



Working
for a
Witch

John Dylena

A woman is shown from the chest down to the thighs, posing against a textured blue background. She is wearing a white long-sleeved button-down shirt that is open, revealing a black lace bra and a striped necktie. She is also wearing black lace garter belts and fishnet stockings. Her hands are placed on her hips, and she has red nail polish. The title "Working for a Witch" is overlaid on the image in a stylized font.

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Working for a Witch

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Disclaimer:

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

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

Enjoy.

As soon as Eric got the call, he just knew his luck had turned around.

He couldn't sleep that night. How could he? Eric had just nabbed the best job in the world. Scratch that; the best job in the world would involve being around scantily clad models all day—women who would eagerly remove what little clothes they wore when he was around—and this job wasn't quite that.

A stupid grin appeared on his face as he laid on his bed in his dark apartment. His mind shifted from his new job to one of his many fantasies that entailed the blonde hunk of a man that he pictured himself as.

In his wildest dreams, he was always swimming in a sea of pussy. Gorgeous women threw themselves at him in a desperate bid for his nine-inch cock. He had his own personal harem, all eager to serve and please him, no matter his demands.

He opened his eyes, and the brightly lit penthouse he'd been imagining vanished, replaced by his studio apartment—the one with bars on the windows and three locks on the door. He sighed as he slid his hand down his boxers and gripped his six-inch dick. It had been a little over a month since he'd broken up with Carmen, the dark-haired Hispanic girl he'd met at a ramen stall, of all places, and that meant the only company he'd have tonight would be his right hand.

He stared up at the slow-moving ceiling fan as he jerked off to thoughts of riches and women. Eric wasn't an ambitious man—in fact, many would call him a slacker—and he knew very well that his fantasies might be the only place he ever achieved his goal of reaping the most reward while exerting as little effort as possible.

The night breeze blew in through the barely-open window, accompanied by the sound of papers scattering onto the floor. He ignored them. He knew they were only the collection notices from the many companies he owed money to. There were more important things he had to attend to.

Then she showed up.

It was always her that pushed him over the edge. He closed his eyes and

pictured himself back in the extravagant penthouse where he lived like a king. Eric always preferred blondes, not because they shared his hair color, but because in his mind, blondes were the sluttiest. There were three of them at his feet right now, triplets, their matching ocean blue eyes gazing up at him reverently. Two of them played with his monster cock while the other pressed her big tits into his back as she massaged him.

He had power over the imaginary women. Eric could make them say whatever he wanted them to. They would obey his every command. All except her, the black haired vixen that had been interrupting his dreams lately.

Her fair skin felt so much warmer than the rest, and her delicate touch seemed softer and gentler. Her eyes were gray and her lips a rosy brown. She wasn't a sexy apparition that he conjured himself; he had no control over her. This mysterious woman said and did whatever she wanted. She haunted his sexual dreams, showing up uninvited and ending his fantasy every time.

Except this time, it was different.

The woman walked into his mind's eye wearing the sexiest, sheerest lingerie he could have ever imagined. Black like her hair, it hugged the perfect curves of her body. Dark stockings covered her legs and she walked slowly toward him in six-inch, black platform heels.

In his mind, Eric sat on a large couch that faced the floor-to-ceiling glass windows of his imaginary penthouse. The clicks of her heels echoed inside his head. Her hair shined like obsidian and the blondes that were at his feet shied away to make room for the lithe woman who commanded his dreams.

She sat down on his lap and straddled him like a stripper about to give a lap dance. Eric stared deeply into her ashen eyes as she placed her arms onto his shoulders.

The woman smiled as she slipped her nimble fingers through his thick blonde hair. Her eyes scanned his body and her gaze lingered on his chest. He felt his flesh grow warm beneath her stare, but he couldn't take his eyes off of her. She was so beautiful.

The woman leaned forward and kissed him. Her lips were supple, and her tongue was swift as it parted his lips to gain entry into his mouth. He felt his chest begin to expand as she kissed him, swelling beneath her breasts as she pressed them against his skin.

Eric was too distracted by her perfect kiss to notice that his body was becoming female. His blonde hair fell to the back of the couch as his dick disappeared between his legs. The black-haired goddess slipped her fingers between his pink lips and into the hot, moist flesh of his pussy.

She pulled her head away as Eric moaned, his now-sultry voice filling his ears and he looked down at his new female body. The woman's smile turned wicked as she fingered his pussy, and Eric writhed under her skillful touch until it was too much. He threw his head back and screamed until he came onto the woman's fingers.

Eric opened his eyes and sat up on his bed. His heart pounded in his chest and his body was covered in sweat. Early morning light filled his bedroom, highlighting the stain on his sheets where he'd climaxed. He wiped the sweat from his brow and frowned deeply, trying to swallow the fact that the best orgasm of his life had just come from imagining himself transformed into a woman by her hand.

