

Sissifying Her Rival (Part Two)

by Crystal Summers



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Sissifying Her Rival

Part Two: Turning Tables

Feminization Fables Vol. 13

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Chapter 1: “Learning Who’s In Charge”

Brandon Ryan has found himself turned into a woman in the most humiliating way by his coworker Amy Simms. Amy wants him out of the way so she can get a promotion. Now he’s trapped as her maid at home and as her secretary at work. Can Brandon escape her clutches and free himself from his feminine prison? Does Amy have something worse in mind for Brandon?

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After causing Brandon to orgasm with her finger, Amy took him to a small room which would be his room until she was ready to turn him back into a man. Once there, she dropped the next bombshell on him as he stood nervously at attention while she explained what life would be like for him for the foreseeable future.

“Just because you’ll work for me during the week—” she started.

“Work for you during the week?!” he asked.

“Yes, you’ll be returning to the office as my secretary.”

“But—”

She raised her hand. “Not a word, Brandon. You will do as I say.”

Brandon bit his lip. The idea of returning to the office terrified him.

She continued. “As I was saying, just because you’ll be my secretary doesn’t mean I don’t expect you to work hard at home. You are my maid first and foremost, that is your new station in life until I set you free, and you had better do your best to make me happy,” said Amy.

“What do I need to do?” asked Brandon unhappily.

“For starters, you’re going to wear a uniform.”

“What kind of uniform?”

Amy giggled. She walked over to the closet in the tiny room and slid back the closet door. As she did, an explosion of pink, white, red and black satins and silks and taffeta burst forth into the room. The closet was packed with uniforms; though these uniforms looked more like costumes to Brandon. . . costumes worn by strippers. Clearly, Amy planned to make his time as a woman as humiliating as possible.

“You want me to wear those?” he asked incredulously.

“Of course. These are your uniforms. You will wear them as you clean the house and serve me,” said Amy. She ran her fingers over a light-pink uniform.

“Serve you how?”

“In any way I want, Brandon,” said Amy. She bent down and picked up

the high-heeled sandals which matched the light-pink uniform. These were a similar pink with several heavy straps, including a t-strap. They had a one-inch platform and five-inch heels.

“No way,” said Brandon firmly in his small, feminine voice.

Amy furrowed her brow. Then she stood up straight and she marched over to Brandon. She walked right up next to the tiny Brandon and glared down into his eyes. “Don’t mistake my being nice to you with you having any say in anything, Brandon,” she growled. “I’m in charge now, 100%. My word is law as far as you are concerned, and I will not accept any resistance. And to make my point, I’m going to give you a little demonstration of my power.”

“What kind of demonstration?” he asked nervously.

She didn’t answer. Instead, she shoved the pink sandals against his breasts. “Strip everything off and put these on.”

Brandon looked down at the sandals she held against his breasts. He pursed his lips. He hadn’t moved yet.

“Now! Or maybe you’d like me to kick you out. Is that what you want, Brandi?” she asked.

Brandon swallowed hard. He knew she had tremendous power over him and testing the limits of that power was foolish. Anyone crazy enough to turn him into a woman just to get a promotion was certainly capable of doing some very nasty things to him too, so he took the sandals. Then he set them on the bed and he stripped himself naked.

“That’s better,” said Amy.

Brandon stripped off Jill’s little black dress and laid it over the back of a nearby chair. Then he stripped off her underwear and placed those on the chair as well. When he went to remove the stockings however, Amy stopped him and told him to keep wearing those. She also ran her fingers down Brandon’s naked back, all the way down to the crack in his butt.

“You really are a beautiful woman,” she said.

Brandon cringed; that compliment did not make him happy, so he tried to put it out of his mind and he sat down to strap on the pink sandals. They were very uncomfortable and they restricted his movement severely. He didn’t look forward to wearing these around the house for any length of time. “All right,” he said. “Now what?”

“Now you’ll learn your lesson,” said Amy.

With that, she grabbed Brandon’s wrist, sat down on the bed, and yanked him across her knee, all in one fluid motion. Brandon had no way to resist. Not only was he too small to fight back against the much larger and stronger Amy, but in the heels, he had no balance and was easily pulled off his feet. Thus, he ended up falling helplessly across Amy’s lap as it all started.

SMACK!

Amy's hand slammed against his naked butt cheeks, causing them to vibrate like jello poked with a fork. Brandon immediately felt his skin warming from the blow and he felt a shock of pain strike his nerves. This was surprisingly painful.

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

"You need to learn that I am in charge," said Amy in an unusually calm manner.

SMACK!

SMACK!

Brandon felt each of these blows, though the shock of finding himself over his rival's knee as she spanked him was his main thought at the moment. This was very humiliating and, strangely, that thought made him tingle.

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

"And you will be punished whenever you disobey me!" added Amy.

Brandon was coming out of the shock and his mind was processing what was happening. It was now clear that he was indeed being spanked and that Amy's blows were indeed painful. It was also clear that he couldn't escape, nor could he stop the more powerful Amy. He simply wasn't strong enough to break free or stop her; thus he would need to endure whatever she did to him.

SMACK!

This blow truly stung. His soft rear was starting to feel hot and bruised.

SMACK!

This one stung even worse. Apparently, he'd reached a point where his rear could take no more. "Please stop!" he exclaimed. The pain was starting to get to him.

SMACK!

SMACK!

"Not until you've learned your lesson!" responded Amy. A huge grin was fixed on her face. Unknown to Brandon, this was turning Amy on immensely. The sense of power she had from being able to do this to her nemesis was amazing and it sent an electric feeling coursing through her. Her pussy was very, very wet.

SMACK!

SMACK!

"I have! I have!" he squealed. He was in genuine pain, pain that never would have bothered him before his transformation but hurt a lot now, and he

wanted it to stop.

“Ha! Hardly,” she retorted and she landed five more blows in quick succession.

“Please, stop!” A tear appeared in his eye.

“No!” she said with a laugh and she squirmed in her seat.

SMACK!

“But it hurts!” As he said this, his legs kicked behind him, causing his high heels to fly about, back and forth, as his legs flailed. The sight made Amy tremble with excitement. She wanted to masturbate so badly right now, but she wasn’t finished with him yet.

“That’s the point. It’s supposed to hurt! You need to learn to do as you are told even if it’s unpleasant. That’s what being a slave is all about. Now take your punishment silently and I’ll tell you when it’s over!”

SMACK!

SMACK!

Brandon winced. He didn’t like this at all and he wanted to tell her to stop, but he couldn’t; the more he spoke the more she would spank him, so all he could do was wait for her to stop. This was so unnatural for him, as he was used to being in charge. He felt confused. But he had no choice really, he knew that. All he could do was grit his teeth and hope it ended soon.

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

Suddenly, the blows stopped. The blows Brandon expected did not come. Instead, he felt something entirely different. . . something wholly unexpected. Amy raised her knee slightly, causing his rear to rise higher in the air. Then she slid one finger between his legs and used that finger to tickle his clit. This sent waves of pleasure shooting out from his crotch to the rest of his body. He trembled and felt his body tensing, demanding more. Then, as quickly as she had stopped, she started raining blows down on his rear again.

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

The blows still stung. They hurt. Brandon hated them. . . but at the same time, he was becoming very turned on by Amy’s finger playing with his clit. He had no idea how to respond to this. Part of him was in pain and humiliated, but another part of him was in ecstasy as his pussy was inflamed with the thrills coming from his clit. He was confused and conflicted, to say the least.

SMACK!

SMACK!

Then she stopped again.

Brandon held his breath. He wanted more. He didn't want the spanking as such, but he wanted her finger to keep rubbing his clit, and if the spanking was part of that, then so be it. . . but she had stopped that. Would she resume? He almost asked her to continue, but he knew better; he wasn't in control of this situation, so he remained silent and let her take the lead.

"Now you've been punished," she said. "That's the first level of punishment, do you understand? If you offend me, there are many more levels and they aren't nearly as pleasant."

Brandon winced at the burning feeling in his rear.

Amy continued. "In fact, why don't I show you level two," she said. She pushed him off her lap to the floor and ordered him to rise, which he did; he now stood naked before her, except for stockings and high heels, and with his rear on fire. She furrowed her brow. "Why didn't you acknowledge my command?"

"What?"

Amy glared at him. "I gave you an order and you didn't acknowledge it."

Brandon bit his lip and thought about his burning rear. "I'm sorry."

She ignored his apology. "You will always respond to me with my title, do you understand? I am 'Mistress' at home and 'Ma'am' at work. Do not get them confused or I will humiliate you at work in ways you've never dreamed possible. Now say it."

Brandon gritted his teeth. "Yes, Mistress," he said coldly.

"Again, and without the attitude. Attitude gets punished."

"Yes, Mistress," said Brandon more calmly.

"Good. Now, get dressed. I want you to wear the pink uniform which matches your shoes."

"Yes, Mistress."

"When you're dressed, I'm going to teach you to curtsy."

Brandon shuddered. Could this get any worse? Sadly, he knew it could, so he chose to obey. Brandon walked over to the closet and looked through the dozens of maid costumes until he found the one in the same shade of pink as the sandals that he wore. These sandals were proving to be difficult, by the way. Even with the spell making feminine motions normal for him, he still had never worn five-inch heels before and that made walking and balancing in these heels difficult. The angle at which these shoes kept his feet also hurt his toes and his ankles. Even worse, he felt emasculated every time he heard his heels striking off the floor and making such an unmistakably feminine sound: *CLICK. . . CLICK. . . CLICK!*

"There's no mistaking that sound," he said to himself.

