

A woman with long blonde hair is walking on a cobblestone street. She is wearing a white short-sleeved top, a black knee-length skirt with a side slit, and silver high-heeled pumps. She is carrying a silver clutch bag. The background is a blurred street scene with buildings.

# Belonging to the Billionaire

She Turned Him Into a  
Bimbo Secretary

Lisa Change

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I The city unrolled outside the window, a moving diorama of light and shade. It was morning, and the polished windows of the skyscrapers sent the sun's rays bouncing down into the street below, casting intricate patterns of light on the sidewalks, on the road, on the hot dog vendors' carts.

Sat inside the back of his chauffeured car, Blake Stonehouse gazed out the window and saw precisely none of it.

*I can't believe I agreed to this*, he thought.

He was a handsome man, rugged. A square jaw. Dark, peppery hair. Stubble that was just beginning to see the first flecks of gray appear in it.

He was manicured. Dressed to a fault in chinos and a pale blue shirt, its top button casually undone. An expensive blue blazer done up by a single button effortlessly showed off his taste. He stank of money.

But that was just outside appearances. An onlooker would never have guessed that Blake was quietly panicking. That the reek of money might not hang around him much longer.

Not after Karen was through with him.

A pale, dainty hand reached up, gently caressed one of Blake's lined cheeks. Curled up beside him, Maria solemnly watched him with her youthful blue eyes.

"What's wrong, daddy?"

She let one long-nailed finger drift casually down his jawline, down his neck. Began running it along his clavicle, hoping for a reaction.

Hoping Blake would take her in his arms. Would repeat those phrases he'd whispered the night before. The ones he always whispered when he and Maria were alone together these days.

*Dumb bitch*, Blake thought, not looking at her. *Christ, who knew a secretary could be so needy?*

"Come on, Daddy," Maria's voice was soft, her lips almost brushing his ear. "You can tell your little girl."

Beside her, Blake closed his eyes.

*Not now. Not when I'm about to see her again.*

Ever since Blake had first seduced his silly, 22-year old secretary, he'd been forced to endure these stupid nicknames. 'Daddy'. 'Your little girl'.

It was enough to make you retch. Under the normal course of things, Blake would've been more than happy to ditch and fire the annoying little airhead.

But these weren't exactly normal circumstances.

For one thing, you only had to look at Maria to realize she was a catch, even for someone like Blake who constantly had women throwing themselves at him.

She was dynamite. A tall, elegant Eastern European girl with wide, innocent eyes, pouty little lips, and perfect blond hair that fell in voluminous curls over her shoulders. Her frame was slender. Her legs long. Her ass pert.

And her chest...

...well, let's just say it wasn't exactly her *personality* Blake had fallen for.

*Don't forget the sex*, his brain prompted him. *There's that, too.*

Blake had to agree. It wasn't just that Maria looked *great* naked. It wasn't just that she gave the best-damn blowjob he'd ever had.

It was that she was so *submissive*.

Blake had never had a girl so willing to be dominated before. A girl so willing to trade her dignity in to satisfy the cravings in her pussy, to do whatever her master told her to do.

It was like this 22-year old was his personal sex slave. A woman who existed only to make him come.

And, no matter how annoying she was away from the sack, Blake wasn't about to let that sort of power go.

At least, not while Karen was still around.

"You're worried, aren't you?" Maria whispered, in her faint foreign accent that had once intoxicated Blake's brain. "Having to see that... that *bitch* again."

She leaned right against him, her head on his shoulder, her heavy breasts lying against his strong arm.

"Poor baby."

*You got that right, at least*, Blake silently muttered to himself, *anyone who has to deal with this bitch is certainly poor.*

Karen was the other factor complicating Blake's life these days.

Like him, she was smart, successful. Like him, she was determined, going for what she wanted with all the focus of a shark chasing its prey.

And, like him, she had the surname Stonehouse.

Even now, nearly a year after they started divorce proceedings, it still amazed Blake that he'd ever married Karen.

She was beautiful, there was no doubt about that. With her flowing dark hair, pornstar breasts, tight waist and sculpted cheekbones, Karen had been one of the hottest rising stars at Blake's company. He'd handpicked her from a gaggle of women to show as the perfect trophy wife. A way of making the other male CEOs insane with jealousy.

And therein lay the problem. Karen wasn't a trophy wife. She was easily Blake's equal, in drive and intelligence.

And Blake didn't like intelligent women one little bit.

Blake moved restlessly in his seat. He could still remember the day it happened. The look on Karen's face as she opened the door. The way her mouth dropped open into a little 'o', before crumpling up with rage.

He'd tried to keep her away from the company, he really had. After they got married, he'd told her he would take care of everything, that she didn't have to work anymore. She'd argued, but he'd been able to convince her.

For two years. After that, she'd started moving back towards business, back towards claiming her life back.

Blake knew she'd still been hoping, even then, that they'd work something out. That she'd get to go back to being a corporate high-flier instead of a piece of arm candy.

He knew she'd loved him. Really loved him.

But by then he'd already met Maria.

The pressure of Maria's firm breasts on his arm was beginning to make Blake hard. He gently crossed his legs, hoping to stop the flow of blood into his penis, not wanting to get out in the middle of New York with a bulging erection in his pants.

Maria shifted her weight slightly against him. For a second, there was nothing, and then Blake felt one of her dainty hands start gently massaging his crotch.

"Does Daddy like that?" She breathed in his ear.

Blake gave a jerky little nod his mistress might not even have noticed. There was no

point in denying it.

He really *did* like everything Maria did for him.

He'd hired her without an interview after the agency sent her as cover for one of his PA's personal days. It had been a personal day that extended into forever after Blake got a good look at Maria.

Everything about her had driven him wild. Her beauty. Her youthful naivety. The way she was so... so *submissive*.

'Yes sir' this. 'No sir' that. 'Right away, sir'. Never looking him in the eyes without permission. Deliberately bending over right in front of his eyes, showing off that wonderful ass of hers.

Within twenty four hours of hiring her, Blake had been fucking his bombshell secretary right on his desk. His cock pounding into her tight, virgin pussy as she struggled to obediently hold back her cries of pleasure, just like her new boss had ordered her to.

They'd been in an identical position three months later when Karen walked in and everything exploded.

*Did we really get together over a year ago?* Blake thought, turning to look deep into Maria's submissive blue eyes, *it sure doesn't feel that long...*

Over a year now. Over a year since Karen had been tipped off by that anonymous email to his affair. Over a year since she had started divorce proceedings against him. Over a year since she promised to ruin him financially.

Over a year since the lawyers' calls had started. Over a year since Blake had realized Karen wasn't bluffing and he was standing on the edge of financial Armageddon.

And now here they were. Heading to a secret meeting Karen had arranged in a borrowed penthouse apartment. One Blake had only agreed to go to when his ex-wife indicated she might be willing to call her lawyers off if he attended.

A meeting where anything could happen.

Maria was watching him now, her eyes wide and innocent. Biting her lower lip. Desperate to obey. *Desperate* to be dominated.

"Daddy's got an order for his little girl," Blake murmured.

With one hand, he slowly undid his zipper. Then he reached inside his pants and pulled out something thick and hard and long.

"Get sucking," he breathed.

Gently, Maria lowered herself into the plush, carpeted foot well. She delicately brushed one long strand of hair out her eyes. Then she parted her lips and took Blake inside her mouth.

Outside, the city unfurled in a blur. Blake gazed out the tinted window, barely seeing any of it. Barely noticing anything except the pleasurable feeling of Maria, slobbering all over his dick, and the steady drumbeat in his head as he thought of Karen.

Thought of how he'd use this meeting to finally turn the tables on her and save his fortune.

Five minutes later, as Maria obediently swallowed his sperm, Blake leaned back and closed his eyes, suddenly certain this meeting was going to go *perfectly*.

\*

The penthouse stood at the very top of a famous skyscraper that loomed over the downtown area.

As the elevator whisked upwards, Blake casually leaned back against the doors and watched the city drop away beside him. One whole wall of the elevator was glass, and seeing New York reduce in seconds to a child's toy set was one of the few things that morning to make him smile.

*Look at those dots*, he thought, idly, glancing down at the crowd of people below, *going about their pointless little lives*.

For a second, he had a strange idea that he'd be able to pick Maria out in the crowd. That his obedient little secretary would look up from her space by the car and smile at him.

But, of course, he couldn't pick her out among the billions of ants swarming across the city. Couldn't discern her pointless little life from that of all the other quiet, desperate people shifting around her.

The elevator stopped at the 82<sup>nd</sup> floor.

"Blake. Darling!" The words swirled into the elevator almost before the doors had started opening. "How *wonderful* to see you."