He collapsed backward onto his bed and grabbed his phone off of the nightstand. He had a little less than an hour until his alarm went off.

I won't get any more sleep after that, Eric thought to himself as he set his phone on the empty pillow beside him. Then he climbed out of his bed and tossed his soiled boxers into the hamper.

The hot water pounding down on him from his showerhead was soothing, but it reminded him of another thing he was going to lose if he didn't pay his bills soon. He lingered in the shower, his arms folded and his back to the tiled wall as he tried to figure out who this mysterious woman from his dreams was. He was twenty-seven, and she looked like she was five or ten years older than he was, which would place her in her mid-thirties or so. He couldn't think of anyone he knew who would fit that description.

"Damn it! Who are you?" Eric yelled as he slammed his fist into the tile. He searched through the archives of his mind to try to remember her.

Did I see her at a restaurant? Was she a new face at the gym? She sure as hell wasn't someone he'd slept with. No, he remembered all the faces of the women he'd been with. starting with Elena, the half-Asian girl who took his virginity at a party senior year of high school, all the way up to Carmen, his last conquest.

He pressed his forehead against the tile and let the almost-scalding water flow down his back. After several minutes, the heater gave out, but his phone was beeping again anyway. It was time to get ready for work.

Eric couldn't believe he had gotten the job—hell, he could hardly believe that he'd even applied for it. A personal assistant? he'd thought when he saw the listing. That's just a glorified secretary, and only women are secretaries.

He was just about to pass over the ad when he'd noticed the salary. The job paid six figures with full benefits, which was more than double—almost triple—what his old job paid. With money like that, he could move out of his dumpy apartment into something much nicer—a place he wouldn't be ashamed to bring a girl back to, and a place he actually felt safe in.

So what if I'm some corporate big shot's helper? he thought. I'll be more than glad to get some old guy coffee and answer phones if it means getting a nice big paycheck.

He stood in front of his mirror and double-checked his appearance, making sure he looked as good as he knew he was. First appearances are everything.

The interview for the job had been over the phone, and he found it strange that had never heard of the company before. He'd tried to look into it, but not a single thing could be found. There were no articles, no interviews, and no videos of any kind. He thought it might be a scam, but those kinds of ads tended to get reported pretty quickly, and he couldn't even find any record of that, either.

In his best shirt and tie, he drove to the location that the e-mail specified. When he arrived at the entrance to the unmarked building, he was greeted by an armed guard. He gave the guard his name and watched curiously as a second guard scanned the underside of his car.

“Here is your temporary parking pass. You’ll receive a permanent one, plus your ID inside.” The guard pointed him in the direction of the employee parking lot and the marked space which was his.

Eric nodded, thanked the gun-wielding guard, and then cautiously entered the underground employee parking lot.

He drove slowly, his eyes scanning the cars parked in the spots. They were all luxury and sports cars; everything from Mercedes to Audis, Lamborghinis to Aston Martins, and even a couple of Teslas.

For the first time in a long time, Eric felt intimidated. His dinky little car made him feel like a beggar at a king’s table. He stood out like sore thumb.

But all that would change once his paycheck arrived, he reminded himself. He could replace his car with a sleek new one and fill his closet with designer clothes.

His hit his brakes and stared in disbelief at the sight in front of him. No. Fucking. Way.

He held up the parking pass given to him by the guard and tripled-checked the number. The unmarked spots where anyone could park were on different levels and were a long walk from the front doors. Yet here he was, probably fifty feet or so from the entrance. There was his parking spot, open and waiting for him.

On one side was a silver Mercedes-Benz SLR McLaren, and the other was occupied by the maroon Aston Martin of the COO of the company. Smack dab in the middle was his spot, and on the wall in front of it was his name and title: PA to the COO.

The Chief Operating Officer? His hands shook nervously as he guided his small car between the two masterpieces. Holy fuck, what the hell did I get myself into?

The inside of the building was lavish, but still professional. The ground was solid marble with ornate rugs, dark wood furniture, and high-end security. Directly opposite the front door was a large receptionist’s desk and Eric couldn’t help but smile when he saw the petite brunette look up at him from

behind the counter.

I wonder if inter-office relationships are allowed? He thought as he adjusted his tie as he walked up the desk. He rested his arm on the counter and smiled at the receptionist. There were two other women behind the counter, both on the phone.

“Hi, how can I help you?” Her voice was soft and playful.

“Name’s Eric. Today’s my first day here.” He winked at her and the receptionist smiled.

“One moment, Eric.” She looked away from him and typed away at her computer, her fingers moving quickly across the keys.

