

Transforming the Boss



**By
Mina Black**

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I hated this part. I really did.

For one, researchers could be really arrogant. Just because they understood abstract concepts of genetics and quantum physics or mathematical strings of data that made my head spin, they thought that they were better than me. Of course, they couldn't actually do their work without the support of people like me.

It was always strange, that combination of science in business. After all, I did have some experience we came to science, but I didn't dedicate my life to microscopes, experiments, or readouts. Instead, I had a different sort of talent. I knew how to find brilliant people and convince them to work for me.

Marina Devereaux was definitely a brilliant young woman. Despite her early years, she had already made several groundbreaking discoveries, all of which are owned by my company. While she worked on genetic resequencing in some of the most dramatic ways imagined, I had every intention of monetizing her discoveries.

We were going to make money, or so I believed when I first began reviewing her work and reading her papers.

But after more than two years of failed experiments, I decided that we needed to put her expertise elsewhere in the company. It wasn't like I was going to fire her, but as I walked down the hallway to her lab, I knew perfectly well that this conversation was going to be unpleasant.

I had already sent her several emails, asking her to meet with me in my office, which she had declined those requests. If she were any other employee, I would have fired her, except she was too smart for that, and she knew it. Besides, I couldn't allow one of my competitors to hire her.

So as I made my way through the building that housed my entire company, I considered exactly how to deal with her. I had to be polite and respectful but firm. No matter how brilliant she may have been, I was still in charge. This entire enterprise belonged to me, and everyone there worked on me.

I slipped my key card through the slot, and two sealed doors opened. The puff of air escaped, and I pushed forward, making my way right up to her.

Marina sat at her desk, and she was jotting notes by hand and she reviewed a string of data crawling across her screen. Polite, I waited for her.

Finally, she deigned to glance in my direction. "Kyle, what can I do for you?"

Normally, I let my employees use my first name. I thought it created a greater sense of cohesion among my workers, but right there, I could hear that little note of disdain in her voice. Plenty of scientists didn't understand what the

business side of the company entailed. As far she was concerned, I was nothing but a necessary evil.

“We need to discuss your funding,” I said.

Funding. There, that was the magic word. Every scientist and researcher knew to love and fear those seven letters. Crossing my arms over my chest, I tried not to look defensive, but it was difficult. She turned to me, and her eyes were on me.

There was something about Marina. She was quite beautiful, with rounded cheeks and dark brown hair. Although she wore the standard lab coat, I could tell that she had on my tight polo shirt beneath. At the same time, her skirt with just maybe a little bit too short and a little bit too tight.

Honestly, I had no idea how such a beautiful young woman would end up a scientist, someone so preoccupied with abstract conceptions of the universe. But there she was, and with my job to tell her that she was going to be transferred to another department.

“Marina, your experiments have not been going well. I’ve read every e-mail and report you sent, and I decided that we need to move you.”

“I’m ready,” she said.

“What?”

She smiled at me, and for a moment, I felt like prey. But then I reminded myself that this was my company, and I was in charge. If I wanted to, I could fire right then and right there. Still, she was a valuable resource, so I couldn’t be hasty.

Touching the rigid my nose, I tried not to get frustrated with her. So many of these scientist-types liked to jump ahead. They could get aggressive when their funding got threatened. She wanted me to keep funding going, so she would say anything. “Please, Marina, I appreciate your diligence as well as your devotion to your work, but I’ve read all of status updates. I know that you have only completed computer simulations.”

“Yes,” she agreed. “Computer simulations, but they have all been plenty accurate up until this point. I think we are ready for human trial.”

My lips tightened just a little bit because I knew this could be an incredible opportunity. If her machine worked, we could potentially rewrite human DNA within a matter of hours. This would be the kind of invention, the kind of breakthrough, that would push humanity forward.

For several seconds, I was sorely tempted to let her have whatever she needed. But then I remembered why I was there. The device wasn’t ready, and it would be for some time. I really couldn’t allow greed or in addition to get ahead of me. After all, I want my subordinates to think creatively, to get

aggressive, but part of my job was to make sure that they didn't get ahead of themselves.

Ultimately, the machine wasn't ready. I already knew it.

"Marina, I will review all of the available data you have, but for right now, I'm here to tell you that you have been transferred.

"You're patronizing me," she said, overly precise and shrill at the same time.

"I came here to talk to you in person because you have my utmost respect, and I didn't want you to hear this from someone else. I will e-mail you exact details in the morning," I didn't say anything about the delay getting her some time to calm down.

After all, she had a few hours to think about this, maybe a night of sleep, she would realize that I was making the correct decision.

Marina opened her mouth to say something, but I cut her off. "My decision is final," I told her and I stood a little bit straighter. I was tall, far bigger than her, so she backed down. For a moment, this felt primal. I was the powerful man, and she was the small woman, so she would do what I said.

Having reestablished my authority, I decided it was time to leave.

I turned my back on her, and I headed back for the exit. I made it right back to the key slot when I felt cold metal press against the side of my neck. Hot electricity shot through those metallic prongs. Hundreds or thousands of volts rushed through my nervous system, shutting me down. I gasped, I yelped, and I collapsed down onto the floor just as my senses abandoned me.

Opening my eyes, my head hurt, and it felt like every muscle in my body ached. At first, I started to think that I got really drunk, but that couldn't have been right. What, what happened? Where was I?

Slowly, I blinked a couple more times, my vision started to clear, and I tried to reach up. My fingers touched something, but it was dark. There was a little bit of light, only nothing I was seeing made any sort of sense. I was on some kind of metal slab, and there were pale blue lights above me.

Was this some kind of joke?

No, it wasn't a joke. It was a part of the project Marina had been working on. As I started to remember what happened, I figured out that I was in the machine. I reached up, and I shoved on the lid. Immediately, the hinges swung open, and I popped back up.

There she was. Marina was sitting on one of the counters, her legs crossed together. She waved at me, and she grinned. For once, she didn't look like a

domineering scientist, a woman who could barely be understood by the rest of humanity. Instead, she came off like just any other young woman.

“Hi there,” she said and grinned at me.

“Marina, what the hell—” I started to say, only to stop. That wasn’t my voice. “Marina,” I started again, only I didn’t sound right. What had she done? What has she done to me?

Almost reluctantly, I turned my gaze down toward the rest my body, and I kept thinking that this had to be some kind of joke. Like maybe someone slipped me into a virtual reality machine.

But this was real. My palms reached down, and I touched the cold metal of the machine, and I knew the truth. She had experimented on me. She used her invention on me to prove that it worked.

I turned back down to my body again, all while Marina shooed me forward even though she was across the room and said, “Take your time. I really don’t mind. I know this is properly very confusing for you, but I want you to know right now that it worked.” She sounded positively giddy.

Panic threatened to overwhelm me, especially because this was entirely new. Even so, I thought it down, and I struggled to remain completely rational. I glanced down at my body again, and this time, I took a few moments to study my situation.

This wasn’t my body, and this wasn’t my hair. In fact, when I tilt my head, thick strands of blonde tumbled past my shoulders. Not only that, I could see breasts, and my penis was gone. I reached down, almost like I expected to find it hiding somewhere.

Slowly, I pushed myself off of the counter, and I stood upright. The world looked so different, *bigger*. How tall was I? Before, I had more than six feet on me. Now I must have been five feet and change.

In fact, Marina got back up on her feet, and she walked over to me. “You really do look fantastic,” she said, eyeing me like a prize. Immediately, bright blush started to run along the length of my exposed body. Marina chuckled, probably surprised that she could make me reveal my emotions so easily.

As an executive, I had always been able to put on a really good poker face. Apparently, this body couldn’t do that so easily. “Don’t worry, I ran a bunch of tests while you were still asleep. Your genetic structure is stable.”

“Then we know the machine works, so you can’t change me back right now,” I demanded with the voice of a young woman.

I expected her to look nervous. I expected a flash of frightened anxiety to start across marinas pretty face, but instead the corners of her mouth rose up, and she shook her head slowly. “I’m sorry, but I have other plans right now. You

see, I want to make sure that no one else can tell that it's you. We need to be certain that this change is absolutely stable.”

“How do you propose we do that?”

“Well, I'm going to take you out, of course!” Marina made it sound so obvious.

She had a point.

I really did want to see how this all worked out under real-world circumstances, so I allowed her to grab my hand and escort me back to her office. She sat me down in her chair, and I still couldn't quite comprehend how she was so much bigger than me. She had several inches, and I could tell that she was stronger. Whenever I looked at my new musculature, it was easy for me to feel small and almost helpless.

I didn't like that situation, but it wouldn't last much longer. We would take me out, and then I would get my body back.

“You are going to change me back once we've gone out, right?” I asked. It was a silly question, yet I suddenly felt uncertain.

For her part, Marina just smiled at me, and she even had the audacity to pinch the tip of my nose. “Of course, I'm going to change it back. It isn't like I could just keep you like this, could I?”

I laughed, feeling a little bit better, but then she opened up the bottom drawer of her desk, and she pulled out several different items. Slowly, it dawned on me that she had planned for this.

There was a black dress, heels, and several different compartments of makeup. “Here, put these on,” she said, holding out the garments.

I took them in my hands, and even though my fingers were somewhat smaller, the outfit she gave me really didn't seem like it had enough fabric. “Should I do it here?” I asked with uncharacteristic trepidation. Somehow, the idea of going to the ladies room to get changed fills me with dread, but Marina just giggled again.

“Don't worry about it. You can get dressed right here,” she said, and there was something about her tone that I didn't like. It was positively authoritative.

Ultimately, I just had to remind myself that she was the scientist. When he came to science, I would trust her. Really though, I was still the one who is in charge. I was still the executive at this company, and nothing had really changed.

First, I started with the panties. Those came up easily enough. From there, the bra gave me more trouble. Hooking the clasps between my shoulder blades

felt alien. I couldn't imagine any man ever wearing something so silly. After a few more seconds, I got it on, and I could feel the soft silks of my undergarments as they clung to my skin.

In some ways, this did feel nice. I felt small and compact, oddly attractive. Like I knew that I could walk into any bar, and people would be looking at me. Somehow, that seemed important to me all of a sudden.

In any case, I shrugged those feelings aside. They weren't relevant to our experiments.

Next, I pulled the dress over my head, and I reached for the small of my back, hoping to get the zipper. I flailed for a few seconds before Marina giggled again, and she told me to stop. Immediately, my hands fell to my side, and she zipped me up.

"There. That wasn't so bad, was it?" As she spoke, I could hear the slight mockery in her voice. Marina was loving this. Ignoring her tone, I pulled up some stockings. They took more effort than I could have ever guessed, but since I took my time, I eventually got them on without too much trouble.

There was something about the way Marina was looking at me. It made me nervous for some reason. I ignored her glances and stood up. Arching my slight back, I glanced down my body, once again amazed at how small it was. This nubile little form was hot. There is no passion about that, though had to wonder what would happen out in the real world.

After all, lab experiments for one thing, but we needed more data. I hated the fact that Marina was definitely right about that.

