

# THE NEW HIRE



JOHN DYLENA

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# **The New Hire**

**by John Dylena**

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**a Pink Skirt Press story**

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**Enjoy.**

**Carl was a typical nerd. He'd excelled academically in high school, which got him accepted into his desired university, scholarship included, but he wasn't a very social man. He kept to himself, mostly; when he wasn't playing video games, he would find a quiet, hidden corner somewhere on campus to read or study.**

**For him, neither high school nor college were "the greatest years of his life." He figured those would come after graduation, when his hard work would pay off. He'd get a high-paying job and start his adult life without the crippling debt most of his classmates would have.**

**But all those good grades and long hours in the library couldn't translate to a high-paying job after graduation. It wasn't poor planning that got him into this position; it was just really, really bad luck. That, and his desired career choice was extremely competitive. He could've easily gotten a job flipping burgers or mopping the floors of his old school; almost every job available to him was one he'd be extremely overqualified for, not to mention extremely underpaid.**

**Carl sat up as he read the job description for an office clerk position at a biotech startup. The pay was a little bit higher than the others he'd seen, and the commute wasn't too bad. They wanted someone with a science background—which he had—and a strong desire to "grow and change with the company."**

**The corporate buzzwords made him chuckle, but he applied for the job anyway. If he got it, then he would have an income while he kept applying for the jobs he wanted.**

**Despite the vast number of jobs he had applied for in the couple months since graduating, it was only the third interview he got. The company was based in a brand new two-story building, complete with its own private underground parking garage. The lot wasn't even half-full, but the cars there caused Carl to pause more than once.**

**He took the elevator up, which strangely only had two options listed: the parking garage and the second floor. There was a small black card reader**

next to the buttons, which he assumed gave access to this secretive first floor.

Probably where the lab is, he thought as elevator came to a stop on the second floor.

The doors opened to a short hallway. To his right was the door to the stairwell, and all along the left wall was floor-to-ceiling glass overlooking a city park. The only other point of entry or exit was at the opposite end of the hallway: a set of large double doors that led to the office itself. Carl took a deep breath and headed that way.

He was greeted by a beautiful blonde woman named Amy who sat behind one of those tall receptionist's desks. She was more flirtatious than he expected for a receptionist, not that he minded; in fact, there was something relaxing about it. He didn't have to wait long, as only a few moments after sitting down, a man by the name of Ricardo came and took him into the conference room.

Ricardo, who also happened to be the CEO of the company, told Carl during the interview that despite the name, the position wasn't that of a secretary or receptionist. They already had one of those—Ricardo was rather excited by the mention of Amy—and needed someone to maintain the office, as all the other employees were working in the lab or doing research. They needed someone to take care of, as he put it, “the everyday, non-science, non-management stuff.”

Ricardo also said he was rather impressed by Carl's resume, and he wondered why Carl had applied for this job. Carl told him about his situation and about the competitiveness of his choice of career, to which Ricardo was very sympathetic. He even offered Carl better pay than what they'd advertised, which he said was to help filter out candidates, and even said the company would provide benefits.

Seeing as how it was the best offer he'd received since putting in his first application, Carl immediately accepted and would start the following Monday.

Since it was a startup, the company didn't really have any sort of formal training program for Carl to go through on his first day. The HR lady was from a contracted, third-party company, and after getting the paperwork taken care of, she took his picture and handed him a keycard.

Once the formalities were over, Amy gave him a brief tour of the office—brief being the operative word, considering its size. There were five offices, a conference room, break room, and bathroom. The breakroom had two vending machines, which awesomely enough were free of charge, and the most intense-looking coffee machine Carl had ever seen.

Standing out from the rest of the office's features was a lone, heavy security door located on the wall opposite the main entrance. It had its own dedicated security camera, not to mention several different layers of security: a card reader, a keypad, and a hand scanner. It was windowless, and looked like it could withstand a tank barrage.

The main floor had six desks spaced evenly. Two of the desks belonged to the two chief scientists, but neither of them were present, as they spent most of their time in the lab. They were the only desks of the six being used.

The offices belonged to Ricardo, the other three heads of the company, and Al, the IT guy.

There was a seventh desk, larger than the six, placed strategically in front of Ricardo's. This will be your desk until I find an executive assistant for myself. You won't be seeing much of the staff. They go straight to the lab from the parking structure, Ricardo had told him, which confirmed Carl's suspicions from the other day.

Before Ricardo vanished beyond the military-grade security door at the back of the office, he told Carl to meet with Al. Carl watched as Ricardo went through the security door. It opened just wide enough for Ricardo to squeeze through before it sealed shut.

Then it was just Carl and Amy, which he didn't mind at all, as her soft, honey-sweet voice was very pleasant on the ears.

Al's office was on the opposite wall as those of the other heads of the company. As Carl approached, he could hear music, but it was too quiet to

make out. He lifted his hand to knock, but stopped to read the sign on the door.

Al Monty – IT

Please Press the Button.

On the wall to the right of the door, just below eye level, was a red button. Carl shrugged, then pressed it. A moment later, the music stopped.

“Come on in!” a voice called out.

Carl opened the door and poked his head in.

“I don’t bite!” The man said, laughing.

Al was an old, fat white guy with a thick moustache and long beard. He wore a Hawaiian shirt, which made him look like Santa Claus on holiday. He stood up when Carl entered and stuck out his hand.

“Name’s Al. Nice to meetcha.”

Carl shook Al’s hand. “Carl.”

“You’re the new guy?”

“Yup.”

“Excellent.” Al grinned and clapped his hands. “Let’s get you set up.”

Carl hesitated. There was something about Al’s grin that unnerved him. It was a little too... friendly. Like Carl was about to be the butt of some joke or the victim of a prank. He opened his mouth to speak, then closed it. He looked out the door and back at Al, who was rifling through a giant cabinet.

“Ricardo told me I was to use the desk outside his office,” Carl said, his attention on Al’s desk.

The IT guy had three widescreen monitors placed front and center of his desk. It was covered with all kinds of knickknacks, as well as the occasional crushed soda can, candy wrapper, or bag of chips.

**“Hold these for me.” Al pulled Carl away from his desk and handed him several boxes. “Keyboard, mouse, phone... and computer. Take those over to your desk and I’ll be right over with your monitors.”**

**Carl stopped and looked back. “Monitors?”**

**“Yeah, you get two of them. Standard.”**

**Carl nodded and exited the office. “Mr. Ricardo is unavailable; may I take a message?” he heard Amy say.**

**“She’s very nice, ain’t she?” Al said as he walked by.**

**Carl blinked. “Pardon?” He didn’t realize he had stopped to listen. He looked away from Al, who lumbered over to Carl’s new desk carrying what looked like cardboard briefcases over to Amy. She glanced over at Carl and winked, and Carl felt his cheeks warm. He’d thought they were out of earshot.**

**Carl caught up to Al at his desk. Al sighed and huffed as he set the boxes down. “Do you... know how to... set up a computer?”**

**“Yeah.”**

**“Good. Help me unpack this stuff, will ya?”**

**Several minutes later, Carl sat at his desk as Al oversaw him logging in for the first time.**

**“We’ve got your standard-issue security measures in place. You’ve got a company email account, and since you’ll be in charge of keeping things stocked around the office, you’ll get access to the company’s credit card. We keep a close eye on that, so no personal spending, ya hear?”**

**“Of course.”**

**“Good.” Al waved his finger. “Don’t wantcha getting in trouble, now. Internet rules are more lax. We don’t block social media and the like, so feel free to surf the web during your down time. Just don’t go visiting no porn sites and getting the system infected, okay? Save that for when you’re off**

the clock at home.”

“No need to worry.”

“That’s a good lad.” Al patted him on the shoulder. “I’ll leave you to it. I’m sure Amy has a list of things to get you started. If you need me, I’ll be in my office.” Then he left, humming as he walked back into his office.

Carl turned to see Amy looking at him. She smiled, then motioned for him to come over with a jerk of her head.

“Welcome aboard,” she said as he stepped up to her desk.

He smiled. “Thanks.”

Amy stood, and for the first time, Carl noticed her outfit. The desk she sat behind was tall, so tall that before, he could only see her head. Carl tried to not to stare. Amy wore a tight-fitting dress with a plunging neckline exposing so much of her cleavage that for a moment, Carl thought he had stumbled into a porn shoot. She had on a gold hoop belt, which cinched her already narrow waist in tighter.

Not staring was made even harder when Amy placed her hands on the desk and leaned forward.

“There’s, like, really not much to say.” She looked past him back at the rest of the office.

Carl stole a glance then. Holy fucking shit.

Amy looked back at him, and the corner of her mouth curled just the tiniest bit. She knew. She knew that he looked, and she didn’t care at all. “Mostly just answer calls, receive mail, and take notes during the daily meetings.”

“What do they talk about?”

“Hmm?” She blinked and cocked her head to the side.

“The meetings?”