“You type pretty quickly,” he said, hoping to win her over with a compliment.

“Comes with the job,” she replied with another smile.

“When you do get off? Maybe we can get a drink?”

The receptionist handed him a slip. “Take this card and go through those doors over there. Security will take your photo, give you your permanent pass, and escort you upstairs.”

Eric took the card from her and lingered.

“What about tonight?”

“Try again tomorrow, Eric,” she said. “Better get going. Audrey won’t like it if you’re late on your first day.”

“Ma’am, Eric is here,” the security guard declared as he knocked on the open door and waited outside.

Eric stood next to him. Hard to believe that the COO of this company is a woman, he thought as he took in the scenery around him.

It seemed like a lot of the senior executives were just that: seniors; old guys in thousand-dollar suits. There were plenty of younger guys, too, and most of them looked like they went to some Ivy League school. Nearly all of the women were assistants, secretaries, or receptionists. More than once, Eric caught himself staring. Most of them were young and impossibly hot.

As he walked, he noticed he was getting some odd looks, as if someone else was supposed to get the job—someone that everyone in the entire company liked, yet Eric the slacker got it. No one told him what happened to the previous person who had the job.

Do I even want to know? Maybe this ‘Audrey’ is like the boss lady from “The Devil Wears Prada,” or something.

“Good, send him in,” she said from the other side of the door, pulling him from his reverie.

He squinted. The woman’s voice sounded vaguely familiar.

Shaking off the odd sensation, he walked into the office. The guard closed the door behind him as he faced his new boss.

Audrey’s office was huge. She had a large wooden desk that was absolutely spotless and decorated with items that seemed to have some kind of personal value. She had several bookshelves filled to the brim with books, photos, trophies, as well as a few knickknacks she had collected over the years. Some of the items looked rather old, as if they belonged in a museum.

Eric froze when he laid eyes on Audrey. Dressed in a skirt suit with a blue blouse, dark pantyhose, and black heels, she had jet-black hair and gray eyes that Eric recognized instantaneously.

Audrey was the mystery woman who had been plaguing his dreams.

“Glad to finally meet you,” she said, extending her hand over her mahogany desk. Eric adjusted his shirt and tie and gulped as he shook her hand.

“Everything okay, Eric?” she asked. “You look like you’ve seen a ghost.”

“Sorry, ma’am. Just nervous—that’s all.”

“Oh?” she replied raising an eyebrow. “Are you sure it’s nothing else?”

“No, ma’am,” he replied, looking away.

She smirked. “Good. Have a seat. There are some things we need to discuss before we can get started.”

“Like what?” Eric asked as he sat down on one of the two large, low-back leather chairs that faced her desk.

He looked away from her while she searched through the drawers of her desk and hummed a tune.

“Right,” she said, slapping a stack of papers on the desk. “This is your contract. Basically, it says that you work for me and have to do what I tell you. Now, if you’ll go ahead and sign it, we can begin.”

She held out a fountain pen and waited patiently, staring at him with her stormy eyes. As he leaned forward, he could’ve sworn that they were purple, but it was gone in the blink of an eye and she tilted her head curiously.

“Well?”

“Right, sorry,” he answered, shaking the thought from his head.

He took the pen from her and signed his name on the line at the very bottom. The idea that he should’ve read it before signing didn’t even cross his mind, at least not until the deed was done.

“That’s why I chose you, Eric,” she said with a wicked smile. “You do what you’re told to without asking why.”

“I beg your pardon?” he said, narrowing his eyes.

“You’re a slacker who’s inherently lazy. It permeates your being—it even prevented you from reading this contract I had you sign. You belong to me now.”

“What are you getting at?!” He stood up, a mixture of fear and anger

coursing through his veins.

Audrey wheeled back in her chair and spun it around. She stood and looked out the window of her corner office.

“Didn’t you find it the least bit suspicious that the company you applied for doesn’t actually exist, and that the woman you just signed your life away to is the same one that has been starring in your dreams as of late?”

“I... what? No, this can’t be happening!”

He ran straight for the exit and threw the door to her office open. His skin turned pale and his blood ran cold.

The entire building was vacant.

All the desks were empty, the offices abandoned. The furniture was old and decrepit; broken and rotted away. The carpet was stained with rust and grime, and particles of dust floated serenely in the sunbeams streaming in from the unattended windows.

“It was all an illusion.—even that pretty girl at the front desk,” Audrey whispered into his ear. “You’re my assistant; my personal slave. Your soul belongs to me now, and there is no going back.”

“Who... who are you?” he asked, his voice trembling right along with his body. He looked back at her over his shoulder and a chill raced down his spine as her sinister laughter reverberated through the office and penetrated the very fiber of his being.

