



The Experiment

John Dylena



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The Experiment

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Smashwords Edition

a Pink Skirt Press story

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This story contains adult material and was not suitable for readers under the age of 18. It also contains strong language and sexual situations. Most are of erotic nature and contain graphic and detailed descriptions of sex and/or masturbation.

If you, the reader, are of legal age (18+) and are fine with the previously mentioned themed story, then continue.

Enjoy.

Chapter One

The Deal

After hours of flipping through the phone book and searching high and low on the internet, Reed dialed the number for the professional dominatrix. She came highly recommended and her “areas of expertise” were exactly what he was looking for. He held his breath, waiting for the other end to pick up.

“Hi, is this Arina?” He said into the phone, hearing the other end pick up.

There was a moment’s hesitation, followed by the sound of shuffling papers.

“Yes, this is Lady Arina, how may I help you today?”

“Yea, I was wondering if I could... set up an appointment?” His mouth was dry as he fought to say coherent.

“Let me check my schedule... how about 1pm today?”

“Sounds good, I’ll be there.” He hung up the phone, letting out a deep sigh of relief. Recently, a certain topic had kept his mind occupied for some time and in order to put it to rest, he decided to seek an expert on the subject. The topic, “is a man’s greatest fear really that of becoming a woman?” was something he happened to stumble upon during one of his many internet sessions. Days after reading the discussion, which had maybe three comments then died, the idea still ragged on his mind. He looked up books in the library and searched for articles on the internet, but whatever he found didn’t help in the slightest bit. About to give up, he decided to try one last person: a dominatrix. He figured it would be odd for someone to see a dominatrix solely for a philosophical discussion and hoped this particular one, who came highly recommended, was a learned person.

He slouched and watched the clock.

The parking lot was empty except for a few cars scattered around the industrial complex. He looked down at the piece of paper in his hand with the address written down on it and back at the building.

No turning back.

He opened the door and headed inside, stepping into what appeared to be a waiting room. He had high hopes for this place; it was located in a very nice part of town, lots of wealthy people, no crime, and a very clean area. From the outside, it looked like any other building in the complex, but the windows were blacked out so no one can see inside. There were only a handful of parking spots directly in front.

When he walked in, he was instantly greeted by a woman who stood behind the reception desk. She was hunched over the computer so he didn't see her when he walked in. Her welcome startled him slightly. She walked out from behind the counter and greeted him, dressed in full black leather: thigh high boots, mini skirt, tube top, and any exposed skin covered in fishnets. Her blonde hair was pulled back, and her green eyes glowed like emeralds.

“Hi, are you Reed?”

“Yes, you must be Arina,” he replied.

“That's Mistress Arina.”

He rubbed his head. “Apologies.”

Her face relaxed. “Welcome, since this is your first time here, follow me to the interview room... It's where I do my consultations and where the client tells me what he or she is looking for.” She opened the door next to the desk and pointed down the hall. “First door on the right.”

He stepped into the hallway and she walked up to the entrance door and locked behind him. “Why did you lock it?” He asked.

“Security. I have a fair amount of cash behind that desk, and since I am the only person working here, I can't keep watch over every part of my operation here.” He followed her into the room. “Ok sit here” she said, motioning to the red velvet chair. She sat down opposite him., Between them

was a wooden table, and scattered across it were documents.

“Right, let’s get on with it shall we?” she said, cracking her knuckles.

“What time is your next appointment?” he asked.

“2:30pm, why?” Her eyes were still on the paperwork in front of her.

“Here’s ten-grand. I’d like to reserve you until then,” he said, setting a manila envelope on the table.

She looked up from the papers and smiled. “Well then, what can I do for you... or to you?” She picked up the envelope and peeked inside.

“Well, I was hoping you can enlighten me. You see, I’ve recently come across something that has been bothering me for some time, and after thorough research I have decided that someone of your particular... specialty... can help me.”

She frowned. “So you’re paying me ten-grand for a philosophical debate?”

“Basically... yes. If you’re not comfortable with that, I can go to another person,” he said.

“Oh no, you have me wrong. It’s been a long time since I’ve been able to have an intellectual conversation like this. Most of the time it’s all about physical pleasure. So enlighten me to your ‘predicament’, and we’ll see if I can help.”

He sat up in his chair, his hope restored. “Right, so I was on the internet some time ago and I discovered that it has been said that a man’s greatest fear is becoming a woman. And I’ve been thinking, why is that so scary? I mean, there are some people whose lives won’t be any different if they were a man or a woman, then again, some would be drastically different. Me, personally, I consider myself the former and was hoping someone like you can give me your perspective on this, seeing as you’re a woman who is also skilled in knowing what a man wants and desires.”

The room was quiet. The awkward silence unnerved him.

“You know what, follow me, you deserve to be ‘enlightened’ in a more comfortable setting.” She stood up and led him out of the room back into the hallway. There were several rooms on either side, and a big doorway at the far end. He followed her down the hallway and stopped in front of one of the doors. She unlocked the door with one of the many keys on her key ring. It opened to another hallway, smaller than the one they were in. At the end was a large pair of wooden doors, which also required a key. She turned the brass knob and entered into a big lounge area furnished with a bar, big comfy couches, a fire place, and a staircase.

“Sit,” she said pointing to one of the couches. “Thirsty?”

“No thanks, I'm good,” he said. “Where are we?”

“This is the lounge, where my VIP guests get to relax and wait for their sessions. That door leads back to the entrance, and that staircase leads to my office.”

“Oh nice,” he said looking around. When she was finished making herself a drink, she sat back down on one of the couches next to him. She took a sip of her drink, then set it on the glass table.

“Now, where were we... oh yes, you asked for my point of view on the question of whether a man’s greatest fear is becoming a woman.”

“Correct.”

She cleared her throat. “Well the thing is that a woman’s life is not the least bit easy, and it doesn’t matter whether you’re attractive or not. Take the unattractive woman, one who perhaps is overweight, maybe has bad skin or terrible hair. She will constantly be under the scrutiny of those typical ‘rich cheerleader’ types, follow? They will be tormented by both outside and inside forces for not being what society has deemed ‘attractive’. But then there is the opposite end of the spectrum: the drop-dead gorgeous women, those who set the bar. Their life isn’t easy either; they gain a lot of attention, both good and bad, but mostly unwanted attention. Those women are under constant stress to keep their appearances up, and because of it are most likely to be sexually assaulted, harassed or even raped. They never get taken seriously if they try to get anywhere in life. You said yourself that there are men who if they somehow instantly became women their lives won’t be any

different, and others whose lives will be drastically different, correct?”

He nodded.

“Well, I’d like to add to that. Imagine you take a group of men, and turn them all into women. I believe there will be not two, but three outcomes. The first one: some of them will be overjoyed and excited with their new bodies. They will eventually give into their bodies’ urges and any trace of their previous male subconscious will be gone. They’ll become hookers, prostitutes, strippers, escorts, etc. The second outcome: there are those who, like the first group, are ecstatic when they receive their new bodies. The difference is they learn to respect and control their new urges and use their heightened attractiveness to get far in the world. They become those you see on the top 10 hottest CEOs, presidents and VPs of companies, doctors, politicians, etc.

“And then there are the unfortunate. They are the ones who dread their new bodies and long for their muscular, hairy, rugged bodies and of course their dicks.” She stopped and let her words sink in. Moments later, she continued. “I gave you my opinion on the subject, now it’s time for you to tell me why you think men fear becoming women.” She stood up, straightened out her leather outfit and sat back down, crossing her legs.

He was caught off guard. He expected her to tell him everything he needed to hear and not have to explain himself. “What you told me was enlightening, but I feel the reason why men fear becoming women is well, no offense... there are men who see women as the weaker sex, whose sole role in life is to be submissive and do what the man tells them to do. They stay at home and do all the housework, chores, and take care of the kids, while the man brings home the money and is allowed to have all the leisure time he desires. From what I read, some men fear becoming a woman because the presence of a vagina signifies weakness and submissiveness.”

“Interesting. Very interesting,” she said. “You are partly right on that concept. In my line of work, I have seen my fair share of men who see it that way. I have had wives and girlfriends drag their SOs here so they can be forcibly feminized. Heck, I’ve even seen men come in here—purely voluntarily—and asked me to doll them up and turn them into prostitutes. Both ends of the spectrum and everything in between. I’ve seen men break

when they are made into women. I've seen the toughest and most burly men give in and become sissy sex slaves. One thing I have yet to see is a person ask me to turn them into a woman so they can experience life that way. Every client I have had came in for purely the physical pleasure, never the mental or emotional pleasure, they just want to be butt-fucked with a 10" dildo." She spoke plainly, leaving Reed speechless.

"Wow. I've never... "

"You said it yourself that if you were to become a woman tonight, that your life wouldn't be any different, correct?"

"Yes, but that was just a quick thought."

She leaned forward, taking on a more aggressive posture. "Why is that? Do you not have a job? Wife? Kids?"

"None. I've had a few girlfriends, but nothing serious."

"How old are you? 23? 24?"

"25."

"Do you work?"

"Currently unemployed. However, now that I think about it, if I were turned into a woman last year, my life would definitely be complicated."

"Why's that?"

"Well, I sold my business few months ago, and because of it, I came into a lot of money, so I won't be working for a while."

"What do you do to keep yourself occupied?"

"Work out, video games, listen to music, watch movies... "

"Any hobbies?"

"Not really."

“Perfect. This conversation has given me an idea.”

“Oh? What's that?”

“You see, what I deduced from this is that each man who became a woman would experience it differently. Each of their lives would go down a different path. Sometimes the paths will converge, but then they will separate once more. My idea, as well as the answer you have been looking for is that in order for you to come to complete absolution and enlightenment, you need to experience life as a woman.”

“Ah. But ho—”

“And I have the perfect way for you to do that,” she added. “You said that you’ve into a good amount of money, so you won’t be working for a while, and you have no hobbies, and I'm guessing you’re bored almost every day.”

“What is it you are asking of me?”

“Come work for me”

“Seriously?!”

“Yes, I told you when you arrived that I am short-staffed... ”

“Yeah I remember.”

“So here is the official invitation: I need a secretary/receptionist. Having one would not only make my life easier, but my clients’ lives too. All my paperwork, client’s information... everything... is jumbled and needs to get organized. Plus, having a secretary would allow me to spend more time with my clients, which would increase customer satisfaction and thus would generate more business.”

“I follow.”

“And this will be purely voluntary, you came into a lot of money recently so you don’t need to get paid. And thus there will be no need for a written contract. You can work for me for as long as you please... a day, week, month, year, whenever you want to stop, you just let me know and you

won't ever have to hear from me again.”

“You seem excited about this,” he said, scratching his head.

“I am, and from your body posture and language, you seem interested too,” she replied.

“No I am not!”

“Oh please, you can't fool me.”

“Ok fine. I find the whole idea... interesting.”

“This would be a great opportunity, not a lot of people are given this chance.”

He thought about it for a moment. In his mind he weighed the pros and cons. It was true that he was getting bored of doing the same thing every day, and this would help immensely. “Ok, I'll do it.”

“Good answer. However, there will be some ground rules and should you break them, there will be punishments.” She smiled, “and if your curiosity ever gets the better of you, I can always schedule a session for you.”

“Uh, sure. Thanks for the... offer, I think.”

“This is so exciting!” She laughed, “Ok look, we have an hour until my next client, so follow me to my office and I'll get your measurements.”

“Sure, I'm free for the rest of the day,” he said, standing up. He stood up and followed her to the staircase and up the stairs. While he was going up the stairs he looked up at her to say something, but he forgot what when he noticed he had a full view under her skirt.

“You know, you're gonna have to get over those manly desires if you're going to go through with this,” she said.

He quickly looked away. She did know how a man thinks. He blushed slightly at the embarrassment and then shrugged it off. They reached the top and walked up to two large double doors. She grabbed both knobs and

turned them, opening the door to her office. “Welcome to my sanctuary,” she said, walking in.

He was speechless. The room was fully and lavishly decorated. She had floor rugs, a large wooden desk, couches, windows that looked out into the street, as well as the lounge. There were monitors showing the feed from the security cameras, several large leather trunks, and three steel door lockers.

“Stand there,” she said, pointing to the open area next to the desk. She went behind the desk and fumbled through some of the drawers. After a minute or two of searching she came out from behind the desk. “Ok, strip down to your undies, including shoes and socks.”

After hesitating for a second, he began to remove his shirt.

“Hurry up! I haven't got all day!” she ordered.

At her command, he removed the rest of his clothes and set them aside. While he was doing that, she went back behind her desk and grabbed a small wooden box and set it on the table next to him.

“Oh my,” she said examining his body. “A perfect specimen... not too hairy, nice build, not too muscular, thin... oh this is gonna be good. Now don't move an inch.” She opened the wooden box. Inside were breast forms. “A modest size, but they do the job. Don't worry, the glue is temporary. I'm putting these breasts on you so I can get accurate measurements.”

“Ok,” he gulped. She applied a thin line of glue around the other edges of the breast forms then applied them to his chest. After waiting a minute for them to dry, she pulled out a measuring tape.

“Arms out.” He stuck his arms out as she ordered and she measured him. “Let's see... arm length, check... shoulders, check... breast size, check... chest, check... waist, check... hips, check... legs, check... shoe size... shoe size?”

“Oh, 11.”

“Right, so 10.5, maybe 10.” She wrapped the tape up and wrote down all the measurements on a notepad, then did some calculations in her head and

wrote them down too. “Ok, those boobs should come off any minute now. Go ahead and put your clothes back on, and by that time they should be ready to peel off. I’ll be right back.”

He put his clothes on, then before putting his shirt back on, he tugged at the breasts. There was some resistance but they came off easily. He set them on the table and Arina came back into the room.