"Hello, Karen," Blake muttered, turning to face his ex-wife.

Karen was standing *just* outside the elevator's gold doors with a sharp, almost tipsy smile on her beautiful features. Her slender body was hidden away inside a sexy little black cocktail dress that left a *ton* of leg on display.

She looked beautiful. More than beautiful. Stunning. Powerful.

And Blake didn't like it one little bit.

"You know," smiled Karen, taking his arm as Blake stepped out into the marble corridor, "I really didn't think you'd come. You always *were* a bit of a coward, weren't you, dear?"

"What's that supposed to mean?" Blake hated the way his ex-wife could always wrong foot him.

*I'll show her*, he thought, trying not to grind his teeth, *I'll show her you don't fuck with a billionaire...*

"Oh, you know." Karen's heels *clacked* against the floor as they walked, "seducing your secretary. Not being man enough to tell me about it. Screwing her behind my back."

She let out a light little laugh, her dark hair bouncing off her bare shoulder blades.

"Just think, Blake Stonehouse, scared of a *girl*."

Beside her, Blake glowered. He'd forgotten just how trying spending as little as a minute with Karen could be.

The penthouse suite was as big and expensive as Blake had been expecting. Every conceivable surface was either marble or tastefully-finished expensive wood. The chairs were leather. There were chandeliers on the ceilings. One far wall was nothing but glass.

*She must've rented it*, Blake found himself thinking nonchalantly, *even if she took me for everything she could, Karen couldn't afford this place.*

Especially not when her billionaire husband had made a special effort to sneak as much of his savings as possible into an offshore account.

"You were never just *any* girl, though, were you Karen?" Blake said mildly.

His ex-wife turned and flashed her eyes at him.

"What's *that* supposed to mean, darling husband?"

Blake shrugged. Karen's arm was still hooked through his. He felt like he was holding onto a corpse.

*At least one that's dead inside...*

"You never were very... *feminine*, were you?" At the sight of Karen's face, he quickly

backtracked. “OK, sure, you always looked *great* and took care of yourself, I can admit that.”

He paused briefly, like a man collecting his thoughts.

“I guess what I meant was you never... *acted* like a girl. It was always power with you, wasn’t it, Karen? You didn’t want to just stay home and be a wife. You had to be a...”

“A what?”

“A *man*,” Blake finished, grimly.

Arm-in-arm, the couple stepped up to the sheer glass window.

It was angled slightly, so if you leaned forward you felt like you might go tumbling down into the street below. New York unfurled before them, glittering, heaving, throbbing with life. The greatest city in the world.

“Interesting you should say that,” Karen said softly, looking straight ahead. “Is that all being a man is to you, my darling Blake? Pursuit of power? Ruthlessness? Not wanting to be some... some *wife*.”

She almost spat the word.

“Well, there’s more to it than *that*,” Blake replied. “But sure. I guess. There’s a reason you don’t see many chicks in the boardroom after all.”

Deep within the glass, Karen’s reflection smiled out at him. She looked like a ghost, floating high over the city. An ancient, terrible Goddess looking down on her underlings, far below.

*I suppose that’s why we build these things. To pretend we’re Gods...*

There was a long pause.

“Maybe you’re right,” Karen whispered beside him, “maybe I *do* have a masculine side. Hmmm... Non-binary. How very *modern* of me.”

Her smile grew crueler.

“But if I’m a *man*, Blake my dear,” she said sweetly, “what does that make *you*?”

Now it was Blake’s turn to frown.

“What do you mean?”

*Mind games. Why do we always wind up playing mind games?*

He didn't really want to know what Karen meant. He wanted to talk about money. He wanted to tell this uppity bitch she wouldn't be getting a penny and storm out, go back downstairs, back to where Maria was obediently waiting for him...

But, of course, he couldn't do any such thing.

Not while Karen's lawyers still had him teetering on the edge.

"Well, just look at you." Karen's smile was wider now, filled with mocking laughter.

"*You're* not a man, are you? No *man* would come crawling to his ex-wife like this. No *man* would act like you do, skulking around with that whore of yours."

Blake finally turned to face his wife. Karen looked up at him with a sweet smile on her face.

"Are you calling me a coward?"

At the word 'coward' Karen's eyes gave a little twinkle.

"Not quite," she smiled.

Abruptly, she turned away from the window.

"Come, husband," she demanded. "Let's talk business."

Instinctively, Blake followed her, trailing along behind her like an obedient little dog. Inside he kicked himself for automatically following Karen's orders.

*It's like I'm her pet or something*, he fumed. *Or worse yet, her secretary...*

Karen casually dropped down into a leather armchair with a faint sigh, crossing her slender legs. A tiny table laid out with a small silver tray topped with two full champagne flutes stood before it.

Karen indicated them.

"Sit."

Reluctantly, Blake took the glass closest to him and gingerly sat down on the hard backed wooden chair Karen had left out for him. It was uncomfortable as heck.

*More games.*

"So," Karen said. "Let's talk business."

"Agreed." Blake nodded.

At last, something he could understand.

"My lawyers have looked over your proposals," he said, carefully keeping the emotion

out his voice. “And they’ve decided what you’re asking for is simply out of the question.”

Karen carefully raised one sculpted eyebrow.

“Why’s that?”

“It’s been a bad year on the stock market, as you know. There just isn’t that much money left, I’m afraid...”

*Because it’s all sitting in a bank in the Virgin Islands...*

Blake calmly took a sip of champagne. It tasted weird – like it was cheaper stuff sitting in an expensive bottle or something.

“You’re welcome to half of the remaining amount,” he went on, “but if you think it’s enough to make you a millionaire...”

“Oh, I don’t think that at all.”

Karen picked up her own glass in one dainty hand, an amused look on her features.

“I don’t want *money*, my darling husband,” she said. “Well, OK, I *do*. A lot. But...”

She gave Blake another creepy little smile that sent shivers down his spine.

“...there’s something else I want a lot *more*.”

*Yeah, right.*

Blake gave a little, audible snort.

“Something funny, husband?”

“Sure is.” Blake shook his head, looking round the vast apartment with its gold leaf statues and expensive paintings. “I mean, you don’t *look* like you don’t want money, y’know?”

He shot his ex-wife a shit-eating grin.

“How much did you pay to pretend you were queen of this place for a day, huh? Five? Six? Over *ten* K?”

To his surprise, Karen didn’t rise to the bait. Instead, she took a delicate little sip of her champagne.

“I think you misunderstand, my darling,” she continued, leaning back. “I *do* want money. I always have. What I *don’t* want...”

She let the words hang in the air.

“Is *your* money.”

There was a silence that seemed to fill the entire apartment, echoing off the marble until it became deafening.

*What’s she playing at...?*

Blake forced up a smile. He was suddenly feeling a little queasy.

“Is that true? That’s a weight off my mind. In that case, I suppose I’d better...”

“I don’t want your money because you don’t have any,” Karen said, calmly. “Not anymore.”

Blake froze. A trickle of ice started to crawl up his spine.

“What the hell are you jawing about?” Even *with* the transactions to the Virgin Islands, it should still look like he had at *least* half a mil in savings.

In response, Karen gave a mysterious smile. She glanced round the apartment.

“To answer your earlier question, I didn’t borrow this.”

She winked at him.

“It’s *mine*. I paid for it. I own it.”

Blake furrowed his brow.

“How the *hell* did you manage...?”

“Oh, that’s right.” Karen giggled. “I forgot to tell you.”

She picked up her champagne flute again.

“I’m a billionaire now. With a *b*. Cheers.”

She raised her glass, then knocked its contents back all at once. She frowned at Blake’s glass.

“What are you waiting for, drink up.”

Blake wasn’t even listening.

Karen. A *billionaire*. It was impossible. It was a joke. It was...

“I’m a billionaire,” Karen continued as her coughing fit subsided, “and *you* are a pauper. A penniless little *bitch* who needs my money to stay afloat.”

Her eyes narrowed.

“Isn’t that right?”

*She's gone mad, Blake marveled. She's gone totally bonkers. It's like her mind has just-And then he heard the words coming out of his mouth and nearly had a heart attack.*

"Yes, mistress," Blake heard himself say in an oddly prim, prissy way. "I'm your penniless little bitch."

At the look of shock that entered Blake's eyes, Karen threw back her head and cackled.

"If you could see your face..." She said, her words muffled by her giggles.

Across from her, Blake's eyes had gone wide. He grabbed wildly at his throat, wondering what the hell had just happened.

*I didn't mean to say that...*

Uneasily, he tried to carry on with the conversation, hoping against hope that his response had just been a slip, something conjured by his busy, distracted brain.

