

OFFICE CHANGES



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Illustrated by Banedearg

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"Don't worry Peyton....I'm sure I can help you out" his boss replied, "I've got tons of extra space"

Peyton was relieved as Jonah pointed at the picture of his massive bungalow that hung on the wall, "I think I've got the room." he said with a bravado tone.



Peyton nodded. His boss was well-known for showing off his wealth and machismo. The walls of his office were lined with pictures of his manly

possessions. His home, his Miami condo, his cottage in Oregon, his sports car, his truck, his other sports car, his boat, his bigger boat, his skydiving adventures, excetara, excetera, excetera.

"Besides," Jonah said, interrupting the moment, "it's just been me for a while now", he paused to look off into space, as if thinking about someone else for a moment, "so you might as well. I could probably use the company"

Peyton had smiled warmly, "Thanks Boss, I owe you."

"Oh don't worry," Jonah had smiled, "I'll make you *earn* your keep" he said with a sly chuckle.

Peyton wasn't sure he knew what that meant, but it wasn't like he had a lot of options.

His girlfriend had kicked him out of their apartment earlier that day. She had found a few flirtatious texts between him and an old girlfriend. Peyton knew it wasn't in good taste to text the girl he used to sleep with, given the slight chance that the girl he was currently sleeping with would find out. But he had always had impulse-control issues, which led him to go one-bad-step-further and send a few naughty pictures back and forth to each other.

Finding those had really pushed her over the edge.

She changed the locks - and kicked him out.

Peyton had nowhere to go and no one to stay with.

That's where Jonah had come in.

He had overheard Peyton's talking about his plight with a Jules, another young office intern. He had interrupted the conversation to offer the opportunity to stay at his sprawling home in the hills, until he found himself a new apartment.

It was early May and Peyton was midway through his internship at the firm. By the time summer was over he would hopefully have a full time contract with the company, or be looking for a new job. Having a place to stay until then was actually a major bonus given his future employment wasn't guaranteed.

"Do you want to go take a look right now?" Jonah asked, with an excited expression.

"Like, right now, right now?" Peyton replied, "I've still got a ton of work to do..."

"It can wait," Jonah smiled, "I'm the boss, remember?"

Peyton chuckled. Jonah was also known for reminding people that he was in charge, and so he knew better than to argue. If Jonah was going to take the rest of the day off, than it was futile to argue against it.

Jonah paged his executive assistant, and had her push off his afternoon meetings so that the two of them could take the rest of the day off. Then they headed off to lunch at one of Jonah's favorite executive hangouts, and after a couple of steaks, a few glasses of red wine, and a dizzying drive down the coast in Jonah's convertible, Peyton found himself touring around his new digs.

Peyton was of average build, if not on the slender side, and kept his brown hair slicked back in trendy pompadour hair style. He was dressed in his typical business casual black pants and a button-down collared shirt, as Jonah showed him his massive home. The house was built into the side of the hill, and offered a brilliant view of the ocean. Peyton found himself daydreaming about owning a place like this.

"I'll show you to your room," Jonah's instructions broke Peyton out of his fantasy, as he followed his boss around at the beautifully decorated home, past the panoramic windows, pool, hot tub and workout room.

"Wow, this is so nice." he said.

"I Know" Jonah replied with an arrogant smirk.

He guided the young intern to the spare room. It was *huge*, larger in fact than the apartment that Peyton and his girlfriend had rented, but the decor left him wondering a little. The walls were painted a soft lavender color with silver highlights, with a giant canopy bed, walk in closet and vanity. As girly as it was, it was much better than living on the street.

Peyton paused for a moment to take it all in. The luxurious bedding, thick carpet, huge bathroom with a whirlpool tub. It was nicer than anything he had ever called home.

He went to the walk in closet and paused, seeing that were still clothes inside it, "Oh wow - umm ... is this someone's room? there are tons of clothes in here" he asked.

Jonah just smiled and shrugged, "Oh those? They're just some leftover things from....let's just say a previous relationship. I never had the time to get rid of them"

Peyton nodded, *that explains the decor*, he thought to himself, though it was odd for a girlfriend to have a room of her own in the home - wouldn't she have shared

a bed with Jonah??

He explored the the closet, finding racks of sexy club wear, and drawers of designer jeans and tops, hangers of modern women's office wear, along with gym outfits, sexy shoes and boots, and a huge dresser filled with an assortment of bras, panties and who-knows-what.

"Maybe you'll find something that works out for you," Jonah suggested, "I mean, after all, you don't have any clothes other than what you're wearing, do you?"

"Well, no," Peyton replied. He remembered his girlfriend stuffing his clothing into the garbage chute, "She pretty much through them all out. But this is all girl's stuff," he replied, "I'm pretty sure I won't find anything in here that I can wear."

"Oh?" Jonah noted, "I wouldn't be so sure," he suggested again, "I'd bet that there's a few things in here that would work," he said, "Besides, it's not like you have a lot of options"

Peyton looked again at some of the jeans and dress slacks, "I guess not," he shrugged, "I can take a look through and see if there's something in here that isn't girly" he said, "There might be something that could work"

Jonah smiled again, "That's the spirit!" he exclaimed patting Peyton on the bottom as he turned to leave.

"Why don't you try a few things on and come show me," he called back to the bewildered boy.

Peyton wasn't sure how to react to the suggestion, "Uh," he stammered, unsure why his boss had touched his ass, "like a... fashion show?"

"Exactly!!" Jonah agreed.

"Like...now?" Peyton asked.

"That's what I said Pey," Jonah replied with a more stern tone in his voice.

"Well..." Peyton continued, "What about after I take a look around? I mean, there's lots of time, right? And I'd really love to check out that pool"

Jonah had returned to the room and had a very authoritative expression on his face, and an even more commanding tone of voice, "You can check out the pool," he replied, "just as soon as you show me some clothing options. Work first, play second."

Peyton was even more concerned at the direction this was suddenly taking.

"I want to see some outfits that will work for the office, and then some casual stuff too...." Jonah continued, "And when that's all done, you can play in the pool. Understood?"

Peyton wasn't used to be talked to with such a tone. He had always been the cocky alpha male, so it was all he could do to bite his tongue and not talk back. He realized that he should be more grateful for the place to stay and truthfully, was a bit surprised with the controlling tone that Jonah was taking. He knew that Jonah could affect his career path at the office, so he decided to give in and do as he was asked.

"Okay, I guess you're right" he said finally, "You're the boss."

Jonah's expression relaxed, "Yes, I am," he said with a smile, "Besides, it'll be fun!"

Peyton shrugged then turned to start looking through the massive closet. Starting with the odd looking underwear - most of it was quite skimpy, lacy thong-panties and silky bras, the kind his girlfriend would frequently wear, but nothing even remotely masculine. After digging through the pile a second time, he finally found a few pairs of somewhat masculine-looking boyshort briefs. A few moments later, he slipped a pair of tight jeans over them. They hugged his legs extremely close, but didn't fit entirely perfect. It was as if his body shape didn't quite work with the shape of the jeans. He noticed that the legs were too long and the cuffs were dragging on the floor. Peyton was trying to find a pair of somewhat masculine looking shoes to wear, when Jonah re-entered the room.

"How are these?" he asked, modelling the jeans for his boss.

"They're a little long on you," Jonah replied, "But with the right shoes..."

"Well that's the thing, I can't find any shoes to wear" he sighed with a frustrated expression.

Jonah shook his head, "You're so uptight," he said producing something from his pocket, "Here, try this." He handed Peyton a vape pen.

Peyton had smoked and vaped before, but without knowing what was in the vape pen, he was hesitant to accept. Moresore since he was convinced that his boss was up to something.

Jonah, however, was quite insistent, waving the pen in front of him. Peyton knew that he wouldn't take no for an answer, so he sighed and extended his nervous hand to accept it. He brought the pen's tip to his lips and took a long drag of it's sweet tasting misty contents.

The unknown vapor took effect almost right away, as if it triggered something inside him that Jonah appeared to have been waiting for.

Acceptance.

Jonah smiled as Peyton took a moment to recover from his head-rush, then went into the closet, returning momentarily with a pair of wedge-heeled black shoes which he handed to the now-calmed boy, "Try these" he said with a matter of fact tone.

Peyton looked at the shoes. The wedge-heel made them impossible to mistake for men's footwear.

"I don't know Jonah," he sighed, "They look like they probably won't even fit."

Jonah rolled his eyes and scoffed, "Pey, just put them on, okay?" he ordered, "It's not like you've got really huge manly feet anyway, and besides the wedge heel will make you look a little taller....which you kinda need anyway."

Peyton blushed, feeling emasculated by his boss's comment on his height. He sighed and slipped his feet into the black leather footwear.

"Do you really think these are okay?" he asked with a quiet voice, taking another drag on the vape pen to sooth his nerves.

Jonah smiled widely, "Oh yeah," he replied, "They're perfect. So from now on..."he pointed at the wedge heel, "that's the shortest heel I want to see you in, okay?"

Peyton looked dumbfounded, "What do you mean?"

"I mean that if you want to wear something with a shorter heel than this" he continued, pointing at the shoe then holding his thumb and forefinger about two inches apart - the approximate size of the wedge heel, "you'll need my permission first, okay?"

Peyton blushed again. He was used to Jonah being his boss, but wasn't' used to him being so controlling. But knew that he needed a place to stay, so he was going to have to make this work.

"Got it??"Jonah spoke with an impatient tone.

"Okay," he finally said with a sigh.

"Good" Jonah smiled, "Now, go try on some office wear. I want to make sure you

can find something to wear to work on Monday”

With that, Jonah marched into the closet, selecting a pair of black dress slacks, which he silently handed to Peyton. Peyton held the slacks up to examine them, blushing he realized that the pants were high-waisted with multiple pleats, with legs that ended just above his ankles. Jonah continued to hand him items, including a striped button-down shirt. He wanted to object, but knew it was pointless to do so. Instead, he started slipping out of his jeans, and into the dress clothes, which he found actually fit fairly well - other than being slightly tight in the high waist, and slightly loose in the butt.



The blouse, because let's face it - it was a blouse, initially caused him to fumble with the backwards buttons. After a few unsuccessful tries, he finally managed to figure it out, telling himself that it was not too different from a guy's dress shirt, other than the fact that it was really a blouse.

Jonah insisted he go back to the wedge heeled shoes he had been wearing earlier.

The small gap between the top of the shoe and hem of the pant left his ankles exposed. He was thankful that he wasn't a very hairy guy, or it would have looked quite weird.

"You really want me to wear *this* to the office?" Peyton asked, looking very uncertain.

"Absolutely," Jonah said finally, "it looks as if you were meant to wear it"

Peyton sighed and blushed again.

"Who knows," Jonah continued, "you might even start to like it." he said with wink.

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The week unfolded rather oddly.