**“Oh, like, financial stuff and updates on like, their projects. It’s all so above my head. I don’t understand half the stuff they say.” She giggled, then looked at Carl expectantly.**

**“Oh, right... Al said you had a list?”**

**She smiled. “That I do. One sec, ‘kay?”**

**Before Carl could respond, Amy turned and rummaged through the shelves behind her. Then she bent down, and Carl had to turn his back on her to preserve what little dignity he had left. She’s wearing stockings and garters and a thong. Holy fuck.**

**“Here it is.” Carl turned around and saw Amy holding out a piece of paper. She grimaced. “It, uh, hasn’t been updated in a while.”**

**Carl took the sheet and glanced at it.**

**“The list is from the old office,” she continued. “You’ll need to, like, update it and stuff.”**

**The heavy security door at the far end of the office opened and four individuals exited. They were laughing and discussing something that Carl couldn’t make out. One of them was Ricardo, and Carl assumed that the other three men were the owners of the other offices.**

**“Amy, time for the meeting!” Ricardo said.**

**“Gotta go!” she said as she stepped out from around the table.**

**Carl opened his mouth to say something, but his attention was drawn to Amy’s backside and down her long legs to her high heels. Good fucking god, where did they find her? A strip club?**

**The door to Al’s office opened, and the bumbling IT guy joined the four men in the conference room. The door closed, and before he knew it, Carl was all alone. He shrugged and mumbled to himself, “Guess I’m not important enough for the meeting.”**

**Instead of working on the list, he took another walk around the office,**

mostly to see who the other men were. Each office had glass walls except Ricardo's, which only had a glass door, and each office had a shiny gold placard with the occupant's name and title engraved upon it, just like Al's.

There was Nicolas Elser, Chief Operations Officer; Takamaru Nori, Chief Science Officer; Shawn Foster, Vice President and Chief Financial Officer; and finally, nestled away in the corner, there was Ricardo Gomez, President and CEO.

"Jesus," Carl said, looking back at the conference room. Then his curiosity got the best of him. With the list in hand, he walked up to the conference room, pretending to be studying the paper.

Like the offices of the other executives, the conference room had a wall of glass. However, the blinds were closed, and even when Carl pressed his ear up to the glass, he couldn't hear a sound. Are they meditating in there or something? He shrugged, then returned to his desk and sat down to do some actual work.

Sometime later, the door to the conference room opened. Ricardo and the three men Carl assumed to be Nicolas, Takamaru, and Shawn exited. A few moments later, Al exited the conference room as well, his attention focused on what looked like a stain on his pants. Before Carl could give it any thought, the four men approached.

"Carl, let me introduce you to other fine gentlemen who run this company," Ricardo said. He turned, and one by one introduced the other heads and explained how they all met.

They'd met in college. Ricardo and Shawn were fraternity brothers, and Shawn met Takamaru in one of the chemistry labs he was required to take. The three of them together formed the company, then brought on Nicolas to help make it an actual functioning business.

"We expect great things from you, dude," Shawn said.

"Indeed," Takamaru added.

Behind them, Carl saw the door to the conference room open and Amy leave. She adjusted her dress as she walked back to her desk.

**“Have you two met yet?” Ricardo smirked. “She’s lovely, ain’t she?”**

**“One hell of a receptionist,” Shawn said.**

**Three of them laughed, but Nicolas’ face remained stoic. The man hadn’t said a word when he was introduced to Carl. Awkward silence fell over the group. Then Ricardo clapped his hands together and almost too enthusiastically announced that they needed to get back to the lab.**

**A minute later, Carl was once again alone in the office with Amy. Instead of going over to chat with her, he decided to actually try to get some work done.**

**Carl arrived the next day half-expecting the parking lot empty, the building to be abandoned, and the whole company a sham. Instead, the lot was full, and he was greeted by Amy’s smile.**

**“I see you decided to come back.” She winked.**

**Unsure how to reply without being condescending, Carl chuckled and continued on to his desk. Unlike the previous day, everyone was at their desks, including the two that Carl did not see yesterday. Both men wore lab coats and typed furiously at their keyboards, working as if under the influence of ten cups of coffee.**

**Ricardo came out of his office just as Carl was sitting down.**

**“Hey, man! Glad to see you came back.”**

**“Did others not come back?” Carl asked, unsure if this boss was serious or joking.**

**“The guy before you quit after a couple days. Didn’t like the job, apparently.”**

**“Oh.”**

**“Help yourself to some coffee. It’s free!” Ricardo pointed to the fancy machine in the break room.**

Carl had attempted to use the machine the day before, but had no idea how to work it so he gave up. “I, uh—”

“Don’t know how to work it? It’s pretty intimidating.” Ricardo laughed, then whistled. “Amy! Help Carl get acquainted with the coffee machine, will ya?”

“Yes, Mr. Ricardo!” Amy said from behind the desk.

“She’s great, ain’t she?” Ricardo smiled, then patted Carl on the back. “She’ll show you how to use it.” He turned and walked into his office. “Expect great things from ya, Carl!”

Before Carl could reply, Ricardo was back in his office.

“Come on, I’ll show you how to use it.”

He turned to see Amy walking toward him, in yet another outfit that straddled the fine line between work appropriate and porn shoot.

“It’s like, scary at first but once you figure it out, it’s easy as pie. Plus, the coffee it makes tastes so good!”

He followed her into the break room, but looked back and saw the two scientists staring at him. When they caught him looking, they looked away and went back to work.

“Who are the two guys at the desks?” Carl whispered to Amy when they were far enough away.

“Oh, that’s Mark and Zhang. They’re like, the head scientists. They’re harmless, don’t worry.” She giggled, then turned back to the machine. “Ready?”

“Shall I get a notepad?” His comment made Amy giggle, which made him smile. There was just something about her. Carl had never had any luck with women. Even those half as attractive as Amy never gave him the time of day. He wondered if she was into him, then thought better of it. “How long have you been working here?”

**She paused and tapped her lip for a few moments. “I was hired a little after they had their first breakthrough. Can’t remember how long it’s been. Maybe like, four months ago?”**

**“What is it exactly that they do here?”**

**Amy shrugged. “I don’t know. Science stuff? I don’t understand like, any of it.” She fiddled with the machine. “Done!” She placed a cup on the tray, and a moment later, a stream of piping-hot coffee came out of the machine and filled the cup. “Isn’t it wonderful?” She brought the cup up to her nose and breathed it in. “Your turn!”**

**He placed a cup on the tray and mimicked Amy’s movements. Then the machine whirred to life and filled his cup.**

**“Oh, wow! You are like, really good at that.”**

**“Thanks,” he said. He grabbed the cup, and following her movements, brought it to his nose. “Damn, that does smell amazing.”**

**He gently blew on the liquid before taking a cautious sip. From the corner of his eye, he saw the two scientists watching him again.**

**“It’s good, right?”**

**“It really is,” Carl lied. For such a crazy machine, you’d think it would be better. It wasn’t necessarily awful, but it wasn’t as lifechanging as Amy made it out to be. He could get better stuff at one of those overpriced coffee shops. On the other hand, it was leagues better than what he could make back at his apartment.**

**“So, you got it figured out?”**

**Carl turned to see Ricardo standing in the door of the break room.**

**“Yes, sir!” Amy said. “I showed him how to like, use it.”**

**“Excellent.” He smiled at Carl, then turned to Amy. “Meeting time.”**

**“Be right there.” She turned to Carl. “Sorry, gotta go. Enjoy your coffee.”**

Right on cue, everyone else exited their offices and entered the conference room. Everyone but the two scientists.

“Lucky bastards,” Carl heard Mark mumble.

“Dude, shut it.” Zhang looked back and saw Carl standing at the threshold of the break room, looking at them, confused. “Mind your own business.”

“Okay...?” Carl said after he sipped his coffee.

Zhang turned to Mark. “Let’s go.”

Carl watched the two scientists disappear through the security door. He stared at the door for several moments, his mind vacant. He blinked, shook his head, and returned to his desk. Those guys are fucking weird.

There was an email waiting for him from Amy. It had no subject line, and in the email Amy said that she saw this funny video and wanted to share it with him. It was to some YouTube video, and after the awkwardness that was the two scientists, Carl figured it wouldn’t hurt to laugh at something silly. He unwound his headphones, plugged them in, and clicked on the link.

“Hey, Carl! Working late tonight?”

Carl blinked and found Ricardo hovering next to his desk. “What?” His ears ached, the dull throbbing of wearing earbuds for too long. How long was I wearing these? He thought as he pulled them out. And what time is it?

Ricardo chuckled. “Don’t have to prove you’re a hard worker, dude.” He reached over and slapped Carl on the back. “See ya tomorrow.”

Carl watched him walk off. When he vanished around the corner at the far end of the office, Carl looked around. The place was completely empty and half of the lights were off.

“What the fuck?” he muttered. His eyes found the clock on his computer screen. It was almost seven. “What the fuck?! Where the fuck did the day go?”

He closed out of what he was apparently working on and shut his computer

off. Then he gathered his things and stood up. This was a weird fucking day.

The rest of the week was rather uneventful. Amy remained playfully chatty and borderline flirty with him, mostly during their morning coffee ritual. Then she would disappear into the conference room with the rest of the staff, and he would go back to his desk and try to work. Eventually, they would all come out and either return to their offices or vanish beyond “the door.”