"You're not a billionaire, Karen, and I'm *not* your bitch. I'm my own man and I'm leaving!"

At least, that's what Blake meant to say.

What came out was something *very* different.

"You're a billionaire, mistress. And I'm your obedient little bitch. I'm a *girl* and I'll do *anything* you tell me to."

Blake gave a cry, a helpless, pained howl. He glanced wildly at the champagne flute clasped in his hand.

*She's poisoned me!* He realized. *I have to...!*

But he couldn't do it. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't put down the glass.

It was like his own body was suddenly rebelling against him.

"Very well, I see my potion is working." Karen gave him a level smile. "Perhaps it's time to explain to you what's happening."

She straightened up, her eyes cruelly flashing.

"Remember when I told you that I was descended from witches? I think you thought it was joke, didn't you?"

Blake didn't move. Didn't even acknowledge he'd heard her.

He was too afraid of what might come out his mouth if he did.

Karen playfully arched an eyebrow.

"I'll take that as a 'yes' then. Well, *husband*," she spat the word, like it was poison, "there was one part I *didn't* tell you."

Her smile was changing now. Becoming vicious. Predatory.

"It was true, all of it. My grandmothers were both witches. And *that* means..."

Her eyes narrowed.

"So am *I*."

Sat opposite her, Blake felt a cold wave unfurl over his body. He wanted to close his eyes. To block out the madness. To do *anything* but go on listening to this... this insanity!

"At my birth," Karen was saying, "my grandmothers blessed me with the power to make *three* wishes come true across my lifetime. I could make them whenever I wanted. And I could make *anything* happen. I just had to be sure not to waste them."

She gave a dark chuckle.

"I think they thought I was going to wish for a pony, a boyfriend and a lovely little house. Something like that. But they were wrong. I had *ambition*."

As Karen spoke, Blake realized he was sweating. He felt like a man in fever. His limbs were trembling, his stomach doing backflips.

*What the hell's she done to me?!*

"My first wish came when I was just twelve," Karen was saying. "I wished I would grow up to be the beautiful wife of a rich, powerful man and live in New York and have everything I ever wanted."

She gave Blake a mocking look.

"Well, it worked alright. I *am* beautiful, aren't I?"

"Yes, mistress," Blake heard himself simper.

He grabbed his free hand across his mouth, trying to stop these awful words from coming out, but it was hopeless. He could no more stop himself from talking than he could grow an extra head.

"You're the most *beautiful* woman in the world, mistress. You're-you're a *goddess*."

"Oh *do* shut up," Karen sneered. "Christ, you're pathetic."

Immediately, Blake felt his mouth snap shut, so fast he nearly bit his tongue off. With wild eyes he stared at the woman who used to be his wife.

*How is she doing this?* He wondered in dread, *how can one woman do this to... to a man?*

“The trouble was the *rest* of the wish,” Karen continued, clearly enjoying Blake’s helplessness. “I got a husband, sure. But he was a cheating scumbag. He was rich, yes. But *I* wasn’t. For a while, I convinced myself I was happy.”

“And then you went ahead and cheated on me. And I realized I would *never* be happy with you.”

Karen giggled.

“At least, not in your *current* form.”

*What the hell does she mean?*

Karen smiled sweetly at Blake.

“I guess you’re wondering what I meant by that. Fortunately, you won’t have to wait long to find out.”

She glanced casually at the expensive watch dangling from her wrist.

“The changes should be starting any minute. Don’t try to ask ‘what changes’, the magic won’t let you talk. Suffice to say, that *wasn’t* champagne you were drinking. It was something my grandmothers left me to use if I ever saw the need. Something that I think will complement my latest wish *perfectly*.”

The tremors were shooting out to every part of Blake’s body now. He groaned as sweat rolled down his forehead.

What the hell was *wrong* with him? He felt like he was going to pass out, like he was going to vomit...

“I wished I was a billionaire,” Karen was saying. “And that you would never have a single penny to your name again. I was going to leave it at that, but then I remember that... *secretary* of yours.”

The smile was gone from her face now. For the first time since he’d entered the penthouse, Blake saw Karen’s brow darken with anger.

He gave a little squeak. She looked *terrifying*.

“Look at you,” Karen was whispering now. “Blake Stonehouse. The billionaire who needs a silly little bimbo to run around after him and sort his appointments and suck his

cock like the brainless whore she is.”

“Well, you know what, Blake?” She said, triumphantly. “Maybe I need to take a leaf from your book, huh?”

Then suddenly, she was pointing right at him, a demonic look in her beautiful eyes.

“I *order* you to drink that now!”

It was like his hands were moving of their own accord. With robotic movements, Blake tilted his head back and poured the rest of the champagne down his throat.

Only now it was clear that it *wasn't* champagne. Just one little sip of this strange-tasting liquid had made Blake into a simpering slave who obeyed Karen's *every* command.

As he helplessly chugged the rest down, he couldn't help but wonder in terror what drinking the *rest* of it would do.

“There,” Karen said as he set the empty glass back down, “isn't that better?”

She smiled at his obvious panic.

“You may speak,” she said.

It was like an invisible hand had just let go of Blake's throat. He drank in a gulp of air and turned wild, scared eyes onto his witch of an ex-wife.

“What the hell *is* that stuff?” He gasped.

“Mistress?” He heard himself add in disgust.

In response, Karen simply leaned back, a smile on her perfect features, her dark eyes flashing with laughter.

“That?” She whispered. “That is my magic potion. A very *special* potion that does some *very* impressive things.”

“Like what, mistress?” Blake hated himself for calling Karen mistress, but right now he didn't care.

He *had* to know what he'd just drank.

“We-ell,” Karen deliberately drew the word out, enjoying his impatience. “It depends on who drinks it. For example, if *I'd* drunk it, I'd be expecting a *much* different outcome to the one you're about to experience, Blake.”

“*What* outcome?!” Blake exploded. “*What* am I about to experience?”

“*Mistress.*” He added with a growl.

“Oh Blake,” Karen sighed, “oh Blake, Blake, Blake. I’m surprised you didn’t pick up on the little clues.”

*What clues?* Blake wanted to scream, but Karen was already talking again.

“Calling you my bitch. Saying you weren’t a man. I wasn’t just trying to *goad* you, you know?”

She smiled again, that same, awful witch’s smile.

“I was letting you know what I was about to do to you. What my potion would turn you into.”

Her smile grew wider than ever, the corners pulling Karen’s pouty lips up into a hideous grin.

“I don’t want a *man* as my personal secretary, darling. It wouldn’t be right, would it? You doing such *feminine* work.”

“What do you mean?” Blake whispered. But he had a horrible idea he already knew where this was going.

“I *meant*,” Karen giggled, “that the potion you just drank doesn’t just let me *control* people. It *transforms* them. Into their opposite gender.”

She looked him right in the eye.

“Which means *you’re* about to turn into a beautiful girl.”

II The hideous silence that followed was punctured only by the sound of Blake's pulse, thudding out a rhythm in his forehead.

He looked in horror from the empty glass before him to Karen, watching him with laughter in her eyes.

*It couldn't be possible. It was insane! Against the laws of nature. There was no way Karen could make him into a... into a...*

And then he looked deep into his ex-wife's bewitching brown eyes and realized she wasn't lying.

"I see you believe me," Karen murmured. "Good. In that case, now might be the perfect time to get started."

Suddenly, her whole demeanor changed.

"Stand up!" She barked at him.

Immediately, Blake felt his body leap forward, his legs straighten and his back go ramrod straight. Next thing he knew, he was standing to attention, looking at Karen in horror.

"Now take your clothes off."

Blake's hands began moving of their own accord. His fingers leaped up and attacked the buttons of his shirt, pulled at his blazer, clawed at his pants.

In no time at all, Blake was stood completely naked before Karen, his cock dangling free, a look of utter terror etched across his handsome features.

"Mmm... look at you," Karen giggled, getting to her feet.

She crossed the room, stood just before Blake. Let one tiny hand drift down until it was playing with the tip of his dick. To his shame, Blake felt himself getting hard.

"I'd forgotten how well equipped you were," his ex-wife sighed, looking up at him with a mocking smile. "Shame to waste it like this."

Her eyes hardened.

"But then, you always *were* a massive dick, weren't you, Blake?"

"Yes, mistress," he heard himself whisper.

It felt so wrong. Having Karen jerk him off like this when he was completely under her

spell. When he was about to lose his manhood forever.

But he couldn't help himself. Karen had *always* known how to work a guy. Even stood here, like some soldier awaiting orders, he couldn't stop himself.