It began with Jonah's unveiling of a strict new diet and supplement regimen for Peyton, including several pills from unmarked bottles. He banned ban on carbs and fat, and filled the pantry with lean protein and fibre. Peyton would quickly come to accept that his boss -and roommate- was a health nut, although it seemed that Jonah's *primary* concern was *Peyton's* health, and not his own.

While Peyton ate spinach and kale-based green smoothies, laden with various powders, Jonah enjoyed hearty bacon and egg breakfasts and burger lunches.

At work, Jonah's reach was extended.

Peyton would enjoy salads and grilled chicken at his desk, while Jonah enjoyed steak lunches with his fellow managers.

The very same steak lunches that he had once enjoyed with his boss!

Peyton's lunch choices would garner the occasional odd look from Peyton's coworkers. But even that seemed to subside over time. He wasn't able to tell if it was his meal choices that was getting the odd looks, or his new wardrobe. When questioned, he tried to convince them that his new clothes were simply more fashionable than before, hoping that somehow they would believe him.

By the end of the week, however, Peyton was exhausted by the charade. In addition to a stressful week of dodging questions from coworkers, Jonah had made some changes to the organizational structure of the office that now saw Peyton reporting to him more frequently. Thankfully, no-one but Peyton thought anything of it, as it was common for the office's 'org chart' to change. Peyton on the other hand, was certain that his bosses' original offer was much less

benevolent than it originally seemed.

He just couldn't figure out how or why.

He had knowingly become quite dependant on the vape pen to relieve his stress, though he still wasn't sure what it was that he was vaping. And in addition to the stress relief, he wasn't certain that it wasn't having any other side effect as well.

That Saturday afternoon, Peyton intended to get in some pool time before Jonah was able to redirect him, as he had started doing more frequently. He would claim that Peyton needed to do his 'work' before his 'play' could happen, including a special half-hour workout before he was allowed to spend any time in the pool. He thought that Jonah was distracted by an impromptu meeting that morning with someone from the office, thus giving Peyton a chance to take a quick relaxing dipl.

Thinking that he had the morning to himself, he got ready for some pool-time. He slipped into his new swimsuit and looked at his reflection in the mirror. His body had been waxed smooth, his toenails manicured with a glossy polish after a 'Jonah-directed' appointment at the nail and waxing salon. New diamond stud earrings had been placed in each freshly pierced ear, after a Jonah-directed trip to a local jeweler.

His brown hair had been styled into an androgynous 'feathered' do, which made him look either masculine retro, or feminine modern.

Peyton realized that Jonah was dictating practically everything that Peyton ate, did, or wore.

His current outfit was further proof. He was wearing a two piece purple bathing suit in a print pattern with large ornate silver flowers, worn with silver sandals with three inch wedge soles. It wasn't his first choice, but all of the more masculine options in his wardrobe had seemingly disappeared over the course of the week.

Peyton sighed as he left the room, the became worried as he heard voices on the patio. As he walked out of the house, he sighed with frustration a second time when he saw Jonah already seated, chatting with another executive from the office, Brent. He had already spent enough time with Jonah to know that he would be expected to act as a host to Jonah' guests.

"Oh wow, Jonah. you weren't kidding," Brent said aloud, "he really is getting pretty."

Peyton blushed at the comment, having worked out heavily all week and dieted hard, at Jonah's request. His once toned abs had given way to a thinner girlish

waist that created the illusion of wider hips and rounder butt. Peyton could feel Brent looking at his face and was hoping that his newly thinned brows don't look too girlish.

"Pey's been working extra hard Brent," Jonah said proudly, "both at the office and here at home"

"Yeah, I bet," Brent smiled wolfishly, "Turn around, babe. let's get a good look at that sexy butt of yours" he said to Peyton, who blushed, but obediently gave Brent a little twirl.

"Yeah Pey," Jonah piped up, "let's see all your hard work!"

As Peyton twirled for the two men, Brent reached forward and gave his bottom a soft pinch.

"Wow Jonah," he exclaimed, "Hard as a rock. What a great ass"

"I know," Jonah replied, then turned to Peyton, " Why don't you get Brent and I another beer?"

Peyton lowered his head embarrassedly. The realization washing over him that he was no longer the alpha male that he was a week or so ago, and knowing further that Jonah had a certain expectation of how he should reply. He used a softer, higher voice that he had been practicing in his room, "Oh ok," he replied, "I'll be right back" he continued, swishing away, knowing that Jonah likes him to take slow mincing steps in his mid-height heels.

Brent looked on with an impressed expression, "Can you imagine what that swish will look like when he's wearing higher heels" Brent asked in voice just loud enough for Peyton to hear.

Jonah only chuckled.

A few moments later, Peyton returned with the beers in hand. The other two men were on the tail end of their conversation, and Peyton knew better than to ask. Instead, he handed the bottles to Jonah and Brent, with a bottle of water for himself, then sat back to soak up some sun.

Jonah interjected, insisting that Peyton use his sunblock, "I don't want you to ruin your skin by not looking after it" he said.

Peyton sighed. He used to love keeping a tan. But under Jonah's rules there was an expectation that he return to a paler complexion.

"Yes Jonah," he said with an exhausted sigh, "Can you help me put on my

sunscreen?"

Brent interjected before Jonah could reply, "I'll help you" he said with a wide smile. Jonah's look of surprise melted to an expression of approval as he motioned for his friend to proceed.

Pey sighed again, realizing that his moment alone in the pool was gone. He turned away from the two men on the patio to expose his back and shoulders to Brent, who had begun to slather lotion over his smooth skin. If not for the fact that Brent was a dude, the scene would have been quite erotic for Peyton. He was visibly uptight as Brent worked the the sunscreen onto his body, partially because of the fact that another man was touching Peyton's skin, and partially because his body was responding a way that betrayed his growing arousal.

Jonah could see his young houseguest's tension and conflict, and produced the vape pen, offering it to Peyton.

Peyton smiled and took a drag from the device, his body relaxing, "There we are," he said with a satisfied tone, "That's better, now isn't it?"

Peyton felt a contented calm wash over him as he took another drag from the vape pen, nodding his agreement to his boss. Yes, he thought to himself as he turned to allow Brent to continue his front on the front of his body, *this isssss better*.

Once sufficiently covered in sunscreen, he lay face down on the lounge chair, vaping occasionally. His head was filled with the familiar haze that the vape produced. He could feel the sun on his skin and the garbled conversation of his boss and his coworker.

An unknown amount of time passed when he heard Jonah welcoming yet another guest to the pool area. He vaguely recognized the voice, and sat up slowly letting his eyes refocus. Once he identified the other person, he froze. It was another coworker from the office, whom he hadn't seen in weeks.

It was Jules.

Jules stood for a moment at the edge of the patio, hands on his hips, in an obvious effort to get the attention of -what appeared to be- a familiar-looking girl on a lounge chair. He was a modern, macho dude, with carefully coiffed blonde hair, and a stubbled goatee. He appeared very stylish in a pink button down shirt and slim fitting gray slacks.

"Jules," Jonah broke the brief silence, "you remember Peyton?" He said, pointing at the girl in the bathing suit.

Jules jaw dropped as realized that the girl he had been trying to impress a moment ago, was in fact his officemate. He took a moment to collect his thoughts, then tried to play it cool, "Oh sure," he smiled, "Hey Pey." His eyes were wild with confusion and worry, but he maintained his poise and smile.

Jonah sat back and sipped his beer as Brent reapplied lotion onto Peyton's back, a visible bulge having formed in his swim trunks. He was visibly amused by the scene. Jules playing it cool after seeing his old friend in a two piece bathing suit and heeled sandals, Brent wearing low cut racing jams and rubbing lotion on Peyton's feminine back. And both Brent and Jonah showing very obvious bulges in their shorts.



Peyton was also surveying the scene, and knew that he had to somehow distract Jules's attention.

"Oh hey Jules," Peyton said, his voice defaulting to a soft new girlish tone.

Jules again looked shocked after hearing the voice that came out of Peyton's

mouth, but quickly recovered, "Wow....um....you look....um...."

Jonah interrupted suddenly, "He looks great doesn't he Jules?"

Jules nodded silently, already knowing from work that Jonah was not to be argued with.

"Um....yeah....he's....er...." he stammered

"Peyton was just about to get us some beers," Jonah interrupted, "Weren't you Pey?" he said.

Peyton blushed as he sat up. He was still getting used to being bossed around by the likes of Jonah. Thankfully the effects of the vape made it easier to cope.

"Umm sure," he replied, "you ... you want a beer, Jules?" Peyton asked, looking extremely humiliated by the scene.

"Of course he does!" Jonah interrupted again, shaking his head, "I'm so sorry Jules....I can change a lot of things....but once a bubble head....always a bubble head," he chuckled.

Peyton looked slightly flustered as he swished off to the kitchen, trying hard in his semi-impaired state not to trip in his his high heeled wedge sandals. He passed a mirror, catching a glimpse of himself, a small voice inside his head wanted to run the other way, but he knew he had nowhere to run *to*.

Moments later he returned with three bottles, handing them out to Jonah and Brent first, then to Jules with a forced smile, "Here you go" he whispered.

Jules got a better look at Peyton's recently styled andro/femme hairdo, complete with a trendy feathered style and newly pierced ears exposed. He also couldn't help but notice the swollen tips of the young man's nipples showing through the swimsuit top.

Peyton could feel Jules's eyes on him, which cause his face to grow flush with embarrassment. He quickly scampered away to take a seat, with his legs crossed girlishly, as he had been trained to do.

"So," Jonah continued, "I guess you heard how I was nice enough to help Peyton out huh?"

Jules nodded sipping his beer, "Um, yeah," he looked over at his coworker in his two-piece bathing suit, "Something like that"

"It's only temporary," Peyton piped up, "Just until..."

Jonah interrupted him before he could continue, "So Jules," he said, "I understand you might need a place to stay too?" Jonah asked as he glanced over at Peyton. Peyton felt a wave of panic as he realized that his friend was being lured into the same trap as he had been.

"Yeah," Jules nodded, "I was in a hotel for a while, but it's getting expensive." He paused to shake his head, "I thought she might take me back, but...."

Peyton was dumbfounded. What were the odds that both Jules and him would both be dumped by their girlfriends at the same time.

Jules, looked upset about the topic of his relationship ending and changed the subject, "So I see you've kind of changed your look a little since the last time I saw you, huh?" he said, shifting his attention from Jonah to Peyton.

"Oh," Peyton replied, "I've just been ... you know, experimenting with some new styles. No big deal"

Jonah Interrupted, "Oh that's not all she's experimenting with Jules" he blurted out, "Pey, show him your pretty little plug"

Jules looked at his former coworker with a confused expression.

Peyton looked mortified, but fearing that he'd get spanked if he didn't comply he answered, wiggling in his seat.

"Its umm just ... you know, something kinky to play around with," he said with a nervous voice, trying to make the best of it, but knowing what his friend must be thinking.