Audrey snapped her fingers, and the contract that he signed moments before vanished into a cloud of dust. Her power-suit transformed into a short black dress.

“My name is Audrey, and I’m a six-hundred-year-old witch.”

Eric sat up on his bed, completely surrounded by darkness. The digital numbers on the alarm clock on his nightstand told him that it was the

middle of the night, and in just a few hours, he would start at his new job.

“Wait... what?” He rubbed his eyes, double- and triple-checking the date. He wasn’t misreading it at all. It was three-a.m. Monday morning. “Was it... was it just a dream, then?”

He fell back onto his bed and looked up at the dark ceiling. A faint glimmer of light filled his apartment from the moon outside his window. It was just enough to see the shape of his hand in the darkness.

Letting his arm fall to his side, he sighed heavily and closed his eyes to let sleep take him.

The morning came uneventfully.

He showered, got dressed, and drove to the building following the directions provided. He sighed with relief when it turned out to be a vastly different one than the building he visited in his dream.

There was no armed guard this time, either; just a rent-a-cop who waved him in without taking his eyes off of the book in his hands.

Eric shrugged and drove into the parking lot. There were no Lamborghinis or Ferraris; no Bentleys or Rolls-Royces; just a handful of luxury cars that could be seen driving around in any major city.

There was assigned parking, but he didn’t have his own spot. There was no place for him in the executive parking lot, and he frowned as he pulled into one of the only vacant ones he could find three levels down.

With plenty of time to spare, he walked slowly across the concrete structure, his steps echoing as he adjusted his tie, straightened his shirt, and stepped into the elevator.

He followed the pathway into the front of the building and into the lobby where he was greeted by a young woman behind the counter. The lobby was modest and Spartan, especially compared to the opulence displayed in his dreams.

The woman smiled at him as he approached and Eric smiled back. She

wasn't as attractive as the one in his dream, but she was pretty close. She had blonde hair pulled back into a ponytail with a clump of strands hanging freely in front of her ear.

She moved them back as he said hello.

"Your name, sir?"

"Eric. Today is my first day," he said, ignoring the nagging sense of déjà vu.

The woman looked away from him and typed away at her computer.

"Fourth floor, end of the hall, corner office. This keycard will give you access to the elevators."

Eric took the card from her and headed for the elevators.

"You'd better hurry, Eric!" The receptionist yelled to him from behind the desk. "Audrey doesn't tolerate tardiness!"

"What?!" Eric replied.

But it was too late. The doors of the elevator had closed and the metal box ascended to the fourth floor. It was only when they opened back up that Eric realized what she'd said.

Oh, shit. Did she say Audrey?!

"Sir? Hello?"

Eric snapped out of his panicked state and looked at the woman speaking to him. She was taller than him and wearing a long gray dress that stopped just above her knees. On her feet were black pumps and her brown hair was pulled back into a bun.

"Are you okay?" she asked, looking at him from behind her round, narrow framed glasses.

"Yes, sorry. I was lost in thought, that's all," he said, stepping out of the elevator.

“Are you by any chance Eric?”

“I am.”

“Great,” the woman replied, extending her hand. “I’m Audrey. I’m your boss. Pleasure to finally meet you.”

“Likewise,” Eric said, shaking her hand.

He sighed internally, relieved that she wasn’t the ebony-haired woman who has been haunting his dreams—the one who claimed to be a six-hundred-year-old witch who he just signed his life away to.

No, she looked different. She was slightly older, but still very attractive; a real corporate hottie.

“Follow me. I’ll give you the tour.”

The floor he was on looked like any other office. Cubicles with gray walls surrounded him, and men and women strode frantically in between them, carrying papers in their hands. Offices lined the walls, and each one had a small desk where a secretary worked.

As they walked, Eric realized that every secretary in the office was a woman—and a gorgeous one at that. No two looked alike.

They all looked up at him, smiled, and immediately went back to whatever it was that they were working on.

“Morning, Ms. Feana,” they would all say as his boss walked by.

Eric and Audrey stopped at the corner office.

“This one’s mine,” she said with a smile.

He looked away from her to the shining metal plaque on the wall next to the wooden double doors, swallowing when he read the title:

Ms. Audrey Feana, President and CEO.

She opened the doors and Eric’s jaw dropped. Audrey had her own private

office. There was a waiting room with a couch, some tables, and decorations. At the other end of the room was a large desk.

“That’s where you’ll sit,” she said, walking past him. “That door leads to my private office. It is to remain closed at all times. You’ll be doing typical secretarial work: answering phones, making appointments, and the like. Oh, and since you’re also my personal assistant, you’ll be doing pretty much anything else that I ask of you, as well.”

“I understand,” he replied, looking around the office.