"Don't forget your lingerie," said Amy.

"Lingerie?"

“Of course. You aren’t going to wear a uniform without wearing the appropriate lingerie beneath. I won’t have that in my house,” said Amy and she pointed to the chest of drawers.

Brandon walked over to the chest and opened the top drawer. Sure enough, there were panties and bras and corsets and various other items of feminine finery. He picked up a pink corset.

“What is this for?” he asked.

Amy smiled. “That, darling Brandi, is to make sure you have the perfect feminine shape.”

Brandon looked down at his tiny feminine body. He had the perfect shape already, at least as far as he was concerned. But apparently, Amy had something else in mind, for a moment later, she took the corset and she wrapped it around his torso.

“Raise your arms,” she commanded.

“Yes, Mistress,” said Brandon and he raised his arms so Amy could tie the corset tightly around his chest. She pulled as hard as she could on the laces, pulling the corset so tightly that Brandon felt his breath forced out of him. “Ooof! I can’t breathe!”

Amy stroked his cheek and smiled. “But you look so nice,” she said with a laugh.

Brandon desperately wanted to remove this corset, but it was obvious Amy wasn’t going to relent or give him the slightest amount of sympathy, so he said nothing even as he struggled to breathe. He reasoned that it was best not to let her know things he wanted because knowledge was power.

“Now let’s add a bra for your magnificent little breasts,” said Amy and she tickled his erect nipple, which made his entire body tingle. Then she pulled a pink bra around his chest and stuffed his breasts inside it. The bra had holes in the front through which Brandon’s erect nipples stuck out. He didn’t realize yet how distracting it would be to feel his nipples scraping against his blouses and jackets, but he would find out soon enough. “Cute.”

“What is, Mistress?”

“Your nipples,” she said and she tapped one of his nipples with her finger. “You better be careful meeting men. I know a couple who would love this. Maybe I’ll introduce you!”

Brandon’s jaw dropped. Was she serious? Was she really going to introduce him to men? That terrified him. It also horrified him that his pussy seemed to be getting wet at the thought of a man playing with his nipple. “What is wrong with me?” he asked. “That spell must have changed me more than I realized!”

He had no time to consider it. With the corset on as tightly as it could go

and the bra now in place, with Brandon's nipples sticking prominently out the open front of the bra, Amy pulled matching pink panties up his legs and then pulled the uniform down over his head. This particular uniform was light-pink with white trim. The sleeves stopped at the elbow, where they were tied off with white ribbons. The collar ran high up Brandon's neck, but the front of the dress had an open patch just above his chest, which showed off his ample cleavage. The skirt hung to just about the end of his crotch and showed a hint of panties if he moved too quickly or incorrectly. Amy finished the uniform by placing a white lace cap on his head.

"There! Now you look fabulous!" she said glowingly.

Brandon looked in the mirror and shuddered. He looked like a French maid in a porno, and he felt like a slut. He didn't want to be a woman, but even that was tolerable compared to this. This was just degrading, and it would only get worse as Amy took him around the house and introduced him to his duties. But first, she had a worse surprise for him.

"I told you that being spanked was only the first level of punishment," said Amy after she double-checked his uniform to make sure it was in place.

"Yes, Mistress."

"Well, it's time to show you the second level," she said. Then she pointed to the corner of the room. "Go stand in the corner, facing the wall, and don't move until I tell you that you can. Do you understand?"

"You want me to stand in the corner?" he asked. He sounded confused.

"That is what I said."

"That's the punishment?"

"Yes."

Brandon wasn't sure about this. On the one hand, it seemed rather silly. What could possibly be the point to this. How could this be a punishment? On the other hand, it did seem humiliating that his rival would have the power to make him do this. In any event, he had no ability to resist, so he said, "Yes, Mistress," and he reluctantly marched over to the corner and he stood there.

Once he was in the corner, Amy walked up behind him and grabbed his panties. She lowered those below his thighs and then let them fall down around his feet and shoes. She ran her finger over his pussy lips one time from behind and then went across the room and sat down to read a magazine.

"There. Now you stay there and don't move."

"Yes, Mistress."

It didn't take long for Brandon to feel very stupid standing in the corner. He wasn't sure why, but it made him feel childish. He was a grown man, though now a woman, and making him stand in the corner seemed like a pointless thing someone might do to a child. He didn't like that feeling.

But he stood there.

After a few minutes, Brandon began to feel pain in his toes. These heels put all of his weight down on his toes, which caused them to feel crushed. He thought about shuffling his feet, but he knew Amy wouldn't respond well to that; she had told him to remain completely still.

"Hopefully, she'll get bored of this before the pain becomes too much," he told himself. He glanced over his shoulder at Amy, who was reading her magazine and only occasionally looking at Brandon.

He kept standing there. Soon enough, his calves began to hurt. Wearing the heels was proving difficult. It was difficult to maintain his balance this long, and it was putting terrific strain on his toes, his ankles and his calves.

"Wow, my feet hurt!" he thought.

He bit his lip and tried to think of something else. Then it struck him: this *was* deeply humiliating. This was Amy demonstrating an intense amount of control over him and she was doing it without lifting a finger. . . he was doing all the work for her. He was the one ordering his own body to obey her command! He suddenly felt deeply ashamed that he was standing in the corner, and this feeling would grow as he struggled to stand perfectly still.

Still, he couldn't leave.

Soon enough, his mind drifted to the panties down around his ankles. That made this even worse because it made Amy's control sexual in nature. Not only could she make him stand in the corner like a child, but she could make him expose himself as well. Strangely, this seemed to turn him on and he began to feel moisture building inside himself again.

"No, no, no, no, please don't get turned on by this," he said to himself.

It was too late. As he stood there, he got wetter and wetter. And the more he thought about it, the wetter he got, even as he tried to think of things to turn himself off. Soon, his lips were tingling and then he felt the first drop of moisture run past his lips. It tingled as it went. It curved around the lip and down the side of his mound until it found his thigh. It slowly started down the thigh until it evaporated. It tickled the entire way.

This made Brandon shudder. He couldn't believe how thrilling that felt. He suddenly felt a desperate need to jam his fingers inside his pussy, but it was not to be. Indeed, as if she sensed that Brandon had just released his first drop of wetness, Amy set down her magazine and walked over to him.

"I hope you learned your lesson," she said.

"Yes, Mistress."

"Next time, you'll do this twice as long. And this is just the beginning of the punishments, so don't try me, Brandi," she said.

Brandon bit his lip. "No Ma'am," he said.

Chapter 2: “Amy Gets What She Wants, Or Does She?”

Brandon spent the next few days acting as Amy’s sexy maid. He cooked, he cleaned, he served her in any capacity she wanted, and he did it all while wearing degrading uniforms and struggling in extremely high heels. And whenever he didn’t do something well enough, she punished him. But now it was time to return to work.

It was Monday morning.

Brandon felt amazingly insecure as he followed Amy into the office. He wore a dark-pink skirt suit and pink high-heeled pumps, and he carried a pink tote purse. He followed four paces behind Amy as instructed. She wore a black pantsuit and spike-heeled stilettos. Fortunately, the spell had left him with feminine mannerisms, so he had no problems walking in these shoes or appearing to be a woman. That said, however, he didn’t feel happy about this. Indeed, on the inside, he still felt like the old Brandon and that made this rather humiliating and rather intimidating, even if it was natural for his body, and he was particularly worried about being spotted.

“What if someone recognizes me?” he asked Amy before they left her house. They were getting dressed.

Amy raised her eyebrow. “Are you kidding?”

“No! They know I’m missing. They’ll be looking for me. And here I’ll show up dressed as a woman. There’s no way they won’t put two and two together! Someone’s going to recognize me!”

Amy laughed. “Someone’s going to recognize you? You really think that?”

“Yes, why not?” asked Brandon in a somewhat insulted tone. He didn’t like his concerned being laughed off so cavalierly. It made him feel even smaller than he already felt in the situation.

Amy shook her head and rolled her eyes. “All right, how about because you don’t look a thing like Brandon? Brandon was almost a foot taller. Brandon didn’t have long chestnut hair,” she said and she ran her fingers through his hair. “Brandon didn’t have your curves. Brandon didn’t have breasts. Brandon also didn’t have the totally cute button nose you have, sweetie.” As she said this, she poked his nose with her finger. Then she grabbed one of his nipples between her fingertips and pinched it, which shook Brandon and nearly dropped him to his knees. “No one is going to recognize you. Now get dressed.”

Brandon ran his tongue over his teeth. What she said was true. He knew that. Nobody in their right mind would think that this tiny woman could somehow be Brandon. Still, he felt nervous. To him, he was still Brandon and he felt that others

would see him the same way. But he had no choice but to obey.

“Yes, Mistress. I hope you’re right,” he said. His mouth was dry.

“Of course, I’m right,” she said. Then she smirked. “But maybe you better be careful to be extra demure and feminine just to make sure.”

Brandon furrowed his brow.

Amy chuckled. “I’m serious. It might help.”