"I know what you're thinking Jules...." Jonah continued, "How did my ol' pal Peyton turn into such a pansy creampie?" He paused to chuckle, watching mortification wash over Peyton. "Truth is...it didn't take much....he was practically there. He just needed a little push"

Peyton was glowing red from embarrassment, "I can't wait to see how far she goes," he mumbled in a low aroused tone. He turned suddenly to Jules, "I bet you're thinking the same thing huh?" he said, "I know Brent here is" he continued, looking over to Brent with his tented swim shorts, "He's just dying to tap this. And I know that all Peyton can think about right now is Brent's big cock. Am I right Pey-Pey?" He asked, reaching over to give Peyton's nipple a gentle twist.

Peyton blushed as Jonah groped him, giving a shy giggle and biting his lip nervously, "Joonnnah," he whined in a soft, sissy voice, "you know how sensitive I

am there”

Jonah looked momentarily unhappy, “Oh come on now baby.....you know the rules, ” he said, “When I ask you a question...I expect you to answer”

Peyton nodded and blushed, “Sorry Jonah. You're right,” he forced a smile, “You’re always right”

Jonah nodded his approval, “Good girl,” then turned to look at Jules, who was completely dumbfounded at the turn the conversation had taken. Within minutes, he had learned that his former coworker, whom he had always thought of as a regular red-blooded man’s man of a guy, was now dressing like a sissy, thinking about cocks, and wearing a plug in his (albeit cute) bottom.

“It's gettin kinda hot out here, huh Jules?” Jonah said finally. Jules wasn’t certain if he was referring to weird sexual tension in the air, or the actual temperature, “Do you want to get into some swim trunks on or something?” he asked, “Maybe take a dip in the pool?”

Jonah turned looked at Brent with a coy smile.

“I don't think that Jules brought a suit,” Brent replied with an equally coy smirk, “unless you have one that he can borrow?”

Jonah smiled back, “I’m sure there’s something in there that would look good on him Brent,” he said, “Maybe you could help him find it.”

“Sure, no problem,” Brent replied with a dastardly grin , “Come with me, Jules. Let's go take a look.” He motioned for Jules follow.

Jules was initially hesitant, but knew that both Jonah and Brent were high enough up the food chain at work to make his life difficult. That and he had only just arrived at Jonah’ house - and didn’t want to start off on the wrong foot.

Hesitantly, he followed Brent inside, who continued to make idle chit-chat as they walked through Jonah’ sprawling bungalow, “So,” he began, “You and Pey are buds huh?” he began, “I bet you never thought she’d make such a hottie, huh dude?”

Jules blushed, clearly uncomfortable with the question, “Um.....” he stammered, looking at Brent like he was crazy, “You know she's....um....” he began, trying to find the words, “well....like....she's a he....” he finally blurted out, “Right?”

Brent seemed amused by the response, “Ha! Well, she doesn't really seem like a

'he' to me"

Jules sighed and shrugged, unsure of how to respond. Thankfully their arrival at Peyton's walk-in closet allowed for a change of topic.

"Omigosh....what the hell is all this?" Jules exclaimed with a panicked expression"

"It's Peyton's closet," Brent said with a very matter-of-fact tone, "Sexy stuff, huh?"

Jules looked around the closet at all the sexy, girly outfits hanging on display, "I...I thought we were getting a swim suit for me," he said , looking very confused.

"Oh," Brent said with a sly smile, "I'm sure there's something here that works for you" He pulled out a black speedo.

"No way!" Jules cried, "I can't wear that!"

The tone of Brent's voice became more firm and insistent, "Sure you can, you have a great body. You could totally rock this look. Here," he said with big smile, "slip it on"

Jules decided he needed to take a stand, "Listen....Brent, I don't know what's going on....but..."

Jonah's deep voice suddenly interrupted them, "Hey Brent....is that Jules's new swim suit??"

"Yeah," Brent replied, "We were just talking about how it's perfect for a great body like his"

Jules looked at Bren with a shocked expression. *That's not exactly what we were talking about*, he said to himself.

"It sure is!" Jonah agreed, handing him a tube-style swimsuit top in matching black, "he should wear this too!"

Jules looked aghast, "Wait a second!" he shouted, "I'm not going to...."

Jonah interrupted again, "Hurry up now Jules...Peyton is waiting for you..." he said as he looked deeply into Jules's eyes and spoke with a firm tone.

Jules felt quite pressured. He realize the folly of his decision to accept Jonah's offer of room and board. If he had known about Peyton's bizarre transformation into poolside sissy, he *never* would have agreed. But now, with his boss and

Jonah both holding all the cards, it felt like it was impossible to say no. So with a sigh, he nodded and started stripping down to reveal his hairy crotch and legs, all the while telling himself that he just had to make through the day, then he could escape back to his hotel.

Sure, he had no money, but it was certainly better than this torturous experience.

"Holy shit!" Brent exclaimed, "Jules....fuck man, you can't go swimming like that." he pointed at his hairy legs and torso, "you look like fucking ape!"

He left the room for a moment, returning quickly with a bottle of depilatory lotion, then pointed him towards the shower. "Use this and then come out and see us," he instructed, "and fucking hurry....we're losing patience" he growled.

New plan, he thought, do as they say and then the moment they aren't looking - escape!

But twenty minutes later, the opportunity for getting away had yet to emerge. So after scrubbing away all of his body hair, Jules exited the bathroom, completely hairless below the neck, blushing fiercely. He felt so incredibly self conscious, that all he wanted to do was to cover himself up so as to hide his newly denuded skin.

But with Jonah and Brent waiting to meet him in the bathroom, he instead slipped into the two-piece suit that Jonah had given him, which only caused him to blush even more.

As Jules finally returned to the pool deck, he noticed Peyton puffing on a sleek vape pen, which Brent, sensing Jules's anxiety, offered to the nervous boy, "Go ahead and have a little vape Jules, it will help you relax"

Peyton nodded then offered the vape pen with a girlish giggle.

Jules, still visibly nervous, sat beside his former workmate, taking the pen from him. He was hesitant to do anything that might impair his ability to escape, but with all eyes on him, he knew he had to play along a little longer.

"Go on," Jonah prompted him, "It'll take the edge off" he smiled.

Jules took a long drag from the pen then paused, half expecting that it would make him cough like a joint would. But it didn't. Instead it instantly mellowed him out...calming his nerves.

"Whoah" he exclaimed as he exhaled.

"See?" Peyton said with a giggle, "Pretty sweet, huh?"

Jules took a few more puffs, then turned to Peyton with an approving nod. It was pretty sweet.

Peyton suddenly burst into a fit of giggles, "You totally have to let me do your nails! I've gotten really good at mani pedis" he said, pointing at Jules's fingernails.

Though he was starting to feel high from the vapor, Jules still looked and felt bewildered. "Huh?" he asked, "What's a mani-pedi?"

Peyton giggled, "It's all about having sexy nails," he said in a soft sissy voice, "like these" he continued, running short polished fingernails up his friend's now hairfree thigh.

Goosebumps formed on Jules's leg as his old friend touched him. And then a most unexpected reaction - arousal.

He looked Peyton over again, having trouble believing that he was the same macho guy that he used to work with. His skin looked so soft and smooth, and Jules wasn't sure if it was an effect of the vaping or not, but he could swear that Peyton's body was starting to look curvy.

He felt himself falling into a trancelike state, "So you.....you want to um....do my nails?" he asked.

Jonah and Brent smiled and nodded to Peyton, who himself was looking a little unsure.

"Oh yeah hun," he replied enthusiastically after receiving confirmation from the two bosses in the room, "and a bunch of other things too" he smiled.

Jules wasn't sure what the heck that meant, but having no other option but to stay, he forced a smile and nodded, "Well....okay"

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Nearly two weeks had passed since Jules encounter with Peyton, Brent and Jonah. Jonah and Brent had transferred Peyton and Jules (respectively) to work directly for them as executive assistants. Both Peyton and Jules now rode with Jonah to and from work in his expensive SUV.

Jonah (and sometimes Brent) now had direct influence over nearly every aspect of the two old friend's lives - from the kind of food they ate, to the kinds of supplements they took, to the kinds of clothes they wore.

Needless to say, Jule's plan to escape had never materialized. In fact, it was obvious to all around them, that the two formerly macho young men, were quickly changing into softer, prettier versions of themselves.

They had both become frequent users of the vape pen that Jonah had supplied them, though it seemed odd that Jonah never took a drag himself. The vape combined with addition unknown supplements that they were taking, seemed to help them cope the occasional bouts of anxiety and depression they felt as a result of having lost their girlfriends.

Jules giggled as he passed the vape pen to Peyton, who in turn took a nice big drag before handing it back to him.

Sitting on his bed, Jules inhaled deeply, his eyes fluttering as the vapor was quickly absorbed into his bloodstream, "Mmmmm" he sighed, "That's better"

Peyton giggled, "You're always so stressed hun!" he said as Jules passed the pen back to him for another drag.

"I know," Jules sighed again, "Jonah and Brent make me so nervous," he said, taking the pen back and taking a final inhalation, "It's like they are trying to control me," he paused, "Us"

"I dunno" Peyton giggled. The effects of the vape were starting to show, "I think they're kinda cute," he said, "I mean, I used to worry about that when i first moved in here, but now," he smiled vacantly, clearly high, "I've never been happier. I think they know what we need."

"You don't think they're all controlling and stuff?" Jules responded.

"Trust me, you're better off to just go with it," Peyton insisted, "just see how it goes. And after another couple of weeks or so, if you don't like it, you can always go do your own thing then. Right?"

"I guess so," Jules sighed, knowing that he could -in theory- leave at anytime. He knew that finding a new place would be a challenge, but not impossible. Staying with Jonah a little while longer wouldn't really hurt either. Yet there was something going on with him, and the longer he stayed here, the stranger it got.

"But..." Jules continued, " I just keep getting the feeling that they might be up to something. And they way that they look at us sometimes... I'm pretty sure that they're gay or something, and I certainly am not!"

"Oh hun of course you aren't gay," the feminized boy smiled, "Neither am I. But even straight guys like us like to feel good, right?"

"Of course I do," Jules said in a matter-of-fact tone, "Who doesn't??" he asked with a giggle, the effects of the vaping starting to show with him as well.

"Tell you what," Peyton said, "Just keep hanging out for another week and just try it out. We can make each other feel SUPER good all the time," He glanced at Jules with a wicked grin, "Right?"

"Gosh," Jules replied, "I don't know Peyton. This whole thing is just..."

"Pleeease Ju," Peyton interrupted, "You'd be doing me, like, a huge favor!" Peyton cooed as he moved behind him and start to nibble at his neck. He reached down and pressed at Jules's newly inserted plug, knowing that it would excite him.

Jules gasped with surprise. Hadn't he just said he was worried about Brent and Jonah being gay? He tried to shake his friend's advances off, "Peyton..." he whispered in protest, but the feel of the femmed boy's lips on his neck, and his manipulation of his plug in his bottom was causing him to lose the fight.

