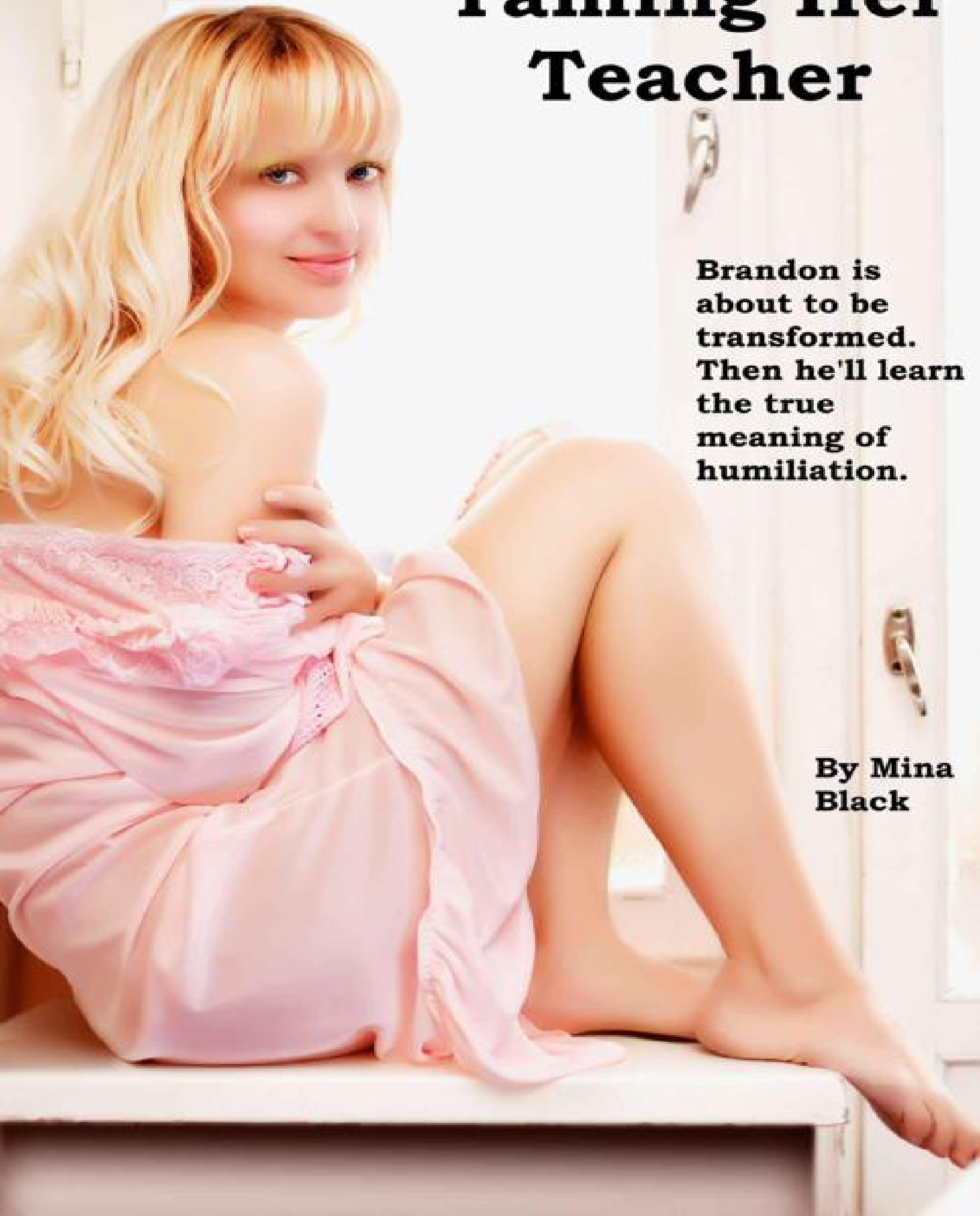


Taming Her Teacher

**Brandon is
about to be
transformed.
Then he'll learn
the true
meaning of
humiliation.**

**By Mina
Black**



Taming Her Teacher
Mina Black

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**First Edition
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Seraphim Academy held a number of special distinctions. Chief among them, the school had already graduated secretaries of state, powerful executives, and even a prime minister. It helped that the students who attended the academy all shared one distinction: ambition. The young women who went to this school intended to be great.

Yes, their disciplines and specific ambitions varied, yet these girls all wished to excel. Rather than complete their senior years of high school at another place of learning, they transferred over to this place. Technically, it could be described as a finishing school, but the curriculum was as intense as it was specialized.

I was the only male teacher, and there have been quite a bit of controversy when the decision to hire me at first been announced. The Head Mistress insisted that I was qualified, but more importantly, the academy's students needed to learn to deal with both genders.

Besides, she said that no one else could bring quite the level of cynical analysis and discussion that I had gained a reputation for.

At first, I might've been a bit reluctant to teach at an all girls' school, especially one based out in the wilderness. Yes, the facilities had all the modern amenities one would expect from a high-end campus, but it was almost a hundred miles to the nearest town. Eventually, the promise of incredible pay was enough to draw me in.

Of course, if I had realized what was going to happen, I would have taken an entirely different position. I never imagined that I would go up against someone like Sasha.

I can remember the exact moment when I first saw her. I walked into my classroom, and there were twenty young women seated in their desks. They all watched me warily, clearly uncertain about having a male teacher.

Some of the girls were cute and some of them are less than attractive, but I put those thoughts out of my mind. Frankly, my paycheck was more important than any dalliance or fantasy. Besides, the girls would only be here for a year, and then they'll go off to their universities.

I scanned across the roll sheet, and I started coughing aims. One by one, the girls acknowledged when I called them. I would

glance up and smiled politely. But then I came to Sasha's name, and I paused.

There was something about her.

Honestly, I couldn't name it. If I'd been given ten hours to try, I wouldn't come up with any reasonable solution or explanation. There was just something about her, some kind of charisma or energy that seemed to radiate off of her.

She had dark brown hair which framed her face. It shined under the light, and she had a headband to hold it in place. Other than that, she wore the same white blouse and dark blue vest as the other girls. Then she had on knee-high socks and a dark blue, plaid, miniskirt. Technically, the girls were supposed to wear slightly more modest attire, yet they collectively decided to assert their independence with their clothing.

Since none of the other teachers complained, I didn't feel like I should either.

Sasha had her eyes on me, and I didn't know what to think. She held my attention for a moment or two, only slightly longer than any of the other girls. But in that span of time, my heart jumped three beats, and I seemed to freeze up. No student has ever done that to me before. Even when I taught at some of the world's most prestigious universities, no girl had ever been able to make me feel tongue-tied.

It really didn't help that she was so much younger. All the girls in that room were legal adults, but just barely.

Sasha acknowledged me when I called her name, and I moved down the list. I really hoped that no one noticed that little pause, but after that, I couldn't forget her. This was especially true because she insisted on debating every point. And unlike so many of her classmates, she was advanced. Sasha clearly knew a great deal about the world, both academically and somehow, she had the confidence of a woman who had been around the world many times over.

Occasionally, I encountered a student who simply understood the universe of people. These girls knew the calculations and mathematics that went into how humans behaved, and Sasha was

probably one of them. Ultimately though, she was more interested in physics and biology than my field, so I didn't worry about her.

But then we got into a discussion of epistemology and metaphysics.

"I do believe that the essential nature of things can be altered," she said. Most students, when seated at their desks, automatically became subordinate and almost servile. After all, they could wreck nice that the teacher was in control of the class.

Only Sasha carried herself differently. When she spoke, she straightened her back, she lifted her chin, and she wielded the force of pure confidence. Although I might have been at the front of the class and standing, she could project her personality out across the entire room.

"How so?" I asked. Of course, it was simply a rhetorical question, a question designed to get her to think and speak a little bit more. Technically, that wasn't a problem for her, but I still needed to fill a few more minutes before my class came to an end.

"Considering how quickly science is advancing, I don't think it's a stretch to assume that very quickly we will be changing the very nature of things, humans in particular. Whether we are using physical hardware like cybernetic implants or genetic manipulation, people will be entirely different."

"What about human nature?"

"No such thing," she said, the corner of her mouth rising with a knowing smirk.

"There are people out there, Sasha, who would disagree with you fervently. For example, if you're someone who holds to some kind of religious faith, that person probably wouldn't look too kindly on the idea that you could just rewrite them."

"Not yet, but soon," she said with easy certainty.

"You're wrong," I said. "Even if you can change physical dimensions, a person will still be the fundamental same. There is a foundation to what a person is, psychologically speaking. Although the research indicates that there is a baseline like personalities."

Her eyes narrowed, and I could tell that she was frustrated. I started to wonder how often teachers questioned her. "You think I'm wrong?"

I smiled at her, hoping to defuse her annoyance.

No matter where I taught, I never wanted to aggravate a student at the point where she might go to my superiors. Granted, I was very certain that the Head Mistress would take my side, but there was no reason to provoke a confrontation.

"I think you're getting ahead of yourself," I told her gently. "Sasha, you are still very young, and you have quite a few years ahead of you before you really get to be an adult. Give yourself some time, and I'm sure you'll come to some very well reasoned conclusions."

She gripped the sides of her desk, her knuckles were white. Right there, I knew I had to stir off, but she thought we needed it. A girl like her couldn't be allowed to get too arrogant, after all.

Later that evening, I was in my apartment. The students had their dormitory on one side of the campus, while the teachers had another residence hall on the opposite side. It sounded small and cramped, but it really wasn't. I had a full living room, two bedrooms, a bathroom, and a well-stocked kitchen.

It also helped that the school paid for a cleaning service to come in and take care of my place. In some ways, this felt a lot like living in a hotel.

Perhaps the only downside was the fact that students could come and go as they pleased, so they frequently stopped by to talk to their teachers. When I heard the knock on the door, I figured it would be some girls interested in hearing about her grade or asking for extra credit.

Of course, there were downsides to having such ambitious group.

I went to the door, still dressed in my dark slacks and collared shirt. This time around, I didn't have my time on, but I was off the clock. Opening the door, I blinked a couple times, surprised to see Sasha there. She had never visited me before, so I didn't know what to expect.

"I'd like to continue our debate," Sasha said. She held her hands behind her back, and with any other girl, that posture would

have made her look sweet or innocent. With Sasha, she came off like some kind of predator, a feline waiting to pounce.

"By all means," I said, motioning for her to come inside.

My pupil sauntered in as though she owned the place. That girl really had no problem with making yourself comfortable. For a moment, I wondered what, if anything, could throw her off her game.

Just as in class, she wore her plaid skirt, knee-high socks, and her white blouse. Now that we were alone, I realized that her shirt was a bit tighter than I would have expected. It hugged her breasts, and I could feel an inkling of desire the back of my mind.

There was no way I would ever pursue any of those instincts, yet they remained nonetheless. I walked over the dining room table, and I pulled out a chair for her. "Would you care to have a seat?"

"Thank you," she said, crossing her legs. Despite wearing her school uniform, she somehow came off more mature than I could have possibly imagined. There is nothing especially unique about her facial features. She was pretty, with an almost vulpine expression, but there is just something about her.

Like any good host, I went back to the kitchen and I got the two of us some water. I set her glass down in front of her. "Have you come up with some kind of rebuttal?" I sat across from her.

"Absolutely," she said. "I don't know if you're aware, but I'm studying both biology and cybernetics. Nanotechnology in particular."

