



THE PILL

NIKKI CRESCENT

THE PILL

(Gender Transformation, Feminization, Bimbo Transformation
Erotica)

A Bundle Of Pharmaceutical Proportions
Three Books Featuring Juicy Gender Bending
By Nikki Crescent

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Author's Note

The author would like to point out that all the characters in this work of fiction are eighteen years of age or older. All sexual acts depicted in this book are totally consensual. It is not the author's intention to offend any reader. All the characters in this book are fictitious and any similarity to any person, living or dead, is purely coincidence.

It is my sincere hope that you enjoy this e-book. Get snuggled up with your favourite girl, boy or toy and read on...



Gender Swap On Top

Chapter 1

Knock! Knock!

“Come in!” I called out.

The door to my top floor executive office opened and Victoria, one of the research managers within my company poked her head in.

“Mr. Bonham?” she asked.

“Yes? Come in, Victoria.”

Victoria shyly walked into my office and closed the door behind her. Nervous, she stood in front of the door, stiff as a board looking down at her feet. She was a classically beautiful office girl. She had long curly blonde hair that extended beyond her shoulders and small, cute physique. She even had the classic office girl glasses and a fitted blouse. Her plaid dress skirt was tight to her perfectly curved hips and cut off a few inches above her knee, showing off her long, smooth legs.

“What is it?” I asked.

“Mr. Bonham, I’ve worked with this company for a long time; almost five years.”

“Yes, you’ve been a great asset to Bonham Pharmaceuticals. Tell me why you’re here.”

She bit her lip.

“Well, I heard that Jerry—I mean, Mr. Philips was quitting and I thought—Well, I thought that maybe I could take his position, up in corporate.”

“You want to work up here in corporate?” I asked, still sitting behind my wonderfully handcrafted oak desk.

“Um, yes. I think it’s the right next step in my career development—and I think I would nail the job, sir.”

“Victoria, the guys in corporate have been with the company for

well over a decade, and all of them came from very well respected companies.”

“Yes, well, I still believe that I’m the right person for the job.”

I smiled at the shy girl standing before me.

“Come, sit down,” I said, motioning to the chair on the other side of my desk.

Victoria took a deep breath and began walking forward. I could see her heart pounding against her chest. She sat down in the chair, straightened her back and forced a smile, trying her best to look professional and composed.

“Tell me, Victoria, why did you come to me, and not to Francis, at the head of HR?”

Victoria sat stationary and silent, like a statue.

“Victoria?” I prodded.

“Well, sir... I thought... Well...”

“It’s okay, just talk to me.”

“I didn’t think my resume would be noticed among all the others. Everyone is putting in their name for the position.”

“Everyone knows about Jerry leaving?” I asked.

Victoria looked at me for a second. “Yes, sir.”

“Call me Wade.”

“Yes, sir—I mean, Wade.”

I chuckled under my breath. She was cute.

“Why do you deserve the position over all the other candidates submitting their resumes? What are you willing to do?” I asked.

She looked at me, her heart about to implode. I could see her hands trembling under my desk on her lap.

“Well, I’ll do anything. I really want that spot.”

“Define anything. What is anything?”

She bit her lip. “Whatever you want it to be, Wade.”

Gently, she reached up to the top button of her blouse. Carefully she began to unbutton the shirt down to the last button, exposing a sexy red bra she had likely picked out for this very occasion. I watched closely, and couldn’t help but let out a little smirk.

She leaned forward as she slipped the blouse down her arms and off

of her body. She stared at me, her eyes wide. She was putting everything she had on the line for this job. I liked that in an employee.

“Come here, Victoria.”

I patted my lap, motioning her to come over to me. She walked around my desk, as I swivelled in my office chair to face her. I spread open my legs and smiled. Gently, she lowered herself to her knees between my legs. Looking up at me, she forced a smile. Then, she began to undo my belt and pull down my zipper.

“That’s a good girl,” I said, placing one of my hands into her soft hair. “Good girls go far in this company.”

She reached her small hand through the opening in my pants and pulled out my long flaccid dick. Carefully, in her hand, she began to stroke it up and down. She watched the long member closely as it began to throb near her face. I continued to caress her soft blonde head.

She slowly leaned forward and slipped out her tongue. She gently ran the tip of her tongue along the base of the swelling shaft. My cock was growing at a rapid pace in her stroking hand.

“Your cock is so big, Mr. Bonham,” she said, looking up at me.

I smiled and then pushed her head back down with my hand. She opened her lips wide and slipped my giant cock deep into her mouth. I could feel my shaft throb against her warm, wet tongue as it slid far back, hitting the back of her throat. Initially, she gagged, but then she managed to open up her throat to accommodate my entire size, slipping it down deep.

With my free hand, I reached down her back and started to unclip her bra, as she began to slide her head up and down the length of my rock-hard shaft. The bra successfully unclipped and fell off of her body, exposing her perfect, round supple tits and hard nipples.

Her pace increased. Her wet tongue wrapped around my gigantic dick and slid up and down its entire length. I could feel my bulbous tip pushing in and out of her throat with every deep revolution. As she sunk her head down deep, her nose pushed into my pubic hair.

“That’s it. Just like that,” I said.

She pushed her head down, stuffing the entire length of my cock into her throat. With my strong hands, I held her head in place,

enjoying the warm, wet sensation. She started to gag and choke, but I held her just a little bit longer. Thick saliva ran out the sides of her mouth and down her face. Finally, I released and she pulled her head off of my dick to catch her breath.

“Impressive,” I said, smiling.

Knock! Knock!

Someone was at the door.

I pushed Victoria’s head down under the desk and spun to face the door.

“What is it?” I called out.

The door opened and my young brunette secretary poked her head in.

“Um, sir—You have a meeting in five minutes with sales,” she reminded me.

“What for?” I asked.

“It’s a product pitch, sir.”

“Okay, okay. I’ll be right down.”

My secretary turned away and closed the door. I looked down at Victoria. Her face was covered in slobber and her mascara had run down her face.

“Go clean yourself up,” I said.

Victoria stood up and began to do up her blouse. I reached and grabbed a handful of tissues, which I passed to her as she began to leave.

“I’ll see you in the meeting.”

“Um, so is there any way I can have that job?” she asked shyly.

“I’ll think about it. Go.”

She wiped her face before walking out the door, saying nothing as she left.



Chapter 2

“So, help me understand how this works,” I said. “You just take the pill, and overnight you become a woman?” I asked.

“It will completely revolutionize sexual reassignment, making it a medical procedure and not a surgical one,” one of the sales people informed me.

“Okay, but how the hell does it work. Have you tested it?”

“It contains a few things: different artificially engineered stimulating hormones, which force your body to produce the hormones you need to naturally become a woman. It also contains a DNA modifying protein inhibitor, which works by attaching to your cells, almost like a bacteria, and then duplicating. It goes right down into your genetic structure and changes your DNA sequence to that of a female. Within 24 hours, you are a fully functioning female. Hell, you could even start having babies if you wanted to.”

“That doesn’t answer my questions—Have you tested it?”

“Well, we’ve tested it in rats and monkeys and it has worked one hundred percent of the time.”

“And humans?” I asked.

“Um... Well—It’s not easy to find a volunteer to test this kind of radical DNA altering drug. If we put it on the market, with a brand name and everything, people would feel much safer with it, as opposed to a testing facility.”

“You want me to put out a drug without having tested it on a single person?”

The entire sales team stared at me wide-eyed.

“Sir, with all due respect, we at Bonham Pharmaceuticals put out hundreds of drugs without proper testing first. We have a massive insurance policy that can handle a few errors. It’s just more

economical to test the drug that way, rather than to spend millions and millions in the lab.”

I thought for a moment as I scanned the room full of sales people and my fellow executives.

“What do you think, Wade?” Charles, one of my fellow executives asked me.

I sat thinking for a moment.

“We, um, also have a version that transforms men into women,” the guy giving the pitch continued.

“So it’s reversible?” I asked.

“Well... Only within the first twenty hours or so—then it becomes more complicated, with all the hormones and whatnot. We did successfully revert the changes on a monkey after six hours of making a complete transformation. It was quite incredible, actually.”

I thought for one last moment.

“What are the sales projections?” I asked.

The sales guys all smiled. “They’re through the roof. Sex reassignment is extremely popular right now. We estimate close to ten million in our first year, and a billion by our second, once it’s totally proven. You can read all the projections in the report, here.”

He handed me the report.

~

After the meeting, I packed my briefcase and made my way down the elevator to the main lobby.

Martin, our building’s security guard was hitting on some young girl. She stood, bent over on his little security podium in her mini skirt. Martin was a tall, built black man who had worked for my company since the beginning. He was always in a great mood, but every time I came down, he was hitting on some new woman.

“Martin,” I said, smiling as I passed him.

“Hey, Mr. Bonham.”

Martin’s attention was quickly pulled back to the pretty young woman.

“Mr. Bonham!” a female voice called out from behind me.

I turned around and saw Victoria running towards me.