“Are you ready for orientation?” Audrey asked, looking back at him over her shoulder.

“I am.”

“Good, then let’s get started.”

Eric turned toward her and watched her pull the pin out of her hair. His smile faded and his eyes went wide as her hair turned jet black.

“Much better,” she said.

She turned toward him, revealing her ashen eyes and ruby red lips.

“No... I thought...” Eric whimpered, backing away from her.

“You thought what? That it was all a dream? It was. But that doesn’t change the fact that you signed the contract.”

Audrey took a step toward him, and Eric turned and ran for the doors. He grabbed the knobs and pulled, but they wouldn’t budge.

She smiled as she sat down on the couch. “You’re only wasting time, Eric. My time.”

He tugged on the brass knobs one last time before letting go. His arms dropped to his sides and he shuffled over to her, defeated.

“Oh, cheer up. Working for me will be fun. First things first; since I know

you didn't read the contract, I will inform you. This is a secretary position, and I like my secretaries a little more... feminine."

She flicked her finger and Eric grimaced. His knees buckled together as he grabbed his waist. There was tightness in his abdomen and he felt himself shrivel up. But as quickly as the sensation came, it vanished, and Eric straightened himself up.

"What... what did you do to me?"

"Why don't you look and see?" Audrey snickered, motioning to his crotch.

Eric squinted as he fondled his groin through the fabric of his pants. Her laughter grew louder as the look on his face changed to sheer panic.

He unbuckled his belt and dropped his pants down to his ankles. Pulling away the waistband to his boxers, Eric screamed.

"What did you do to my dick?!"

"I took it away. I like my secretaries to have hot, wet cunts between their legs."

"You... you bitch!" Eric yelled.

"Wrong," she replied, waving her finger at him. Eric opened his mouth to curse at her some more, but the words failed to come. "In the pocket of your pants is something that I want you to put on."

He pulled his hand away from his throat and dug around in his pocket, slowly pulling the mysterious garment out.

Eric rolled his eyes. You've got to be fucking kidding me, he mouthed.

"Put them on, or I'll make you put them on."

He held the teal panties out in front of him and toyed with the fabric. They were light and delicate, with a little stretch to them. He looked at the panties and at his boss before tossing them at her and folding his arms in defiance.

“I was hoping you’d choose option B. It’s much more fun that way—for me, at least.”

Audrey stood up from the couch and smiled. She cracked her knuckles and stretched out her arms before picking up the panties and holding them out in front of her.

“I order you to strip completely and put the panties on.” She held her left arm up in the air as if commanding a puppet.

Eric’s eyes went wide as he watched his body mysteriously move on its own.

He looked at her, and then down at his arms and legs. Unbidden, his fingers loosened his tie and unbuttoned his shirt, and his feet kicked off his shoes. As he stared at her in fear and astonishment, Audrey grinned devilishly and continued to control his body.

He removed his tie and tossed his shirt aside before stepping out of his pants and boxers. He pulled off his socks and stood before her, completely naked and his face flushed.

“No... stop...” he managed to say. He continued to beg as his hand reached out and took the panties from her.

His body didn’t stop until both legs stepped through the leg holes and the panties were up as high as they could go. The fabric tickled the delicate folds of his pussy and he bit his lip from the pleasurable sensation.

Audrey stepped up to him and put her hand on the front of his panties, her index finger gently rubbing his pussy through the material.

“It looks like you remember that dream,” she purred.

“W-What dream?” he said, looking away.

“You know the one,” she answered, rubbing harder. “You had long blonde hair and perky, cream-colored breasts, and your moans were so sweet...”

“Ooohhhh,” he moaned as she continued to tease him.

“Yes, just like that. Moan for me, Eric.”

“Please... stop...” He squirmed helplessly, but could not evade her touch.

“Are you making demands of me? Who do you think you are?” She pulled her hand away from his dampened panties and rubbed her finger on his lips. **“Put your hands on the desk and bend over for me. I need to punish you for talking back.”**

“Y-Yes, Audrey.”

“Audrey?” she said, raising her eyebrow. **“Did I give you permission to address me as such? You are to call me Ms. Feana. Now, hands on the desk!”**

“I’m sorry, Ms. Feana,” Eric replied meekly. He turned away from her and placed his palms on the smooth, glossy wood of the desk.

“I’ll tell you what, Eric. If you manage to keep your screams muffled and you take your punishment like a good boy, I’ll give you back your precious cock—but only if you do something for me in return. Do we have a deal?”

“Yes, Ms. Feana.”

“Good,” she said, pulling down the waistband of his panties. She rubbed her hand on his ass gently before winding back.

Smack!

Eric bit down on his lip and muffled the sharp cry burgeoning in his lungs as he rocked forward on the desk. She was a lot stronger than she looked.