"Ohhhh", Jules's eyes rolled with arousal as the vape, Peyton's touch and sweet feminine scent, rendered him unable to resist, "Okay" he finally said.

Peyton giggled, knowing how he had once felt when Jonah was first trying to get him to follow the house rules. How he had initially rejected the idea, and had gone so far as to pack his stuff and almost leave.

But now, somehow, the rules didn't seem so bad.

Jonah insisted that they stay plugged at all times, that they be properly groomed every day, that they observe Jonah's strict diet and exercise regimen, that they take all of their supplements', and that they only wear the clothes that he had approved of.

Surely that was so difficult, or odd. *Was it?*

"But just for a week," Jules blurted out, as if trying to retain some kind of control, "Or two."

Peyton giggled, remembering when he had been at the stage that Jules was in now. Peyton knew that Jules thought he was still in control, that he still had a choice.

But he wasn't, and he didn't.

For his part, Jules was still trying to figure out how he got here. Just weeks ago

he was invited to stay at Jonah's sprawling home. Then suddenly everything changed. He had gone from a promising young inter, hoping to become an executive-in-training, and suddenly he was a swishy-sissy office boy. On top of that, he was finding it harder and harder to maintain his macho, masculine, heterosexual ideals as Peyton, Jonah, and Brent immersed him in a very prissy, sissy culture. Dressed in tight jeans or leggings every day, he was finding his posture and habits starting to change to conform to the vision that Jonah and Brent seemed to have for him.

With his waist shrinking and hips and buttocks swelling, his physical form was starting to match that of his co-worker and sissy mentor Peyton. He was even starting to see swelling in his nipples and pectorals - a sure sign that Jonah and Brent had deep changes in store for him.

Normally, this would have terrified him, and on the surface, he felt a mixture of terror and arousal with each change that was forced upon him. But deep inside he was starting to become strangely comfortable with what was happening to him.

And that made him even MORE anxious.

Jules was getting ready to go shopping with Pey at the mall downtown. He was feeling a little nervous about the mall's proximity to their office. The Mall was a well-known gathering spot for office-dwellers.

What if he ran into one of his buddies from work?

He looked Peyton over, who had just finished dressing for their shopping trip.

The former macho-boy was now dressed in black leggings under a purple knit sweater. It was worn with ankle boots with a thick Cuban heel. His eyes had been lined with thick black liner and a hint of mascara used on his lashes. His eyebrows had been sculpted into thin arches. Large silver disc earrings hung from his ears, and his hair was feathered in a funky femme style, with his long bangs swept to one side of his face.

Pey had been working hard on his figure, and was proud of his thin girlish waist and round butt. He loved the way that Jonah and Brent looked at him as he lounged around the house in his sexy panties, bras and heels.

He had picked out the cutest outfit for Jules, consisting of black leggings, an oversized pink button-down shirt (very similar to the one he already own) that ended just below his buttocks, and a wide, glossy black belt for his midsection. A pair of fun pink sneakers were assigned to his feet, 'for now' - was the term that Peyton had used.

Jules looked extremely uncertain as Peyton showed him the outfit, and remained

hesitant as Peyton dressed him.

"Trust me," Peyton tried to reassure him, "This is perfect for you! and I have some fun surprises for us today. I can't wait!" he giggled. "You've been working so hard to get in shape, you should show it off and have a little fun!"

"Okay....I guess," Jules finally relented, "I guess you know best"

Moments later, Jules had slipped into the outfit that Peyton had selected, and had seated the boy in front of the vanity in his room.

Peyton had been treating Jule's head like a hairdresser's practice dummy for the past week. Unable to protest under threat of expulsion from Jonah, he had watched as Peyton had brushed his lovely blonder locks to one side, and even gone as far as to buzz down the hair at the sides. He had pierced his ears and after a week of healing, had placed small silver hoops in the new holes.

He had been steadily removing his beard, using some kind of laser device. A zap on his chin would soon see the last remnants of facial hair removed.

Peyton ran his fingers over Jule's now-smooth face, "Now that all that icky hair is out of the way, we can finish your face. Remember what I've taught you, okay?" he said as he handed him a dark eyeliner pencil.

Jules sighed as he leaned forward to carefully apply the liner around his eyes like he had been shown on a daily basis since coming to live at Jonah's, "I know," he whined, "I just don't know why I have to do all this. I mean....it's all just soyou know..." he paused, "Girly"

He stopped, then turned for Pey to inspect his eyelining, "what's next? the shadow stuff?"

"You're getting really good at this, hun," he said with a smile as he handed him a palette of natural toned eyeshadow.

Without saying much, he started to brush it onto his eyelids and creasesblending different tones together...complaining the entire time.

"You can't even tell that I'm wearing it," he said, "So like, why bother?"

"It looks perfect," Peyton reassured, "A natural, pretty look. Just like Brent and Jonah like." He handed him a compact of blush, followed by a tube of mascara, encouraging him with soft pats on his thigh and arm.



A few moments later, he had finished and was waiting for Peyton's next steps, "Now - finish it off with the pink lip gloss and we'll get going. We don't want to be late."

Jules applied the gloss in several coats. He figured that he might as well make sure that people could see it on him, "All done!", he said in a chipper faux tone.

"Good girl!" Peyton proclaimed, wanting to tease his friend a little, knowing that he hated feminine pronouns.

"Whatever!," Jules scowled, "Lets just go before I change my mind"

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After a short bus ride (Jonah and Brent insisted the two boys take public transit everywhere) they arrived at the downtown shopping mall, where Peyton led his young sissy-in-training into the nail salon near the entrance.

They both received manicures, complete with glossy pink polish. Peyton however, seemed to have misunderstood the questions of his nail technician and ended up with very long acrylic nail extensions added.

"Omigosh!" he exclaimed as he looked at his now-elongated glossy pink nails, "How am I gonna hide this from Jonah?"

He quickly realized that he couldn't, and in fact that Jonah would most likely think his new nails were sexy and exciting.

He shrugged, "Oh well..." he said, "Let's keep shopping, kay?"

With a nod from his friend, the two sissified males took a puff from their vape pens and moved on to the clothing boutique around the corner.

"They have SO many sexy things in here, don't you think?" Peyton asked, "I totally need to get something new to show off for Jonah and Brent. What do you see that they would like, hun?"

Jules looked confused, "That *they* would like?" he asked, "Why am I shopping for them?" he continued as he looked around the displays of sexy girly clothes, "I severely doubt that they shop here Pey"

Peyton slapped Jules's arm playfully, "Not like that, silly!" he giggled, "something they would like to see on us!"

"Ohhhh" Jules said as he came to understand Peyton's point.

Just then, a very pretty sales clerk greeted Peyton with a big hug. She was a gorgeous girl, in her early twenties, dressed in a very short skirt and high heeled boots.

"So," she began with a smile, "This must be Jules?"



Peyton nodded, "Jules's here for his first bra!" he exclaimed excitedly, "Isn't that like so exciting!?"

The girl nodded and took Jules's hand to lead him to a dressing room. His head was still spinning from his conversation with Peyton, "Where are we going?" he asked in a confused tone.

"We're going to get you measured, sweetie" she said.

Jules looked back at Peyton with a concerned expression, "Mmm...measured?"he stammered, "bbb...bra?" Peyton just gave a wave and started browsing the racks of clothing as Jules was led away.

Seconds later the sales-girl had closed the door on the change room and was removing his shirt to measure his puffy pre-teen-looking chest.

Jules was still in a state of shock, "Oh-my-gosh," he exclaimed, "Are yougoing to put a bra on me?"

"Of course, sweetie!" the store clerk exclaimed, "You're going to love how sexy it makes you feel. And the boys are going to notice even more than I'm sure they already do," she paused to look his chest over, "It looks like you're on your way to a AA cup at this point,"she announced, sneaking a little caress of his puffy nipples, "But who knows how big you'll be when you're all, you know....finished."

Jules blushed, then looked down at his chest. He remembered noticing Peyton's swelling, but had never thought that the same was happening to him. He felt a tinge of panic and worry, but it was blended with arousal from the gentle touch of the sexy clerk. The conflict of the two emotions made Jules pine for a drag on his vape pen.

The store clerk offered a welcome distraction from his troubled emotional state when she produced a black lace bra and thong panty set with delicate white lace trim. "Here you go, hun,"she directed, let's slip these on you and see how they look"

Jules's breathing became deep as the salesgirl removed his shoes and leggings, and boyshort panties and slipped the new bra and panty set on. The strong feelings of conflicted emotions returned, washing over him as the salesgirl adjusted the garments. He knew that he was getting turned on by something, but he wasn't certain if it was her, or his new underwear.

The girl paused to gently adjust his groin and chest a second time, so as to ensure a perfect fit, then turned him to look in the mirror.

"Oh my gawd babe, that's SO sexy on you," The girl exclaimed, "Your man is going to LOVE it!"

My man?? Jules thought to himself as he stood staring in the mirror, blushing. He glanced himself over then gasped, "is that me??" he said aloud.

He paused and turned to the side, checking himself out in the sexy panties and

bra, I guess she's kinda right....I do look kinda hot, he thought.

He didn't know if he liked the idea of Brent or Jonah thinking that he was hot, but after seeing himself, he couldn't blame them if they did.

He giggled and made kissy faces at the mirror, turning and posing like a cover girl would. Each change of pose caused a shift with his plug, which reminded him that it was still there. He didn't realize it the time, but his mouth was making an 'O' shape when the plug moved, as if by instinct.

The sales girl returned and took his hand, leading him out of the private dressing room to the semi private common area. There were mirrors everywhere. Peyton was seated in a corner with a big smile on his face.

"Isn't it perfect for him?" the sales clerk asked aloud, "Or, do you prefer 'her', sweetie?" she turned and whispered to Jules.

"I , um....I...."he stammered, unsure of how to answer. He knew that he was still a dude. But he was also quite aware that he looked a lot less like one every day.....especially now.

Peyton giggled and smiled, "Oh my gawd Ju," he offered, "You look amazing!!"

Jules blushed heavily, and again wished he had his vape pen with him.

He nervously looked back at his reflection with a forced smile wondering how he got into this position in the first place.

The sales clerk could sense his nervous tension, "It's okay honey. Sissies like you get to use whatever pronoun feels right at the time. They're in here *all* the time. Sometimes they're a he, sometimes they're a she, sometimes they're a 'they' ."

The insinuation that Jules was a 'sissy' was distressing, "Oh....I'm not a....I'm still a....this is just...."he stammered again, blushing profusely as he tried to complete his sentences.

"Sure thing sweetie," the clerk said with a smile, "Whatever it is that you think you are - look amazing doing it, and that's what's important. So let's finish getting you dressed so you can see how amazing you look too.

They returned to the the dressing room where she handed him opaque black tights along with his shirt and belt. "Here ya go sweetie" she said.

"Uh, okay" Jules replied, "but what am wearing underneath?" he asked.

"What do you mean?" she replied, "You've got your tights, so..."