"Interesting," I said, nodding along. Like any well-educated member of the staff, had to stay apprised of the basic developments in pretty much every field, but it surprised me that a student at our school have the kind of resources.

But really, I shouldn't have been shocked. So many of the girls came from money, and even those that didn't were still quite brilliant. It wasn't unheard of to have one, two, three or even four of these girls when prestigious grants on a monthly basis.

"So, how do you respond to the idea that a person can change when drugged?"

"Drugs are a temporary concern," I told her.

"What about drugs that do irreversible harm?"

"I acknowledge that the hardware for person psychology might change, but that individual would still be the same person.

That core essence doesn't change." I spoke with the finality of the teacher who wanted to get a student out of the room. After all, we were almost upon the weekend, and I was ready to relax for a few days. Having a girl like Sasha in my apartment wasn't terribly restful.

"You're wrong," Sasha said. Her eyes crinkled, and I could tell it she was hiding something. Even so, I found myself just getting annoyed with her.

Rubbing the ridge of my nose between my fingertips, I tried not to sigh. "Do you have some piece of evidence in particular that you would like to share?"

"This," she said as she placed a capsule on the tabletop. It looked like a gelatin pill, nothing terribly special or unusual about it. "This is something I've designed to alter the way people act. In particular, it has been designed to affect an individual's conception of gender."

"You can't change gender, not with hormones or chemicals." Like any well-educated individual, had read about the hormone treatments forced on people in previous decades. None of them worked.

"Are you so sure?"

"I am, but Sasha, it's getting late, and I think we can continue this discussion on Monday." I stood up, expecting her to do the same, but she didn't. She didn't move a muscle.

"If you're so sure, take my pill, let's see what happens."

I smiled at her, do my best not to insult the poor girl. Perhaps my original estimations of her had been too high. After all, I would have to be insane to take some untested compound, especially one designed by a student.

"Look, I appreciate your zeal, but I'm not taking that pill."

The beautiful brunette pouted her lower lip for a second, and I want to laugh her face, but that would've been rude, so I sighed and asked if there's anything else she needed.

"Do you think I could take the water with me?"

It was an odd request, but if it would get her out of there more quickly, I was happy to lend her a glass. I glanced over at her cup, and I realized that it was actually one of my more expensive

tumblers. "Sure thing," I said indulgently. "Just let me get you a different glass."

I got up and went back into the kitchen, and I found her a far cheaper cup. Honestly, I didn't know why she cared about some simple water, but maybe the faculty building's tasted better or something. In any case, I just wanted to get on my weekend.

I set the cup in front of Sasha and she smiled at me. It was a big, happy grin, and I wasn't quite sure what I'd done to earn it. "There you go," I said to her.

"Thank you for letting me stop by. I'm sure that will have a lot more to discuss very soon," she said to me. With that, she got up and left.

It took me a minute to realize that she didn't take her glass of water with her. Shrugging, I decided that teen girls were crazy, and that I really shouldn't bother trying to understand them. With that, picked up my glass of water, I took a long swig, and I went back into my bedroom to watch TV.

It was strange. After that first sip of water, I started to get really thirsty. I found myself gulping more and more until my glass was empty. Once the glass was finished, actually felt pretty good, so I kept watching TV. It was nice to relax, to simply let myself go and not worry about teaching or philosophy.

Sure, there were papers to be graded and homework assignments to be entered into the campus portal, but my students could wait a few more days before learning about their scores. I grinned, thinking that patience was an important virtue these girls needed to learn as well.

After a while, I took a shower and I went to bed. Everything seemed normal.

But when I woke up, everything had changed.

I could feel it almost from the first second when I opened my eyes. There was something different about the room. It seemed oddly bigger. The dimensions were only slightly off, but it was enough for me to notice.

Blinking, I rubbed my eyes. When I pulled my hands back from my face, I noticed the first signs of a change. My hands were

small and delicate. Petite would've been a good description to even as I balled my fists, thinking that this had to be some kind of weird dream.

Hoping to wake up completely, I sat up, and I could feel extra weight on my chest. My heart started to pound, and I figured this had to be some kind of joke. Maybe some of the girls snuck in here last night and did something to the furniture. Maybe they taped something to my chest.

It was a nice thought, only it was a wrong.

Thinking that I could just wash my face and that I would be less figured this all out, I walked across my bedroom and into the adjacent bathroom. With every step, my sense of dread continued to grow. This seemed too weird.

I paused for a moment and looked around, and it was definitely true. Everything was bigger. That couldn't have been possible, I thought. After all, all of my possessions were still the same spot. I noticed my wallet, just where I left it. There was my comb, just where I left it. Every single detail was the exact same, only bigger.

I got it the bathroom, and when I saw my reflection, I froze. It wasn't me.

Looking back at me, there was a pretty girl with strawberry blonde hair, sharp features, and a pair of small breasts pressed up against my T-shirt. It was the same shirt I went to bed in, only now it looked huge on my frame.

What happened?

Hoping that I would find makeup or statics or something, I stripped off my top, and I started to feel the breasts attached my chest. With the light on, I looked straight ahead at my reflection. This couldn't be real.

Without taking myself off the mirror, I palmed my chest, touching these breasts. Honestly, I couldn't think of them as mine. I gave them a gentle tug, surprised to *feel* them. I couldn't explain it, yet when I ran my fingers along the skin, my whole body tingled.

"What's, what's going on?" I whispered to no one in particular.

Swallowing, I tried to touch the nipples, and the second fingertips make contact, a shiver of pleasure and raw delight

streamed through my body. I stumbled back, shocked at how sensitive that flesh could be.

This was impossible.

But then something else occurred to me, and my hand down to the spot between my legs, but I was surprisingly and teasing my trousers. My pants were looser, and I pulled them down along with my boxers.

I didn't find my cock.

Instead, there was a woman's pubic hair and a vagina.

My mouth tightened up, and I looked back at my facial features, and I was just a young girl. I actually looked younger, maybe an older teenager. I started to laugh for a moment, thinking that I could probably pass for one of my own students.

My students...

...Sasha...

It all started to click, and I had to wonder if she could do this to me. Last night, we talked about the essential nature of things, and she practically dared me to take her pill. It wasn't possible, was it?

I had no idea what to think, but I couldn't just go to the hospital. What could I say to the doctors? I woke up as a woman one day? This was insane.

Determined to make sure that this wasn't some kind of prank, some absurd the elaborate prank, I let my hand trailed down to the spot between my legs. Gently, I barely touched the opening to my pussy.

The sensations nearly knocked me down.

As a guy, I was thought that the penis was most sensitive thing I could imagine, but this opening was so much more powerful. In fact, some kind of instinct overtook me. Before I knew it, my fingers were lightly caressing my opening, working them from the bottom to the top and down again. Over and over, I crossed myself with two fingers.

Panting now, I moved from the bathroom and I fell back down on my bed. Wearing nothing but my socks, I started to stroke myself. Deep down, I thought this had to be a joke. I didn't think this could really be happening, but then my nipples hardened, my pink lips were parted, and I could feel the moisture coat my fingertips.

I was becoming aroused, horny, so very, very horny.

New yearnings, hot and irresistible, coursed through me, and I couldn't control it. Maybe I should stop trying terror, but this was too intense, too powerful for me to ignore. I kept at it, caressing my body, pressing down on my clitoris.

Pleasure exploded through me. I cried out, and I heard my voice for the first time. It didn't belong to me. It was high-pitched, more the squeal, and I might even sounded like some kind of silly cartoon character.

The orgasm faded, but my heart was still pounding. I stayed there in my bed, staring up at the ceiling, trying to contemplate exactly what happened. I ran my fingers through my hair, and I realized that it was longer than when I went to sleep. The strawberry blond tresses now reached down to my shoulder blades.

What was going on? As the player started to fade from my nervous system, I tried to breathe. I tried to simply relax, but only one possibility came to mind. Sasha. This had to be her work.

Pursing my lips, I thought about what I could do. Ultimately, I came to one conclusion. If Sasha was genuinely responsible for this, I would need her help. After all, I didn't know how long this transformation would last.

I rolled off the bed, and I almost fell on my butt. Getting used to this new body was going to take some time. Eventually, I made it back to the living room, and I turned on my computer. I quickly pulled up the students' information and found her cell phone number. Wrapping my phone, I typed in the digits, and I hit send.

The phone started to ring, and I wondered exactly what I was going to say. Honestly, nothing occurred to me, and my heart was pounding. What if she wasn't responsible? What if she said she didn't know what I was talking about?

What would I do then? It wasn't like I could leave my apartment, not like this. For one, I didn't have any clothes. Second, no one would recognize me, so I would have to answer a bunch of different questions about what I was doing on campus.

Maybe I could think back to my car and...

"Hello?" Sasha's voice rang against my eardrum.

What was I going to tell her? From moment, I wanted to grab my phone and shut it off without speaking a word.

My hesitation must've been enough of the declaration though because she asked, "Brandon, is that you?" She used my first name.

"Yes, it's me," I said before I remembered how my voice sounded.

On the other end of the line, Sasha giggled at me. I could hear her laughing, and she didn't bother trying to hide her chortles. As far as she was concerned, this was hilarious. "It worked. Didn't it?" Technically, she asked a question, though I could hear the certainty in her voice.

"So it was you," I said, gripping the phone more tightly in my hand. I wanted to spank that girl for this. I wanted to hold her up in front of all her friends and humiliate her. Whatever she had done, Sasha had gone way too far. She was going to pay for this.

"Yes, it was me."

"Change me back here change me back right now," I demanded. I was practically snarling every word, and when I finished, my petite chest rose and fell with dramatic energy. I could feel my emotions getting out of hand.

Normally, I could always be levelheaded and rational. What was happening to me? Why was I getting so upset so quickly? After all, she was going to change me back. I knew it.

Sasha didn't jump to my demanded no. Instead, she waited an extra second or two and finally asked, "Do you really want me to come over there?" In fact, she even sounded bored, like she wasn't sure what she was going to do.

"Yes, get over here right now."

"Really? You can't ask any more nicely?"

"Ask nicely?" I repeated, utterly dumbfounded. She couldn't be serious, but when I didn't hear another giggle on the other line, I knew that she meant it. "Sasha," I did my best to sound like an intimidating teacher. Unfortunately, it didn't work, not when my voice sounded more akin to some Disney princess.

"That's right," she confirmed, making me sound like an idiot for even asking. "I want to hear you ask nicely."

"Sasha, get over here right now. If you don't, I will make sure you—"

My student interrupted me with ease, "You'll what? Brandon, I'm not sure if you realize this, but you are in the body of a young woman. No one is going to believe a single thing you say, so if you want my help, you have to ask for it."

I blinked again, uncertain how to proceed. I really couldn't believe that she would have the gall to address me like this. Once I got back to my body, I swore that I was going to fail her. I was going to make sure that she was kicked out of the school. I would make sure that no college ever accepted her.

Her life was over, I swore to myself. Those thoughts were nice, but they weren't enough, they could feel my eyes start to water. What if she didn't help me? Damn it, I realized that my emotions were out of whack. It had to be a part of the transformation, I thought, grimacing.

"Well, are you going to ask nicely?"

Sasha sounded so utterly smug.

Realizing that I didn't have any other cards to play, I exhaled through my tightened lips. "Sasha, would you please come to my apartment to help me?" With every syllable, I came off as aggravated and annoyed. Obviously, I wasn't terribly patient.