Carl’s attempts to learn more about Amy and her life outside of and before the company proved fruitless. The answers she gave were vague, and she would shift the conversation elsewhere. He eventually took the hint and just decided that if she ever wanted to talk about herself, she would bring it up.

On Friday, he considered asking Amy out, but figured it wouldn’t be in his best interest to (attempt to) date a coworker. So instead, he did what he normally did on Friday nights: got drunk and binge-watched something on Netflix.

Carl woke up with a hangover, and to the discovery of a package on his kitchen table. Did I bring that in yesterday? The pounding in his head prevented further thought on the matter, and the rumbling in his stomach drew his attention away from the box to the contents of his fridge.

His attention did eventually come back to the box, once the medication subdued the pounding in his head and his stomach was no longer demanding food. He inspected the box carefully. The only identifier from whence it came was on the shipping label. Carl frowned when he read it, as it couldn’t have been more generic or vague.

Curiosity had overwritten the logical part of his brain, and he carefully opened the box up to see what was inside. He didn’t recall ordering anything recently, and a quick search through the archives of his brain brought up no results for something he may have preordered.

What if it’s work-related? That made him pause and shrug. Let’s see

what's...

**“What the fuck?” Carl’s face twisted into a look of pure confusion as he reached in and pulled out the black lace lingerie set. He held it in front of him and eyed it as if it was some object from out of this world. The set contained a bra, thong, garter belt, and stockings.**

**“I... I didn’t order any of this.” Despite the revulsion that part of him was feeling, there was something else that had taken hold of his body: fascination. Carl could not put the outfit down. His fingers gently caressed the soft, delicate black lace that he’d seen on the porn stars and adult models he masturbated to. There was just something about how the stockings shaped their legs that made him stir and get hard.**

**You want to wear it, don’t you?**

**The voice startled him. He dropped the clothes and backed away from the table. Where did that come from? The voice was different. He didn’t recognize it. In fact, it almost sounded...**

**“No, that can’t be it.”**

**Carl shook his head. In a flurry of motion, he tossed the clothes back into the box and closed the flaps. Instead of taking the box and dumping it in the trash bin like any logical person would do, he left it on the table and went into his living room where he tried not to think about it.**

**He did all that he could to avoid stepping foot in the kitchen, including eating his lunch and dinner in his living room. He ended up eating in there more often than not anyway, but this weekend, he did it specifically to avoid being in the same room as the box.**

**Carl didn’t sleep well Saturday or Sunday night. His dreams, though he couldn’t remember a single moment of them, were powerful. They had him tossing and turning and waking up both mornings in a cold sweat. Monday’s was so bad, he almost called out sick. But after a hot shower and breakfast, he felt a lot better and went to work.**

Amy greeted him with a smile, and it wasn't until he was halfway to his desk that he realized she looked different. Her hair was styled differently, and it was more blonde. Her makeup was heavier, and her eyelashes were fuller, lids adorned with darker eyeshadow and mouth painted in blood-red lipstick.

Carl had just put his ass in his seat when Ricardo came out of his office. He didn't realize he stood at his approach until his boss patted him on the back.

“Hey, Carl, how was your weekend?”

“It was okay,” he muttered.

“Maybe next one will be better.” Ricardo grinned. “Say, you know what'll make that Monday morning feeling go away? Some coffee.”

Carl nodded. He was feeling rather groggy and coffee often fixed that.

“You know who else could use some?” Ricardo looked over at Amy, then winked at Carl. “I think she likes ya!” He laughed, slapped Carl on the back, and turned to Amy. “Meeting time!” he said before entering the conference room. The man was such a flurry of energy this morning. It took Carl a few moments to process what just happened.

He looked over at Amy and watched as she got up from behind her desk and walked into the conference room. Even the way she walked was different, her hips swinging back and forth. It wasn't a drastic difference, but it was noticeable to those who were looking for it. What wasn't subtle was the fact that Amy's skirt was short enough to show the lacy tops of her stockings.

Carl sighed, then entered the break room for some coffee. There was no way someone that hot was into him. He stopped and stared at the machine, and for the very first time since he started working there, took in just how strange it looked. The design was sleek, with lots of shiny chrome metal pipes that culminated into a single spout the width of his pinky and controlled by a touch screen. Any hot drink imaginable, was available.

All Carl ever drank was your garden-variety coffee, but today he needed that extra boost. He tapped through the menu, and a few moments later, espresso-enhanced coffee filled his mug. He breathed it in deep and took a

sip.

Carl stared at his phone, confused as the alarm rang loudly in his bedroom. He sat up in bed and looked around in a daze. His head throbbed, and the fact that his phone kept buzzing didn't help. He silenced the alarm and yawned as he swung his feet off his bed.

“What the fuck?” he muttered and rubbed his forehead. Then, still half-asleep, Carl went about the rest of his morning ritual before heading over to work.

Amy greeted him as she normally did, with a friendly smile and a “hello.” Then, to Carl's surprise, she added on, “Good job yesterday!” This made him look back at her, confused.

“Pardon?”

Amy stood and leaned forward on the desk. “You did a great job yesterday at the meeting. Everyone was impressed!”

“Huh.” Carl scratched his head. “Glad to hear it...?”

But Amy didn't hear the upward inflection he added onto the end of that sentence. She was already back to work, typing away on her computer.

Am I suffering from memory loss? Maybe I should go see a doctor. He weighed the thought in his head as he walked over to his desk. He sat down and turned his computer on. A moment later, Ricardo paged him.

“Hey, Carl!”

“Yes, Mr. Ricardo?” Carl cringed when he realized what he had said. He scanned the rest of the office to make sure no one else did. The only one within earshot was Amy, and if she heard him, she showed no sign of it. Where the fuck did that come from?

“You sound tired, dude. Why don't you grab some coffee and then come into my office? I have some things I need to discuss with you.”

Carl cocked his head. Oh, shit, am I in trouble? “Am I in tr—”

“Nah, man! Good things. Big plans for you! Grab that coffee and come in on. No dilly-dallying.”

“Yes, Mr. Ricardo.” Carl cringed again. Harder this time. What the ever-loving fuck is wrong with me? He shook the cobwebs out of his head, then stood and grabbed a cup of coffee.

He knocked once on the door.

“Come on in!”

“You wanted to see me?” Carl asked as he hesitantly entered the executive’s office. He paused for a brief moment when he saw just how big it was.

Ricardo sat behind a massive wood desk in chair that was a head taller than he was. Except for a few scattered papers, the desk was immaculate. Several bookshelves lined the walls, filled to the brim with thick-spined tomes. Two large leather chairs faced the desk, but also filling the large space was a wide sofa with a low table in front. Carl spotted a bar, a recliner, even a big-screen TV mounted on the wall. All of this was illuminated by the floor-to-ceiling windows that stretched the entire length two walls of his corner office.

“Come, come! Sit,” Ricardo said, motioning to one of the chairs. “Enjoying the coffee?”

“Yes, sir.” Carl brought the cup to his lips and took a sip. He noticed it tasted a little bit better today.

“Excellent. Spent a lot of money on that machine. Coffee is the fuel of the office worker.” Ricardo chuckled, and by the time Carl started to laugh, the moment was gone.

“You wanted to—”

“That’s right, I did. You’ve been doing an excellent job since you started here, and yesterday just proved it.” Ricardo stood and walked around to the front of the desk. He leaned back against it and clapped his hands. “We’ve

got big plans for you here, and we want to know if you're ready to step up."

There's that damn meeting again. Should I ask what I did? Say that I don't remember what happened? No. It sounds like he wants to promote me, which would mean a raise. Fuck it.

Carl grinned. "I am."

"You sure?"

After a moment's hesitation, he responded, "Yup."

Ricardo nodded. "Let's see if that's the case."

Carl frowned. "What are you—"

"Coffee time is now," Ricardo said, interrupting him. Carl froze, eyes front, as if in a trance. "Okay, Carl, unbutton your shirt and drop your trousers. Let's see if what you said is true."

Carl silently obeyed. He stood and unbuttoned his shirt, revealing the black lace bra underneath. Ricardo nodded, clearly pleased. Carl continued, and after undoing his belt, let his pants fall to the ground, revealing the thong panties, garter belt, and stockings he wore underneath his clothes.

Ricardo circled the motionless Carl. "Extend your arms."

Carl did, and Ricardo pulled up his sleeves and examined his arms. "Excellent, smooth as silk."

He stepped in front of Carl and pulled down the front of his panties. Like his arms, Carl's pubic hair was also completely gone. His cock hung limp. Ricardo stood and pulled aside the cups of the bra. Frowning, he reached around and grabbed Carl's ass. "Nothing."

He walked over to his desk and pressed a button on his phone.

"Zhang."

A moment later, a voice replied, "Yeah, boss?"

