

The Sexy Assistant



By Mina Black

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First Edition

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Kayla

A huge part of experimental science is understanding that you can't allow yourself to get upset. Unlike so many other professions, you don't simply make any progress. Instead, there are bumps and jumps, starts and stops. They can become infuriating; in fact, I'd argue that they can drive some people totally insane.

The while I sat there, contemplating the screen in front of me, I shut off that part of my mind. I didn't allow my emotions to spin out of control. Instead, I considered the numbers, and I worked every angle I could think of.

As far as I was concerned, a breakthrough was inevitable. If I just worked hard enough, I would find it. If I could remain patient and approach this methodically, I would figure out exactly what needed to be done.

At moments like this, time pretty much lost all meaning for me, so I had no idea if it was day or night when someone knocked on my office door.

"Come in," I called out without pulling my eyes away from the screen.

Danny, one of the other researchers, poked his head in. "Kayla, what you doing here?" He was a nice guy; he frequently checked in on me. He probably had a crush on me, but I didn't mind, especially since I still hadn't gotten around to hiring myself a new assistant.

"Working," I said, making it sound obvious.

"Yeah, I see that, but are you sure you want to be here? You know, the Board of Directors is meeting with that guy, Eric Hansen tonight."

Eric Hansen. Up until this point, I had done a pretty good job of keeping my emotions at bay. But just his name is enough to spike my blood pressure. I inhale and exhale, do my best to remain detached and neutral, the way a scientist should be.

"What time?"

"I think their meeting started about twenty minutes ago," he says, glancing down at his smart watch."

For a second or two, I debated whether or not I should make the journey up to the top floor of the building. I could show up dramatically, and I could give some speech. I could tell them that I was on the verge of a breakthrough, and that we didn't need his money, especially because I didn't trust of that bastard. The Board of Directors probably didn't trust him either, but they didn't need to because they were perfectly okay with what he had planned.

The destruction of my company.

Altogether, this entire enterprise was less than ten years old. I started the company back in college, and a couple of quick breakthroughs attracted a lot of investors. But

they weren't just interested in the science. No, they had all of their other little agendas, most notably the desire to see a return.

I sold off some of my stock, and I helped find a CEO, someone who could deal with the investors. That left me free to work the science, and for several years, the entire arrangement worked out rather nicely. Until now.

Because of that bastard.

He probably assumed that I didn't know anything about finance or corporate governance. He was wrong. Back in college, I had a pretty good economics teacher who liked to talk about how hedge fund managers like Eric Hansen enjoyed going after certain companies, companies he might perceive as weak. He could buy them up, tear them apart, sell off the pieces, and make a huge profit for all concerned.

Of course, by doing that, my research would be set back.

A lot.

More to the point, I wasn't interested in playing politics with Wall Street.

More and more, my emotions swirled out of control. Finally, I broke my gaze from the screen.

"Aren't you going to go up there? Aren't you going to go argue?" Danny asked me. He was a nice guy, but he didn't understand exactly how this stuff would work.

"No," I said, standing up. I lifted my arms into the air, I closed my eyes, and I stretched out the muscles in my neck and back. Frankly, I had been sitting down at my desk for far too long, but I was close, so incredibly close to figuring out this problem.

When I opened my eyes again, I saw Danny staring at me, admiring my body. Although I didn't react, I could appreciate the attention. As one of my subordinates, he wasn't a good choice for me to fool around with, but I enjoyed the way he looked at me anyway.

This outfit actually did a pretty good job showing off my curves. My black top slinked along the contours of my breasts, down to my flat stomach. My pencil skirt also showed off my toned legs, and I had chosen a pair of high heels today.

"If you don't go talk to them, they're definitely going to sell out!"

"Quite possibly, but these things take a little bit of time, so I'm going to arrange a different meeting altogether."

"Who are you going to meet with? Another investor?"

"Nope. I'm going to talk to Eric Hansen myself."

Eric

As I walked out of the meeting, I indulged in a little tradition. No one else knew about it, but I started imagining the headlines. Either in *The Wall Street Journal* or on CNBC, some text would appear either on their website or at the bottom of the screen announcing that my hedge fund was going to buy up a major pharmaceutical company.

Of course, that would spike the asking price for this particular company, but I didn't mind, especially since I had already purchased a bunch of calls. Yes, I was headed up, and I was ready for anything.

And honestly, this last meeting had gone perfectly. Sure, the men and women on the board did their absolute best to seem severe. They talked about maximizing shareholder value, which was basically a pretty way of saying they wanted more money.

Not a big deal.

I had gone through their assets, line by line, and I knew exactly what their company was worth. Fortunately for me, they didn't. They had no idea what half of their drugs did. More to the point, they didn't understand how the prices of those drugs could be doubled or tripled.

That announcement might raise a few eyebrows, and I was sure there would be some political backlash, but I didn't really care. People, after all, need medicine. I don't mind making them pay a little bit more.

Or a lot more.

Hey, that's capitalism. That's business. As far as I was concerned, healthcare is not a right.

Oh, and don't forget about all those patents and licenses. Once I strip this company clean, everyone on Wall Street will know my name. As I walked through their lobby, it took all of my self-control not to do a little victory dance.

That's when my phone started to vibrate. I pulled out my cell, and I didn't recognize the number, but I shrugged and answered anyway.

"Mr. Hansen?"

It was a girl's voice, and she sounded hot. "Yes?"

"My name is Kayla, and I'm one of the researchers at the company you are preparing to purchase. I was hoping you and I could have a conversation."

"When?"

"How about right now?" Kayla asked, and that's when I turned around, realizing that she was just at the other end of the hallway.

She looked angry, but then again, she also had on that little black top, a short skirt, and high heels. Her hair was currently tied up in a bun, and she had on black rimmed glasses. Taken together, she looked like a sexy geek.

Usually, when I went out, I would make sure to pursue the hot college girls, the little sorority sisters who would giggle when I told them that I was a hedge fund manager. They never paid attention in any of their economics or finance classes, so they had no idea what I did. What they did understand, however was the fact that I had a great deal of money, so they did anything they could to impress me. Those girls always giggled and laughed like trained seals. They just wanted a piece of fish.