I caught her smirking at me again, so I put on the best boss expression. "Don't think we won't be having a discussion about what you did here. Marina, you made a big mistake by doing this to me, but if this works, maybe you won't be in too much trouble."

In my normal body, I could stare down any employee, and they would shrivel and shrink away. But not Marina, not this time, not when she was taller than me. If anything, the corners of her mouth rose into a derisive smirk.

"Sure thing, *boss*."

From there, I tried to head back for the doorway. I shrugged off her insolence, thinking that I could always fire or later. I made it about five feet before her hand went out and she grabbed my wrist. I thought to simply shrug her off, but she easily held me.

Damn it. She was stronger than me too.

For about a second, you nervous swell energy ran through my stomach, yet I didn't say anything. There was no reason to provoke her. "Sweetie, we can't leave quite yet."

“Why not? I’m dressed, aren’t I?”

“You forgot about your makeup,” Marina said to me.

“Do I really need it?” I meant that to be a rhetorical question.

Despite my reflection, Marina giggled and said, “I know you’re new at this, but yes, you absolutely need makeup. Don’t worry, I’m going to make sure you’re nice and pretty.”

I couldn’t believe she addressed me like that. She was my subordinate, after all. I opened my mouth to put her place, but she grabbed me by my shoulders and shoved me back down into her office chair. From there, she grabbed some makeup kits, and she started to dust my cheeks with some kind of powder.

Marina went all out. She made sure I wore lipstick, eye shadow, and some other stuff I couldn’t even name. Finally, she brushed up my hair, making sure that it tumbled down to my shoulders. Only then did she grabbed my hand again and yanked me out of her seat. She walked me down the hall, all without letting go of my hand.

Honestly, I did consider trying to free myself, yet I didn’t want to face the possibility that she would be strong enough to hold my fingers against my will.

She went right into the ladies room, and I was about to stop there, only she didn’t let go. Before I knew it, she had me standing in front of a large mirror. And honestly, I couldn’t recognize myself.

Instead of my reflection, there was a beautiful young woman. She looked innocent and sweet, but also very small and delicate. Back in my body, I could’ve picked her up with one arm, and I had to recognize the fact that this was me.

“You look very pretty,” Marina announced. “I think you’re going to be very popular tonight.”

“Are you sure we need to do this?” Trepidation gripped me, especially because I had to wonder what I would face out in the world. Talking about going out in the public like this seemed easy enough when we are surrounded by lab equipment. But then I remembered how I thought of when, how could use them so easily. Honestly, I didn’t know if I wanted to be on the receiving end of any male attention.

It wasn’t like anything was going to happen, but why take any chances?

“Don’t worry. I’m going to be with you the whole time, and I’ll make sure you don’t do anything silly,” Marina told me. Although she clearly meant those words to be reassuring, there is something about the vehicle at the back of her voice that made me doubly nervous.

Despite my reservations, we left the office and drove downtown. It was a Friday night, which meant that pretty much all the clubs were open and roaring with activity. Marina parked, and we walked along the lot, our heels clicking against the asphalt.

Rather than get into the line by the door, Marina walked us right up to the bouncer. She smiled at him, and I felt something deep in my belly. It was a twinge, a little nudge of something I couldn't quite name. Electric warm, it wasn't a bad feeling, but the bouncer was a big guy in a black T-shirt that clung to his heavy muscles.

"Can we go in?" Marina wanted to know if she batted her eyes innocently.

"Absolutely. Have a good night, ladies," the bouncer said as he lifted the velvet rope.

We scampered inside, and quickly found ourselves in the club. Off to one side, there was the bar and several tables. On the opposite side of the building was the dance floor. College kids hopped and danced, throwing their arms into the air as they blew off some steam. This happened in my scene in quite a while, yet I found myself transfixed.

"How long do we have to stay?" I asked Marina. As the question left my mouth, I didn't like the way it sounded as though she were in charge. But there is something about having her tower over me. My natural confidence seemed to flee in the face of her newfound stature.

"Just a little while," she said with another little smirk before she walked me over to the bar.

There were few empty seats, and she took one, carefully cross her legs.

Before I could even sit, someone called out, "Hey there, beautiful. What's your name?" It took me a second to recognize that this voice was addressing me.

I turned around and saw a young man. He wore dark blue shirt. The material looked shiny and expensive, like maybe some kind of specialized silk. He had a little bit of stubble, strong shoulders, and he was taller than me. All of a sudden, I felt even slighter than I had before with Marina.

"I...uh..."

"This is Kylie," Marina announced. She patted my hand and said, "I think she's a little bit nervous. She doesn't get out to clubs very often."

I hated how Marina was talking for me, making it sound like I was some little wallflower. At the same time though, I didn't know what I was supposed to do or say. Part of me really wanted him to just go away, yet I couldn't bring myself to say those words.

“Well, would your friend like to dance?”

I opened mouth again, but Marina beat me to the punch. “I think she would love to dance.” Then the guy grabbed my hand and pulled me out of the dance floor.

I didn't know what to do, but then he was holding my waist, point me tight against him. I could feel his erection against my body, pressing out from his trousers. I expected there to be a rush of disgust, yet some part of me liked it. Some part of elected a lot. There was no way for me to explain that shift in my mood and behavior. I was still a heterosexual male, I thought.

Only I wasn't. The change of been far more complete than I could have ever imagined. And when this strange guy pulled me closer, practically grinding on me, I could feel my new pussy start to dampen. Excitement world through my body, and I started to breathe more heavily even as I swayed and bobbed with music.

This wasn't right. I should have stopped right there.

Getting a hold of myself, I blinked a couple of times in the darkness. Polychromatic lights flashed across the dance floor, and the music boomed along my eardrums. Even so, I was better than my body, so I try to nudge him away.

My dance partner responded by tightening its grip on me. He held me tighter and brought his mouth down against my ear. “Don't worry, babe. We'll have fun.” I tried to shout for him to get away, but he either didn't hear me or didn't care.

A jolt of fear cut through me, but then he was grinding on me again, and it felt *good*. He reached down between my legs, hitching up my skirt, and his fingers were right up against my panties. No, no, no, I can't! But each time I tried to push him away, he simply held me.

Whether I wanted this or not, it was going to happen.

He pressed a little harder, and my breathing turned labored. My pulse kicked in my chest, and he was close to an orgasm. I could feel it as he dry-humped me. This shouldn't have happened, but I couldn't stop him. He touched me again, I bent forward, and shudders darted throughout my body.

I came! I came like a girl and I moaned, not that anyone could hear me. At the same time, his cock seemed to shake against me as he creamed himself. Then he stepped back and shouted something about how I should have fun with my friend.

The song wasn't even over.

“Wow, someone's a bit of a slut,” Marina said to me. Holding up her drink, she grinned while I glowered at her. This only made the beautiful scientist throw

back her head and laugh.

“Look, we have all the data we need now. People can’t tell that I’m really a man, and the transition seems to be holding. So it’s get back to the lab, and you can change me back right now.” Even to my own ears, I sounded like some petulant little college girl. I should have been older, but I felt so small and powerless.

“Oh? So you’re the scientist? You know exactly how long experiment needs to go on before deciding to pull the plug?” Technically, Marina giggled at me, though I could see the steel in her eyes. She wasn’t amused.

Rather than shriek back, I was determined this time. I wasn’t going to let her control me. I was her boss, after all. Straightening my back, I tried to summon up as much height as I possibly could. It wasn’t much. Then I told her, “Marina, we’re leaving right now.”

This time, her eyes softened and she took another sip from her drink. “Oh, no. I think I’m going to stay here and enjoy my drink.”

“I’m leaving,” I announced, and I seriously expected her to flinch or blink. I expected some kind of reaction, but Marina just another sip.

“You don’t have your keys,” she said.

Immediately, my hands went down to my waist. I expected to find my pockets in my wallet. But this was a little black dress. It did have pockets, and I didn’t have a purse. All of a sudden, my insides clenched, and I relished what sort of mistake I’d made.

“I can find my way back to my place,” I said.

“No. You’re going to stay here.” There. She was doing it again, giving the orders.

My whole face tightened up with frustration. Of course, in this body, I probably looked adorable as my lips tightened and my eyes narrowed. But for her part Marina just giggled again. “I’m leaving right now,” I announced, I stamped my high-heeled foot.

Pushing my way back through the crowds, I made my way outside. The second I made it to the exit, cool air washed over me, and the noise receded. It felt good to get away from the pounding beat, but once I was outside, I looked around, and I realized that I was pretty much alone.

No wallet, no keys, what could I do?

As I pouted out my lower lip, I glanced over one of the windows. The black glass reflected my appearance, and I shivered again. I really did look like some cute, helpless female. If anyone found me like this, they would know that I was vulnerable.

Another shiver ran down my back, but I wasn't about to go back into the club. I wasn't going to let Marina think that she could control me.

Rather than let myself get nervous, I focused on what I was going to do once I got my body back. For starters, I was going to fire her ass. She was going to be in so much trouble. Maybe, just maybe I would let her keep her job, but she was going to have to earn it.

My nostrils flared at the many different ways I could humiliate Marina. Having her research slug mucus would probably be a good start. I grinned but this fantasy didn't last for long, not when I have the serious problem of getting back to my apartment or to my office.

I only knew that I couldn't stay there.

I looked around the streets, contemplating the best routes to take. Before I could make a decision though, I heard footsteps. For a moment, I seriously considered hiding, especially because I was pretty much alone out there. Consoling myself with the fact that I could probably run back to the main entrance, I stood my ground, thinking that I had every right to be here if I so chose.

For a moment so, I pictured a couple of guys coming my way. I wonder what they would do with me. I could picture them holding me down and taking me, stripping me of my dress and evening how are they wanted.

But then it was just Marina.

"You finally decided to give me a ride?" I hate to be dependent, so I struck the haughtiest, most arrogant tone could manage.

"No. I came out here to make sure that you don't do something silly," Marina said to me. "And now, you're going to come back into the club with me."

"I don't think so," I said and started walking. Honestly, I didn't even care about the direction. I just needed Marina to see that she couldn't intimidate me.

I made a few steps before she grabbed my hand and yanked me back. All of a sudden, she pressed me up against the wall of the building, and I tried to shut myself away. It didn't work. She was bigger than me, stronger, and she had no trouble holding me right there.

"Look, I know you're used to being in charge, right now, you are going to do as I say. You're the science experiment. You are the research subject, and that means I get to decide how things go."

"I'm still your boss," I hissed back at her.

"Sure you are," she said. Maybe she was being sarcastic, but that still mollified me a little bit, at least until what she did next. "But since this is all

about science, you need to tell me that you are going to listen to me. You're going to do whatever I tell you."

"You have to be kidding," I shot back, unwilling to promise her my obedience.

"I'm not," she said, and then she did something I never could've expected.

SMACK!

She spanked me!

Marina struck me hard, bringing her palm right down against my backside. Even with the thin layers of fabric between her skin and mine, she made my ass sting more than I wanted to admit.

"What—what the hell are you doing?" I squeaked with my girly voice. Instead of sounding intimidating, I probably came off like some little girl who didn't know what was happening.