**“Up the concentration. Physical changes aren’t progressing fast enough.”**

**“Well, remember, this isn’t like Amy.”**

**“Yeah, I know. Do it, okay?”**

**A pause. “Okay, boss, I’ll take care of that right away.”**

**“Thank you.” Ricardo pressed a button on his phone and stared at Carl, who remained like a statue. “Get dressed and take a seat.”**

**Carl obeyed. He pulled his pants back up and buttoned his shirt.**

**A moment after he sat down, Ricardo uttered the key phrase. “Coffee time is over.”**

**“...talking about?” Carl blinked and looked around the office.**

**Ricardo’s cheerful expression returned. “I think a raise is in order, wouldn’t you agree?”**

**“Really? I mean, I really do appreciate that, and I am incredibly thankful.”  
After one week? Fuck yeah!**

**Ricardo smiled and walked back around to his chair. “I’ll get the paperwork sent over to our HR rep. You’ll see it on your paycheck this Friday.”**

**“Thank you so much!”**

**Ricardo sat down in his chair and smirked. “Keep up the good work. Dismissed.”**

**“I will, Mr. Ricardo.” Carl didn’t even react that time. He just turned and walked out.**

**“Oh, Carl.”**

**“Yes, Mr. Ricardo?”**

**Ricardo pointed to the cup of coffee on the table next to the chair. “Don’t**

**forget your coffee.”**

**“Right, sorry!”**

**Carl exited the oversized executive office and returned to his desk. Before he could start anything, he heard a commotion coming from the break room. When he got up to check, he spotted Zhang and Mark fiddling with the coffee machine.**

**“Fuck this fucking contraption,” Zhang cursed under his breath.**

**“Is something wrong?” Carl asked from the doorway.**

**The two scientists stopped and looked at Carl. Mark’s face was impassive, while Zhang scowled.**

**“Just fixing the coffee machine,” Zhang said, his tone failed to mask his annoyance.**

**Mark shrugged. “Pipe sprung a leak.”**

**“You can go away now,” Zhang said, ending the awkward silence.**

**Carl, non-confrontational as he was, said nothing as he backed away from the breakroom door and returned to his desk. He ignored Zhang’s pissed-off muttering and wondered what crawled up that man’s butt and died.**

**Carl rolled over in his bed and looked at the clock on his nightstand. He had five minutes until his alarm would rudely wake him. His sleep had improved over the week, but he was still showing up to work needing that coffee to fuel his day.**

**He climbed out of bed and lumbered toward the shower. He brushed a couple strands of hair out of his eyes. Hold up, that’s new, he thought. He stopped midway to his bathroom to inspect his hair. When did it get so long? He tried to remember when his last haircut was, but failed. Guess it’s time to get it cut again.**

The decision lasted only until he stepped foot into the bathroom and saw his reflection.

“Huh. You know, maybe I’ll keep it long...”

He inspected his hair from different angles and found that he liked how it looked. Yet some part of him was trying to tell him that something wasn’t right, that his hair shouldn’t be long enough to reach his nose.

But it was too early for all that, and he just shooed it away.

He stripped out of his clothes and tossed them into his bedroom. In the mirror he caught sight of something else. It wasn’t the fact that he was completely hairless from the eyebrows down, the razor he kept by the sink untouched since he started working at the company. It was the pair of breasts that had sprouted on his chest.

Well, calling them “breasts” would have been an overstatement. They more closely resembled the swelling from a pair of bee stings than what men had ogled since the dawn of civilization.

“What the fuck?” Carl’s mind didn’t even register the fact that his previously square-as-a-board body now had some actual curves. He was too focused on the little growths.

He touched them and instantly regretted it. Well, part of him regretted it. A different part of him loved it. It felt so good and told him to do it again. He resisted the urge and instead focused on the source of this. He had been living in that apartment for almost a year now, so there definitely wasn’t something in the water doing this to him. He was on no new medication, no strange diet.

The only change was...

Carl decided to skip the shower and the rest of his morning ritual altogether. He grabbed a t-shirt and jeans and drove straight to work.

“Oh, hey... Carl? What are you...?”

Carl ignored the somehow even more strikingly gorgeous receptionist and

strode straight toward Ricardo's office. He was thankful that Zhang was nowhere to be seen, otherwise he would've punched the asshole scientist in his face.

He threw open the door to Ricardo's office. "What the fuck are you—"

"Why, hello, Carl," Ricardo said, completely unfazed. "Something the matter?"

"Why, yes, there is something wrong." Carl's tone oozed sarcasm. "You're doing something to my fucking body!"

Ricardo's grin turned into a smirk, and with his eyes still on Carl, he leaned over to his phone. "Amy."

"Yes, Mr. Ricardo?"

"Hold my calls for a few minutes."

"Yes, Mr. Ricardo."

"Well?" Carl folded his arms and glared at his boss.

"Do you know what time it is?" Ricardo squinted and tapped his chin with his finger.

"Why the fuck would I—?"

"Coffee time is now."

Carl froze, mouth open and arms flung in the air out of frustration. A moment later, his arms returned to his sides and his mouth closed. The anger faded from his face and his expression turned placid.

Ricardo, on the other hand, sighed heavily. Anger welled up in him. He slammed his finger on the phone so hard he nearly broke it.

"Zhang!"

Silence.

**“Zhang!”**

**“Yes, boss?”**

**“Get the fuck in my office! Now!”**

**A minute or so later, the door opened and Zhang ran in, flustered. “What’s the…” he spotted the placated Carl. “Oh.”**

**“What the fuck is going on here?” Ricardo stood so quickly his chair shot back and crashed into the wall behind him. He walked around the desk and pointed at Carl. “Why the fuck is he standing here in my office yelling at me about the changes his body is going through?”**

**Zhang opened his mouth to speak, but no words came. He closed it and looked sheepishly away from his boss to Carl.**

**“Well?! Why the fuck is he not some complacent, big-titted sex doll yet?”**

**“I don’t—”**

**“Didn’t I tell you to increase the concentration?”**

**“You did.”**

**“Well, did you?”**

**“Yes. We did. But I told you—”**

**“I don’t fucking care what you told me!” Ricardo flipped one of his chairs over. “They’re coming next Friday to inspect. If this fucker isn’t looking like Amy out there by then, you and Mark will be penniless and forced to work at some shitty lab in a third-world country for the rest of your goddamn lives!”**

**Zhang took a deep breath and straightened. “Yes, sir.”**

**“Good. Now, give him a shot of the concentrate, change him into some work clothes, and put his ass in his desk. Then you sorry excuses for biochemists will triple the dosage in the machine. Understand?”**

Zhang nodded. “Yes, sir.”

Ricardo said nothing. He picked his chair up off the floor and returned to his desk. He took a couple deep breaths until the anger left him.

He pointed at Carl. “Get him out of here.”

Carl yawned and looked away from his monitor to his cup of coffee. He rubbed his shoulder to quiet the throbbing ache. Must’ve slept weird on it, he thought as he took a sip. There was something off about the day. Like, he knew it was Friday, but he felt like there was something he was forgetting.

He thought about it for a moment, and after coming up empty, he shrugged and got back to work. Probably just the stress of the week.

Amy regarded him differently too. She seemed distant, as if she remembered something that he failed to recall. Like he’d let some secret slip while black-out drunk or something. But at the same time, there was something else distant about her. When he tried talking to her at lunch, she would lose focus. Sometimes she’d drift off mid-sentence or forget what she was talking about.

Carl attributed it to stress, and very much looked forward to sleeping in tomorrow morning. That was his favorite thing about the weekends: a chance to catch up on the sleep he’d missed out on during the week. When the day finally came to an end, he very excitedly left work and headed home.

He woke to the sound of his phone alarm. Carl grunted and rolled over. Then he sat up and looked around his bedroom. That’s not right, he thought. He fell over and grasped for his phone, but knocked it onto the floor. The short fall did not turn off the alarm and Carl was forced to expend energy to retrieve it.

He stared at his phone’s screen in disbelief. Six a.m., Monday morning it said. Monday already? I thought I’d have one more day to sleep in. Carl

**begrudgingly rolled out of bed and got ready for work.**

**“Looking good!” Amy smiled at Carl as he walked into the office.**

**“Thanks,” he replied. The compliment caught him off-guard, as a couple days before Amy had acted as if she had no desire being in the same room as him. I wonder what brought that on? Maybe he did something different that morning. He couldn’t remember, as he’d been half-asleep until he got into his car.**

**What he had done differently this morning was grab coffee on his way. There was a road closure which forced him to take a different route to work. Having not gone to the grocery store over the weekend, Carl had nothing to eat for breakfast. So when he saw the coffee shop on the corner with an illuminated “fresh bagels” sign, his stomach growled and he had to step inside.**

**The bagel was delicious and the coffee was good too, even if they spelled his name wrong. I mean seriously... Carla? It wasn’t even that loud inside. He didn’t notice until he was back in his car on his way, and when he did he couldn’t help but laugh. It was so wrong it was funny.**

**“You want some coffee?”**

**Carl looked up to see Amy hovering by his desk. She wasn’t so much as hovering as she was sitting on the edge, legs crossed like a femme fatale in a noir film. The hem of her skirt had ridden up high on her thighs, not only revealing the tops of her stockings, but the garter straps that held them up.**

**He opened his mouth to say, “No, I already had my coffee this morning,” but those words refused to leave his throat. He felt like Jim Carrey’s character in the movie Liar Liar when he tried to lie about the color of a pen.**