Perhaps it was time for a change of pace.

Yes, I liked the idea of seducing this girl. She looked so uptight. She probably needed some release. So I turned around, I stowed my phone, and I walked right back to her. I held out my hand.

Kayla didn't shake it. Instead, she smirked slightly. "Would you like to see something amazing?"

* * *

As we rode the elevator down into the research laboratories, I remained silent. Kayla had refused to tell me exactly what she intended to show me. Instead, she just insisted that it would be amazing, and that it would potentially change the world.

When the doors opened, I found myself walking through a white corridor with her. While the upper levels were decorated with expensive pieces of art and marble tiling, the labs were purely utilitarian.

Kayla didn't say anything to me as we made our way through a labyrinth of doors and hallways. At several points, she needed to use her key card to let us through.

But then, we came to a set of automated, double sliding doors. Kayla swiped her card again, and she lifted up her hand, pressing her palm into a scanner. The light above the doors changed from red to green, and then she motioned for me to go inside.

After we both stepped through the doors, they closed and sealed in themselves with a pneumatic hiss. "All atmosphere is strictly regulated in this room," she explained to me.

I shrugged.

Truthfully, I had never been in a laboratory like this one. Frankly, my exposure to science didn't include much more than taking chemistry in high school. But now, I saw the various monitors displaying complex calculations, the tablets, and one machine in particular.

“What is that?” I asked. There was a large, glass cube right in front of me. It looked big enough to hold several people.

Mounted at the top of the glass cube, there was some kind of array. Dozens of prongs stuck out, each one tipped with an opening which glowed faintly red. Inside of the cube, there was a white table, and I couldn't help but notice that it included a set of restraints.

“Mr. Hansen, do you know what we do here?”

“You're a pharmaceutical company. You manufacture drugs and you sell them.”

“No. That's not what we do here. The people in suits upstairs to sell what we research. But that is the key component to our success. We are a company about research and development. We are a company that strives for genuine innovation. And when I say those words, don't simply mean them as a corporate cliché. Down here, my researchers and I come up with new technologies, the kinds of technologies that help people all across the globe.”

“Would you like me to be frank with you, Kayla?”

“Yes.” She crossed her arms over her chest.

I took a step closer, and I knew that she wanted to retreat back, but she didn't. As I looked down into her blue eyes, I explained the simple reality of life and business. “This is a company. A company needs to be able to compete. A company needs to be able to make money. That's your main goal. You might not realize it, or maybe you do and just don't like it, but it doesn't really matter. You are an economic engine. Your goal is to accumulate as much wealth as possible.”

“You're wrong,” she told me.

I smirked, only to blink, to scratch my eyes closed and to look around.

Disorientation washed over me, crashing into the back of my head and spilling down into my torso. I touched on palm to my forehead as I tried to massage away the dizziness.

“What, what's going on?”

“Mr. Hansen, you never gave me the chance to explain exactly what we are doing down here. Inside of that cube, there is a brand-new piece of technology, something humanity has never seen before. To be honest, I haven't figured out exactly what I want to name it, but I can tell you precisely what it does.”

I swallowed, and I looked around, searching for escape. Kayla looked just fine. It felt like I had been drugged, yet that didn't make any sense. I hadn't consumed anything, solid or liquid, for several hours. And I didn't think a girl like Kayla would be able to drug me back in my own office.

“What’s going on? What are you doing?” I barely managed to get those words out onto the air.

“This machine,” Kayla continued, almost as though I hadn’t spoken at all, “is designed to alter matter on an atomic level. You see, after conducting several very thorough scans, we have the ability to change materials in a most fundamental way.”

I bent forward, pressing my fingertips into my head. That’s when I decided that I needed to get out of there. I stumbled forward. Simply moving became difficult without any kind of equilibrium. I collapsed at one point, scraping my knee against the floor. I shoved myself back up, and I finally made it to the double doors, yet they stubbornly refused to open for me.

Slapping my palms against the solid, industrial plastic didn’t help. The sounds of my struggles banged through the room, but it still didn’t help.

“Just relax. The sedatives running through your bloodstream right now are going to make it impossible for you to even stand within a few seconds.” Kayla actually sounded bored as she made that point.

Still up on my feet, I turned around. I looked at her, and she was only ten or twenty feet away, yet I could already tell I wouldn’t be able to run the distance. As much as I wanted to charge her, I knew it would be impossible.

So I retreated back to my favorite strategy. When I didn’t know what to do, I tried to get more information. “How, how did you drug me?”

“Isn’t it obvious?” Kayla asked, finally smirking at me. “It’s in the air.”

“But you’re fine.”

“That’s because I inoculated myself, Eric.” She strolled up to me, and once she got close enough, I tried to tackle her. I thought that maybe if I could hold her down, I could force her to open the doors and let me out. If I could start inhaling fresh air, then maybe I would be okay.

Yeah, she grabbed my wrist, she twisted my arm around to the small of my back, and she held me right there. As hard as I tried to flail about, it didn’t do any good.

“Eric, guys like you make science almost impossible. You only care about numbers on a freaking computer screen. You don’t think about people or what your actions actually mean, so I’ve decided that you’re not going to buy this company. You’re not going to make the world worse than it already is.”

Getting held like that, trapped by a girl, irked me more than I wanted to believe possible. That’s why I couldn’t help myself. “Screw you, Kayla. You hide down here in a laboratory. There’s a reason they put you underneath the building. You’re at the bottom of the totem pole, and you’re too dumb to even know it!”

“You think you know what dumb is? That’s cute.”

I inhaled again, and I meant to say more, but the drugs finally overwhelmed me. The sedatives in the air made it impossible for me to keep my eyes open. In the next moment, I slumped down. The last thing I experienced was the rush of the floor as it smacked into me.

* * *

My mouth was dry, my limbs felt sore, and I didn't know exactly what was going on. For a long time, I just enjoyed floating there, on my back because I felt so incredibly weak. I didn't want to move or to try to think at all. So instead, I just floated in the haze behind my eyelids.

It was simple. It was easy.

But then, I heard a sound, like someone tapping on glass.