But I did what she wanted, so she had to say yes. She had to get her little butt over to my apartment to change me back. Instead, she giggled a little bit and said, "I think you can do better than that. In fact, since I don't believe you really want me over there, I think you should *beg*."

Utterly dumbfounded, I opened my mouth to tell her that she was crazy, only I stopped myself last second. Really, I couldn't antagonize this girl. But begging? She was my student, for crying out loud. She couldn't really expect me to beg.

She did. As I thought about Sasha and everything I knew of her, this made perfect sense. And if I didn't do it, she would hang up, and I would be stuck like that until I figured out some other strategy.

Biting down, I locked my teeth together as I forced out the words, "I'm begging you. Please, Sasha please come over here to

change me back. Please, I really don't want to be like this any longer."

"Like what? Say it. Say it all."

There was no sympathy in her voice, no trace of pity. Hating myself for getting into a teenage girl, I spat out the words, "I don't want to be a girl."

"All right, I'll be over in a few minutes," she said.

She didn't come over within a few minutes. In fact, I was left there in my apartment, feeling trapped. I started to pace in the middle of my living room, walking back and forth. By this point, I just had on a pair of sweatpants that barely fits. In fact, they kept falling down the link of my hips.

The T-shirt I wore looked up served on me, but it was better than nothing. I kept glancing at the door, waiting for it to open. Come on, come on, I thought, aggravated beyond belief. Sasha had always been on time for my class, which made me think that she was doing this on purpose.

At the same time, I had to wonder what would happen if she didn't show up at all. Maybe she decided that she didn't like my attitude. It would be much trouble for her to simply ignore my call.

No, she was going to show up, I tried to tell myself.

Finally, there was a knock on the door, and I practically rushed over. I swung it open, and there was Sasha. She had her camera phone out, and she held it up, clicking a picture before I could even react.

"Beautiful," she said, smirking at me. But then she lowered the phone and still stowed it back in her jeans pocket. For once, she wasn't in her uniform. Instead, she had on a tank top and a tight pair of jeans with a flower embroidered down her right shin. Maybe she looked a little bit more like the girl next door, but I could still read the predatory gleam of her eyes.

"Get in here," I said, reaching out and grabbing her arm. I yanked with all my strength, but she barely moved. In fact, Sasha had no trouble bracing her feet against the ground and holding her position.

"Oh no," she said. "You're going to invite me in and you're going to be polite about it."

I poked my head out the door and glanced from side to side, worried that there might be a colleague nearby. Luckily, we seemed to be alone.

This time, I wasn't going to argue with her. If she wants to be a precocious little brat, then I could play along, if only for the moment. "Sasha, please come inside."

"I'd love to," she said and strolled inside. I shut the door after her, and Sasha took a moment to let her eyes wander up and down the length of my body. Strangely, had the instinct to cover my chest, as though I had something to hide. Resist the urge, determined to act like a man.

"How, how did you do this to me?" I hated that little starter in my voice, yet it was the best I could do.

"Remember when you got me that glass of water? Well, while you are in the kitchen, I slipped another pill into your drink." Sasha explains how it all worked and she walked over to me, letting her gaze move along my body. I felt like a science experiment, like a lab rat on display for this girl.

She was younger than me, less experienced, and I should have had every advantage, yet I felt small and weak in front of her. This didn't make any sense, but then she grabbed my shirt and yanked it over my shoulders.

"Oh my gosh, you even have adorable little breasts!" She giggled again, holding her hand over her mouth. My features turned bright pink if I blushed, and no matter how hard I tried to get a handle on my body, it just didn't work.

My palms immediately jumped up, covering my nipples. "Look, you had your fun. Please, Sasha, just tell me how to undo this."

"Maybe," she said, walking around me. She reached up and touched my skin. She noted the way I shivered from her lightest caress.

"Maybe?" I squeaked.

"Maybe," she said. "After all, you've been so rude to me in class. I mean, you really brought this on yourself. If you don't want

girls dosing you, then maybe you shouldn't be so standoffish in class. Have some humility." Her eyes sparkled, and I sputtered unable to really respond with something coherent. She wanted me to be polite? She was just a snotty brat!

"Look, I'm sorry. Please, please just help me," I begged, desperation bleeding into every sound I made.

"Well, I need to get a better understanding of how this happened. So if you want my help, I'll need to see you naked."

I glanced down at my body, and it felt so alien, knowing that this form didn't really belong to me. I was supposed to be a strong, virile man. I was supposed to be bigger and stronger than Sasha, only right there, I felt like some hapless schoolgirl. She somehow seemed larger and more intimidating now.

It didn't help that she looked at me with little more than disdain, as though it was my fault for allowing this to happen in the first place.

Hating myself for giving her what she demanded, I pulled off my T-shirt and sweatpants. They fell off, practically of their own accord. And there I was, naked and extremely vulnerable in front of her.

"It worked pretty perfectly," Sasha said. She walked right up to me, touching me, poking me, and prodding me so I didn't have any rights at all. She treated me like I was little more than a science experiment. In her eyes, that was probably right.

Sasha lifted my arms, running her fingertips down the length of my biceps. From there, she reached out and cupped my breasts. My body responded immediately, my nipples hardening, and there was a sharp intake of breath.

"Do you like that?"

I didn't respond.

Sasha glared at me, "When I ask you a question, you have to tell me the truth. Do you like that? Is it turning you on?"

Somehow, I couldn't bring myself to respond as she continued to touch and stroke my breasts. My nipples started eight from desire, that I could feel just the slightest hint of dampness gather between my legs. Damn it, I didn't want her to be able to arouse me, yet I didn't know how to control this body.

"I swear, I guess I'm not even sure you want my help at all," Sasha said with aggravation. She kept massaging my chest with one hand, but her other fingers darted down to that spot between my legs, and she felt me up, sliding her fingers into my entrance. She touched my clitoris, and I practically jumped back.

Almost as though she were bored, Sasha lifted her fingers. "Look at that. You are very responsive," she said, making it sound like just another mildly interesting scientific factoid. I glared at her, my face little more than a giant pout. She laughed at me and didn't bother to hide it. "Don't be like that. Face it, you're cute little girl now. You're going to be treated differently."

"I'm not a girl!" I hissed back at her.

"Really?"

"Really," I said. "And I don't care what kind of crazy concoction you put together. I'm not a girl, and there's nothing you can say to make me believe otherwise."

Her eyes hardened, and my heart jumped another beat. Immediately, I realized that I made a mistake right there. I dared Sasha to prove me wrong, and she strode at me. I started to mumble out something consolatory, only it was too late.

My student came right up to me, she grabbed me by the hair, and she yanked, pulling me back into the bedroom. From there, she took me to the bathroom, and I was trying to break her hold on me, but she was relentless. My own student managed to control me simply by taking me by the scalp, and it seemed like there was nothing I could do to stop her.

Finally, she released me, only to grab my wrists and pulled in behind my back. She held me like that, and I felt like some little kid getting picked on by a bully.

"You don't think you're a girl? Look in the mirror."

My first instinct was to lock my eyes closed, but she grabbed my chin, and she forced me to stare into my reflection. "This is who you are right now, and unless you do exactly what I say, you're going to stay in this cute little body."

I tried to shrug her off, to slip free from Sasha's grasp, but she held me tight.

No matter how hard I struggled, she wasn't going to let me go.

And when I didn't do what she wanted, she reached over and pinched my nipple. Pain and pleasure swirled through me, mixing together and forcing my eyes open. I stared at the strawberry blond girl in front of me, and she grimaced just the way I felt.

I was in the girl's body. I was a girl.

"Tell me you're going to do what I say," she commanded.

I hesitated for a moment, so she pulled one hand back and smacked it hard against my ass. The clapped reverberated in the bathroom, practically going against the walls as well as my eardrums. I grimaced again, my eyes watering. It wasn't fair. I shouldn't have been so weak, so emotionally fragile, yet it was a part of being a young girl.

"Say it," Sasha commanded.

"I'll do whatever you say," I told her.

"Good girl," she said, smiling at me.

Although I knew it was probably a bad idea, I couldn't help myself from mumbling, "Don't call me that." After all, I was doing a teacher. I still looked down on girls like Sasha simply because they were younger and less well-educated. They had proven themselves, or so I wanted to believe.

"What?" she asked and I could hear that little bit of mockery in her voice. This time, she smiled at me, "You don't want me to call you a girl? Is that it? Well, just look yourself. Just look down here, and try to tell me that you're a man."

"Inside, I'm still a man," I said, defiant.

"Oh really?" Sasha sounded interested, as though she picked up on some new idea that she hadn't considered before. "I guess I'm just going to have to make you prove it," she said.

Right away, I started to shake my head from side to side. Really, I only needed her help to get me out of this body. I didn't need anything else, but then she looped one arm around me, and she wasn't going to let me go. I tried to break free, but Sasha was too strong for me.

Not only that, she moved one hand down between my legs. I tried to bring my knees together, to block her access to my slit, only it was too late. She dipped her fingers into my pussy, and I was

already wet for her. Getting touched and put on display somehow turned me on.

Before I knew it, Sasha was exploring my inner depths, teasing my clit to fresh levels of excitement. I tried to fight back those sensations storming through my body, only I wasn't strong enough. I could feel the desire to start to build, every second heightening my arousal. Heart pounding, I inhaled and exhaled with labored gasps. No, no I thought to myself. I had to be stronger and better than this. I couldn't let her control me, only my best efforts didn't amount to anything because she pressed down again and again, swirling and teasing wide-body with her two fingers.

I came hard, the orgasm shooting through me. It was even more intense than when I touched myself.

I bent forward, but she held me up, gripping my arms behind me. Finally, the orgasm started to fade, and Sasha took me by the hand and led me back into the bedroom.

Disoriented by the orgasm, I didn't know what to expect. I had no idea what she was going to do to me. She bent me over the side of the bed, and I was naked. She took a moment to admire my heart-shaped little ass.

"You know, I think you'd look really cute with a tramp stamp right here," she said, poking the small of my back.

An immediate dismissal of that idea shot through my mind, only I couldn't voice my opinion. And when I finally regained my breath, she spanked me again, bringing her hand down with a swift arc. She was so fast and so strong!

Pain shot through me. Getting spanked her more than I could have possibly guessed. After all, I haven't been in this position since I was little kid, and I never could have guessed that Sasha would be so good at it. She brought her hand down again and again, each blow landing perfectly.

"What are you?" she demanded.

"I'm a girl!"

"And what are you going to do?"

"Whatever you say!" I squealed back, hating myself for giving in to her. Just a little while before, I had been the teacher, the adult,

the one in charge. It seemed so impossible for me to think that Sasha could take control this easily.

"Good girl," she said, teasing me again. She gave my hair a little tug, forcing me to stand up just before Sasha nudged me down on my knees. I felt so docile, so pathetically compliant. "You know, I thought about this a lot in class. You're always such a condescending jerk when you're talking to your students. You never give us the benefit of the doubt, and you look at us like we're just a bunch of dumb girls. Well, with the dumb girl now?"

My eyes narrowed, and I wanted to respond even on my lower lip quivering uncontrollably. I felt so pathetically small, so helpless in front of her. But Sasha had her own ideas as she unbuttoned her jeans and pulled them down. After that, she did the same with her panties, exposing her pussy.

"Lick me," she commanded.

I blink several times, uncertain I heard her right.