Marina responded with another spanking. She struck my backside, and H time I tried to shove myself away from the wall, she pinned me there again, keeping her grip tight. Whether I liked it or not, she had my helpless, and she proved it again by spanking me, bringing her palm down against my taut little ass over and over again.

At first, the sensation of getting spanked just seemed weird. It had been so many years since anyone had taken hands to my backside, but as the blows landed, I could feel my resolve start to shake and weaken.

She was strong, and she knew how to spank me. Before long, my backside was red, and the sound of every blow it my eyes start to water at the stinging got worse and worse. My defenses crumbled, and those close to bawling.

That's right. I was about to start crying, and I couldn't stop myself.

"When I tell you to do something, you do it. When I tell you not to do something, you don't do it. As far as you're concerned, you belong to me for the duration of this experiment," Marina explained just before she spanked to me five more times.

Finally, she let me go, and I stumbled away from the wall. I looked at her again, and there were tears running down my eyes. I tried to wipe them away quickly, but Marina grabbed my hands. "Don't do that. You'll smudge your makeup," she said with another cruel little smirk.

"You're going to pay for that," I told her.

It felt good to threaten her, but then Marina simply shrugged. "Maybe."

I couldn't think of anything else to say, especially as she took my hand and practically dragged me back in the club. The sounds of booming music and the

darkness threatened to overwhelm me, so I just let her guide me back to the bar.

Another guy asked me to dance, and this time, I shook my head. Marina simply shoved me off of my stool, and before I knew it, I was back on the dance floor. The music wash over me, and the guy smiled. He looked cute, and I could feel myself start to change, just a little bit. Some part of me liked being close. Some part of me liked the way he put his arms around me and hugged me against his body.

He was so strong and solid.

No, I thought. Even though Marina was watching, probably taking notes, I couldn't allow myself to change. Yes, I had a different body, but my mind still belonged to me. A few tailored genetics wouldn't rewrite my personality.

We danced, and then he escorted me back to the heart. I thanked him, and she wandered back to go hang out with his friends. I was grateful that he didn't try to force me to do anything.

"Nice starting to understand what it means to be a woman," Marina said. "You're always smaller, and you're always weaker. You have to dress up and try to be pretty."

"I'm not a woman," I snarled back at her. Of course, with my high-pitched voice, I didn't sound especially scary or even all that upset.

"You are right now," she said and gave me ass little pinch. It stung more than I wanted to acknowledge, but Marina must have noticed me flinch because she giggled again. "You've done your makeup, and you walk around like a hot little piece of ass. Accept it. Right now, you're a woman.

"I'm not," I said pathetically.

The bartender came around and offered us free drinks. I was going to decline, but Marina insisted. Reluctantly, I took a shot, and almost immediately, my head started to spin. Sitting beside me, Marina laughed, and it was obvious that I was drunk. It only took one shot? Apparently so.

I tried to mumble something about how we should leave, but she waved away my concerns. "Don't worry. I'll make sure you don't do anything stupid."

When the next guy walked up to me, Marina didn't need to encourage me to head off to the dance floor with him. This time, I moved onto the floor, and I was pressing my body up against his. He held me close, and he whispered down in my ear, "I think you're very beautiful. I think you're the kind of girl who knows how to turn a guy on."

And he took my hand and slid down his pants. I kept waiting for the revulsion to hit me, but instead, I found myself nibbling on my lower lip,

fascinated by how I could do this to him. I found his cock, and I started to stroke it.

He held me close, my shoulder tight against his chest, so no one could see what we were doing. I stroked him, squeezing lightly, and he kept saying, "Nice. Good job, babe. Very nice." I wanted to giggle. I wanted to laugh at him, but something made me continue.

This was fun. It was a different kind of power, another way to influence and control a guy. I kept at it until he blew his load, and this time I did feel a bit of revulsion. My hand was sticky, so I started back for the bathrooms.

Miraculously, the ladies room was empty. I started to wash my hands, but Marina strolled in a few seconds later, big grin splashed across her face. "I was right. You really are a little slut," she said before getting my ass another squeeze. "So I guess that answers one question."

"What question does that answer?"

"The genetic changes are affecting your mind," she said. "Unless of course, you normally go to clubs and give guys hand jobs."

I grimaced at her, knowing that she was right. "Fine. The transformation is affecting me in other ways. Can we please leave now?"

"Not yet. We still need to study some of your other tolerances," Marina told me as she pushed another shot glass in my direction. I looked down at it, knowing that this body can handle much more alcohol. At the same time, I wanted to think of myself as a man. I hated gaiety of pushing it away and asking for some girly drink.

Picking up the shot glass, I held it to my lips and I swallowed down the burning alcohol. It seared my insides, but I did it. Then I took another shot and another. The world got dark and fuzzy after that.

My head ached.

Honestly, it didn't hurt that much, at least when I first woke up. Yes, there was the pain, this pinching sensation right inside my brain, but it could've been so much worse.

It did get worse, right when I opened my eyes. Bright sunlight splashed across the room, and I rolled over, trying to hide my face.

The door opened, and Marina walked in. Forcing myself to face her, I sat up, and I had never felt this over before. I resented her because she looked chipper, as though she'd gotten a good night sleep. "Hi there," she said.

The scientist said a tray down on the bed, and I looked around. This is definitely a guest bed room with some generic pieces of art, a clock on the wall,

and a bookshelf filled with secure titles referencing sciences that most people couldn't even define.

On the tray, there was a glass of orange juice, some water, aspirin, and toast. Eagerly, I picked up the pills and swallowed them down with some water. Normally, I could handle my liquor with ease, but right there, it felt as though I had been drinking for days.

"Someone got really wasted last night," Marina said.

"Yeah, because you kept giving me drinks," I grumbled, knowing that my excuse came off as especially feeble. Seriously, I was her boss. She could make me do anything I didn't want to. Of course, that idea required me to forget all about this thinking she gave me outside of the club. But that wasn't going to happen again.

"Rest up, and I'll be back a little bit later to discuss your future," Marina said.

It was only after she left that I picked up on that little ominous note in her voice. My future? What could that possibly mean? My future was obvious. I was going to go back to my corner office and retake control of my company? This whole thing would just be a bad memory, and things would get back to normal.

With my head pounding, I couldn't think too hard.

I let go of my worries, and I dropped back down into the sheets. This must've been Marina's house. It seems like a pretty nice place, not that I pay too much attention to the decor. Instead, I focused on sleeping and getting my body back together.

After a few hours, I felt mostly human, so I ventured back out into the living room. Marina had a laptop out as she typed something.

For a full minute, I waited for her to acknowledge my presence. Instead, she continued typing, so I cleared my throat. "Marina, I really think it's time for you to change me back," I said.

That got her attention. She shut her laptop, and she set it aside. Marina stood up and walked right over to me. "Like I said before, we have to have a conversation about your future."

She took my hand and led me back to the couch. She sat me down, and it seems like she was teasing me, like she had some hidden agenda. I braced myself, determined to show her that I was still in charge. If nothing else, I still have access to all of the passwords for my company. I could fire even if no one knew me.

Yes, I definitely had the upper hand.

"I'm not going to change it back, not yet at least."

"What?" I demanded. "What are you talking about?"

“To be completely frank, I’m just having too much fun,” Marina said. “You see, having you like this, all cute and sweet and small, it’s a lot of fun. I don’t think I’m ready to have you go back to being a full grown man just yet. In fact, I think you might be spending a very long time for this body.”

There. She’d done it, and I knew that I could play my trump card. “Marina, unless you take me back to the lab right now and change me back, I will have fired.”

“How? You don’t look like yourself? If you walked up to any of your coworkers right now, they would think you’re just some crazy girl.”

“One email. That’s all it takes,” I said, and I grinned at her, feeling a lot better about this. Now that our cards were on the table, she could know that there is no way for her to win. This was my game, and I was going to end up on top.

I expected disappointment on her face. I expected a flash of nervousness.

I was disappointed on both accounts.

Rather than squirm, Marina kept her eyes on me, and a smile slowly spread across her lips. “Do you remember happened last night?”

I didn’t. Making hard, I tried to pull the fragments of memory together, yet nothing would come. It felt like there were details, flashes imagery, only they didn’t fit together. Maybe I was at her house, and we were in the living room. We were drinking, and she was asking me questions as we sipped wine.

We joked about passwords and how the IT department at my company always insisted on those stupid little rules. A password had to be a certain number of characters long. It didn’t include any real words. It had to be changed every few months.

Slowly, I started to realize what she had done. “You really can’t hold your liquor,” she said again. At the same time, Marina reached down and pinched my cheek. “You were so cute. You were babbling about what it felt like to be a girl. You told me all about how you thought this was so fascinating, having a pussy and finally getting a taste of what it means to have men look at you as though you are a piece of meat.”

“What, what else did we talk about?”

She turned her eyes on me, and there was a predatory gleam dancing along her pupils. “Your passwords,” she said. “All of them.”

Suddenly, my mouth went dry, and I didn’t know what to do or say. Part of me immediately wanted to accuse her of lying. Before I could get even a single word out, she slid her hand down into her pocket, pulled out her phone, and she handed it to me.

Right away, I recognized the data streaming across the small screen. There was account information. But this account belonged to me, and it shouldn't have been possible for Marina to access it. To do so, she needed...

...My passwords...

"What, what you want?" My high-pitched voice broke into a stutter, which only made Marina Bigelow little bit more. As far as she was concerned, this was the greatest show she could've possibly enjoyed. Ever since she started working for me, there had been the clear boundary between the two of us.

I was the boss, and she was the employee. I was the executive, and she was the sport in it. It didn't matter how intelligent she may have been because I was in charge, and she had to do what I said, whatever I said. It didn't have to make sense to her, and she didn't have to agree.

Only now, I could feel the shift in our relationship. She must've felt it too because she grinned at me and said, "Kylie, things are about to change."

Kylie. That was my girl name, and I hated the way it simply fell from her lips. She made it sound natural and derisive at the same time. She turned my feminized name into an insult, and I suddenly glanced at the door, wondering if I could make it out onto this treat before she could stop me.

"Before you even try to run, just remember that you give me everything I needed to take over your life. Bank accounts, email addresses, social media, credit cards, everything. In fact, we've already been a very busy beaver today."

Marina grabbed the phone and opened a different window. She showed me exactly what she's been doing. Horror spread through me as I read the different notes. According to this, I have already e-mailed in my resignation and told all of my colleagues that I would be out of the country for several months at least.

From there, Marina showed me my bank accounts. They were all empty.

"You see, from now on, he belonged to me. You're going to do if you're told like a good little servant, and he won't question any of the decisions I make."

"You can't do this," I said, my voice little more than a whisper. But then I summed up my rage because I realized exactly what she was going to try to attempt. Marina wanted to do nothing less than steal the whole of my life. I couldn't allow her to get away with this. "You can't do this! I'll stop you!"

"How?" Marina looked so pleased with herself, so incredibly smug. She knew that she had me cornered, and she was perfectly aware that there was nothing I could do.

But that wasn't true. There had to be someone who'd listen to me.

Rather than argue with her, I decided take my chances outside. I hopped off the bed, and I started to move toward the door. I made it about two feet before

Marina reached out and grabbed me. She threw me down, bending me over the bed.