Reluctantly, I opened my eyes, and I saw her there, the dark-haired girl with blue eyes. She was still dressed in a lab coat, her black blouse, and that short little skirt.

When she started to talk, I could hear her, but her voice was transmitted via speakers embedded in the table. That's when I looked down at the rest of my body, and I realized two things at the same time.

First, I was naked.

Second, I was strapped down to this thing.

Right away, I started to yank and to twist and pull. I tried to get my body off of that table, but I was about as strong as a kitten. Even if I had been at my best, I don't think I could have ripped myself free from those leather shackles.

As things stood, I didn't stand a chance.

"Just relax. I'm going to get you started in a few seconds."

"Started? What you doing?" I demanded. I pulled on the leather shackles again, twitching against the restraints. It didn't do any good, but the panic flooded through my system, so I worked as hard as I could to free myself.

Kayla glared back at me through the walls of the plastic cube. She spoke again. "Eric, I have a problem. Here you are, determined to buy up this company and rip it apart. Obviously, I can't allow that. But at the same time, I have a second problem. I need someone that I can use to test this machine on. I'm a very logical person. I have two problems and I can solve them with the exact same solution. So I'm going to transform you now. I'm going to rewrite your body, and when I'm done, I'm going to modify your personality. I'm going to lower your IQ, and I'm going to change or desires."

I gulped.

Just a second more, and I started telling myself that she couldn't possibly succeed.

“Kayla, don’t do this. Look, you are committing a bunch of crimes right now. This is wrongful imprisonment, abduction, and illegal experimentation. Unless you let me out right now, I’m going to make sure that you spend the rest of your life in prison!”

Kayla seemed to consider my offer for a couple of seconds. She even tilted her head to the side. “No.”

She turned around, and she walked over to one of her computer stations. She started typing, and I couldn’t hear the click-clack of keys, but I redoubled my efforts anyway. My arms and legs felt so heavy, and I could barely move, but I tried to wiggle. I rotated my wrists, hoping that maybe I would be able to slip free.

I couldn’t get the right leverage; I couldn’t get the right position.

The frustration and anger surged through my body, only to be replaced by cold fear. The array above me began to rotate. Several of the instruments pointed down at me, and the red lights began to get brighter.

“You probably want to close your eyes,” Kayla said to me.

I shut them, and then the machine began to activate. I felt it, first tingles along my skin followed by these warm sensations that seemed to come from everywhere and nowhere at once.

* * *

I lost all track of time. Maybe just a few seconds went by. It may have been hours. Maybe I passed out.

I really couldn’t tell you one way or the other. But then, I opened my eyes, and I looked down at the rest of my body. At first, my vision was blurry, and I couldn’t rub my eyes, so I clung to the hope that she had simply failed. Or maybe this was some stupid prank, and this was just a fancy light show.

But no, my vision began to clear, and I looked down at the rest of my body, and I couldn’t believe it.

“What did you do to me?” I squeaked, but that wasn’t my voice! I stopped, and I didn’t know what was going on. And then I started to struggle. I pulled my hands out of the shackles. It happened so easily.

Did the restraints somehow loosen? Did they get bigger?

I rolled off of the table, and I went right up to the plastic wall. Before I could even start to look for a way out of here, I saw my reflection. It was badly distorted, but I looked entirely different.

The reflection in front of me wasn’t of a young man out on the prowl to see what he could accomplish in the world.

Oh no, I found myself looking at the hazy, distorted silhouette of a lithe young woman. Shocked, I ran my hand through my hair. It was supposed to be short. Instead, my fingers keep going and going. I pulled on my hair, and I felt a tug in my scalp. I pulled a handful in front of my face, and it was a golden shade of blonde.

No. No. No this isn't possible. I step away from the glass, like I can retreat from my reflection. I look down at my naked body, and I should see broad shoulders, developed abs, and a cock hanging there between my legs.

No.

I'm naked, all right, but I have breasts, widened hips, a cute little waist, and a pair of breasts.

The door to the cube opens, and Kayla is standing there.

"What you think of my work?"

"How, how did you do this?"

"Don't worry about it. You wouldn't understand the physics that went into your transformation. All you need to know is that you are a successful experiment now."

I can't take this. I just can't! That's why I swing my arms, and I try to run out of the room. I sprint right at Kayla, thinking that I'm going to be able to knock her out of the way. As a man, it would have been easy. I had several inches on her.

As I got closer, the difference of proportion became more and more obvious. Kayla was taller than me! Just as my brain started to process this fact, she reached out, and she grabbed me into her arms. She held me, and I kicked and thrashed about, but Kayla actually lifted me up. My feet lost contact with the ground, sending another surge of panicked disbelief through my body.

She carried me back over to the table, and she set me down.

I tried to get away, but I was so much smaller than her! I could hardly believe it.

"First, I'm going to make sure that your body is functioning properly. After that, we can discuss modifications to your memories and personality."

"No!" I cried out, practically screaming like some scared girl in a horror movie.

"Yes," she said. She shoved my hands down into the shackles, and she tightened them. When she was done, I kept kicking about, but Kayla just watched.

Finally, I started to settle down. I was panting.

"Are you looking forward to seeing what your new body can do, Eric?" She stopped. "I guess that won't be a good name for you anymore. I'm going to have to try something else. What name would be more appropriate? Erica is obvious, but maybe we should do something entirely different."

“You can’t rename me,” I snarled at her. I strained and yanked and twisted against my restraints, throwing my body from side to side, but that meant I had to feel the hair bunched up along the back of my neck. I could also feel the sway of my breasts as I wiggled.

Lots of guys probably would have paid good money to see a cute piece of ass like me fight so hard.

“Actually, I can. If I want to, I can rename you right now.” She pointed back to the array. There were so many devices up there, each one another piece of hardware that I couldn’t possibly understand.

Kayla worked with a kind of science that was so far beyond me...

“But don’t worry, silly girl. I’m not going to play with your mind until I make sure that everything in your body works perfectly.” She giggled, and then she did something I never could have anticipated. She pulled herself up onto the table, and she straddled me.