"Do it," she ordered, and I knew that I wasn't hearing things. My student wanted me to go down on her, to pleasure her with my tongue. Just then, I inhaled, and I caught the aroma of her arousal. This turned her on. Knowing that I was her teacher and that I was helpless, forced to obey her, it all pushed her buttons, making her want an orgasm.

"Do it, or I will drag you out into the halls so all of your friends in the faculty department can see exactly what you've become," she threatened.

Reluctant and timid in equal measure, I straighten my back and stuck out my tongue, sliding it along her inner thighs. Her skin was smooth and soft, but I wasn't going fast enough so she reached down and ran her fingers through my hair. She grabbed on as though those locks were little more than a harness to be used to control me.

Yanking, she pulled my face up right between her legs.

I couldn't imagine a more degrading or humiliating position. Again and again, I kept thinking about how she was my student, how I was supposed to be in charge. But then she gave another tug on my hair, it stung so much.

Hating myself for it, I lick her out. I slid my tongue into her crevice, and she moaned, shuddering with pleasure. Really, it probably had more to do with getting me in this position. But then I started to lick with more frenetic energy. I ran my tongue deep inside of her, going from the base of her opening to the top. Over and over again, I licked her, my tongue a little hurricane inside of her.

"Good," she gasped, shutting her eyes and savoring the pleasure. "Such a good girl. If I had known how good you would be at this, I would've turned you so much sooner."

Those words made my cheeks blush, and she must've been looking down at me this time. I had my eyes shut. I didn't want to see her as she humiliated me. "That's right. I turned you into my own private girl, and I'm going to use you and I'm going to have some fun with you. So unless you want to stay like this forever, you're going to be sweet and obedient all the time."

I couldn't respond. Anything I said probably would have probably turned her on as well. She had robbed me of my voice. Normally, I could be verbose. I could be persuasive, yet in that position, I only served her pleasure.

I kept looking at her, eating her out just the way she wanted. If I ever slow down, Sasha feature to give me another painful tug on my hair. On and on it went until she moaned even louder, practically crying out. My face brightened with another shade of blush as I worried that one of my colleagues might hear and come in here.

What if someone walked through that front door? What if they saw me like this?

Then again, maybe Sasha was right. Maybe they wouldn't think it was me. After all, I wasn't a girl with red hair. I was just a man, and there weren't any men here.

Somehow, that idea made my pussy tingle, and I didn't want to acknowledge the possibility that it turned me on.

Pressing her hips against my cheeks, Sasha didn't let me go at first. I kept licking her even as her orgasm faded. Finally, she exhaled and pushed me away.

I fell back down onto my rump, and she pulled her panties back up. Sasha had herself put back together in a matter of moments, if I was there, naked, ultimately helpless to her whims.

"That was very nice," Sasha said.

"Look, you've had your fun. Please, change me back."

Sasha threw her head back and laughed. Her dark hair fluttered around her beautiful face, and when she laid her eyes on me again, she made me feel even smaller and more helpless. I shrink down against the floor, unable to move.

"Sweetie," she said with mock sincerity. "I will change you back when I'm good and ready, but for right now, you're going to do if you're told. You don't get to be a teacher anymore. Right now, you're going to be my toy."

My mouth went dry, and I didn't know what to say.

"And for right now, I think you and I need to go shopping." The skin around her eyes crinkled, and I shuddered at the idea. At the same time, I opened my mouth, hoping to come up with some good reason for her not to do this, something that would appeal to her, something that would actually convince her to stop this.

Nothing came to my mind.

An hour later, we were in my car, a beautiful Mustang. I loved this vehicle, and I took wonderful care of it. But unfortunately for me, I was in the passenger side seat. Sasha was driving, taking every curve with dangerous agility. She loved driving and driving fast.

I couldn't believe that this had happened. Just yesterday, I had been in charge, in control of my life, and there I was, little more than a pet for one of my students to play with. Whenever I contemplated my situation, my whole body tingled with shame.

Sasha drove us back into town, only she took me to a part of the small city that I didn't really know. They were strip clubs here as well as a variety of different sex shops and bars. I didn't know our destination she wouldn't tell me.

When she said we needed to go for clothing, I assumed Sasha meant for us to head to some department store. After all, she could have purchased a bunch of addresses for me, and that would have been a special kind of humiliation.

But no, Sasha intended something far worse for me.

We pulled up into a strip mall, and there was just one store dead ahead. It was a sex shop. My mouth went dry as I looked at the

lingerie in the window. "Sasha, what are we doing here?"

She turned to me and grinned. "Well, we're here to get you some clothes. After all, will give a girl say if they saw you walking around in a T-shirt and sweatpants?"

My mouth went dry again, and my throat tightened up at the idea of any of the other girls from the school seeing me like this. I wanted to complain, to tell her that they couldn't do it, but Sasha had already slipped out of the driver seat. She walked around the car and opened my door. Before I could even get a word out, she gave me from my seat and dragged me into the shop.

The door chimed as we walked inside.

I tried to slip free of Sasha's grip, but she help me firmly. "You aren't going anywhere, not without me," Sasha promised. I shriveled up a little bit inside, knowing that she could do whatever she wanted. Until she changed me back, I was in her power.

Rather than walk me towards the assortment of costumes and outfits, Sasha forced me to take a tour of the entire store. First, we looked at the dildos. She picked one up and held it out for me. Sasha giggled as she made me look at it. Big and black, that dildo made me shiver nervously.

"Don't worry. Since you're such a good little virgin, we'll start off with something small." I shook my head nervously, but she just ignored me before moving on to some of the other toys. There were strap-ons, nipple clamps, restraints, and so many other toys, items I could scarcely comprehend.

As a man, I'd certainly joked about some of these toys with my friends. But really, I had always been a very vanilla sort of guy. None of this stuff had ever held any special appeal for me, and to see Sasha pick them up and teased me with him so casually made me shudder with fresh nervousness. What was she going to do with me? What were her plans?

When we finally made it over to the lingerie, I was shocked to find myself sighing with relief. Sasha held up some of the clothes for me, comparing their sizes with my own. I was diminutive, a petite young woman.

But they still had plenty of outfits for me. She started off with a maid uniform and continued with a sexy bunny, sexy cat, and even a

sexy witch. Everything looked so slutty, but Sasha was just getting started.

Her eyes widened when she spotted something in particular, "Oh yeah, this is going to be perfect. Put this on. Put it on right now!" She practically squealed with girlish delight, like a child who just found a new toy to play with.

I turned around and faced her, seeing what she held from a hanger in her hand. It was a schoolgirl uniform, and my lips tightened at the thought of putting it on. "No, I won't do it." In fact, I basically stamped my foot right there, drawing the attention of the clerk over at the front desk. Even so, I ignored his gaze.

Sasha came a little bit closer, but I held my ground. She ran her hand up the back of my neck, curling her fingers into my hair. "Sweetheart, you're going to go into the dressing room and you're going to put that on or on going to have to discipline you."

"Sasha, this is gone on long enough. Not your toy. I'm not your plaything, and we're going to go back to the campus and you're going to change me back right now." Honestly, had no idea what gave me this burst of bravery, but I wasn't going to back down.

Her eyes hardened, she grabbed me and pulled me right back up to the front desk. "Hello there," she said sweetly. It was the same tone of voice she occasionally used with me whenever she wanted a favor in my class. "My slave here has gotten a bit out of line. Would it be all right with you if I spanked her in your dressing room?"

The clerk blinked a couple of times. Honestly, this probably had been his dream. There we were, two schoolgirls, and the more beautiful was asking for permission to spank her submissive. That was probably how he saw it, anyway. For my part, I shook my head, but he must've assumed this was some kind of game.

Her hands I could've said something else. I could've told him that Sasha was doing this to me against my will, but what would that have accomplished? Really, she was still in charge because I still needed her help. Now that she held me tight, I realized the exact height of my mistake.

I was in trouble.

"Go for it," he said. His eyes blazed with arousal, but Sasha simply smiled. "Oh, and you can use this if you like." The clerk held

out a leather paddle. Sasha smiled again, graciously took it, and she walked me back across the store floor. I tried to struggle, to break her grip, but again she proved that she was too strong for me.

When Sasha transformed me into this adolescent girl, she had done a perfect job. She made sure that she would always be stronger; she'd always to hold me and force me to do whatever she wished.

Sasha pulled the curtains to the dressing room side and she shoved me in. I spun around, thinking that I would be able to reason with her, but she just pushed me against the wall. Then she yanked down my sweatpants, exposing my tight little ass.

She thwacked me, striking hard. Immediately, I could feel the hot little pink run along the curves of my ass. She hit me again, strikingly with the flight of the paddle. My eyes started to water, though I couldn't tell if that was from humiliation or the bright stinging burning through my skin.

I really wanted to believe that I could be stronger and better than this, but I would start to cry because my girlish body had a mind of its own. I didn't have the same kind of endurance as I did when I was a man.

Sasha spanked me, striking again and again, landing every blow with perfect precision and grace. Humiliated beyond belief, I endured every clap of her palm until she eventually stopped.

"Do you have something to say to me? Perhaps an apology?"

My eyes were wet, and I wanted to argue. I wanted to tell her that she was wrong, that she wouldn't be able to break me, yet that wasn't true. More than anything, I just needed this spanking to come to a stop, so I fell down on my knees.

"I'm sorry I said those things. I promise I'll be a good girl for you!" I blubbered.

Deep down, I wanted to assure myself that I was just lying, but this is only part of the game, but that wasn't true. This was me getting my student exactly what she wanted.

"You're very sweet," she said to me. "Now, I think you need to get dressed." This time, she held up the slutty schoolgirl outfit, and I took it. Not only that, I stripped out of my sweatpants and my T-shirt.

I stood there naked in front of her, and she decided to teach me a little bit more, sliding her hand down the length of my pubis.

I hope that she would continue, that she would make me come right there, but Sasha simply grinned. "Oh no, if you want to climax, you're going to have to earn it." My lips crumpled into a little frown, not that she cared.

Realizing it was futile to beg, I started to put on the schoolgirl costume. Because really, this thing couldn't be called anything else. This skirt was only a few inches long, and even though the pleats and color scheme were correct, no real student would ever wear this. After that, I pulled on the pink, silk thong. Finally, it was the blouse that showed off my mid-drift and the knee-high socks.

Taken together, I turned and faced the mirror, and I shuddered with another wave of humiliation. But Sasha was right there, gripping my chin and cheeks. "Oh, look at that. You are such a pretty little girl. I think you're going to look absolutely adorable in class tomorrow."

My heart jumped. "Class? What do you mean? "

"Well, you see, I may have already spoken to the Head Mistress and informed her that a friend of mine will be coming to visit me. In fact, my friend is thinking about enrolling at our fine school, but she wanted to get a sense of the classes first."

"You didn't," I said, practically whispering those two words.

"Oh yes, I did, so unless you do exactly what I say, I'm going to make you wear this to school tomorrow."

I couldn't believe it. I couldn't possibly comprehend the idea that I would have to go to class tomorrow as a schoolgirl. My body tensed up at the prospect, but this was when Sasha chose her moment. She yanked up her skirt, pulled back the elastic of my panties, and she started to finger me.

I tried to push her away, to withdraw just a few feet out of her reach, but Sasha wasn't going to let me go so easily. With one arm around my waist, she found me firmly in place, making it impossible for me to flee.

She fingered me for several seconds, making me whimper and writhe.