“Yes, Victoria?” I asked.

“Can I talk to you for a minute, upstairs?”

“I have to get going.”

“Please. It’s important—Regarding the new product.”

I sighed. “Okay, you have five minutes.”

We went back up the elevator to my office. I walked around my desk and sat down.

“Look, Victoria—What happened today—Don’t let that affect your job, okay?”

“Mr. Bonham, I don’t think you should release that drug. I’ve been following the studies for the past six months, and it’s just too risky. There are side effects that we are just finding out about. Also, in some of the experiments, the animal totally rejected the drug and died.”

“Victoria, you need to understand something. We have an insurance policy that covers all of our fuck ups. Our finance guys did the crunching, and no matter how many lawsuits we get, we will still profit. A few deaths are bound to happen—They always do.”

“But, morally...”

“You see, this is why you can’t ever work in corporate: Because you’re a woman. You’re too emotional and you care too much about people you don’t know. We aren’t in the business of being moral and upstanding citizens. We’re in the business of making money. If I wanted to make the world a wonderful place, I would have started a charity instead of the world’s biggest pharmaceutical company.”

Victoria was shocked. She couldn’t speak.

“I know; I’m a horrible person. Yet, the world continues to spin.”

I stood up and walked to the door.

“Now, please,” I said, holding the door open. “I need to be going.”

Victoria, silent, stood up and walked out of the room. I watched her as she entered the elevator and disappeared down the massive tower.

~

I returned to my waterfront mansion that night and poured myself a drink. Tired from the hectic day, I sat down and closed my eyes.

I began to doze off.

Creak!

From across my house I could hear a door open. I perked up.

"Hello?" I called out.

There was no answer.

"Who's there?" I called out again.

Once again, I was met with no response. I stood up and began to walk towards the noise. Carefully, I pushed open the door into my kitchen, where there was a back entrance into my home. The door was unlocked, but there didn't seem to be any signs of intruders.

"Who's here? Show yourself!" I called out.

Thud.

Another noise came from my living room, where I had previously been sitting. Quickly, I ran back into the room and looked around. Once again, there was no sign of anyone. Perhaps I was just tired and my mind was playing tricks on me.

"If you don't show yourself right now, I'm calling the police!"

The room was quiet. I stood still, waiting to hear another sound, but I never did. Carefully, I made my way back to the couch and sat down.

I looked around nervously, and then downed the rest of my drink. All the stress from work was finally starting to make me lose my mind.

Suddenly, I started to have a strange pain in my stomach. My muscles started to feel tight and my legs started to feel weak. A wave of drowsiness crossed over my body. I had been drugged.

I fell down onto my knees, off of the couch, and reached for my phone. I flipped it open and began to dial. Before I could even type out a single digit, I dropped it to the floor as my arms went weak.

What was happening to me?

Was someone trying to kill me?

Thud!

My body slammed into the floor and my vision began to black out



Chapter 3

I woke up the next afternoon, still laying the middle of my living room floor. I slowly pulled myself up to my feet and looked around the room.

I was alive.

I looked down on the floor, and my glass had been knocked over. None of my art had been stolen, nor had any of my electronics. I made my way upstairs into the panic room, where I kept my safe hidden. It hadn't been tampered with. Whoever came into my house simply drugged me and left.

I went back downstairs and picked up my phone.

"You have 26 missed calls, 22 voicemail messages and 33 new text messages," my phone said.

Fuck.

I was so late for work, with so much to do. I quickly ran upstairs to change. I ran into my bedroom and pulled away my belt. I unzipped my pants and pulled them down past my ankles. I ran over to my dresser while unbuttoning my dress shirt.

As I threw the shirt onto the floor, I noticed something: On my chest, were two large supple breasts. I froze in my place. Slowly, I moved my hands towards them and felt them. They were real.

I sprinted into my bathroom and looked in the mirror.

I was a woman. My facial structure had softened and my Adam's apple had receded. My hair was unchanged, but messy from spending the night on the floor. I looked down between my legs. My penis was gone—receded and dissipated within my body. In its place was a thin little pussy.

In shock, my mouth opened wide. I couldn't even recognize myself;

I looked so radically different. Someone had slipped me the gender-swap pill from the meeting.

I needed to get that female-to-male pill immediately, before the twenty hours was up.

I quickly threw on whatever I thought could work on a woman. I put on an old band t-shirt I had from college, and some old jeans. I looked in the mirror. My large tits pushed hard against the shirt, and my hard nipples were completely visible against the cotton fabric. It wasn't much, but it would have to do.

I ran down to my car and jumped in. As quickly as I could, I drove to work. I put a pair of big sunglasses on so that no one could possibly recognize me. While my face had changed drastically, I was still Wade Bonham.

I parked on the street and ran into the building. I hustled through the building lobby towards the elevator.

"Ma'am! Ma'am!" someone behind me yelled.

I ignored them and continued to quickly walk towards the elevator, wearing my big sunglasses.

"Ma'am, stop!" the person yelled again.

I hit the button for the elevator and began to wait for it to arrive. Suddenly, Martin stepped in front of the elevator door.

"I'm going to need to see some identification," he said.

"I—Um, I work here," I said, trying to not look him in the eye.

"Okay, well let me see your access card."

"I forgot it... At home."

"Well then, you're going to need to go home and get it."

"I actually have a really important meeting with Mr. Bonham, so I can't do that right now."

"It's Saturday. Mr. Bonham doesn't take meetings on Saturdays."

"Well, he did today, okay? Now let me through."

"I'm sorry ma'am—I can't let you through without an access card."

I looked into Martin's eyes, angry.

"I'll be quick," I said.

"I don't care. You can't go up until you at least show me some identification I can look up."

I sighed.

“Mr. Bonham is going to be really pissed if you don’t let me up.”

“Well, that’s a risk I’m going to take. This is, after all, what he pays me to do.”

The elevator opened up. I tried to walk past Martin, but he grabbed onto me.

“Please, I need to get up.”

“Not without identification.”

I needed a new strategy. I thought for a moment as the elevator door closed again. Martin continued to stare me in the eyes, watching me closely so I didn’t make any quick moves.

“Look,” I said, “Mr. Bonham—ordered me here.”

Martin continued to stare at me, confused as to what I was suggesting.

“He, um, called me to come... Meet with him, if you know what I mean...”

“No, ma’am, I don’t know what you mean.”

“I, uh, came to give him a bit of action.”

Martin’s eyes lit up.

“You’re a—you’re a prostitute?” he whispered to me.

“Yes.”

“Well...” Martin said, thinking. “Is there any way you can prove it? Get Mr. Bonham on the phone?”

“I can’t do that—you know that,” I said.

Martin smiled.

“Well, maybe there’s another way you could prove it,” Martin said with a grin from ear to ear.

I took a deep breath. I had to think fast. I only had a few hours before the drug was no longer reversible.

“Where do you want to go?” I asked, forcing a flirtatious smile.

Martin bit his lip and looked around. “Follow me,” he said.

He led me through the lobby and into the service corridor. We walked down towards the security room, where there were many televisions set up, covering various angles on the building.

Martin took me by the hand and guided me towards an armless

swivel chair that was in the center of the room. He sat down in it and looked up at me.

"You're a sexy little gal," he said. "I can see what Bonham sees in you."

"Thanks," I said.

"Why don't you take a seat? Let me show you how we do things down here."

Hesitantly, I walked over and sat down on Martin's lap, wrapping my legs around his waist and looking down into his eyes. I placed my hands on his shoulders.

"Oh, baby. You're a hot piece of ass, you know that?"

I forced a smile.

"You ever been with a black guy before?"

I nodded no. Martin chuckled.

Then, he reached his arms up around my neck and pulled me in towards him. I initially resisted. I had to just eat my pride and do it. I didn't have the time to fuck around.

I leaned forward and kissed the black security guard on the lips. He wrapped his big black lips around mine and sucked. With his big, muscular arms, he held my head in place. Suddenly, his big, warm wet tongue penetrated my lips and entered my mouth.

Just go with it, Bonham. Just go with it.

I wrapped my tongue around his and allowed my body to relax. I sunk my hands from his shoulders, down his torso and onto the sides of his ripped abs. I ran my fingers along his hard, rippling muscles.

One of Martin's hands began to slide downwards, down my back and onto my butt. He squeezed my butt cheek hard in his strong grip. Then, she gave me a spank, sending a tingle up my spine and making me straighten my back.

Martin laughed. "It's okay, baby. Just a little love tap."

I took another deep breath and sunk back down into the big black security guard. His hands moved down to my waist and made quick work of my belt and zipper. In no time flat, Martin was beginning to slide my pants down my butt.

"Stand up," Martin commanded.

I slowly stood up, standing between his legs. Martin slipped my pants down the length of my legs, exposing my pantiless pussy.

“Damn, girl. No panties?”

I smiled and then slid my hands down onto Martin’s cock. I could feel the massive bulge of his giant black dick through his jeans. I sunk down to my knees and began to rub and caress his hardening member.