**Amy didn’t seem to notice. She just waited patiently, without a care in the world.**

**When words finally came out of Carl’s mouth, they were the complete opposite of what he’d intended. “Sure, I’d love some.” He found himself following her into the break room and watching as she brewed two cups.**

**“Good morning!”**

**Carl turned to see Ricardo standing in the doorway to the break room with that shit-eating grin of his.**

**“Good morning, Mr. Ricardo,” Carl and Amy said in unison.**

**Carl blinked and looked at Amy and his boss in turn. Did that just happen? That was fucking weird.**

**“How was your weekend?” Ricardo asked. “Good, I hope.”**

**Amy looked to Carl and winked. “I enjoyed it, that’s for sure.”**

**Wait, what? Did something happen between me and Amy? Did we have sex? Was I black-out drunk or something? Carl opened his mouth to respond, but all he could muster was a mix of subdued laughter and incoherent gibberish.**

**Little flashes of memory filled his mind’s eye faster than the flapping of a hummingbird’s wings. There was a woman’s laughter, flirtatious. It was Amy’s, and... she was in his apartment. She was showing him something, though he wasn’t sure what.**

**“...Carl?” Ricardo’s voice pulled him away from his thoughts. Amy and Ricardo stood in the doorway to the break room.**

**“Pardon?”**

**“You coming?” Ricardo said with a jerk of his head.**

**“To what?”**

**His boss laughed. “To the meeting, of course!”**

**“Oh, yeah, sure.”**

**Carl awkwardly shuffled into the conference room behind Amy and Ricardo. The room was very standard issue: there was a long table surrounded by comfy chairs, a flat screen TV mounted on the wall, and a**

**minibar. It was only the second time that he had been in the conference room, or at least, the second time he remembered going in there.**

**Carl made his way to the far side and sat down in one of the chairs away from the door, far from where Amy and Ricardo sat.**

**The conference room became awkwardly quiet and after a couple moments of idly gazing about, Carl spotted Ricardo looking at him expectantly. Amy, who sat next to him, chewed on her lower lip while looking at the conference room door.**

**“Is no one else coming?” Carl asked.**

**“Just the three of us today,” Ricardo said. “The investors are coming on Friday, so I figured you can do a test run of your presentation for me and Amy.”**

**Carl hesitated. Then he panicked and tried not to show it, but he was pretty sure they could see the fear on his face. If they could, Ricardo and Amy didn’t show any signs of it. On the other hand, Amy looked a little out of sorts to begin with, even more ditzy than normal.**

**Carl stood and approached the front of the conference room. Before he could even say a word, Ricardo spoke.**

**“Coffee time is now.”**

**Carl straightened up and stared blankly ahead. Amy also straightened up in her chair and rested her hands on her lap. Ricardo smiled at the two of them and stood.**

**“Okay, Carl, let’s see how far you’ve come. Undo your blouse, drop your skirt, and free your hair.”**

**Carl silently obeyed. His gaze remained locked dead ahead as his fingers, now thin and feminine with long, polished nails, undid the buttons of his charcoal blouse to reveal a red lace bra. Then he reached over to the side and unzipped his gray skirt, letting it fall down to the ground to reveal the rest of his lingerie ensemble. In addition to the bra, Carl was also wearing a matching red thong and garter belt, dark stockings, and red high heels.**

**“Damn, they’re not growing fast enough,” Ricardo muttered. With his hands, he closely examined the breasts that filled Carl’s bra. They were B-cups, bordering on Cs. “They need to be bigger, much bigger.”**

**He reached up and carded his fingers through Carl’s hair, which now fell down just past his shoulders. “At least this growing at the right rate.” He looked back at Amy’s hair, which flowed down past her breasts in a long, wavy style.**

**Ricardo took a step back and pointed at the little bulge in Carl’s crotch. “Show me,” he commanded.**

**Carl’s fingers hooked around the band of the thong and pulled them down. Ricardo couldn’t help but giggle at what he saw. “Jesus Christ, that thing is pathetic.” He leaned forward and placed his thumb next to it. “Smaller than my thumb!” He looked up at Carl. “Didn’t think it would get that small so quickly.” He laughed and looked over at Amy. “Amy, give me the details of your weekend together.”**

**Amy blinked and stood. “Yes, Mr. Ricardo.” Then she walked over and stood next to Carl. “Carla and I spent the weekend together training. After overhauling her apartment and getting rid of anything with masculine overtones, I began instructing her on makeup application and necessary sex skills.”**

**Ricardo kept his eyes on Carl. “What did you cover?”**

**“Mostly cock-sucking and handjobs.”**

**A smile appeared on Ricardo’s lips. “Let’s test that out.” He dropped his pants and sat down on one of the conference room chairs. “Carla...”**

**Carl turned to Ricardo. “Yes, Mr. Ricardo?” His voice had lost most of its masculinity.**

**Ricardo pointed to his cock. “Let’s see what you learned.”**

**His smile grew wider as Carl knelt down between his legs and took his cock in his hands. After some playful stroking and fondling, Carl licked his lips and wrapped them around his boss’s dick.**

**“That, my friend,” Ricardo sighed, “is what a real cock looks like.”**

**He let out a satisfied groan as he slouched in the chair and watched Carl suck his cock. After a couple minutes, he patted Carl on the head. “That’s enough.”**

**Carl licked Ricardo’s shaft from the base to the tip before leaning back onto his heels.**

**“Better than some blowjobs I’ve had, but you’ve got a-ways to go.” He turned to Amy. “Why don’t you show her how it’s really done?”**

**Without a word, Amy got down on her knees and took Ricardo’s cock into her mouth, depthroating it almost instantly. Ricardo flinched and grunted with approval. He looked away from Amy to Carl, who was knelt down next to Amy.**

**“See, Carla? This is how you—oh, fuck—really suck a—Jesus—cock!” He placed both his hands on the back of Amy’s head and held it there as he came.**

**Amy didn’t even flinch as she swallowed what came out. After a few moments, he released her head and she licked him clean.**

**“That’s a girl,” Ricardo said as he playfully patted Amy on the cheek. He stood and put his pants back on before sitting back down. Amy cleaned herself up before getting back in her chair. Ricardo motioned to Carl with his head. “Back to where you were. Get your clothes back on.”**

**“Yes, Mr. Ricardo.” Carl stood and buttoned his blouse before putting his skirt back on.**

**When he was fully dressed, Ricardo issued the command. “Coffee time is over.”**

**Carl blinked. He looked over at Ricardo and opened his mouth to speak.**

**“Well done,” Ricardo said, clapping his hands. He stood. “Keep practicing and you’ll nail it on Friday.”**

**Carl cocked his head and watched Ricardo leave with Amy right behind him. A couple moments later, he was all alone in the conference room with a strange taste in his mouth.**

**The next day was pretty routine. The road was no longer closed, but Carl didn't even think to go that way for another bagel and coffee. Instead, he went straight to work.**

**Amy greeted Carl as she always did, though for some reason, he could've sworn he heard her say "Carla." He was too distracted by the fact that she very much now looked like a porn star.**

**There was no hiding this; it was the very opposite of subtle.**

**Her blouse was two sizes too small, and she'd left the top half unbuttoned. Her breasts, which had definitely grown several cup sizes since Carl first started working with her, were on the verge of bursting out. Her skirt covered only her ass and none of her legs, and her heels belonged on the feet of some stripper. She was even wearing a rhinestone choker.**

**He watched her from the break room across the office as he drank his morning coffee, which strangely enough, became the thing he looked forward to the most. It wasn't the best he'd ever had, but there was something about it. It never failed to perk him up and give him the energy he needed to make it through the day. Still, it wasn't as good as that one time he'd bought a bag of beans from one of those Latin American countries. He couldn't remember which, just that it ended with an "a."**

**Was it Valencia? Is that even a country?**

**Ricardo poked his head into the breakroom. "My office when you're done."**

**Carl didn't even have time to react. By the time he opened his mouth, his boss was gone.**

**The door to Ricardo's office was open, so Carl went right in. "You wanted to see me?"**

**His boss was typing furiously on his keyboard. “Have a seat, be with you in a sec.”**

**Carl did as he was told, and waited patiently as his boss seemingly took out whatever has been stressing him on the keys. After another minute, Ricardo sighed and turned his attention to Carl.**

**“Right, it’s been a month since you started here, so I figured it was time for a review.”**

**Wait, it’s been a month? That can’t be right. Carl lifted one of his brows. “Am I in trouble?”**

**Ricardo smirked. “No, no. You’re doing fine. But let’s see just how well you’re progressing.”**

**“What do you—”**

**“Coffee time is now.”**

**Carl’s position changed. He straightened his back, brought his knees together, and folded his hands in his lap. He stared straight ahead.**

**Ricardo stood and walked around to the front of his desk. He leaned against it and folded his arms. “Stand.” Carl did so without hesitation, his hands at his sides. Ricardo pointed to his groin. “Show me.”**

**Carl lifted up his skirt and pulled down the front of his panties. His cock and balls were still there, but it was as if he had just gotten out of an ice bath.**

**“Might have to give you another booster to speed that along,” Ricardo mumbled. He got up off the desk and stepped aside. “Time for your examination. Assume the position.”**

**“Yes, Mr. Ricardo,” Carl said with a slight bow of his head. He walked up to the front of the desk and bent forward, resting his elbows on the antique wood.**

**With a satisfied grin, Ricardo positioned himself behind Carl. He lifted up**

his skirt and squeezed Carl's ass. "At least you've got a nice, thick ass," he said. He loosened his belt and unbuckled his pants, letting them fall down to his knees. "I've been waiting to do this to you since you first walked in here. It'll be nice when I don't have to put you under."