“Two,” she said, slapping his ass again.

He remained quiet for the rest of the spankings and after the tenth slap, Audrey relented and stepped away from his raspberry-colored ass.

“Nice job, Eric. You managed to keep quiet.”

“Do... do I get my cock back, Ms. Feana?” he whimpered, looking back at

her over his shoulder.

“You do.” She snapped her fingers, and Eric twitched as his groin grew hot and his manhood reappeared inside his soaking wet panties. “But if you want to keep it, you need to do something for me.”

“What is it?”

“Get dressed.” She waved her hand at the desk and Eric looked at the contents placed neatly across it.

“But—”

“No buts. If you want to keep your precious dick, put on the clothes.”

Eric sighed as he grabbed the first item from the desk. He held the dark stockings out in front of him.

He rubbed the sheer fabric with his thumbs before putting them on in the same fashion he’d seen women do it. The pair hugged his legs, wrapping them in a diaphanous layer of femininity. The dark mesh hid the blonde hair on his legs and Audrey grinned as she watched him get dressed.

With the stockings pulled all the way up his thighs, Eric grabbed the khaki skirt and wrapped it around his waist, zipping it up and straightening it. There was a faint plaid pattern on the fabric, and the hem went halfway down his thigh.

“Love how your legs look in those stockings,” Audrey teased.

Ignoring her compliment, Eric clasped the matching teal bra behind his back and put on the white blouse. He buttoned the sleeves and faced Audrey. The top was snug around his belly and shoulders, and the sleeves stopped just past his elbows.

“And the shoes,” she said, pointing to the box.

Eric removed the lid and pulled the shoes out. They were a pair of tan round-toe pumps that matched his skirt. He wobbled around in the five-inch heels, much to the enjoyment of the witch he now belonged to.

“Slutty shoes for my slutty secretary,” she said with a smirk. “Now Eric, why don’t you be a good boy and bend over so I can fuck you silly?”

Eric’s heart shuddered to a stop. “What?!”

“I said...” Audrey held up her hands and Eric once again lost control of his body. “...bend over!”

Eric swung around and rested his elbows on the desk, his ass in the air ready for the taking. He brought his chin to his chest and looked at her between his legs as she walked past him to the other side of the desk. She dug through the drawers, her eyes fixated on his.

“This is orientation, after all. I need to break in my new assistant.”

Eric’s eyes bulged out past their sockets as she pulled a strap-on out of the desk drawer. She unzipped her tight skirt and placed it neatly on the desk as she slowly harnessed the dildo around her tiny waist and wide, curvaceous hips.

His body was frozen stiff; hands on the desk, legs spread wide, ass in the air. The only thing he had control of was his head, and no matter where he looked, she was in his vision.

Audrey’s obsidian-black hair fell loose past her shoulders. The strands glistened in the light, falling just above her ample breasts shrouded beneath the fabric of a low, V-neck sweater.

They were perfect in Eric’s eyes. Large, round, and bouncy, the kind he could stare at for hours. Unfortunately for him, she kept her top on while she stepped into the leather harness and adjusted the straps.

The strap-on was double-ended, and Eric felt a rush of heat flow through him as he watched her insert the shorter, curvier end into her warm pussy. His dick throbbed in his panties when her little squeal of pleasure filled his ears.

His smile quickly faded when his eyes spotted the tiny electrical cord snaking out of the base of the toy to a small rectangular switch. He gulped and looked away from the eager witch to the desk in front of him.

Only once in his past relationships had the subject of pegging been broached. It was his most recent girlfriend who had mentioned it, but as excited as she was to try it, Eric quickly shot it down. He was a man, and men don't get fucked in the ass by women.

Maybe that's why this is happening to me.

He stared down at the desk in thought as the clicks from Audrey's high heels filled his ears. Eric lifted his head and whimpered at the cool application of lube.

She rubbed her finger around his clenched asshole, coating his skin with the clear goo.

"So tense. Why don't you relax a little, Eric? It'll make the process go smoother, and it'll be much more enjoyable for you that way." He moaned quietly as her finger slid into his asshole and pushed all the way up to her knuckle.

He jerked forward, his mouth open as her finger rubbed his prostate.

"Like that, don't you?" Audrey purred in his ear from behind him. "There are a lot of straight men who enjoy pegging. The prostate is the male g-spot, after all. Who wouldn't want that stimulated? But you won't be a straight male when I'm through with you."

"W-What do you mean?" he mumbled as she pulled her teasing finger out of him.

"Why ruin the surprise?" she said as she thrust her hips forward, completely stuffing his asshole with her dildo.