Brandon now bit his lip. “Maybe she’s right,” he thought. He picked up the pink skirt suit off the bed. It looked so small to him compared to the suits he normally wore to work. . . and the color made him cringe. He felt the material and then set the suit back down. He slipped off his peignoir and stepped out of his mules. Then he pulled the babydoll nightie off over his head. He laid that across the chair.

“You’ll be sitting where my secretary normally sits. She’s out on maternity leave,” said Amy.

“Yes, Mistress,” said Brandon. He picked up the panties and bra Amy intended him to wear and he slipped into those. His breasts pushed hard against the bra and the panties were snug. Again, the front of the bra was open to let his nipples rub against his blouse; that would keep him horny all day. Then he sat down and pulled the tan stockings up his legs. He next stepped into the pumps.

Amy watched all of this with great amusement. . . and a wet pussy. She loved the idea that she had feminized Brandon and that he was now at her mercy. It made her feel powerful to have taken down her macho rival in this manner, and that made her horny in ways she couldn’t even describe.

“I love those shoes,” she said. “I almost kept them for myself.”

Brandon didn’t respond. Instead, he picked up the pink corset Amy expected him to wear. He handed it to her and she wrapped it around his torso before pulling it tightly in the back. In fact, this time, she actually put her knee into the small of his back before she yanked the corset closed. He could barely breathe.

“All snug, darling,” said Amy as she latched it.

Brandon struggled to catch his breath for a moment. The corset really was much tighter than normal. It was so tight, he thought about complaining, but Amy’s words echoed in his head about being extra demure and feminine to avoid getting noticed, and this would help. Hence, any thought of protest vanished and he tottered over to his vanity and began applying makeup.

Amy continued about his duties. “You will, of course, handle all the normal duties of a secretary: typing, taking notes, making copies, making coffee, and so on, and you will handle any menial job that needs to be done.”

“I understand, Mistress.”

“And don’t call me ‘Mistress’ at work. At work, I’m just ‘Ma’am.’”

“Yes, Mistress.”

Amy pointed her finger at her feminized rival. "I'm serious, Brandi. If you make a mistake and call me 'Mistress,' you'll regret it."

"Yes, Mistress, I will be careful."

"Good. Now hurry up and finish dressing."

"Yes, Mistress," said Brandon and he rose to his feet and walked back over to the bed, where he stepped into the skirt. He pulled the skirt up his legs and zipped it up in the back. It was snug. Then he added the white blouse, which he tucked into the skirt. The blouse showed his breasts perfectly, and Amy made sure he kept an extra button or two open to make it worse. Finally, he added the short-sleeved jacket. Brandon looked amazingly sexy, though he wouldn't have been happy to hear that. He looked so sexy that Amy even whistled.

"Damn girlfriend! You're amazing!" said Amy with a laugh and she slapped his rear: *SLAP!*

Brandon blushed, and he kept right on blushing as Amy drove them to work and made him follow her to the office. That was where they were now, with Brandon following Amy to his new desk.

"I need to make a few phone calls, then I'll sit with you and explain your duties," said Amy and she walked into her office.

"Yes, Ma'am," replied Brandon. He felt the hot sting of humiliation at having to act like Amy's subordinate. Still, that was nothing compared to the terror and humiliation Brandon felt being surrounded by all these people who knew him as Brandon.

Brandon set his pink purse on the desk and then sat down. He crossed his legs and smoothed his skirt. He let his pump dangle from his toes out of reflex. This felt natural for him. Then he folded his hands before him on the desk and he looked out over the room. Directly across from him, about twenty feet away, sat his former secretary Lynda. To his right sat two other women. Behind Lynda was his empty office. The light was out. He had worked hard to earn that office and it had been his ticket to the boardroom, but right now it was just an empty office which mocked him for how far he had fallen. He had gone from up-and-coming, macho, independent executive to a tiny, female secretary who was utterly dependent on Amy, and who was also her slave. And even worse, there was nothing he could do but sit here and act like a secretary as Amy stole a promotion that rightfully belonged to him.

"This is going to be miserable," he said.

It took about ten minutes before things got worse. Lynda rose from her desk and approached him. This made him cringe and he felt smaller and smaller with each step as she approached. She seemed so large and, somehow, so dominant. That intimidated him. Not to mention, if anyone was going to spot him, it would be her. He began to worry that he was about to be discovered.

“Please, don’t let her figure out who I am!” he said to himself. He held his breath.

“I’m Terri,” said his secretary.

“Hello,” said Brandon demurely. He kept his eyes on his desk.

Terri raised an eyebrow. “Do you have a name or am I supposed to guess?”

Brandon blushed. “Sorry, I’m Brandi,” he said and he cringed. He wished Amy had given him a different name.

“Well. . . *Brandi*,” said Terri condescendingly, which instantly unnerved Brandon as he wasn’t used to his secretary talking down to him, “since you’re new here, you’re low woman on the totem pole. That means you make coffee for the office. The coffee room is down the hall and to the left. Now go do it.”

“But Ms. Simms—”

“Doesn’t matter. This is part of your job,” said Lynda and she started to walk away. “I take mine black. Find out what everyone else wants before you go,” she said over her shoulder.

Brandon felt his face burn red. He couldn’t believe his secretary was ordering him around, and rudely at that. But what could he do about it? He wasn’t going to stand up and tell her who he was and reclaim his managerial position. They’d think he was crazy and would lock him up. And he wasn’t exactly in a position to refuse her order either. Indeed, she was right, he was the newest person in the office, the lowest person here. He took orders from everyone. Brandon took a deep breath. With no alternatives, he nodded his head, picked up a note pad and began asking everyone how they wanted their coffees.

“This is humiliating,” he said to himself, though oddly, his pussy was tingling.

His day only got worse from there. Everyone dumped menial tasks on him. If someone needed copies and felt they were too busy to make them, they sent Brandi. If they wanted coffee, they sent Brandi. If something had to be picked up from another department or a message carried somewhere in the building, they sent Brandi. All of this walking and standing, of course, was done in his brand new five-inch heels, which were killing his feet – the spell had given him the ability to walk in heels, but it didn’t make him immune from their discomfort.

—o—

Later that day, Brandon’s phone buzzed. It was Amy. She was in a conference room and wanted Brandon to come see her. Brandon smoothed his skirt, grabbed his notepad and walked over to the conference room, where he found Amy talking to an odious looking man. He was a hulking slob who had mustard on his tie,

whose belly pushed hard against his shirt causing its buttons to strain, and who needed a bath. He also seemed quite smug.

“This is my new secretary, Karl,” said Amy with a snicker when Brandon arrived.

“Very pretty,” said Karl. “Why don’t you have a seat?”

Brandon swallowed hard. He saw immediately where this was headed and he didn’t like it one bit. “Uh, no thank you,” said Brandon nervously. “What *work* did you need to me to do?”

“Don’t think of it as work, think of it as fun,” said Karl and he rose and walked up right next to Brandon. He looked Brandon up and down, making Brandon feel dirty, and then he placed his hand on Brandon’s shoulder and let it slide down Brandon’s back.

Brandon felt sick to his stomach. He would have been repulsed enough by Karl if he was a real woman, but as a man his revulsion was ten times worse. “I have work I need to be doing, sir.”

“What a pity.”

“Brandi, take these forms to be copied. Then leave them on my desk,” said Amy, interrupting Karl’s continued lechery.

Brandon took the forms and almost sprinted from the room. About an hour later, Amy returned to her desk. They were alone as everyone was away at lunch. She leaned up against Brandon’s desk and ran her fingers through her hair.

“Do you know who that was?” she asked.

“No, Ma’am.”

“That was Karl Hicks. Karl runs a series of particularly nasty strip clubs just outside of town. He’s always looking for new talent and he *really* likes you. Think about that the next time you consider disobeying my orders. Do as I say, or maybe I’ll give you to Karl. I hear he likes each of his dancers to service him personally.”

Brandon shuddered. Was this a real threat or was she pulling his leg? He didn’t know. He would find out though.

—o—

It was Brandon’s second day at work as Brandi. Today he wore a pastel blue skirt suit and silver high-heeled sandals. He felt no less nervous than he had the day before. He just wasn’t used to being a woman and he still worried someone would spot him. . . somehow. He couldn’t worry about that at the moment though, because he had been called to the boardroom along with Amy. Amy wore a black pantsuit today and black spike-heeled pumps with a pointy toe. They were freshly shined the night before, courtesy of Brandi the maid.

“What’s going on, Ma’am?” asked Brandon.

“The Board wants to speak with me, that’s all I know,” said Amy, though she knew this was about the promotion. What else could it be? And what other result could there be than her getting the promotion? She was excited; her plan was about to pay off. “Now hurry up!”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

Brandon struggled to keep up with Amy, who was taller and wore lower heels than he did. He disliked moving this quickly because his body jiggled, especially his breasts, and that caused everyone to look at him as they made their way to the elevator. That made Brandon nervous; he didn’t like being watched. Finally, they ducked inside the elevator.

“Now don’t say a word unless spoken to,” said Amy.

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“I mean it, you stay silent unless I tell you otherwise.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“And don’t you dare say anything about Brandon. . . not a word!”

Brandon clenched his jaw. “No, Ma’am, I won’t.”