Martin placed his hands on my head and felt my hair through his fingers.

Tick! Tick! Tick!

There was a clock in the corner of the room that I could hear ticking away, counting down to my demise. I had to move quicker.

I began to undo his belt. I pulled it off of his body quickly and went straight for his zipper.

“Oh, you want it badly, don’t you?”

I simply nodded yes and I began to tug his pants down his legs. Then, I saw it— Martin had a massive, nearly foot long black cock between his legs. My eyes went wide and I froze still.

“Don’t be afraid, baby. It ain’t gonna hurt you—much.”

Martin chuckled as he began to pull my head down towards his gargantuan penis. I took a deep breath, opened my mouth and then guided the humongous cock into my mouth. Its magnificent girth stretched out my tight lips as it slid in deep. I couldn’t even get half of it inside of my mouth before it squished up against the back of my throat, gagging me.

Just do it, Bonham.

I began to move my head up and down the length of the black dick. I could taste Martin’s manly musk against my tongue as I ran it along the base of his cock. It throbbed hard against my cheeks and I could feel every hard vein as the thick shaft pushed through my lips.

Martin pulled my head in tighter to his body with his strong hands. His dick pushed hard down into my throat. I couldn’t breathe. My face started to turn red and my mouth began to salivate.

“Hold it, baby. Hold it.”

Martin continued to hold my head on his slick throbbing member. Foamy drool poured out the sides of my mouth, down my face. I

coughed and gagged but Martin didn't relieve his pressure. I reached around and placed my hand firmly on his leg, squeezing tight.

Finally, he let go and I burst into a coughing fit. Saliva poured out of my mouth, down my face, while long strands of it connected my mouth to his penis. Martin sat, chuckling satisfied.

"You nearly got the whole thing in there," he said. "Come on up, let me see those tits."

I pulled myself up to my feet. Tears were running down my face. I looked down at his massive, slobber-covered black erection. I stood for a moment—that was going to hurt my virgin pussy.

"What are you waiting for, baby?"

Tick! Tick! Tick!

Hesitantly, I began to pull off my t-shirt, letting my tits fall out and bounce. I stepped forward, overtop of Martin and took a deep breath. He placed his hands on my hips and began to lower me down, directly onto his cock.

I felt his warm, wet tip push up against my tight slit. The tip of his dick slid across my clit and began to push up into my tight hole. I gasped sharply as my pussy stretched out wide. I tried to stop myself from going any lower, but Martin continued to apply pressure.

"No more," I said, feeling a sharp pain as my slit stretched open.

"It's fine, baby. It'll be fine."

Martin was unrelenting. He pulled me hard, overriding my resistance. Once half way down the length of his enormous cock, he began to pull me back up. He was using my body like a full-sized sex doll.

My vagina started to tingle and quiver. I could feel it tense and release against the girth of his cock. The sharp pain persisted.

"C'mon baby, that all you got?"

If I was going to get him off quickly, I was going to need to put more into it. I took a breath, bit my tongue and closed my eyes. Then, I started to push my body down. I managed to sink the entirety of his foot-long dick inside of my pussy.

Tick! Tick! Tick!

I began to pull my body up and down his cock. I felt every inch of

his veiny cock against my clit as I pulled up the whole length, and then dropped down to his pelvis. My butt slapped into his lap with every revolution.

“Holy fuck, girl.”

I picked up my pace. The pain was going away little by little with every hard penetration. The tingling was growing and I was starting to relax. Finally, my muscles released their tension and I melted into Martin like warm butter on chocolate. I leaned into him and placed my head next to his.

“I fucking love your big black cock,” I said into his ear, trying to get him more aroused.

“Yeah?” he asked.

“I want you to fuck me. Fuck me like you’ve never fucked anyone,” I said.

“Oh yeah?”

“I want your cum all over me.”

Martin bit his lip. I could feel blood pumping into his cock at a rapid pace. Then, Martin grabbed me from the side and lifted me up, without pulling his long black shaft out of me. He carried me over to a desk and dropped me down on my ass.

Holding me in place, Martin started to thrust himself into me, pushing every inch of his monolithic member into my body. Warm fluid began to squish out of my pussy after every aggressive thrust.

Squish! Squish! Squish!

Fluid was flying everywhere. My body began to feel light and my extremities were going numb. I was surrendering to his big, black dominance.

Tick! Tick! Tick!

I didn’t have much time. I had to get him off.

“Fuck me harder! Fuck the shit out of me!”

Martin smiled and bit his lip, and he kept going. He seemed to just go on forever. What could I do?

“Stick it in my ass,” I said.

“Really?” he asked.

“Fuck me in the ass, big boy.”

Martin pulled his massively long cock out of my pussy. A large bout of fluid poured out of me as the tip of his dick cleared the rim of my slit. Then, he guided his dick down to my asshole.

“Do it! Fuck my ass!” I yelled.

He began to shove it into me. Fuck, it hurt. My asshole stretched wide and I clenched hard on his dick.

“Fuck, it’s tight,” he said.

“I don’t care. Fuck it. Fuck my asshole.”

Martin continued pushing his way in deep. I looked over at the clock, and then back to Martin. I reached my hands around his butt and pulled him in tight, forcing the rest of his dick inside of my body.

I screamed out loud, sharply, unable to contain myself. Martin, following my command, started to thrust his cock in and out of my tight, virgin asshole. Fluid continued to run out of my slit, and down onto Martin’s dick. Finally, I could feel his shaft beginning to swell inside of my butt, filling with cum.

He was pushing himself into me as fast as he could. He planted his hands onto the edge of the desk as his muscles bulged and his veins throbbed. I continued to scream as I began to rub my clit with my fingers. I was cumming. More and more warm juice squirted out of me as his pelvis slammed into my butt.

Slap! Slap! Slap!

“Fuck!” he yelled out loud.

“Cum on my tits!” I managed to say between screams.

Martin pulled his massive cock out of my and stepped forward. His shaft began to explode a huge load of cum all over my torso. I held my tits together, catching every single shot of his hot, sticky load. He tried to catch his breath, squeezing his penis tightly in his hand.

I was in pain. My asshole and pussy were stretched out wide, and my butt cheeks were sore and dark red. I tried to catch my breath for a moment, and then remembered my quest. I pulled myself up to my feet and started to dress myself. I threw my shirt over top of my cum covered tits, and then pulled my pants over my used and abused pussy and asshole.

“C’m on,” I said to the tired black security guard. “I’m going to be

late.”

Martin looked up at me and laughed.

“I can see what Bonham sees in you now.”

Martin pulled himself to his feet and pulled his pants up. He led me back to the elevator and scanned me through with his security access card.

I stopped the elevator at the lab floor. I ran into the empty lab and began to look around. That gender-swap pill had to be there somewhere.

“C’mon, c’mon,” I muttered to myself as I dug through drawers and cabinets.

Finally, I found a bottle labelled female-to-male sex assignment prototype. I quickly grabbed it and opened it. The bottle was empty.

“Looking for this?” a voice said behind me.

I swung around. Victoria was standing, holding the gender-swap pill between her fingers.

“Give that to me,” I demanded.

“I don’t think I want to,” she replied.

“You drugged me. You broke into my house and drugged me, you bitch.”

“You deserved it.”

“No one deserves this!”

“You’re a horrible human, and deserve to be humiliated.”

“Victoria—Please. I need that pill. This isn’t funny.”

“I think it’s very funny, actually.”

“I need to have that pill. I refuse to live like this.”

“What’s the matter? Can’t run a company as a woman?”

“I’m not fucking around, Victoria. Give me that fucking pill!”

“Sorry, Bonham.”

I began to walk towards her. “Look, I’m sorry about yesterday. I was—I was stressed out. It’s been a stressful last few weeks. You can have the job. The job’s yours. Let’s just forget about all of this.”

“Don’t come any closer,” Victoria said. “It’s your turn to try to work the corporate world as a woman. Your company—It’s mine now.”

“What are you talking about? You’ve lost your fucking mind.”

"I have the footage of you fucking the security guy. I also have all the recordings of you and I yesterday— everything you said about your immoral business. Plus the papers I found in your home office yesterday, about all the money laundering? I have that too. You're done."

I stared at Victoria, silent.

"But don't worry. I won't go to the police. You won't spend the next twenty years in jail, if you don't want to. Instead, you're going to simply release a statement, handing the company over to me. I've already done you the convenience of creating all the paperwork..."

Victoria pulled a stack of papers out from behind her back.

"You'll never be able to run the company. No woman can run this company. Now give me that pill."

Victoria laughed. "I won't run it as a woman. You'll be handing over the company to Victor Tremblay."

Victoria took the pill and put it in her mouth. She swallowed.

"I am no longer Victoria Tremblay."

"Victoria! No!" I yelled.

"You fucked over the wrong girl, Wade," said Victoria as she dropped the papers on an empty desk. "Have those signed and delivered to head office by tomorrow, or spend the next twenty years behind bars."

Victoria turned and walked back through the lab doors towards the elevators.