“Ok, I need you to fill this out. It’s a basic client information sheet... don’t worry about the payment, just mark ‘cash’. I’ll be done around 5pm. Come back at that time for the next phase.”

“What do you have planned?”

“Can't tell you,” she smiled.

“Oh ok, yeah I’ll be back then.”

“Good. Fill out the forms and I’ll see ya then. You’re free to go when you’re finished.”

With that, she got up and left. When she was gone, he picked up the clipboard and glanced over the paperwork.

“Let’s see, name, address, phone, cell phone, email, quick medical survey, other information, past mistresses, wants/desires/needs, and signature... done.” He finished, set the clipboard on her desk and left the office. He headed downstairs and out into the reception area. Not looking back, he headed outside and to his car. He noticed one more car in the lot, probably her next client.

Chapter Two

A New Identity

Reed went home and spent the rest of the day playing video games, his eyes constantly looking at the clock, making sure he wouldn't be late for his evening appointment with Mistress Arina. In the weeks leading up to today's encounter, he'd been to many different dominatrix websites, and they all showcased their specialties. It unnerved him, seeing men and women broken and in some cases beaten, all because deep down, they craved it and it brought them pleasure.

As the clock neared 5, he wrapped up what he was doing and returned to her dungeon.

"My my, 5pm on the dot. Good timing." Arina said as he walked into the lobby.

"Didn't want to be late. Hate to get punished on the first day," he replied.

"Wait outside, I'll only be a minute." He nodded in compliance and walked outside. It was starting to get dark as he stood on the sidewalk, looking around. "Ok, let me just lock up" she said, coming out of the door. He looked at her while she had her back turned to him. It appeared as though she hadn't changed her outfit, but then again, she was wearing a long coat. "Follow me."

He followed her to the parking lot and stopped at her car. It was a brand new, black Audi.

"Well, get in" she said. He climbed into the passenger seat and before he could get his seatbelt on, the car was started and she whizzed out of the parking lot. The radio was set to a familiar station and the volume was turned up. "It's only a short drive to the studio," she yelled over the music.

"What studio?"

“My friend owns a special effects and makeup studio. He’s going to give you a new face,” she smiled. After a short drive, they arrived at her friend’s studio. There were no advertisements anywhere so it must've been a private studio. She parked in the underground parking and headed for the elevator. “Don’t worry, he’s very good at what he does,” she said.

The elevator stopped on the top floor and they got out. It opened up to a big hallway with only one door on the other end. They walked up to it and she knocked on the door. Less than a minute later, the door opened and they were greeted by her friend.

“Daniel!” she said.

“Arina! How are you!” he said as they hugged. From the way he was dressed and his manner of speech, Reed assumed that Daniel was gay. “And you must be Reed, it will be a pleasure working on your face tonight.” Reed stuck out his hand, but Daniel swatted it away and gave him a hug instead. “My word, your face is so smooth. Oh Arina, you brought me a very good face indeed, and so cute too! Now come in, and Reed, you can have a seat in the chair over there,” he said, pointing to the barber shop style chair in the corner.

The chair was extremely comfy and as he sat down he looked around the room. In front of him was a giant vanity: three mirrors and fully lit. On the counter top was a vast assortment of makeup items. There was a wide selection of wigs, most were female but there were some male wigs.

“So, Arina said I am to turn you into a female... don’t worry, your secret is safe here. This is going to be tons of fun. She already gave me the details on the overall appearance and such, so when we’re done with the mask, we’ll try on an assortment of wigs to see what looks good on you, ok?”

“Ok.”

He covered Reed in a cloth then stuck two straws up his nose. “These are so you can breathe while I cover your face. Be sure to keep your mouth and eyes closed at all times and try not to move an inch, ok?”

“Got it.”

Daniel leaned the chair back so that Reed was horizontal. He slid a tub underneath the chair and rolled over another cart with several plaster lined tubs. “Arina, care to lend a hand?”

“Sure,” she said.

Reed looked up at the ceiling and Daniel and Arina were hovering over him.

“Let the transformation, begin!” Daniel grabbed the tub and pulled out a giant ladle. “Close your eyes and mouth, and take a deep breath.”

Reed did what he was told and Daniel poured out the contents onto his face. It was thick, wet plaster, and he continued pouring it until Reed’s head was completely covered.

“You can breathe through your nose now, but remember: long slow breaths and don’t move your face.”

Reed slowly exhaled and breathed in through his nose. Being completely encased seemed to make time slow down. He couldn’t tell what was going on around him. He could hear Daniel and Arina talking, but it was all muffled from the stuff covering his ears. After a long time, he could feel the stuff getting pulled off his face. Then minutes later, he was free.

“Wow, that came out perfect,” Daniel said, examining the inside of the mold. He then pulled off the back end and set both ends on the counter in front of him. “From that, I’ll make a mold of your face, then apply latex and other materials to make it feminine.”

“Sounds good,” Reed said, sitting back up.

“Time for wigs!” Arina cheered. Reed remained in the chair while Arina and Daniel put on, examined, and removed several different wigs, ranging in all styles and hair colors; finally they found the right one, it had shoulder length brown hair, and could easily be styled.

“Alright, we’re done here, thanks for coming and being such a good sport Reed,” Daniel said as he cleaned up the mess.

“Thank you, I hope it turns out great.”

“I’ll call and let you know when it’s done, Arina.” With that, they packed up and left. Arina dropped Reed off at his car and he headed home after a long day.

Chapter Three

Transformation

For three days he waited. Reed sat around in his house wasting time, anxiously checking his phone every five minutes. He tried to take his mind off of it, either by working out or getting deep into a video game or movie. But no matter how hard he tried, his mind always returned to thoughts of working as a secretary at a BDSM dungeon. He constantly found himself online, browsing through sites and looking at pictures and videos of crossdressers and transvestites. He researched how women walked, talked, and acted, hoping to impress his new mistress with study sessions.

Lunch time on the third day and the phone rang. He dropped what he was doing and scrambled for the phone, trying to sound calm as he answered it. "Hello?"

"Hi, Reed?" The female voice on the other end said.

"Yep."

"Hey, this is Arina."

"Oh, hello, how are you doing?" He replied, fist pumping the air.

"Fine thanks, you busy tomorrow?"

"Nope."

"Good, why don't you come on by, say 11am?"

"Sure, I'll see you then." He hung the phone up and ran around his house in a victory lap. Very soon his boredom would come to an end and he'd have something to look forward to.

I am sure getting excited about this. I mean, I'll be crossdressing and working as a secretary. Should I be getting excited about that? I mean I am a man after

all.

The sudden realization ended the victory celebration. He was getting excited for something that could be a total disaster. For all he knew, he could hate the first day and give up. “But what happens if I do enjoy dressing as a girl..... ”

Ok Reed, stop. There are a million different ways this can go. Not worth stressing out over. Keep calm, relaxed, and just go with the flow.

He took a couple deep breaths and let the time go by.

He sat in his car for a couple of minutes as he looked at his watch and at the entrance to the dungeon. There were no cars out in front, just her car parked off to the side. He still had a couple more minutes until 11am. Striking up the nerve to continue, he stepped out of the car.

No turning back now.

“Hey, good morning,” she said from behind the desk. She was fumbling around with a couple of papers and dressed in black leather.

“Good morning to you too” he replied.

“Right, so I have several hours until my first client today, which gives us ample amount of time for ‘orientation’... you excited?”

“Sorta... I'm also a little nervous.”

“Don't be, this is gonna be so much fun, you may actually enjoy it,” she smiled.

“Yea... ” he replied, scratching his head.

“Follow me.” She locked the front door and led him through the main door and back into the hallway and through one of the doors which led straight to the lounge. He looked up the stairs at the doors to her office.

This is it.

He followed her up the stairs and into her office.

“I have gathered all the supplies needed for this experiment. And by all the supplies I mean all the supplies.”

He said nothing.

“Strip. All the way this time, I want you nude.”

He gulped and nodded, taking off all his clothes and setting them on the table. It wasn't long until he stood there in her office, completely naked.

“Don't worry, I've seen plenty of naked men, and ones far more ugly than you.” She patted him on the back and winked. “You won't be needing those for a while.” She quickly folded his clothes and put them into one of the open lockers, securing it with a small padlock. “I don't want you skipping out on me, so this is just a precaution. Unless you want to run outside en femme.” She slid over to the locker next to it, opening it with a key and walked to her desk.

“Have you ever put on a wet suit before?”

“Yes I have.”

“Good.” She grabbed the package from on top of her desk and opened it, tossing the empty cardboard box aside.

“This is a bodysuit. It's built to help males look like females. Made of silicone rubber so it is elastic and stretchy, like pantyhose... only a lot more durable than hose.”

Well this was unexpected. Reed figured she would give him a couple pieces of clothing and a quick make over, but a body suit? That was a whole new level. “I've never... I ugh... that thing legit?”

“Yes, I've known the creator of these particular ones for a long time now, and she decided to let me test her newest line of them. The previous version required a lot of care and maintenance, as well as extra parts, but this one is

a breakthrough. The material is super durable so it's nearly impossible to rip and tear, as well as super light and realistic. It'll give you the look and feel of a smooth, hairless body, and can be worn for days on end!"

"Wow. I don't know... I wasn't expecting a bodysuit."

"Surprised? There are a lot of things that'll surprise you in this line of work. Like what some men and women do for pleasure. The suit also comes with some special bonuses."

"Like what?"

"Well, it has a realistic vagina built in which allows for you to urinate, but you have to sit like a woman."

"Figured as much."

"You're welcome to try standing, but you'll have to clean up the mess yourself."

Reed put his hands in the air. "Don't worry, I'm not stupid enough to try. Sometimes I actually prefer sitting."

"Here you go," she said, tossing him the bodysuit. "Put it on like you would a wet suit. Only stop after you pull it up to your waist, just below the groin area."

She tossed him the suit and he quickly examined it before putting it on. The material was silky smooth and very life-like.

"Those measurements I took of you helped to make this a perfect fit, but they were mostly for your wardrobe."

He sat down on one of the chairs and put his feet into the holes, and then he slid it up his legs, smoothing out any folds or creases. Then he pulled it up and stopped just below his groin area, as she ordered. When he looked down at his feet, he saw no hint at all that he was wearing a body suit, the color of the suit perfectly matched his skin color.

"Ok, here is the apparatus that makes you pee like a woman; it also safely

protects your manhood!”

She walked up to him and knelt down in front of him. She grabbed his dick and slid it into the holder. She then rolled down the silicone sheath until it covered most of his dick. She positioned his balls into their proper spot and pressed it against his stomach.

“This will hold your penis upright, and the sheath will prevent it from sliding out of the catheter, even if you were to become flaccid... please hold this against your stomach for me.”

He placed his hand on top of the device and held it against his stomach. She pulled out a pen and poked a hole in the top part of the vagina. She then fed the long rubber tube through the hole.

“Keep holding it,” she said. She stood up, grabbed the sides of the body suit, and pulled up slowly. Once his waist and groin were covered, she told him to remove his hand.

“You can let go,” she said. “I gotta check to make sure its straight. After today you’re gonna have to do this on your own, or you can just wear the suit for a few days at a time.”

“I’ll think about it...” he said, looking around nervously.

This is just plain weird. The suit is rather comfortable. Maybe I will wear it for longer than a day.

She fumbled around with the groin area, pulling more of the tube to make sure its straight, then felt around the outside to make sure it was all the way up and hugging the skin.

“Ok, it’s in there perfectly, but I need you to bend over now.”

“What for?”

“This suit also comes with an insertable rectum, so you can, you know ... poop.”

“Well that’s convenient.” He turned around and bent over, resting his hands

on the chair.

“Stick your butt out.” He did, and she slid her hand down his crack to make sure the material was straight.

“This suit also matches the topography of your butt for extra comfort.”

“I noticed, it feels like I'm wearing a speedo again.”

She didn't say anything, she only smiled as she stuck a pen into the hole and slowly up his butt.

He grunted in discomfort.

“Don't move, just take it,” she giggled.

“Easy for you to say.” She slid the pen in and out couple times to make sure it was all the way in, then she pulled it out and tossed the pen in the trash.

“Ok, you can stand up now.” Instantly, he stood back up and shook off the experience.

“Is that gonna happen every time I put this on?”

“Yep. Although if you want I can give you something a little thicker to make it go faster.” She smiled and pulled the suit up the rest of the way to his chest. He noticed that the suit had nipples on it, and looking down further, he saw the vagina and agreed that it looked pretty convincing, except for the rubber tube sticking out.

Not even a bulge from my junk.

“Time for the best part: your boobs,” she said smiling. She walked over to the locker and pulled out a wooden box, different from the one she had the other day.

“These are a 36C, bigger than the ones you had on the other day.”

She grabbed the first one and slid it into the suit, making sure the nipples lined up correctly, then did the same with the other. He looked down and

saw the two mounds on his chest, and with the material of the bodysuit, it looked like he had real breasts.

“You can admire those later,” she joked.

She grabbed his hand and fed it through the sleeve and he straightened his arms. They did the same with the other, all while pulling his head through the neck hole. The arm sleeves only went out to his elbow, and the lining on the neck didn’t bother him at all.

“All done... now I expect in the future you will be doing this all by yourself and in half the time it took today, understood?”

“Yes.”

“Yes... ?”

“Yes Mistress.” He added.

“Good... how do you like your new body?”

“It's odd. I can barely feel the material.”

“Walk around the office a bit.”

He did, and after a couple of steps, he felt like he was walking around in the nude. The suit gave no resistance, and he couldn’t even tell that he was wearing one. The one thing he did notice was that the breasts bounced and jiggled with every step, and that he didn’t have anything swinging between his legs.

“Time for the reveal,” she said digging through the small closet in the corner of the office. She rolled out a full length mirror and stopped in front of him.

“Holy crap.” He said, looking at his reflection.