“You better not. For one thing, no one will believe you, so don’t even try it or they’ll lock you up. For another, I’ll punish you in ways you haven’t even dreamed possible. I’ll give you to Karl in a heartbeat and you’ll be making a living sucking him off every night. Got it!”

Brandon cringed at the idea. “Yes, Ma’am.”

Amy adjusted her suit, checked her hair and makeup in the mirror lining the elevator wall, and then stepped out of the elevator. Brandon followed four paces behind her, as she wanted him to. A few steps later, they met another secretary, who showed them to the boardroom. Six old men in grey and black suits awaited them.

“Come in, Ms. Simms,” said the Chairman. “Sit down.” His demeanor was oddly cold.

“Thank you, Mr. Chairman,” said Amy. She sat down, as did Brandon.

“I think you know why we’ve called you here.”

“Yes, sir.”

“You have a solid record with us. You’ve always found good opportunities for the company and you’ve exploited them well. You’ve done an excellent job in that regard.”

“Thank you, sir,” said Amy. She was smiling so hard that Brandon thought she might lose control of her emotions and start laughing or jumping up and down just to relieve the pressure. She didn’t, but it certainly looked like she was on that edge.

“And as you know, we’re looking to promote someone from within to

senior management.”

Amy’s smile grew even wider if that was possible. “Yes, sir, I know that.”

“With the unexplained disappearance of Brandon Ryan, you are our best remaining candidate.”

Amy’s smile shrank just a bit and Brandon saw something else appear on her face: anger. She didn’t like that her moment was ruined by the sudden implication that she was the runner-up. She was sure she deserved this promotion, and she didn’t like any suggestion to the contrary. She cleared her throat. “I’m sure Brandon would have been an excellent choice as well, had I not been available,” said Amy with thinly-veiled hostility.

The man raised an eyebrow. “Well, I don’t know about that—”

Amy folded her arms. “Don’t know what?”

He leaned forward. “Brandon was an excellent manager and would have been our first choice. He was exactly what this firm needs, and you could have learned a lot from him. But he seems to have vanished. And what the Board has decided is that we’re going to wait one week for him to return. If he does, then he will be promoted. If he doesn’t, then you will be promoted. It’s that simple.”

Amy clenched her fists and ground her teeth, but said nothing.

The man tapped his finger against the table. “If you are promoted, Ms. Simms, I hope you are prepared to grow into the job.”

“I’m sure that won’t be a problem,” she hissed.

“I hope not,” said the man.

Amy glanced at Brandon. She had an ugly look in her eye which scared Brandon. Her good mood was gone and he feared what she might now be thinking. He was sure he was going to pay for this tonight. Still, it didn’t matter to him. Amy would get the promotion, as she wanted, and then she would let him go, as she promised. He would be free in a week, and that thought made him happy, happy enough that nothing else bothered him at the moment.

His happiness was premature.

—o—

Brandon expected Amy to punish him when they got home. He assumed she would want to take out her frustrations at not getting the promotion right away and at being made a fool of before him. Yet, she didn’t punish him. To the contrary, she seemed surprisingly happy. This made Brandon suspicious until he learned that she considered the promotion to be in the bag at this point and she had arranged a date to celebrate. The date was with a woman, coincidentally. This was another shock for Brandon. And there would be one more shock.

“Brandi,” called Amy from her bedroom.

“Coming, Mistress,” replied Brandon from the living room.

Amy walked over to the closet and picked up the black spike-heeled sandals. These had five-inch heels and walking in them would be difficult, but it would be worth it; they made her legs look amazing. She carried them to the bed and sat down. She needed to hold up her long, black silk gown as she walked or she would step on it. The heels would solve that.

A moment later, Brandon appeared at the door. He wore a dark-red tea dress which looked a bit like a maid’s uniform, but more formal. Amy matched it with satin pumps and a pinafore apron to give it more suggestions of being a maid’s uniform.

“Yes, Mistress?” asked Brandon as he entered and curtsayed.

“Put these on,” she said and she handed him the sandals.

“Yes, Mistress,” said Brandon and he lowered himself to his knees. He grabbed her stocking-clad left foot and slid the sandal onto it. It fit perfectly and her red toenails poked out the front.

“We’ll be having drinks, but no dinner tonight,” said Amy.

“Yes, Mistress.” Brandon buckled the strap on the sandal.

“After the drinks, we’ll probably spend some time on the couch. I want you to make yourself scarce at that point. Then I expect we’ll retreat to the bedroom to celebrate my pending promotion.”

“Can we talk about the promotion?” asked Brandon cautiously as he slid the other sandal onto her right foot.

“What about it?”

“Well, now that you have it, will you be setting me free?”

Amy raised an eyebrow. “Free?”

“That was what you said,” he said. “You said that once you had the promotion, you would let me return to being Brandon.”

She smirked to herself. “So it was. Well, I don’t *have* the promotion yet. When it’s official, then we’ll talk. In the meantime, you better stay on your best behavior until that happens.”

Brandon bit his lip. He knew it wouldn’t be that easy, but he had hoped it might be. Still, he only needed to wait a week.

“Anyway, we can talk about that later. Right now, it’s time to get ready. My date will be here in a few minutes,” said Amy. She rose to her feet and took several steps to test her heels. Then she brushed her dress to make sure there were no wrinkles. “How do I look?”

“You look fine, Mistress,” said Brandon.

Amy furrowed her brow. “Just fine?”

“You look gorgeous, Mistress,” said Brandon, correcting himself

quickly. And in truth, she did. Amy was a gorgeous woman, and if she hadn't been so obsessed with competing with everyone and if she hadn't been crazy enough to do this to Brandon, Brandon thought that she would have been someone worth dating. . . *if.*

"That's better," said Amy as she checked her earrings in the mirror.

"Thank you, Mistress."

Amy turned to face Brandon. "Now, I expect you to be on your best behavior tonight. I expect you will be competent, servile and unobtrusive. Bring whatever you are asked to bring and then disappear again. You will not speak unless spoken to. Do you understand? And if you misbehave in any way, you will be punished."

"Yes, Mistress."

Amy smirked. "You should also know that you might know my date—"

Brandon raised an eyebrow. "I might?"

"Yes, you will. But I expect you to remain silent. Do not treat this young woman as if you know her. Do not act familiar. And no matter what, don't tell her you were Brandon. Do you understand me? If you give any suggestion of that, I'll have you stripping at Karl's awful strip club by morning. Do I make myself clear?"

That threat scared him, as he had nowhere else to live at the moment, no money, no job, and no provable identity, so he couldn't really run away, and he absolutely didn't want to ever see Karl again. Besides, he didn't want anything getting in the way of his return to being Brandon. He would do as she commanded.

"Yes, Mistress," he said.

"Good. Now go prepare the kitchen. My guest is about to arrive."

Less than five minutes later, Brandon found himself reaching for the doorknob. Amy's mystery date had rung the bell and it was Brandon's job to open the door. He felt like an idiot wearing this red tea dress, but it was better than his normal uniform, even if it still announced him as a sexified servant. Even worse, he worried who this person might be. Amy said he knew this woman and that troubled him; what if she knew him?

He opened the door. . . and his jaw dropped.

"Hi, I'm here to see Amy," said Jill, *Brandon's former girlfriend.*

"Uh—" said Brandon. He was too stunned to say more. Fortunately, Amy appeared behind him and pushed past him. She wrapped her arms around Jill and hugged her. They kissed on the lips, which made Brandon's pussy wet.

"I'm glad you came," said Amy. "Why don't you come in?"

Jill stepped into the home, past Brandon who stood there too confused to speak. This was too much to take in. Meanwhile, Amy held her hand and led her down the hallway toward the living room. Brandon watched them walk off. They were both beautiful women. Amy wore her black silk gown. Jill wore a flirty pink

number he'd seen her wear many times before and pink wedge-heeled sandals.

"I love your place," said Jill. She sounded somewhat nervous.

"Thank you," said Amy.

"I'm amazed you have a maid," said Jill.

"It's one of the perks of my job."

When they reached the living room, the two women sat on the sofa side-by-side and held hands. Amy wrapped her other arm around Jill's shoulders. Brandon slowly made his way to the living room. What was Jill doing here? Why was she letting this woman touch her in such a sexual way? How did Amy meet her?

"Brandi, get us two drinks," said Amy, snapping Brandon out of his thoughts.

"Yes, Ma'am."

Brandon walked to the kitchen to fetch the drinks. As he left the room, he heard a few sentences exchanged. Then he heard some giggling. A moment later, he heard the sound of Amy's heels on the hardwood floor as she approached the kitchen.

"You should have seen your face," said Amy with a laugh.

Brandon turned to face Amy. He was obviously still confused and didn't even know where to begin. Amy saw this and chuckled; it actually turned her on.

"I'll bet you're wondering how your ex-girlfriend came to be here, aren't you?" she asked.

"Yes, Mistress."

"It's quite simple really. When I decided to change you, I followed you for a few days to better understand your life. When I saw your girlfriend, I followed her to a lesbian bar. I decided to introduce myself. I figured, Brandon wasn't going to be dating her anymore, so I might as well. *And there's not a thing you can do about it.*"

Brandon bit his tongue. So not only had Amy wanted his job, she wanted his girlfriend as well. She really was a crazy woman.

"Hurry up with the drinks," said Amy and she left the kitchen.