I gasped, shocked that her strength. Although she already used against me several times, it seemed as though I would never get used to being so small and weak. But then she reached for my ass, and she slapped me again. “You don’t get to leave without permission,” she said to me. “You don’t get to defy me, and if you try, I will make sure your death in this position again and again and again.”

Each time she repeated herself, Marina spank me, bringing her hand down hard against my firm, heart-shaped little ass. I squirmed and struggled, summoning up all the strength my body could muster, yet it wasn’t enough and it never would be.

Whether elected or not, she was too strong, and I was too weak. I was functionally helpless, she kept spanking until tears started to burn up the corners of my eyes.

“Tell me who you belong to,” she said easily, spanking one cheek than the other.

Marina pots for a moment, and I knew that if I didn’t do it I would be punished again. I took a breath and tried to think of some alternative, something else I could do or say. She had my hands pinned at the small of my back, leaving my ass exposed and so very vulnerable.

“I belong to you,” I growled.

“Now thank me for spanking you,” Marina demanded.

“What?” I couldn’t believe that she was serious, and the shock played through my question.

“You don’t get to question me anymore,” Marina insisted. Then she decided that I really did deserve another spanking because her hand came down five more times. SMACK, SMACK, SMACK, SMACK, and SMACK! By the time she finished, I was panting, every labored breath another reminder of how she could discipline me however she wanted. “Now, thank me for spanking you.”

Every instinct in my body shouted at me to hold on a little bit longer, yet I couldn’t do it. I was on the verge of crying like some girl, and there were certain indignities that refused to allow myself. I had to be stronger. I have to be better even if that meant submitting to my employee.

“Thank you. Thank you for spanking me,” I told her.

Marina replied with another giggle, and she grabbed my ass. “Such a good girl. Obviously, you weren’t meant to be a leader. Instead, I think you are meant to be a servant. Yes, I think you’re going to be a good maid for me.”

Blush rushed along my cheeks and down my neck. She couldn't be serious, but even when she let me get up, I faced her, and I could tell that she wasn't joking. Marina meant every word.

A maid? Just the word was enough to make me shiver with embarrassment. But then Marina walked over to the closet, and she pulled the door open.

Right there, there was a bright yellow maid uniform, complete with ruffles and bows. It had the requisite apron and bonnet. Taken together, it looked hideous, like a symbol of servitude.

"Put it on," Marina ordered.

For about half of a second, I considered rebelling against her command. It would be so easy to tell her that I wouldn't do it, to cross my arms over my perky little breasts and make it clear that she couldn't tame me.

Without just me another spanking, so I found myself walking across the room and taking the uniform off of its hanger. I held it up for a moment, simply inspecting the ghastly outfit. Honestly I had no idea if I would be able to bring myself to put it on. But then Marina was behind me, and she cupped my hips between her palms.

Holding me like that, she made me feel very small and very helpless, and I didn't know if I had it in me to truly defy her. She rested one hand on my backside, and I knew that she could spank me again.

"You really do belong to me now," she said. "This uniform will just help you accept it that much more quickly."

My eyes narrowed into frustrated slits, but I didn't have it in me to disagree with her. So instead, I slipped off my clothing as Marina wandered back to the bed. She braced her weight on her arms across her legs, her eyes on me as I got naked.

Before long, I was just nude, exposed in my diminutive body. I took a moment to admire my legs, each one trimmed and toned. So far, I didn't need to shave, but that wouldn't last much longer.

"Please, please tell me you don't really need to keep it like this," I whined. Even as those words left my mouth though, I kept getting dressed. The maid uniform came with a pair of roughly panties, and I pulled them up the length of my legs, all while Marina witnessed my humiliation.

"Sweetheart, you're going to learn to like this. Face it. You didn't really like being a boss. This way, I can be in charge, and you will always know your place. You will know what you have to do because it's going to be so simple. You're just going to obey me. And if you don't, I will punish you!" She made that last part sound like great news.

As my body tensed with the humiliation of putting on a bright yellow maid uniform, I tried to think of some way to convince her to stop this. There had to be something I can offer, except she already had my money and my authority.

What else can I offer her?

I pulled the dress over my shoulders, and then I pulled my long tresses out from beneath the collar. After that, I put on the apron and the stockings. From one item to the next, I donned the accoutrements of domestic servitude.

Finally, I pulled the bonnet over my head, and I tied the little ribbon just under my chin. Then I stood and faced my mistress.

Without knowing what to say, I simply stood there, only I couldn't meet her gaze. I found my eyes instantly drawn to the floor. My knees were pressed together, and I felt a special kind of helplessness as Marina Drake in the sight of my submission. This was me at my lowest point.

"I'm never going to like this," I told her, my high-pitched voice pouty in defiance.

"Really? Because from what I saw last night, you are quite responsive. In fact, you could barely contain yourself." Marina pushed herself off the bed, and she walked closer to me. I wanted to argue with her, but then she pulled me into her arms, and she slid her hand up my skirt.

She started to stroke my pussy, and even with the layer of silk between her fingers in my altered body, Marina knew what she was doing. She knew exactly how to touch me, how to make me respond just the way she wanted. Within a matter of seconds, my heart was pounding, and I was gasping for breath. It felt so good and she touched me, shooting coursing darts of pleasure through my body.

Each one smacked me, threatening to knock me to the ground. Honestly, I never knew that sexual arousal could feel like this. Damn it, she knew what she was doing. She knew just how to turn me on, and I had to wonder if it has to do with the fact that she was the one who originally gave me this body in the first place.

I shook my head, my tresses bouncing from side to side, yet she didn't let me go and she didn't stop. She was going to make me climax.

Distantly, I understood this, and yet I felt humiliated by it nonetheless. It wasn't fair that she could turn me on or around me. She shouldn't be able to manipulate my body so easily, yet I was there, in her power, and she took full advantage of me.

She pressed deeper, sliding her fingers along my clipped. I could feel my excitement so on my panties, and then it happened. I came hard and fast, the

jolt of pleasure forcing me to bend forward. It felt so good, yet I tried to resist it. I tried to deny it, not that my silent protests did any good.

Marina released me, but she wasn't done. She yanked down my panties, ordering me to kick them off. I did so, disoriented and unable to resist any order she gave me.

"Since you insist on talking back to me, I guess I'm just going to have to do something to keep that pretty mouth of yours busy," she said slowly and maliciously. Right away, I knew I was in trouble, but then she balled my panties between her palms. "Open up."

Without thinking, I obeyed her command. I opened my mouth, and she shoved the rolled up panties between my lips. "And you're going to keep those right there until I say otherwise. Understand?"

The taste of my excitement caressed my tongue, and I wanted to spit the panties out. To do so would have invited another round of spankings, and my bottom stung the left session. Because of that and the fact that I couldn't take anymore, I bobbed my head up and down.

Silently, I told her that yes, I would be a good servant for her.

Being a good servant meant cleaning her house. At least at first, she simply had me dust and wash the windows. I vacuumed and I got on my hands and knees to clean your floors. Every moment with humiliating, especially when Marina sat around with her laptop, typing in equations and studying different scientific issues.

She still had her job, and I had a new one.

During that first week, she let something slip. She teased me, taunting me about how I had sent out an email declaring Marina to be my replacement. But first, some of the other executives worked there reluctant to allow scientists to take on my responsibilities, but they have quickly grown used to having her around.

After all, she was so much more intelligent than I had ever been.

As this all happened, my former coworkers all thought that I was off in some other country, probably living it up in elaborate vacation. Really though, I was at her house as a slave and as a maid.

She made me cook, and she made me clean, and whenever I questioned her authority, Marina at a simple solution. She would spank me. She could tie me down and tease me.

That second punishment was probably far worse. You see, this transformation did more than simply affect my body. She affected my libido,

which meant that Marina could tie me down, spread-eagled, naked, and then she would torment me.

Sometimes, she used a vibrator. At other times, she preferred a simple dildo. And occasionally, she just wanted to torment me with her fingers. After all, she knew how to touch my nipples in my neck. She even knew how to gently kiss the issues feeling especially cruel.

My entire body would light up, every nerve singing for attention. Damn her, or even knew how to turn me on, how to arouse my deepest desires. She would have me naked and dripping, struggling for a little bit more. Sometimes, she would allow me to climax. At other times, she was forced into a chastity device, and I would spend the rest of the day or night cleaning and cooking answer domesticated servant.

She knew how to use this new body against me in every way I could conceive.

The kiss was probably the worst part because I could close my eyes and pretend that I was still a man. But really, I was just a helpless little maid, forced to service the woman who had taken away everything. She had robbed me of my money, my status, and my strength.

When she had me naked and tied down, I would struggle against the restraints as hard as I possibly could. After all, she told me that if I could break those bonds or somehow slipped free, that she would give me my life back. Granted, I really had no reason to trust her, except this was the only chance I had to get things back to normal.

And no matter how long I spent in this body, I still thought of myself as a powerful man. As such, I couldn't give up hope. I couldn't let her robbed me of my ambitions.

But then she offered me a different sort of chance.

It had been more than three weeks since I woke up in her machine and she took me out to the club.

She also insisted on makeup, even when I was just cleaning. It was degrading and it was humiliating, but Marina told me that she enjoyed sitting me down and doing my makeup.

For one, this gave her the opportunity to watch me squirm. For another, she could punish me whenever I flinched. Besides, some part of her was probably still a little girl, and she loved playing dress-up with an unwilling subject.

I was down on my knees in the kitchen, scrubbing the floor. On this particular day, she had forced me to tie my hair into an elaborate French braid. Marina walked in, and I started to scrub faster. I didn't want to give her any excuse for another spanking.

Her heels clicked on the tile floor, and I didn't dare look up. I was going to be a good little domestic.

"Do you like being my maid, Kylie?"

From her tone of voice, I knew that she was being playful. She used my name when she wants to highlight my helplessness and teased me some more. Even so, I didn't know exactly how I should respond. "Yes, mistress," I said quietly.

Marina circled around me, and she crouched down in front of me. Even so, I kept my eyes on the floor and my work. "That's the right answer, although I'm perfectly aware that you're lying."

This time, I stayed quiet, which made her laugh again. "You know, they ask about your work sometimes. Everyone assumes that you had some kind of nervous breakdown or decided that money wasn't important so you go off and become a giant hippie or something. If only they knew..."

"Please don't tell them," I said, begging, almost irrationally. My throat tightened up at the thought of it if my former coworkers seeing me like this. What would they think? What they say? How hard with a laugh?

Technically, if she showed me off, then I might be able to convince someone to help me, but I had to wonder what kind of loyalty Marina had built in the weeks since dealing my job. Perhaps I will go back into the office, and everyone would assume that I deserved this. Maybe you want to keep her in power, which meant that I would have to stay in the maid uniform.

In any case, I knew that she was just teasing me, so there's nothing for me to say. Marina would make her decision because she was in charge, and I was the slave girl.

"Really? You don't want to see you like this? But you're so pretty. And you look so incredibly cute in your little dress."