Jules gasped for a second, "Is that it?? You must be kidding."

"Nobody's kidding sweetie" the clerk replied, "Your benefactors have pretty specific requirements. Bra and panty sets, and no more leggings. From here on in, it's tights only for you." she instructed, "It's really no big deal, they're basically leggings with feet in them"

"My benefact..." he began to ask.

The clerk interrupted, "You know who I'm talking about hun. Your man-friends. The one who are paying the bills for all of this. They sent directions with your girlfriend there," she said, pointing towards Peyton.

Jules sighed. He knew it wasn't worth trying to argue. Brent and Jonah were now controlling nearly everything. He could fight it, or he could just go along with it for a little while longer.

"Okay," he said finally, sounding defeated as he started rolling the tights into little 'donuts'. He couldn't recall where he had learned to do that, it somehow seemed instinctive now. Once rolled, he started carefully rolling them up and over his slender smooth legs. The shirt and belt followed next.

"That belt really emphasizes your thin waist" the clerk said, adjusting the wide black belt to sit high on his wider-than-usual hips.

Jules was feeling extremely unsure about the outfit, "Is that a good thing?" he asked.

"Totally!" she replied, "You have such a nice body, you want to show it off, don't you baby?"

Jules nodded reluctantly.

"Of course, you'll need some different shoes, and maybe some new earrings, but we can fix that soon enough" she grinned, leading him out into the shop in his new outfit.

Peyton had been waiting patiently in the store for his friend's return. He clapped his hands excitedly and giggled, exhaling vapor as he finished drag from the pen, "Isn't this fun??", He exclaimed.

Jules shrugged his shoulders, "I guess so..."

"She just needs a few more things and she'll be ready to go," the clerk said to Peyton.

Wait, what? Jules wondered to himself as he realized that the sales girl was using feminine pronouns to describe him - and worse still, no-one was correcting her.

"Oh my gosh hun," Peyton gushed, "Brent and Jonah are going to lose their minds when they see what we've done with you!"

Jules forced a smile. He wasn't so sure he wanted his bosses to 'lose their minds', as much as he wanted someone to actually maintain their sanity. This whole debacle was intensely crazy.

It became even crazier when the shopgirl returned with a shoe box in one hand, and a jewelry box in the other.

Out of the shoebox appeared a pair of suede pink ankle boots with a four inch wedge heel and platform sole. Without a word, she fell to a crouching position and slipped them onto Jules's feet before he could say anything. Then out of the jewelry box she produced a pair of large silver hoops, with which she replaced the smaller hoops in Jules ears.

Jules took a moment to recenter his balance, glancing down at his feet before he took a few careful, delicate steps.

"I'm not so sure about these,"he complained, "I mean, how do you even walk in them?"

The salesgirl chuckled, "Oh don't even worry hun,"he said, "Pretty girls have been walking in these for a thousand years. You'll figure it out"

Peyton giggled loudly as he took over from the sale clerk, guiding his newly feminized friend to the checkout.

Once the bill had been settled (on Jonah's private credit card), the two femmed friends returned home to present themselves to their bosses.

Brent had taken up semi-permanent residence in one of Jonah's many spare rooms, and happened to be home when the two sissies entered.

"DUDE!" he exclaimed, "You've ...wow ... you've really changed!" he continued, looking Jules over head to toe. "I mean ... you were a total stud last month, and now... you're ... well shit dude, I can't even lie - you're a total fucking hottie!"

Jules face burned with humiliation, "Brent please....its not like that,"he pleaded, "It's just a ...a," he stammered, "it's something that Peyton thought I should try.

It's not like I wanted this," he lamented, "It's not like I'm gay or anything" he shuddered as the plug in his bottom reminded him that that might not be the case after all.

Brent laughed aloud, "You still think this is an accident, don't you?" he chuckled, "Dude, I happen to think sissies are hot! I mean ... have you even met Peyton here?" he turned and pointed at Jule's workmate, "He's a hot lil sissy too," he said with a wide grin. "And I fuckin love it!"



Jules was even more confused. Had Brent just admitted that he and Jonah were intentionally turning them into sissies??

The thought of him being so powerless as to let this happen caused tears to well up in his eyes. He wasn't sure why he was reacting like this. He had started to experience sudden waves of uncontrolled emotions after his first week in Jonah's

house. Brent put a hand on Jules' hip to stop him, then put the other over his butt, accidentally touching his plug....causing it to press into Jules prostate.

Jules moaned loudly, in a dreamy sexy voice. He almost instantly forgot how distraught he had felt only a moment ago.

"That's my girl," Brent said with a caring smile, "You're getting it now" He reached to the table to retrieve a pink colored vape pen that Jules hadn't seen before. He handed it to the sissy-to-be and nodded suggestively, as if instructing the poor boy to take a drag of vapor, which Jules' obediently obliged. He had been craving a puff of vape for hours already.

The mist absorbed into Jules' bloodstream almost instantaneously, causing him to lose his balance for a second in his newly-acquired wedge heels.

Brent helped him steady himself again, causing the plug to shift a second time, causing another moan to escape his lips. Brent, realizing what was causing the moaning, reached around to press the plug a another two times, looking in Jules dopey eyes.

Feeling helpless against Brent, Jules began to pant, grunt, groan and moan as his plug was manipulated, his eyes filling with arousal as Brent gazed into his.

Jule's mouth again rounded into a soft 'O' shape as his eyelashes fluttered. He felt weak in the knees as he fought to keep his balance.

"O...OhB...Brent.....n....no....please" he tried to protest, but Brent as relentless, grinning as he looked around, knowing that only Peyton was home, he continued to tease Jules, "You're such a pretty lil sissy, aren't ya baby?" he asked rhetorically, "go ahead, tell me you are" he demanded, holding the poor sissified boy closer, pressing the plug again.

"Ug....mmm... Oh...."was all that Jules could mumble.

"Oh come on now baby,"Brent continued, "Just tell me how much you like it"

"Brent, I...," Jules finally replied, "I...i'm not like...."he gasped as Brent shifted the plug, then regained his train of thought, "Not like that"

Brent laughed , "Baby, you were just trying on bras and panties," he teased, "You're a total sissy. Just admit it"

"But Brent," Jules continued to fight, "I can't be a ...a..."he struggled as if the the word was on the tip of his tongue, "A... a..."he said, his voice softening.... his head spinning.

Brent gave Jules ass another squeeze, "Just say it baby. I have a treat for you if you're a good girl"

"Oh...but...oh.... But I'm not aI'm just a... a..." Jules mind was unable to process. He couldn't quite say that he was a boy, yet nothing else would come out of his mouth.

Brent lifted his finger to Jules lips as if to stop him from giving any admission of masculinity.

"Mmmmph" was the only sound that Jules could muster, letting his finger rest against his glossed mouth.

"Mmmph" he said again as Brent rubbed his finger tip against the pretty boy's lips. He paused for a moment before slipping it into his mouth, "Go ahead, baby. you know you want it"

Jules's eyes fluttered as he gently took Brent's manly fingertip into his mouth, softly sucking on it, instinct taking over. After a moment his tongue began swirling around the fingertip, the inert taste filling his senses.

He moaned again , "Mmmmph"

"You like this don't you?"Brent asked.

Jules's head betrayed his body, as he wanted to say 'no'. However, his head gently nodded 'yes', giving away his true feelings.

"You want more,"he asked, "Don't you sissy?" He let his finger slide gently in and out of Jules Mouth, the pretty boy's lips having formed a perfect 'O' shaped seal around the knuckle.

He nodded again , his mind melting with arousal and panic as Brent took his right hand and placed it on his groin. The hardness of Brent's swelling cock pressing against his swim-trunks caused Jules to gasp with shock, as it was the first time he had touched a cock that wasn't his.

Without warning, Brent slipped Jules hand under the waistband of the swimsuit, his fingers touching the smooth textured exterior of the rock hard cock below.

Jules' eyes grew wide with panic. He knew what he was touching, yet he wasn't repulsed. Even less so after another drag from the pink vape pen that Brent's free hand had brought to his lips.

A second later, Jules's hand began to gently explore the shaft of Brent's cock, eventually developing into an even tempoed stroking movement. He gasped as

he felt the shaft start to swell in the palm of his soft delicate hand.

What followed next caught him completely off guard, yet he was unable to resist. He started with another drag of sweet tasting vapor, then felt Brent's free hand gently pushing on his shoulders. His eyes relayed panic, as he found himself being lowered to the ground. Soon his tights-covered knees were resting on the fake-turf of the backyard.

Brent gently stroked his cheek as Jules knelt down, then lowered his swim trunks to allow the sissy full view of what was next. Jules looked up at his instructor, with a conflicted expression, knowing that he shouldn't... but knowing also that he must.

"Go ahead sissy"

Jules closed his eyes and leaned forward, feeling Brent's stiff manhood slip between his moist lips.

Brent moaned as he thrust forward, placing his hand on Jules's pretty head. Within moments he was rocking gently in and out, Jules's cheeks hollowing out as he increased suction.

"Ohhhh fuck, baby." Brent called out and his thrusts increased in frequency and depth, "So good baby! Oh baby girl."

Jules's mind had melted. While he couldn't believe that Brent was calling him a girl, he was starting to accept that that is what he is becoming. "Mmmmph" he mumbled, his feathery eyelashes fluttered as Brent pistoned into him.

"Mmmmph"

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Jules gasped as he awoke in his room. There was a sticky, salty taste in his mouth. He couldn't remember how he got there, but had vague memories of a hot girl giving him an amazing blowjob. Brent was there too. But wait, why was Brent watching him get a blowjob?? He shook the cobwebs out of his head, wondering if the whole thing had been some kind of weird sexy dream. A dream with him, a hot girl, and Brent. He shivered at the thought of Brent. There was something about him that got Jules aroused, and it was embarrassing.

He tried to remember more details about his dream. Was Peyton there too? And who was that hot girl?

Jules gulped for a moment.

Was Peyton the hot girl?

Was that possible?

He knew that Peyton had been acting more like a sissy lately, but surely that didn't mean Peyton was a girl, did it?

But if it wasn't Peyton that was giving the awesome blowjob than it had to be the other girl. He scratched his head again as his memory began to return. Who was that pretty girl??

He gasped and jumped out of bed running to the mirror. He saw his naked reflection looking back at him. His smooth soft pale skin, gently rounded hips and pert bottom, budding little breasts and thick nipples, lean smooth legs and shrunken 'package' between them. He couldn't believe how small he had become. His tiny cocklette looked like it belonged to a ten year boy instead of a twenty year old man.

At that moment, Peyton walked into the room unannounced. Jules squealed and ran back to his bed to grab a blanket to cover himself with. Peyton just giggled at the sight.

"Oh aren't you cute,"he said, "trying to be all modest and stuff" He took a sip of his coffee as he watched Jules trying to process what was happening.

Jules nodded his head, "Well..uh...." he stammered, "It's just a lot to take in. I mean, everything that's been going on and stuff.