"Mmm..." Karen whispered, smiling up at him, "this is so much *better*, isn't it? Me being in charge. I almost *wish* I'd kept you as a man now. You could be my toy. We could do this every day."

Blake's cock was rock hard now. He could feel the blood flowing out his head, into his crotch. Feel that woozy sense of detachment. That feeling that *something* was about to happen, that climax was just around the corner.

*Oh fuck!* He realized. *I'm gonna come!*

Abruptly Karen snatched her hand away.

"Enough," she snapped. "It's time to get this show on the road."

She sneered down at Blake's big, fat cock pointing helplessly into the sky.

"Now, how did my grandmothers tell me to activate this whole thing again? What was it, my little abracadabra...? Oh, yes!"

Her eyes lit up.

*"Transform."*

Blake followed her eye line and gave a yelp of horror.

His penis was *shrinking*. Before his eyes it turned floppy, shriveled up and retracted into his body, pulling his balls up with it.

Blake helplessly tried to grab it and stop it from vanishing, but it slipped through his fingers and disappeared. For a moment, there was nothing but smooth skin between his legs. Then came a sound like Velcro ripping and suddenly Blake was the proud owner of a brand new pussy.

Blake goggled at the thing between his legs. At the two plump little lips dangling either side of a tight, moist little hole. He looked up pleadingly at Karen.

"No! Karen. Mistress. *Please!*" he whimpered.

Karen arched one eyebrow at him and shook her head.

"Not a chance," she said, flatly.

The tremors in Blake's limbs were growing now, radiating out to every single part of his body.

He watched in fascinated horror as his skin began to twitch and squirm, like there were hundreds of creatures moving just under the surface.

Then the changes began and Blake's thoughts were eclipsed by blind panic.

A grinding sensation unfurled across his lower body, painless yet unpleasant. Before his eyes Blake watched helplessly as his hips began to grow, *pushing* outwards, making room for his brand new birth canal.

His ribcage pushed upwards and expanded slightly, just as the fat dribbled away from his sides, leaving him with a nice, tight waist. In fright, Blake realized he suddenly had an hourglass figure.

"Oh God, please!"

"Oh *do* be quiet," Karen yawned, "it's so boring listening to you go on like that."

Suddenly she giggled.

"Actually, what the hell am I saying? It's *hilarious*. Keep on pleading, darling!"

But Blake had other things on his mind.

Another grinding feeling signaled his shoulders retracting, pulling in toward his neckline, losing their masculine broadness and becoming narrow and delicate. His biceps deflated with a sound like air being let out a balloon, leaving him with arms that were long and slender.

There was a sharp pain in his wrists and suddenly Blake's hands began shrinking, the dark hairs on their backs turning light and downy and disappearing.

In terror, Blake held his dainty new hands up before his face. As he watched, his fingers lost their thickness, grew longer, became elegant. Long nails grew from the end of each one, pink and perfectly manicured.

There was a tremendous itching across his entire body that made Blake howl out loud. Before he could start frantically scratching it was over.

In wonder, Blake looked down at himself and saw all the hair on his body had vanished, bar a tiny pubic tuft. He felt his cheeks with his slender new fingers and was surprised to find they were as smooth and pink as the day he was born.

"I'll bet that's the first time you've had smooth legs since you were a kid," Karen said. "Well, you better get used to it!"

Blake barely heard what she was saying. He was too busy trying to deal with the magical changes that were wracking his body.

His legs shed muscle and *stretched* upwards, becoming long and smooth and slender. His feet shrank to nearly half their previous size, his ankles suddenly becoming laughably small.

There was a feeling of enormous pressure, and suddenly Blake's ass jumped up and filled out, becoming round and firm and peach-like.

In dazed horror, Blake looked down over his shoulder at his new ass. Even from up here, he could tell it was the sort of pert little butt that men go *wild* over.

*It's so big... he marveled, just like my hips... Holy fuck, I look like I should be in music videos!*

He was just reaching out to experimentally touch his sexy little bum when his scalp began to writhe like it was alive with worms.

Blake screamed – a high-pitched, girly scream – and threw his hands up, just in time to see them disappear behind a flowing dark waterfall.

For a second, Blake looked at the dark waves cascading before his eyes in puzzlement. Then suddenly they began to curl and turn blond and he realized he now had a head of long, flowing blond hair that bounced and shone like something in a commercial for conditioner.

*That's gonna take some maintenance,* he thought unhappily as his long new hair stopped growing, its ends coming to a rest below his bare shoulder blades.

“Oh my *God*,” Karen laughed, clapping her hands like a little girl who has just received a pony for Christmas, “you look so *adorable* like that!”

Her giggles subsided.

“But we're not done *yet*. Face. *Transform!*”

It was like reality was obeying Karen's every command.

The second the words were out her mouth, Blake felt his face began to morph and twist, making him whimper out loud.

His Adam's apple wobbled, then rolled back into his throat and vanished.

His nose shrank, becoming a cute little button that sat primly in the bottom of his vision.

His lips swelled up, becoming pouty. His jawline softened and lost its masculine edge. His cheekbones became sharper and more defined, giving him a striking, supermodel look.

A flock of dark birds suddenly appeared in the corners of Blake's vision, frantically beating their wings. He gave a girly squeal and threw up his hands, before realizing that they were just his eyelashes, suddenly grown long and heavy with mascara.

There was a *click* and Blake's spine curved forwards, thrusting his chest and pert new ass out. A sound like a vacuum cleaner on suck and the middle-aged fat accumulating around his belly vanished back inside him, leaving a stomach that was flat and toned.

With a sense of vertigo, Blake suddenly realized he was falling. He threw his hands out desperately, then saw with confusion that his feet were planted firmly on the floor.

He wasn't falling. He was *shrinking*.

In no time at all, Blake's body had shed nearly a foot from his height, taking him from a manly 6ft3 to a girly 5ft4. Looking at Karen he realized to his dismay that she was now a good 2 inches taller than he was.

Finally, Blake felt it. A feeling of pressure in his chest. A feeling that was all the worse because he knew *exactly* what it meant.

With a soft moan, he looked helplessly down. His nipples were getting longer, becoming pink and pointing up at the sky as the skin around them swelled, puffing up.

"*Please,*" he whispered, giving Karen an unhappy look.

Karen shook her head.

"No chance," she said.

The pressure reached a crescendo and suddenly two big, beautiful breasts came *bursting* out of Blake's chest.

They swelled up, growing bigger and bigger and bigger until they dangled heavily from his frame and wobbled in the bottom of his vision.

With a feeling of pure misery, Blake reached up and clasped his brand new breasts in his tiny hands. To his shock, he realized they were too big for him to cup in his tiny new palms.

"Wow." Karen exclaimed. "Just *look* at those babies! You've got to be a Double E at *least!*"

Blake barely heard her. He was too busy *staring* at this brand new titties. Feeling in horror how *tender* they were, how pleasurable it was to touch them.

Without even meaning to, Blake let one of his dainty new fingers tweak at his nipple. The ripple of pleasure that immediately passed through him made him feel wonderful

and horrible and dirty all at once.

Then it was over. Blake's body gave one last, tremendous spasm that made his boobs jiggle and felt weird as *hell*, and then the magic was finished.

Trembling, Blake stared down at his new body. At the heavy breasts, dangling from his chest, filling the lower part of his vision. At his wide hips, perfect for childbirth.

He leaned forward and peered past his big boobies at the tiny little slit lying between his legs, its lips plump and moist. A strand of long, blond hair fell across his vision, and Blake unconsciously hooked it behind one ear, unaware how girly the action was.

He was a girl.

He, Blake Stonehouse, billionaire and alpha male was a girl.

Not just *any* girl. He could already tell, without having even seen his new face, what kind of girl he now was.

With his big breasts, tight little waist, curvy hips, flowing blond hair and long legs, Blake had no doubt he was now a *sexy* girl.

“Well?” he heard Karen ask, “what do you think?”

*What do I think?*

He thought it was ridiculous! In shock, Blake gave a little jump and was mortified to see his brand new chest *jiggle*. He span round to look at his pert new ass and felt his long blond hair fall over his shoulders, tickling at the bare skin down his back.

He took his sexy new bum in both his dainty new hands and was surprised to feel how *smooth* it was. How firm.

*I wish that was a man, holding me like that...* he thought, longingly.

He shook his head in shock, his blond hair flicking in the corners of his vision.

*Where the hell did that just come from?* He thought, uneasily.

“Come on, bitch. I’m waiting.”

At long last, Blake looked up at Karen. He worked his pretty new mouth, his wide, doe-like eyes glistening with the shock of it all.

“She’s-” Blake began, then immediately clamped two tiny hands across his pouty lips.