She reached down, and she stroked my cheek. Little tingles of energy seemed to play between my nerves. My body was so much more sensitive!

Kayla was about to prove that point again. She brought her fingertips down, dragging them over my cheeks, and down my neck, all the way to the first curves of my breasts.

My nipples stiffened.

“Look at that. Someone’s getting excited.”

“Get off of me,” I growled back at her, but Kayla just threw her head back, and she laughed. “I’m not going to be doing that anytime soon. I’m having too much fun playing with you,” she replied. “Besides, I want to see if manual stimulation to your nipples will be enough to give you your first orgasm as a girl.”

“No! Don’t! Please!” I squeaked out, my voice a high-pitched chirp.

As a man, I could easily command respect with nothing but the tone of my voice. But now, I sounded more like some silly girl. I could have been a cheerleader or an airhead, or some bimbo model out at a club hoping to meet the right guy.

For a moment, I stretched my eyes shut, and I did my best to hide myself from her. And yet, her fingertips swirled around my nipples, tracing little patterns. Inevitably, my body responded. My nipples practically pulsed with desperation.

Then she cupped my breasts, and I loved the way she touched her palms to the little buttons. She pushed, she massaged, and she kneaded my flesh. My body responded, and I could feel it, that little hint of moisture right between my legs.

She worked me for several seconds, squeezing and taunting me.

I was getting closer and closer to an orgasm.

Obviously, I did my best to resist. I didn't want to give in to my body's natural instincts. I tried to think about something else. Inside of my head, I concentrated on stupid math equations. I tried to trace the lyrics to different songs.

"You're going to have an orgasm, aren't you? I can see it. You're such a horny little bimbo."

"No," I growled back at her, but I still sounded like some little girl. Even if I had the body of an adult female, my vocal cords made me sound so much more childish.

"You know, I didn't have to make you this responsive. I could've turned you into a girl and let you have just a regular libido. But I thought it would be better for you if you were horny all the time. You're going to be so desperate for sex. You're going to want stimulation all the time. I'm sure you'll make lots of guys are very, very happy."

"No!"

"Watch," Kayla said, and I opened my eyes, just in time to see her pinch my nipples. She squeezed, she stroked, and then she grabbed my breasts again. This time, I couldn't help myself. The pleasure ran through my body, exploding down along the length of my back. I felt it, that throbbing need right between my legs.

"So your nipples are definitely very responsive. What about your pussy?"

That first orgasm nearly sapped all of my strength, yet I still got my eyes open. I started shaking my head back and forth with nervous little twitches.

"Yes, I think we need to experiment with your little pussy. Oh, I forgot to remove your pubic hair. Here, let me do that for you right now."

Kayla slid off of the table, and she walked out of the cube. The door closed automatically behind her, leaving me strapped down in that box. She went over to one of her computers, and she started typing.

I glanced back at her. "No! Please, Kayla, don't! Please! Just change me back! Change me back right now!"

As that panicked plea hit the air, she finished typing in the next command. The array came to life, and it aimed itself. A red laser shot down, sliding along the contours of my pubis. One by one, the pubic hair between my legs started to disappear. When it was all done, I was smooth.

Kayla returned, and she put her hand on my mound. She stroked me gently, making me shiver all over again.

"My oh my, you're already wet right here. Look at that. You're practically glistening!"

“This can’t, this can’t be happening,” I panted, wishing that I would be able to close my eyes and wake up in the next few seconds. I would be back in my bed with some skank right next to me. I would be able to give her some taxi money, and she would get out.

Instead, I glanced around, and I was still strapped down, still helpless.

“Should I use manual stimulation or this?” Kayla asked me. She pulled her hand from behind her back, and I saw the dildo she was holding. The rounded vibrator was a soft shade of pale blue.

“Neither! Don’t touch me!” I called out, and I lifted up my legs, like I was braced to kick her if she came close.

Kayla sauntered up to me, and she just shook her head. “It’s very funny that you think your opinion really matters here. There something you need to understand, Eric. You’re no longer a powerful hedge fund manager. If I let you go, you would end up on the street with no ID, no money, and no way to make a living. So until I say otherwise, you belong to me. Understand?”

“No, that can’t be right,” I answered, my voice quivering.

“Tell me, what do you think would happen if I let you go right now?”

“I, I would...” As hard as I tried to come up with a reasonably good idea, nothing came to mind. She was right.

When I didn’t say anything else, she took that vibrator, and she stroked it along the lips of my pussy. All at once, I shivered and tensed. I tried to buck away from my restraints, yet the shackles held me perfectly in place.

“Very responsive,” Kayla said. “I’m actually rather pleased with your progress. But I think a second orgasm would really prove what you’re capable of, don’t you, Eric?”

Eric. Yes, that was my name. I was a man and a hedge fund manager. I commanded wealth, respect, and power.

More to the point, I tried to cling to the idea that I would be able to get out of here, and I would have my old body and my old empire back. Then I’d be able to make Kayla pay for humiliating me like this.

Until then, I was stuck, and she grabbed my ankles, bringing them back down to the foot of the table. Then she looped a set of straps around them with ease. Now, my legs were spread, and my slick little pussy was right there, vulnerable and unprotected.

“Maybe I should make you beg for your next orgasm,” Kayla said to me. “Yeah, that sounds like a really good experiment. You still want to believe you’re a man, right? This will be very interesting then.”

To prove her point, she took the bulbous tip of that dildo, and she stroked it along my opening. One, two, three times, and goose bumps ran down my shoulders. She

kept going, touching me gently. Every little caress sent another wave of anticipation running through my body.

“Do you want to be penetrated? Do you want me to slide this dildo deep into your body, Eric?”

My nostrils flared, and I couldn't answer. More than anything, I wanted to tell her that she was wrong, that she would never be able to control me. I wasn't going to beg for an orgasm, not while I was transformed into the body of a girl.

I needed to be a man again. I wanted my old strength, my old height and my old power back. “You know what I find really funny?” Kayla asked me. “You're going to get to discover the true meaning of sexism. You're going to have guys hit on you all the time. But I wonder how long you'll be able hold out. You probably want to think that you're still a heterosexual man, but you're going to be so horny. You're going to start thinking about cocks all the time. Your mind might be that of a heterosexual man, but what do you think I did to this body? What do you want right now? It's in your eyes. Think about it.”