“Yes, one thing I forgot to mention is that the suit also had built in pads so you can have an hourglass figure.”

He stood there, examining his body in the mirror. He felt every surface of his body, from foot to shoulder. The material was truly lifelike, and felt real too. He squeezed his new breasts which felt almost too real. She came back with a pair of scissors and trimmed the tube so it wasn't sticking out. And with that, from the neck down, he had the body of a woman.

"Time for wardrobe!" she said, clapping excitedly. She went back to the locker and pulled out several shrink-wrapped packages and a shoe box.

"Every day when you come in for work, your outfit will be in this locker waiting for you." She opened the first package and tossed him the contents.

"Lingerie first."

The first thing was a black lace bra. He put it on and she clipped the back.

"This is a garter belt, it will hold up your stockings."

"Stockings?!"

"I am a big fan of stockings. This is my place of business and I set the dress code. All employees must wear stockings when told to do so. Now man up and put on those stockings!"

He sighed and wrapped the belt around his now curvy waist and buckled it. She tossed him the stockings, which were black sheer.

"To put these on, roll them up into a donut and slide them up carefully and slowly. The material is easily torn. There is a punishment for tearing stockings."

She demonstrated how to do it with his right leg, and he mimicked her movements and put the stocking on his left leg. He stood up and they clipped the stockings to the garter belt.

"So how do you like being a woman so far?" she said, rubbing his legs.

"It's eh... interesting."

"Can you feel the stockings?"

“Yes I can.”

That’s odd. I can actually feel the fabric of the stockings through the suit. Now that I think about it, the breasts felt real too.

She stood up and tossed him a pair of panties; they were also black lace and matched the bra and garter.

“You put the stockings on first so you can slide the panties on and off for when you need to use the bathroom, or for any other reason which requires you to remove your underwear,” she said, winking.

He stepped into them and slid them up. He could feel the material as he pulled them up and watched as the garment hugged his curves.

“My my, you look so sexy,” she said.

She walked back to the locker and grabbed two more shrink wrap packages. She opened the first one and handed it to him, it was a white button-down blouse, with a modest neck that showed off some of his “cleavage”. Then she opened the other one and gave it to him. It was a short black skirt.

“After you pull it on, there will be a clip around the waist. Afterwards, be sure to adjust it so that the seam is on the back.”

He put it on and adjusted it as she ordered. It hugged the curve of his hips and stopped a few inches above the knee.

“Isn't this a bit too... revealing?”

“Of course not, if you’re going to be my secretary, you have to dress sexy. This is a business built on pleasure.”

“Oh, of course,” he replied.

I hope the skirts don’t get any shorter!

“Don’t worry, it’ll just make you more attractive to the boys,” she teased.

That was something he didn't plan for either. "What happens if I do get hit on?"

"Just go with it, see where your 'womanly instincts' take you. This is a lesson in living as a woman, so I would be doing you a disservice if I prevented you from getting hit on."

"Well, what happens if the guy wants to have sex with me? I'm still a man underneath this bodysuit."

"Then you have sex with him, only if you want to." Before he could say anything, she continued. "I have a little surprise for you. Lift up your skirt and pull down your panties."

"Ok," he said, still confused. He pulled up the skirt and slid his panties down to his knees.

"Good, now sit on this chair and spread your legs."

"W-what?!"

"I gave you an order!" He immediately sat down and spread his legs. She walked over to her desk and opened one of the drawers. She pulled something out and walked back to him with it behind her back.

"Ready?"

He didn't answer, he just stared. She could tell that he was nervous. She revealed what she had hidden behind her back.

"Is that a—"

"It's a dildo." She knelt down in front of him and positioned the dildo at the entrance to his false vagina. "Watch."

She pushed it, and it went into the vagina. She slid it in further and further. When it was all the way in, she rotated it around. He could feel it moving around.

"With the way your penis is hidden, it allows for a cavity which can be

penetrated. See? You have a real working pussy.”

Without warning, she flipped the switch on the end. The dildo started vibrating.

“Oh god,” he said, squirming. He bit his lip as vibrations sent waves of pleasure throughout his body.

“Enjoying it?” She moved the vibrating dildo around the cavity, making sure it rubbed against the inside of the wall. After a couple seconds, she pulled it out and turned it off. “Does that answer your question? If a guy wants to have sex with you, he can.”

Reed didn’t answer, he just sat there, trying to recover from what just happened. She stood him back up, pulled up his panties and straightened out his skirt.

I felt it. I could feel the dildo inside of me...

“Follow me.” She led him across the room to her personal vanity.
“Remember Daniel?”

“Yes.” How could he forget him? The man covered his face in plaster and promised to give him a convincing female face.

“Good, close your eyes.” He did and she went over to her desk and picked up the box. She set it down on the vanity and opened it up. She pulled out the model head with the mask and the wig attached and set it down.

“Ok, you’re going to feel some tugging and what not. Keep your eyes closed.”

His eyes still closed, she removed the mask and wig and placed it on his head. She made sure there were no folds and that it was on straight. Then she turned the chair so that he can't see his reflection in the mirrors of the vanity.

“Can I open my eyes now?”

“Yes, but you still can’t see yourself.” She rolled a mini cart next to him and

on it he could see many different types of makeup products.

“Well, you look like a damn good woman right now, but some makeup will make it perfect.” She began the process. After some blush, mascara, eye liner, eye shadow and lip stick, she finished.

“All done.”

“Can I see myself yet?”

“No, you still need one last thing.” She left and came back with the shoe box. She opened it up and revealed the shoes.

“These are 5” black patent leather heels, the perfect heel for any secretary, with an added inch for sex appeal.”

They did look sexy.

She slid them on, and they fit perfectly. She lifted him out of the chair and walked him over to the full length mirror, which was turned around.

“Drum roll please!” she said as she turned the mirror around, allowing him to see his new appearance.

“Oh, my god,” he said. The heels were hard to stand in, and the shock of the transformation almost toppled him over. He stumbled and she grabbed him, making sure he didn’t fall. With his balance restored, she let him inspect his new look.

He was lucky to get any words out because in the reflection was not Reed, or anything close. It was a drop dead gorgeous brunette, with the perfect figure, in a very sexy secretary outfit.

“I can't believe this is me! I look so... so... ”

“Sexy? Beautiful? Stunning? Feminine?”

“Yes... all of those.” He continued to stare into the mirror. Still doubting, he made various movements and gestures and the woman in the mirror mimicked them perfectly. **“This is the kind of woman I dreamed of getting**

with, now I am that woman.”

“Oh one last thing.” She grabbed the velvet case on the table and showed it to him.

“What is that? A necklace?”

“No, better.” She opened it up. It looked like a band-aid, but it had electronic circuits on it.

“What is that?”

“Wait and see.” She removed it and applied it to his neck, right on his Adam's Apple.

“Give it a second... ok say: hello my name is Reed.”

“Hello, my name is Reed.” He spoke, but what came out of his mouth wasn't his usual voice. Instead it was a female's. “Holy shit! Is that my voice?!” He spouted gibberish, and listened carefully. “I have a woman's voice!”

“Now it is complete. Bye-bye Reed, hello Raye.”

“Raye... ”

She put her hand on his shoulder. “Standing in front of me is a woman, not a man, so you need a woman's name.”

“That does make sense.” He said, stroking his throat.

“And since you will be working for me, there is one more thing I require of you.” She pulled out another case, this time there was a necklace in it. Except it wasn't a necklace, but a leather collar with a gold heart tag.

“A collar?!”

“Yes, you are working for me, thus you are submissive to me, and therefore you'll need a reminder should you think of acting up.” She said handing him the collar, “Put it on.”

He held the collar in his hands and inspected it. On the gold heart tag was his name: Raye, written in a fancy cursive font. He wrapped the collar around his neck and buckled it. The gold tag shined brightly.

“That collar also serves to cover your Adam’s apple and the voice changer... and from now on, you must address me as Mistress or Mistress Arina. Failure to do so will result in punishment.”

“What kind of punishment... Mistress?”

“Nice save. It starts off easy; spankings, but more mistakes you make, the worse it gets.”

He said nothing.

“Come now Raye, time for orientation.”

“Yes mistress,” he said.

God, what have I gotten myself into. But hey, this is one hell of a body!

Chapter Four

Day 1

He followed her out of the office and down the stairway to the lounge. Walking in high heels was foreign enough, but going down the stairs was even harder. A couple of times Reed had a death-grip on the handrail, otherwise he might've slipped and broken his neck.

Yea, let's not kill ourselves on the first day. Imagine the headline!

Doing his best to keep up with her pace, he followed her out of the lounge and back through the series of doors that ended with the front entrance. She opened the half door and motioned for him to enter the reception desk. He moved the ergonomic office chair out of the way and looked at the desk in front of him. It took a couple seconds for the scale of the clutter to sink in.

“Oh wow,” he said, marveling at the mess.

“Like I said, I'm not very organized.” The wall of reception desk was high enough to hide the stacks of paper from visitors. Only if you walked right up to the desk did you see the anarchy.

“Mixed in the mess are client info sheets, order forms, tax documents, mail... everything you can think of that a small business would require. Somewhere buried there is a computer and a very nice one too. Your job is to thoroughly organize these papers as well as create, update, and organize the client info onto the computer. It will probably take you a good deal of time, hell it'll probably take you days. Also there is a telephone buried in there. You will also be required to answer the phone, schedule appointments, inform me when clients get here, escort VIPs to the lounge, and get them a drink if they ask for it, get the mail when it arrives and sort it, as well as handling money from the clients and sending out bills and invoices. Basically everything a secretary, receptionist, and intern does. Do I make myself clear Raye?”

“Yes Mistress,” he replied, trying to figure out where he was going to start.

“That's what I like to hear! Now plop that cute womanly ass in that chair and get to work!”

“Yes Mistress.” He said, sitting down in the chair.

“I'll come and check back on you later, then we'll go to lunch.” With her orders given, she unlocked the front door and disappeared back into the heart of the dungeon, leaving Reed to start organizing.

After about 20 minutes of silence, Arina's first client of the day arrived.

Reed's throat tightened and his mouth dried up.

Ok Reed, act natural. You've dealt with secretaries and receptionists before. What would they say?

The man opened the door and walked up to the desk. He was an older man in his late 30s. He wore a suit and tie, as if he drove straight from his office here. He walked with confidence, showing no signs of nervousness or hesitation.

Must be a returning client.

“Good afternoon,” he said.

“Hello, do you have an appointment?” Reed asked.

“Yes I do, at noon.”

“One moment.” Reed slid the chair to the end of the paper pile where a clipboard with the day's schedule was hastily written. Scribbled on the paper next to the word 'noon' was the man's name.

“Mister... Rodgers?” Reed asked.

“That's me,” the man said, tapping his fingers on the desk.

Reed picked up the phone and pushed the button, connecting to Arina's office. “Mistress, your noon appointment is here.” He said into the intercom.

“Thank you Raye, I'll be right out.” Arina replied. Reed hung up the phone

and turned to the man.

“You may take a seat anywhere. She’ll see you in a moment.”

“Thank you... say are you new here?” he asked, hovering by the counter.

“Yes, I just started today.” Reed said, smiling.

“Oh, that's nice... I like your collar, did Lady Arina give it to you?” The man pointed to his neck.

“Yes she did.” Reed replied, playing with the gold heart tag.

“Looks nice on you.”

“Thank you.”

“So, what do you do in your free time?” The man asked nervously.

Wow. It's only noon on the first day of being a full-time woman and I'm getting hit on. His he nervous? Am I doing that to him?

“Well, I like to watch movies—”

“Now now, don’t be hitting on my secretary. She may be new, but for now, she is off limits.” Arina said standing in the doorway.

“Yes, I apologize Mistress.” The man said, turning away from Reed.

“Raye, back to work... you come with me.”

“Yes Mistress,” they both said in unison. He motioned to Reed before walking through the doorway leading into the dungeon. Arina smiled at Reed before closing the door. Reed was once again left alone with the papers.

“God damn she has so many papers... but at least she’s consistent.” He said, trying to develop a system for organizing them.

Journal Entry, Day 1:

Well it happened today, I walked into Arina's—Mistress Arina's——shop as a man, and for many hours I was a woman. The transformation was slow, but man it was effective. It only took an hour, but within that hour, she put me into a body suit, dressed me up, gave me a new face and hair, and changed my voice!... oh yeah my “vagina” was penetrated by a vibrator dildo and I was hit on by one of her clients.

I spent the entire day organizing her papers and man, I am not even halfway through sorting them all! Fortunately I was given a lunch break. During that break I went through a crash course on how to walk, talk, and act like a woman. Then she gave me a purse, complete with emergency makeup kit, tampons (yes, tampons), and a fake ID for my female persona, Raye.

So basically I put my wallet and keys in the purse and we left for lunch. Yes, I had to go out in public dressed in my secretary outfit. We went to this restaurant and I had to order a salad, but fortunately she was more lenient with the drinks. The whole time I felt like I was being looked at, so it was awkward, and I wanted to get back to her dungeon ASAP. In the car ride back, she reassured me that I'll get used to it... hopefully I can.

The rest of the day was spent organizing papers; I had to answer the phone a couple times, schedule some appointments, and greet her clients. One of them was a VIP, so I had to escort him to the lounge and get him a drink. He spelled it out to me when he ordered it, which made making it easier.

When 7pm rolled around (her weekday closing time) she walked me through the undressing process. Remove makeup first, then collar, voice strip, mask, clothes (which she had me put into a special hamper), shoes, which I had to put back in the locker. I'll probably be wearing those again..... which I don't mind. The whole thing has got me intrigued, and I'm honestly looking forward to dressing up again. After the clothes came the body suit, which was surprisingly easy.

She told me that before I come in tomorrow, I have to shower and shave my arms.

Tomorrow is going to be another interesting day.