Then, just before the flash orgasm could give me the satisfaction I so eagerly craved, Sasha pulled her finger. She was

wet with my excitement, and she wiped her glistening finger off on my naked flesh.

A whimper escaped my throat as I realized what had happened. It took a few more seconds for my thoughts to clear. "Please, please finish," I said desperately.

"Like I said before, if you want an orgasm, you're going after it," she said. She took my hand and pulled me out of the dressing room. We walked straight across the store to the clerk. "My friend here would like to suck your cock," Sasha announced to the man behind the counter.

He licked his lips, clearly uncertain about this. Maybe he thought it was a joke. But then Sasha nudged me in the side, "Tell him, Brandi. Tell him all about how you been fantasizing about getting his juicy cock in your mouth ever since we stepped foot in here."

Four must've splashed across my face along with another washing of red. Horrified and humiliated in equal measure, I didn't know what to say. Honestly, my whole brain seemed to freeze up until she leaned over and said, "Unless you do this, I'm going to buy you a nice chassis device and make sure you wear it for days if not weeks. Understand?"

Since it felt as though my whole body groaned and vibrated with desire, I knew that I had to obey her. Although she was just my student, she was in command, so I nodded my head quickly, not trusting myself to speak.

My mouth felt so completely dry as I said, "She's telling the truth. Please, sir, please let me suck your cock." Those words made it out more easily than I could have ever guessed. But then the clerk smiled at me, and he motioned for us to follow.

Just past an "Employees Only" sign, he took us back into the storage area where he pulled off his belt and lowered his pants. Already, he was quite hard, and Sasha grabbed the back of my neck, forcing me down on my knees. I looked up at the man, my eyes big and nervous.

If I hoped that my expression would win me some favor, maybe a little bit of sympathy, I was sorely disappointed. If anything, my expression only turned him on even more. After all, I was a timid

little schoolgirl, and he looked forward to shoving his cock deep down my throat.

I didn't know his name, but I licked my lips, shocked that I could get myself into this position so easily. After all, I was a heterosexual man. I was strong and powerful in my classes. It wasn't like I never fantasized about this, but then Sasha guided my head up toward his member, and opened my mouth.

The clerk—I didn't even know his name—maneuvered his shaft right up against my lips. I took him into my mouth, and I started to like him, tasting his pre-come. He was practically dripping, his excitement leaking down onto my tongue. The flavor of his arousal should have disgusted me, yet I felt something else entirely.

Desire.

I pussy throbbed for him. Of course, Sasha had already worked to get me nice and horny. This was just an extension of the way she treated me. Whether I wanted to face it or not, she put me in this position, and I had to do with consequences.

The clerk seemed a little bit shy, so Sasha kneeled behind me. She kept her hand on my neck, and she forced my head forward and back. At the same time, some sort of instinct took hold of me, and I started to lick and suck more eagerly. I ran my tongue up and down the length of his shaft.

At the same time, I braced my knuckles against the floor. This position was so painful and uncomfortable, but neither of them cared. I whimpered again, especially when he shoved his cock deep into my mouth. The tip of his head touched the back of my throat, and my eyes watered as my gag reflex kicked in.

Refusing to make a fool of myself, I kept licking him. I did an admirable job, and my tongue worked its way back up to the tip of his head. My mouth tightened around his shaft, giving him all the pleasure he could've ever wanted.

"Feel free to come in her mouth," Sasha said.

I moaned, yet my protest fell on deaf ears. He started to rock his hips forward and back, pumping me faster. Use me like a sex toy, taking me exactly as he wanted, and then he started to come. His orgasm shot his load right up against the back of my throat, and I started to guzzle down his semen.

My eyes were watering, and hot humiliation burned through my whole body, yet there was nothing else for me to do. I swallowed down all of his ejaculate, and then he finally withdrew.

"There's my little whore," Sasha said to me.

She took my credit card and ordered me back in the car. Not only that, she said that if she caught me touching myself, she would take me right back in there and give me over to the next man to walk into the sex shop. Sasha told me that I would be a communal toy. Anyone and everyone could have a go.

Without warning ringing in my ears, I sat in the passenger side seat of my own car. I kept my hands over my new skirt. Every fiber in my body wanted to slide my fingers down against my pussy. No matter how hard I tried to concentrate on the humiliation and disgust, I couldn't do it.

I couldn't think about anything but how much I wanted to be penetrated.

Finally, Sasha came back with a big bag of toys. I didn't dare ask her what she had purchased, with my money no less.

We started back toward the campus, and something occurred to me. "Please, you can't make me go to class dressed like this. Can't we go get something else?"

"What? You think you're too good for you little slut costume?" she tossed back. "Judging from your performance, I think the short skirt is perfect for you. Besides, I'm sure a quick explanation will mean that the other teachers won't disappoint you for violating dress code."

"Please, please let me wear something better than this," I pleaded with her.

"Fine," she said, sounding almost bored. Even so, the corners of her mouth rose up with barely discernible amusement. She could teach me all she wanted, yet Sasha was having a great time with me.

"Tell me, who is the girly girl in the car? Who is the most feminine, docile, demure girl with me right now?"

Sasha was baiting me, only this awareness didn't help me. If I wanted any chance at a slightly more dignified outfit, then I had to

give her exactly what she wanted. "I am. I'm a girly girl."

"Yes, you are," she said, giving tip of my nose a light little pinch.

Driving my car, Sasha turned around, and she took me to one of the local department stores. Somehow, I expected that this would be better, yet she didn't take me to the dressing room this time. Instead, she walked me over to each island of clothing, picking out the cutest, most feminine outfits available.

Each one highlighted my figure. Each one made me feel even smaller and more girly. They were ruffles and lace, here's a bright pink and purple. Then there was the glitter. Oh, I hated the letter so very much, but Sasha knew that. Skirts, shorts, panties, and a variety of tops made their way into her basket, and then she walked me up to the counter.

Once again, Sasha used my money. She made me pay for my own humiliation, and there was nothing I could do about it. I knew that if I complain, even a little bit, she might revoke this little bit of dignity I had left.

"Are you going to the academy down the road?" asked the girl behind the counter.

"Yes, my friend here is new. She's really excited," Sasha answered for me.

For a moment, I looked at the girl, hoping that she would pick up on some trace of my reluctance, my buried masculinity. Come on, I thought. I wanted her to notice that there was something wrong, that I shouldn't have been there, but she smiled and giggled. "Don't be nervous, sweetheart. I know the girls up there are all really ambitious, but I've met a few of them, and they're really nice to. I'm sure you'll fit right in."

Unable to speak, I simply bobbed my head down and up, all while Sasha laughed at me some more. Sure, she kept her giggles hidden behind her hand, yet we both knew what she was thinking.

I wasn't a man, not anymore. She really had changed me into just a schoolgirl.

That night, I expected Sasha to drop me off at my apartment, then leave. She didn't.

Instead, she headed straight to my bedroom. She went into the closet, pulled out some blankets, and she straightened them up on the floor. "What?" I scoffed. "You're going to sleep on the floor?"

"No. You are." She faced me, and I kept searching her face for some sign she was joking. Sasha meant each word.

So I slept on the floor like some sort of pet while Sasha took my bed. The next morning, she forced me to give her all of my passwords. Suddenly, she could control my email accounts, my credit cards, and even my grade book.

Not only that, she made me spend most of the weekend cleaning. While Sasha sat on the couch or on my bed and read or watched TV or played on her cell phone, I had to clean my apartment top to bottom. She made me scrub the floors, she made me dust, and she made me clean the toilets. She treated me like a servant.

After I finished the assignment, she would walk up and inspect my work. If it didn't meet her exacting standards, she would tell me to start all over. Each time, my face would turn another shade of pink, yet I would have to keep my eyes pinned to the floor. If I risked looking at her, I'll be reminded of the fact that this girl had once been my student. She had been completely dependent on my power, and yet there she was, ordering me around.

Sasha kept me like that all weekend.

Each time I surrendered a fresh piece of my life, I kept thinking that it would be enough to satisfy her. After all, it really did seem like this girl had to have some kind of limit, some threshold where she would finally be satisfied.

If she had one, I didn't find it by Monday morning.

As my eyes watered open and I started to wake up, I stretched my back. Sleeping on the floor wasn't comfortable, so I had to work the kinks from my muscles.

On Monday morning, I realized that school resumed today. I licked my lips, nervous about what I would find. When I got up on my knees, I looked at my bed, but Sasha wasn't in it. In fact, it had already been made, and I started to hope that she had decided to leave me the apartment for the day.

That would've been wonderful, especially because it would have given me time to go online and try to find some other solution to my problem. Since Sasha had been the one to develop the technology to conflict transformation the first place, I theoretically had to rely on her to change me back, but what if someone else had worked on the same practices and principles? It seemed likely, so I clung to that little thread of hope.

Just as quickly as those ideas came to me, they were shattered when Sasha sauntered back into the room. She was fully decked out in her schoolgirl uniform, though when she wore it, she had no trouble maintaining her dignity.

"Get dressed," she commanded.

Following two days of obeying her commands, I quickly scampered to comply. I pulled on a pair of white panties, my knee-high socks, and my little skirt. After that, I got on my blouse, and I walked back into the bathroom. I held my hands behind my back.

It was time for the inspection. She had required this of me for the rest of the weekend, and so I assumed she would want to do it today as well. It was automatic, almost like an instinct.

"Such a good girl," Sasha taunted as she came in behind me. "I think you need some makeup for today. I think you want to look nice and pretty for your big debut."

"What, what you mean?"

Sasha reached into her purse and pulled out several items. She started on my makeup, beginning with the foundation. As she powdered my cheeks, she said, "I've decided that you're going back to school."

She waited, letting the horror sink in. No, no one could see me like this! In fact, I seriously considered trying to make a break out the front door, but then I remembered that people would see me anyway.

Not only that, I really couldn't risk upsetting Sasha. I had to be her good little schoolgirl. I had to be obedient and compliant; otherwise she certainly wouldn't change me back.

"Brandi, I decided that you're going to come to class. There've been some big changes, and that things you'll enjoy seeing them."

"What sort of changes?"

"Well, for one, I'm going to be teaching your class today," she said. She spoke in an offhand manner, like it wasn't any big deal, but that was my class! It belonged to me, and I was supposed to be in charge.

"But you can't," I insisted.

Sasha responded by shutting me up against the vanity. She bent before and spanked me hard, bringing her hand down against my pert bottom. The stinging rushed through me, and she reminded me of my place very quickly and very easily.

"Oh yes I can. I heard he spoke with the Head Mistress. She said that I'm sufficiently far along in my studies that I can take over since you've been feeling so sick." Again, she spoke with the casual use of a young woman talking about the weather. But for my part, I was horrified, wondering what Sasha had emailed to my bosses.

Unless this and it seemed, I wouldn't be able to continue as a teacher. Not at this school, perhaps not that any school.

Sasha went back to doing my makeup. She took out the lipstick and ordered me to pucker up my mouth. Reluctantly, I obeyed her again. On and on, she demonstrated that she could make me do whatever she wished.

She applied a liberal amount of eye shadow, and when she was done, I could barely recognize the pretty girl staring back at me. Yes, I looked just a little bit slutty, but I was also very pretty as well. "Oh yes, lots of the other girls are going to be very jealous of you," Sasha said, giving me a little squeeze to my backside.

"You won't tell anyone about this, will you?"

"Brandi," she said, using my girly name. Each time I heard it, it started to sound more and more natural. "I promise you, I will focus entirely on my lesson plan."

