. I felt so good I couldn’t stop from arching my back, pressing myself closer to him.

When he was fully inside me, he paused, letting me get used to his size.

I had never felt so full in my life. I began squirming around his cock needing more friction and pleasure. When he teased me enough, he started fucking me hard.

“Yes Martin.” I cried out as he began pounding my pussy with long powerful strokes. He captured my mouth with his, muffling my cries of pleasure.

All his refinement was thrown out the window as he fucked me long and hard. He was like a berserker rutting against me powerfully, like a beast possessed by his animal instinct to mate. I was rendered helpless in the face of pure lust. I had never felt so alive and so wanted in my entire life. This was the sex I had been missing all my life. This was true fucking. I had to turn into a woman to experience the true range of sex.

Both of us knew we wouldn’t last long. We had been teasing each other the entire night. His cock was expertly hitting that spot inside me. It didn’t take me long before I felt my entire body unfolding in sheer pleasure. I trembled around his powerful cock, my strong vaginal walls squeezing him in powerful pulses. I felt spill his seed into me with each powerful desperate thrust.

It was the most fulfilling sex I ever had in my life. He collapsed onto of me. His heavy weight made me feel safe rather than squished. I felt satiated for the first time in my life. I felt like I could stay like this forever.

“You were so amazing. It feels like my entire life I’ve been waiting for a woman like you.” Martin whispered into my ear breathless. He stroked my hip eagerly.

“I live to serve.” I answered back with pride.

Chapter Nine

“Graham. Please take a seat.” Martin said to the head of acquisitions.

After reviewing his report, I had found a very concerning discrepancy in his data. The numbers were all off. I checked with the team conducting the survey and the audit group and only found more anomalies there. It took me an entire week, but I managed to compile enough evidence to prove that Graham had manufactured all his data.

Later I learned he was going to get a big portion of the sale. Meanwhile the technology he was planning to sell us was deemed a failure. It had already failed preliminary testing by the FDA. The company owners wanted to sell it with a high price while the FDA hadn't released its findings publicly yet. They wanted to give Sarubili a bad egg.

I wouldn't let that happen.

When I told Martin, he asked if I wanted to watch the smug bastard get fired.

Naturally I said yes.

Besides corporate malpractice, Graham had been incessantly pestering me for a date. Even when I had made it clear, I wasn't interested, he wouldn't take no for an answer. He even tried cornering me in the elevator. I wanted to tell HR but I decided to wait. I would wait for him to get fired first. And if I cried wrongful termination, I had a video clip in the elevator proving sexual harassment. He wasn't going to get away with trying to screw Sarubili twice.

Martin was as smooth as ever. He presented all the facts I had gathered in a smooth well mannered voice. At first he made it seem like he was going to take Graham's side. He listed out all the anomalies and reports of the failures.

Graham actually had the gall to pretend he wasn't party to the deceit. He faked outraged at being tricked and promised retribution against the supplier. I could hear the worry in his voice. Even after being caught red-handed, he still wouldn't admit to his crime.

“I'm sorry Graham but you're fired.” Martin finally said after the long discussion.

“You can't fire me!” Graham's voice was outraged. But I could still hear the fear in it. Unlike Martin's smooth even tone, Graham's cadence wobbled with every word.

Martin slipped him a folder.

“I have records of your lies. Your partners all sold you out. They all fessed up to the crime rather than go to jail for wrongful representation. What cases would you like me to file against you? Corporate espionage? Insider Trading? Or maybe even Embezzlement? I know all about your little side activities.” Martin's voice was slow and menacing.

I couldn't resist the thrill of pleasure up my spine. I didn't know about those.

Martin was so full of surprises. He had gone above and beyond what I had done and looked into his executive.

I swallowed his cock deeper into my mouth. I couldn't suppress the moan of pleasure from vibrating my throat.

Martin stroked my cheek under the table. Even though I was sucking his cock, he didn't make Graham notice anything. He was truly in control over everything. He had fired Graham while I was on my knees sucking on his magnificent cock.

“I need to talk to my lawyers.” Graham ran away with his tail between his legs.

“Good job my beautiful secretary.” Martin pulled his chair back releasing his cock from my lips. He caressed my cheek. “Without you, I would have never found that snake in my home.”

“What's my prize?” I asked sultrily as I got up from my knees. I already knew what he wanted. I was only wearing my silky Lacey lingerie in his office. My panties were soaking wet.

He grabbed my hips and possessively seated me on his cock. He ground against my pussy. Then he slipped his hand into my panties and grabbed my ass. His fingers played with my asshole.

“I think we've stretched this baby out enough. Think you can take my big cock up your ass.” Martin whispered as he licked my ear.

“Yes. I want you in all of my holes.” I gasped. Ever since my transformation, my mind had been constantly filled with sex. It felt like I needed it to breath.

Fortunately Martin had a Sarubili operation that gave him enhanced stamina. He was the only man in the world who could satisfy my needs.

He lifted me off him and bent me over his executive desk. Then he ripped my luxury lace panties apart. He exposed my ass completely.

Then he shoved his thick cock into my already lubed hole.

“Yes Martin. Fuck me hard.” I cried out in ecstasy. His walls were completely soundproof. After that first night, we had fucked every day. There was no part of his office that we hadn't used.

Martin grunted as he pounded into me. He knew exactly how I liked to get fucked. We were a match made in heaven.

I lived to serve him completely.
There was no turning back now.
I was going to fulfill every single one of my CEO's needs.
I had become the ultimate secretary.