Chapter Five

Last Minute Adjustments

Waking up early, Reed eagerly dragged himself out of bed. He jumped into his shower and shaved, preparing himself for another day at work. In the back of his mind, he was still worried at the fact that he was excited to go to work, where he would turn himself into a woman and work as a secretary at a BDSM dungeon.

“Good morning Reed.” Arina greeted him as he walked into the lobby. She was sitting in one of the chairs, reading a magazine.

“Morning,” he said back.

She looked up at him from behind the magazine. “Morning... ?”

“Oh, good morning Mistress.” He replied, praying he wouldn’t get in trouble.

“I’m gonna let that one slide,” she said, standing up. She tossed the magazine onto the table next to the chairs and walked up to Reed. “Let me see your arms.” He rolled his sleeves back and showed her his hairless arms. “Good, good, you shaved them. I saw you made some progress with the paperwork.”

“Yes Mistress. There is a lot, but I expect to get it all sorted by the end of the day or tomorrow. Then I can work on digitizing them.”

“Good, yes, I did expect it to take a while, but you’re going faster than I expected, good job. Good work earns rewards.” She winked.

“Thank you Mistress.”

“Now upstairs! Everything is in your locker.” She opened the door and he

followed her to her office. Inside were the three lockers, however, one of them now had a placard that read: "Raye". "That is your locker, and it will be yours for however long you work for me. Now, get dressed! I'll be timing you! I hope to see an improvement every day. I'll stop the clock when it's time for makeup... now go!" She clicked the button on her stopwatch.

Reed quickly removed all his clothes and set them aside.

"Neatly! A woman is never a slob!"

He quickly folded his clothes, then opened the locker. He pulled out the body suit and began to slide it on. He stopped at his groin area and attached the vagina. He adjusted the tube, then pulled it up past his waist and up to his chest. He grabbed the breast forms and stuffed them into the body suit. He slid his arms through the holes and his neck through the neck hole. When it was on completely, he made sure there were no creases or folds, and made sure his breasts were straight.

"A-hem." He stopped and looked at Arina. She was holding something, but it wasn't a pen instead something thicker: a sharpie. Then he remembered he had to insert the rectum. He gulped, grabbed the pen and bent over. He slid his hand down his crack and found the hole. He slowly inserted the marker. Arina let out an annoyed sigh, and loudly tapped her foot. He took the cue and quickly inserted the rest of the pen, then rotated it around inside. Then he pulled it out and set it aside.

She let out a little giggle when he stood back up. He went to the locker and pulled out the shrink wrap packages and set them on the table. It was the same outfit as yesterday, at least he thought it was. He put on the bra, then the belt, followed by the stockings and finally the panties. All were the same as yesterday. Then he grabbed the blouse and put it on, noticing it was slightly different. It was fitted to show off more of his cleavage, for it was tighter around his waist as well as having a more defined V-neck. Then he put on the skirt. It was only slightly shorter, but definitely noticeable.

"I thought your outfit needed some fine tuning. Don't worry, it won't change any more after today."

He slid on the heels then walked over to the vanity and sat down on the chair. One thing he noticed was that his hips swayed more when he walked.

“I see your movements have become more natural, and those heels don’t seem to be giving you a problem either... this is good yes?”

“Yes Mistress,” he replied.

It’s weird how natural this is becoming...

He grabbed the mask and pulled it on and opened the velvet case, putting on the voice patch, followed by the collar.

“Nice job.” She said, stopping the timer. “Now tomorrow I expect you to go just as fast including the time it takes to put on the makeup.” She sat down on the counter next to him, smiling. “Now, you will be doing all the makeup by yourself today, but I will be guiding you.”

He opened up the makeup kit in front of him and proceeded, with her guidance. When he was done, she did a close inspection. “You did a good job, but there is room for improvement. If you want, I can send a kit home with you so you can practice. Now put your belongings in your purse and head downstairs and get to work.”

“Yes Mistress,” he replied.

She remained in her office as he walked down the stairs, navigating through the hallways back out to the main lobby. He took the keys out of his purse and unlocked the front door. Smiling to himself, he sat down in the large chair behind the counter. He surveyed the massive paperwork pile, cracked his knuckles and looked at the clock.

“9am. Time to work.”

Chapter Six

Shopping!

Journal Entry, Day 4:

Well it's Thursday, which means I've been working for Mistress Arina for 4 days now. Each day getting ready, which she has dubbed "the process", gets smoother and smoother. Yesterday I got dressed no problem, but it took me too long to put my makeup on, so I was subjected to my first punishment, spankings. I have to admit, while it was painful, I was slightly turned on by it; a sexy secretary getting spanked by a dominatrix. While I have had fantasies about two women going at it like that, I never thought I'd be the one dressed like that getting spanked.

One thing I noticed is as the days go by, I can feel myself changing. I feel as though I'm becoming Raye more and more. I see things differently. When Mistress Arina takes me out to lunch, I see the world in a different way. I'm nearly done with all the paper work, and because I'm working on the client profiles, she had me sign a confidentiality contract. She sees on average 5-6 clients a day, mostly men, but some women; no one I know or even recognize. Most of them are regulars, and nearly all of them have tried in some way, shape, or form to hit on me, but the Mistress reminds them that I'm 'off limits'.

Oh well, work is work... then there was what happened to me after work today...

"So it's been four days now and you've completely organized all the paperwork. You're well on your way to getting it all digitized. Not only that, but you've been completely submissive and never once acted out. I see a need for a celebration, don't you think?"

Reed continued typing away at the computer. His legs were crossed and the way he was sitting, his breasts were about ready to burst through the blouse. “What kind of celebration, Mistress?”

“Tomorrow night is one of those rare Fridays when I finish before 8pm. So I think we need to go out to a club and I know of the perfect one.”

He froze. His fingers stopped mid-typing and he turned towards her. “G-go out?! To a club?”

“Of course! Don’t worry, I am a regular at this club, all the guys there are very nice and respectable.”

“I... I...” He was shaking nervously. Going out to lunch was fine because it only required interaction from one person, the waiter or waitress. Going out to a club meant interacting with a lot of people. A lot of horny and drunk people. He thought it was bad enough getting hit on by her clients, but going to a club where she has no authority would be a nightmare.

She was oblivious to his nervous state. “That means we get to go shopping! And you desperately need to get your nails done.”

“Shopping?! Nail salon?!”

“Yes, don’t worry your pretty little head, it’s gonna be tons of fun. Finish what you are doing, then we’ll close up and head on out.” She exited the lobby and disappeared behind the black door. He waited for her to be out of sight before he panicked. He put his face in his hands as his mind went a million miles an hour. His thoughts raced through all the different scenarios from absolutely nothing happening to getting brought outside and raped in a dark alley by a group of drunk and horny men.

Oh god, what am I going to do!?

He finished up the client profile he was working on and turned off the computer. By the time he was done, Arina had gone up to her office, changed, and was back down at the lobby.

“Grab your purse and let's go Raye.” He followed her outside and they got into her car. They drove for a few minutes and arrived at their destination,

the local mall. They got out and headed to the women's dress section. He constantly scanned his surroundings, hoping to not see anyone he knew.

“Ok, we need to find a nice club dress for you, and a new pair of shoes to match.” For nearly an hour Arina was going around the store, looking at all the dresses. She'd occasionally find one, pull it out of the rack, examine it further then put them back. After going through many potential candidates, she finally decided on one. It was a blue cocktail dress that had no sleeves. It was made of a kind of shiny silk material and was rather form fitting.

“You need to try this on, blue is definitely your color,” Arina said.

“Yes Mistress,” he replied. She handed him the dress and they went into the women's changing room. He went into the stall and removed his blouse and skirt, then he slid on the dress.

“Come on out when you're dressed, I want to see you in it.” He opened the door and stepped out. “Let me zip you up in the back... ok good. Now step back and give me a spin. Oh my god you look so gorgeous in that dress... its perfect!”

“Really? I think it's kind of revealing.” It was cut low in the back, so much of his upper back would be exposed, and it was even shorter than the skirt he had on earlier.

“That's the point of a cocktail dress, you're supposed to look sexy and kind of slutty.”

A woman walked into the dressing room and stopped next to them. “Wow, that dress does look good on you... you have such nice legs, it's perfect.”

“Thanks,” he replied. He turned to Arina who was smiling. “Ok, I'll get it.”

“Yay! Now for some shoes, change back into your uniform and let's go shoe shopping.” He stepped back into the room and before he changed out of the dress, he gave himself one last look

I do look really good in this dress, part of me really wants to wear it ...

He changed out of the dress and they went to the cashier to pay for it. Arina

took out a similar envelope and paid with cash.

She saw that he was looking at the envelope. “Yes, all the stuff you’ve been wearing I’ve paid for with the money you gave me.” He grabbed the dress, which was now on a hanger in a plastic dress bag and they headed to the shoe section. After a much shorter search, Arina found a pair of shoes for him to wear.

“Ok, these are perfect. You have to wear them, ok?”

“Yes Mistress,” he said. They were a pair of 5” silver strappy sandals.

Those are some cute shoes... wait a second, did I just say cute?! God, with that dress and those shoes, I'm gonna be getting a lot of attention tomorrow... I'm in for an interesting night!

“Ok, let's pay and head over to the nail salon. Later we’ll get this dress cleaned.” After a painful hour, his finger and toe nails were cleaned, polished, shaped, and painted a bright crimson red.

It's a good thing I live alone. Don't want anyone to see me with these nails!

Chapter Seven

A Night to Remember

He barely got any sleep at all that night. Reed tossed and turned in his bed, his mind racing. In the glow of the moon, he could see his painted nails. They were so smooth and shiny. Many times he caught himself staring at them, lost in their beauty and elegance. All his life his nails were poorly kept. He would bite and pick at his nails, leaving them jagged, short, and uneven. Never once did he polish them. Seeing them in this newly renovated state was strange.

When he did manage to get some sleep, he dreamed about being a woman at a night club. He dreamt about wearing a short dress and high heels; the gaze of the men upon his smooth and sexy body, the lights of the dance floor shining down on his body. The mass of bodies on the dance floor closed in around him and before he knew it, there was a group of guys surrounding him, cutting him off from the outside world. One stood in front of him and danced, his body rubbing against Reed's. The man's hands grabbed Reed's ass and playfully squeezed it.

Another man stood behind him, and Reed was stuck in a manwich. The man in front of him grabbed and played with Reed's breasts. The man behind him reached around the front and rubbed Reed's thigh. His other hand moving slowly north. Reed could feel the man's hot breath on his back, it was intoxicating. The three bodies moved in unison.

The man in front of him gently pulled down the front of Reed's dress, revealing his plump breasts. Beads of sweat glimmered in the neon lights. The man's tongue licked and played with Reed's nipples. The man behind him slid his fingers into Reed's panties, pulling them down.

Reed did not resist. The man's fingers slid into his pussy and Reed bit his lip. The man in front of him continued playing with his breasts while the man behind him finger fucked Reed.

Their pace quickened and Reed's body temperature rose as he climaxed, his

pussy oozing their juices onto the man's fingers. Raye moaned and Reed sprang up. Breathing heavily, he looked around. Relieved to find himself in his house and alone, Reed rubbed his head with his hands. His body was drenched in sweat and feeling wet in his crotch, he pulled his sheets aside to find his boxers stained with cum.

He climbed out of bed and staggered to his bathroom. He turned on the lights and looked at himself in the mirror. His male self looked back at him from the reflection. He splashed his face with cold water from the sink and took off his boxers, draping them on the shower door. He turned off the lights and crawled back into bed, too tired to put on a clean pair of underwear.

Closing his eyes, he looked at the clock. 4am. Sighing, he drifted off into a dreamless sleep.

"I'm so excited for tonight! Are you excited Raye?" Arina stood in the doorway, waiting for her next client.

"Sorta, Mistress." He said, his eyes remaining glued to the screen. His dream from the night before has been bothering him all day. He kept it to himself, and he tried to get his mind off of it by focusing on the job in front of him."

Arina could tell something was bothering him, but she decided to let it be. "Oh, don't worry. After tonight, you're going to be glad you went out! Now be careful not to break a nail while typing on the computer, ok?"

"Yes Mistress." As the hours went by, the paper pile diminished. Pretty soon all that was left were bills and other financial documents that needed to get filed.

Then 8pm rolled around.

The phone rang, the red light signaling the call coming from Arina's office flashed. Reed pushed the speaker phone button. "Raye, I've finished with my last client, finish up what you're doing and meet me in my office."

“Yes Mistress.” He replied. He hung the phone up and got to a stopping point in his work. Finishing, he stood up and as he did, he realized that his skirt had gotten caught and it rode up on his legs, showing off the tops of his stockings and his panties. What made matters worse was that the client happened to walk by when that happened.

Red with embarrassment, Reed apologized to the client.

“Don’t be, you have nice legs.” He said, winking.

“Thank you.” Reed replied, his face still red. He waited for the man to leave before having a panic attack.

How embarrassing! Thank god I have this bodysuit on or else he would’ve seen my package!

He fixed his skirt, locked the front door and headed upstairs. Reed opened the door to her office and caught her changing. “Oh, sorry Mistress, didn’t mean walk in!”

“Nonsense, we’re both women here,” she joked. “It would be different if you were a man. Your stuff is in your locker, keep only your panties on, you won’t need your bra or stockings.”

Reed ignored the comment about him not being a man. He stripped off his clothes and put them in the basket. He unclipped his bra and removed his stockings and garter belt, placing them in the hamper too. He opened the locker and there it was: the blue dress, and right below it were the shoes. He took a deep breath and took it out. He slid on the dress, zipped up the back, and straightened it out, then he put on the heels, and fastened the straps. He turned and looked at himself in the mirror.

God damn. Once again I’m looking at the kind of woman I’d want to pick up at a club. Why do I have to be that woman?