"Please," I said again, careful to keep my eyes on the floor. Even when she pinched my cheek, isn't look up. I didn't want to come off as the least bit defiant.

"It's funny. Everyone knows that under a better job than you ever did," Marina said to me. "Revenues are up, and I started several new initiatives that will transform the business. Really, you are nothing but dead weight."

"Yes, mistress," I said dutifully.

"But now I have an opportunity for you. We like to get out the house? Would you like to have a real job again?"

Slowly, I lifted my eyes, and I looked at her. I didn't know what to think. "Yes, I would," I said. Even if she took all the money I earned, the idea of being able

to get out of the house thrilled me like nothing else. Besides, I longed to earn the respect of a worker. I didn't just want to clean her house, not anymore.

"Good because I need a secretary."

"Your secretary?" I said, dumbfounded. Immediately, I started to shake my head, but she pinched my chin. "Sweetie, this isn't a request. This is an order, and starting on Monday, you are going to be my secretary. You going to fetch me coffee and to whatever I say. Understand?"

"Yes, mistress."

"Now thank me for this opportunity."

More than anything, I wanted to be quiet. I longed to simply tell her that I wouldn't do it. But after weeks of training, I didn't have that sort of rebellion in me. Maybe Marina had been working me over to get me to this point, to this level of obedience. I didn't want to think about it, but I dipped my head down and said, "Thank you, mistress."

"Be more specific." She had no intention of letting me go.

"Thank you, mistress for this opportunity. Thank you for letting me be your secretary." My face burned bright red with humiliation, but there was nothing else I could do. She had me, and I was helpless. Worse, we both knew it.

When Marina first suggested I become her secretary, I didn't imagine how bad it could be. For one, she insisted on dressing me. That morning, I made her breakfast, and then she took my hand and led me to her bedroom.

She sat me down on the bed after commanding me to strip. I was naked, and to make it easier for her, she ordered me to hold my hands behind my back. Of course, she teased me a little bit, sliding your finger up the length of my inner thighs. Marina always loved it when I shivered with desire. She loved holding that over me.

For my first day at work, she picked a short, plaid skirt and a white blouse that but the up. I had to get down on my knees and plead for a bra and panties. But she allowed it, though I still looked like some schoolgirl fantasy.

When she drove me to work, I sat with my hands on my lap. I tap my fingers against my hips, very nervous.

"There is no reason to be scared. It's not like you haven't been there before," Marino said with a smirk.

When walked across the lobby, I kept expecting someone to recognize me. I did get a lot of attention—from the men. They winked and smiled. They wanted me I could tell, and it had nothing to do with my intellect.

Back on the main floor, Marina sat me down at my desk right in front of her office. She said that the instructions for my day were on the desktop. I found them, and I tried to focus on my work, but people kept coming by to say hello. Each time, I was torn. Part of me kept hoping someone would recognize me. The other half of me couldn't imagine anything worse.

I really had no idea what to think.

And then I was busy, fetching coffee for different employees and bringing Marina various folders. Of course, she could be cruel. At one point, she came out and talked to someone who wanted to see her. He was a junior account manager, and Marina dropped the pen.

She did it so that I had to bend over. I gave the account manager a nice show of my ass in their dark pink panties.

Marina could teach me humiliate me however she wanted. We both knew it; we both knew that there was nothing I could do about it.

Just before lunch, the intercom buzzed, and Marina's voice came out. "Kylie, can you come in here for a moment."

My nostrils flared, and a special kind of reluctance to me. Even so, I understood my place, so I hopped up and scampered into her office. This had been my place, my sanctuary. I glanced around, noting how little she had changed. For the most part, it seemed as though Marina had just moved in her stuff, taking over.

Perhaps that had been intentional. Maybe she wanted me to feel the loss even more acutely. In any case, I stood before her with my hands behind my back. She liked that, and I want to please her, since it meant that I would be able to flee much more quickly.

"I have a special project for you," she said to me.

"Yes, mistress." I hated those two words, yet they came out automatically. Really, she had done a thorough job of training me, of domesticating me. Before this all happened, I never imagined that I would be able to call so far, yet Marina knew what she was doing.

"Can you handle the special project for me?"

My lips tighten together, and I probably looked adorable. Even though I understood that this was a test, I didn't want to tell her what she wants to hear. Marina expected me to say yes without even hearing what the requirements would be. But that was the entire point. She demanded nothing less than blind obedience.

"Yes, mistress."

“Good *girl*,” she said, highlighting that second word as she patted me on the head. I wanted to grab her and hold her down, yet I knew that I would never be only do so when this body. Instead, I stood there, helpless, utterly compliant to her wishes.

“Since you’re being so good, I think you deserve a treat,” she said to me.

I didn’t want to respond yet I could already feel my mouth started watering prospect pleasure. I wasn’t allowed to touch myself, but Marina could do whatever she wished. She circled around me again, taking up a spot right behind me. I could feel her breath on the crook of my neck, and she lifted up my skirt. She stroked her fingertips along my panties.

For a moment, I started to wonder if she was just teasing me, getting me worked up sufficiently for me hanging. Ultimately, I couldn’t affect her decision, yet my body responded. I could feel myself tense on the inside even as my pussy started to moisten. The desires swelled inside of me, and I instinctively spread my legs apart a little more.

“Good girl,” she said again, gently petting my pussy. “I think I want you nice and wet. I want you smelling of arousal for this next part,” she said.

“Yes,” I stumbled. “Yes, mistress.”

She giggled in my ear, and I knew she was enjoying herself. This was one more way for Marina to make me feel small and powerless. She kept at it, teasing me, up and down, stroking me.

It didn’t take long for my juices to soak into my panties. Part of me yearned to yank my hands out from behind my back, but weeks as her servant had conditioned me to compliance. Whether I liked it, I couldn’t disregard orders.

Meanwhile, she kept at it, mucking my body. Marina pressed at me, working her fingertips up and down my slit until my pussy was hot, wet, and ready for penetration. Every muscle in my body tightened up, and it was all I could do not to beg her for release.

From previous experience, I knew that pleading with help. If anything, hearing me whimper for something would only make her more reticent to give it to me. No, Marina wanted to watch me suffer in silence.

“Do you remember Mr. Whitefield?”

I blinked several times, and it took me a few seconds to remember the name. Then it clicked. Of course I remembered him. He had been one of my biggest competitors. We both worked in the same space, so our companies bumped up against one another frequently.

“Yes, yes mistress,” I told Marina.

“Well, I’m considering merging our company see other. What do you think of that?”

“He, he would never sell out,” I said, shutting my eyes as she stroked me harder and faster. Her fingertips darted down, and I could feel the firmness of her skin right up against my clitoris. Damn, it. This body was too sensitive. I was too vulnerable to the way she made me feel.

“Oh, I think you would. He just needs the right incentive. Like for example, if my hospital secretary had sex with him first, then I think you would be much more amenable to a merger.”

With those words on the air, she pulled her hand out from between my legs, and it was all I could do to keep myself from rubbing my clit. Instead, I left my attention at Marina. I had to focus. I had to remain calm.

“You can’t be serious. There is no way you could use me like that,” I insisted.

“Come with me,” she said and held out her hand. She was going to escort me to some other part of the building. I didn’t want to go with her, yet I didn’t know how to say no to this woman. She had already done so much to me, demoting and degrading me.

For a full second, I seriously missed my place on her kitchen floor, scrubbing the tiles. “If you don’t take my hand right now, I’m going to put you on a leash and walk you to our destination.”

My mouth went dry afterthought, so I took her hand, and I let her tight grip on me. Marina pulled me forward, and we were walking between the cubicles, different employees looking up at me. The men left their eyes linger, and I knew that they were licking their lips, thinking about how it would feel to penetrate me.

With every step, I felt like a prisoner on her way to an execution.

She walked me to the elevator bank, and she took me up to the labs. For a moment, I considered trying to make a break for, trying to run and find her machine and jump in and get it to change me back before she could do or say anything. Of course, that idea was idiotic. Someone would catch me.

After all, I didn’t have clearance for that part of the building, not anymore.

“Please, please don’t make me do this,” I said to Marina as we ran the elevator. I could feel the inertia tug on me, and my nipples were hard. My pussy ached for attention, yet I didn’t want this to happen.

“You always wanted to make sure that this company was successful. Well, this is your chance,” she said, grinning at me.

Knowing it was futile, I tried to think of some other way to avoid this. Nothing came to mind as the double doors opened, and she walked me down the hallway.

We came to a pair of doors, and she slid her card along the access point. A lock clicked, and I found myself staring into what looked like an apartment. “Kylie, you need to understand that a big part of business is making sure that people are amenable to your ideas. That’s what you’re going to be doing here. Yes, I will allow you to fetch coffee for me, but really, your job is going to be much more important.” Her eyes crinkled with amusement, and she pulled me forward again.

This space looked like a sitting room. There was a door on the opposite side, and Marina pulled me toward it. She opened it, and I found a large bedroom. I couldn’t believe that this kind of room had been constructed here, but it has been weeks since I’ve been in charge of my own company, so Marina had plenty of time to get it done.

“I want you in your bra and panties,” she told me.

“You can’t do this,” I said, practically growling.

Marina grabbed me by the chin, and she forced me to look into her eyes. “Can’t I? Currently, you have to remember that there is no official record of your existence. No one knows who you are, so it’s not like you can file a sexual harassment claim. Sweetie, you belong to me, remember? You have no rights, only privileges, privileges which I grant you. Now tell me you understand.”

She was right. I could see it and I could follow her line of reasoning. I didn’t want the longer, but as long as I wore this body, I wasn’t going to the choice. Then someone walked through the door, and Marina turned to the executive.

Mr. Whitefield. He was younger than his name sounded, maybe a year or two older than me. He had dark hair, eyes that matched, and he currently wore a gorgeous suit. In spite of myself, I could feel my body responded to him. It was like magnetism of gravity, a primal force of nature that pulled on me whether or not I acknowledged it.

“This is your secretary?” Mr. Whitefield asked, smiling at me. At the same time, there was something practically predatory and his expression. He was looking at me as though I were little more than a piece of meat to be taken and used.

“Mr. Whitefield, this is Kylie, and she’s really looking forward to this.” To highlight the point, Marina yanked down my skirt, revealing my panties. It was obvious. I’ve soaked through them, and there was a dark spot of my arousal right there.

Mr. Whitefield grinned at me, showing his teeth.

“I think highly like to take off the rest of her clothing herself,” Marina said, giving this the veil of consent. Even so, I reluctantly pulled off my clothing, dropping each garment onto the floor. No down to just my bra and panties, I looked up at him, and I could tell that he was hard. His erection pressed out from his trousers, and I wanted to feel him inside of me.

No matter how badly I wanted to like myself, to deceive myself into believing it wasn't true, Marina had done a good job with my new body. It was horny and around was in desperate for attention. I needed him. He did him inside of me, no matter what that mentor signified.

“Marina, I think you can leave us alone,” Mr. Whitefield said.

“Then we'll start the negotiations,” Marina said, knowing full well that Mr. Whitefield could pretend to be as dominant as he wanted and that small bedroom with me. But really, she would be the one to take control when they started negotiating over numbers and amounts.