"Oh, and don't expect to see the gender-swap pills on shelves any time soon. I'll be ending their development as of tomorrow," Victoria called out as she disappeared down the hallway.

My life was crumbling around me. I was stuck as a woman forever, I lost my Fortune 500 Company, and worst of all, I had been defeated by a woman.

The End



Swap To The Top

Chapter 1

Girls Have All The Fun

During the local election, just a couple of years ago, the most peculiar thing happened.

I am about to tell a tale of a man—or I suppose I should say, a woman now—who was in love with her town. She was born and grew up in that town, Flanders Bay, and I can't think of one time she ever left.

Her name was Matthew—At least, before she went and... changed it. She was passionate, smart and also very handsome (back when she was a boy). But, before I confuse you with all of this “he was, she was” mumbo jumbo, let me take you back to the beginning—When Matthew was Matthew, and before the election was even on anybody's radar.

Matthew Johnson was a member of the Conservative Party. He was one of the campaign leaders for Herman Peters, an older fellow who had been running for mayor for over fifteen years, and had never been closer to actually becoming mayor than this very election.

Matthew believed in Herman's policies. He was passionate about how much they would benefit the communities of Flanders Bay. He very much wanted Herman to win, and spent every day and night working towards that goal.

One of Matthew's jobs as a campaign leader of the Conservative Party was to enlist volunteers and hire other campaign managers. Our story begins with the mayoral vote just a few months away.

It was a Wednesday afternoon, in the middle of a hot summer when Kate Morrison walked into Matthew Johnson's office, with a resume in

hand. Kate was a sweet looking girl. She was young—no older than twenty-two years old (at most). She was thin, but also curvy in all the right places. She wore a short pencil skirt, which cut off just below the curve of her firm ass. She was beautiful—no doubt about that. But she had an agenda. She was smarter than she looked—and Matthew was about to find that out.

“Hello there,” Matthew said with a genuine smile on his face. “I’m Matthew.”

“Kate.” Kate smiled and hesitated to speak any more. She was shy, in the endearing sense. She reached played with the paper edge of her resume—a nervous mannerism she wasn’t even aware of. “Hi,” she simple said.

“Applying to volunteer?”

“Um,” she began as she took a few steps towards Matthew at his desk. She reached her resume forward. “I was hoping that, maybe, I could apply for a position...”

“A position?” Matthew asked, confused. “A paid position?”

“Yes.” Kate placed her hands together behind her back, resting just above her soft little bum. She stood tall, showing off a little bit of her young supple cleavage.

“Do you have experience with politics? Do you have a political science education?” Matthew asked.

“Um, no,” Kate said, and then suddenly got very excited. “But I’m starting university next year, and I’m hoping to major in political science!” Kate made a big adorable smile.

“How do you feel about the pipeline being put in through the Northern Gateway?” Matthew asked, testing the candidate. Herman Peters was a big supporter of the oil pipeline, which was being proposed by a company called MJL Oil.

“I think that with the proper precautions, it would be beneficial to the economy. If carried out as MJL Oil has proposed, there will be very little to no environmental damages.” Kate had done her homework.

“What is your stance on Peters’ anti-medical alteration legislation?” Matt asked. One of Herman Peters’ biggest platforms was the banning of a new set of drugs, which altered your DNA with a simple

prescription—no operation needed. Herman Peters called it “Playing God,” and was absolutely against it. If elected, Peters was to make the new pills outlawed. One particular prescription could make you a whole foot taller. Another pill could make you a whole foot shorter. There was even one that would make a man into a woman.

“I think it’s a violation of the natural human state, and that it is ‘Playing God’.” Kate quoted Peters perfectly.

“That’s great,” Matthew said with that same genuine, handsome smile as before. “But we are a mostly volunteer run operation. There are less than a dozen of us on the pay roll.”

“I think I would be a valuable asset.”

“I don’t doubt it. Those spots are just reserved for...” Matthew thought for a moment. “Campaign managers and our statistics team... People with years of experience with this.”

“I know all of Herman Peters’ policies. I’m a pro with Photoshop, and can design a million high quality posters. I got straight A’s in economics and I’m very good at math—ask me any math question!” Kate seemed to have burst right out of her bubble. She smiled as she awaited Matthew’s math test.

Matthew simple laughed. “You really want a job, hey?” Matthew looked down at the resume. “I really don’t think I can do that—but I can sign you up as a volunteer and, in a few months, we can see where to go from there.”

“Matthew, was it?”

“That’s right.”

“I *really* want to be on Peters’ campaign team. I know that I can take the campaign to the next level.”

Matthew looked down at Kate’s resume, refreshing his mind on her name. “Kate,” he said, looking up. “I really don’t know how else to tell you...”

“I don’t think you understand,” Kate said as she stepped up to the desk and turned her back to Matthew. She hopped her butt up onto the desk and swirled her body around, one hundred and eight degrees. She planted her feet down on the desk; wide enough for Matthew to get a glimpse right down her tight pencil skirt. With a quick glance,

Matthew quickly learned that Kate wasn't wearing any panties. "Anything," Kate said, nailing the point in hard.

Matthew hesitated to speak. Never in his ten years in politics had he come across any proposition like this. "I—I..." Matthew tried to speak.

"Shh," Kate said, leaning her body forward and placing her soft fingertip on Matt's mouth. "Just don't talk."

Kate scooted her body forward, letting her feet slide off the edge of the desk, falling on either side of Matthew's body. Matt's face was lined up perfectly with Kate's soft cleavage. He looked up at her.

As much as Matthew wanted to say no, he simply couldn't. Kate was dripping with sex appeal. Her sweet smell was enough to give Matt a raging erection in his pants.

"I'm sure you can find a position for me *somewhere*."

Matthew gulped. "You really want to work for Herman Peters?"

Kate smiled and nodded. She gently placed her hands down on Matthew's shoulders. She leaned forward, resting her lips millimeters from Matt's ear. "Slide down those pants and show me that big dick of yours."

Matthew took a deep breath in, smelling Kate's wonderful perfume. His head was spinning. He could feel beads of sweat forming on the back of his neck. But again, there was no way on Earth Matthew could say no.

He began to undo his belt. A flexible girl, Kate leaned forward even more, pushing her cleavage into Matt's face. Her warm, soft tits pushed up against his cheeks as he sunk in deep, touching his nose to her chest. Blind and without getting up from his chair, Matt pulled down his pants. His big throbbing dick sprung out as the waistband of his bottoms cleared the length of his shaft. Kate looked down at Matt's big cock and bit her lip, smiling.

Slowly, she planted her hands on the edge of the desk and carefully slid her butt forward, lowering herself down. Kate had found herself right on the naked lap of Matt. With a simple hike up of the skirt, Kate's warm juicy pussy was resting right on top of the thick throbber below.

"How does that feel?" Kate asked softly as she began to grind her warm slit along the length of Matt's cock. Her tight slit began to ooze

warm juice. With her soft love lips, she continued to push the juice all over Matt's dick. "Feel like a job?"

Matt nodded. His pupils were dilated in his state of disbelief. His cheeks were dark red and his body was tense.

"Relax," Kate said, smiling as she put her hands back on Matt's shoulders. She sunk forward slowly, sliding her soft forearms around Matthew's neck. She could feel Matt's raised hairs. "Don't be so nervous."

Matt closed his eyes for a moment and took a deep breath. The delicate touch of the beautiful girl was finally starting to penetrate Matthew's nervous tension. Slowly, he began to melt into his chair. "You're very beautiful," Matt said after a moment.

"I love the way you big cock feels against my tight pussy. Do you want to fuck me?" Kate asked.

"Yes."

"Yeah?"

"Yes, I want to fuck you."

Kate slowly pulled one of her arms off of Matthew's neck and reached around her back and between her and Matt's legs. She carefully grabbed onto Matt's dick and could feel his thick veins pumping blood into his solid girth. His member was wet with Kate's own fluid.

Matt took another deep breath, sinking deeper into his state of elation.

Kate guided the tip of the cock up to her tight hole and then, without hesitation, sat her body down slowly, penetrating herself with Matt's big dick. Her eyes closed tightly, her head cocked back and her mouth shot open. She wasn't prepared for the immediate euphoric pleasure from Matt's hard shaft. She continued to slowly sink down the entire length of the giant shaft.

"Fuck," Matt said, exhaling deeply and wrapping his arms around his fling.

Kate slowly wiggled her hips in a circular motion, feeling every single inch and angle of the big throbber.

Kate planted her hands into the armrests of Matt's chair and began to lift up her pelvis. She pulled up to the point that the thick rim of the

cock's head brushed her cute little clit, and then she sunk back down again. She did that over and over, slowly picking up speed.

Her body continued to produce more and more warm fluid, which continued to excrete out of her tight pussy, against Matt's long cock. Her round firm butt slapped harder and harder against Matthew's muscular thighs as she picked up her speed and intensity.