Eric regained control of his body, but all he could do was fall forward onto his elbows. His knees buckled and body rocked back and forth as Audrey thrust deeply into him, relentlessly pounding his ass with her pretty pink strap-on.

She fucked him with so much force that Eric could hardly breath, riding his ass like he was a wild stallion to be broken in by her thick, veiny dildo. She held the reins, and he was just along for the ride.

His jaw hung slack as he tried his hardest to stop himself from moaning at the insurmountable pleasure that came from being penetrated. He felt so full, and vulnerable in ways he had never experienced before. Part of him even felt complete. He bit on his hand, stifling the cry that came when she slapped his ass.

But it was when she flipped on the vibrator that his walls came crashing down.

He heard the click from the switch, and before he could prepare, the vibrations wriggled through his snug walls, and his body was pushed over the edge toward erotic oblivion.

It was too much. Too wonderful. He was losing control of his mind and body quickly.

“Oh god, yes!” he screamed as his cock hardened instantly. The head poked out of the waistband of his panties and gobs of precum flowed from his tip.

“Does my little slut like that?” Audrey hissed through clenched teeth. She slapped his ass. “Beg for more!”

She thrust into him so hard that the desk moved underneath him. He leaned forward, raising his ass as high as it could go, his breath leaving fleeting ghosts of his passionate exhortations on the polished surface of the wood.

His knees threatened to give out on him as she turned up the vibrations. Eric knew he was on the brink of cumming, and if she kept this up, he wouldn’t be able to hold back.

Before he could even finish the thought, he felt his balls tense and the pressure build.

“Oh god, I’m cumming!” he cried out.

“Good! Cum for me, slut!” she commanded.

The dam inside him burst, and his hot, sticky cum gushed out of his dick and onto the desk, shooting so far that it almost landed in his wide-open mouth. Eric spasmed and writhed, gobs of his lust oozing out as the

sensation of rapture filled him to the tips of his fingers and toes. His head swam in carnal ecstasy, but even with his load blown, Audrey continued to fuck him.

“Time for round two!” she said, pulling out of his ass. Eric was almost sorry to feel her go.

She grabbed his hips and turned him toward her. His skirt was bunched up at his waist and his panties hung at his knees.

Audrey put her hand on his chest and mumbled something Eric didn’t quite understand. He tried to make out what she was saying, but his focus shifted from her voice to the sharp pain that shot through his body.

She back away from him and he doubled over, groaning as he felt his insides rearrange themselves.

“What... what did you do to me?” he grunted.

“I said that when I was finished with you, you wouldn’t be a straight man,” she answered smugly.

Eric straightened up and watched as his chest swelled up just as it had in his dream. Perky C-cup breasts filled the cups of his bra, pushing out against his blouse and threatening to pop the buttons.

The tightness around his stomach vanished as he thinned out. His waist narrowed, creating a smooth curve between it and his widening hips. His ass rounded out and ripened, filling out the curves of his skirt. The tightness in his groin could have only meant one thing, and lifting up the hem of his dress, he watched his cock and balls shrivel up and disappear inside his body, replaced by a sopping wet cunt.

He looked away from his new pussy to his fingers, watching as they become more slender and his nails grew long and manicured.

He lifted his hands to the golden locks tickling his ears and realized his hair had grown down past his shoulders.

“You turned me into a chick!” Eric covered his mouth, startled at the

honey-sweet female voice that flowed from his pouty lips. He blinked, his iceberg-blue eyes staring at Audrey with confusion and panic.

“I said you wouldn’t be a male when I was through with you,” she repeated, placing her hands on her hips. “Now, why don’t you plop that round ass of yours onto the desk so we can finish what we’ve started?”

Eric looked down at his new female body, taking in his long, smooth legs; his mouth-watering curves; his eye-catching breasts. He ran his fingers through his silky blonde hair. I look like the women in my dreams!

“Will it hurt?” he asked, his voice quiet and shy. It was strange hearing this soft, sexy voice coming out of his mouth, but as weird as it was, it was also soothing. It was the kind of voice he could listen to all day.

“Only in the beginning,” Audrey answered, her eyes hungrily scanning every inch of his creamy buttermilk skin. “But once you push past it, the pain gives way to marvelous pleasure, and you forget all about it.”

“There’s no getting out if this, is there?” He looked back at the desk and the pools of cum splattered across the surface, the only evidence that he’d ever had a cock—that he was ever a man.

“It’s not all that bad,” she assured him. “Besides, working for me has its perks. For one, I am a witch, and that opens up a whole realm of things that a normal woman can’t do. Like this.”

Audrey snapped her fingers and Eric went weak in the knees. He had to grab onto the desk in order to stop himself falling. His whole body was on fire and his skin glowed. His face was cherry red as he looked around the office, light-headed.