Maybe you would realize how she manipulated him, but by then all of the contracts will have been signed.

She left us alone, closing the door behind her. “You are quite beautiful,” he said. His tone hardened just a little bit. “I want to see you naked.”

My hands trembled as I unhooked my bra. I dropped to the floor with the rest of my clothes, and then I shimmied out of my panties. It felt like every inch of my skin glowed pink with embarrassment, but Mr. Whitefield didn't mind. In fact, his grin brightened a little bit more when he saw me naked.

“Turn,” he said twirling his finger on the air.

More than anything, I wanted to cover myself up, yet I knew that he was going to see me eventually. I turned around, doing a little circle those taken every detail of my nubile body. He saw my breasts, my pussy, my tight stomach, and my heart-shaped ass. Every detail was perfect because Marina would've tolerated nothing less.

And when I faced him again, he was already midstride. He pounced on me, shoving me down onto the bed. The mattress soft along with the linens, and he was kissing me, taking what he craved.

In spite of myself, I kissed him back, grinding my body against his. With one hand, he started to unclasp his belt. With his other hand, he reached between my legs, petting me again. Even though I've been several minutes since Marina got me all worked up, Mr. Whitefield found me extraordinarily responsive.

He growled, quite satisfied with the way my body flexed around him. I grabbed on, and he kissed me harder, his weight impossible for me to ignore. But this felt right. It felt like where I belonged.

We stayed like that for several minutes, or maybe it was hours. Honestly, I lost all track of time. My eyes were closed as I kissed him, my lips moving from his mouth down his neck to his chest. But then he shoved me back down, and he started to lick my nipples. He was a masterful lover, and he knew how to take what he wanted from me.

Mr. Whitefield eventually ordered me to get up on my hands and knees. He was going to penetrate from behind, and I wanted more than anything.

I pressed my head down into the pillows just as he pushed forward, thrusting deep inside of me. My body stretched, welcoming him. He pushed again, further this time, and I gasped. I labored breathing turned frantic as he pulled back, thrusting in withdrawing into a set rhythm. It felt so good, and I couldn't control myself. He knew how to handle me, how to light up the pleasure centers throughout my body.

Some small part of me wanted to try and argue, to say that you shouldn't be doing this, but I didn't want to stop. I didn't want him to do anything but take me just like this.

As far as I was concerned, I belonged to him. He took me and he possessed me. I was no longer a competitor, no longer even a man. I was just the little slave girl who would do if she was told. I had been ordered to have sex with this man, so I did it and I loved it.

My body clenched around his, he pushed again, thrusting deep inside of me. The pleasure coursed through my body, running in rivers, each one overloaded and filled to capacity. My vision swam, and I was moaning, aching for more even though every sound I made was incoherent.

Mr. Whitefield pushed again; I could feel him start to come. His body shook as he blew his load into me, and I was grateful that Marina put me on birth control. I clenched around him, crying out as my climax hit me hard. I fell forward, exhausted, and he pulled out.

At some point, he must've left me alone because when I minimize again, it was just me and Marina. I was there on my back, trying hard to reboot my body. I never imagined sex could feel like that. Although I had been subordinate and helpless, little more than a plaything for him to take, it felt incredible.

And I wanted more.

"You liked that. I heard you," Marina said.

I didn't see any point in lying, "Yes, mistress."

"This makes you feel good, doesn't it?"

Again, I had to tell the truth, "Yes, mistress."

"Do you really want me to change you back?"

I opened my mouth, ready to lie, only I couldn't even attempt to deceive her. It was too obvious—to both of us. I deserved to be her secretary, her servant, and her slave. This was my life now.

The End

(Looking for more gender swap domination? Check out Mina Black's first book, *Fixing Bryan*, now available from all major ebook distributors.)

Fixing Bryan

Mina Black

On paper, Bryan and Kimberly seemed pretty perfect. They worked together in real estate. Bryan owned a firm with dozens of agents. Kimberly was one of his best, and he gave her some of the choicest assignments. As an attractive, married couple, they had money and friends. They had the respect of their neighbors and peers.

They looked pretty perfect on paper, but Kimberly had to deal with a domineering husband. He was her boss as well as her husband, which meant that he had no problem ordering her around. Normally, that wasn't a problem.

But tonight, she had a long day, and she hated one of the rules he first announced when they got married. Simply put, she wasn't allowed to say no to sex.

Kimberly stood under the shower head as hot water streamed down her naked body. Those beads rushed through her hair, down her back, and along her pert little ass. She rubbed the soap between her palms, enjoying the feel of the lather.

She rubbed the soap along her arms, down her torso, and along her breasts. It felt good to massage herself. In fact, Kimberly started to rub herself right between her legs. She slid her soapy fingers and palm along her opening. Oh yes, this felt good. It felt soft and easy and intense all of same time.

After a few moments of massage herself, Kimberly barely stopped. She really didn't want to orgasm. It had been a long day, so she didn't need the extra exertion. As a real estate agent, she had to deal with so many different people, many of whom seemed to specialize in being as annoying and demanding as possible.

Kimberly let the water rinse away the soap suds. From there, she picked up the bottle of shampoo and poured out some of the viscous liquid as she savored the aroma. Cool and crisp and clean, the shampoo gave her another little dose of energy.

Closing her eyes, she spread the shampoo through her hair. She turned around, letting the water hit her naked body. This felt so good, so deliciously perfect.

Maybe she would touch herself. Maybe she would treat herself to a little climax. Grinning like a horny schoolgirl, Kimberly giggled at the thought. Yes, Bryan could be an incredible lover when he wanted to be, but there are other times when he just seemed interested in his own pleasure.

As a good little wife, Kimberly wanted to please him, but sometimes she wished that he could be a little bit more considerate.

Pushing those thoughts aside, she faced the shower head again. The water beat down against her skin, pummeling her nipples and making them hard from the attention. Swallowing, Kimberly just enjoyed standing there.

For a moment, she dipped her head, looking down at her naked form. She really did have a hot little body. Granted, she tried not to get Eric and or cocky, but she was proud of herself. She watched what she ate, and she worked out. Her reward? Toned legs, a flat stomach, and she was especially proud of her breasts.

As a real estate agent, Kimberly took care of herself. She wants to look good for our clients, as well as her husband. She always washed and brushed her flowing blonde hair. She made sure to wear makeup.

Yes, she was good at looking good, not that she was ever boastful or arrogant about it. Some of her female friends loved to get catty, but not Kimberly. She was actually pretty sweet girl apart, at least when she was better rested.

Right then, she just wanted to crawl into bed.

The bathroom door opened, and she heard heavy footsteps. Right away, she knew that it was Bryan. Kimberly stuck her head out from behind the shower curtains. Her husband smiled at her. He walked right up to the shower and reached out, stroking her chin. It was such a light, gentle motion.

It sent little shivers of pleasure running down the length of her back.

“Hi there,” he said. Fully clothed, her husband automatically made a striking figure. He had on his black pants and dress coat. At some point, he had removed his tie, yet that lost detail only added to his magnificence.

For a moment, Kimberly admired this man, savoring the fact that she got to be with him. But then he reached further into the shower, letting his fingers and knuckles grazed her skin.

She really kept hoping that he would stop, but he got down to her breasts, then to her nipples. Bryan enjoyed his wife’s body. He savored the way the water pattered down her skin. Yes, she was exquisite creature, and she belonged to him.

“You look like you just about done,” he said.

Kimberly shook her head, “Bryan, come on, please, not tonight.”

With one hand, he started to circle one of her nipples. Those gently soft movements stimulated her desires, turning her on despite the fact that she

didn't want to have sex tonight. She tried to knock his hand away, but he kept going, grinning at her because they both knew that he was somewhat stronger.

Besides, they had a very specific rule. She wasn't allowed to say no to sex. That was probably one of his favorite parts of their relationship.

With his free hand, he reached up between her legs, and he slid his fingers along her wet pussy. The shower left her stimulated and vulnerable, or crevice open to his attention. Kimberly tried to retreat back, but her husband simply reached in farther, teasing her and stroking her, pressing his fingers up against her clitoris.

Kimberly let out a little moan. It was involuntary, just something her body required of her because he was quite literally pushing a button. With one hand, he kept teasing her nipple. With the other, he played with her clitoris, turning her on a little bit at a time.

Then he reached in and grabbed her, practically yanking her from the shower. He lifted her up and sat back down easily. He got wet, but he honestly didn't care. He had something else on his mind.

Kimberly shook her head, "Bryan, please, I'm really not in the mood."

"Really?" he asked, pulling her even closer. He wrapped his arms around her, forcing the petite blonde to press her body against him. At the same time, he kept stroking her, playing with her clitoris. Kimberly let out another little moan, and her husband chuckled at her expense, "I think you want this. I think you just need a little bit of attention to remind you how much you love your place in our bed."

His low, manly voice triggered something inside of the blonde girl. She wanted to resist it, but he was igniting the passion's depot her core.

Shaking her head again, she shrugged off her desires. No, she wasn't going to let him do this to her again. After all, she was so much more than just a sex toy, and she needed to get to bed.

She started to stomp away, picking that he would let her go.

No.

As far as Bryan was concerned, she belonged to him. She was chattel, and she had an obligation to serve her husband. After all, he liked to view the world through an antique prism of propriety. She was the woman, so it's her responsibility to please him. In the meantime though, he would make sure that she enjoyed herself to, whether she intended to or not.

His hand shot out and he grabbed her wrist. Kimberly tried to pull herself free, but he held her tight. Bryan had no intention of letting his wife go. She paused, hesitating because she wasn't certain what she wanted to do. Tonight

would be a good night to fight him, to make it abundantly clear that the sex rule had to come to an end.

Just as she was about to turn and face, he yanked her again, pulling her across the bathroom floor. She stumbled into his arms, and he wrapped his arms around her one more time. But he didn't stop there. Her husband leaned down and kissed her, taking her mouth against his.

Kimberly tried to push away, at least at first. But then something inside of her warmed to him. Her desires started to kindle, the sparks coming to life. It didn't help that one of hands found its way back down to the spot between her legs. He was stroking her again, petting her, slowly working the soft pads of his fingertips up and down the length of her pussy.

Again, Kimberly tried to free herself, but he held her tight. There was no way he was going to let her go, especially when she felt the girth of his excitement press out from his trousers against her thigh.

Smack!

Kimberly flinched as her husband's hand came down against her bare bottom. Between the beats of warm water and his strong hand, he spanked her hard, leaving a red welt along her perfectly sculpted curves.

"Hold still," Bryan said to her.

Kimberly had no choice but to freeze up. Slowly, her husband pulled her hands behind her back, petting her ass he kissed her. He started out her lips, taking her possessively. Every touch of his mouth against hers felt like he was taking something, and matter how good he made her feel. Arousal started to blend in with her frustration, yet Kimberly refused to give in. She wasn't going to let her husband seduce her.

After all, this was so unfair. He wasn't supposed to be able to approach her and take her like this. Marriages were supposed to be partnerships. Equality should have been a pillar of their relationship, but it wasn't.