“Looking good,” Arina said. He turned to thank her and froze in shock and awe. She was wearing a black and red leather mini dress.

“You look amazing Mistress,” he managed to say.

“Thank you Raye. Now come here, you need some last minute accessories.” He walked over to her, and since the heels were the same height, he had no problem walking in them. One thing he did notice was that the soft material of the dress was rubbing against his legs, and it felt like everyone could see his panties. She pointed to the vanity chair. He sat down and she began ruffling through some of the drawers.

“Since you have that collar on, you don’t need a necklace, but you do need these.” She pulled out two earrings and clipped them to his ears. Then she gave him a gold bracelet and a ring. She also touched up his makeup with a nice layer of shiny lip gloss and a couple sprays of perfume. “All done, now, grab your purse and let's go clubbing!”

And with that, the night officially began. He climbed into her car and they drove off. After a little while they arrived at the club. The entire car ride he tried to hide his nervousness, his thoughts constantly bringing up the dream from the night before.

No matter what happens, I’m not going to lose myself in there.

When they pulled up, Reed felt as though his heart was gonna burst out of his chest. Arina had the car valet parked and they walked towards the doors. Reed could feel the eyes of every man, and woman, on him. He bit his lip and tried to hide the nervous shaking in his legs. “Wow, that's a long line, you sure we’re gonna get in?” He asked, hoping she would give up and call it a night.

“Of course. Raye, do you doubt your mistress?”

“No Mistress.” He said quietly, hoping no one would hear him. They walked past the line and up to the entrance, where they were greeted by a big bouncer.

“Hello Arina... and who is the brunette?” he said, pointing to Reed.

“Oh she is with me.”

The man looked hard at Reed.

Oh god, he knows... he knows I’m a man. He’s going to call me out in front of

all these people.

“Alright, have a good time tonight ladies.” He removed the velvet rope and waved them in, smiling happily. Reed followed Arina up the stairs into the club. He heard complaints coming from the people in line, but they were silenced when the door closed behind him.

He turned away from the door and stayed close to his mistress. The last thing Reed wanted was to get separated from her and be on his own. It was a large club, in the middle was a huge dance floor surrounded by lights. There was a long bar and many chairs and tables and an upstairs section that overlooked the bottom floor.

“Come on!” Arina yelled over the music. She grabbed his hand and led him over to the bar, where they sat down. Reed’s eyes were everywhere. He death-gripped his purse and kept his body turned away from the viewing public.

“What will it be ladies?” the bartender asked.

“Jack and coke and a cosmo.” Arina replied, “Put it on my tab.”

“Of course, Lady Arina.” The bartender said, shying away. Reed did a double-take between the bartender and Arina. She tapped her nose with her finger.

“So, what do you think?” she asked.

“It's pretty happening tonight, but I am very nervous,” Reed replied.

“Don’t worry, once you get a couple drinks in you, all those worries will vanish and you’ll enjoy yourself.”

Reed said nothing. The dream still lingered in his consciousness.

“Here you go.” The bartender placed the two drinks on the table. Reed reached for the jack and coke, but Arina slapped his hand. She wagged her finger at him and grabbed the drink, leaving the cosmo for Reed.

Shit. She is totally messing with me.

She laughed as Reed sipped the cosmo.

For a while they sat at the bar and chatted. Arina asked him about working for her and how he was doing. Then she asked him about being a woman and if he was enjoying that too. He replied and honestly said that each day it was getting easier and easier, and that it was also getting more and more interesting. Part of him was truly enjoying the experience, and another part was still uncomfortable about it.

“Glad to hear it. Now if we can only suppress that male subconscious of yours, you’d have more fun... and so would I!”

A couple drinks later and the alcohol was helping Reed relax.

That’s when everything changed.

The bartender placed another cosmo in front of Reed. “Here you go, from the man over there.” The bartender said, pointing to the man.

Arina patted him on the back. “Wow, congrats Raye. The first time a man has ordered you a drink... and he’s cute too,” she said. He didn’t know how to reply. He looked over and saw the man. He was staring at him and looked as though he was checking Reed out. Reed blushed slightly at the embarrassment.

“Oh my god, you’re blushing!” Arina said, laughing.

“No I am not!” he replied, sipping the drink.

“Don’t look now, but I think he’s coming over here.”

“Shit, what do I do?!”

“Act natural honey. Do what a woman would do.”

“Thanks for the advice,” Reed replied sarcastically.

He turned and the man was already next to him, the suddenness of his appearance startled Reed. “Oh, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to scare you,” he said. “My name is David, but you can call me Dave.”

Oh god, what do I do, what do I do?

“Heh, don’t worry about it. I’m kind of a wuss,” Reed replied.

The man laughed. “So what may I ask is your name?”

Reed said nothing, and Arina immediately nudged him in the back.

“Oh, sorry, my name is Re—Raye,” he said, extending his hand.

“Nice to meet you Raye.” Dave replied, shaking his hand. “Care to dance?”

Reed felt another nudge in his back.

“Oh, yea, of course.” He said, scratching his head. Dave stood up, and stuck out his hand. Reed took a deep breath, and grabbed Dave’s hand. He helped Reed up and led him to the dance floor. As they were walking, Reed looked back to Arina, who set his purse and drink next to hers, and gave him a ‘thumbs up’. They went down the steps and went out on to the dance floor and Arina vanished behind the wall of people.

Dave made his way through the crowd, keeping Reed close. He stopped at a clearing and began to dance.

Ok Reed, you can do this. Just dance and maybe he’ll lose interest and find another chick.

He started dancing. The DJ was playing a catchy electronic-dance song, and Reed tried his best to move with the music. He looked up and saw Dave was getting close to him. He looked again and saw that Dave was looking up and down, admiring Reed’s figure. Hoping not to meet eye to eye, Reed looked around at the crowd. All of the other girls were pretty much right on top of their guys. Some were facing each other, while others had their backs to them. He remembered that pretty much since high school, this is how couples danced at clubs. He turned back to Dave who was now looking into his eyes. Their gazes met and a switch flipped in Reed’s head. He put his hands in the air and turned around, allowing Dave to get right on his back.

So this is what it’s like to dance as a chick.

Dave put his hand on Reed's hips and pulled him in closer. The two bodies appeared to have merged into one as they moved with the music. The two of them danced like that for the remainder of the unusually-long song. A mixture of the heat from all the nearby bodies and all the alcohol he had fogged his mind and his vision. Thanks to the catchy beat of the music, he danced more freely. He could feel beads of sweat form at his brow and slide down his neck and through his cleavage. Dave's hands moved slowly, one went around Reed's hip and onto his thigh. The other went up past his waist and up to his breast.

He's feeling me up! And why am I not disgusted?! Am I... am I enjoying getting felt up? I... I must not let this get out of control.

He separated his body from Dave's and turned around to face him. He grabbed Dave's arms and placed them on his hips and he put his arms around Dave's shoulders. Thanks to the heels he was wearing, Reed was almost as tall as him.

Dave slid his hands further south, stopping above Reed's butt. Dave pulled Reed closer to him and he could feel Dave's hot breath on his face.

Well, that didn't help either, now I'm face to face with him. At least his breath doesn't smell bad.

Dave looked down into Reed's eyes and smiled, and Reed smiled in return. Then it happened: Dave leaned forward and kissed Reed.

Oh shit! Need to think, I got to—

His train of thought was cut off as his body reacted on its own: by kissing Dave back.

What is happening to me! I'm kissing a cute guy, wait did I just say cute again?! But I'm not a woman, I am a man... a man... a—oh fuck it, I'm a god-damn woman tonight!

Raye continued kissing Dave, going further with the addition of tongue. After what seemed like an eternity, they separated.

"You're a good kisser," he said.

“Thank you,” she replied.

“I had a really good time with you tonight.”

“So did I.”

“Here, call me sometime.” He said, handing Raye a business card.

“Thanks.” Raye tucked the card into her cleavage.

“No, thank you,” He replied. He gave her a quick kiss on the cheek, and left the dance floor. The switch flipped back. Dumbfounded at what just happened, Reed headed back up to the bar. Arina was still there, chatting up some guy.

“Bartender, shot of whiskey!” He said.

“Coming right up miss.”

“So, how was your first kiss?”

“Magical... wait, no, it was horrible. I kissed a man for Pete’s sake!”

“From my point of view, you looked like you enjoyed it and hell, you should’ve seen yourself dancing... you were wonderful.”

“Yeah, I didn’t know I could dance like that,” he said drinking the shot.

“Another.”

“Coming right up.”

“It was strange. There I was dancing with this guy. I looked around and saw all the other girls dancing there, and then bam, it was as if Raye just switched on, taking full control... it was weird.” He took another shot. “And with that music, the booze, and that god damn heat, I just lost myself, I mean, look, I’m all sweaty!”

“Yea, you do reek of BO. Let’s get out of here... back to my place. You ready to go?”

“Yes,” he said, finishing the last shot. “Thanks barkeep.” he said, now

drunk.

“Have a good night miss.”

Arina helped Reed up, gave him his purse and they left the club. They stepped outside and the cool night air was refreshing.

“Ahh, that feels good. It’s like 400° in there.” The valet returned with Arina’s car and they drove off, arriving at the dungeon in no time. They got out and headed inside. They went to her office and Reed sat down on one of the chairs. Arina opened her locker and began to undress. Reed turned and saw her standing there in nothing but lingerie. In an alcohol-induced fit of confidence, He stood up and walked up to her.

“What do you want Raye?” she asked.

“This.” He grabbed her head and kissed her. Seconds later the scope of what he did hit him. “Oh crap, I’m so sorry Mistress! I didn’t mean to.”

“You know Raye, you’re quite the little tramp. First you make out with a guy at the club and now you’re kissing me.” She said, wiping her mouth.

“I’m sorry, Mistress, I’m sorry.” Reed said, backing up into the corner.

I’m in deep shit.

“Raye! Take off your shoes and your dress and hang it up,” she ordered. “I’ve been waiting for you to slip.”

“Yes Mistress.” He quickly unzipped the dress and slid it off, hanging it up in his locker and setting the shoes on the bottom. Now he was standing there in nothing but his panties and the collar.

“You’ve been a bad girl and now you need to get punished.”

Oh crap.

“Downstairs, now!” He turned and ran out the door. He went down the stairs and waited in the lounge area. “Go through that door and go down the hall to the red door and wait there.” He opened the door behind him and

maneuvered through the short hallway and stopped next to the big red door. He waited there for several minutes, wondering where Arina was. Then he saw her turn down the hallway. She was dressed in her dominatrix outfit. She opened the door and motioned for him to go in. Inside was a vast assortment of machines, torture equipment, leather straps, chains..... the whole shebang. She walked over to a closet and opened it up.

“Come here,” she ordered. He ran up to her and waited. “I’m going to give you some clothes, and you’re gonna put them on, no questions asked, got it?”

“Yes Mistress.” She nodded and reached into the closet. The first thing she pulled out was a pink leather corset. She slid it on him and fastened the back. It squeezed his body, giving it a more defined hourglass curve, as well as enhancing his cleavage.

“Take those panties off.” He did and set them aside. She handed him a pair of white fishnet stockings and ordered for him to put them on. After he put them on she handed him a pink leather thong, which he immediately put on.

“The best part,” she smiled.

She then pulled out a pair of pink, 6” heels with clear soles. Stripper heels. He slid them on and fastened the buckle. At first he wobbled thanks to the added inch, but he managed to gain his balance. She pulled out a pink mini dress, which was made of very thin and stretchy material. So when he pulled it down, it barely covered his ass. It had long sleeves and at the each wrist as well as at the hemline there was pink fuzz.

“Almost done. Looking good slut.”

Reed said nothing.

“I said, looking good slut!”

“Thank you Mistress!”

“You’re damn right whore. Now close your eyes for a couple of seconds.” When he was given the go-ahead to open them, he was confused because nothing was different about her. But then he looked down. Arina had put on

a strap-on dildo. “Seeing as to how you easily let a guy dry-hump you on the dance floor, then you swallowed his tongue, and then you tried to make a move on me, I’m guessing you’re one hell of a slut. And sluts like you deserve what they crave so they learn the consequences, you understand?”

“Yes Mistress.” Reed was scared shitless, but there was something about her presence. He wanted to run away, but he stayed and obeyed her every command. He needed to be punished.

“Good, now walk on over to that horse.”

“Yes Mistress.” He turned and walked away.

“Wiggle your butt you tramp!” She slapped his ass with a riding crop. He squirmed and made sure to wiggle his butt as he walked through the room. He arrived at the horse and turned to look at Arina. “Bend over it.” He gulped and bent over it. She walked over and fastened his heels and wrists to the machine.

“You ready to get fucked whore?”

He gulped. “Yes Mistress.”

Not like this... not like this.

“I’ll bet you are.” She lubed up the dildo and lifted up the bottom of the minidress. She pulled down the pink thong and played with his ass. After teasing him for a couple of seconds she slid the dildo in.

Reed yelped, and she pulled out. “What a tight little pussy we have here.” She put the dildo back in and began sliding in and out, going deeper and faster each time. In no time she was thrusting the whole thing in, and continued to go faster. Amidst the sounds of bodies slapping into each other, Reed moaned and groaned.

“Ohhhhh yes,” she yelled, tilting her head back. Reed continued to moan. “You like it bitch?”

“No-OOO!” He said, trying to fight it.

“No?! it sure sounds like you do.” She squeezed his ass as she continued fucking him.

I can't think straight... it's too much...

“I... I... ”

“Say it,” she ordered.

“I... do.” He replied.

I can't fight it any more. It feels too good...

“What?” She grabbed his hair, pulling his ear to her mouth.

“I like it!” His jaw went slack and his tongue hung loose.

“Say it!”

“I like getting butt-fucked!” He gripped the supports of the horse as the tone of his voice shifted.

This is amazing... I... I love being fucked like a girl!