Brandon finished preparing the drinks and he returned to the living room. When he arrived, he saw Jill sitting on Amy's lap. She was kissing Amy's neck and fondling her breast with one hand. For her part, Amy had slid one hand beneath Jill's skirt and was rubbing her inner thigh.

"Your drinks, Ma'am," said Brandon.

The two women kissed.

"Just set them on the coffee table," said Amy.

Brandon did as he was told and started to leave the room. Suddenly, Amy's phone rang.

“Not now!” exclaimed Amy with great frustration, but she picked up her phone. She answered it and spoke briefly in hushed tones. Then she hung up. She looked at Jill. “I’m really sorry about this, but there’s an emergency at work. They need me to come in to authorize some emergency spending. It won’t take more than half an hour, if you don’t mind waiting?”

Jill nodded her head in a noncommittal manner.

“Great,” said Amy. She leaned over and kissed Jill on the lips. Then she rose and grabbed her keys. “Brandi, why don’t you see if Jill needs anything. I’ll be back soon.” With that, she left.

“Can I get you anything?” asked Brandon.

Jill shook her head. “No, I think I’ll be leaving.”

“You don’t have to go.”

Jill shrugged her shoulders. “I’m not sure I should be doing this anyway. I just wanted to be with someone since my boyfriend ran out on me, and Amy seemed so nice at the club. . . but I’m not so sure.”

Brandon raised an eyebrow. Apparently, Jill still had feelings for him, or at least for him as Brandon. He sat down across from her on the sofa. “Would you like to talk about it?”

For the next ten minutes, Jill told Brandon the story of what had happened from her perspective. She had never told Brandon that she was bisexual, but she believed he must have found out and been unhappy about it, because he came over and tore through her closet, putting on some of her clothes in the process. Then he stormed out of her apartment and has since refused to return any calls or answer his door. Apparently, he wants nothing more to do with her.

Throughout her story, Brandon did his best to be sympathetic and slowly but surely, he moved closer. Before she finished, they were holding hands. Suddenly, Jill kissed him. Then she blushed and she pulled away.

“I’m sorry, that was forward of me,” said Jill.

Brandon smiled. “I don’t mind. So tell me, if this Brandon re-appeared, would you want him back?”

Jill blushed. “I would. He was kind and funny and I loved him a lot.”

“But you are a lesbian?”

Jill blushed even deeper. “I like both men and women for play, but when it comes to settling down, I need someone with a penis.”

Brandon was just about to speak again, but instead he kissed his girlfriend on the lips. She wrapped her arms around him and pulled him close. Their lipsticks smeared. A moment later, he felt her hand sliding between his legs, straight for his wet pussy. He returned the favor and leaned down and tickled her nipple with his tongue.

“I’m back!” proclaimed Amy from the front door at that moment.

Brandon winced and jumped off the sofa. He brushed and tugged on his uniform to get it back into place. Jill, meanwhile, buttoned her blouse. They both finished just as Amy re-entered the living room.

“Told you I’d be back,” she said. She came over to kiss Jill. “Where were we?”

They returned to what they had been doing, but Jill kept looking at Brandon the whole time.

—o—

Over the next three days, Amy had Jill over each night. Despite her best attempts to convince Jill to go further than a little kissing however, Jill flat out refused. This was becoming a point of frustration for Amy. She wanted to have Brandon’s girlfriend and here Jill was denying her. This wasn’t making her happy; it denied her her triumph. It also made her less than happy that Jill and “Brandi” seemed to be getting along so well. This made her suspicious. . . a suspicion that would be confirmed.

It was Wednesday night. Amy decided to push things further with Jill tonight. To that end, she bought a super-expensive champagne, she wore a nightgown instead of a gown, and she planned to be more aggressive with Jill. Still, Jill rebuffed her at every turn.

“I need to go to the bathroom,” said Jill and she jumped off the sofa just as Amy slipped her hand inside Jill’s blouse.

Amy leaned back against the sofa, folded her arms, crossed her legs and shook her leg angrily. She didn’t say a word as Jill walked off to the bathroom. Jill giggled when she reached the bathroom and found “Brandi” already waiting for her. Brandon and Jill both put their hands on the other’s breasts and kissed. They had several secret meetings like this over the last few days.

“I’ve missed you,” said Jill and she kissed him.

Brandon giggled. “I’ve missed you too.”

Jill smiled and looked deeply into his oddly familiar eyes. A moment later, Brandon felt a warm, soft hand touch his thigh and slide up between his legs. Jill’s finger tickled her pussy.

“Hmm, I like that,” said Brandon.

“How dare you!” growled Amy from behind the two of them. There was a snarl on her face. “I invite you over and this is how you repay me? By playing with my maid? Get out of my house!”

“I’m sorry,” said Jill and she raced out of the house.

Amy glared at Brandon. Her face was bright red. She was obviously angry, but even more so, she was clearly humiliated. She didn’t like being rejected

and she absolutely didn't like that she had been rejected for Brandon. This was supposed to be her triumph, but he kept winning.

"You think this is funny, don't you?" she asked coldly.

Brandon shook his head. It did seem fitting that her attempt to steal his promotion resulted in a slap in the face and now her attempt to steal his girlfriend resulted in another slap in the face, but he knew not even to hint that he found this to be funny. "No, Mistress."

"Yes, you do," growled Amy.

"I don't."

"Come with me!" said Amy and she led him to the living room and sat down on the sofa again. Brandon reluctantly walked over to her. She grabbed his dress and yanked him down by it, across her knee. She then reached out and pulled the shoe from his left foot and she pulled his dress up over his rear.

"How dare you disrespect your Mistress!" she exclaimed. Then she smacked his rear with the sole of his shoe.

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

She smacked it twenty times and then she stopped to examine his rear. It was bright red and super hot. There were prints where the shoe had struck his rear and he was squirming beneath her. He had been begging her to stop, but she hadn't been listening; she was furious. All she could hear was the Board telling her that she was the second choice for the promotion and all she could see was Amy with her hand between Brandi's thighs. She'd never felt more humiliated than she did right then.

"You need to learn that I'm in charge here!" she growled.

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

She struck him again. Then she noticed that he wasn't crying as she expected. She had expected that by this point, he would be wailing like a baby. . . but he wasn't. Instead, he almost seemed to be moaning. She raised an eyebrow.

"What is going on?!" she demanded.

Brandon had no idea how to respond. For some reason, the more she spanked him, the more it turned him on. His body must have been remembering how she played with his clit every time she spanked him, because as her hand kept falling against his soft rear, he found himself getting wetter and wetter and tingling more

and more until he was near the point of orgasm.

This made Amy furious.

She jammed her hand inside Brandon's panties and stuck her fingers inside his pussy. It was wet. "I thought so! You little pervert!" she exclaimed and she yanked her hand back out of his pussy.

"I'm sorry, Mistress, it just happened."

Amy shoved Brandon off her lap to the floor. "Yeah, right," she said sarcastically. She rose to her feet. "Well, I'll tell you what, you little pervert. After I get my promotion on Friday, I'm going to invite Karl over and I might just give you to him."

With that, she stormed off to her bedroom.

Brandon swallowed hard. He had a problem.

Chapter 3: “Brandon Turns The Tables”

Suddenly, the clock was ticking. In a few days, Brandon would be subjected to a horrifying meeting with Karl, a meeting which might result in Brandon being turned into a stripper or play thing for that disgusting man. Brandon couldn't let that happen. He needed to find a way to return to being Brandon. Moreover, if he could act quickly enough, there was a chance he could make an appearance before the promotion officially went to Amy and possibly win his promotion. But how? He had no idea even where to begin.

“How do you reverse a magic spell?” he asked himself. “I can't go to a hospital; they'll think I'm crazy. And there's no way I can prove who I really am. So how do you reverse a magic spell? I guess you need a witch, but where in the world can I find a real witch, if there even is such a thing.”

He was becoming desperate. Then it hit him.

“Wait a minute! When Amy told the story about the old man, she said she ran tests! Tests! I'll bet she had the company pay for those!” he said to himself.

Brandon turned on his computer and started looking through Amy's old receipts. Being her secretary was about to pay off. Sure enough, about a year ago, she submitted various samples for testing. Each was marked “unknown.” Apparently, she wanted the lab to tell her what was in the samples, but they couldn't.

“Now where did she get the samples?” he asked himself.

Brandon flipped through several more invoices, but found nothing that would help him. He was about to give up when he finally came across the original work order. On it, she had written the address from which the samples had come.

“Bingo!”

Brandon printed the work order and tucked it into his purse. He went to see Amy. He knocked on her door. “Ma'am, may I come in?”

Amy motioned him to enter her office and sit down, which he did with his now-usual feminine grace. He crossed his legs and let his white pump dangle from his toes. His red-painted toenails stuck out the open front of the shoe. He waited patiently as Amy finished what she was writing. She finally looked up.

“What is it?” asked Amy.

“I've been told to go get donuts for the office, Ma'am. May I leave the office?” he asked.

Amy shrugged her shoulders. He hadn't rebelled so far and that put her at ease; in fact, she assumed he realized he couldn't escape and had given up trying, so she thought nothing of giving him a little freedom to do his job. Besides, if this had been an escape attempt, he wouldn't have asked permission. Also, where would he

go? They both knew that escape was not an option for him.

“Sure, why not,” she said.