Matthew couldn't believe what was happening. What had began as a routine interview had become the hottest sex of his life. He reached up and grabbed onto the shoulder straps of Kate's top. He carefully pulled them over her arms and began to slide the top down her soft, perfect body. Her young tits popped out as the tight garment cleared her perky nipples.

Matt grabbed onto the soft tits firmly and caressed Kate's nipples with his fingertips, sending jolts of elation through Kate's soft body.

Slap! Slap! Slap!

Kate was moving very fast now, fucking Matt like a little bunny rabbit. Quickly approaching climax, she reached up onto Matt's arms and squeezed tightly. Matt could feel her tight pussy contracting and releasing against his hard dick.

"Fuck! Fuck!" Kate started to moan out loud. "Fuck that little pussy!"

Matt reached down with both of his hands and grabbed onto Kate's tight ass. He squeezed it tightly and then started to use his arm strength to slam Kate down harder into his lap, and pull her up quicker to go again.

"Oh, shit!" Kate yelled as she reached her climax. Warm juice started to spray out of her slit, all over Matt's dick, lap and chair.

"Fuck," Matt said himself. He wasn't far from cumming himself. He could feel his hard shaft bloating as it began to fill with a massive load of cum. His grip on Kate's ass squeezed harder and harder.

Squish! Squish! Squish!

The force of Matthew's cock penetrating Kate's tight pussy was sending Kate's juice flying in every which direction. Matt couldn't hold on any longer. He tried, but...

Finally, his cock released his massive load of cum, deep inside of the young Kate. For just that moment, Matt acquired an almost inhuman

strength, which he used to slam Kate up and down repeatedly against his lap—ten times harder than before. Blast after blast of his hot, gooey jizz filled the ambitious young aspiring politician.

Kate screamed out loud, revelling in the final moments of pleasure with her new boss. Her soft tits jiggled and bounced a few times more before coming to a stop as the final drop of cum oozed out of Matt's dick.

Both parties were panting, out of breath. Kate looked at Matt in the eyes and smiled.

"So?" Kate asked. "What can I do for you?"

"I can get you on the payroll as a junior campaign advisor—But there's a lot of work."

"I'm good for it," Kate smiled.

Matt returned the smile.

Kate stood up and pulled her skirt back down. Matt's warm cum started to fall out of her tight pussy onto the floor. "Sorry about the mess," Kate giggled.



Chapter 2

A Peculiar Idea

A few weeks passed after Matthew hired Kate. Nothing particularly interesting happened in those weeks. At least not anything out of the ordinary. Matt recruited another few dozen volunteers who went door to door campaigning, set up voting signs and held rallies, which Herman Peters himself made appearances.

Matthew, at the time, didn't regret his decision to hire Kate. She turned out to be amazing at her appointed job, and everyone seemed to love her—especially the men. Within a week, someone above Matt gave her a promotion into a position where she had even more influence. Matt didn't feel threatened or jealous—he wasn't that type of person.

But soon, Matthew started to get a strange feeling. After another week, Kate received another raise. And then after yet another week, yet another raise. She was moving up incredibly quickly.

Herman Peters came into the office one afternoon and called a meeting. No one was expecting him there that day, so Matt was taken by surprise.

"I'd like to start off by saying thank you dearly to all of you for providing me with so much support. We're closer than we've ever been, and you all deserve a pat on the back for that," Peters said with a smile on his face. Since Peters and Matthew had first met, Peters had become exponentially older, despite only aging about a dozen years. He was no longer able to stand for long periods of time, as his joints and muscles would begin to hurt. This could have very well been his final election.

Herman decided at that point to sit down and continue his speech. “I have a special announcement, and I hope you all agree as you all have before.”

Everyone listened closely. Kate was particularly attentive, standing off to the side with a big shy smile on her face. Matthew tried to figure out what was coming, but he wasn’t prepared for what he was about to hear.

“As some of you already know, Mr. Edwards recently stepped down as deputy mayor. Originally, I had planned to have no deputy, but recently I’ve changed my mind.”

There were whispers in the crowd. “Who is being appointed deputy mayor?” everyone wondered.

“So, it is with great pleasure that I would like to announce our newest candidate for deputy mayor, and my successor for my eventual retirement—Ms. Kate Morrison.”

Everyone quickly turned to Kate, whose face exploded with excitement. Her eyes flashed as she skipped up to the front of the room, next to Herman. She stood tall and proud with a characteristic shy smile across her face.

“Thank you so much,” Kate said.

Matthew couldn’t believe what he had heard. “This isn’t right,” Matt thought. While Kate was ambitious and motivated, she was in no way prepared for such a high up position, a position with so much power. As Kate began her little prepared speech, Matt started to zone out. In fifteen years he hadn’t made it half as far as Kate had in a mere few weeks.

Now, Matt was starting to feel jealous, and angry. Kate finished her speech and people slowly started to make their way back to their desks. Matt watched Kate walk up to Herman. She gave him a big hug. Then, he noticed—

Herman gave Kate a little smack on the ass.

“Of course,” Matthew thought to himself. “She slept her way to the top.”

Matt was pissed. Simply by being an attractive woman, Kate had surpassed Matt’s entire career in a fraction of the time.

All hope was not lost, however. Matthew Johnson had an idea.



Chapter 3

Guess Who's at the Top?

“Hello there. What’s your name?” Samuel Gregors, another hiring supervisor with the Conservative Party asked as a young-looking pretty girl walked into his office.

“Maddy,” the young girl replied, with that same sort of nervous smile Kate had when she met with Matthew for the first time.

“Nice to meet you, Maddy.” Samuel reached out his hand for a shake.

Maddy walked up and grabbed on. With her hand, she nervously adjusted her short skirt, which barely covered her butt cheeks.

The whole scene was far too familiar. Maddy, just like Kate before her, was dressed rather scandalously for a job interview. Between her short skirt and her tiny low cut top, she was practically begging, “Fuck me.”

The whole interview was like looking through a time machine. Maddy nervously became closer and closer to Samuel, answering all of his questions like a seasoned political veteran. Maddy’s supple cleavage was making Samuel noticeably anxious. Sam could barely keep his eyes away from the soft round bust.

“You look familiar,” Samuel said.

Maddy’s face turned red. She looked familiar because she knew Sam—very well. She knew Sam because just days ago, she was Matthew Johnson. You see, after Kate was revealed to be the new deputy mayor, Matt went out and got a prescription for a male-to-female gender reassignment pill, and did not hesitate in taking it. If all he had to do to

climb to the top was suck a few dicks, then that's exactly what he was going to do.

"I—I'm sorry, Maddy, but we're just looking for volunteers at the moment."

"I think I can change your mind." Maddy slowly walked around Sam's desk and placed her hands on Sam's shoulders, spinning him in his office chair to face her. She sunk down to her knees and looked up at Sam, flirtatiously.

Sam, like Matt before, had no words—and especially no objections. Maddy looked down at Sam's lap and did not hesitate to reach for his belt, pulling it off of his body. She made quick work of his zipper and, not before long Sam's pants were being pulled down his legs. His long, hidden erection popped out of hiding.

Maddy stopped and stared at the thick throbbing beast. Her eyes flashed. She had never touched another cock before. She had never even been near another cock before—at least not an exposed one.

Sam's dick was thick, and veiny. The veins were so thick even that the large shaft appeared rigid and rough. Maddy knew that this wouldn't be easy to take. "It'll get better," she thought to herself.

Carefully, she reached forward and grabbed onto the veiny monster. She gently wrapped her fingers around it, feeling the blood circulating through it. The soft contact of her newly feminized hands elicited a long pleasurable sigh out of her fling. She stared at the fleshy length for a moment, and then began.

She pumped the cock up and down, incrementally increasing her firm grip. She watched the soft foreskin slide up and down the warm shaft. The harder she held and the faster she pumped, the more her newly formed hormones began firing in her body. What started out as a hesitant endeavour was quickly becoming something Maddy craved. Suddenly and unexpectedly, she needed that big beautiful cock inside of her.

Almost as if no longer in control of her own body, she leaned forward, opened her lips and sunk the throbbing cock into her mouth, feeling it press up against the back of her throat. She used the tip of her warm, wet tongue to tickle the cock's tip as she continued to stroke

with her hand. Saliva dripped out the sides of her mouth and down the magnificent length as she progressed.

Samuel was in heaven. He was melting into his chair, sinking his hands into Maddy's soft hair. "Oh, fuck yeah," he said, biting his lip.

Blood was quickly rushing down into his dick, making him impossibly hard. Maddy was navigating his cock as if she'd been doing it all her life. A bout of pre-cum spewed out of his dick into Maddy's mouth.

Fap! Fap! Fap! Fap!

Maddy's pace was increasing at a tremendous rate. More and more saliva was gushing down the length of Sam's cock. Meanwhile, between Maddy's legs her new panties were moistening. She was so incredibly turned on by everything that she was becoming lost in the moment. Without even any physical stimulation, she was nearing climax. Her tight pussy trembled and quivered as Sam held back his massive load of cum.