When my eyelids fell, an image popped into my head. I was horny. She was right about that, except I didn't fantasize about some supermodel. I didn't think of how good it would feel to have Kayla stripped naked and down on her hands and knees. Oh no, I thought about the dildo in her hand and how much I wanted her to slide it between my pussy lips. I wanted to feel her penetrate me.

And then a different idea popped into my head. What if there was a man in the room? What if he was big and strong and tall and powerful? What if he just climbed up onto this table and decided to take me? I wouldn't be able to do anything about it.

At the last second, right before I almost climaxed, I opened my eyes, and I focused on my breathing.

The desperation receded, slightly.

“You were thinking about a man, weren't you? What? Was it some famous actor? Maybe an athlete?”

“Go to hell!” I squeaked back at her, but Kayla just laughed at me. I couldn't possibly intimidate her.

She stroked me again, sliding the tip of the vibrator along my opening.

“Here, let's try something else,” she said. She lifted up the vibrator, and she pushed the button along the side. The small motor within began to buzz, and then she set the vibrator right between my legs. My eyes widened, a sharp gasp played along my lips, and I nearly lost it right there.

After a few more seconds of stimulation, I came to a conclusion. This thing may make me horny, desperately horny, but there wasn't enough pressure or speed to

make me climax!

The desires continued to build through my body, swirling just below my stomach. I could feel it in my toes and along the arches of my feet, over my shins, along my inner thighs, and up to my nipples. My lips even tingled, and I did the only thing that made any sense to me. Like some wild animal, I bucked and thrashed about, doing everything I could to escape that table.

“All you need to do is break. Beg.”

She said those words in a low, sultry breath.

As my heart pounded, I told myself I would never surrender. And yet, just a few more seconds passed before I started to speak. “Please, can I please have an orgasm? Please, I can’t, I can’t take this anymore! I need to, I need to come! I need it so bad! Please, please give it to me!”

Kayla picked up the vibrator, and the sensations disappeared from between my legs. At first, I thought that she was just going to torment me some more. Instead, she stroked me one more time, and then she pushed the tip of the vibrator between my inner thighs. She pushed in and pulled back, gently, slowly. My pussy was drenched by this point, but she still took her time. With very deliberate movements, she worked me up.

Her speed increased from one moment to the next until her wrist became a blur of movement. And right then, I cried out, screaming with raw ecstasy as the pleasure pounded through my body.

* * *

For a long time, I stayed right there on the table, occasionally shivering or twitching. I couldn’t really think, so I just waited, wondering what Kayla would do to me next.

Lifting my head, I looked around, only to realize that she was gone. She must have left me alone.

This was my chance!

I started to look around the rest of my confined space, wondering if I would figure out something smart. If I could be really clever, then maybe I would be able to figure out some way to get out of these restraints. Again, I tried to rotate my arms, thinking that maybe Kayla didn’t tighten the shackles enough.

If that was the case, then I’d be able to slip one arm out.

That’s really all I needed.

I worked and struggled, but it still didn’t do any good. But as I resisted, something dawned on me. The harder I fought, the more aroused I became. I could feel it, that little kindling of desire right between my legs.

No, no, no!

Then I heard the pneumatic hiss of the doors opening. On the other side of the plastic cube, Kayla entered the lab, only this time she had a set of plastic bags.

I couldn't tell how long she had been gone. It didn't really matter to me one way or another, except now, with her so close, escape would become that much more difficult.

"Are you ready to get dressed?" Kayla asked. Although she was still on the other side of the plastic wall, her voice echoed in my small space, conveyed by hidden speakers.

"Kayla, what do you want?" I asked. I sat up as much as I could, and I peered back at her. Even though I wasn't looking down at my body specifically, I could still feel the differences.

As a man, I carried myself with an easy confidence. As a girl, I felt somewhat smaller, and even when I tried to sound clear and articulate, my voice chirped out. I just sounded so young and childish. Lots of guys would hear my voice, and would feel the instinctive desire to protect me.

She used her key card and opened up the plastic cube. She walked into my transparent cage, and she set the bags down at the foot of the table. "I want to play dress-up with you," she said, cracking a grin.

It took all of my self-control not to get upset or angry. "No," I said. "That's not what I mean. Long-term, what do you want? Why are you doing this? Maybe we can come to some sort of arrangement."

This was me in my element. Even if my voice and body had changed, I could still negotiate like a master.

"Oh, you want me to tell you what you can do to get out of this? Is that right?"

I wrinkled my lips, pressing them together. I hated the fact that I had to try to negotiate from a position of weakness. This was going to be a challenge, but I can do it. As a hedge fund manager, I routinely talked down or up prices.

Kayla couldn't be different, could she?

"Yes. What's it going to take?"

"Hmmmm," she said, walking over to me. She put her hand on my tummy, and she dragged her fingertips along my skin, touching me softly. It felt lovely, but I kept my eyes aimed at her. I wouldn't lose focus. I wouldn't get distracted. "I suppose there are quite a few things you could do for me. You do have a pretty mouth, after all."

"No, that's not what I mean," I replied. I took a breath. I had to stay calm. She was teasing me, and I couldn't let her get me angry. "Look, Kayla, you have to want

something. Everyone wants something. How much is it going to take for you to transform me back and let me go?”

“What if I don’t want to let you go? What if I’m not interested in any amount of money?”

I laughed. It sounded so strange as I giggled happily. “No, everyone wants money. That’s why we work. No one does anything except for profit.”

Kayla looked to down at me, and she raised one eyebrow, obviously confused and a little bit disgusted. “You really believe that, don’t you? You actually think that people only work for profit?” She said that last word like it was distasteful.

“Yeah,” I answered.

“Maybe that’s your problem, Eric. You have a distorted world view. You only think about money. You’ll probably be a lot happier when I modify your personality.”

“No, there has to be a number. Just tell me what it is.”