A couple quick strokes was all it took to get his cock hard. Ricardo spat into his hand and lubed up his rigid cock before burying it deep into Carl's ass.

"Good god, you've got a tight ass. Have you never been fucked before?"

Carl said nothing. His face remained impassive as his boss pounded him from behind. Ricardo playfully smacked Carl's ass and frowned when he got no response from his subordinate. "You need to hurry up and go braindead like Amy. Damn, she's a good lay. I'm just going to pretend I'm fucking her."

Ricardo closed his eyes and tilted his head back, letting Amy fill his mind's eye. When the time came, he pulled out and grabbed a couple tissues to capture his load. "Can't leave a trace. Not yet, at least." He wiped himself clean, put his pants back on, and returned to his chair. "Clean yourself up then sit back down," he commanded.

"Yes, Mr. Ricardo," Carl said. He straightened back up and adjusted his outfit before taking a seat.

Ricardo shook his head. "Coffee time is over."

Carl blinked.

"So keep up the good work," Ricardo said. "I'll follow up with you tomorrow."

Carl frowned. "Thank you...?" That was weird. He couldn't remember even having the conversation.

"That'll be all, Carl. Back to work." Ricardo turned away from him and back to his computer.

Carl hesitated for a moment, then stood and walked back to his desk, feeling slightly uncomfortable down below.

**The next day brought much of the same thing. Amy was still looking like a porn star and the mediocre coffee still somehow did the trick for him. He was walking back to his desk when Ricardo paged him.**

**“Yes, Mr. Ricardo?” Carl said into the phone.**

**“Coffee time is now,” Ricardo said on the other end. “Come into my office.”**

**Carl hung the phone up and entered his boss’s office. Ricardo waited by his desk and started undoing his pants the moment Carl closed the door behind him.**

**“You know what to do,” Ricardo said.**

**Carl got down on his knees and took Ricardo’s cock into his mouth. He worked it hard, licking and sucking and taking the whole thing, pressing his nose to Ricardo’s pubic mound.**

**“Alright, bend over.”**

**Carl stood and bent over, grabbing the arm rests of one of the chairs that faced Ricardo’s desk. He wasn’t even in position when Ricardo lifted his skirt and pulled the thin strap of his thong aside, burying his cock into Carl’s ass. After a couple minutes of rough, uninterested fucking, Ricardo pulled out and sat back onto his desk.**

**He shook his head in disappointment. “Clean yourself back up and go back to your desk.” He leaned over and pressed a button on his phone.**

**Amy’s cheerful voice filled the office. “Yes, Mr. Ricardo?”**

**“Come to my office.”**

**“Yes, Mr. Ricardo.”**

**After straightening his skirt, Carl exited Ricardo’s office and passed by an eager-looking Amy on his way back to his desk. He sat and stared at his computer for a few moments before his phone rang. “Yes?” he said.**

**“Coffee time is over,” Ricardo told him.**

**Carl blinked. “Hello?”**

**“That’ll be all, Carl,” Ricardo said before his boss hung up.**

**That was weird, he thought as he hung up. He reached into his desk and pulled out some gum to take care of that strange taste in his mouth. Was that Amy I heard with him? He leaned over and saw she wasn’t at her desk. He looked back at the door to Ricardo’s office. The idea to sneak over there and place his ear against the wood lasted only a moment before it vanished. He blinked a couple times before shrugging and going back to work.**

**The next day, Carl was greeted by not only Amy when he first stepped into the office, but Ricardo himself. His boss was hovering beside Amy’s desk and not hiding the fact that he was openly flirting with her.**

**“Good mor—” Carl started.**

**“Coffee time is now,” Ricardo said.**

**Carl stopped while Amy didn’t even flinch. She just hummed to herself while going through the pile of papers on her desk.**

**“Come with me,” Ricardo said. He didn’t even wait for Carl; he just turned and walked off. Carl followed closely behind his boss as Ricardo entered his office. Carl closed the door behind him.**

**“Get on the desk,” Ricardo commanded. “I got cut off by some jackass this morning and need to relieve some stress.”**

**“Yes, Mr. Ricardo,” Carl said, his voice now completely feminine. Without so much a hint of hesitation, he positioned himself between his boss and the desk and bent over, placing his elbows on the wood.**

**“Spread your legs, you fucking dumb bitch.” Ricardo fumbled with his belt as Carl obeyed. With his pants down around his ankles and his boxers tugged down, he moved Carl’s skirt and panties out of the way.**

**“You’ve still got that tiny cock of yours, don’t you?” he said, fingers moving between Carl’s legs. It had shrunk down to half the length of a thumb, but still just as wide. Carl’s balls had withdrawn all the way back in, and the first signs of a brand-new vagina were present in the form of a shallow rift.**

**“It’s amazing, isn’t it?” Ricardo grunted into Carl’s ear as he buried his dick into him. “Soon you’ll be all woman and totally subservient, as you should be. I’ll even get to fuck you proper.”**

**Ricardo cocked his hand back and brought it down hard on Carl’s ass.**

**A little too hard.**

**Carl blinked. He found himself in his boss’s office. Then he realized he was bent over his boss’s desk and taking his cock up his ass.**

**“What the ever-loving fuck?!” Carl shouted, pushing Ricardo off of him and stumbled back. “What the fuck were you doing to me?!”**

**Ricardo frowned. “Coffee time is now.”**

**But it had no effect.**

**“What are you fucking talking about?” Carl said. Then he looked down and saw his body. He saw his breasts, his tight blouse, the short skirt, stockings and high heels; his panties, and his non-existent manhood. He looked up at Ricardo with fury in his eyes. “You fucking bitch! What did you do to me?!”**

**Carl didn’t even wait for a response. He lunged at Ricardo, hands outstretched. Both of them stumbled. Carl had apparently forgotten how to walk in high heels and Ricardo, with his pants down around his knees, tripped himself up. Carl fell forward as Ricardo fell back. They crashed into the lounge chairs and rolled off of them.**

**“Fucking pieces of shit,” Carl said as he tore off the heels.**

**Ricardo used the opportunity to scramble away while trying to pull his pants back up. “Zhang! Zhang, get the fuck in here!”**

**With the cumbersome shoes gone, Carl pounced. His fist connected with**

Ricardo's jaw, but the force behind it was lacking. He was a lot weaker than he remembered. Ricardo, unfazed by the blow, shoved Carl back, but not before three of Carl's talon-like nails made contact with Ricardo's cheek.

"Oh, motherfucker!" Ricardo grunted as he brought his hand to his bleeding cheek. He lifted his foot into the air and kicked Carl right in the stomach, sending him flying back.

Carl knocked over chair and flipped over it, landing on his side, the wind knocked out of him. He gasped, desperate for air as Ricardo climbed onto his feet.

Only he didn't go after Carl. He ran around to the other side of his desk and picked up his phone. "Zhang! Get the fuck in here now and bring a tranq!"

Carl had managed to get onto his knees and catch his breath when Ricardo's office door flew open and Zhang entered with Mark right behind him.

"Jesus—what the fuck?" Zhang said, his face contorted in confusion.

Ricardo pointed at Carl, who was getting back into his feet. "Sedate him. Now!"

Zhang nodded and ran up to Carl. Mark moved behind him and grabbed his arms, pinning them behind his back as Zhang fumbled with the metal canister in his hands.

"No, stop!" Carl demanded. "Don't you fucking da—"

His protest drifted off and vanished as Zhang placed the small cylinder on his neck and injected the sedative. Carl's eyes closed and his body went limp. Mark released his hold and Carl fell to the floor.

"What happened?" Zhang asked, looking back and forth between the unconscious Carl and Ricardo. "Oh, shit! your face!"

Ricardo pulled his hand off his cheek and saw the blood. "Fucking dumb piece of shit." He turned to Zhang. "Why the fuck did he snap out of it?"

Zhang looked down at Carl for a few moments. “What did you do that made him snap out of it?”

Ricardo hesitated.

“What did you do?” Zhang repeated. “Well?”

“I spanked him.”

“Why were you—” Zhang turned his gaze to Ricardo. “Wait, were you having sex with him?!”

“That doesn’t matter.” Ricardo tried to stealthily zip up his pants and fasten his belt, but there was no hiding what he’d done now.

“Dude, what the fuck?” Zhang slapped his forehead with the heel of his hand. “You couldn’t have waited until the conversion was complete? What is wrong with you?”

“Shut the fuck up, Zhang. I don’t care what you think. Just do what you’re told.”