His voice was wrong. Wrong, wrong, *wrong!*

Where it should have been deep and masculine, vibrating powerfully in his throat and

chest, it now came out all soft and high-pitched. With a jolt of horror, Blake realized his accent had changed, too.

*What the hell?! That didn't sound like an American accent*, he thought, uneasily.

Karen smiled at him. It was the first genuine smile he'd seen on her face all day.

"You'll get used to it," she said. "Now. Tell me what you think."

Her eyes narrowed.

"That's an *order*."

It was no use. Whatever Karen had done to him earlier to make him completely subservient to her will had survived Blake's sudden gender change. His response was out his mouth almost before he realized what was happening.

"She's... she's..."

*Where the hell is that accent from?*

"She's *sexy*," Blake moaned in horror.

He didn't want to be a sexy girl! He didn't want to be a girl at all, but the idea that he was now *beautiful*, the idea that men might want to *date* him... it was... it was...

It was *horrible*.

"She's more than that," giggled Karen. "I can *assure* you."

"What do you mean?" Blake squeaked in his silly, high-pitched voice.

In response, Karen simply nodded over his shoulder, a mysterious smile on her lips. Blake obediently turned...

...and felt his heart stop.

Across the room from them, hung from a marble wall, was a large, gold-framed mirror.

Like everything else in the apartment, it looked expensive. The edges were ornate, little flower patterns woven delicately together out of gold. It was probably of immense historic value.

But that wasn't what made Blake want to scream and scream and keep on screaming until he went mad.

Looking back at him from deep within the mirror, a look of horror in her soft blue eyes, was a *beautiful* girl.

She was blond. Young. No older than 22. She was slightly on the short side, but with

legs that were so long she appeared taller.

Her breasts was *fantastic*. Two great, pert things that hung from her frame, their nipples erect and pointed at the sky. Her body was curved, sexy. Her ass pert. Her pussy shaved.

In short, she was a bombshell. The sort of girl who could easily be a supermodel. The sort of girl Blake would have *loved* to date.

*There's no 'love' about it*, Blake thought, numbly, staring into the mirror, *I did date her...*

“What do you think?” Karen whispered in his ear. “Did your mistress choose well?”

In the mirror, the girl shook her head, her all-too-familiar face crumpled in fright.

*So that's why I recognized that accent...*

“It's perfect, isn't it?” Crooned Karen. “A new body to... *remind* you of your sins.”

Helplessly, Blake nodded. He had to hand it to her, Karen had chosen his punishment well.

No matter how long he lived now. No matter what he did. He would never be able to forget what he'd done. Never be able to forget the night Karen opened that door and caught him, drilling into his secretary on the big oak desk.

Not when he was...

“Go on,” Karen impatiently gave Blake's pert new ass a little slap. “Say something.”

A note of steel entered her voice.

*“Maria.”*

The world seemed to sway. In the mirror, Blake saw the girl he knew only too well wobble on her feet. Saw the eyes he'd looked into thousands of times as he fucked their owner roughly, listening to her gasps.

He was her. He was his own mistress.

Karen had changed him into Maria.

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III An hour later, Blake was stood in one of the penthouse's enormous bedrooms, miserably trying to decide what bra he wanted to wear.

The trouble was his new titties were just too damn *big*. They protruded outward from his frame an impossible distance, like two alien lumps grafted onto his chest. Even when he was looking straight forward, Blake could still see them wobbling in the bottom of his vision.

Even worse, finding a bra that fit them was *impossible*. Standing here, looking at the pile of clothes strewn out on the bed before him, Blake felt like screaming.

More to the point, he felt like giving up. Of storming out like a spoiled little girl and refusing to play anymore of Karen's sick and twisted games.

But he knew that was just wishful thinking.

He could no more disobey Karen's orders now than he could suddenly start levitating. His poor, sore pussy was evidence of that.

Karen had told him to go and get dressed.

And that was *exactly* what Blake now had to do.

With a sigh, Blake pulled yet another bra out the pile of clothes. He took a strap in each hand and held it up to his chest, then turned and faced the full-length mirror at the end of the bed.

From its silver depths, Maria looked unhappily back at him, naked except for a pair of stockings and a black pair of lacy, see-through panties that barely hid her pussy from prying eyes.

"What do you think?" Blake murmured in his high-pitched new voice, tinged with his Eastern European accent. "Good?"

He looked hopelessly at the bra Maria was holding up. It was pink, with white trimming round the edges.

*No way*, he thought, *I can't wear that, it won't match my panties.*

Blake gave a strangled growl. Nonetheless, he turned and cast the bra back onto the bed, and began mechanically digging through the *huge* collection of clothes Karen had arranged for him to try on post-transformation.

His boobies dangled from his chest, pulling on his back. Wobbling in a way that felt deeply *weird* to Blake's male mind.

He could feel his new body naturally curve as he hunted for his bra. Feel the way his ass poked high up into the air, his spine gently curved to thrust his chest forward and his butt out.

Feel the way his legs were now closer together, their smooth thighs gently pressing against his new pussy. Feel the way his hair hung either side of his head, causing him to repeatedly hook it delicately over one ear with his fingers.

Every signal from his body was telling him he was no longer male. Every signal was telling him he should be angry. Angry at what he'd become. Angry at what Karen had done to him.

But there was no chance of that happening. Not when Blake had witnessed what his new billionaire mistress could do to him.

Not when his pussy was all sore and tender like this.

\*

He'd been stood in the main room of the apartment, looking in the mirror at his new body for less than a minute when things had gone from bad to worse.

"Right," Karen had said, clapping her hands, "time's up. Turn around."

Immediately, the room had turned into a blur as Blake's body swung obediently round.

"Karen," he'd whimpered in his new, high-pitched voice, "you *can't* do this..."

"I can do anything I want to," his ex-wife had retorted, lowering herself back into her leather armchair. "More to the point, I can make *you* do anything I want you to."

She'd smiled sweetly.

"Want me to prove it?"

Blake had shook his pretty little head, but he'd already known it would be useless.

If Karen wanted to demonstrate her power over him, that's exactly what Karen would do.

"Tough," Karen had laughed. "Here goes."

She'd frowned at him.

"Stand on one leg."

"Yes, mistress."

Instantly, Blake had felt his body raise one leg, leaving him wobbling like a doofus,

desperately trying not to fall over.

“Excellent. Now. Leg down, and play with your tits.”

It was like he was just some puppet under the control of a sadistic puppeteer. Blake lowered his leg then immediately raised his hands and started massaging the large breasts hanging from his chest, his fingers kneading the flesh, his fingertips tracing slow, sensuous circles around his nipples.

It was like his hands were no longer his own, like they were just extensions of Karen’s will.

On top of that, the sensation of feeling his brand new tits had been weird as *fuck*.

As a man, Blake had never thought of his chest as an erogenous zone. Sure, some girls seemed to like his defined pecs, but that was about it.

As a girl, though – as *Maria* – it was like everything had been turned upside down.

Suddenly, the feeling of hands gently squeezing and playing with his breasts had become a pleasant one, one that made him feel all warm and fuzzy inside.

At the same time, the slow trace of his fingertips across his nipples had made them go as hard as bullets. Looking down in mute horror, he’d seen them jutting out from his chest, all pointy, and realized with a feeling of embarrassment that he was getting *deeply* turned on.

“Look at you...” Karen had whispered, watching Blake feel himself up with a mysterious half-smile on her beautiful face, “Blake Stonehouse. Suddenly unable to do anything but obey my every command...”

“How long I’ve waited for a chance to humiliate you like this, husband.”

Her eyes twinkled.

“Tell me, *Maria*, how does it feel, playing with those big fat titties of yours?”

“It feels *wonderful*, mistress,” the words were out Blake’s pretty little mouth before he could stop himself. “I... I *love* playing with myself for you.”

He’d hated himself for saying those words. *Hated* himself. But he’d also been scared.

They were true. As much as he’d wanted to deny it, he couldn’t ignore the gentle warmth spreading through his body. Couldn’t ignore his nipples, so hard they were painful.

Couldn’t ignore the strange feelings stirring in his brand new crotch.

No... he'd begged himself. *No... try to fight it...*

But it had been useless.

He was a girl. A *sexy* girl, standing before a cool, domineering woman with his pussy on display, feeling his tits up for her pleasure.

And he was *loving* it.

"Here's the deal," he remembered Karen had said at that point, not taking her eyes off Blake's magnificent breasts. "I'm a billionaire now, which means I'll be needing an assistant. A personal *secretary* of my own."

Her eyes had glinted.

"From now on, that'll be you, dear."

"*What?!*" Blake had squeaked, still massaging his heavy boobs with his tiny hands, "mistress, *please!*"

"You'll take care of all my business for me," Karen said in her calm, savage way.