“No number,” Kayla replied. “This is what guys like you don’t understand. Sometimes it’s not about the money. Sometimes it’s about the science. Sometimes it’s about the thrill of discovery. Sometimes it’s about creating something new. That’s what I’m going to do here with you, Eric. Now, I can get started on your memories and IQ, or you can be a good little bimbo and get dressed while I watch. Personally, I’d like to see you pick out your clothing and makeup while you still have your old personality, but I’ll let you decide.”

Hardening my lips, I didn’t say anything.

“What’s it going to be?”

I didn’t have a choice, not really. “Kayla, would you like to play dress up with me?”

“Yes, I would!”

She moved quickly, releasing me from the leather shackles. Once I was up, I looked down at my pussy and my breasts, my toned legs and my petite frame. I got up off of the table, and I glanced back at the doorway out of the plastic cube. It was still open. I could make another attempt at escape.

“Don’t even think about it, Blondie,” Kayla taunted. She even wagged her finger back and forth.

Bowing my head down, I grimaced, “Don’t call me that.”

She laughed again, but she didn’t say anything. Instead, she picked up the bags, and she put them on the table. “I only had a little while to go shopping, but I think you’ll have some fun.”

Kayla stepped back, motioning for me to get started with one hand.

Reluctantly, I opened one of the bags, and I found two pairs of shoes, two pairs of socks, and a single pair of panties. The panties were white, soft, and some kind of silky material. I couldn't identify it exactly, but I was never the kind of guy to worry about my attire.

Usually, I would walk into a tailor's shop and tell them I wanted to look good. After that, some guy would take my measurements and give me something expensive. Really, that's all it took.

"Please, please don't make me do this," I said, glancing up at Kayla for just a second. Normally, I wouldn't have started begging so soon, but as I held those panties in my hand, I couldn't help myself. I couldn't think like a rational, strong-willed man.

Kayla teased me with the possibility that she would alter my personality. But what if that was already happening? What if the reality of being in the body of a sexy girl was enough to alter how I saw the world and the decisions I made? What if it was enough to change my personality?

I tried not to think about that as I waited.

"Get dressed, or I will spank you."

My cheeks blushed, my brows hardened, and I parted my lips, getting ready to say something. But when our eyes met, I could tell that Kayla wasn't joking. That wasn't some idle threat either.

"You wouldn't dare," I said, bluffing.

"Wouldn't I?"

With that same obvious reluctance, I pulled the panties up my legs. They felt so soft, like a gentle glove right between my inner thighs. Another wave of arousal washed through me. Honestly, it was so confusing. On the one hand, I had the body and natural instincts of the young woman. But I still had the brain and desires of a man.

"Now, I'm going to give you a choice. You can put on something elegant and seductive or sweet and innocent. What's it going to be?"

Pressing my lips together, I looked around the rest of the room, and I felt like I had to make some kind of decision. "Sweet and innocent," I finally decided.

"Good girl!"

Kayla reached into one of the bags, and she pulled out several pieces of clothing. When they were neatly folded, I couldn't really identify them. One was white with buttons. Another was a plaid and pleated.

Slowly, it dawned on me what she had in mind.

“No, you can’t...” I whispered uncertainly. I took a step back, but Kayla reached out and grabbed my hand.

“You aren’t going anywhere, Eric. Unless you want that spanking, get dressed.”

All of a sudden, I couldn’t take this anymore. I decided that I was going to make my own decisions and control my own destiny. I tried to tear my hand free from her grip, but she was stronger. Not only that, Kayla understood exactly what I just attempted. That’s why she yanked me forward bent me over the table.

CLAP!

Her hand flashed down, and she spanked my ass. The panties absorbed just a tiny modicum of the force she wielded. The rest flashed through my body, shooting a hot sting through my skin.

A gasp escaped my lips.

CLAP!

I whimpered.

CLAP!

I yelped.

CLAP!

CLAP!

CLAP!

My eyes watered it, and I started blubbering. “No more! No more spankings! Please, Kayla!”

She stopped, she pulled down my panties, and then she yanked me into her arms. She was taller than me, so she kept me trapped against her chest with ease. She held me in place with one arm. She used her free hand, and she reached between my legs. Obviously, I tried to pin my knees together, to stop her, but Kayla wiggled her digits along my inner thighs until her fingers started to rub up against my pussy.

“I think someone needs a reminder,” she said.

She worked her touch along my crevice, teasing me and taunting me. I had already been experiencing that little hint of desire. Now she fanned those flames into something hot, a spark of desperation. She rubbed me until I couldn’t help myself. My nipples stiffened, and I climaxed!

The orgasm danced along my skin, a bright burst of energy. And when she was done with me, she let go, and I stumbled forward. Disoriented and unbalanced, I shook my head. Strands of blonde hair brushed along my cheeks and the nape of my neck.

“Get dressed,” Kayla ordered again.

My pussy tingled, and I could still feel that gentle throbbing along the contours of my ass. Reluctantly, I straightened out my panties, and I picked up the skirt. I stepped into it, and I cinched it along my waist. Next, I looked into one of the bags, and I found a white, Lacy bra.

“I don’t know how to put this on,” I said, looking at the different hooks and straps.

Sure, I had a pretty good idea of what it took to get a girl out of her bra, but I never imagined a scenario where I might need to put one on myself.

“Here,” she said, helping me into the restrictive garment.

The bra pushed up my breasts. Even without a mirror, I knew this was just going to attract even more masculine attention.

“Can I wear something else?” I asked, and I hated that little pleading edge of desperation in my voice.

“No.”

With the same obvious reluctance, I pulled on the blouse. Kayla helped me button it up, and then she shoved me back down against the table. It all happened so quickly. I didn’t expect it. In one moment, I was fiddling with some white, heart-shaped buttons. In the next, I was down on my back. She grabbed my hands. She strapped me back in.

“What, what you doing?”

“I need to start modifying you,” she said.

“What, what you going to do?”

“First, I’m going to see if I can train you to obey my every command. It shouldn’t be hard. I just need to rearrange a few priorities right here,” Kayla said, tapping the right between my eyes.

This was it. She was going to use her machine to try to alter my thoughts and personality, my desires and priorities.