“And what is that?” The head scientist threw his hands in the air. “What do you want me to do with him?”

“The investors will be here tomorrow.” Ricardo ran his fingers through his slicked-back hair. “Do whatever you need to do to make sure that she’ll be ready for her presentation. Give the stubborn piece of shit a triple dose of the concentrate.”

The two scientists exchanged worried glances.

“We don’t know what kind of effect a triple dose will have on his body,” Mark said.

Zhang nodded. “You saw what happened with Amy.”

“Well, yeah.” Ricardo waved his hand. “She’s right where we want her.”

“Physically, sure,” Zhang said, “but she doesn’t even have the mental

capacity to do that job.” He pointed in the direction of her desk.

Ricardo rubbed his face, which ended up smearing his blood all over. “We’ll let the investors deal with that. Knowing them, they’ll take her off our hands and keep her for personal use.”

Zhang scratched his head. He looked over at Mark, who shrugged. “That make’s sense.”

Ricardo pressed his handkerchief to his bloody cheek. “If this works, both of you will get a big, fat bonus.”

The scientists looked at each other and nodded.

“Whatever you need, boss,” Zhang said.

“Triple dose, then take him home. If Carla doesn’t show up to work tomorrow completely obedient and fully formed down there, you’re both fucked.”

Carla smiled as she rolled over in bed. There was just something wonderful about the feel of her bedsheets on her naked body, especially when the fabric grazed her nipples. That made her feel oh-so good.

The early morning light filled her bedroom. According to the small bedside clock, she still had twenty minutes before her alarm would beckon her to leave the comfort of her bed and head off to work.

As if they already knew what to do, her fingers slid their way down between her legs. A throbbing ache in her shoulder forced her arm back and she shifted her position and rolled onto her back. She switched hands, and the moment her fingers found her wet opening, her back arched and a little gasp escaped her lips.

This feels so wonderful, but why... does it feel... wrong?

She pushed the thought aside as her fingers explored her depths further. It felt good, so very good. That’s all that mattered.

Her alarm sounded, and for a few brief moments, Carla considered just not going to work at all today. She could just stay there in bed and bask in the glory that was this wonderful body of hers.

Is it really mine?

The incessant buzzing from her phone killed the mood. Like crumbs on a table, she swept the nagging thoughts aside, grudgingly got out of bed, and stepped into the shower.

Something felt wrong as she washed away the morning grogginess. Her body felt wrong, like it was a lie. She tried to locate the source of these doubts as she sat at her vanity and did her makeup, but the source if it was gone. Echoes from somewhere distant.

“Fuck, I look amazing today,” she said as she glimpsed herself in her full-length mirror. Her makeup was killer and her outfit perfect. Today was the big day. She had to impress the investors.

That voice came back. It was trying to warn her of something. She ignored it as she turned to take a look at herself from the back. Her red skirt was so short it was almost embarrassing. It just barely covered her ass. It was so wrong, but at the same time so... right. She loved looking like this. She wanted to look sexy. She lifted her skirt and smirked when she saw the thin strap of fabric that called itself underwear vanish between her perfect ass cheeks.

No. Stop. This is a lie. You're not—

“Oh, shut up, would you?” she said to no one. “You're really annoying.”

The voice was gone. Satisfied with how she looked, Carla slipped on her high heels and headed off to work.

“Like, oh my god, you look totally killer,” Amy said as Carla walked through the door of the office. “I just want to—um—like, do stuff to you.” She giggled then looked away. “What was I doing?” She tapped her finger on her thick, swollen lips. Her eyes glazed over as she stared off into nothingness, which Carla noted, seemed to happen a lot lately.

Amy turned back to her. “Oh right! The, um, investors are like, coming today. Gotta be ready for ‘em!” She indicated the break room with her thumb. “You, like, want some coffee?”

Carla smiled. “Definitely. Gotta be ready for the investors!”

Amy grinned as she slid out from behind the tall receptionist’s desk and started toward the break room. Carla followed behind Amy, drinking in the walking sex object the blonde was. Her hips rocked back and forth like a pendulum, yet she moved so effortlessly in her six-inch platform heels. Her black pinstripe skirt didn’t even completely cover her apple-shaped bottom.

“Can you—um—help me with this?” Amy giggled.

Carla realized she had been so fixated on Amy that she hadn’t noticed they were already in the break room. She looked up to see Amy scratching her head as she looked at the coffee machine.

“I, ugh, used to know how to use this thing,” she giggled. “I’m such a ditz.”

Carla shrugged and got the machine working. A few moments later, they were both enjoying hot cups of the miracle morning drink.

This coffee isn’t even good. Why do I keep drinking it?

“Look!” Amy said in a hushed shout.

Carla followed her coworker’s finger to the main floor of the office. Ricardo and the other board members chatted with three men in suits as they exited the lab and headed toward the conference room. Amy was saying something, but Carla wasn’t paying attention. She had her eyes on Ricardo, who was walking toward them.

When he was close enough, she spotted the scratch marks on his cheek. How did he... Wait, did I...?

A scene played out in her mind’s eye. It was brief, as quick and as powerful as a bolt of lightning. It was Ricardo and... her. He was bleeding, and she was cussing him out.

**Remember. Don't forget who—**

**“Good morning, ladies!” Ricardo said as he entered the break room.**

**“Good morning, Mr. Ricardo,” she and Amy said in unison.**

**Remember. He is the rea—**

**“You all ready for your presentation?” he asked.**

**“I am!” Amy said, “I'm so ready!”**

**Ricardo turned to Carla. “Carla?”**

**She stared at him. He did this to you. Break free—**

**“Carla? You there?” He waved his hand in front of her face.**

**This is not who you are—**

**“Carla!” Ricardo snapped his fingers.**

**She blinked and turned her gaze to him. “Yes, Mr. Ricardo?”**

**“You ready for today?”**

**She looked over at the conference room. Am I forgetting something? She looked back at her boss. “Yes, I'm ready.”**

**He looked at her and she looked back at him. Then he smiled. “Alright. I know you two ladies will kill it in there.”**

**The door opened and Takamaru poked his head out. “They're ready for you.”**

**Ricardo clapped his hands. “It's time.” He turned and headed for the conference room with Amy right behind him.**

**Carla hesitated. What is this? Why am I feeling this apprehension? Why do I feel like something is terribly wrong?**

**“You coming?” Ricardo said.**

**Carla set the coffee cup down. “Yes, sorry.”**

**The conference room was completely full. Takamaru, Shawn, and Nicolas sat at the far end while Al, Mark, and Zhang sat in chairs alongside the back wall. Al eyed Carla like he was starving and she was a ribeye steak. Three men in suits sat up front, two on one side of the table while the other, visibly older than the other two, and who Carla assumed was the head investor, sat opposite them.**

**Ricardo directed Amy and Carla to stand in the corner on one side of the wall-mounted TV while he stood on the other and closed the door. He took a long look at the two women, and Carla noticed his smile was a little more menacing when his gaze landed on her.**

**He turned to the investors. “Gentlemen, it is a pleasure to have you here today. As you can see, your investment has borne fruit.” He motioned to Carla and Amy.**

**Carla heard the voice again. It’s all a lie. Get out. Hurry.**

**She saw the lead investor eyeing her, and she froze.**

**Run. Before it’s too late.**

**“Tell us about them,” the man said, eyes still on Carla.**

**“Of course,” Ricardo said. “But first, let me show you what they’re capable of.” He turned to Carla and Amy. “Girls, please demonstrate your hospitality with our guests.”**

**“Yes, Mr. Ricardo,” Amy said. She turned and headed for the two investors.**

**Carla replied the same, her body moving of its own accord toward the head investor. She glanced over to the other side of the table. Amy was already on her knees between the legs of one of the men, his cock in her mouth. She turned back and saw the man smiling at her as he spread his legs expectantly. She got on her knees and unfastened his belt, then opened the front of his pants.**

**As she freed his hardening cock from his underwear, she heard Ricardo speak.**

**“Amy was someone we got from a temp agency. As you can see here, she was what you’d call... a diamond in the rough. She was heavy-set and really drab.”**

**Carla peered back over her shoulder at the presentation while her hands worked the man’s cock. Was that Amy? The woman she saw up on the screen looked almost nothing like the woman who at this moment was taking a cock from both ends. The woman on the screen had short blonde hair in a pageboy cut. She wore a long-sleeved sweater and pants with very little makeup.**

**Smack! “Oh, fuck!” Amy screamed.**

**Carla looked over. One of the investors has his cock buried deep inside her pussy. There was a glowing red hand print on her bare behind. The other investor grabbed a fistful of her hair and pushed her head back onto his cock. Carla looked up at the investor in front of her. He smiled down at her as she took his cock back in her mouth.**

**Ricardo continued. “Once we nailed the serum and finalized the design on the nanomachine delivery system, we just needed to find a way to give it to them on a regular basis where they wouldn’t suspect a thing. The more unaware they are, the easier it is for the programming to take hold and the physical changes to go by unnoticed.”**

**Carla could hear Amy’s moans and the grunts of the men plowing her. She looked up at the man whose cock she was depthroating. He paid no attention to her, his eyes on the presentation.**