"You'll make appointments for me. You'll run my schedule, worry yourself sick trying to organize your life around my whims, and sacrifice *everything* in the hopes of making me happy."

She'd let out a hollow little laugh.

"Your only goal in life will be to make yourself look pretty for me. You'll only be happy when *I'm* happy. You'll *never* have a day off. *Never* have a moment to yourself. You will be my beautiful little bimbo bitch *forever.*"

She'd tilted her head.

"How does that sound, Maria?"

"It's sounds *perfect*, mistress," Blake had whimpered unhappily, still fondling his own breasts. "I... I can't *wait* to be your horny little bitch."

At that moment, he'd have given *anything* to discover this was all some horrible dream.

*Her secretary?* He'd wondered, his mind whirling. *Christ, how can she do this? How can she make me into just a piece of bimbo arm candy?*

Then a strange thought occurred to him.

"Mistress?"

Karen had raised one perfectly-sculpted eyebrow.

“Go ahead.”

“I-I was wondering, mistress,” Blake simpered, disgusted at how *servile*, he now sounded, how *unmanly*, “wha-what about the, uh, the *real* Maria?”

For a long time, Karen had watched him in silence, her face a black cloud.

Trembling before her gaze, moisture from his pussy trickling down the inside of his smooth legs, his large breasts tender, his nipples pointy and sore, Blake had felt more vulnerable than he ever had in his life.

“Ah, yes,” Karen had said, slowly. “Your little whore. Such a shame what happened to her.”

“What do you mean, mistress?” Blake had heard himself whimper, as if from very far away.

“It’s quite simple,” Karen had said, slowly. “I sent a glass down to her just as you were coming up. With compliments. Presuming she drank it, she should find some *changes* taking place.”

Blake had weakly shook his head.

*Oh God, what has she done to her...?*

“It wouldn’t do to have *two* Marias running around, would it now?” Karen had continued. “So I turned her into a boy.”

Here had smile had grown spectacularly savage.

“A *little* boy. After she drank that, she became a male baby, waiting for someone to drop it off at an orphanage. She’ll have to relive her whole life again as a boy who wishes he was a girl. Only *this* time, she’ll grow up to be a hairy, smelly man with a big fat dick. That should be punishment enough, don’t you think?”

At that, Blake had felt like screaming. He’d found Maria a bore, God knows she tired him, but no woman deserved *that*. Especially not one as used to being beautiful as Maria.

But, at the same time, he’d felt something else stirring inside him. A savage, evil little thought that he’d been ashamed of thinking.

Deep down, a tiny but powerful part of him had felt *glad* at Maria’s comeuppance. Glad that she’d be made to suffer. *Glad* that his mistress had gotten revenge on her.

To his horror, Blake had realized the magic hadn’t just changed his body and put him under Karen’s control.

It had changed his *brain*, too. Not only did he have to obey his new mistress's commands, he actively *wanted* her to be happy, to be the happiest woman alive.

And that meant sharing her triumph when she got revenge on a snooty little bitch like Maria who had *dared* to sleep with her ex-husband.

With a dismal cry, Blake had tried to stop these thoughts.

*It's no use*, he'd whimpered inside himself, *I'm even thinking like the perfect secretary now!*

But Karen hadn't even been listening.

She'd been eyeing Blake's juicy tits again, a faraway look in her eyes.

"Oh Blake..." she'd whispered at last. "Y'know, looking at you now, I really *can't* blame you for fucking her. I mean, just *look* at those boobies of yours. Not to mention that *ass*."

She'd smiled, looking at him dreamily through half-lidded eyes.

"Such a *hot* little piece of ass. Such a *perfect* bod."

In fascinated horror, Blake had watched as she lowered her hands and clasped the edge of her black cocktail skirt.

"And soon to be such a *perfect* little secretary..."

Gently, Karen had lifted the edges of her skirt up. Up, up, up... over her slender legs, up to her crotch, leaving something on display. Something dark and wet, hidden between her thighs in shadow.

*Wait...* Blake had thought, trying to ignore the dull ache in his breasts as his fingers kept mechanically squeezing them, *she can't be going to...*

"Surprised, husband?" Karen had whispered, giving Blake an innocent look.

"Wondering why that new body of yours is making me all *wet*?"

At that point, she'd given a low chuckle.

"I *did* say I was non-binary, didn't I? Not that girls usually turn me on, of course..."

Her eyes had flashed.

"But *power* does. Power over silly little bitches like *you*, darling. Go on. Say it. Tell me what you are."

"I'm a silly little bitch, mistress," Blake had whispered automatically, his face flushed red with embarrassment. "I'm a silly little bitch, and *you're* my wonderful mistress."

“Oh God yeah...” Karen had gently spread her legs, slipping one hand down to rub at her crotch. “Oh *fuck*, hearing you say that makes me so wet...”

Before his eyes, Karen had slipped one finger into her pussy, a look of cruel happiness on her beautiful features.

“Keep talking,” she gasped. “Keep talking bitch...”

And then something hideous had risen up in Blake. A desire to debase himself. To say whatever it would take to get his billionaire mistress as wet as possible.

“I’m a stupid slut,” he whispered in his high-pitched voice. “A silly little whore bitch slut who *lives* to serve you, mistress.”

He’d suddenly gasped out loud, a moan of female pleasure. Pleasure at debasing himself for another woman.

“You’re so *wonderful*, Mommy,” he’d squeaked, helplessly, unable to control his voice. “And I’m such a stupid *cunt*. I’m a pathetic little bitch who *needs* you!”

He’d glanced at Karen’s wrist and been shocked to see she was working herself harder now, playing frantically with her clit, her mouth open in a little ‘o’.

“Yes... yes you are,” she’d breathed. “A... *naughty* little bitch.”

At that point her vicious smile had returned.

“So why not show Mommy just what a *naughty little girl you are*?”

And she’d slipped her finger from her pussy and gently patted at her crotch.

The effect had been instantaneous. Like a woman possessed, Blake had felt his hands let go of his sore titties, then next thing he’d known, he’d been crawling on all fours towards Karen, his big boobies dangling, his ass curving and pointed right up into the air.

He had crawled between her legs, put his face between her thighs and *sniffed*, drinking in the aroma of her. Of her dampness.

With terrified eyes, he’d looked up at his rich, powerful new mistress. At the woman he’d spend the rest of his life serving as her silly secretary.

Karen had given him a dreamy smile. Gently, she’d reached down and curled one long strand of blond hair back behind Blake’s ear.

“Look at you,” she’d whispered. “So obedient. So... *eager* to please your sugar mommy. This is how it *always* should have been, isn’t it?”

“Yes, mistress,” Blake squeaked.

Inside, he’d been frozen with terror. He’d always hated licking pussy. *Hated* it! In all his years with Karen, he’d never gone down on her once. It was *wrong* to lick away like that. It was something no *man* should ever do!

And now, it had looked like he didn’t have a choice.

“Poor Blake,” Karen had whispered, mockingly. “So used to being a big, strong man. So *unwilling* to give his wife pleasure.”

Her expression had hardened.

“Well now the big, strong man doesn’t have a choice, does he?”

And she’d pointed right at him, a cruel, triumphant look on her features.

“Maria.” She’d said, firmly. “I *order* you to eat my pussy!”

Blake had tried to resist. Tried to pull back. To turn away.

He’d tensed every muscle in his neck, hoping against hope to fight the magic. But it had been too strong.

Barely had Karen finished speaking before he’d obediently leaned forward, inhaled deeply, then lowered his face right into her cunt and started licking.

The effect had been instantaneous.

Karen had let out a loud moan, squeezing her thighs around Blake’s pretty new face, squashing him, drawing him into her cunt.

Between her legs, Blake had felt like screaming. His tongue was no longer his. With hideous, automatic movements, it ran up Karen’s slit, teased at the entrance to her hole, flicked across her clit.

Already, he could taste his new mistress. Taste the acrid juices from her pussy, dribbling over his chin. Clinging to his lips.

It was *horrible*! As Karen bucked and moaned, Blake obediently slurped away like her helpless little slave, eagerly drinking her juices. Eagerly flicking his tongue back and forth across her slit. Eagerly pressing his lips to the red, plump lips of Karen’s pussy, like he was trying to French kiss her moist and tender hole.

“Oh *fuck*! Oh fuck Maria, oh *God* yes!” He’d heard Karen gasp. “That’s it bitch...”

No sooner were the words out her mouth, than Blake had started frantically licking harder, eager to please. *Desperate* to eat his billionaire mistress’s pussy like an expert.