Maddy pulled the long cock out of her mouth and looked down at it, but wasn't expecting—

"Oh, fuck!" Sam cried as cum blasted out of his cock into Maddy's face. Quickly, Maddy closed her eyes shut as the warm gooey substance completely coated her visage. She could feel it dripping down her eyelids, her lips, and her nose—everywhere.

* * *

Just days later, she found herself in yet another private office, bouncing up and down on the long hard dick of the party's head of operations. She was doing so in order to get the job, which she had previously held—when she was still Matthew Johnson (who had "disappeared randomly", much to the worry of many party members).

Her tight new pussy lips hugged her boss' slick cock tightly as she became faster and faster and faster.

Slap! Slap! Slap!

Her soft butt cheeks slammed hard into her superior's lap as her new slit sprayed juice everywhere, uncontrollably.

Her soft, plump tits flew up and down wildly in the face of the man giving her Matthew's old job.

The man squeezed his fingers tightly into Maddy's butt. "Oh, God!" he cried out. His dick unloaded a giant load of hot white cum, deep inside of Maddy's fresh new body. She swayed and swirled her hips around his lap, revelling in the final moments of her sexual pleasure.

* * *

The farther Maddy went in her climb to the top, the more she tossed aside all of her morals and inhibitions.

It hadn't even been two weeks that she had been a woman that she was "applying" for a spot of the board of directors. The "application process" involved two well-endowed "interviewers". And, probably just as Kate had done before her, Maddy took both men at the same time.

One man lay underneath her, with his cock deep in her pussy, and the other man carefully climbed on top. With his hand, he slowly guided the tip of his long hard cock up against her wet, already stuffed slit. Then, with a little bit of force, he jammed himself inside, pressed up tightly with his co-worker.

Together, the two men fucked the hell out of Maddy—double vaginal penetration.

The intense euphoria greatly overrode the pain from the stretching. She had completely lost control of her body as the two men worked away at her. She went limp on top of the one man, practically drooling on his chest.

A few minutes and a couple of cum-shots later, Maddy was on the board of directors, sitting right next to Kate, higher than he'd ever been in his career.

It was the final board meeting before the vote went to ballot. As Herman Peters made his final speech to his fellow board members, Maddy couldn't help but notice the suspicious glances he was getting from Kate. She knew something was awry.

The entire meeting, Maddy felt very uncomfortable. "Does she know?" Maddy wondered to herself. "How could that be possible? There's no way she knows... I'm being paranoid."

After the meeting was adjourned, Kate walked up to Herman and whispered something in his ear.

A sensation of anxiety flushed over Maddy's whole body. She had come too far to stop now. All she needed was one measly fuck with the old man, and she could be deputy mayor herself.

Determined and motivated, as she always had been, she walked up to Herman as the members of the board parted ways.

"Mr. Peters?" Maddy said. Kate was watching from a distance.

"Yes, dear?" Peters replied.

"I was wondering if I could take to you in your office. About your... policies."

Herman smiled, "Sure," he said and he led Maddy through the doorway towards his office, leaving Kate standing alone in the meeting room.

Kate closed the door behind her.

"What is it?" Herman asked.

Maddy took a deep breath. Wasting no time, she grabbed her shirt from the base and pulled it over her head, and her bra-less tits. Her boobs fell out and bounced elegantly on her soft, smooth chest. "Fuck me, Mr. Peters."

Herman's face did not turn red, like the men before him. It was as if he was completely prepared for this moment, and had dealt with it a million times over (he had for certain dealt with it once before, with Kate). He simply smiled and said, "Okay."

Herman walked over to Maddy and placed his old hands on her sides. Maddy bit her lip. She was nervous—not so much about fucking someone she hardly knew (that, she was getting used to), but fucking someone so old and fragile. It was new and taboo territory for her.

Herman looked down at Maddy's perfect chest and grabbed her tits firmly in his hands. He took a long, deep breath in. Slowly, he sunk his hands down south and began to remove Maddy's skirt, revealing her bare, freshly shaved pussy.

"You want to go far with the party?" Herman asked as he licked his lips, staring at the beautiful woman before him.

"Yessir."

"Then I'm going to fuck you in the asshole," Herman said.

Maddy froze. She wasn't prepared for that. And then, without a

word of warning, Herman grabbed Maddy by the hips, spun her around and bent her over his desk. He spat on his fingers and reached down, spreading his natural lubricant all over Maddy's asshole.

Maddy's heart began beating at a mile a minute. What could she do? She couldn't turn back now. She was committed. All she could do was simply close her eyes and pray that it wouldn't hurt.

She listened as Herman undid his belt and did away with his pants. Maddy's breathing became faster and faster. She was growing light-headed.

"You can take it," she thought to herself.

The wait was painfully long. She could head Herman stroking himself, slowly getting harder and harder, spreading his warm spit all over his thick shaft.

Maddy took another deep breath.

Then, once again with no warnings, Herman pressed the old thick tip of his dick up against Maddy's buttock. He held it there, spinning it in small circles, feeling out his target. After a moment, he penetrated.

Maddy screamed out loud. The pain was sharp. Herman reached his spit-covered hand around and slapped it onto Maddy's mouth. Maddy's clenched her eyelids shut tight, trying to fight the pain.

Slowly, Herman started to thrust his old manhood into Maddy's asshole. Maddy could feel every single millimetre of the ancient girth pushing through her tight anus.

Herman was relentless. He pushed the entire length of his cock deep into the young ambitious politician. Maddy could feel his dangling, old ball sack up against her pussy for a moment before Herman pulled himself out for another thrust.

She could feel the warm saliva gush out of her tight hole and down her soft legs.

The next fifteen minutes were the longest of Maddy's life. Herman never picked up his slow pace. Every thrust was excruciatingly long and drawn-out. Maddy could feel the old man's bulbous tip just reach the rim of her anus before slowly re-entering her tight butt.

As the realization of what she was doing set in, Maddy began to cry. What had she reduced herself to? All of this for what? A spot on the

board of directors? A chance at deputy mayor? Sure, she had more pull within her party, but she was already content with her party's policies.

"I'm going to cum," Herman finally warned.

Maddy tried to move her body in a way that suggested she was having a good time, but forcing it was nearly impossible.

Suddenly, she felt the old man's cock unload a giant load of cum. She bit her tongue hard and grabbed on tightly to the edge of the desk. Herman Peters screamed out loud.

Maddy remained still as every last drop of cum oozed out of the potential mayor's cock.

Then, with his cock still deep inside of Maddy, Herman spoke, "I know that you are Matthew Johnson."

Maddy's heart froze in her chest. She couldn't respond.

"Consider yourself fired."

Maddy's heart dropped from her chest, into her stomach where it burned and died in her stomach acid. Her entire world crashed and burned all at once.

She left the office without ever saying a word or making eye contact with Herman Peters. She walked all the way down the hall, past her own office and out of the building, with no intentions of returning.

"Hey Maddy," a voice called out from the conservative office. Maddy turned around, tears streaming down her face. Kate was standing in the doorway, smiling.

"What?" Maddy said with a tone of pure hatred.

"Fuck you."

Prologue

What a bleak ending, you must be thinking to yourself.

Yes, Matthew's story ended in a spiralling tragedy. Or at least, so it seems.

While he may have lost his career, he did discover something very important about himself.

Matthew Johnson, now Maddy Johnson, loves sucking and fucking dicks.

The End



Switching It Up

Chapter 1

“Oh God... Oh God...” Jenna started moaning as she approached climax. “Harder, baby. Harder.”

John gripped his fingers deeper into the mattress as he thrust his body sharply into his slim, beautiful wife.

Slap! Slap! Slap!

John’s fit, muscular pelvis made contact with Jenna over and over, making a loud slapping noise as John’s long, slick cock slid in and out of his wife’s tight hole. John closed his eyes, took a deep breath and began to push harder.

“Harder!” Jenna yelled.

“I can’t go any harder!” John replied between deep breaths.

“No... I mean you.”

“Me? Me what?”

John stopped and looks down at his wife’s cute face. She had an awkward look about her. She bit her lip.

“What is it?”

“It’s just... You aren’t very... Hard.”

John pulled his dick out of his wife’s wet pussy and looked down at it. It was hard—But it could have been harder...

“Sorry—Just give me a second.”

The room went silent for a moment as John activated his mojo. He looked down at his wife’s supple, exposed tits.

“C’mon, baby,” said Jenna, as she snuggled her soft naked body into the mattress, waiting to be fucked by her muscular husband.

“One sec.”

John took a long, deep breath and then looked back up to his wife’s pretty face. After a short smile, he climbed back over Jenna and

lowered his body down. His thick, hard chest pressed up against Jenna's soft, perfect tits as the tip of his long shaft slithered its way up to Jenna's wet hole. The bulbous member tickled its way up past Jenna's inner thigh and pressed up against her moist slit. John began to push his pelvis forward. His cock suddenly penetrated Jenna's pussy and slid in deep. Her eyes jolted open briefly as the long member slithered inwards.

"Fuck me, baby," Jenna said.