For once, she seemed since here, perhaps even sympathetic. Maybe, just maybe she would change me back.

As we walked across campus, Sasha didn't hold my hand or make it obvious that she was in control of my life. Even so, I could feel her influence on me. At the same time, the other girls were looking at me, only their eyes passed right over me. As far as they were concerned, I was just a new transfer student.

I kept wondering what would happen if any of them figured out the truth. It wouldn't be good. I could be certain about that.

When we went to our first class, I tried to sit in the back, but Sasha wouldn't allow it. She grabbed me by the back of my neck and guided me forward, placing me right in the middle of the room. I sat there, but my ankles crossed, and I waited for the teacher. I kept hoping that the class would be canceled, but I wasn't that lucky.

Ms. Graham came into the room, but he didn't say anything about my situation. Perhaps she didn't know. But then her eyes lit on me, and she smirked just a tiny bit. Perhaps it was my imagination, but I didn't think so. It really did seem like she knew exactly what was going on.

"Everyone, let's get started," announced Ms. Graham. "And girls, it seems like we have a new student here. Brandi, could you come up. Introduce yourself?"

More than anything, I wanted to shake my head and tell her that I wasn't going to do any such thing. But then Sasha glanced over at me, and with just that moment, she made it abundantly clear that I would be a great deal of trouble if I defied my teacher. After all, I was a schoolgirl now, student, and I had to obey.

Swallowing, I got up and I walked to the front of the class. "Hi," I said shyly. "My name is Brandi, and I like music and movies." I tried to keep it generic. I tried to avoid anything personal or really significant.

Of course, the second I said that aim, Brandi, I could feel my cheeks bright another shade of pink. Damn it, I didn't want to be so vulnerable to my emotions.

"Brandi, I really like your makeup!" Sasha called out.

"Thanks," I said, blushing again.

After that, Ms. Graham mercifully let me return to my desk. For the rest of the hour, I just pretended to be another student. I took notes, and I tried not to look around. For her part, Sasha texted on her phone, and I was left to wonder who she was communicating with? What was she saying?

After we left Ms. Graham's class, it only got worse. The next class was supposed to be mine.

Sasha guided me to the front of the class, and she sat me down. But rather than take the spot beside me again, she stood up in front of everyone else. She sat down on my desk, crossed her legs kicked her feet against the wood façade. Clearly bored, she waited until the bell ring, and then she hopped back up onto her feet.

All the girls in that room already feared her just a tiny bit. After all, she was there also, the mean girl who could cut down anyone with just the word. "So, we finished last Friday's class with a discussion on the essential nature of people."

Instantly, my heart started to pound my chest. Where was she going with this?

"Today, I'm going to be doing a lesson plan on how people can be changed. You see, I performed something of a little experiment, and I think that it is going to be most enlightening, for one student in particular." Sasha leveled her eyes on me, and I shriveled, trying to hide my desk. But then she commanded, "I want to introduce you all to a new student. Her name is Brandi. Please, help *her* feel as welcome as possible."

There was a smattering of tepid applause, and a couple of people glanced in my direction. They were curious, but they didn't really understand where Sasha was going with this. Neither did I.

"Brandi, what you come up here?"

I shook my head once, but she'd simply pointed to the spot beside her, and I found my body obeying immediately. My lower lip trouble the little bit as I made my way to the front of the class. I stood in front of all of the other girls, and I noticed a few of them start to smirk at me. Maybe they realized something good was about to happen.

"Brandi, are you a girl?"

I blinked several times, uncertain how she wanted me to answer.

Sasha laughed, "I think she's nervous. Come on, it's a very simple question. Are you a girl?"

I still couldn't respond. I froze up, especially under the gazes of all of my students. The girls were supposed to be listening to me, yet Sasha had taken absolute control. Sasha giggled again. "You know, I think she might just be nervous. Why don't we take this from

me more scientific perspective? We can just ask questions and make inferences."

Sasha pointed out one of my former students. "Heather, do you think Randy is a girl?"

A tall blonde seated in the back nodded quickly, "I think she's a girl."

"And how can you tell?"

Heather smiled and said, "Since she got on makeup and wearing a schoolgirl uniform, it seems pretty clear that Brandy is a girl."

"Yes, Brandi is definitely wearing makeup. Makeup is a sign of femininity. What else?" Sasha started to pace the room, moving with the easy grace of a young woman who had clearly been born for leadership. She could dominate entire class, and no one would think to question it.

With incredible grace and aplomb, Sasha held the class in her hands. She discussed the nature of gender and essential characteristics. They talked about the distinction between nature and nurture, all while I stood up there.

Eventually, Sasha brought her attention back to me, and she yanked up my skirt. Although once, the students started to laugh, and I couldn't even bring myself to try to grab the hem of my skirt back from her. "Here's a key detail," Sasha finally announced. "Clearly, Brandi is not a man."

I blushed brightly, inking that she was taking away everything that made me who I had been. "More importantly though, I want to hear Brandi say it. I want to hear her tell me that she's going to be a good little girl in our class."

"Please, please don't make me do it," I whispered, hoping that none of the other students would hear me. Judging from the snickers coming from the front row, plenty of them heard.

Although I could try to think of this as a lie, I knew that there was some fundamental truth there. I'd spent several days in the body of a girl, and it started to feel natural. It began to feel right, like something that should have been from the very beginning. No, I thought to myself. I was supposed to be a man...I was supposed to be...

"I'm a good girl," I said. "May I sit down now?"

"Not quite yet," Sasha said. She turned back to the class, addressing them as though she were really a teacher, "If you all recall, I got in to a little discussion with her teacher on Friday. He said that no one could be changed, but everyone has an essential truth to their personalities and characteristics, but that isn't true, and here, I've proved it. "

My eyes went wide, yet I couldn't speak. In fact, I couldn't move at all. My entire body locked up, paralyzed with disbelief. I didn't think that she could do it. I didn't think that she could tell them the truth.

Except there was nothing to stop her. "This here is her former teacher. Now he is just a schoolgirl, and he is going to learn what it means to be a young woman. In fact, to make sure the lesson sticks, I think there should be a few more demonstrations."

Every student in that room gave Sasha their rapt attention. Each one looked absolutely fascinated, and they were watching me again, smirking. Maybe they didn't think it was possible, yet they must've seen something in my expression on my body language, some hints or clues that make it clear Sasha was telling the truth.

A few of them started to laugh. My face turned bright with shame. Even my eyes started to water, yet I dabbed them away with my fingertips, hoping that I wouldn't start to cry.

"Brandi, in her former life, was quite rude to many of you. As such, I think she needs to learn that if she misbehaves, she's going to be punished." As she spoke, Sasha walked right over to her purse. She pulled out a paddle, and she held it up.

None of the students could imagine what was going to happen. I could. I could dread it as well.

One girl lift her hand into the air, "Sasha, who was she?"

Sasha grinned, leading to dramatic pause hang over the air. "This was our teacher. Utilizing a combination of special compounds and nanotechnology, I have transformed him into a well behaved young lady." She let those words sink in. Then she lifted up the paddle and said, "So now, our former teacher needs a good paddling."

Right away, the girls got out of their desks and they lined up to punish me. Honestly, I knew that I had never been routed all of the curls. Yes, once or twice, I may have been brusque or short with some of them, yet they all wanted to paddle me. They all wanted to feel the leather strike my panties.

This was too much. This went beyond anything I could tolerate, so I was going to run for it. I didn't care what the other teacher said. Now that Sasha had revealed my secret, there was no reason for me to obey her any longer.

Before I even made it two steps, Sasha and another girl grabbed me. They held my hands down to the desk, granting all of the other girls easy access.

THWACK!

The first blow landed hard and fast, and I let out a little yelp.

Another one followed quickly, leaving my bottom bright red beneath the white panties. The girls spanked me, bringing the paddle down over and over again. I tried to break free, but Sasha and the other girl held me easily. They weren't about to let me go, not when I was so much fun.

I was there toy now, and they intend to play with me as much as they wished. Each girl lined up, taking her turn. Sometimes that meant three paddling. Other girls, theoretically my classmates now, wanted to give me a more brutal punishment. Maybe they would spank me ten times.

Before long, I completely lost all sense of time and place. The pain overrode all coherent thought, and I could just whimper and blubber like some little girl. The tears rolled down my cheeks, but all of my classmates just thought this was funny. As far as they're concerned, I was adorable. More importantly, I deserved this.

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

On and on it went until it finally came to a stop.

I didn't even realize that Sasha had held up her hand and told the other girls to give her the paddle. They obeyed immediately, recognizing her as their leader now. Perhaps, once, I've been a

teacher, but no more. I had lost their respect because they knew that I was just one of them.

No, I was less than one of them. They would be allowed to grow up and move on, but I belonged to Sasha now.

"Okay girls, I think that's enough. Besides, if she steps out of line later on she knows what she'll get." Sasha rubbed the paddle along my tormented backside. "But since she's been such a good sport, I think we just need one last demonstration, just something to make sure that she truly understands her place and what it means to be a girl."

She reached into her bag, and she pulled out something I never could have imagined. A strap-on. There was the dildo, just ready to be plunged into my wet little pussy. Because right then, I realized that this thinking and humiliation had somehow turned me on. Perhaps I was just another part of Sasha's transforming me.

In any case, she pulled on the harness, and if pressed right against her slit. But she wasn't done because she yanked down my panties, all while her classmates watched. No, they weren't her classmates anymore. Now they were her students because she had taken my place.

"And look at that, she's already wet and ready for me. Isn't that lovely?"

Another round of snickers washed over the room, and I was going to try to pull away, but Sasha quickly nodded, and two of her students came up, holding my hands. At the same time, they whooped their feet around my ankles, making sure that I kept my legs spread.

My pussy belonged to Sasha, and she was going to use me. She's going to take exactly what she wanted.

A moment more, and the room stood still just as Sasha penetrated me, thrusting forward. She buried the head of the dildo deep inside of me, and I started to moan. I started to whimper, this sounds escaping my throat without any conscious thought on my part. There was nothing I could do, no way for me to fight back the sensations rampaging through my body.

This felt so good, so right. The matter what I wanted to believe about myself, I had to accept the fact that she could do this.

Blinking, I tried to hold back the deluge of pleasure running through my body. It mixed in with hot humiliation, with the lingering stinging of my paddling.

It didn't work, she pushed forward and pulled back, grinding slowly, and I knew that she was taking perfect pleasure in this. Her body shivered and shuddered, and I knew that she was coming. But then, it was my turn, all while my former students watched. They witnessed the crescendo of my humiliation as I came, climaxing right in front of them.

The other girls let go of me, and I fell down on my knees. Debased and subjugated, I remained there on my knees like a pet while Sasha explains how this was my new role. I was going to be her student. And after everyone knows gradually did, I was going to become her teaching assistant.

Pursing my lips, I couldn't summon up any willpower to try to defy her or contradict her. "Now, everyone these give Brandy a round of applause. I think she's done a great job. Don't you?"

There was a standing ovation, especially because they knew that they all outranked me now. If at any moment one of the girls decided to punish me, I would have to endure it. No matter what that mentor entailed, I was going to belong to all of them. Yes, Sasha was going to own me, to really be able to control me, but I would be at the bottom of the totem pole.

"Now, Brandi, have you learned your lesson?"

"Yes, mistress," I said. "I've learned my lesson."

"Good girl," she said, patting my head.