**“Tell me,” Ricardo continued, “what is something that the typical office worker consumes every single day?” He paused for a moment. “Coffee.”**

**Coffee? I... I drank the coffee every day.**

**“The office worker depends on it. It’s the fuel that gets them through the morning, and often enough, the afternoon too. So we fed them the nanomachines in their morning cup of Joe, and they were none the wiser.”**

**“Very clever,” the man said. He patted Carla on the back of her head.**

**“Amy’s transition wasn’t perfect. Her physical changes went a little beyond what we had planned, and her mental capacity, well... let’s just say she won’t be solving any complex math problems anytime soon.”**

**This ignited a bout of laughter from everyone in the room.**

**“Then there was Carl.”**

**Carl? That’s weird. Sounds like... my...**

**“We know we were supposed to hire two women, but we decided to hire a man.”**

**Carla let the cock fall out of her mouth. She turned and stared up at the screen. There was a picture of a man up there. He was thin, with short brown hair and chestnut eyes. He looked strangely familiar. Almost as if...**

**Ricardo grinned. “The programming took root by the end of the first week, and the physical changes started the week after.” He turned to Carla and motioned to her. “Carla, come up here, would you?”**

**She hesitated a moment, but she stood and moved next to Ricardo.**

**“Tell me, gentlemen, would you believe me if I told you that this hot piece of cock-sucking ass was a man not three weeks ago?” He turned to her. “Show them, slut.”**

**Carla bowed her head slightly. “Yes, Mr. Ricardo.” She lifted her skirt and pulled down her panties, revealing a moist, soaking wet pussy.**

**Is he talking about... me?**

**“You should’ve seen it,” Ricardo laughed. “His cock shrank so much, it got down to like, the size of my pinky finger!” He extended his finger for the three men to see, but only the senior investor was paying attention. The other two were enjoying Amy too much to really care. “Identify yourself, Carla.”**

**Carla straightened, her body at attention. “My name is Carla, and I live to serve and obey. I am yours to command.”**

**Carl. That was me. I was... I was... I was... Oh, no!**

**“Carla, why don’t you show the man just how much of a woman you are now?”**

**She didn’t move. She just stood there, frozen in fear and realization. She was Carl. She used to be a man. They did this to her.**

**“Carla.” Ricardo’s voice was firm, stern.**

**“What’s wrong with her?” The senior investor crossed his arms. “Is there an issue with the programming?” He shook his head. “Is she not truly ready? We agreed on—”**

**“I know what we agreed on,” Ricardo said. “I promise you she’s ready. There was an issue with the programming, but it’s been taken care of.”**

**Carla found herself backing away, moving toward the door. She looked down at her hands, at her long polished nails and the shiny gold and rhinestone bracelets.**

**“You...” She turned to Ricardo. “You did this to me... Why?”**

**In the corner of her vision, she saw the other board members get to their feet. Only the senior investor and Al stayed seated.**

**“Think about it, Carla. What kind of life were you living before this place?” Ricardo took a step toward her. “You were highly educated, and what did that get you? You had to settle for a glorified secretary position. Think about it how much better your life is now.”**

**It is better. You’re incredibly beautiful. You serve a purpose. You’re wanted.**

**“But look at her!” Carla pointed to the sex-crazed Amy. “I don’t want to be like that!”**

**“That was an error,” Takamaru said.**

How did he get so close so quickly?

“That won’t happen to you. We promise.”

“Tell you what, Carla.” Ricardo motioned for Takamaru and Zhang, who had also closed the gap to back down. “We’ll give you a choice.”

She took another step back and felt the glass door of the conference room resist her. She was trapped. “What are my choices?”

“We undo the changes and return you to your boring failure of a previous life. Or you stay like that, your pay triples, and you won’t become like Amy.” Ricardo spread his hands.

“What do I have to do?”

Ricardo pointed to the senior investor. “You just need to have sex with him. When the deed is done, if you hate and despise it, we can give you back your old life. If you love it, well... I’m sure you’ll want to stay. What’ll it be?”

Carla eyed the man. His cock wasn’t that big; it was average at best.

Don’t trust him. He’s tricking you.

“Just have sex with him?” she asked. Ricardo nodded. Amy’s moans and groans filled the conference room. She was sandwiched between the two investors; one cock in her pussy, the other in her ass. Her massive tits bounced freely, her eyes glazed over and her jaw slack.

“She’s sure enjoying it.” Ricardo jerked a thumb over at the lust-stricken receptionist. “Can’t be that bad right? Why not give it a shot? Not a lot of guys can say they’ve experienced sex as a woman.”

Don’t do it. It’s all a—

“Okay,” Carla said. “I’ll do it.”

Ricardo extended his hand. Carla stared at it for a moment before she shook it. The board members and the scientists returned to their seats. Ricardo half-sat on the table and watched as Carla approached the still

rock-hard senior investor. His cock glistened with a mix of her saliva and his precum.

He's prob really close to cumming. Just get it over with.

She took a deep breath and positioned herself over him. She lifted one leg, then then other, and lowered herself onto his hard cock.

Carla had to use all her willpower to stop herself from throwing her head back and moaning. She gritted her teeth and stifled the erotic outburst as she took him deeper and deeper inside of her.

Oh... Oh, fuck this... this is too...

She began to rock her hips, squeezing the back of the chair so firmly that her knuckles turned white. The investor's hands roamed her breasts, and she looked down to see him smiling wide as he squeezed and played with them.

Jesus fuck... This is... Oh, fuck, this is too good... So wonderful...

The investor ripped her blouse open and freed her tits from the bra, running this thumbs across her perky nipples. There was no hiding her reaction.

“Ohhh, fuck!” she moaned. “Oh! Oh! Oh, fuck!”

She rode him faster and faster. Then she was on her back. When did she get on the table? It didn't matter. She was looking up at the ceiling, up at the man fucking her with unbridled passion. It felt so good. How could it be this amazing?

“Oh, fuck me! Oh, fuck! Oh! Oh! Ohhhhh!”

The investor jerked and spasmed as he exploded inside of her. His hot seed filled her, and she herself left this world. It struck her like a tidal wave and carried her to places she never thought possible. Her vision blurred and her body went completely limp.

When she finally came to, the investors were shaking the hands of the board

members. How long was she out? She managed to prop herself up with her elbows and saw the puddle of cum and her own sexual fluid between her legs. Most of it had spilled onto the ground.

She looked around and saw Amy seated in one of the chairs. Her eyes were closed, but her face was plastered with cum. It covered her chest, oozed out of the corners of her mouth and dripped down from between her legs.

“Jesus fucking Christ, what a mess,” Ricardo said.

“We’ll have to get new carpet in here,” Shawn laughed.

Ricardo motioned to the unconscious Amy. “Get her out of here and clean her up. She’s going with them.”

Zhang and Mark wrestled with the unconscious Amy. “Ew, gross,” one of them muttered. Carla watched them carry Amy out. Everyone but Ricardo followed. When they were all gone, he wheeled one of the chairs over and sat down.

“So, how was it?”

“It was amazing.” She couldn’t lie. The fact that they had done this to her, that they had forced this body upon her, was seemingly unimportant. She didn’t care; she was too wrapped up in just how amazing it felt having sex as a woman. “I can’t believe it can feel that good.”

“Say the word and you can go—”

“No, wait...” She looked away from him. Her cheeks turned bright red. I’m sorry, Carl. There’s no way I can go back to being you. “I want to stay like this.”

Ricardo smiled. “I thought you—”

“On one condition.”

Ricardo raised an eyebrow.

“Remove the programming. I want my mind to be my own.”

**“Done.” Ricardo extended his hand and Carla shook it. “Welcome to the team, Carla.”**

**Carla didn’t get much done over the weekend. In fact, she spent most of it naked in her bed. The only reason she showered was because she got a whiff of her body odor, and spending all day pleasuring yourself made the human body smell really bad. But Monday came, and she got out of bed when her alarm rang.**

**She was the first in the office. It was strange seeing it so quiet. She used the opportunity to really explore the place. Her keycard unlocked all the doors, except the heavy metal security door that led to the lab. She turned on all the lights and powered up the computer as she sat down at her new desk. With Amy gone, she was now the receptionist, and like any good receptionist, she greeted everyone with a smile as they came in.**

**At around nine, the door opened and a man approached the desk. He was short and fat, with greasy hair and a really unattractive neckbeard. He grinned when he saw her, and Carla instantly knew the kind of man he was, which was why she leaned forward and exposed her breasts as he told her he was here for the interview.**

**“Yep, I see you here on the schedule. But you’ve arrived just a little early, so Mr. Ricardo isn’t ready for you yet.” She glanced over at the break room. “You want some coffee?”**

**“Yes, please! I’m dying for some,” the man said, failing to hide his downward glances.**

**Carla smiled and scooted out from behind the desk. The man followed her to the break room, and Carla could feel his eyes all over her. After a few moments, she handed the cup to the man and he took a sip.**

**“It’s pretty good.”**

**Carla smiled. “It’ll change your life.”**

## **AFTERWORD**

**Thank you for reading *The New Hire*, I hope you enjoyed it!**

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