“Thank you, Ma’am.”

“But how are you planning to get there? After all, it’s not like you have a license anymore.”

“I was going to take a cab.”

Amy nodded her head. “All right. Get some money from petty cash to cover the trip.” She signed a voucher and then dismissed him.

A few minutes later, Brandon sat in the backseat of a cab headed toward an old mall just north of downtown. He prayed the old man was still there.

—o—

Brandon stood before the ancient store. He’d walked past it twice before he spotted it. He could have sworn it wasn’t there the first two passes. But now he had seen it and he knew he had found the place. He was afraid to go inside.

“Come in, Mr. Ryan,” called an old voice from inside the store.

The voice sent a tingle down Brandon’s spine, but it also drew him to it, so he walked into the store. It felt like he was walking through a mist as he entered the dark store. He shivered as a cold breeze gently ran up his skirt and the sound of his high heels changed as if he were walking on stone rather than tile.

“How do you know who I am?” he asked into the mist.

“You are Mr. Ryan.”

“Yes, but I don’t look like Mr. Ryan,” said Brandon in his soft, girlish voice. He kept walking. . . slowly.

“I see all that is real, Mr. Ryan. You have come to find a way to undo a spell, have you not?”

Brandon peered into the dark store toward the voice. Somehow, he could see almost nothing around him; it was like peering down a darkened, hazy tunnel. Then he saw the old man sitting behind a counter that was covered with an odd assortment of items. The man almost seemed to be floating and his face was lit as if he were staring into a fire, though there was no fire. Brandon slowly approached the man. The rocks beneath his heels felt soft, as if they were covered in moss. Another cold breeze tickled his pussy. He felt like he wasn’t wearing panties, though he knew he was; they were pink.

“Yes. I need to reverse a spell,” said Brandon nervously.

“A spell cast on you.”

“Yes,” said Brandon and he nodded his head, which caused his earrings to jingle.

“Sadly, Mr. Ryan, I cannot do that. The spell that was cast cannot be

reversed.”

“You mean I’m stuck like this until Amy releases me?!”

The old man shook his head. “No, Mr. Ryan, *it cannot be reversed*. . . not by anyone. She cannot reverse it either.”

Brandon gasped. “But. . . but she said she could?!”

“She has misled you,” said the old man calmly. “Did you think differently?”

As the old man’s words sank in, Brandon felt like he might pass out. Through all of this, he had counted heavily on the idea that if he behaved, then he would be set free or at least he would find a way out of this. But now he knew that Amy had lied from the beginning and there would be no release. All of her promises were just tricks to make him behave. She intended him to be her feminized prisoner forever. . . or worse; images of Karl Hicks made Brandon shudder. He began to sink to his knees. “This can’t be!”

The old man chuckled. “Do not despair, Mr. Ryan. There are other ways to get what you desire.”

“What ways?”

A crooked smile appeared on the old man’s face. Then he waved Brandon to come closer. Brandon cautiously stepped nearer to the counter. He was within arm’s reach now of the old man.

“Are you prepared to take from this woman what she has taken from you?” asked the old man.

“Yes.”

“You are certain?”

“Absolutely. I don’t want to be her feminized prisoner anymore. I’ll do whatever it takes.”

“Then I have a way.” The old man reached into a drawer and pulled out a small leather bag and a tiny flask. He opened the bag first. “To get what you want, you must place this powder in her food. When the powder has done what it needs to do, then you drink this liquid,” he said and he held up the flask. “It is vital that you let the powder do what it must do *before* you drink the liquid. Do you understand?”

“Yes, but how will I know when it’s done?”

“You will know.”

“But—”

“*You will know*. Remember, you must wait or you will not get what you want.”

Brandon bit his lip. “What do these do?”

“The powder will turn this woman into you, Mr. Ryan. Your body can no longer be made male, but her body can. When you give her this powder, it will

transform her body into the body you once had. This liquid will then let you trade places with her.”

“So I’m turning her into me and then stealing her body, which will be me.”

“Exactly.”

Brandon smiled. He had a way out.

—o—

Unfortunately, Brandon was unable to give Amy the powder the next day. She had a busy day and she skipped out on breakfast and got her own coffee while in conferences. That meant he couldn’t give her the powder until Friday at the earliest. Friday was also the day of his meeting with Karl. He would be cutting things very closely.

—o—

It was Friday.

Brandon sat unhappily at his desk. He had put the powder into Amy’s coffee this morning and he expected something to happen. Indeed, when she had given him the magic potion which started all of this, the effect was almost immediate, and he expected something similar. But nothing had happened. . . nothing at all.

“Why isn’t anything happening?” he asked himself with great frustration as he watched Amy walk casually to the bathroom. Her rear swayed sexily. “I don’t understand this.”

He looked at his pink watch. In five hours, he would be meeting with Karl Nicks. Just the thought of that odious man made Brandon shudder. He imagined how disgusting his life would be if Amy did give him to this man and he shuddered. He picked up his purse and looked at the small flask.

“Maybe I should take it now and not risk it?”

He took a deep breath. Then he shook his head.

“No, not yet. I need to be strong.” He set the flask back into his purse and he crossed his fingers. His leg bounced nervously, causing his dangling pump to fall from his toes. “Please work your magic before tonight!”

It would be close.

—o—

Night came.

Brandon felt sick. It was six o'clock. So far, the powder showed no signs of working, and Karl would be here any minute, so said Amy. Even worse, Amy had laid out the outfit she wanted Brandon to wear for tonight, and it was. . . well, it wasn't something Brandon would have chosen for himself.

"You've got to be kidding me?!" said Brandon as he picked up the black leather bra. The front of the bra was open and would leave his nipples exposed. "She wants me to wear this?"

Brandon picked up the matching black leather panties. They were crotchless and would leave his pussy exposed. There was a tight leather corset to go with it too. Wearing that would be difficult. Fishnet stockings lay next to the corset. Lying next to those was a black leather miniskirt. A white silk blouse, still on the hanger, was spread out above that. On the floor next to the bed were stripper-heels: black open-toed mules with six-inch heels sitting atop a two-inch platform.

"There's no way!" he told himself.

He ran his fingers over the leather skirt and shook his head.

"There is just no way."

He thought about the flask, which sat in his purse on his vanity. He had hoped the powder would have done its job already so he could drink the liquid in the flask and be free, but it hadn't. If he drank the flask now, the powder would not have had a chance to work. No, he would need to wait.

"Why aren't you dressed yet?" asked Amy as she entered the room behind him. "Karl will be here soon."

Brandon turned to face Amy. "Amy, look—"

Amy put her hands on her hips and glared at him. "How dare you call me by my name! I told you that you will always address me as Mistress! Do I need to spank you before Karl arrives? Maybe I should ask Karl to spank you for me!"

Brandon bit his lip. "I'm sorry, *Mistress*. *Mistress*, can we please not do this?"

"Why on earth not?"

"You have what you want. You got the promotion. Please just let me go."

Amy chuckled. "I don't have *everything* I want yet."

Brandon furrowed his delicate brow. "What do you mean?"

Amy walked over to the smaller Brandon and rubbed her soft fingers against Brandon's chin. "You don't get it, do you? You never have. This isn't just about the promotion."

"It's not?" he asked suspiciously.

"Of course not. This is about privilege. You had everything handed to you because you were a man. I had to struggle for everything because I'm a

woman.”

“That’s not true.”

“It is true. And do you know what that feels like? Well, now it’s my turn to feel privileged for awhile. I’m going to take everything that’s coming to me and you’re going to watch my success.”

Brandon bit his lip. Amy was crazier than he thought.

“Now get dressed,” said Amy. “Karl will be here soon and I can’t wait to watch the show.”

Brandon shuddered. He didn’t know what “show” she meant, but it couldn’t be a good thing. He thought about drinking the magic liquid right now so he could escape her grasp, but then he thought better of it. He could afford to wait a little bit longer for the powder to work. This was his future he was talking about and he needed to be patient. Still, he picked up the flask and looked at it closely.

“This stuff better work,” he said to himself.

A few minutes later, Brandon was dressed. From head to toe, he was wrapped in tight black leather. He could barely move in the corset and he could barely walk in the heels. At best, he tottered around unable to bend over or even sit down. Unfortunately, that was just the beginning of his discomfort. Indeed, with his nipples exposed by his bra, they were hard and tingling as they rubbed against his blouse. This was turning him on and making him wet. But with crotchless panties, his juices were running down his thighs rather than being caught by the panties. This made his thighs a sticky mess.

To add insult to injury, Amy used a riding crop to nudge him in various directions and emphasize instructions as he dressed. Twice, this involved sliding the crop between his thighs right up to his pussy.

“I’ll bet you’re all wet, aren’t you, Brandi?” asked Amy condescendingly.

“Yes, Mistress,” replied Brandon. There was no point in lying as she knew the truth.

“Of course you are.” She scrunched her nose and smirked. “Can you imagine? Big, strong, macho Brandon is wet like a college girl in heat over some athletic boyfriend. Well, don’t worry Brandi,” she said as she rubbed the riding crop against his pussy lips, which this made Brandon tingle and shudder, “you’re going to get all you can handle and more from Karl. Karl likes dirty girls and I’ve already assured him that he can do anything he wants to you.”