John picked up where he left off. His hands gripped in to the mattress once again and he started to sharply slam his body down. He basked in the feeling of his wife's warm juice gushing all over his veiny member as her big, supple breasts bounced and giggled all over her soft body.

Jenna's head fell backwards into her pillow as she continued to be rammed by her husband.

"Oh fuck," Jenna said. "Fuck, fuck, fuck."

She began to cum. John could feel a sudden rush of warm fluid envelop his rigged cock for a short moment. Then suddenly—the very same fluid gushed out in every direction out of his horny, cumming wife.

"Oh God!" she screamed out loud.

John continued thrusting, maintaining his rapid and powerful momentum.

"Fuck my pussy!" she screamed out loud as she continued to cum.

John smiled, happy to see his wife getting off.

Jenna began to catch her breath. She finally started to regain control of her body, as she was cumming down from her climax. She looked up at John, who was still thrusting away. She smiled.

John returned the smile as a bead of sweat rolled down his face.

"Cum for me, baby," Jenna said.

John closed his eyes and focussed all of himself into his thrusting cock.

Slap! Slap! Slap!

"Cum for me!" she yelled again.

"I'm almost there!"

John kept thrusting. His cock slid in and out, and in and out, and in and out. But he wouldn't cum. Jenna was starting to lose the moment and what was once arousing penetration became uncomfortable friction. John's penis was losing its solidity.

Finally, he stopped to catch his breath.

"Maybe tomorrow, right?" Jenna said, as John rolled off of her.

"Right..." John looked down at the bed, unable to look his wife in the eyes.

It had been a while since John was able to get off. Years of sex with Jenna had made him lose something. He no longer had that same intensity that he used to have.

Jenna walked into the bathroom and closed the door.

"You alright?" John called out, still sitting on the bed.

"Yep! Just washing up," Jenna replied.

She looked in the mirror. Her forced smile faded into its actual disappointment. She stood for a moment staring at her own image.

"Am I too old?" she thought to herself. "Is he not interested in me anymore?"

John and Jenna's relationship had grown stale. They had become boring—Never going beyond the standard missionary style, and never venturing past vaginal.

Maybe their sexual relationship was coming to an end. "Maybe this happens to everyone..." Jenna pondered to herself.



Chapter 2

"I'll just need your prescription, Mrs. Henderson," Jenna said as she reached her hand across the counter.

Mrs. Henderson, an old woman slowly reached down into her purse and dug out a crumpled up piece of paper with her doctor's signature on it. She handed it to Jenna.

"Thank you. Go ahead and have a seat—We will call you when it's ready."

Jenna walked towards the back of the pharmacy, where all of the prescription drugs were kept. She looked down at the crumpled up prescription.

Kyla, a younger woman stood eagerly at the table where the pharmacists counted the pills.

"What can I get?" Kyla asked.

She watched as Jenna read the prescription.

"Thirty fifty milligram pills of Prednisone," Jenna said, handing Kyla the piece of paper.

"Sure thing."

Kyla took the paper and fled down one of the many aisles filled with drugs. Jenna watched as the energetic young woman sped down the aisle, located the proper drug and returned. Jenna sighed.

"What's wrong?" Kyla asked.

"I used to be spunky and energetic like you," Jenna said.

"You're still a spunky chick!" Kyla exclaimed.

"Oh, bull crap."

Jenna reached out and grabbed the drugs from Kyla. She turned around and made her way to the counting table.

"What's wrong, Jenna?" Kyla asked.

“Nothing. I’m just being a grump.”

“Oh. Can I go get you a coffee or anything?”

“No, no. Thanks though.”

Jenna sat down and placed the handful of drugs on the counter for counting.

“How’s John?” Kyla asked.

“He’s good. Working hard.”

“That’s good...” Kyla said. She looked around the room. “How’s he doing in bed?”

Jenna quickly looked up at Kyla.

“Kyla!” Jenna barked.

“Sorry—Sorry.”

Kyla awkwardly turned away. Jenna turned back to her counting; pretending as though Kyla never said anything. There was a long, awkward silence.

“Why do you ask?” Jenna muttered.

Kyla looked back at her boss.

“I’m sorry, Jenna. Never mind.”

“Well, I’m just curious why you asked.”

“Well...” Kyla said, trying to come up with the least awkward wording. “You just seem kind of... Uptight sometimes.”

“I’m not uptight!” Jenna barked, shutting Kyla up.

There was another awkward silence.

“But... You think that has something to do with it?” Jenna asked.

“That’s usually the case, isn’t it?” Kyla asked.

“We’re just getting older. Old people don’t really... You know.”

“My parents do it all the time.”

“Kyla!” Jenna said sharply.

“What? They do. And they’re like... Sixty or something.”

“Well great... So I’m just some boring old lady now,” Jenna muttered to herself.

“You aren’t boring. You’re super pretty,” Kyla said. “You just need something to... You know, spice it up.”

“Like what?” Jenna asked.

“Well...” Kyla stepped in close and looked around. “I could get you

some ecstasy,” Kyla whispered.

“No, no, no. Definitely not!” Jenna said.

Jenna awkwardly continued to count Mrs. Henderson’s drugs. She thought for a moment.

“Is that what your parents do?” Jenna asked.

Kyla laughed. “No,” she said. Then, she stopped laughing. “Well, I don’t think they do.”

“Oh God, look at me—Taking sex advice from a teenager.”

“I’m nineteen,” Kyla said.

“Nine-teen.”

“I dunno. Just like, stick a big dildo in his butt or something.”

“Kyla, go back to work.”

Kyla giggled as she turned and made her way back into the isles of drugs. Jenna slid the remainder of Mrs. Henderson’s drugs into a plastic container and made her way to the pick-up counter.

“Mrs. Henderson?” Jenna asked.

Mrs. Henderson stood up from the waiting chair.

“Here you are. Have a great day,” Jenna said as she handed the old woman her pills.

Jenna smiled as she watched Mrs. Henderson leave. A young man held the door for the old woman. No older than twenty-five, he entered the pharmacy, looked around the room and made his way awkwardly to the counter.

“Hello,” Jenna greeted.

“Um, hey,” the young man said.

“Can I help you with something?”

“Uh—Yeah. I need to fill a prescription.”

“Okay, is it for yourself?”

The young man was silent.

“Sir?” Jenna prodded.

“Yeah,” the young man said quietly.

“Okay. May I see the prescription?”

The young man looked around the room once again and then reached into his pocket. At least once a week, someone tried to fill a fake prescription for oxycodone, a highly addictive synthetic drug

with good street value. This man was awkward, initially alerting Jenna to the possibility of a fake prescription—But then the man handed her his prescription.

“Chromadoceadone?” Jenna read out slowly, having never heard of the drug.

The young man stared down at his feet while he waited for Jenna to fill the prescription.

“Let me see if we have this. One second.”

Jenna walked towards the back isles, staring down at the prescription.

“What is it?” Kyla asked as she stocked the shelves.

“I don’t know. Have you ever heard of Chromadoceadone?”

“Chroma-what?”

“Never mind.”

Jenna walked down the isle, looking through the alphabetized medications. Finally, she stopped at a very small box labelled Chromadoceadone. The box appeared brand new.

“Oh, that? I just stocked that today,” Kyla said.

“Must be new,” Jenna said as she opened the box and pulled out the information pamphlet.

Jenna began to read. She skipped over the general manufacturer information and went right for the intended use section. Then, her eyes widened—

Chromadoceadone was a brand new drug, which changed the user’s second gender chromosome from an X into a Y—changing a male, into a female. The change happens rapidly, in as little as seven to ten hours. Jenna continued to read.

“If the user’s second set of gender chromosomes is already a Y, the Y will become an X, genetically changing the female user into a male,” the information sheet read.

Jenna looked down at the young man’s prescription. It called for two pills. Jenna looked at the box of Chromadoceadone.

“You know,” Kyla said, breaking Jenna free from her zoned out stupor, “that new lingerie store opened in the mall. You could try buying something a little sexier than he’s used to.”

“Uh, yeah. Maybe I’ll try that,” Jenna said, forcing a smile before turning to return to her customer.



Chapter 3

Jenna carefully spread herself out on her bed as John slowly made his way up the stairs to the bedroom. She was dressed in a spicy little brand new number. It was lacy, mostly see-through and softer than a chinchilla's bottom. It cost a few more bucks than Jenna was comfortable with, but she was determined to get through to her husband.

John pushed open the door as Jenna stuck her perfect Venus pose.

"Oh, hey there," Jenna said softly.

"Hey—Nice outfit. How much was it?"

"It doesn't matter. Come here."

Jenna patted a spot for John on the bed. John smiled and began to saunter over.

"Seriously though, it looks expensive," John said.

"It's okay, John. It wasn't much."

"Well, you know money is tight."

"I know. Just lay down."

John abided and laid himself down next to his dolled-up wife.

"I want you to do dirty things to me, Johnny."

"Oh yeah? Like what?"

"Anything you want."