What is this feeling? I... I feel so... horny!

“Are you aching, Eric? Or should I say: Erica?”

Audrey took another step forward and a second wave of erotic energy passed through him. He looked at her and found his gaze lingering on her cock.

Why can't I take my eyes off of it? I... I want it so badly.

“Well? Shall we seal the deal?”

“Y-Yes, Ms. Feana,” Eric said, biting his lip. He was burning up, his body hungry, craving her toy cock. He wanted to be stuffed so badly.

Regaining control of his body, he heaved himself onto the desk and looked to his boss expectantly.

“Look at you, so eager and willing! Hard to believe you were once a man.” Audrey grinned as she pulled his soaking wet panties off of his legs and held them in front of him. “Look at the mess you made!”

“I... I’m sorry, Ms. Feana,” Eric whimpered, batting his lashes.

Audrey licked her lips. “Sorry ain’t going to cut it, slut. Spread ‘em!”

Eric opened his legs, exposing the hot, wet sheath between them. She rubbed the insides of his thighs as she lined up the head of her cock with his quivering entrance and pressed it against his delicate lips.

“How bad do you want it?” she whispered.

Eric whimpered. “Please... please fuck me, Ms. Feana.”

“Oh? I’m not convinced,” she said, rubbing her shaft between his inner folds.

“I want it so bad!” he cried, wriggling his hips against hers. “Please, fuck me!” Eric fell back onto his elbows as he moaned, pushing his cunt forward toward his boss’ dick.

“Now that’s what I’m talking about!” she praised, grinning wide.

Eric threw his head back and cried out as she plunged into him, filling his sopping wet cunt with her smooth, thick cock.

She thrust deep into him, grinning from ear to ear as she watched him succumb to the pleasure of being fucked like the dirty little sluts he always

dreamed of. Eric's inner walls gripped her meaty cock, pulling it in deeper and not letting it go. Audrey rocked back and forth, rolling her hips and picking up the pace as his cunt desperately milked her.

"Are you ready, slut?" she asked him, her voice strained with pleasure.

Eric looked up at her through half-closed eyes. He was in a daze, his mind flooded with bliss as she ploughed him ravenously. Never before had he felt this wonderful. As good as it was fucking a woman, being fucked as one was a thousand times better.

How could he ever go back to being a man? Would Audrey even give him the chance to return to his old self? If she did offer it to him, would he even take her up on it after experiencing the heavenly rapture that came from having his pussy fucked?

The flip of the switch and the pulsating rhythm from the vibrations cleared his mind of all thought. The only thing he could focus on was the pleasure and how wonderful it felt. It touched him to the very core of his being, reverberating throughout his body from the tips of his toes and his fingers to the crown of his head.

"Oh, god!" He threw his back into the air, lifting his hips off of the desk as he plummeted into an abyss of ecstasy. His eyes rolled back into his head as his pussy shuddered violently, spraying Audrey's dick with a torrent of his sweet juices.

Eric shuddered as the last of the waves subsided and he stared up at the ceiling, his body quivering and his heart beating furiously. His breasts bounced with the rhythm of his pulse, eliciting quiet simpers from between his full, sumptuous lips.

Audrey pulled out of him and the buzzing of the toy filled his ears like the distant hum of a beehive. She flipped the switch off and put her hands on her hips.

"Well Eric, orientation is over. Now put your panties back on and get cleaned up," she said, looking at her watch. "I have an appointment in twenty minutes and I don't want my guest seeing you all sexed up."

“Yes... Ms. Feana,” Eric whimpered as he slid off of the slippery desk. He bent down and picked up his panties, shuddering as the still-wet fabric pressed up against his dripping pussy. Beads of lust slid down his legs as he wobbled behind the desk and plopped down on the leather chair.

He barely had a minute to compose himself before there was a knock on the door. It opened only a moment later, and Eric scrambled to tidy himself. His eyes widened when he spotted the pool of cum on the desk.

Grabbing a tissue, he wiped up the ejaculate and tossed it into the trash before the visitor knew what just happened. He stared at Eric and smiled.

“Have a seat, sir,” Eric said to the man.

“Thank you, miss,” he said in turn.

“Ms. Feana, your appointment is here,” Eric said into the phone.

“Send him in, Erica,” she replied.

He twitched, his legs squeezing together as the burning heat passed through his body.

“Go on in, sir,” he said, trying to hide his discomfort.

“Thank you, miss,” the man said, walking past him into Audrey’s office.

Eric moaned the second the door closed and he fell forward onto the desk, exhaling deeply. And this is just the first day!

AFTERWORD

Thank you for reading *Working for a Witch*, I hope you enjoyed it!

For updates and more, follow me on Twitter @SashaDylena