The End

(Want more? Check out Mina Black's *Transforming the Boss*)

Transforming the Boss

I hated this part. I really did.

For one, researchers could be really arrogant. Just because they understood abstract concepts of genetics and quantum physics or mathematical strings of data that made my head spin, they thought that they were better than me. Of course, they couldn't actually do their work without the support of people like me.

It was always strange, that combination of science in business. After all, I did have some experience we came to science, but I didn't dedicate my life to microscopes, experiments, or readouts. Instead, I had a different sort of talent. I knew how to find brilliant people and convince them to work for me.

Marina Devereaux was definitely a brilliant young woman. Despite her early years, she had already made several groundbreaking discoveries, all of which are owned by my company. While she worked on genetic resequencing in some of the most dramatic ways imagined, I had every intention of monetizing her discoveries.

We were going to make money, or so I believed when I first began reviewing her work and reading her papers.

But after more than two years of failed experiments, I decided that we needed to put her expertise elsewhere in the company. It wasn't like I was going to fire her, but as I walked down the hallway to her lab, I knew perfectly well that this conversation was going to be unpleasant.

I had already sent her several emails, asking her to meet with me in my office, which she had declined those requests. If she were any other employee, I would have fired her, except she was too smart for that, and she knew it. Besides, I couldn't allow one of my competitors to hire her.

So as I made my way through the building that housed my entire company, I considered exactly how to deal with her. I had to be polite and respectful but firm. No matter how brilliant she may have been, I was still in charge. This entire enterprise belonged to me, and everyone there worked on me.

I slipped my key card through the slot, and two sealed doors opened. The puff of air escaped, and I pushed forward, making my way right up to her.

Marina sat at her desk, and she was jotting notes by hand and she reviewed a string of data crawling across her screen. Polite, I waited for her.

Finally, she deigned to glance in my direction. "Kyle, what can I do for you?"

Normally, I let my employees use my first name. I thought it created a greater sense of cohesion among my workers, but right there, I could hear that little note of disdain in her voice. Plenty of scientists didn't understand what the business side of the company entailed. As far as she was concerned, I was nothing but a necessary evil.

"We need to discuss your funding," I said.

Funding. There, that was the magic word. Every scientist and researcher knew to love and fear those seven letters. Crossing my arms over my chest, I tried not to look defensive, but it was difficult. She turned to me, and her eyes were on me.

There was something about Marina. She was quite beautiful, with rounded cheeks and dark brown hair. Although she wore the standard lab coat, I could tell that she had on my tight polo shirt beneath. At the same time, her skirt with just maybe a little bit too short and a little bit too tight.

Honestly, I had no idea how such a beautiful young woman would end up a scientist, someone so preoccupied with abstract conceptions of the universe. But there she was, and with my job to tell her that she was going to be transferred to another department.

"Marina, your experiments have not been going well. I've read every e-mail and report you sent, and I decided that we need to move you."

"I'm ready," she said.

"What?"

She smiled at me, and for a moment, I felt like prey. But then I reminded myself that this was my company, and I was in charge. If I wanted to, I could fire right then and right there. Still, she was a valuable resource, so I couldn't be hasty.

Touching the rigid my nose, I tried not to get frustrated with her. So many of these scientist-types liked to jump ahead. They could get aggressive when their funding got threatened. She wanted me to keep funding going, so she would say anything. "Please, Marina, I appreciate your diligence as well as your devotion to your work, but I've read all of status updates. I know that you have only completed computer simulations."

"Yes," she agreed. "Computer simulations, but they have all been plenty accurate up until this point. I think we are ready for human trial."

My lips tightened just a little bit because I knew this could be an incredible opportunity. If her machine worked, we could potentially rewrite human DNA within a matter of hours. This would be the kind of invention, the kind of breakthrough, that would push humanity forward.

For several seconds, I was sorely tempted to let her have whatever she needed. But then I remembered why I was there. The device wasn't ready, and it would be for some time. I really couldn't allow greed or in addition to get ahead of me. After all, I want my subordinates to think creatively, to get aggressive, but part of my job was to make sure that they didn't get ahead of themselves.

Ultimately, the machine wasn't ready. I already knew it.

"Marina, I will review all of the available data you have, but for right now, I'm here to tell you that you have been transferred.

"You're patronizing me," she said, overly precise and shrill at the same time.

"I came here to talk to you in person because you have my utmost respect, and I didn't want you to hear this from someone else. I will e-mail you exact details in the morning," I didn't say anything about the delay getting her some time to calm down.

After all, she had a few hours to think about this, maybe a night of sleep, she would realize that I was making the correct decision.

Marina opened her mouth to say something, but I cut her off. "My decision is final," I told her and I stood a little bit straighter. I was tall, far bigger than her, so she backed down. For a moment, this felt

primal. I was the powerful man, and she was the small woman, so she would do what I said.

Having reestablished my authority, I decided it was time to leave.

I turned my back on her, and I headed back for the exit. I made it right back to the key slot when I felt cold metal press against the side of my neck. Hot electricity shot through those metallic prongs. Hundreds or thousands of volts rushed through my nervous system, shutting me down. I gasped, I yelled, and I collapsed down onto the floor just as my senses abandoned me.

Opening my eyes, my head hurt, and it felt like every muscle in my body ached. At first, I started to think that I got really drunk, but that couldn't have been right. What, what happened? Where was I?

Slowly, I blinked a couple more times, my vision started to clear, and I tried to reach up. My fingers touched something, but it was dark. There was a little bit of light, only nothing I was seeing made any sort of sense. I was on some kind of metal slab, and there were pale blue lights above me.

Was this some kind of joke?

No, it wasn't a joke. It was a part of the project Marina had been working on. As I started to remember what happened, I figured out that I was in the machine. I reached up, and I shoved on the lid. Immediately, the hinges swung open, and I popped back up.

There she was. Marina was sitting on one of the counters, her legs crossed together. She waved at me, and she grinned. For once, she didn't look like a domineering scientist, a woman who could barely be understood by the rest of humanity. Instead, she came off like just any other young woman.

"Hi there," she said and grinned at me.

"Marina, what the hell—" I started to say, only to stop. That wasn't my voice. "Marina," I started again, only I didn't sound right. What had she done? What has she done to me?

Almost reluctantly, I turned my gaze down toward the rest my body, and I kept thinking that this had to be some kind of joke. Like maybe someone slipped me into a virtual reality machine.

But this was real. My palms reached down, and I touched the cold metal of the machine, and I knew the truth. She had experimented on me. She used her invention on me to prove that it worked.

I turned back down to my body again, all while Marina shooed me forward even though she was across the room and said, "Take your time. I really don't mind. I know this is properly very confusing for you, but I want you to know right now that it worked." She sounded positively giddy.

Panic threatened to overwhelm me, especially because this was entirely new. Even so, I thought it down, and I struggled to remain completely rational. I glanced down at my body again, and this time, I took a few moments to study my situation.

This wasn't my body, and this wasn't my hair. In fact, when I tilt my head, thick strands of blonde tumbled past my shoulders. Not only that, I could see breasts, and my penis was gone. I reached down, almost like I expected to find it hiding somewhere.

Slowly, I pushed myself off of the counter, and I stood upright. The world looked so different, *bigger*. How tall was I? Before, I had more than six feet on me. Now I must have been five feet and change.

In fact, Marina got back up on her feet, and she walked over to me. "You really do look fantastic," she said, eyeing me like a prize. Immediately, bright blush started to run along the length of my exposed body. Marina chuckled, probably surprised that she could make me reveal my emotions so easily.

As an executive, I had always been able to put on a really good poker face. Apparently, this body couldn't do that so easily. "Don't worry, I ran a bunch of tests while you were still asleep. Your genetic structure is stable."

"Then we know the machine works, so you can't change me back right now," I demanded with the voice of a young woman.

I expected her to look nervous. I expected a flash of frightened anxiety to start across Marina's pretty face, but instead the corners of her mouth rose up, and she shook her head slowly. "I'm sorry, but I have other plans right now. You see, I want to make sure

that no one else can tell that it's you. We need to be certain that this change is absolutely stable."

"How do you propose we do that?"

"Well, I'm going to take you out, of course!" Marina made it sound so obvious.

She had a point.

I really did want to see how this all worked out under real-world circumstances, so I allowed her to grab my hand and escort me back to her office. She sat me down in her chair, and I still couldn't quite comprehend how she was so much bigger than me. She had several inches, and I could tell that she was stronger. Whenever I looked at my new musculature, it was easy for me to feel small and almost helpless.

I didn't like that situation, but it wouldn't last much longer. We would take me out, and then I would get my body back.

"You are going to change me back once we've gone out, right?" I asked. It was a silly question, yet I suddenly felt uncertain.

For her part, Marina just smiled at me, and she even had the audacity to pinch the tip of my nose. "Of course, I'm going to change it back. It isn't like I could just keep you like this, could I?"

I laughed, feeling a little bit better, but then she opened up the bottom drawer of her desk, and she pulled out several different items. Slowly, it dawned on me that she had planned for this.

There was a black dress, heels, and several different compartments of makeup. "Here, put these on," she said, holding out the garments.

I took them in my hands, and even though my fingers were somewhat smaller, the outfit she gave me really didn't seem like it had enough fabric. "Should I do it here?" I asked with uncharacteristic trepidation. Somehow, the idea of going to the ladies room to get changed fills me with dread, but Marina just giggled again.

"Don't worry about it. You can get dressed right here," she said, and there was something about her tone that I didn't like. It was positively authoritative.

Ultimately, I just had to remind myself that she was the scientist. When he came to science, I would trust her. Really though, I was still the one who is in charge. I was still the executive at this company, and nothing had really changed.

First, I started with the panties. Those came up easily enough. From there, the bra gave me more trouble. Hooking the clasps between my shoulder blades felt alien. I couldn't imagine any man ever wearing something so silly. After a few more seconds, I got it on, and I could feel the soft silks of my undergarments as they clung to my skin.

In some ways, this did feel nice. I felt small and compact, oddly attractive. Like I knew that I could walk into any bar, and people would be looking at me. Somehow, that seemed important to me all of a sudden.

In any case, I shrugged those feelings aside. They weren't relevant to our experiments.

Next, I pulled the dress over my head, and I reached for the small of my back, hoping to get the zipper. I flailed for a few seconds before Marina giggled again, and she told me to stop. Immediately, my hands fell to my side, and she zipped me up.

"There. That wasn't so bad, was it?" As she spoke, I could hear the slight mockery in her voice. Marina was loving this. Ignoring her tone, I pulled up some stockings. They took more effort than I could have ever guessed, but since I took my time, I eventually got them on without too much trouble.

There was something about the way Marina was looking at me. It made me nervous for some reason. I ignored her glances and stood up. Arching my slight back, I glanced down my body, once again amazed at how small it was. This nubile little form was hot. There is no passion about that, though had to wonder what would happen out in the real world.

After all, lab experiments for one thing, but we needed more data. I hated the fact that Marina was definitely right about that.

I caught her smirking at me again, so I put on the best boss expression. "Don't think we won't be having a discussion about what you did here. Marina, you made a big mistake by doing this to me, but if this works, maybe you won't be in too much trouble."

In my normal body, I could stare down any employee, and they would shrivel and shrink away. But not Marina, not this time, not when she was taller than me. If anything, the corners of her mouth rose into a derisive smirk.

"Sure thing, *boss*."