“What is your name?”

“My name is... Reed.”

“Wrong!” she said, slapping his ass.

“Ohhhhh,” he grunted.

“What is your name whore?”

“Raye.”

“And what are you Raye?”

“I'm a slut.” His total submission sent him over the edge. His body was swimming in erotic ecstasy. His mind went blank as he felt his dick throb and pulse. He orgasmed, and a flood of white fluid leaked out his vagina. At

the same time Arina screamed, her desire sated, or so he thought. She pulled the dick out of his ass and walked in front of him. His eyes followed the black rubber dick as it bounced. He craved it like a dog craves a bone.

“Not done yet.” She opened his mouth and slid the dildo in. “You like the taste of cock?”

“Mmmmmrmmm,” he mumbled.

I do... I love it.

“What?” she said, pulling out.

“Yes Mistress!” She stuck it back in and continued.

After sometime, she pulled out. Reed was exhausted, breathing heavily. Arina uncuffed him and helped him stand up, putting him next to a chair. She sat down and pulled Reed in front of her. She guided him down onto her and she aimed her dildo into the false vagina. It entered the cavity and Reed rode Arina in the cowgirl position.

Arina flipped a switch, turning on the vibrator. Both were moaning in pleasure. Reed came again as he continued to ride Arina’s cock. Arina grabbed him, stood up and laid Reed down on a nearby table. Arina climbed on top of him and he wrapped his legs around her as she continued to fuck him.

After several minutes, she pulled out, turned off the vibrator and helped Reed up. He had no strength left and she had to do all the work. She helped him back up the stairs and into her office where she laid him out on the couch. She took off his heels tossed them aside. Reed instantly passed out from exhaustion, and Arina didn’t last long either. She left the office and went downstairs, falling on a couch. She drifted off to sleep, wondering what tomorrow would bring.

I broke him. I turned him into a slut. If I’m lucky and he wakes up back to his old self, he’ll leave and never come back. Not after what I did to him.

She felt a tear slide down her cheek.

I liked having him around.

Chapter Eight

Lies and Promises

Saturday morning came quickly and Reed woke with a massive hangover. He sat up on the couch and rubbed his throbbing head. He kept his eyes closed, cursing the bright fluorescent lights in Arina's office.

I must've been too drunk to drive home so she let me sleep in her office.

Arina opened the doors to her office and walked in, wide awake and ready for the day. "Morning! Would you like some coffee for that hangover?"

Reed stretched out his hand towards her. "Yes please." He opened his eyes and looked around. He stood up off the couch when she walked up to him with the coffee and he noticed he was still dressed. "Wait what? Why am I still dressed?" He looked down and saw the pink dress and the white fishnets. "What the hell happened last night?"

"What?" Arina pretended to be clueless. She remembered every detail of what went down the previous night. She remembered how in his drunken state he tried to kiss her. She got angry and took it out on him, dressing him like a whore and fucking him until he passed out. It wasn't until afterwards did she realize the mistake she made. It wasn't all his fault he'd kissed her. All week she had been teasing him sexually and with the outfit she had on last night, it was a miracle he didn't try to rape her.

I did go overboard last night. I hope he'll still want to stay here with me.

"Why the hell am I dressed like this? And why is my ass so sore?"

"You don't remember?"

Reed scratched his head, realizing he still had the mask on. "No, but I do remember having a lot to drink."

She sat down on the couch, debating whether to tell him. "Well what do you

remember?”

“Last thing I remember was us leaving the club last night, everything else since then is well, black. I got nothing from that point on.” Arina shrugged. “Can you tell me why I'm dressed like this?”

Do I lie? Or do I tell him the truth?

“Yes, I can... you were well, drunk and when we got back here last night, you insisted on wanting to try on something a little more, kinky.”

“What? Really?” He looked at her in disbelief.

“Yea, you picked that outfit out yourself. The heels are over there,” she said pointing to the corner.

“I wore those?!”

“Yes you did. You moved quite well in them too,” she said, giggling.

“Ok, then why is my ass so sore.” Reed still wasn't convinced.

Shit.

She perpetuated the lie. “You fell down the stairs... and landed on a dildo.”

“Oh... wait what!?!”

“Ok fine, you didn't fall down the stairs. You found a strap on and got a little carried away.”

“And you did nothing to stop me?”

“You asked for it.”

“I asked you to fuck me in the ass?!”

“Yes.”

“Wow, I must've had A LOT to drink... ”

She had to change the subject. The train was starting to derail and it crashing would be catastrophic. “Do you remember kissing the guy at the club?”

“That I do remember. What have I done... what have I become?” He paced around the office, rambling to himself.

“The answer is simple: you wanted to experience life as a woman. You’ve kissed a guy and you’ve been fucked in the ass; that covers the intimate part.”” Reed fell onto the couch, mentally exhausted. Everything was moving too quickly and it was getting out of control.

“Well, to be perfectly honest, if you would’ve continued to work for me for another week, I would’ve introduced you to those things.””

“Well the thing is, is that I actually planned on working for another week, but now... ”

Arina was devastated. She knew this was coming. This was what happened when you forced a client, when you continued to push in a direction they didn’t want to go in. She hadn’t had a client get this upset with her since back when she first started. She was inexperienced and wanted to jump into the deep end early. She knew Reed wanted to take it slow and to do things at his own pace. She’d pushed him forward and he wasn’t ready. “Look, I want you to work for me. It’s been a ton of fun. You’ve made things run a lot smoother here, and well, I really like having you around.””

Thats it, cards are on the table.

He sighed. “Yea, but I'm guessing next weekend won’t go the way you planned it.”

“Don’t worry, next time that happens, it will be purely your choice to do so. 100% sober of course.”

“I don’t see that happening for a long time.” He said standing up. He was still mad at her for what she did to him, but he still wanted to continue working for her. ““I do like it here, and I like working for you. This has been an eye-opening experience for me.”

“Will you continue to work for me?”

He looked at her, the anger gone from his eyes. “Yes... as long as you keep your promise.”

“Of course.” She held out her hand and they shook hands in agreement. “Thank you. Don’t forget though, your shift starts in an hour. Better get yourself cleaned up and changed, Raye.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Chapter Nine

Challenge Accepted

The day passed by uneventfully. After their discussion that morning, Reed quickly changed into his usual uniform. He fixed his makeup and added an extra couple of puffs of perfume to cover up the smell from the events of last night. If any of the clients could smell his odor through the layers of perfume, none of them showed any signs of it. However, he did forget that the perfume was laced with small amounts of pheromones, and he did get a couple of glances that bordered on lustful stares.

Lunch came with Reed leaving to go to a nearby restaurant to get some to-go boxes. It wasn't until he got back that he realized that he just went out into the world solo en femme and didn't think twice about it. As he ate, his mind drifted. He was staring into space munching on a salad when Arina walked into the lobby. She leaned on the desk and her sudden appearance startled him.

“Look, I've been doing some thinking Raye.”

“What is it Mistress?” He swallowed the mouth-full of greens and focused on her.

“I feel bad for what I did to you last night and I've decided to make it up to you.”

This should be interesting.

“How so?”

“I want to make a bet with you.”

“What did you have in mind?”

“Starting Monday, if you decide to live as a woman full time—24 hours a day, for 1 week—I will allow you to do anything to me or ask anything of

me, as long as its within my capabilities, both financial and physical, and legal.”

“Anything?”

“Anything.”

“What is the catch?”

“Should you fail, at the end of the week you will be my client for a day. You come in here dressed as your male self and I get to do whatever I want to you.”

“Oh... I see.”

“If you choose to do so, you’ll have a special new body suit to wear. Which means that you’ll have to shave your arms and legs for they will not be covered by the material.”

“I’m interested, but may I have some time to think about this?”

“Of course you can. Either get back to me by the end of the day today or before noon tomorrow. Now back to work.”

“Yes Mistress. Thank you Mistress,” he said, turning back to his lunch.

When she left, he stopped eating. He leaned back in the chair and rested his legs on the desk.

For a while, he just stared at the bottom half of his body; the skirt he was wearing, the stockings, the heels. He looked at his hands. His nails were still painted red, and in near perfect condition, considering all the typing he’s done. He put his legs back down, straightened his skirt, and crossed his legs. He continued eating his lunch, his mind debating the terms of the deal.

Hours passed and after finishing another client profile, he stopped once again. Arina’s proposal echoed in his head and he couldn’t focus on the work in front of him. He thought about living an entire week in the body

suit. What would happen if he lost the bet? What would Arina do to him? He's heard and read stories about what dominatrixes had done to some men. What would happen if he won? What would he ask of her? Would he demand revenge for what she did to him the other night? Or worse, would he ask her to do it to him again?!

Then an idea popped into his head and he knew what he was going to do.

Challenge accepted.

He picked up the phone and pushed the button, calling her. "Mistress?" He said, hearing the other end of the line pick up.

"Yes, Raye?"

"I've decided to accept your bet."

"Good, I'll begin the preparations... now back to work."

"Yes Mistress." He said, grinning.

Journal Entry, Day 7:

What a busy and eventful weekend. First: on Friday, Arina and I went to a club. I got drunk, danced with and eventually made out with a guy. I kissed a guy! Afterwards we got back to her shop and I still don't remember what happened then, but the morning after gave me some good clues. I was wearing this ridiculous pink mini dress, like something a hooker would wear. Topped off with fishnets, pink leather lingerie (including a thong) and pink platform heels—oh and my ass was sore—apparently in my drunken state I asked the mistress to dress me like that then to fuck me. I'm glad I don't remember any of that.

Whatever happened, she felt bad for what she did. She mentioned that it was because I wasn't in my right mind, so she offered to make it up to me, by placing a bet: if I were to live and work as a woman for 24 hours for 1 week,

she said I could do anything and ask anything of her. However if I somehow failed (I'm guessing by acting as a man) I had to be her client for a day. Who knows what will happen should I lose the bet?

I decided to take her up on the offer, seeing as how for the past week I feel as though I've done a pretty convincing job. She hasn't said anything or punished me since that one incident. Then again, she could just be doing that so I get too complacent and mess up. Man I'm paranoid! She did have some terms which I had to follow: she is getting me a new body suit and so I have to completely shave my body. I figured it would be the price I would have to pay during this little 'experiment', but oh well.

Her shop is pretty busy on the weekends. One thing Arina failed to mention to me was that she had a fellow dominatrix come in and help her out so she can get a couple extra clients in there. I was constantly answering the phone and escorting her VIP clients to the lounge and printing out invoices and stuff. I noticed that a lot of her weekend clients were newcomers, most of them young guys, who looked awfully nervous—others not so much.

Her dominatrix friend was named Susana, and she looked to be just a little bit older than Arina. I was introduced to her during the lunch hour and the whole time I wasn't sure if she knew my 'secret'.

After she left on Sunday, I asked the mistress and she said Susana didn't know the truth, but Arina did ask her what she thought of me. She said I looked "very beautiful, and was a stunning woman and she had no doubt in her mind that I was 100% born and raised a woman"

That was the big confidence booster I need for the week long trial.

Tomorrow I have to get up early so I can shower and shave.

Chapter Ten

Uncharted Territory

The morning came quick and Reed sprung out of bed, eager to begin the week-long challenge. He jumped into the shower and shaved off his body hair. It wasn't until he stepped out and dried himself off that he realized the consequences. First the painted nails and now the hairless body. There would be no way to defend himself should he run into someone he knew.

It's a good thing I don't go out much.

Arina was waiting in the lobby when Reed arrived. "Good morning."

"Morning Mistress."

"Ready for your big test?"

"Yes I am."

"Good, follow me." When they arrived at her office, he was told at once to strip. "Arms and legs out!" He stuck them out and she thoroughly examined them, occasionally stroking her finger across his skin, as if searching for dust. "My, my, you did a fantastic job shaving, not a hair to be found. And I see you still have your nail polish on."

"Yes Mistress. I don't know how to remove it."

She laughed. "Yes, that is a good thing. We don't want you to remove it do we?" He shook his head no. "Well then, after we put your new body suit on, I'll fix those nails right up."

"Oh, thank you Mistress."

She reached into the locker and pulled out the body suit. It was nearly identical to the previous one, except that the arms and legs were a lot

shorter. Now he knew why he had to shave.

“Put it on in the same fashion.” He did so effortlessly and slid the breast forms in their spots. He was about to head over to the vanity when she stopped him. “Because this suit is designed for more extended wearing sessions, certain parts of it have been slightly altered.”

“How so?”

“The rectum for one. The tube is a little bit longer and more flexible, so you need to do a little more adjusting.” He went to reach for a pen but she stopped him. “You have to use this.” She tossed to him a black rubber dildo, and he nearly dropped it like a hot potato.

“Mistress, I have to use a dildo?”

“It's a training dildo, and yes, now adjust!” He took a deep breath and bent over. He slid the dildo up his anus and could feel the material adjusting to his insides. “All the way in, and make sure you twist it around in there.” He slid the whole thing in and twisted it. When he was done, he tossed the vile object aside.

“Now that wasn't so bad was it?”

“No Mistress, it wasn't,” he lied.

“Good, now sit down at the vanity. I have something special for you today.”

Not another “surprise”.

She pulled out a small box and opened it. Inside were a full set of false nails, painted red. She put them on his fingernails, and then painted his toe nails the same color. “Lovely, don't you think? Now get dressed, your clothes are in your locker.” He stood up and went over to the locker and removed the shrink wrap packages. When he opened them up, he was surprised to see that his typical uniform wasn't in there, but a completely different outfit.

“Don't worry, you'll still have your normal outfit, but I wanted for you to wear this instead for today.” He gulped as he examined the contents: a black thong and garter belt, black fishnet stockings, red leather tube top and a

black leather miniskirt. She handed him a shoe box and inside was a pair of red-leather thigh high 5” boots.