Peyton nodded appreciatively, "I know." He was trying to remember back to his life before living with Jonah. He had been a macho guy, a bit of an ass really, but nothing compared to how he felt now.

Jules paused, a question forming in his head. He felt embarrassed asking, but needed to know for his own sanity, "Were you there last night?"

Peyton smiled, "Where?" he asked, "Here?"

Jules nodded, "Yeah," he replied, "My memory is really hazing and I can't quite piece it all together. I feel like I might have don't something, you know, gay."

Peyton giggled loudly, "Oh my goodness girlfriend,"he said finally, wiping tears from his eyes, "I don't know know if I'd call it gay - but it was certainly hot - from what I saw."

"Hot?" Jules asked, "But Pey, I didn't ... you know..." he let his words trail off, unable to rationalize that he might have done something sexual with Brent.

"It's not really your fault babe," Peyton replied, "I mean, have you seen yourself lately?" He turned his friend towards the mirror, "You're such a hottie!" he said, giving Jules a pat on his pantied rear, "Would it be gay for a boy like Brent to crush on a girl like you?"

"That's kind of the point Peyton," Jules said as he looked at his sissified reflection, blushing profusely, "I'm not really a girl!"

Peyton was struggling with the same realization, but knew that he couldn't find his own acceptance if he didn't ensure his friend's at the same time.

"What you have between your legs doesn't make you a boy or a girl," Peyton reassured his friend, "It's really whatever Jonah or Brent want from you that matters" He took a drag from his vape pen. He needed the calming effect of the smooth vapor to help him feel confident about what he was saying, otherwise it made no sense. He looked over at Jules, who seemed to be processing his words, even though he knew the concept to be a stupid one. The idea that Jonah or Brent could decide whether he was gay or not, or whether he was a girl or not was pure rubbish.

Wasn't it?

His head started to feel cloudy again.

He took another drag from his pink vape pen, the same one that Jules had remembered from his encounter with Brent. After exhaling he passed it to Jules for a turn. The other sissy moaned as the mist filled his lungs.

"There," Peyton said in a soft soothing voice, "That's better now isn't it?"

Jules nodded as his logical thinking evaporated into a cloud of vapor.

"You'd better get dressed for work, huh?," Peyton said finally, "don't want you to be late!"

Jules looked his roommate and workmate over. When he had first moved in with Jonah, he remembered Peyton's poolside encounter, dressed in the purple two-piece swimsuit and being lathered in lotion by Brent. He had wondered how such a macho guy could have allowed himself to be dressed in such a thing.

By that same standard, Peyton's current attire was slightly more tolerable.

Wasn't it? he thought to himself for a moment, after all you can't get more macho than a pair of denim shorts, right?

Jules tried to ignore how sexy and round Peyton's bottom looked, and how slim his waist was - reduced to waspish proportions after weeks of corseting and strict dieting. He was still wearing his typical purple colored shirt, although this particular one clung to his body so tightly that it was impossible to hide the emerging changes to his physique.

But hey, he thought, it's a basic long sleeve shirt with denim shorts, no big deal, right? Maybe there was still hope for them both.

Peyton had turned to leave the room to help Jules find an outfit, but sensing that he was not following, turned his head over his shoulder to check on him.

"What?" he asked, "Are you coming or not?"



Jules chuckled, the effect of the vape starting to settle in. He looked again at his friend's short denim shorts. It was a good thing he was wearing those black tights underneath, as the shorts were dramatically short. The spike-heeled platform shoes that adorned his feet were entirely impossible to be considered as macho, but they looked pretty fab on him, so what the heck!

His short hair was feathered in an androgynous pompadour style, with a moderate amount of eye makeup and lovely glossy pink lips. Chandelier earrings and silver bracelets completed the look.

"You gotta get ready hun," Peyton finally spoke, "You do not want to be late!

Jules nodded. Being Brent's Assistant was an important job - regardless of what his boss' intentions were. He headed to the shower to get his day started.

Peyton stayed around to help his friend get dressed, starting with new pink cotton bikini briefs and a matching bra. Jules shuddered as he pulled the panties over his rounded bottom, while Pey slipped the bra over his swelling chest.

Stretchy skinny jeans in a light blue wash followed next. Jules was quite concerned that they were way too small.

"They'll stretch, silly," Peyton chuckled, seeing Jules' facial expression. He helped him slip them on, before standing back to take a look, "Wow,"he cooed, "those are totally hot on you"

A pink trim top was next. It was cropped and fitting tight, clearly meant for a girl.

Or a sissy.

White high top sneakers with a ramped wedge heel and pink laces finished the look.

Peyton took his hand and led him to the makeup table with a smile, "Let's get your face on, baby. You've got a sexy tomboy thing going on today, so it will only take a little bit.

Jules silently followed him to the vanity, finding a seat and looking into the mirror as Pey started to work on his face. He remembered the doll-like look of the 'girl' in his dream earlier, and worried if that's might be the look that Peyton had in mind. Although it was hardly a 'tomboy' look.

Jules was starting to realize that he was losing control of his destiny, bit by bit. Worse still, was the fact that somehow he was more and more okay with it.

Peyton coached him through his makeup application, handing him eyeliner, subtle shadow, mascara, light blush, and subtly tinted pink lip gloss. A spritzing of unisex cologne finished things off.

"Oh my gosh hun," Peyton cooed, "You're SUCH a hot tomboy!"

Jules blushed as he turned his flawless face from side to side. The thought of him being referred to as a tomboy was such a strange phenomenon, since he was technically a boy.

"You really think so?" he asked, blinking his subtly painted eyes.

"Oh my gawd hun! Brent is going to LOVE this look for you!" Peyton exclaimed.

And it was true.

Brent liked the outfit so much that his eyes were locked on Jules in a hungry predator kind of way, for the entire workday.

Towards the end of the day, he noticed Brent speaking to Peyton, who nodded enthusiastically before turning to look at Jules.

Jules spend the remainder of day wondering what their 'chat' had entailed.

When he questioned Peyton about it later that day, as the two sissified boys sat by the pool in their skimpy two piece suits, Peyton would only smile and say "you'll find out".

Jules blushed, feeling both excitement and dread at the same time.

All would be revealed after work the next day.

Wearing the button-down shirt and black tights from the week before, Jules followed Peyton to a salon nearby the office. He was still getting used to his new look, and to the constant attention it brought. As the two sissified office workers made their way down the busy sidewalk, Jules could feel the eyes of passers-by, especially the men. He was still worried that this whole ordeal might render him gay, as he couldn't deny his feeling of arousal when he saw a handsome guy looking him over.

"Brent has certainly done a number on you, hasn't he?" the stylist exclaimed as Peyton checked him in., "He's turning him into quite the little piece huh?" she continued.

Peyton nodded, "Fer sure! Isn't she so hot??" he exclaimed as Jules blushed deeply.

"If not now," the stylist nodded, "she will be soon!"

The surprise engagement that Brent had arranged with Peyton, was for a heavy-duty makeover, including hair extensions, full glamour makeup and long fake nails. The whole procedure had taken a little over two hours, resulting in a

version of Jules that not even he would have recognized.

He had been staring at his reflection, once he was allowed to do so, starting with his funky blonde hairdo. The sides of his head were still shaved, and a much larger silver earring now hung from his exposed ear.



His paler face was painted with pink eyeshadow, and thick feathery black lashes, that demanded attention when he blinked his eyes.

But it was the newly extended fingernails, now nearly an inch beyond the tip of his finger, and polished in a high-gloss pink, that really got his attention.

And Brent's.

Jules eyes fluttered later that evening as he his superior looked him over. He could feel the heavy weight of mascara on his false lashes as they fluttered like butterflies.

"Oh yeah," Brent spoke in a low, hungry tone, "You like being so pretty, don't you?" He pressed Jule's newest 'intruder' into him. It was slightly longer and wider than the previous one, and was causing him to groan and squirm.

"Oh, I think she's starting to get used to the sensation of being penetrated" Jonah commented. He was seated nearby, with Peyton on his lap, grinding into him slowly as he kissed his....her neck.

Brent nodded, "I can't wait to try her out myself" he groaned as he motioned for Jules to sit on his lap.

There was only the tiniest bit of hesitation left in him when he lowered himself onto his boss, the new plug pressing deeply into him. Brent handed him the vape pen for a long drawn out drag. His eyes fluttered again after exhaling the soothing mist. His mind slowing to only the most basic of functions as he felt Brent nibble on his neck and ear.

He had completely lost control.

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In the weeks that followed, the dress codes for both Peyton and Jules continued to delve further into tights, heels and feminine makeup. It was getting harder and harder for others in the office to not notice the changes, though no-one dared make a comment, knowing how unpredictable both Brent and Jonah had become in the passing months.

No-one wanted to be 'next'.

The announcement in the following week Jules would be accompanying Brent on a month-long sales mission in Asia - Starting in Thailand and ending in Japan.

Peyton was shocked at how little warning had been given, and become saddened at the thought of losing his closest friend for so long. Peyton believed that only Jules truly understood what was happening to them, and without his support, he was worried about how he would keep it all together.

To make matters worse, the office receptionist had quit unexpectedly, which further put Peyton's world into chaos. Jonah decided that Peyton would be best to fill the receptionist role until a suitable replacement was found.

A few months ago, if someone had suggested to Peyton that he would go from the junior executive pool to the secretarial pool, he would have told them to 'f'-off. Yet, here he was, getting dressed for his first day as receptionist, wearing semi-opaque black tights with wedge heeled blue ankle boots.

The boots had gold zippers and five inch wedge platform heels, and were paired perfectly with his new oversized button-down shirt, in matching medium blue. He had left it unbuttoned at the top, exposing most of his chest bone. The bottom just barely covered his form-hugging tights-covered ass. Dangling gold chandelier earrings and matching gold bracelets accessorize the outfit.

The dress code for receptionist was quite different than that of an office assistant. Whoever filled that role was the first point of contact for the firm, and had to make a lasting impression.

With that in mind, he did his makeup was a little heavier than usual. Jules had been coaching him with his application before he left for Asia, so his confidence in makeup application was at an all-time high. He wasn't sure if that was a good thing or not, but another puff of vape relaxed his mind to a point of acceptance.

He arrived at the reception desk that morning to see a name plate affixed to the front that read, 'Pey - Reception'

He was a little worried that having a nameplate on the desk signified that the job was a little more permanent than he had been led to believe, but knew that it was pointless to complain.

He had already tried to talk Jonah out of making him into a secretary, noting his many degrees and professional accomplishments undertaken during his rise into the executive pool.

"I didn't go to all this trouble to become some bimbo secretary!" he had yelled at one point.

That interaction had earned him a slap across the face, followed by a hearty spanking across Jonah's lap.

It had been the most humiliating and humbling experience of life, and cemented Jonah's position as someone not to be trifled with.

He remembered the altercation as he he sat down at the workstation and glanced around, before the his first 'client' emerged from the elevator and walked through the glass doors to the office.