Kimberly pulled back for a moment. She pouted, looking small and powerless. For a moment, her eyes met Bryan's, and she hoped he would be kind. He should have been gentle with her.

But no.

He pounced. He grabbed her again, hooking his fingers around the back of her neck. He pulled her close and forced her body up against his. His cock pressed up against her pubis, triggering another one of those damned, instinctive responses. Kimberly couldn't stop her body from wanting this.

He kissed her again, harder and faster, exploring the tip of her tongue with his own. Bryan took what he wanted, and he very much wanted her. He wouldn't be put off by the niceties of courtesy or consent.

He kissed her for several more seconds until he held her hands behind her back. From there, he moved his mouth down to the curves of her neck. He let his lips graze her collarbone, and he kissed that spot between her breasts. He smiled at her, glancing up for just a moment.

For about a second, Bryan wore an almost-innocent smile. Kimberly shook her head. She didn't want him to do what he was about to do. She didn't want him to force her to enjoy this anymore than you'd already done, but her husband knew how to push her buttons. He knew how to turn her on and make her horny, even when that should have been the last thing on her mind.

Bryan pressed forward, circling his lips around one of her nipples. Again, Kimberly's body responded immediately. She could feel the small pleasure nub harden from his attention. He flicked his tongue along fine tip, and Kimberly felt jolts of pleasure shoot her body. He moved quickly at first, practically attacking her with sheer delight.

But then he slowed down, circling his tongue around her nipple, making her wonder when he would give her more pleasure. She wanted it. She wanted it so badly. No, she didn't. She wanted to maintain her dignity and self-respect more.

Those two impulses battled for control, yet Kimberly didn't know which side she really wanted to win.

Bryan knew his wife. He released her hands and spanked her even as he moved his head to her other nipple. He licked and sucked, pulling on that oh-so-sensitive spot. Kimberly moaned, and her husband knew that he was winning.

His hand slid back to her slit. He slid his fingers back into her wet pussy, and he found her clit already hot and engorged with desire. Oh yes, Kimberly could make every protest she wanted, yet her body told the truth. Her body made it abundantly clear that she craved this.

"No!" she gasped again.

"Really? Can you really tell me you don't want this?" Bryan taunted.

Kimberly locked her lips together in an angry yet adorable pout. Her expression should have warned him off, yet it only made him want to do this more. Bryan grabbed a towel and quickly wiped her off. In every movement, she felt like an animal getting groomed, like a toy he prepared.

Bryan wanted to play.

Within a matter of seconds, he finished, and he grabbed her wrist again. Bryan pulled her from the bathroom and walked her back into their bedroom.

He threw her down onto the sheets, and he clamored over the bed, pinning her. Arms over her head, she tried to force him away. He weighed too much for her to move, especially when he wanted to have her.

He leaned down and kissed her again, taking what he wanted. He disregarded her feelings because she was his wife, because he owned her already. He kissed her hard, exploring the feel and heat of her lips. He savored the way she struggled beneath him, writhing and wiggling. In every movement, he could pick up on her desire.

Sure, she could claim some mild reluctance, but she wanted this. She related, and he encouraged her, gently petting her pussy. She moaned and groaned, struggling to fight off her body as much as his.

“I’m going to make you enjoy this,” Bryan told her. “I’m going to make you enjoy every single second and thrust.”

Kimberly stared up at him, her eyes filled with blazing frustration. She was so close to rage, yet she couldn’t quite get there, not when her slit throbbed for him. Like it or not, and really wanted him. She wanted to feel him inside of her.

“Spread your legs for me.”

Kimberly hesitated, so he took the initiative and nudged her knees apart. Then he pulled out his already hard cock and thrust forward, burying his shaft deep inside of her. He didn’t have to go slowly, not this time. Kimberly was hot and wet and ready for him. He felt her up, running his palms along her nipples even as he continued to kiss her, even as he continued to plunge forward, working his cock deep inside of her.

She whimpered from the sensation, doing her best to process all of the raw stimulation surging through her body. It felt as though every single nerve in her skin had been lit up. She wanted to think that it was bad, that she could complain or cry out, yet it felt good. It felt so, so good.

Bryan pressed his weight into the mattress and he smiled down at her. “This is where you belong. You’re my wife, so you’ll do as I say.” With every word, he pulled forward or back, keeping the friction hot between them.

Kimberly glared up at him, but only for a moment. Then the passion took hold of her body, gripping her tight, as tightly as her husband. She couldn’t get away, and he was too strong. He was her man, and he could take her whenever he wanted.

He plunged forward again, burying his shaft deep between her hot little lips. Kimberly tried to hide it, but a small orgasm rippled through her. He pulled back and grinned down at her, perfectly aware of what just happened.

Grimacing with humiliation, Kimberly should’ve been able to control herself. She should’ve been stronger.

Pushing his cock forward and back, he grabbed onto one of her nipples and pinched, making her arch her back even as she howled through the sensation. Kimberly loved and hated every second in equal measure.

He sped up, working shaft faster harder as he got closer to climax. It seems like every thrust and pulse stimulation made Kimberly orgasm again. They rippled through her like droplets hitting a pond. But then they felt more like splashes, explosions of pleasure burning through her.

Bryan's movements turned frantic because he was so close. He got to have her, and he savored every sensation her body gave him. He was using her, and she knew it, but she couldn't care, not anymore.

He kept at it, working her harder and faster until he came, his cock shuddering through his orgasm. Every pulse made her climax again until it felt like a constant stream of pleasure, searing ecstasy ripping through her. Kimberly couldn't think. She couldn't breathe, and it felt as though every muscle in her body locked up tight.

With one final gasp, he pulled out and towered over her. Spread out and naked, still wet from her shower, Kimberly felt helpless. She felt powerless, as though her husband could use her and play with her whenever he wished for one simple reason.

He could.

Bryan leaned down and kissed her on the forehead. He grinned at her like a bastard, and they both knew that he could get away with this as often as he wanted.

The next day, he really got dressed. She put on one outfit, only to have to change it because her husband and her boss ordered her to. "You're going to be dealing with some very high-end clients, and they're going to want to see you in something a bit more revealing," Bryan told her.

Kimberly inhaled to contradict him. She wanted to say that their clients would want a competent woman, someone who would be respectable. Even as she formulated those words, Kimberly knew that her husband was right. She was eye candy and nothing more as far as they were concerned.

They didn't care about her degrees or her expertise. They really didn't care about what she thought of the real estate prospects in this market. She could've been completely brilliant, but they only wanted to admire her tits and legs.

Knowing all of this, Kimberly went back to the bedroom and put on a shorter skirt along with a tighter blouse. She picked higher heels, knowing that her feet would be aching by the end of the day.

Humiliated after being reminded of her place, Kimberly got into the passenger side of Bryan's car and they drove to work. She filled out paperwork and met with different clients. Most of them were men, wealthy business owners who wanted new houses. Sometimes they were vacation spot. Sometimes they

work little hideaways for their mistresses. Kimberly tried not to ask too many questions, which wasn't an issue, not when these men simply ogled her.

Of course, they knew better than to touch her. After all, Bryan was a powerful man in his own right, and they would pay. Perhaps that was part of the allure of having her as a real estate agent. She belonged to another man, but they could put her in a subordinate position by hiring her.

If any of this bothered Bryan, he never let it show. After all, he was a consummate entrepreneur. He wanted to make sure that they made a lot of money.

After her third client, Kimberly went out to lunch with a friend.

Monique.

A fiery redhead with sharp features and a sharper tongue, Monique might have been Kimberly's polar opposite. While Bryan's blonde wife usually came off as demure and sweet, Monique was nothing less than a firecracker. When she smiled at a guy, he didn't view it as an invitation. Instead, he usually started to get nervous. Yes, he still wanted to be with her. There was no denying her primal magnetism, yet it would be a wonderfully clear that she was the predator. She was the huntress.

They sat down at a fine restaurant, and they perused the menus.

As Kimberly tried to figure out what she wanted, Monique pulled her menu down and demanded to know, "What's going on? You seem pretty out of sorts today."

Kimberly glanced up at her friend, marveling at her perfectly applied makeup and her expensive clothing. Kimberly wore nice things because she had to deal with high end clients, men and women who expected her to be adorned with name brand clothing. Monique, on the other hand, wore the best of the best because she wanted to. The pendant she wore had to be worth several hundred thousand dollars, and it was one of her least expensive pieces.

Pushing her curiosity about her friend aside, Kimberly sighed. "It's Bryan. We had sex last night."

"Isn't he very good?" Monique asked, raising one mischievous eyebrow. "If you like, I have some herbal remedies that might help him last bit longer if that's the problem."

"No," Kimberly said, not sure if she should laugh or break something. The glasses on the table looked pretty tempting. Hearing them smash against the cobblestone floor might have made her feel a little bit better. "He just has this rule, and I'm really getting frustrated with how he treats me."

Monique straightened up and seemed to really pay attention. For once, she didn't come back with some smartass quip.

Kimberly stared down into her water, “I’m not sure I should even be telling you this.”

With a surprisingly tender gesture, Monique reached over and placed her hand on Kimberly’s arm. “Look, and we joke around a lot, but I am your friend. More importantly, I can help you.”

“What you mean?” Honestly, Kimberly didn’t believe that her friend could do anything aside from providing moral support. Yes, that was really important, but it wouldn’t actually solve her problem. Getting to complain about her husband with another woman might have felt good, but she needed to figure out some strategy, something she could do or say to make sure that Bryan learned his lesson.

Ultimately, it really didn’t want him to treat her like his chattel anymore.

Shaking her head slowly, Kimberly really didn’t think I was up possibilities. He was stubborn, brilliant, and powerful man. He didn’t change easily.

Monique leaned forward, and she lowered her voice, almost like she was going to share a very important secret. “Kimberly, you won’t know what I do for a living?”

This had to be some kind of attempt to distract her. Even so, Kimberly didn’t care. She had pestered her friend about this particular question for a long, long time. The chance to get a real answer was too good to pass up. “Yeah, I really do.”

“I’m a spell caster,” Monique said. “I sell magic to powerful individuals. Sometimes the spells are very simple, and sometimes they are more complex.”

She really didn’t know what to say. Immediately, her mind went to the idea that Monique was just a charlatan, someone who knew how to convince rich people that she had special powers. It seemed like a good idea, especially when so many wealthy people out there were eager to part with their dollars.

“I know it you’re thinking,” Monique said. “You think I’m kidding. Or maybe you think that this is just some kind of business model, like I got up to old rich ladies and convince them that a magical stone will keep the ghosts away. But that is the one I’m talking about. It isn’t anyone talking about it all. “

“You really believe that you can use magic?”

“I can,” Monique told her solemnly. “Look, I know how it sounds. But I’m telling the truth. And what I think will really interesting is the fact that I know how to solve your problem. I know how you can fix Bryan and make sure that he never disrespects you ever again. “

Kimberly didn’t know how to react. Pursing her lips, she liked the idea. Also, some part of her didn’t mind going out into the fantasy world, not if it gave her a

little bit of hope. Ultimately, she would probably have to rely on some overpaid therapist, yet this sounded more fun.

“What are you suggesting?” Kimberly finally asked.