She’s messing with me; trying to get me to fail.

“You know, you could always give up. I’ll understand if you not woman enough to wear that.” She grinned.

“You underestimated me, Mistress.” He said, smiling back. He got dressed, putting on the garter belt and stockings first, then the thong. Then he pulled on the tube top and mini skirt.

Damn these are revealing. When I sit down at my desk, the skirt is going to ride all the way up!

He sat down and slid on the boots, zipping up the backs. With the slutty boots on, he stood back up and walked over to the vanity. He put on his mask, the voice patch, his collar, and did his makeup.

“Well then, I’d say you’re ready to get to work.”

“I am, Mistress.”

“Good, go downstairs an open up the shop.”

“Oh my way, Mistress.” He went downstairs, unlocked the door and went back to his desk and sat down. The entire way he had to work to keep his balance. Even though the heel height was the same, the material went all the way up his thigh, restricting his movements. He felt like a robot with the way he was forced to walk. Sitting in the chair, he looked down at his skirt. His fears were coming true. The skirt rode up his legs when he sat down and the straps from the garter belt were in full view. Leaning forward an inch he could see up his skirt.

He made a mental remainder to sit very close to the desk when clients were leaning on the wall talking to him.

“Now Raye, your punishments are going to be more severe this week so don’t break any rules.” Arina said through the speaker phone.

Worse? How could they get any worse than what you already did to me?

“I won't, Mistress.”

“Good, now get to work. My first client should be arriving shortly.” He adjusted his chair and began typing, crossing his legs in a feminine manner.

I can feel my ass on this chair, and the thong keeps getting deeper into my crack. Every time I move, the fishnets and boots rub against my legs. It's as if I'm getting turned on dressed like this. If this keeps up, I'm going to need a release.

He picked up the phone and called Arina. “Umm Mistress?”

“Yes, what is it Raye?”

“What do I do if I need to you know... release some ... tension?”

She laughed. “Is my little slut getting aroused from her outfit?”

“No... Mistress,” he lied. He bit his lip and played with the phone cord.

“Don't lie to me. You're allowed to ‘release some tension’ but it has to be the way a woman does it.”

“Does that mean?”

“Yes, you have to either fuck yourself vaginally or anally with a dildo, no jerking off! Though it will be a huge chore for you to whip your dick out... still, no wanking! There should be a vibrator in one of the desk drawers, you can help yourself to it.”

“Oh... ok, thank you Mistress.”

“Enjoy.” She hung up the phone, leaving him hanging.

Fuck... now what?

He set the phone down and slowly opened the drawers until he found the dildo she mentioned. It was pink and about eight inches long. He sat there examining it, his full concentration on the toy. The phone rang, startling

him and he dropped the toy on the desk. He grabbed the phone and answered it. The entire time he talked to the client, he didn't take his eyes off the dildo.

He scribbled down the appointment notes on a piece of paper, his eyes still glued on the object. The when client hung up, Reed finally took his eyes off of it and turned to the screen. He entered the details of the upcoming appointment into Arina's calendar and kept his eyes on the screen. However, he could still see the pink dildo in the corner of his eye. Afraid that the toy would come to life and possess him, Reed quickly grabbed the dildo and put it back in the drawer and did what he could to keep his mind off of it while he worked.

Chapter Eleven

Point of No Return

Several hours had passed since the inquiry with Arina and Reed's situation hadn't improved. He'd had too much coffee to drink which had led to him getting up to go to the bathroom often. Each trip both to and from the bathroom made matters worse.

It wasn't walking in the heels that complicated things; no after the first two trips, he had that down. What made things miserable was the fishnets that constantly rubbed against his smooth hairless legs. That, and the miniskirt that funneled air up to his crotch. The endless wedgie from the thong didn't help either. The tube top just enhanced his cleavage and made his breasts bounce with every step. The erotic build up in his body was reaching its boiling point, and he was about to blow like Mt. Saint Helens. He cursed his body for betraying him.

I can't take it anymore, I need some release!

He hurried back to the desk and sat down. Looking at the schedule, he realized it would be now or never. Arina's next client shouldn't be here for another hour and she was busy with a client at the moment. Any longer and he would have to remove the suit and jerk off, and if he did that, then the bet would be over. But if even if she caught him masturbating with a dildo and the source material being his own slutty appearance, then he would lose the bet. He needed to make it look like he was satisfying his "female" urges.

Shit, what would be appropriate masturbating material for a woman? It would have to involve a man ... a magazine picture? Some image on the internet? Porn?

He opened up the internet and looked for stuff to masturbate to. His body was squirming with nervous energy. He needed sexual release and he needed it now. His body betrayed him. Before he knew what was happening, he went onto a porn site and loaded a video of vanilla, heterosexual sex. He was breathing heavily and was starting to sweat as his fingers fumbled

around the drawer. He grabbed the dildo and set it on the desk. He stood up, slid down his thong and rolled up his skirt and inserted the dildo into his ass.

In the background he could hear the sounds of the porn; the man grunting, the woman moaning and letting out subtle screams of pleasure. The sounds echoed in his head as he slid the dildo in and out of his ass. In no time he had his heels on the desk, his feet spread-eagle, and the entire dildo sliding in and out of his ass.

He switched on the vibrator and the pleasure from it exploded exponentially. Girlish moans escaped his lipstick-clad lips as the porn in the background filled his mind. He began envisioning himself being the girl getting fucked.

“Ohhhh god yes,” he screamed. “Ohhh... ohhh..... ... OHHHH!” He climaxed as his moans now echoed in the lobby. A white fluid escaped through the hole in his vagina. But he didn’t stop. The ecstasy was overwhelming and he continued to fuck himself in the ass while the porn went on.

He started hearing voices in his head.

That's it slut, take it... scream you little whore... beg for more... ahh yea.....

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhh yes, yes, YES!” He screamed. “Fuck me harder.” He continued to slide the dildo in and out of his ass as another stream of cum oozed out. “Oh god yes, harder, harder,” he said. He pulled the dildo out of his ass and slid it into the vagina. It became coated in his white man juice as he fucked himself more.

Lost in the erotic cloud, he didn’t realize he had a guest. “Enjoying yourself?” the voice said. It took a second for him to register it, then it hit him like a ton of bricks. He pulled the dildo out and it slipped out of his fingers and landed on the floor. Then his ass slipped out of the chair and he fell, landing on his side. He opened his eyes to see a pair of black leather boots. He slowly followed them up to see Arina smiling down at him.

“Oh my god, what was I doing?!”

“By the looks of it, having a good time.”

He was red with embarrassment. “How long have you been watching?”

“Not long, but I could hear you in my office, now tell me—” she said looking at the screen, “which role were you imagining yourself in?”

“The... the... ”

“The?”

“Woman’s.” He said truthfully. He couldn’t believe what had happened. How carried away he got. She must’ve spiked the coffee with aphrodisiacs or something.

“Thank you for being honest, besides I would’ve known you were lying.”

“How so?”

“Let me quote... ” She said clearing her throat, “Oh yes, fuck me, fuck me harder!”

Reed said nothing, but the sheer embarrassment of getting caught with a dildo up his ass, begging to get fucked harder was too much for him. He stood up his legs shaking, and collapsed in the chair from exhaustion. Broken and defeated, he broke out in tears.

“Now now, Raye, there's nothing for you to get upset about.”

“Yes there is Mistress. I'm a man, a man damn it, and here I am, dressed in this slutty get up, fucking myself with a dildo!”

“Ahh, but you aren’t a man.” She pointed to a mirror, “I don”t see a man, do you?”

Reed looked at his reflection in the mirror. He saw no man staring back at him, just a woman in an incredibly provocative outfit. “No Mistress.”

“Then why are you getting so upset? Women all over the world do what you just did.”

“But... but... ”

“No butts. Now, if you were here, in this same situation, but dressed as a man, than you should be upset.” What she just said made perfect sense, but it still upset him. **“Look Raye, when you’re here, in the guise of a woman, you have to do womanly things. If you were a man, you would be doing manly things... understand?”**

“Yes I do Mistress, but still, underneath it all, I am a man.” He continued to cry.

She placed her hand on his shoulder. “At times I may look like a woman, but inside I feel like a man. When I'm dominating someone, I feel all tough and manly inside, but I don't let that bother me. So when you're en femme, you shouldn't let womanly things bother you.”

“I see your point, Mistress. I guess I just let myself get carried away.”

“Yes you did. I have never seen someone masturbate that intensely before. Now, I have an idea for you. What would you say to some real cock?”

“What?!”

“Real cock. How would you like to get fucked by a real man, not one that you see on the screen or a toy?”

Reed was at a crossroads. On the one hand, he was a straight man, and straight men don't have sex with each other. On the other hand, he was dressed as a woman and acting like a woman. “I..... don't know.”

“Raye, you're a woman, be a woman for Christ's sake! Tomorrow you can go back to being a plain old secretary. Now, let me take you on an adventure.”

When will I have this opportunity again? I did take this job with the notion to discover what it happen if I suddenly became a woman.

“Ok.” He said, taking a deep breath. **“I'll do it.””**

She grabbed the dildo and put it away. She helped him out of the chair and he followed her down the hallway into the heart of her dungeon. She opened

one of the doors and inside was a man. He was handcuffed, blindfolded, and naked.

When they walked in, Reed couldn't take his eyes off the man's dick. It was just hanging there, free in the wind. He was entranced by it, almost as if it were a tractor beam, pulling him in.

"Now, Mr. Smith, I have a friend here who needs some enlightenment. You're going to keep your blindfold on as she pleases you, then you get to fuck her."

"Yes Mistress," he said.

"Go on Raye." She said, pointing to his dick. Reed walked forward, his knees shaking immensely. He could see the man shaking with anticipation.

He stopped right in front of him. The man was older, probably in his late 40s. He was out of shape and chubby, his body covered in gray hair.

"Good, now kneel down."

He knelt down, the man's dick now inches from his face. He was sweating and his mouth was dry. He took a couple breaths then went in, starting by fondling his testicles. Apparently, it was enough to cause the man's dick to swell. It got bigger and bigger, hardening before his very eyes. It grew inches within his face. The smell was intoxicating and Reed was losing control of his body and mind.

"Go on!" Arina cooed.

Raye leaned forward and kissed the tip. She could taste the man's precum and she leaned forward and licked the bottom of his dick. The man let out a little groan of approval. She opened her mouth and took in the head.

"Further. Be sure to massage it with your tongue."

She slid her mouth further down his shaft, her tongue lathering up and massaging the man's dick. Her hand continued to fondle his balls as she began sliding the shaft in and out of her mouth.

“Faster.”

She slid the dick further into her mouth, then pulled out. Raye increased her tempo as she went further and further, taking more into her mouth. In no time, she was taking the whole thing as the man let out moans of pleasure. The taste of man meat was nothing she could ever imagine. The man climaxed and shot a load off into her mouth.

“Savor the taste, then swallow.”

Reed had never tasted cum before, but he didn't think twice about it. He was enjoying himself too much and he continued to suck the man off. Mr. Smith shot another load, and when he was about to shoot a third, Arina pulled Raye's head away and he shot it into her face. The warm and sticky cum clung to Raye's face as Arina jacked the man off, shooting another load onto her face.

“Good, now turn around.”

Raye went onto her hands and knees and turned around. Arina uncuffed the man, and he knelt down right behind her. He found her asshole and slid his dick in, the saliva from the blowjob acting as lube. Because her ass was already loose from the dildo earlier, he managed to slide it in with ease.

Raye moaned loudly, as wave after wave of pleasure traveled through her body. She remembered the porno she watched earlier and realized she was in the position she fantasized about.

“Ahhh yes, give it to me,” she said. “More!” The man fucked her harder, and her whole body was shaking, she could feel the man's warm juices shooting up her ass.

“Ohhhh yea,” she moaned. “I'm such a slut! I loved getting fucked and sucking cock!”

Arina knelt down next to Raye and whispered into her ear. “Do you like cock?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Are you a man?”

“No Mistress, I am a woman.”

“Do you like having a vagina? Big bouncy breasts? A nice round ass?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Do you like other women?”

“No Mistress.”

“Do you like men?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Do you have a cock?”

“Only in me Mistress.”

“What is your name?”

“Raye, Mistress.”

“What are you?”

“A woman.”

“Good, Mr. Smith, you’re free to go.” The man blew one last load into Raye and pulled out. He stood up and Arina led him out of the room, leaving Raye laying on the floor exhausted with sperm leaking out of her ass. Her mind was racing, she was confused.

Arina returned to find her curled up.

“Raye?”

“Yes, Mistress?”

“Are you alright?”

He looked up at her, the light in his eyes gone. “What's wrong with me? I... I...” He said nothing more and collapsed from exhaustion.

Reed and Raye were fighting inside. Arina knew this; she didn't want him to lose himself. He came here with a question, and she decided to help him. But she was afraid that in the process of finding the answer, Reed, the man that walked through the front doors would never walk out.

For some strange reason, she was attracted to him. It puzzled her, for she hadn't been attracted to a man in a long time. She had once again pushed him too hard and too far. She couldn't go any further with this, for Reed might vanish, leaving only Raye. Even though Raye yelled it in her sex induced trance, it is not what she really wanted... it is not what he really wanted.

Arina had got carried away again, this time light-years beyond what happened a couple nights ago. When he kissed her in his drunken daze, she didn't know how to react so she lashed out.

Now she had to protect him. Reed's ego was in a fragile state and if she wasn't careful, he'd break. But she couldn't just end the bet, that would be unfair to both parties. She decided that for the remainder of the week while he worked in her shop, she would do her best to keep Reed alive in that body.

No more overly slutty outfits.

“I understand...” she said, smiling warmly.

She helped him up and he was mumbling something, but she couldn't make out what he said. She carried him up to her office where she undressed him, cleaned the cum off of his face and anus, and she dressed him in his normal secretary outfit.