The young man looked nervous as he entered. He was dressed in a knit sweater

over a collared shirt, with a pair of dark pants. He looked vaguely familiar, but Peyton had to admit that he wasn't the best with remembering people's names - or just about anything else as of late.

As the young man approached, Peyton smiled and welcomed him to the firm, he finished with a "How can I help you this morning?" It sounded like something that a receptionist would say.

"Peyton?" The young man asked, "Is that you?"

Peyton recoiled, unsure how he could have known his last name, "Um, yes," he stammered, "And you are?" he asked.

The handsome boy extended his hand, "Lorne," he introduced himself, "Lorne Davis"

Peyton recoiled again. He knew the name from somewhere, yet he was struggling to piece it all together. His confusion must have been visible, since Lorne looked like he could sense hesitation. He continued to talk as if to break the awkwardness of the situation, "We used to work together," he said, "You were our group leader, just before you were reassigned to Jonah"

Peyton squinted his eyes, as if trying to focus all of his brain power into trying to remember who Lorne was. After a few moments some dribs and drabs of familiarity started to flow back to him. Before he had become Jonah's...um, project, he had been the junior executive in charge of Lorne's working group. He had a few fuzzy memories of being in charge of the group, but nothing more.

"Wow," Lorne continued, "You've really, um, changed..." he said with a smile.

Pey giggled, "Is it that obvious?" he asked, blushing deeply.

Lorne laughed out loud, "Just a little" he chortled, "I figured when you left to work directly for Jonah," Lorne continued, "That you were working towards becoming a senior executive. You know, like Jonah and Brent," he looked Peyton over as he paused, "But I can see you've gone a...different route"

Peyton blushed again, "I know," he said, looking down, "This wasn't where I pictured myself either, but Jonah..." he was about to continue when the sound of the elevator opening with a pronounced 'ding' interrupted him. Jonah emerged from the lift and entered into the office reception area. He came to stop, a smile forming on his mouth as he surveyed the scene before him. His former assistant and previous junior executive now working as a receptionist. His replacement, a fresh-from college trainee, engaged in idle chit-chat.

"I see you two have met," he said.

Pey's replacement nodded, "Oh, we used to work together Sir," Lorne said, " We were just catching up".

"Nice," Jonah smiled, "I'm sure that Peyton has a lot to share with you Lorne," he continued, "Perhaps the two of you should get together sometime, you know," he smiled, "share some stories and such."

Lorne nodded, "Sure," he said, smiling at Peyton, who looked very nervous. The last person who he 'got together' with was Jules, he thought to himself, and that didn't exactly end well for Jules!

"I'll make the arrangements!" Jonah announced, "But for now, we've got a busy day ahead of us" he said to Lorne, "So we best keep moving"

Lorne nodded again and headed into the office, with Jonah a few paces behind him. He was about to disappear through the door when he turned to Peyton at the very last minute.

"I've just arranged for a very important client to visit us later this month Pey," he said in a very low voice, "He's Japanese, so to help things while he's here, I'm going to have one of our new language and culture training apps loaded onto your desktop," he said, " I want you to finish *all* of it, okay?"

Pey looked confused, "Why?"

Jonah looked disappointed, "It was developed by this gentleman's firm. The app is intended to acclimatize Westerners to other cultures. We need to show that it works well, so I want *you* to be our little guinea pig, okay?" Jonah spoke sternly, "I expect you to put your *full* effort into it," he said, "Understood?"

Peyton nodded, "Yes Sir"

Jonah smiled acceptantly, "Good girl" he said as he walked away, leaving Peyton to reel.

I am not a girl! he fumed to himself, although when he caught a glimpse of his reflection in the polished glass that surrounded him, he knew it was an easy assumption to make.

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Exactly as promised, the app appeared on Peyton's screen later that morning, and from then on, his day would consist of a very specific itinerary.

He started each day by filing reports.

Then printed copies of important papers.

Then he would greet a client.

Then fetch the client coffee.

The answer the phone.

Then print another paper.

And greet another client.

And fetch more coffee.

And take another phone call.

Then greet another client.

All while smiling and looking pretty.

And in between all of that, he studiously followed the culture and language app.

Peyton's learning was moving at a moderate pace, which seemed to disappoint Jonah, who arranged for the app to be downloaded onto Peyton's phone, so he could continue his studies at home.

As a result, and at Jonah's insistence, he would spend all of his free time, filing his nails, vaping, and following the app's step by step instructions on Japanese culture and language.

He even took the app with him on his latest trip to the salon (which seemed to be twice a week right now) where he found himself absent-mindedly using the app in between his now-routine procedures.

This week saw Peyton's arms, legs, groin..... and really everything else.... waxed completely smooth. A soothing lotion was applied to his skin afterwards to try and reduce the sting of the waxing. The lotion smelled sweet and pretty, a pleasant distraction from the painful procedure.

The stylists had applied wax to his eyebrows next, shaping them into surprised-looking thin feminine arches. He was then fitted with a pink terry cloth robe and slippers and led another room at the rear of the salon.

Peyton blushed, feeling the robe it caress his newly hairfree and ultra- smooth skin as he walked into the room.

An hour of laser hair removal on his face followed next, with a promise to continue a day later. He knew that this procedure was non-reversible, which would mean he would never again need to shave - or ever grow another mustache or beard.

He was escorted to the dressing room , where a lacey high cut thong style pair of panties with a special pocket in the front to 'tuck' himself away was waiting for him. He slipped them on, feeling the lacy panties sliding up his smooth thighs. He couldn't help but giggle at the sensation.

A few moments later he emerged from the room wearing the skimpy new panties. He saw his reflection in the mirror and marvelled at his smooth, freshly waxed body. He stood closer to the mirror to examine his eyebrows. They had really done a number on them, yet the look - when combined with his newly styled androgynous undercut hairdo- seemed to work.

He paused for a moment, feeling a tinge of regret at the realization that before accepting the reception job from Jonah, he had been living life as a macho stud, or at least, he had convinced himself of that.

But now, there was no mistaking the path he was on.

He ran his hands over his panties, feeling the smooth front created by the special 'tucking' he had done.

The stylist returned a moment later with an outfit for the new receptionist to try on. It included glossy black tights with silver coloured platform heeled pumps and a patterned knit sweater made of silver-gray fabric. The sweater was just barely long enough to cover his round bottom - giving the appearance of a sweater dress.

A new pair of dangling earrings and some silver bangle bracelets completed the look.

The young junior-executive-turned-sexpot looked into the changing room mirror. He couldn't believe his front looked so flat in the tights. It was almost like his little 'package' had disappeared. Thankfully, the sweater covered most of his groin, giving some semblance of modesty.

"Wow" the sales clerk exclaimed, "that's a crazy hot outfit. Who'd have thought you'd make such a sexy girl?"she chuckled, giving him on his lycra covered bottom.

Peyton blushed heavily, but he couldn't argue with her.

She was right, he *did* make a sexy girl.

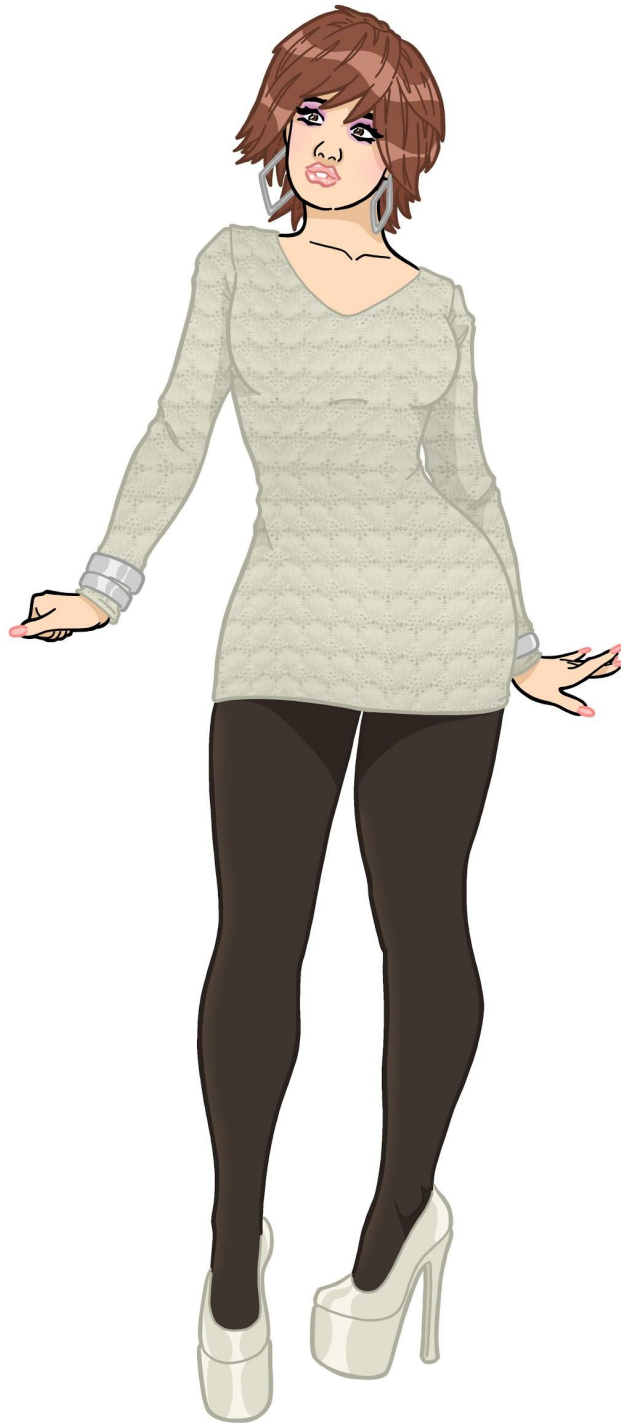
In fact, everything about Pey was girly now, from his long lean legs, curvy rounded hips, narrow corseted waist and budding teen-aged breasts to his ultra flat stomach and smooth soft arms with slender fingers.

He was the total package.

Jonah had confirmed as much when he showed up for work after having been fully made over at the salon.

Peyton had just taken his place behind the reception desk when Jonah exited the elevator with an older Japanese man in tow. As they passed Peyton the older man stopped and stared at Peyton, then turned to Jonah, "Is this the one you told me about?" he asked in a thickly accented voice.

"Yes," Jonah replied, looking from Peyton to the man and back, "Isn't she delightful?"



The man nodded. Peyton realized that this must be the man that he had been practicing Japanese language and culture in anticipation of meeting. He smiled pleasantly and looked down, remembering that it was considered rude for someone of his stature to begin a conversation with an esteemed elder such as was before him now.

"Pey," Jonah said as he turned back to Peyton, "This is Mister Karomachi"

Having practiced for days with the new language app at his desk, Peyton smiled, looking up for a moment before he bowed to the man, "Kon'nichiwa jōshi. Watashi wa subete ga anata ni totte umaku itte iru koto o nozomimasu" he said in his best greeting tone, which meant, 'Hello boss. I hope everything is going well for you'.