Even though I was dressed up like some silly schoolgirl, I pulled and struggled with all of my might. But once again, I wasn’t up to the task. Kayla left me alone in that plastic cube, and she went over to one of the workstations. She started typing in another set of commands.

I called out to her. I tried to bribe her again and again, but Kayla wouldn’t listen to me. No, she was far too interested in her machine to care about something as trivial as cash.

The array began to rotate above me, each device shifting position. They took aim, and then red lights began to play down along my face. Occasionally, they flashed along my irises, temporarily blinding me.

My name is Eric, and I'm a hedge fund manager. I'm interested in success. I want to be the man who always wins. I'm willing to do whatever it takes to win. Winning is everything. I held onto those thoughts like a mantra. They formed the core of my identity, and I wouldn't let them go!

Again and again, I swirled through those thoughts.

My name is Eric, and I'm a hedge fund manager. I'm interested in success. I want to be the man who always pleases Kayla. I'm willing to do whatever it takes to please Kayla. Pleasing Kayla is everything.

I ran through those words at least three times before I realized that there was something wrong. But when I tried to recall the exact phrasing I should have used, nothing came to mind.

Please Kayla. I had to please Kayla.

Nothing else mattered.

I blinked, and I tried to look away from those lights, but they kept moving along the contours of my forehead. At the same time, they did something to me with quantum physics or radiation. I didn't know how it worked, but then they shut down, and Kayla stepped into the room once again.

"You're beautiful," I said to her. Those words simply ripped from my lips, automatic.

"Thank you," she said with a condescending smirk. "I'm glad you think so."

"You know, Eric, I've always been mildly curious about how it would feel to have a girl go down on me. Lots of boyfriends have done it, obviously, but I think I want to feel your tongue on my pussy. What do you think? Would you like to do that for me?"

I expected a moment of instant resistance. I was supposed to hate the idea.

Instead, a big smile blossomed along my lips. "Yes, please!"

When she released me from my restraints, I slid off of the table, and I didn't try to run. On the contrary, I dropped onto my knees. Subjugated prostrate, I knew that this was the right spot for me. I couldn't help myself.

Kayla climbed up onto the table, and she didn't even care about the restraints. She lifted up her skirt, she pulled off her panties, and she tossed them so that they landed on my shoulder.

All of a sudden, I realized something. She was aroused. I caught the aroma of her excitement, and my mouth actually started to water.

"Come over here, Eric. Show me what you can do with that pretty mouth of yours."

I got back up onto my feet, and I moved to the foot of the table. I leaned in, and I saw her pussy right there. Unlike me, she had all of her pubic hair. Unlike me, she could make her own decisions.

At that point, I realized something. I needed Kayla. I needed her to tell me what to do. I needed her to touch me, to command me, to own me.

At this moment, I couldn't even think about money or wealth. I didn't care about any numbers on the screen, not when there was this beautiful scientist right here. She was so smart, and I needed to make her life easier. I would do anything and everything in my power to help her.

And at that moment, she wanted me to service her, so I leaned in.

"May I?" I asked, waiting for permission. Even though every instinct in my body called out for me to start licking her slit, I waited like a good girl.

"You may," she said, and I swiped my tongue over her opening. I started licking, lapping at her crevice with everything I had. And then, just a few seconds later, I felt her hands on the top of my head. She pulled my face closer to her pussy so that my tongue slipped between her lips. I kept licking, swiping my tongue along her clitoris. I could feel that little button, all swollen and engorged with her desires.

Maybe she was thinking of me as Eric. Maybe she was thinking of me as a horny blonde bimbo. It didn't really matter.

All I knew for certain was that I needed to be right there, my face between her legs. I licked and I nuzzled. I swiped my tongue over her clitoris, giving her everything she wanted.

Pretty soon, she started to whimper. She started to moan out one word after another. "Yes...yes...just like that. Good job. Good girl!"

I heard those words, *Good girl!* I knew that nothing else mattered. As long as I could please this woman, all would be right with the universe.

I kept going and going, swirling my tongue around her clitoris until she couldn't take any more. She cried out with ecstasy, just as I had done when she forced me to orgasm like a girl.

Kayla nudged my head back, and I withdrew, disappointed. Honestly, there was nothing I craved more than the taste of her juices, than the flavor of her arousal.

But she didn't want me to do it anymore, so I stopped, and I retreated back. I stood there, my head bowed down.

"Good. You passed a test. Now it's time to see what else you can do for me."

* * *

A little while later, we rode the elevator back up to the top floors. Kayla actually had an office up there, though she seldom used it. Instead, she preferred to work down in the laboratory.

"What do you think is going to happen when Eric disappears?"

She talked about my old life like it was an entirely separate concept. Eric was someone else.

“If I’m not there to make the final offer for the company, then you’ll be able to operate in peace, I think. The Board of Directors will be forced to move on because there aren’t any other hedge funds large enough to take on an acquisition of this size.”

“Good,” she replied. “Of course, if any of your friends get really ambitious, I could always transform them as well, couldn’t I?”

“Yes.”

The elevator continued on as we were carried up toward the top floor.

“You know, I really do need to give you a new name. What you think of Alex?”

“Alex?” I asked, uncertain.

“There was a girl in my middle school who I didn’t really like. Her name was Alexandra. I like the idea of knowing that I get to control you. You could be my little scapegoat.” She reached out and stroked my cheek.

“Or would you go with something incredibly feminine. How about Alice? Or Alicia? Megan? Megan sounds like a good bimbo name to me.”

“I don’t want to be a bimbo,” I said, and it took all of my willpower to force out those words. It was surprisingly difficult for one simple reason. I have this new instinct, this desperate urge to please Kayla, to give her whatever she wants no matter what.

“I’m going to name you Becky,” she decided, tapping my cheek. “It’s nice and feminine. It just sounds so cute, and you’re definitely a cute girl.”

“My name is Becky,” I replied, blushing as I stared down.

“If you have trouble with it, I can always delete your old name from your memory,” she told me, and she made this sound like a favor.

“Thank you,” I answered because I couldn’t be rude, not to this woman. She owned me...Worse, I was grateful. I was grateful to belong to her, for her authority and her will to command me.