He'd gagged. He'd tried to scream. He'd tried not to swallow. He'd tried to close his nostrils to the hideous *smell* of pussy, clinging to his face.

But it had been hopeless.

Blake was enchanted to do Karen's bidding.

And that meant burying his face deep in her pussy and licking like his life depended on it.

*This is horrible!* He'd squealed inside his own mind. *I can't be licking pussy. Blake Stonehouse has never licked pussy!*

Yet it had been impossible to deny.

His lips were locked to Karen's pussy lips.

His tongue was running up and down her slit.

The juices of her pussy – her *taste* – was dribbling over Blake's pouty lips, burning at his throat, going up his dainty little nose.

Whether he liked it or not, Blake Stonehouse was eating pussy like a little bitch.

It had been at that point that things had gone from bad to worse.

For some time, Blake had been aware of Karen's fingers, lazily playing through his long hair. Suddenly, his mistress had *gripped* the back of his head with a grip like iron.

"You're not getting away with just a little *lick*, Maria," Karen had growled down at him between gasps. "You spent *years* avoiding going down on me. So now..."

"Go deep," she'd whispered.

And with that, Karen had *grabbed* the back of Blake's pretty little head and *shoved* his face forward, deep into her cunt.

It had been the worst experience of Blake's life.

He'd tensed his muscles. Tried to clamp down his teeth and do anything just to *resist*, even for a moment. To show Karen she couldn't control him like this.

But his body had had other ideas.

To Blake's horror, he'd obediently pressed his face *hard* against Karen's pussy. He'd extended his tongue, swirled it round the entrance to her womb...

*OhmyGodplease pleasepleasepleaseno!*

...and thrust it deep inside her hole.

The sensation had been unbelievable. Suddenly, Blake had been darting his tongue in and out of Karen's pussy, obediently lancing deep inside her womb, while his mistress rubbed her clit against his face and *moaned*.

It had been the craziest, strangest thing to ever happen to Blake.

It had been disgusting.

And it had been so *fucking hot*.

As Karen let out gasp after gasp, it had suddenly dawned on Blake that he was *enjoying* himself.

No, that wasn't quite right. Enjoyment was the wrong word. It sounded too frothy, too inconsequential, like a ride on a rollercoaster, or a taste of candyfloss.

This was something darker. *Sexier*. More elemental.

Blake didn't *enjoy* Karen's pussy.

He *worshipped* it.

With a start, Blake had realized it was true. As his tongue swirled around the inside of Karen's pussy, as his wonderful mistress let her juices cascade into his throat, he realized that he didn't need magic to make him submit like this.

It was everything he'd secretly ever wanted.

As Karen moaned softly and bucked against his face, Blake had gently back, parted his bud-like lips, taken his mistress's clit in his mouth and gently sucked at it, reveling in her gasps.

He'd noticed his own clit was starting to throb, a warm wave of sleepy pleasure unfurling across his newly-female body. A bead of moisture had dribbled out from his crotch and run down the inside of one smooth thigh.

Dangling from his frame, Blake's breasts had started to swell slightly, their nipples harder than ever.

As he released Karen's clit from between his pouty lips and ran his tongue along her slit, making her shiver and gasp, Blake had realized he was feeling hotter than he had in years.

*How was I ever not into eating pussy?* He'd marveled as he slipped his tongue back inside Karen's moist little hole, probing at her womb, *this is... this is...*

*This is incredible.*

“That’s it...” he’d heard Karen gasp, “that’s a *good* little secretary... *oh fuck!* Oh yeah... that’s a good little *bitch*...”

Then suddenly she’d gripped the back of Blake’s pretty little head *hard* and started screaming, her hips jerking as Blake continued to lick away, lick away on all fours like an ancient slave girl bending down in supplication before her goddess.

As Karen came, Blake had felt a jet of fluid squirt over his tongue, over his lips, onto his cheeks. Like the obedient bitch he was, he’d licked it all up, relishing the taste, relishing the fact that he’d made his mistress come.

*I’m such a good little bitch*, he’d thought, delirious with happiness, *I’m so good at making my mistress come...*

Karen’s orgasm had lasted forever, his mistress gasping away as Blake licked and licked and licked.

Then, at last, her hips had stopped bucking, the grip of her fingers had loosened, and Karen had gently pushed Blake away from her.

Crouching back on his haunches, Blake had looked up at his mistress with a humble, servile expression on his beautiful face, his large breasts dangling from his frame.

With unconsciously dainty movements, he’d raised one tiny hand and delicately wiped at his lips, not taking his eyes off his wonderful mistress.

Karen had flopped back in her chair, her legs open, smiling at Blake with a breathless, exultant triumph.

“That...” she’d managed between tiny gasps, “that was *very good* Maria. Tell Mommy... did you *enjoy* yourself?”

And Blake had been unable to help himself. He’d smiled. A great, big, goofy grin. The sort of smile only a woman overwhelmed with happiness can conjure up.

“That...” he’d confessed in his squeaky voice. “That was... *amazing*, mistress.”

A sudden thought had struck him.

“I want to do that again,” Blake had said, unsure if it was the magic talking or him.

“Oh, mistress, I want to do that to you *every single day* for the rest of my life.”

“Don’t you worry, my beautiful little bitch,” Karen had murmured, looking at him with eyes that were half-lidded with pleasure, “there’ll be *plenty* of time for you to pleasure me later.”

“Thank you, mistress,” Blake had whispered.

“But *first...*” Karen’s eyes had suddenly hardened, their wonderful cruelty returning. “We’d better make sure the bitch gets what’s coming to her, hadn’t we?”

“M-mistress?” Blake had stammered in confusion.

Before him, Karen had given a cruel laugh.

“Why, *husband*,” she said sweetly, “you didn’t really think we were *done* here, did you? Not when you’ve got such a...”

At this point her eyes had dropped down hungrily to Blake’s new tits, making him feel weirdly self-conscious.

“...*delicious* new body. No,” Karen had gone on, “I’m afraid we’ve still got a *long* way to go to break in my new secretary. So.”

She’d shot Blake a savage smile.

“Let’s get on with it, shall we?”

Suddenly, she’d been shouting at him, barking out orders that Blake’s confused, horny body had no choice but to obey.

“Down the corridor, third door on the right. Top draw of the table. Bring it here. *Now.*”

Seconds later, Blake had been on his feet, running naked through the plush penthouse apartment, his arms bent at the elbows, his wrists daintily bent, obediently running like a girl towards whatever Karen had in store for him now.

As he ran, his big boobies wobbling and *jiggling* and making his chest ache slightly, Blake had felt a strange sense of unease wash over him.

*What could be in that drawer?* He’d thought, nervously, *what’s she gonna do to me now?*

One minute later, he’d been stood on the marble floor of the empty room, beneath its chandelier, looking into the open draw and trying not to scream.

\*

“There you are.” Blake murmured in his high-pitched new voice.

With a strange feeling of gratitude, he plucked the lacy black bra off the pile of clothes and held it up to his big new chest.

In the mirror, the ghost of a smile crossed Maria’s exotic features. Even though he wasn’t an expert, Blake could tell the bra was *perfect*.

“OK then,” he whispered, “here we go. Our first bra.”

And with that, he slipped the straps over his shoulders and fastened the clasp behind his slender back.

It was *weird*, wearing a bra. Weird... but also slightly comforting.

The way Blake's big breasts settled into the padded cups was kind of... nice. He could feel the support the bra was giving to his great big tits, taking some of the weight off his back, and he was grateful.

The weight of the straps on his shoulders felt somehow *right*, too. Like it was something Blake was used to feeling, every day of his life, and would've felt naked without.

Turning back to the mirror, Blake examined his new self all dressed up in its bra and panties, and was surprised to see how *good* he looked.

Rather than hide Maria's natural curves, the underwear seemed to accentuate them. The dark, flimsy fabric of Blake's new panties clung to his ass, highlighting the sensual way his lower body curved.

His new bra lifted his tits upwards, squashing them together into a soft white cleavage that stuck prominently out from Blake's chest, so his own flesh dominated the bottom of his vision.

It might have felt weird to him, trapped inside Maria's body. But there was no doubt about it.

Clad in his bra and panties like this, Blake looked *sexy*.

Like a girl in a daze, Blake slowly turned his new body this way and that, admiring it at all angles in the mirror.

He'd never felt *sexy* before. Sure, he dressed up nice whenever he went out and got plenty of attention off women who could seemingly *smell* his wealth and power, but even at his best, Blake only ever thought of himself as 'handsome' or 'attractive'.

Sexy was a whole different ballpark. A word Blake associated with curves. With long, slender legs. With revealing dresses, blond hair and a secretive sort of smile.