Brandon wanted to run from the room screaming upon hearing this, but he didn’t. There was nowhere to run. Besides, he had a different plan. Still, he was very tense; time was running short. “Why hasn’t that powder worked yet?” he asked himself nervously. At this point, the only unusual thing he noticed was that Amy sometimes scratched her crotch, and that wasn’t enough.

Amy pulled the riding crop from between his thighs and examined it. It

was soaked with his juices. She raised it to his mouth. "Go on, lick it clean," she said.

Brandon closed his eyes and shook his head.

"Do it!"

He still shook his head.

"Now!" she growled.

There was no point in resisting and he knew that. Until he drank the potion in the flask, Amy was in complete control, so Brandon reluctantly stuck out his tongue as she rubbed the crop against it. It tasted salty and sticky.

"I'll bet you don't like that do you?" she asked with a chuckle.

"No, Mistress."

"Do you want some water or something to wash away the taste?"

"Yes, Mistress."

Amy poured something into a shot glass and handed it to Brandon. Brandon took the glass and swallowed it, hoping to remove the taste of his own cum from his mouth. Amy instantly started laughing.

"Why are you laughing?" he asked.

"You just drank another potion."

Brandon bit his lip. "What does it do?"

Amy chuckled. "It makes you very, very pliable. You'll do anything anyone tells you."

Brandon gasped. "You're joking?"

"Hardly. I liked watching you struggle with being a woman and having to act the part; it turned me on to know you were doing all of this against your masculine will. That's why I didn't give you this before. But with Karl coming over and the plans we have for you, I decided it would be best to make sure that you were in the right state of mind. . . a state of mind that doesn't include resistance."

"I—" said Brandon. Then he stopped speaking. A silver light flashed before his eyes. He didn't feel any differently when it finally passed, but something had changed. He just couldn't put his finger on it.

"That's better," said Amy, noting his more docile look.

"Why are you doing this?" asked Brandon.

Amy walked over to Brandon and rubbed his nipples as she spoke. "Why am I doing this? Well, for one thing, I never had any intention of ever turning you back into Brandon. There would be too many questions asked if you suddenly reappeared. But I don't need a maid either and I certainly don't want you around the office. So what should I do with you? At first, I wasn't sure. Then it hit me. I can give you to that pervert Karl. Karl runs a nasty strip club just outside town and he's always looking for fresh young talent. And besides, it strikes me as a fitting destiny for you, the privileged male, to become a groveling sex toy for some pervert. . .

ogled by drunken men.”

The doorbell rang.

“Ah ha, your destiny is here!” said Amy with a laugh.

Brandon felt sick. He looked at his purse, which held the small flask. He wanted to drink it right now, but it was clear that the powder had yet to do whatever it needed to do. He needed to wait. Still, to be safe, he grabbed the flask and tucked it into his panties. He didn’t want to risk not being able to reach this if he needed it.

“Get the door, Brandi,” commanded Amy.

Brandon looked at Amy. He wanted to plead with her not to do this. He wanted to resist. But somehow he didn’t. Somehow, he found it impossible to resist her in any way. Unlike the first potion, however, he wasn’t a prisoner in his own body this time. He was consciously doing what he was doing, he just couldn’t help himself; he knew he didn’t want to do it, but he did it anyway. It felt like he had no inhibitions, something he sometimes felt when he had been drunk.

“This is not good,” Brandon told himself.

As he made his way to the door, Brandon’s impossible heels struck off the hardwood floors: *CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!* His feet really hurt. The rest of him wasn’t too comfortable either because his leather clothes rubbed together and rubbed his skin; they made a *SWISHing* noise and made movement uncomfortable. His nipples were painfully erect too and his pussy was positively dripping. Finally, he reached the front door and he opened it.

There stood Jill. . . and she was dressed similarly to Brandon.

“What are you doing here?!” asked Brandon. “Why are you dressed that way?”

“I’m not sure. One minute I was at home, and then I got dressed in clothes I didn’t know I owned, I got in my car, and I drove here,” she said and she walked past him.

“That’s right,” said Amy from behind them.

“What is going on?” asked Brandon.

“That’s what I’d like to know!” said Jill.

“It’s simple. I’ve decided you both need to be punished. Now come with me,” said Amy and she turned and made her way to the living room. Brandon and Jill followed her. When they reached the living room, Amy sat down on the sofa. “I’ve decided that I can’t have you hanging around, Brandi dear. That just raises too many complications. So I’m going to send you off to Karl—”

“Who is Karl?” asked Jill.

“Karl is a dirty little man who runs a strip club just outside of town. I’ve decided that Brandi is to be sent to Karl to work as a stripper and please Karl however Karl sees fit.”

Jill's jaw dropped. "You can't do that—"

"Ha! Of course I can. Haven't you figured this out yet, Jill?"

"Figured what out?" asked Jill angrily.

Amy rose from the sofa and walked over to Jill. She stroked Jill's cheek; Jill tried to flinch away but couldn't. "I control both you. . . both you and your former boyfriend."

"My boyfriend? What are you talking about?"

Amy laughed. "Why, Brandi, of course. Didn't you notice that Brandi is Brandon?"

Jill furrowed her brow. "You're insane!"

"Hardly. Why don't you ask him?"

Jill looked at Brandon and shook her head, but Brandon smiled back at her.

"It's true," said Brandon. "She turned me into a woman with a magic potion."

"There's no such thing as magic," countered Jill sourly.

"Then how do you explain how you are dressed or why you are here?" asked Amy. "Whether you want to believe it or not, Brandi is Brandon, and your feminized boyfriend is now going to go live the rest of his life as a sex slave to a pervert. As for you, well, I've decided you need to be punished for trying to make me look like a fool by playing around with Brandi."

"Punished how?"

"You're going to take Brandi's place as my maid and servant. You're going to wait on me hand and foot. You're going to do anything I tell you. And if I grow tired of you, or if you displease me, then you'll join Brandon at the strip club. The lovers reunited should make for a nice act."

The doorbell suddenly rang. Amy laughed.

"Ah, yes, Karl is here," she said. "Why don't you answer the door, Brandi."

"Don't do it, Brandon!" said Jill.

"He can't resist. I've given him a similar potion to the one I gave you. He can't resist my commands, can you Brandi? No, he can't. Brandon is going to walk to the door, because that is what I want, and he's going to let Karl in. Then he's going to tell Karl that he wants to belong to Karl. . . that he wants Karl to do every nasty, degrading and despicable thing he can think of to Brandi. Then they'll leave together and Brandon can begin his new life. Isn't that right, dear?"

"Yes, Mistress," said Brandon, though inside he was screaming.

Amy laughed. "That's the spirit! So hop to it, Brandi."

Brandon suddenly found himself walking toward the hallway. "Oh no! I need to do something!" exclaimed Brandon to himself. He felt the flask in his

panties. The powder clearly hadn't had a chance to work yet, but he could no longer wait. He reached inside his panties and grabbed the flask. He flicked the top off the flask, brought it to his lips, and sucked the liquid down his throat. Amy saw him do this and knocked the flask from his lips, but it was too late.

"What was that?!" she demanded.

Before Brandon could respond, the room began to spin. Then everything went black.

—o—

Brandon awoke a few seconds later. He felt different. For one thing, he immediately noticed that his clothes weren't as restrictive. He wasn't wearing leather or a corset either. He felt larger too, and stronger. The liquid must have done something! He raised his hands to his face and saw that he still had women's hands with long pink nails. Then he sat up. As he did, he noticed that he was wearing Amy's shoes and dress. He felt his chest. He seemed to have her breasts too.

"It worked!" he exclaimed.

"What. . . what happened?" asked a small feminine voice behind Brandon.

Brandon turned to see the tiny feminine body that had been his only moments before; he couldn't believe how small and sexy his body had been. This was Amy now, and she was slowly starting to sit up behind him, which proved difficult in the tight leather and the outrageous heels. Jill was helping her.

"What happened?" repeated Amy.

"You drank something and you both passed out," said Jill.

Brandon laughed and he stood up and walked over to Amy.

"Oh my God! My body?! You're me! You've stolen my body!" screamed Amy.

Brandon smiled. "Yes, I have."

Jill's jaw dropped. "What happened?" asked Jill.

"I used a potion to trade bodies with Amy," said Brandon. "Amy is now Brandi and I have her body.

"So *you're* Brandon?" asked Jill.

"Yes."

"Change me back! Change me back!" demanded Amy.

Brandon laughed. "Are you kidding? After everything you've done."

"What are you going to do to me?" asked Amy.

"I'm not going to do anything. Karl on the other hand. . . well, you set that in motion yourself," said Brandon. "See, you gave that body orders and it plans to

follow them, just as soon as Jill lets you stand up.” Brandon reached down and helped Amy to her feet in her impossible heels. She shuddered.

“Please don’t let this happen!” she begged.

Brandon laughed. “You were going to do it to me. Why shouldn’t I do it to you?”

“I’ll do anything you ask! I swear!”

Brandon stroked her cheek. “I know you will. You gave me that potion, remember? You don’t have any choice anymore. . . you’re pliable.”

He stepped back.

A moment later, Amy marched to the door, just as she had ordered Brandon to do when he was Brandi. She opened the door and told Karl, “I want you to do any dirty, perverted thing you can think of with me.”

Karl looked shocked, but then he smiled and said, “Prove it.”