“Becky, you’re going to meet a young man in a few minutes. His name is Danny. I want you to seduce him.”

“What?” I squeaked.

“You heard me. Oh, and you should probably put your hair into pigtails.” She reached into her bag, and she pulled out a set of white ribbons.

I took them, and my fingers easily and deftly maneuvered their way through my strands of hair. I tied my hair into easy pigtails, and when I was done, I looked at my blurred reflection in the elevator door.

“How did I know what to do?”

“Maybe I did make a few more modifications to your personality,” Kayla said with a smirk. The doors pinged and opened, and she nudged me forward, her hand on my ass.

We made our way along the hallway. To the right, there was a big door that led into a bank of cubicles. Kayla led me past it. A few minutes later, we came to a smaller door. She knocked, and a male voice called out.

“Hello?”

“Danny, it’s Kayla. I’ve got someone here I want you to meet. Her name is Becky, she’s going to be my new assistant.”

I heard those words, and hot red swirled along my cheeks. I kept thinking that this couldn’t be happening, that she couldn’t really do this to me, but then he opened the door, and there was this guy standing there, and I suddenly couldn’t keep my eyes on him. I had to look down, ashamed of the desires suddenly swirling right between my legs. I could feel that heat right there as my pussy got wet, and it was almost enough to dampen my panties.

I swallowed, and I held out my hand. I did that as a hedge fund manager. I tried the same thing as a girl. He gave me a firm handshake, and then he glanced back over at Kayla.

“Your friend is really cute.”

“She is, and she saw your picture, and I think she might have a little crush on you. So yeah, I was hoping you could give her a little orientation.”

Obviously, he said yes.

It all happened so fast. Soon, I found myself in his office, and he closed the door behind him.

“So, you’re new here. What would you like to know?”

I bit my lower lip. It felt like the right thing to do. I glanced downward. “I was hoping that maybe, you would tell me what to do. I’m very eager to learn. I’m willing to do anything,” I said. I glanced up at him. Kayla already told him I had a crush on him. I ran my tongue along my bottom lip again.

“Are you trying to seduce me?” Danny asked. He made it sound a little bit like a joke.

“Yes.”

“Then you should stand right there. I’d like to get a better look at you.”

I straightened my back, and I held my hands behind me. He circled her, and then he reached out gently once he stood behind me. He cupped my breasts. He moved tentatively at first, like he couldn’t quite believe this was happening. And when he pushed his hips against my ass, I could feel his cock. He was so big and hard.

“I’d really like to suck that,” I said.

“Then you should probably be on your knees.” His voice almost cracked, like he couldn’t believe he was having this kind of luck.

Like a good girl, I got down on my knees, and I licked my lips again. Tentatively, he unzipped his pants. He probably couldn’t believe that this was really happening, but when his shaft was out, I leaned forward. I couldn’t help myself. Kayla wanted me to do this.

And then something else dawned on me. *I* wanted to do this. Badly.

Those desires swirled through me, this instinct to suck a cock. I wanted to feel his shaft deep in my mouth, all the way down my throat.

I licked and I sucked. I worshiped his cock, taking it inch by inch. Pretty soon, he was confident enough to grab onto my pigtails. He set the tempo, bobbing my head down and up. I wrapped my lips around his circumference, and I gave him everything I had. I kept going, and then he let go.

I didn’t understand. I blinked.

“Did I do something wrong?”

“Not at all. I was just thinking that you’d want me to fuck you right.” All the hesitation from before was gone.

He grabbed one of my pigtails and he helped me stand, pulling. Then he bent me over his desk, he lifted my skirt, and he pulled down my panties. He stroked my slit just once. “You’re all hot and wet. You like being used, don’t you?”

“Yes,” I confessed, realizing that I was telling the truth.

“You’re going to be the office slut, aren’t you?”

“Yes,” I said again.

“If you’re a slut, that means you’re going to be the lowest person on the totem pole. You should probably start addressing me as Sir.”

“Yes, Sir.”

That’s when he grabbed onto my hips and pushed forward, thrusting his girth right there against my pussy. I was already wet and ready for him, so he slid right in. The heat, warmth, and solidity of his body made me purr. Delicious ecstasy began to run through my skin.

Danny slid into me, and then he waited a moment. I could imagine him with his eyes closed. “Tell me you like this, slut.”

“I like it, Sir. I love it!”

“Good,” he answered, pulling back and shoving forward. He thrust deep into my body, forcing me to take every inch. And yet, searing pleasure shot through me. I

couldn't help myself. It felt so good as he pumped me, thrusting harder and faster by the second.

Pretty soon, my fingers tensed up. I could feel that desire building along every nerve in my body. Tingling desperation gave way to something so much more powerful. He worked me, and my pussy clenched around his cock. He started throbbing. He gasped, and that's when I felt the start of his orgasm.

As pleasure turned my vision to a haze of incandescent white, he throbbed. He pulsated. He worked me, shooting his load.

"You should probably go find your boss. I'm sure Kayla will want to debrief you," he said.

I did my best to put myself back together. I pulled up my panties, I straightened out my skirt, and I wobbled back out into the hallway.

It took me a couple of minutes to find Kayla's office.

Kayla

Becky is doing wonderfully, I'm pleased to report. She has become an eager little office slut. She loves sucking cock, getting used, and she's always on time. In fact, I'm thinking about telling her that she must move in with me.

I could dress her in a little black outfit with a white apron. She could wear ribbons and lace every day, and she could become my maid at home. Granted, that would mean she'd never be off the clock, but I think she be happier that way.

Not that it matters.

Becky is my little bimbo girl now. Every time she tries to disobey, I take away a few IQ points or I tweak her obedience parameters. Ultimately, she's going to stop thinking about herself. She's only going to be selfless and determined to get as much sex as she can possibly have.

Danny certainly enjoys having her around the office.

Officially, no one really talks about the attempted takeover. No one talks about how Eric Hansen disappeared either. But sometimes I catch a glance from some of the men in the office. They're nervous because they know I can do whatever I want.

Good.

Someday I might decide that Becky needs a sister. I could always use a second assistant...

The End