“Simple. If you really want him to know what it feels like to be smaller and weaker and the woman in a relationship, you will take this and tied around his neck,” Monique said. At the same time, she reached into her purse and pulled out a red piece of silk.

She held it out and Kimberly took it. The second her skin touched the soft material, a spark snapped against her skin. It must’ve been static electricity, Kimberly told herself, yet there’s something faintly warm about the material. It seemed different from everything else she had ever seen.

“You can sense it, can’t you?” Monique said, her eyes filled with eager anticipation. “When I first met you, I knew that you would be sensitive to the flows of magic. Now, you will get to use a little bit to set your husband straight.”

“What will it do? What will it do exactly?”

Monique leaned forward and said, “Kimberly, it’s simple really. We’ve had this around his neck, you will switch bodies. You will be in his, he will be in yours. You will have all the power because you will be the husband. You will be the man, and there won’t be anything he can do about it.”

Kimberly blinked a couple times, not sure how to process this new information. Slowly, the corners of her mouth rose into an aggressive smile. If this worked...

No, it couldn’t. Magic simply wasn’t real. But then Kimberly held the silk between her fingertips, and something told her this was different. There was something special here. Swallowing back her reluctance, Kimberly asked, “How long will it last?”

“As long as you want,” Monique said. “Oh, and there’s another little surprise.”

“What’s that?”

Monique’s eyes crinkled with amusement. “As long as he’s in your body, he’ll have to do whatever you tell him. He won’t be able to resist. You’ll have absolute power.”

Kimberly’s heart pattered and something inside of her tightened pleasantly. Oh yeah, she liked that idea. She loved it. She wanted to be in control for once...and she could just use the silk long enough to make sure her husband behaved.

Yes, she saw many different possibilities.

After lunch, Kimberly went back to the office. Bryan was out, dealing with some other clients. These were men who had already decided to make their purchases, so now they wanted to deal with her husband. Although he really had been the one to do all of the legwork, Bryan would get the credit.

It wasn't fair.

Of course, once she sat back down at her computer, she decided that she would just talk to her husband. She wouldn't try some magical solution. It just wouldn't work. Magic wasn't real, she told herself again and again.

Together, they drove home, and Bryan gave her a little snack on the ass and told her to have dinner ready soon. Kimberly glared at him, hating the way that he could order her into the kitchen. Even so, she started on their meal.

Later on, they ate, but Bryan never said thank you. Once he finished, he went back to his office to fill out even more paperwork.

Knowing that she had a little bit of time to herself, Kimberly put on her pajamas and she pulled out a book. She was headed toward the living room where she could read by the fire place, but she's headed back to her purse near the front door.

The red silk called to her, or at least that was how it felt.

No. She wasn't going to try something as silly as magic. Seriously, she was an adult. In spite of this fact, she kept the silk band with her. She stowed in the pocket of her sweats and sat down.

Kimberly was nestled up in the crook of her couch, yet she couldn't get comfortable. She couldn't focus on reading, not when images from last night kept popping into her head. Torn between aroused and frustrated, Kimberly kept thinking back to her husband, and the way he could casually take her whenever he wanted.

It wasn't fair. It wasn't right.

Realizing that she didn't have a choice, Kimberly got off the couch and marched through their house. She stopped at the doorway to his office, not really sure what she was going to say.

Despite her hesitation, Kimberly turned the knob and strolled inside.

Bryan was at his desk, and hope monstrosities designed to intimidate anyone who entered his office. He wanted his visitors to feel small, anything said or any attention he paid them would be in favor.

Fortunately for her, Kimberly was his wife, so she didn't need to feel like that. This was her house, after all. "Bryan, we need to talk."

"What is it, sweetheart?" he asked without taking his eyes off the screen.

"I want to talk about last night."

That got his attention. Bryan turned away from his computer and smiled at her, his expression darkening with lust. "Getting horny again?"

Kimberly stamped her heels against the floor. He was making her so frustrated! He was living her flustered because some part of her really did like it when he looked at her with that level of possession. Yes, sometimes she wanted to be ravished and taken. But he needed to learn that she wouldn't always be available for him or his desires.

"Look, this is important."

"Honey, right now I have man's work to do. It's all very complex and complicated, and I'm sure you wouldn't understand, so you're going to take your tight little butt and get back into the living room. If you need me to give you an orgasm, you can come over here and get down on your knees and beg for it. Otherwise, you're going to leave my office right now."

Kimberly couldn't believe it. She couldn't believe what he had just said to her. He really did address her as though she were nothing but a sex slave. Yes, he built the business, which meant that all of the documents weren't his name. If she even considered leaving him, she would have absolutely nothing.

Like it or not, Kimberly depended on her husband.

Exhaling through her teeth, she stood her ground. "I'm not leaving until you listen to me. Up until this point, I have put up with the way you treat me. I let you make your sexist little jokes, and I let you tell me to dress up to impress your customers, but that ends right here and right now. From this moment on, I am in control of our relationship and our marriage. I am in charge. Understand?"

Kimberly fought hard to sound as though she were a powerful young woman, but her husband smirked at her. He got up from his desk and he walked over to her.

"I think someone needs a spanking," Bryan said to her.

He was going to spank her! Kimberly couldn't believe her ears, yet she knew her husband. She knew that he was capable of humiliating her in any number of ways. This was definitely one of them, but she wasn't going to let it happen.

Instinct took over as he approached. He was so close, and he could just reach out and grab her all over again, just like he did last night in the shower. But this time, Kimberly reached into her pocket and she snatched out the silk band.

She really had no idea what she expected to happen, but something took over. She touched it to his neck, and the band seemed to come to life. It wrapped around his throat, tying itself into a neat little ribbon.

Bryan stepped back, obviously confused. "What are you doing?"

He reached for the band, obviously intending to untie, but the second his finger touched the smooth silk, white light spread down the length of his body. He felt down onto his knees, and suddenly Kimberly felt very tired. She couldn't keep her eyes open. It wasn't long before she dropped down onto the soft carpet as well.

Bryan floated in the darkness, unconcerned. He didn't worry about anything as he slept, savoring sweet oblivion. This was perfect relaxation, a spot in his mind where he didn't have to worry about bills or invoices or noxious clients who didn't actually know what they wanted.

No, here he could just enjoy himself.

But eventually, he started to wake up. Sunlight cut through the window in his office and beat down against his eyes, forcing them to regain consciousness. As he opened his eyes, he noticed his hand looked different.

He was on the floor. What happened? Nothing quite makes sense. He remembered Kimberly coming into his room and talking about how she deserved more respect or something. Frankly, he hadn't really been paying attention, not as her hot little body had been spread out before him. Even in her pajamas, Kimberly knew how to look sexy.

Bryan blinked a few times. He reached up and rubbed his eyes, hoping to clear away the last traces of sleep. Somehow, everything felt foggy and distant, like he couldn't remember how to make his brain work.

Sitting up, he felt a little bit better, but then he noticed his wrist.

Thin and dainty, it didn't belong to him. There just wasn't any other way to describe it. And when Bryan raised both hands? They were small and feminine, a woman's hand, but they didn't belong to just anyone.

They were Kimberly's!

Bryan shot up onto his knees. His eyes ran down the length of his body—except this wasn't his body! Heart pounding, he searched for some sign of what was going on. He had her thin arms, her toned and tanned legs.

Mouth dry, Bryan glanced down at his chest, and he found breasts! They were the same tits he had teased and climaxed on so many times before. Swallowing back his trepidation, Bryan started to touch himself.

After all, this had to be some kind of trick, like an optical illusion or something. A mind couldn't actually be switched from one body to another after all.

He gripped his breasts. They felt real. Not only that, they felt sensitive. Eyes wide, Bryan enjoyed the way his nipples practically tingled from his touch.

Palms pressed down on those erect points, he started to rub himself.

The sensations were positively addictive.

Bryan stood there and touched himself even though it meant exploring his wife's body. He kept at it until he felt the dampness between his legs.

A different thought occurred to him, only he didn't know how far he wanted to explore. Bryan had never, ever imagined how it might feel to inhabit a woman's body, how the grace and beauty might feel if it were his to command.

He still had on his work clothes from last night. Apparently, whatever caused this traded their bodies without affecting their clothes. Slowly, he pulled his way-too-loose trousers down and found himself looking at a well-trimmed pussy.

As Kimberly's husband, he had explored every part of her body. Nothing was off limits, yet seeing her slit from this position seemed entirely new. It was different, exciting, and it made his mouth go dry.

Could he do it?

As that question reverberated, Bryan kept touching his—his wife's—breasts. He fondled them lightly, rubbing his fingers around those hard little nipples with circular motions. Closing his eyes, Bryan allowed his instincts to take over. He reached down and ran one fingertip from the bottom of his slit up to the top.

He shivered with pleasure.

It felt so good!

Bryan never imagined her pussy could be so sensitive.

For a few seconds, he hesitated to try again, but then temptation won out. With two fingers, he started to finger himself, working those digits down against his lips. After another half minute or so, his pussy practically dripped with excitement. His lips parted and he slipped his fingertips inward until he found his clitoris.

Tentatively, Bryan moved his fingers down against that sensitive bundle of nerves. He circled and teased his clitoris, drinking in every sensation. The stimulation seemed incredible! It felt like discovering a new favorite meal or learning about a whole new color. He kept at it, touching and teasing himself until a girlish squeal escaped his full lips.

The orgasm rushed through his now-female body and Bryan nearly collapsed down onto his hands and knees. Simply remaining upright felt like an incredible challenge, yet he somehow managed.

As he inhaled and tried to understand all of this, the door to his office opened.

"Hi, honey," came the strong and distinctly masculine voice.

Bryan slowly turned around...and he faced himself.

Bound within the body of his petite, blonde wife, Bryan didn't move. He couldn't think as he looked up at himself. That was his body! Taller and stronger, he seemed to stand in the doorway, his arms crossed over his chest.

Unlike Bryan who still had on his clothes from the previous night, his apparent doppelgänger wore a new outfit. Unwrinkled and pressed, it looked good on his body's frame.

"You look confused," Bryan heard from his own voice. The sounds seemed strange. Obviously, he could recognize those tones, yet it sounded a lot like hearing a recording. He sounded strange.

"Kimberly?" Bryan finally asked, once again struck by how feminine and girlish his new voice sounded.

"What's wrong, sweetie? Worried I might treat you badly?" Kimberly asked as she strutted forward in his body. "Worried I might use a certain rule against you?"

"Rule?" Bryan squeaked. "What are you talking about?" He shrugged off her swagger and said, "Look, it doesn't matter. Kimberly, we have to figure this out. I don't know what happened, but we need to get back into our bodies."

Bryan watched as his body got closer and closer. Within a matter of seconds, Kimberly came right up to Bryan and smiled down at her pretty face. "You really do look cute when you start to pout, but I'm not going to let you off the hook that easily. Tell me, what was the rule you gave me on our wedding night?"

It clicked. He realized what Kimberly meant, so he started to back away. Before he could make it three feet, Kimberly snapped out with her new, beefy muscles. She grabbed Bryan and pulled him close.

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