Amy reached out and unzipped Karl’s zipper, fished out his penis, and wrapped her hand around it. She then led him by his penis to the backseat of his car. Brandon and Jill watched them go.

“Do you think we’ve seen the last of her?” asked Jill.

Brandon smiled. “I hope so.”

“So what do we do now?” asked Jill.

“Now I find the antidote to release you from the spell.”

“Wait a minute. You really are Brandon, right? I mean, you’re not just pretending, right?” asked Jill.

“Yes, I’m Brandon.”

“Can you explain all of this to me? Why did you take her body?”

“She had permanently changed mine. This was the only way to return to being male again,” said Brandon.

Jill raised her eyebrow. “You don’t look male.”

“I know. Unfortunately, the spell didn’t have time to work before I had to switch with her. And now that I’ve switched, the changes will stop. So I guess I’m stuck as a woman from now on.” Brandon sighed.

“Well, at least we’re free,” said Jill and she kissed him. When she did, Brandon felt something familiar and yet out of place at his crotch. He raised an eyebrow.

“That feels strange,” he said and he stepped back from Jill.

“What is it? What’s wrong?”

Brandon pulled up his dress and looked down. As he raised his dress, a strange sight came into view. Standing tall beneath his panties was an erect penis. . . a very large, erect penis.

“Wow!” said Jill. “Does that work?”

“I don’t know.”

Jill smiled. "Let's find out." With that, Jill dropped to her knees. She took his erection in her hand and held it in place as she slid her lips around it. She started sucking on it like it was a popsicle. Brandon watched in amazement as Jill moved her lips up and down on his shaft and her tongue licked and tickled its head. This felt amazing.

"Oh my God, that feels great!" he said and he moaned.

Jill then gently tickled Brandon's testicles with her fingers as she moved the penis in and out of her mouth. She began to move her lips faster and faster. Brandon struggled to find his balance in his heels. It felt strange, but highly erotic to feel testicles swinging away against his thighs again.

He moaned again.

Jill went even faster. Brandon clenched his muscles and held his breath. He could feel a rhythm building inside himself. The rhythm got faster and faster and soon took control. A moment later, he felt a surge and then hot fluid shot out of his penis into Jill's mouth. She kept sucking and sucking until he was completely dry.

"Well, I guess it does work," said Jill with a giggle.

When she finished, he crashed down onto the sofa. "That was amazing," said Brandon. Jill then crawled up onto his lap. They kissed, smearing their makeup. Then she started laughing. "What are you laughing at?"

"How are we ever going to explain this to our grandkids?"

Epilogue

It had been a year since Brandon drank the liquid. He had taken over Amy's life and was doing quite well. He received the promotion and all that entailed. Everyone was surprised to discover that along with the promotion came an attitude change. The new Amy was much nicer and a much better manager than anyone expected. She became very popular. He would go on to become the first woman president of the company. Ironically, he was also the president with the largest penis in the history of the company, though no one knew about that.

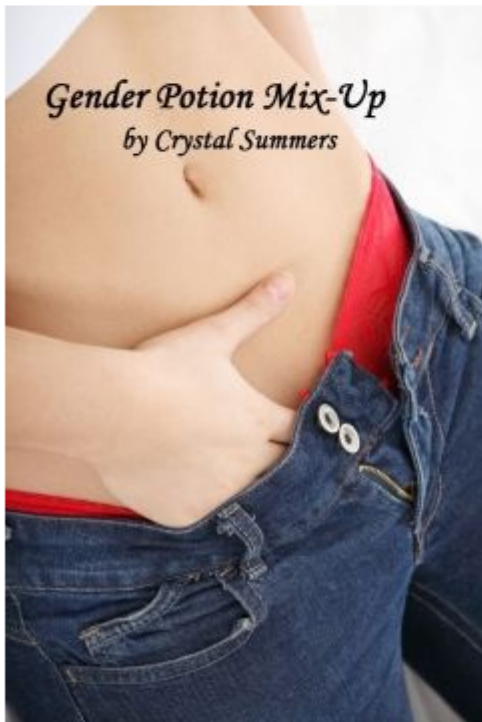
Jill moved in with Brandon and the two of them lived happily ever after as girlfriends to the outside world and lovers to each other. What they told their grandkids was another story.

Meanwhile, across town, "Brandi" proved to be quite popular. She was drawing quite a lusty clientele at the strip club. She was even more popular with her boss Karl, who indeed had a twisted imagination. Amy didn't like any of this, but this was her fate, a fate she tried to foist onto others but which came back to bite her in the end.

The End

Other Feminization Fables

“**Feminization Fables**” are cautionary tales of men who find themselves delving into the world of femininity, sometimes by choice and sometimes by chance, but mainly against their wills. These are classic stories of men fated for femininity. Here are some of my favorites!



“Gender Potion Mix-Up”

Martin bought a magic potion to make his girlfriend Erin into his perfect woman. He didn't tell her he planned to do this. When she discovers what he's up to, she becomes so angry that she tricks him into taking the potion instead. Soon, he's sprouting breasts and curves in all the right places. Meanwhile, his girlfriend grows something new between her legs as well, something the potion causes Martin to find irresistible.

“Gender Potion Mix-Up” is a cautionary tale of a man who loses his masculinity when he tries to remake his girlfriend without her knowledge. This 12,000 word story includes female domination, gender change, shemales, pegging, breast growth, a shrinking penis, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only

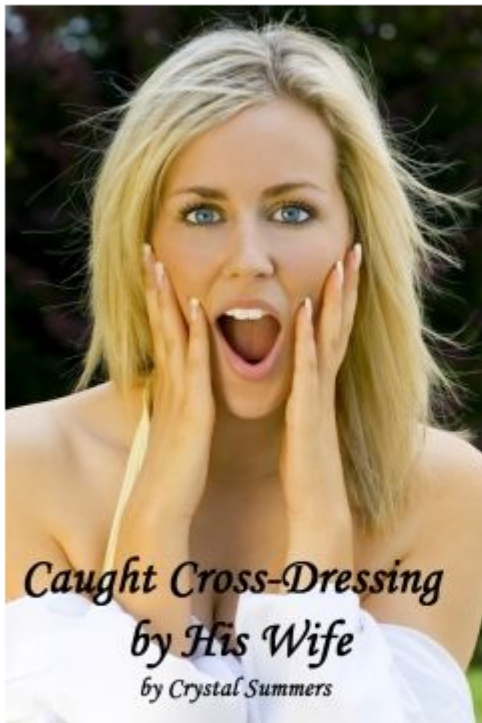


“Sissy Side-Effects”

Eric wanted the perfect body, but he didn't want to work for it, so he took steroids as a shortcut. Unfortunately for him, he didn't know what he was taking. Soon, his body was changing in ways he never expected or wanted. . . like growing breasts. When Eric's girlfriend discovers his condition, she decides to teach Eric a lesson about how to treat women. What does she have in mind?

“Sissy Side-Effects” is a cautionary tale of a man who learns there are no shortcuts in life when he accidentally feminizes himself and puts himself at the mercy of his girlfriend. This 12,000 word story includes female domination, feminization, breast growth, a shrinking penis, pegging, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Caught Cross-Dressing By His Wife”

Tom never expected his wife Heather to come home when she did. He thought he would have the entire afternoon to play around in her closet. He was wrong. Now he will pay a heavy price for his mistake as Heather forcefully feminizes him, strips him of everything he owns, and turns her dominant husband into her submissive sissy.

“Caught Cross-Dressing By His Wife” is a cautionary tale of a dominant man made submissive by his wife when she catches him cross-dressing. This 9,000 word story includes forced feminization, erotic humiliation, pegging, spanking, and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“His Ex-Wife’s Revenge”

Shawn was a greedy man who set out to enrich himself through marriage and a quick divorce. But things went horribly wrong for Shawn when his ex-wife found the perfect way to turn the situation to her advantage. With the help of a mysterious charm, she slowly turns Shawn into a woman, leaving him at her mercy.

“His Ex-Wife’s Revenge” is a cautionary tale of a greedy man who loses everything when the ex-wife he wronged turns him into a woman. This 9,000 word story includes gender transformation, female domination, erotic humiliation, pegging, and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Secret Sissy Game”

After nearly getting caught wearing his roommate Candy’s panties, Len found he had a taste for risking exposure. Each day, he risked wearing a bit more. Then he heard about the party. Did he dare go to a party dressed from head to toe as a woman? Could he pass? This could be the biggest thrill of his life. . . or his biggest disaster.

“Secret Sissy Game” is a cautionary tale of a man who gets caught up in dressing up as a woman. This 11,000 word story includes female domination, cross-dressing, pegging, forced-bi, oral sex, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Night At Sissy Manor”

There’s no such thing as curses, are there? Bill, Ron and Dwayne certainly don’t believe in them. So they weren’t afraid when their cheerleader girlfriends challenged them to spend the night at Sissy Manor, a home with a curse upon it. . . a curse to turn any man who stays there the entire night into a woman. Would the boys make it through the night? Would they still be boys in the morning?

“Night At Sissy Manor” is a cautionary tale of three sexist athletes who discover their feminine sides on the wrong side of a curse. This 10,000 word story includes female domination, gender transformation, shemales, forced feminization, mind control, forced-bi, oral sex, spanking, erotic humiliation and more!

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