She wrote an apology letter, apologizing for pushing him too hard down a road she knew he didn't want to go. After printing it, she placed it next to his sleeping body and returned to the lobby, where her next client was at the door.

I'm sorry Reed.

Chapter Twelve

Loss

Reed groaned as he opened his eyes. He sat up and found himself on the couch in Arina's office. "What's this? I'm back in my secretary outfit." He looked to the table and saw the note she had left him.

You have no reason to blame yourself for this. I agreed to your offer on my own accord.

He forgave her and decided that he would finish this week out. He needed to, his male ego seemed revived, like a phoenix coming back out of the ashes. The session with "Mr. Smith", while it left a bad taste in his mouth, another sore ass, and some probably permanent mental images, made him determined to finish the week strong. He wanted to beat her so he could get what he desired from Arina, something she wouldn't see coming. He stood up, straightened out his skirt and adjusted his stockings, the material caressing his hairless legs was now a trivial feeling, nothing to get worked up about.

He headed downstairs, and sat back in his chair. The porno video had long since ended so he exited out of the browser and ran a thorough virus scan. With the all clear from the security software, he got back to work. The massive pile of papers was gone, all the information was digitized and the papers shredded to tiny little bits. With that task completed, he moved onto the next item on the agenda: a complete overhaul of Arina's website. In the vast amount of free time he had after selling his business, he used the opportunity to learn to code, something he's always wanted to learn how to do.

He didn't pause to each lunch and continued typing; his fingernails clicking as they beat down relentlessly on the keyboard.

"Oh, I see you're back to work." Arina said, escorting her latest client to the lobby.

“Yes Mistress. I’m working on your website.” He said, scanning the chunk of code.

“Are you feeling ok?”

“Perfect. Don’t worry about me Mistress, I can and will get over it.”

“Good to hear,” she said.

She walked back up to her office and sat down in her big comfy chair. There was something about Reed’s words and overall appearance that bothered her. She felt as though she saw Reed sitting there, not Raye. He looked happy, revived... almost perky, as if what happened to him only two or so hours ago didn’t happen. He was back to the way he was a week ago, when he first started working for her. Her day somehow got brighter, and while she felt both puzzled and troubled by it, all she could do was smile.

Arina’s Journal, Day 10.

It’s been four days. On Monday, I feared that I might have destroyed Reed, leaving only Raye. I dressed him up in this slutty get up, and had him work in that. I caught him masturbating with a dildo that I mentioned was in the desk somewhere and I took it too far. I brought him in front of one of my male clients and encouraged him to suck my client off, then he took it in the ass. I got too carried away, I treated him like one of my clients, and in doing so, I felt as though I pushed him to a point where Reed couldn’t come back. When he passed out from the exhaustion, I cleaned him up and changed his clothes, then I wrote out an apology.

I went to the lobby later and he was there sitting in the desk working. He seemed energetic and perky, and that lifted my spirits and renewed my belief that Reed was still there and in control.

However, on Tuesday, and more so on Wednesday, and even today, I began to

doubt.

On Tuesday, he was acting more feminine than usual. Last week, he wasn't acting very feminine, just professional. If anything, he had a slight wiggle in his butt when he walked, but it was barely noticeable. On Tuesday there was a definite wiggle in his stride. All day I would watch him on the security cameras in my office in between clients. Every day following Monday, he showed more developed mannerisms. I would see him examining his nails, making sure they're clean. He crossed his legs more when he sat and he adjusted his skirt more often. One day he came in with some girly magazines and read them throughout the day. At times I thought I saw him looking at men on the internet. He was more flirty with the VIP clients; he adjusted his makeup more often.

He told me that after work on Monday, he went shopping for something to wear at night time, and that he left with an extra outfit or two. Today he came in wearing a black mini dress and knee high 5" heel boots and during our lunch break, he was gossiping with me about all the latest celebrity news, cute stuff he saw while shopping, etc.

I also caught him occasionally checking out the men that would walk by. I tried getting his attention by calling out 'Reed', but he didn't answer. I would follow with Raye and he would turn. I don't know if he couldn't hear me, or it was as if he didn't know his name was Reed, just Raye.

Arina's Journal, Day 12:

By now I feel as though I am 90% confident that Reed is gone. Today was Saturday, and I could've sworn that I saw him stick a tampon into his false vagina. His mannerisms have further evolved as he was getting really chatty, even hitting on some of my clients. He told me that the other night he went out to the movie store and rented some movies, I asked which ones and he told me they were chick flicks or something a normal guy would not be caught dead seeing.

Yesterday and today he came in wearing different outfits he had purchased. One was a plaid miniskirt, white button-down blouse, and black heels, with white stockings. Today he wore a strapless, green body-hugging dress, with matching green heels.

When I was spying on him on yesterday, at one point he stood up from behind his desk and knocked over the stapler. When he bent down to pick it up, and I saw that he was wearing a buttplug underneath the miniskirt. His walk is perfect, his mannerisms were genuine; body language, the way he walked, talked, spoke, hell even answered the phone was way more feminine than the way he was last week.

Tomorrow, I wouldn't be surprised if he came into work saying he went out on a date one night and he ended up having sex with the man.

What have I done? In two days the bet will be over.

I just hope he hasn't forgotten about it.

Chapter Thirteen

Revelations

Arina sat in the desk looking at the client profiles Reed created. Everything was organized and configured in a way that the user could switch between scheduling and bill paying effortlessly and efficiently. As she admired Reed's handiwork, she heard the door alarm and the sound of footsteps. Arina looked at the clock on the computer screen.

Monday. Judgment day.

"Good morning Mistress," she heard Reed say as he walked into the lobby.

"Morning Raye." She looked away from the computer screen at him, expecting to see some new outfit. Instead he was back in the original secretary outfit, giving her a small sliver of hope.

"You had a lot of clients this weekend."

"Yes, that is how my weekends are normally." She replied.

"Some of them were pretty cute, like that blonde on Sunday."

She stood up from the desk and left the lobby. "Yeah sure. Go on, get to work Raye."

"Yes Mistress."

Any hope Arina just had vanished with the comment about the cute guys that came in. What bothered her was that she didn't remember a blonde guy on Sunday, but then again, she sees so many people and the hectic weekend made them all blur into one.

In her office, she sat at her desk and watched Reed work some more through the security feed. Raye announced through the intercom that her first client had arrived, ending her viewing session. She left her office,

letting out a depressed sigh.

Hours went by and Arina saw no change in Reed. The end of the day came with her last client walking out the door. She walked back to her office and sat down on the couch. She broke down and started crying, not noticing Raye standing in the doorway.

“Why the long face, Mistress?”

“Oh Raye, I feel as though I betrayed you and in my actions killed off your male persona.”

“What do you mean Mistress?” She replied, walking up to her desk.

“Last week, I subjected you to your first sex session with a real man, and since that day, I saw no trace of your male self. With each passing day, your femininity increased dramatically. I saw no sign your old self. I only saw Raye.” During her bout, Raye’s words from earlier replayed in her head.

... that blonde on Sunday...

Then she remembered: the blonde that came in on Sunday wasn’t a man, but a drop dead gorgeous woman. She looked up to Raye who was smiling.

“Sorry Mistress, but I lied to you. During that session on Monday, I discovered the womanly joys of sucking real cock; the taste of cum, getting fucked for real... but that night, I did some soul searching, and I am not a heterosexual woman, but a lesbian.”

“What?!” Arina’s jaw dropped. She stared at him, speechless.

“I am a lesbian. Sucking a dick was fun and all, but it wasn’t for me, I prefer women.” Arina couldn’t respond, she was flabbergasted. While she was searching for words, Raye stripped in front of her. She took off the collar, the voice patch, cleaned off the makeup, and removed the mask.

“Women are too damn sexy to pass on.” He said, his male voice echoing in the office.

Tears rolled down Arina's cheeks. "Reed..."

"So, did I win the bet Mistress?"

She laughed and all the sadness and depression vanished. "Yes... yes you did."

He folded and set the clothes aside and removed the body suit. "Ahh, that feels good... gotta let the little guy breathe." He went to the closet and put on the pair of jeans and the t-shirt he wore the day he started the week long challenge.

The bastard got me. He was so convincing.

"So, what will you have me do?" she asked.

"Well, there are two things."

"What are they?"

"First: one day this week, I want to come in and not be your secretary, I want to be your assistant dominatrix. I want to wear a similar outfit as you and see what you do."

She stood up, laughing. "My assistant eh? You want to help me physically, emotionally, and sexually dominate men and women?"

"Yes."

"That sounds like fun, but in order to do so, you have to wear the body suit and be 100% woman again for the day."

"Not a problem."

"And the other thing?"

He hesitated, building up the courage to say it. The whole reason he took on the bet to begin with. The idea to act as her assistant was something he came up with in the days following the session with Mr. Smith. This was the real reason behind it all. "I would like to take you out on a date. Maybe dinner

and a movie?”

**She was shocked to say the least. Reed was right, she never saw it coming.
“A date?!”**

“Yes. You’re an amazing woman Arina, and working for you has been an incredible experience.”

Well, he did kiss me when he was hammered. I’m surprised I didn’t see it before.

“Of course,” she smiled. “I’d like that. It would be nice to get to know the man behind the woman.” They both laughed. “Ok, just a second.” She walked up to her desk and looked at the calendar on her computer. “Perfect, come in tomorrow clean and shaved. And how about Friday night for that date?”

“Excellent.”

“Now Reed, what are you going to do? I take it you got what you came for and answered your question. So now what? Does that mean you are not going to work for me anymore?”

He walked past her and stood in the doorway to her office. “Arina, I learned what I needed within the first 3 days. Since then, I’ve been satisfying my own curiosity. I’ll see ya tomorrow.” He walked down the stairs and left.

Welcome back Reed. I missed you.

Chapter Fourteen

The Mistress

Journal Entry, Day 15

Well, today was the day. I came in to work clean and shaven and Arina gave me the body suit to wear. After putting it, the mask, voice patch, collar, and make up on, she gave me my first dominatrix outfit. It was a full black leather body suit. Parts of it (my legs, stomach, neck, and arms) were stylishly removed and the gaps were filled in with fishnets. At the end of each hand was a leather glove with finger holes. She gave me thigh high boots—made from the same material. They were tight, but surprisingly stretchy, so it allowed for added movement. I looked at my reflection and saw a dominatrix looking back. I looked like the dominatrixes I've seen on the internet.

Arina told me that since I was a fellow dominatrix for the day, I didn't have to call her "Mistress". Instead I able to call her "Arina", and that I got to be called 'Mistress Raye' by her clients. I was so excited. She gave me a quick lesson on what to expect and that for the most part I will be shadowing her. She told me to watch what she does and mimic her movements and method of speech. I had to be demanding and controlling when needed. I couldn't feel any pity for her clients. They came to her, they wanted this. And it is your job to give it to them. Each client has a safe word and the moment they say it, you are to stop and help them.

The day went by and with each passing client, it got more and more enjoyable. One client wanted to become a sissy prostitute, so Arina and I dressed him up and gave him a good fucking, but I had to wear a strap on. I got to spank some clients; they were belittled, humiliated... one wanted to be pissed on, and I asked to be excused from that one. Arina understood and I waited in the lobby.

Every client called me “Mistress” or “Mistress Raye” and I felt empowered. At one point, I had to jack a guy off. Normally it would’ve bothered me, but today was different. So I gave him the handjob he requested, but he had to lick the cum off my boots. I got to witness and take part in some of the experiences that I’ve read about and watched videos of online. At one point I got to make out with Arina, something I longed for, but she was all business and didn’t think twice about it.

I never saw this side of her, except on that fateful Monday. She was so tough, I was both awed and intimidated by her.

When the last client left, she turned to me and said: “If I didn’t know any better, I’d say you’ve been doing this for as long as me.” I was blown away by her words, and I thanked her for the opportunity to experience life as a dominatrix. She asked me which I liked better, being a secretary or dominatrix, and I told her I couldn’t decide, I really enjoyed both. She said that I was a natural, and if I wanted to do it again, she’d be glad to have me.

Even though today was a blast, I am looking forward to our date even more.

Chapter Fifteen

Finale

The date went over amazingly well. Reed and Arina had such a good time that they continued seeing each other. They fell deeper and deeper in love and he eventually proposed to her. She said yes and the wedding was anything but vanilla. It was a small, intimate ceremony and the honeymoon was well, romantic. They visited a small tropical island and for an entire week they had their own bungalow on the water.

Reed decided to continue to work for Arina, but not as her secretary. Since the first day he started working for her, her revenue increased dramatically. Thanks to his help in organizing her paperwork and the overhaul he did on her site, she was able to send invoices to all her clients and get the money she was owed. The site drew in new visitors and she was even invited to the big BDSM conventions.

She hired a full time professional secretary and Reed worked for Arina as her fellow dominatrix, Mistress Raye, part time during the week. On the weekends he worked full time. At times he helped her with some of her clients, but after some time he began seeing his own clients, who came to him for more milder sessions. There were times when he had to engage in womanly acts, such as jerking off guys or what not, but it didn't bother him. When he put on that suit, he became Raye.

Every now and then Arina and Raye would be intimate during breaks, taking turns at being the 'woman'. Arina would fuck Raye, and vice versa. Reed and Raye never mixed, for there was a fine line between the two egos.

At home, Reed and Arina were a happy, normal couple, engaging in normal couple stuff. After many years, they passed on the shop to a woman named Victoria, an apprentice under Arina.

Reed permanently retired the body suits—he had to get a new one every year or two—and with it, Raye was no more. Reed's experiment was a resounding success, with his curiosities satisfied, he lived to be an old man

with the woman he loved.

THE END

AFTERWORD

Thank you for reading The Experiment, I hope you enjoyed it!

For updates and more, follow me on Twitter @SashaDylena