Mister Karomishi smiled at Pey's effort, "And highly trainable too." he exclaimed, "And you claim that his one was an executive in your office mere months ago?"

Jonah nodded, "Yes," he said, "I supervised the transition myself."

Mr Karomishi instructed Pey to stand and accept inspection, "Kensa no tame ni jibun o shōkai suru"

Peyton nodded, understanding his command, and feeling quite proud of the fact the he had learned so much of the man's complex native language in such a short time. He stood up and came around to the front of the reception desk to allow the man to look him over.

"Anata no namae kawai on'nanoko wa nanidesu ka?" he asked Peyton his name, but did so in a way that confused him. It sounded like he had said "What is your name?" but then added "cute girl?" at the end.

"Peyton" was the answer.

"Pei-chan?" the older man reaffirmed.

"Īe. Watashinonamaeha peitondesu," Peyton replied as best he could after only a week of Japanese lessons, which meant "No, my name is Peyton"

The man furrowed his brow, turning to Jonah, "She is an insolent one," he grumbled, "perhaps I was wrong in my assessment"

Jonah looked quite nervous for a moment, "Her language skills are fresh. I think with time, you'll see that she's very agreeable," he turned to Pey with a stern look, "Aren't you Pey?"

Knowing better than to argue with Jonah, Peyton nodded, "Oh yes Sir, very agreeable"

The Japanese man nodded, "Agreeable enough to admit her insolence and accept that I, as a native Japanese speaker, and language scholar would know your name to be Pei Chan?"

Jonah looked at Pey with an expression that said, 'Don't fuck this up'

Peyton was slightly confused by the man's diatribe, but knew enough to understand the hint and nodded in agreement. Pei-Chan was close enough to Pey-ton, if it meant keeping everyone happy.

"Hai," he began, "watashinonamaeha peichandesu, " he replied, confirming his name as Pei-Chan.

Mr. Kamokishi turned to Jonah, "I appreciate the effort, and am pleased with the results. I wish to have this one fill in for the photo shoot next week"

Pey...or rather Pei looked alarmed at the guest's comment, unsure of what he had done to elicit the response. "Excellent," Jonah replied., "she'll be ready"

Peyton looked even more concerned by Jonah's reply, but waited until the man had returned to the elevator and disappeared.

"What will I be ready for?" he asked, "And why did you guys keep calling me 'she'?"

"Nothing to worry your pretty head over dear," Jonah reassured, "Mr Kamokishi's company is preparing some marketing for the language app that you were testing. He's requested that you fill in as a model. I know it's very last minute, but I am certain that you'll be perfect for it."

"What?," Peyton asked, looking deeply confused, again, "You want me to be a model?"

Jonah smiled and nodded, "It's what we do for our clients Pey," he said, "You never quite did grasp that concept when you were a junior executive, which is probably why you're working in reception now."

Peyton gasped at Jonah's confession. He hadn't thought about his time as an executive in training for a while, but it was all rushing back to him now. He had been heading on a path towards senior management, and *now* he was wearing a miniskirt and heels, and learning how to speak Japanese! And worse still, he'd just been offered up as a *model* for a photo shoot!

"You're looking a little flush," Jonah said, "Maybe you should go take a little break, have some vape, chill out a little"

Peyton nodded his head and headed towards the break room. He needed a moment to get his head on straight.

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Arrangments were made for the photo shoot to commence in the following week, but before Peyton could wrap his head around that, Brent and Jules had returned from their trip.

It was hard to believe that a month had passed so quickly, but time had flown by.

Pey was at his reception desk when Brent emerged from the elevator, followed by an exotic looking creature in a tight fitting pink latex minidress.

"Jules?" Pey asked the sexy being as she approached the desk.

"It's Ju-Lee now," Brent corrected, "Isn't that right dove?"

Peyton's former coworker nodded 'her' head posing for inspection, and 'she' was a sight to behold.

Standing in towering high-gloss pink platform pumps, smooth black hosiery and the aforementioned minidress, her hands resting on her wide hips, her nylon encased legs seemed to go for miles before disappearing under the very-very short hem of the tiny glossy skirt. The material of the dress hugged her exaggerated curves like a second skin.

The figure of the once-macho Jules had been obliterated and replaced with a waspish waist, only emphasized by widened hips and an enlarged - and oh-so-lovely - ass. The hourglass effect, continued upwards as her too-large-be-real bosom spilled out of the top of her outfit.

Any trace of Jules masculine facial angles had been erased. Ju-lee's chin, nose, brow and cheek bones had been perfectly re-done in a barbie-worthy way. Her lips enlarged into a perfect and permanent pout. Her makeup was doll-like and heavily applied, but not out of place given her long, cascading wavy pink hair, still brushed to the side to expose a shaved undercut and oversized silver hoop earring. Her coif ending at the small of her back.

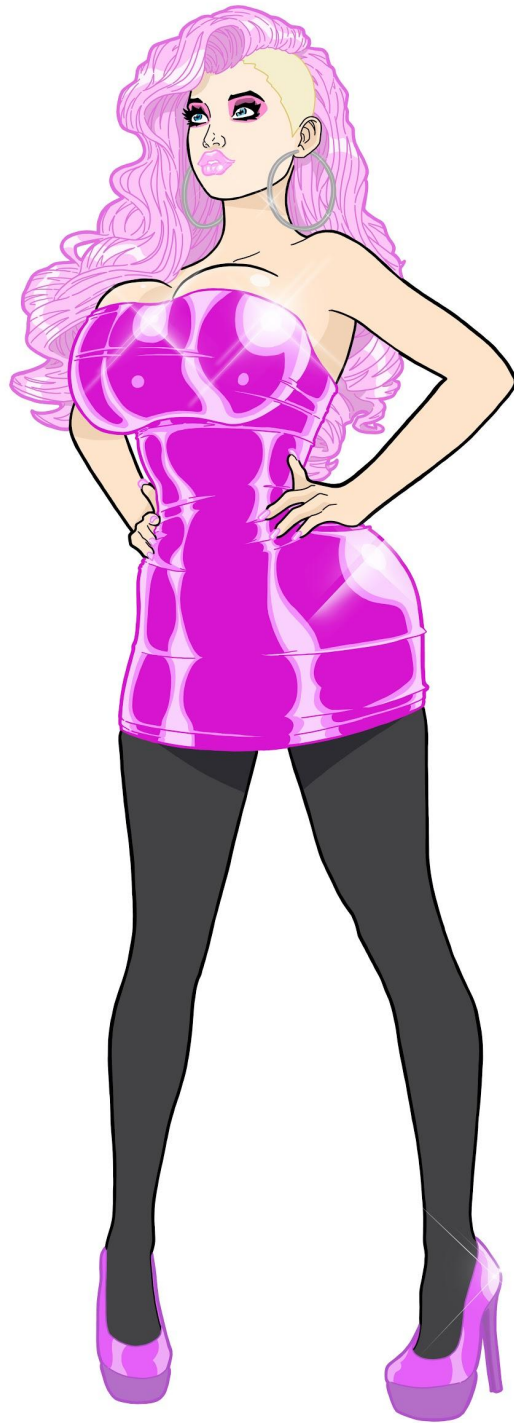
She was a wet-dream in every sense. And she seemed to know it, starting vacantly forward as her one-time sissy mentor looked her over.

"Amazing," Brent broke the silence, "Isn't she?"

Pey nodded, "Yes Sir," he replied, still trying to process what he was seeing.

"If you're lucky, Karomishi Industries might give you some similar attention"
Brent said with a smile.

Peyton nodded, but stopped suddenly, "Wait, what?" he asked. Mr. Karomishi was the man he had met last week, and was preparing to do some kind of photo shoot for. His company had also developed the language app he had been using since Brent and Jules left for their trip to Thailand.



"I haven't quite filled her in Brent," Jonah's voice emerged from behind Peyton, causing him to turn around, "But I suppose that now is as good a time as any"

Peyton looked confused.

"Kiromishi Industries has been one of our largest clients for a few years now,"

Jonah began, "And one of their largest product lines are those vape pens that you've grown so fond of. They've sold through hundreds of thousands of them here in the states already, but Mr. Kiromishi has some grander plans. Plans that don't *exactly* meet the standards of the U.S. Government. Which is why we've been secretly testing a few of their vape products for him here. And as you can see, the results have been terrific!" he pointed at Jules and Peyton.

Peyton's head was cloudy. He didn't fully understand what was being said.

"Ju-Lee here got a special bonus from Kiromishi's medical clinic in Thailand," Brent piped up, "a sexy new body and a pretty new pussy to go with her new bimbo brain"

Peyton gasped, "What??"

Jonah and Brent nodded, "But don't you worry your pretty head," Jonah reassured, "We don't have anything like that planned for you just yet."

"Yeah," Brent added, "You'll get to keep you boy-parts for a little while longer"

"But first we *do* need to get you ready for your photo shoot," Jonah said, "and that might included adding a little up top, if you know what I mean"

Peyton didn't know what he meant, at first, but eventually he came to realize that Jonah was suggesting he might need breasts - in one way or another.

Thankfully for him, they would come through the use of prosthetics, not surgery, as he found during the rehearsal for the shoot.

The makeup artist fixed realistic-looking breast forms to his already-swollen chest, then used a form-fitting bra to hold everything perfectly in place. His new additions took some time to get used to. The additional weight caused him some minor balance issues, especially when walking in his platform stiletto heels.

The shoot, Peyton would come to learn, was for intended for the language app, geared towards world travellers, but would be cross promoted with the vape pen line that the company sold as well. It seemed like a strange mix, but Peyton certainly wasn't in a position to question it.

Jonah had been tasked to make it happen. They had hired a crew and rented a stage, and just needed a pretty girl to smile as they photographed 'her' using the app and the vape pen.

Peyton, or rather, Pei-Chan, was going to be that girl.

He spent the remainder of the day practicing his walk, and Japanese speech.

He didn't want to disappoint, as both Jonah and Lorne would be on hand to watch.

Peyton appeared on set and quickly realized that he had the full attention of his bosses.

He had been dressed in a silver toned ruffled blouse, under a short-skirted blue jumper with opaque black tights. He wore his same silver platform pumps, as they didn't want him wearing something he didn't have practice in - and the pumps had become everyday wear for him for well over a week or more.



Dangling silver earrings and thick bracelets finished his new look, with heavy pale foundation and thick dark lipstick, giving his face a dramatic appearance. His nails had been lengthened and colored to match his lips, and his eyes had been painted with heavy dark shadows, liners and feathery false lashes. His eyes had been drawn out to the corners, giving them a slightly asian appearance, which was appropriate, given that Mr. Kiroshma was a most particular client.

What Peyton didn't know, was that this would be his look, or something similar for the foreseeable future, as he became the permanent spokesmodel for Kiroshma Industries.

But that would be a different story.

Fini

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