From there, I tried to head back for the doorway. I shrugged off her insolence, thinking that I could always fire or later. I made it about five feet before her hand went out and she grabbed my wrist. I thought to simply shrug her off, but she easily held me.

Damn it. She was stronger than me too.

For about a second, you nervous swell energy ran through my stomach, yet I didn't say anything. There was no reason to provoke her. "Sweetie, we can't leave quite yet."

"Why not? I'm dressed, aren't I?"

"You forgot about your makeup," Marina said to me.

"Do I really need it?" I meant that to be a rhetorical question.

Despite my reflection, Marina giggled and said, "I know you're new at this, but yes, you absolutely need makeup. Don't worry, I'm going to make sure you're nice and pretty."

I couldn't believe she addressed me like that. She was my subordinate, after all. I opened my mouth to put her place, but she grabbed me by my shoulders and shoved me back down into her office chair. From there, she grabbed some makeup kits, and she started to dust my cheeks with some kind of powder.

Marina went all out. She made sure I wore lipstick, eye shadow, and some other stuff I couldn't even name. Finally, she brushed up my hair, making sure that it tumbled down to my shoulders. Only then did she grabbed my hand again and yanked me out of her seat. She walked me down the hall, all without letting go of my hand.

Honestly, I did consider trying to free myself, yet I didn't want to face the possibility that she would be strong enough to hold my fingers against my will.

She went right into the ladies room, and I was about to stop there, only she didn't let go. Before I knew it, she had me standing in front of a large mirror. And honestly, I couldn't recognize myself.

Instead of my reflection, there was a beautiful young woman. She looked innocent and sweet, but also very small and delicate. Back in my body, I could've picked her up with one arm, and I had to recognize the fact that this was me.

"You look very pretty," Marina announced. "I think you're going to be very popular tonight."

"Are you sure we need to do this?" Trepidation gripped me, especially because I had to wonder what I would face out in the world. Talking about going out in the public like this seemed easy enough when we are surrounded by lab equipment. But then I remembered how I thought of when, how could use them so easily. Honestly, I didn't know if I wanted to be on the receiving end of any male attention.

It wasn't like anything was going to happen, but why take any chances?

"Don't worry. I'm going to be with you the whole time, and I'll make sure you don't do anything silly," Marina told me. Although she clearly meant those words to be reassuring, there is something about the vehicle at the back of her voice that made me doubly nervous.

Despite my reservations, we left the office and drove downtown. It was a Friday night, which meant that pretty much all the clubs were open and roaring with activity. Marina parked, and we walked along the lot, our heels clicking against the asphalt.

Rather than get into the line by the door, Marina walked us right up to the bouncer. She smiled at him, and I felt something deep in my belly. It was a twinge, a little nudge of something I couldn't quite name. Electric warm, it wasn't a bad feeling, but the bouncer was a big guy in a black T-shirt that clung to his heavy muscles.

"Can we go in?" Marina wanted to know if she batted her eyes innocently.

"Absolutely. Have a good night, ladies," the bouncer said as he lifted the velvet rope.

We scampered inside, and quickly found ourselves in the club. Off to one side, there was the bar and several tables. On the opposite side of the building was the dance floor. College kids

hopped and danced, throwing their arms into the air as they blew off some steam. This happened in my scene in quite a while, yet I found myself transfixed.

"How long do we have to stay?" I asked Marina. As the question left my mouth, I didn't like the way it sounded as though she were in charge. But there is something about having her tower over me. My natural confidence seemed to flee in the face of her newfound stature.

"Just a little while," she said with another little smirk before she walked me over to the bar.

There were few empty seats, and she took one, carefully cross her legs.

Before I could even sit, someone called out, "Hey there, beautiful. What's your name?" It took me a second to recognize that this voice was addressing me.

I turned around and saw a young man. He wore dark blue shirt. The material looked shiny and expensive, like maybe some kind of specialized silk. He had a little bit of stubble, strong shoulders, and he was taller than me. All of a sudden, I felt even slighter than I had before with Marina.

"I...uh..."

"This is Kylie," Marina announced. She patted my hand and said, "I think she's a little bit nervous. She doesn't get out to clubs very often."

I hated how Marina was talking for me, making it sound like I was some little wallflower. At the same time though, I didn't know what I was supposed to do or say. Part of me really wanted him to just go away, yet I couldn't bring myself to say those words.

"Well, would your friend like to dance?"

I opened mouth again, but Marina beat me to the punch. "I think she would love to dance." Then the guy grabbed my hand and pulled me out of the dance floor.

I didn't know what to do, but then he was holding my waist, point me tight against him. I could feel his erection against my body, pressing out from his trousers. I expected there to be a rush of disgust, yet some part of me liked it. Some part of elected a lot.

There was no way for me to explain that shift in my mood and behavior. I was still a heterosexual male, I thought.

Only I wasn't. The change of been far more complete than I could have ever imagined. And when this strange guy pulled me closer, practically grinding on me, I could feel my new pussy start to dampen. Excitement world through my body, and I started to breathe more heavily even as I swayed and bobbed with music.

This wasn't right. I should have stopped right there.

Getting a hold of myself, I blinked a couple of times in the darkness. Polychromatic lights flashed across the dance floor, and the music boomed along my eardrums. Even so, I was better than my body, so I try to nudge him away.

My dance partner responded by tightening its grip on me. He held me tighter and brought his mouth down against my ear. "Don't worry, babe. We'll have fun." I tried to shout for him to get away, but he either didn't hear me or didn't care.

A jolt of fear cut through me, but then he was grinding on me again, and it felt *good*. He reached down between my legs, hitching up my skirt, and his fingers were right up against my panties. No, no, no, I can't! But each time I tried to push him away, he simply held me.

Whether I wanted this or not, it was going to happen.

He pressed a little harder, and my breathing turned labored. My pulse kicked in my chest, and he was close to an orgasm. I could feel it as he dry-humped me. This shouldn't have happened, but I couldn't stop him. He touched me again, I bent forward, and shudders darted throughout my body.

I came! I came like a girl and I moaned, not that anyone could hear me. At the same time, his cock seemed to shake against me as he creamed himself. Then he stepped back and shouted something about how I should have fun with my friend.

The song wasn't even over.

"Wow, someone's a bit of a slut," Marina said to me. Holding up her drink, she grinned while I glowered at her. This only made the beautiful scientist throw back her head and laugh.

"Look, we have all the data we need now. People can't tell that I'm really a man, and the transition seems to be holding. So it's

get back to the lab, and you can change me back right now." Even to my own ears, I sounded like some petulant little college girl. I should have been older, but I felt so small and powerless.

"Oh? So you're the scientist? You know exactly how long experiment needs to go on before deciding to pull the plug?" Technically, Marina giggled at me, though I could see the steel in her eyes. She wasn't amused.

Rather than shriek back, I was determined this time. I wasn't going to let her control me. I was her boss, after all. Straightening my back, I tried to summon up as much height as I possibly could. It wasn't much. Then I told her, "Marina, we're leaving right now."

This time, her eyes softened and she took another sip from her drink. "Oh, no. I think I'm going to stay here and enjoy my drink."

"I'm leaving," I announced, and I seriously expected her to flinch or blink. I expected some kind of reaction, but Marina just another sip.

"You don't have your keys," she said.

Immediately, my hands went down to my waist. I expected to find my pockets in my wallet. But this was a little black dress. It did have pockets, and I didn't have a purse. All of a sudden, my insides clenched, and I relished what sort of mistake I'd made.

"I can find my way back to my place," I said.

"No. You're going to stay here." There. She was doing it again, giving the orders.

My whole face tightened up with frustration. Of course, in this body, I probably looked adorable as my lips tightened and my eyes narrowed. But for her part Marina just giggled again. "I'm leaving right now," I announced, I stamped my high-heeled foot.

Pushing my way back through the crowds, I made my way outside. The second I made it to the exit, cool air washed over me, and the noise receded. It felt good to get away from the pounding beat, but once I was outside, I looked around, and I realized that I was pretty much alone.

No wallet, no keys, what could I do?

As I pouted out my lower lip, I glanced over one of the windows. The black glass reflected my appearance, and I shivered

again. I really did look like some cute, helpless female. If anyone found me like this, they would know that I was vulnerable.

Another shiver ran down my back, but I wasn't about to go back into the club. I wasn't going to let marina think that she could control me.

Rather than let myself get nervous, I focused on what I was going to do once I got my body back. For starters, I was going to fire her ass. She was going to be in so much trouble. Maybe, just maybe I would let her keep her job, but she was going to have to earn it.

My nostrils flared at the many different ways I could humiliate Marina. Having her research slug mucus would probably be a good start. I grinned but this fantasy didn't last for long, not when I have the serious problem of getting back to my apartment or to my office.

I only knew that I couldn't stay there.

I looked around the streets, contemplating the best routes to take. Before I could make a decision though, I heard footsteps. For a moment, I seriously considered hiding, especially because I was pretty much alone out there. Consoling myself with the fact that I could probably run back to the main entrance, I stood my ground, thinking that I had every right to be here if I so chose.

For a moment so, I pictured a couple of guys coming my way. I wonder what they would do with me. I could picture them holding me down and taking me, stripping me of my dress and evening how are they wanted.

But then it was just Marina.

"You finally decided to give me a ride?" I hate to be dependent, so I struck the haughtiest, most arrogant tone could manage.

"No. I came out here to make sure that you don't do something silly," Marina said to me. "And now, you're going to come back into the club with me."

"I don't think so," I said and started walking. Honestly, I didn't even care about the direction. I just needed Marina to see that she couldn't intimidate me.

I made a few steps before she grabbed my hand and yanked me back. All of a sudden, she pressed me up against the wall of the building, and I tried to shut myself away. It didn't work. She was

bigger than me, stronger, and she had no trouble holding me right there.

"Look, I know you're used to being in charge, right now, you are going to do as I say. You're the science experiment. You are the research subject, and that means I get to decide how things go."

"I'm still your boss," I hissed back at her.

"Sure you are," she said. Maybe she was being sarcastic, but that still mollified me a little bit, at least until what she did next. "But since this is all about science, you need to tell me that you are going to listen to me. You're going to do whatever I tell you."

"You have to be kidding," I shot back, unwilling to promise her my obedience.

"I'm not," she said, and then she did something I never could've expected.

SMACK!

She spanked me!

Marina struck me hard, bringing her palm right down against my backside. Even with the thin layers of fabric between her skin and mine, she made my ass sting more than I wanted to admit.

"What—what the hell are you doing?" I squeaked with my girly voice. Instead of sounding intimidating, I probably came off like some little girl who didn't know what was happening.

Marina responded with another spanking. She struck my backside, and H time I tried to shove myself away from the wall, she pinned me there again, keeping her grip tight. Whether I liked it or not, she had my helpless, and she proved it again by spanking me, bringing her palm down against my taut little ass over and over again.

At first, the sensation of getting spanked just seemed weird. It had been so many years since anyone had taken hands to my backside, but as the blows landed, I could feel my resolve start to shake and weaken.

She was strong, and she knew how to spank me. Before long, my backside was red, and the sound of every blow it my eyes start to water at the stinging got worse and worse. My defenses crumbled, and those close to bawling.

That's right. I was about to start crying, and I couldn't stop myself.

"When I tell you to do something, you do it. When I tell you not to do something, you don't do it. As far as you're concerned, you belong to me for the duration of this experiment," Marina explained just before she spanked to me five more times.

Finally, she let me go, and I stumbled away from the wall.

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