Jenna slowly reached her soft hand up around the back of John's head and guided him down to her slick red lips. She gently opened her lips just enough to envelop John's bottom lip, and she began to suck. The couples' noses tickled one another as Jenna pulled her lover down to the bed with her.

After a moment, Jenna released her husband and looked into his eyes.

“What’s up with you today?” John asked.

“Just excited to see my hubby.”

“Well I’m excited to see you,” John added. “But I have to be up really early for work, so maybe not tonight.”

John began to pull himself up.

“Oh no you don’t,” Jenna said, reacting quickly.

She sprung up, grabbed her husband and playfully tossed him onto his side and then rolled over top of him.

“You aren’t getting away that easily,” she said.

“C’mon, babe,” John said in frustration.

Jenna ignored her disinterested husband. She smiled and sunk her body down, sliding her hands gently down towards John’s cock. Carefully, she grabbed his zipper and began to pull it down. She made quick work of his belt as she yanked down his pants to his ankles. Then, she took his boxers in her fingertips and slowly pulled them down over his thighs, slowly exposing his long flaccid shaft.

“You’re very pretty, but I’m serious,” John said.

Jenna gently wrapped her fingers around her husband’s thick flaccid member. “What’s that?” she asked as she began to stroke the unit up and down, feeling it beginning to throb in her hand.

“Jenna,” John said.

Jenna continued to ignore her husband, determined to revitalize their sex life. She sunk her body even lower and opened her mouth. Continuing to stroke with her fingers, she began to insert the slowly lengthening cock into her mouth.

She could feel the warm shaft against her tongue as it began to throb and fill with blood. John’s body was beginning to relax. Jenna could even make out an audible sigh of relief come out her husband’s mouth.

Up and down, and up and down—Jenna picked up the pace at which she was sucking off her partner. The dick was growing quicker and quicker. The throbbing was become stronger and stronger. Her husband was becoming hornier and hornier.

Then, just as John’s pulsing tip pressed up against the back of Jenna’s throat, John pushed his wife off of his lap.

“Sorry babe—Just not tonight—Okay?” John said as he jumped out of bed.

Without waiting for a reply, John scurried off into the bathroom and closed the door behind him. Jenna found herself once again feeling detached—losing her husband. She sat alone on the bed for a while, and then lay down in the bed.

* * *

John was long asleep. Jenna, on the other hand, could not sleep. She lay in bed, staring at the ceiling. Somewhere out there, a couple of “sixty or something” year olds were banging and cumming like rabbits, meanwhile she was growing distant from her snoring husband.

She rolled out of the bed and made her way downstairs to the kitchen. She located her purse and dug into it. Then, she pulled out—

Two Chromadoceadone pills she had stolen from work—something she had never done before. She stared at the pills for a moment as she became lost in her own mind.

* * *

Brrrrrrring! Brrrrrrring!

The morning alarm went off. John rolled over, grunted and reached his arms up into the air. He brought his hands down to his face and rubbed his eyes.

Jenna’s eyes slowly opened and she rolled over to look at her husband.

“Good morning,” Jenna said.

“Morning,” John replied.

John sat up. He stretched one more time before standing up and walking towards the bathroom. Jenna rolled over to the edge of the bed and sat herself up.

John walked up to the bathroom mirror. He looked at himself for a moment as his eyes began to adjust. He inspected his face, as was part of his morning ritual, and then he went to the toilet to take a pee. As he did so, he closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

He returned to the sink and began washing his hands. Behind him, the bathroom door began to creak open. Jenna entered.

“Hey babe,” John said as he turned off the sink and reached for his toothbrush.

“Hey, sexy.”

Jenna stepped up close behind John and wrapped her arms around him. She placed her hands on John’s hard chest and rubbed sensually. Jenna smiled and melted into her husband.

“Still at it, huh?” John asked.

“Still at it,” Jenna confirmed.

She slyly sunk her hands down from John’s hard chest towards his chiselled abs. John ignored the sexual advance and continued to prepare for work. He squeezed some toothpaste onto his brush.

Jenna sunk her fingers lower. She took John’s boxers and started to push them down over his thighs, down past his knees.

“Jenna...” John said.

Jenna stepped in and wrapped her arms tight around John. She hovered her lips over John’s neck, feeling his hairs raise and tickle her nose. Carefully, she connected with John’s neck and began to suck.

“Hey—I can’t go to work with a hickey.”

Not removing her sucking lips from John’s neck, Jenna lowered her hands down to John’s cock. She grabbed the long member in her hands and began to stroke it. John took a deep breath and sighed, frustrated with his persistent wife.

“Babe, c’mon...”

Suddenly, John froze and perked up. Something long and hard was pushing up against his anus. He swung his head back.

Jenna, overnight, had grown a long, thick cock. It stood erect and throbbing between her legs. John’s eyes were wide.

“Wh—What is that?” John asked in his state of fright.

“Shh,” Jenna said as she used one of her hands to cover John’s mouth.

She pushed forward harder, causing her long cock to penetrate her husband’s virgin asshole. John gasped sharply and his hands gripped tightly onto the edge of the sink.

“Jenna—What—the hell is that?” John winced.

“Just take it, big boy,” Jenna said as she slid her long throbbie deep

into John's asshole.

Jenna could feel John's tight anus clenching against her thick dick as it slid in deep. In her hand, John's cock was started to throb quickly and grow. She continued to stroke the thickening member as she pushed in deeper into her husband.

John closed his eyes and leaned forward, surrendering to Jenna's huge womanhood. Slowly and carefully, Jenna started to pull herself out and push herself back in, penetrating John over and over again. John's own dick had become incredibly hard as blood pumped through it at a mile a minute.

Inexperienced, it took Jenna a moment to find a rhythm. Her movements were sharp, uneven and unpractised. She would push in, stop to regain her balance as she was standing on her tippy toes, and then swiftly pull out again before slamming back in.

John's tight asshole was being stretched wide.

Slap! Slap!

As Jenna became more comfortable, she slammed in deeper, causing her pelvis to strike John's hard butt.

"Fuck!" John cried out.

Jenna squeezed tight on John's rock-solid penis, still stroking it up and down as she fucked him in the ass.

Slap! Slap! Slap!

Jenna picked up her pace as a tingling sensation crossed through her body and culminated in her new cock. It was unlike anything she'd ever felt. The powerful tingling energized her body—like a shot of adrenaline. She was losing control of her body and her autonomic system was taking over. Her movements started to become more refined and rhythmic. She had found a good, comfortable balance.

Suddenly, every penetration was not followed by a momentary pause. She had a constant thrust worked out nearly to a tee.

Another jolt of tingling energy coursed through her body, causing her to let out a small whimper. She looked down at her husband.

John was slouched over the sink, having completely surrendered to Jenna's superior dominance.

"Fuck—I'm going to cum," John said. "I'm going to cum!"

John held back as hard as he could. His muscles tensed up and bulged. His anus tightened hard around Jenna's new dick. But all the clenching in the world could not hold him back—

John gave in. Cum blasted out of his dick, all over the side of the sink. Shot after shot cannoned out of his long, rock-solid shaft as he let out a long, deep moan. His legs trembled and his torso went numb.

That foreign sensation began to intensify in Jenna's cock. The tingling euphoria was becoming too much to handle. Jenna felt her hands beginning to shake and her legs beginning to wobble. She was losing her balance. Then, all the feeling fled her body, except for the powerful tingling in her cock.

And then, in the longest moment of her life, her new shaft began to blast warm cum deep inside of John's asshole. Jenna leaned forward, over her husband and clenched her hands tight on his arms.

After a few seconds, feeling returned to her body. She looked down at her husband and then took a step back. Her slick cock slipped out of John's asshole, followed by a giant load of cum.

John remained slumped over the sink.

"J—John?" Jenna asked.

John, sapped of energy, rolled his body over and looked at his wife.

"What did you do?" John asked.

"It's—It's a long story. It isn't permanent."

"It's not?" John asked.

"No," Jenna said. "Did—Did you like it?"

John looked down at the softening cock. A drop of cum dripped off of it onto the floor.

"Why did you do it?" John asked.

"I don't know... I did it for you. I don't know what I was thinking..."

John smiled.

"You did that for me?"

Jenna looked at John for a moment.

"Yeah."

John walked up to Jenna and placed his hand gently on the back of her head.

"I love you, babe," John said.

John pulled Jenna in for a kiss. Then, he pulled back.
“It’s too bad it’s just temporary,” John said.

The End

About the Author

Nikki is a young writer from the golden prairies of Alberta, Canada. She spent her schooling years lost in her own imagination, writing everything from articles, screenplays, comic books, and short stories. Obsessed with the idea of love, fascinated with sex and captivated with the art of writing, Nikki decided to become an erotic writer.

Nikki Crescent is a top-selling writer of erotic fiction with over fifty titles across many erotica sub-genres. Her work with transgender fiction has found her on Amazon's best-selling charts many times.

Nikki has other titles available on Amazon, Smashwords, Nook and Apple's iBookstore.

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