With men turning to watch you as you walked, their eyes hungrily watching your pert ass curve beneath the fabric of your dress.

Well, now Blake himself had all of that and more.

*Is this wrong?* He thought to himself. *I shouldn't be thinking about how sexy I look. I should be cursing Karen, cursing that bitch who made me lick her pussy and forced*

*me to...*

But he stopped himself there. There were some memories from this weird afternoon that he'd rather forget.

Especially when his poor pussy was still all sore and tender.

Besides, Blake was discovering he kinda *liked* feeling sexy.

Gently, Blake turned on his heel. He struck a pose and threw a glance over one shoulder, one eyebrow raised invitingly, his lips ever-so-slightly pursed.

The woman looking back at him from the mirror was sexy alright. A confident, beautiful girl who shone with knowledge of her own power. Her power to have *any* man she wanted.

Not that Blake could choose who he had as Maria.

Karen would be more than happy to do that for him.

"Christ," he said in Maria's voice, looking out of slightly lowered eyes at his own reflection, "we look fucking *hot*."

In the mirror, Maria mouthed the words along with him. The sight of her body, her lips, moving in time to Blake's actions gave him a strange thrill.

He was sexy alright.

And sexy was *good*.

"Know something?" Blake said in his soft voice, glancing down at his pert little ass, "we're gonna make a *great* girl."

Then he dropped his reflection a flirty little wink and turned back to the bed, his spirits suddenly buoyant.

If he was trapped like this forever, he decided as he started digging through the pile of clothes for a suitable dress to complement his underwear, he'd better start making the most of it. After all, he was a woman now.

Especially after what Karen had done to his poor pussy.

\*

"There you are!" Karen had purred, her eyes lighting up as Blake came running helplessly back in, his naked breasts bouncing, "I was beginning to wonder where you'd got to."

"Sorry, mistress," Blake had whimpered, trying to ignore the-the *thing* clutched in his

hands, the *thing* the magic wouldn't let him let go of, "I-I tried to be quick."

"Bullshit." Karen smiled at him. She'd been sitting on an expensive oak desk near the glass wall, her smooth legs dangling over the side, her back to the bustling city outside the window.

At some point during the agonizing ten minutes Blake had been stood in the spare room, desperately fighting his urge to go running back, she'd slipped out of her dress.

Now, she was only wearing a tiny pair of lacy blue panties, her breasts on display, her body visible to the world. Yet she didn't sit like Blake's new, female body compelled him to; all crossed legs and arms crossed over breasts, trying to minimize the amount of flesh on display.

She sat like a *man*, with her legs spread wide, her chest unashamedly exposed, a taunting, hungry look in her eyes. If Blake hadn't been so busy worrying about the thing he was holding, he would've found Karen's new demeanor disconcerting.

"You've been hiding from me," Karen said, accusingly, looking Blake direct in the eye. "You saw your new toy and tried to delay bringing it back, didn't you, you naughty little *bitch*."

Blake wildly shook his head, trying to ignore the feeling in his fingers. The sensation of holding a hard, rubber object.

"N-no mistress," he stammered. "I would never..."

"Yeah, right" Karen sneered.

She cleared her throat.

"Secretary? Your new boss *forbids* you to lie to her."

It was like a hand had just closed tight around Blake's throat, cutting his voice off with a squeak. He desperately tried to keep up his denials, but nothing would come out.

It was like Karen had taken his voice away from him.

"Very good," Karen smiled, clearly enjoying the sight of poor little Blake struggling, "now. Let's try that again, shall we?"

Her smile grew crueler.

"What took you so long?"

There was a sudden feeling of heat in Blake's throat, like molten lava was pouring up from inside him. He struggled to keep his pretty little mouth shut, hoping against hope that he was stronger than the magic. But it made no difference. Barely had Karen

finished speaking than Blake was answering her like the good little secretary he now was.

“I was scared, mistress,” Blake heard himself say in his high-pitched voice. “I-I fought the magic, so that you wouldn’t... wouldn’t...”

He helplessly waved the object clasped in his tiny hand. The object he was *desperate* to hurl out the nearest window, but which stuck to his palm like glue.

“So I wouldn’t use my new toy on you?” Karen asked, raising one eyebrow. “Dearie, dearie me... why would you ever think you could get away with that?”

“Because I’m a stupid slut, ma’am,” Blake answered automatically, his throat burning again, his cheeks red with humiliation. “I’m a stupid bimbo whore who could never *dream* of being as clever as you, mistress.”

Sat on the edge of the desk, he saw Karen’s smile grow wider still.

She gently slipped off the edge, her bare feet landing on the cold, marble floor. She padded slowly across the room to where Blake stood in mortified silence, a faraway look in her eyes.

“Y’know...” Karen whispered as she approached him, “I think I’m going to *enjoy* our new arrangement even more than I was already expecting to. After all...”

She stopped right before Blake, looking down on his puny new body from inside her taller frame.

“...it’s not often a wife gets to hear the truth and nothing but the truth from her husband. Is it, bitch?”

“No, ma’am,” Blake whispered, unhappily.

“Too right.” Karen nodded, a mocking expression on her handsome features.

Suddenly she crossed her arms and smiled savagely at Blake.

“Tell me, what did you used to call your little whore when you wanted attention?”

“I called her sugar tits, ma’am.” The words were out Blake’s mouth before he could stop himself. “On account of, well... *these*.”

To his undying horror, Blake felt his body reach up, grab hold of his titties and wobble them for Karen.

“Sugar tits, hey?” Karen smiled, watching Blake helplessly wobble his big boobies up and down. “I think I’ll start using that on you, darling husband.”

“Thank you, mistress,” Blake muttered. Inside he was cursing himself.

*Why did we have to tell her that? For fucks’ sakes...*

Gently, Karen reached out with both hands. She grasped one of Blake’s breasts in each palm and began gently caressing them, kneading their flesh as she murmured out loud to herself.

“I already know she called you ‘daddy’,” she said as she wobbled Blake’s boobs, “so there’s no point in me asking you *that*... Maybe I should ask you something really humiliating? Maybe about your darkest fantasies...”

Blake was barely listening. The sensation of Karen’s fingers, coolly working his tits, was enough to make his bimbo brain spin.

The way she caressed his soft, springy flesh. The way she playfully tweaked at his nipples...

Blake didn’t know if it was the magic or if Karen was just an *expert* at working a girl’s chest, but suddenly he found himself feeling pleasantly woozy. His lips naturally parted, hanging dumbly open. His arms hung limply at his sides.

As Karen played away with his breasts, he felt his legs getting wobbly, a warm fog descending around his mind, and a pleasant stirring in his crotch.

*My God, he’d marveled, I’m so completely under her power... she could do anything to me and I’d probably enjoy it.*

*Anything at all...*

“No,” Karen whispered, smiling at poor little Blake’s obvious enjoyment of her handiwork, “I think I’ve got a *better* idea...”

An evil smile crossed her lips. She leaned forward, until she was almost kissing distance.

“Tell me what you used to think about *me*,” she whispered in Blake’s ear.

*Oh fuck...*

With a helpless feeling, Blake looked up into those dark, demonic eyes. Into eyes that were alive with laughter and cruelty.

*Please God, don’t make me...*

He couldn’t lie. He knew that. Already his throat was starting to burn. Much better to play for time. To maybe talk round the issue, soften it up without lying...

“Remember, bitch,” Karen whispered, “you can no longer lie to me. I want the truth. Nothing but the truth.”

Her voice hardened.

“And I want it *now*.”

It was no use. Karen’s power over him was limitless. With a feeling of shame, Blake lowered his pretty little head, looking down at his big breasts, still clasped in Karen’s hands. Anything to avoid those terrible eyes.

“I thought you were a hot piece of ass, ma’am,” he whispered helplessly. “A cute little bitch who was too ambitious and should get out the boardroom and into the kitchen.”

He swallowed, unable to believe what he was about to say.

“Like all women,” he whispered.

Karen’s fingers squeezed tighter, pinching the flesh of Blake’s big titties, making him squirm.

“So you were a misogynistic asshole. I guess I knew that already. Go on.”

Blake closed his eyes, his pretty new face creased with unhappiness. Never in his wildest fantasies had he ever thought he’d one day have to *tell* Karen all those uncharitable things he’d thought about her over the years.

“I... I also thought you were dumb, ma’am,” he whispered. “A dumb bitch who couldn’t see she was being cheated on.”

“I used to laugh at you,” he confessed helplessly. “When I saw how much you still loved me, I would close my eyes and think of Maria and-and *laugh* at what a stupid little bitch you were.”

Karen’s fingers were frozen now, no longer massaging Blake’s chest. Instead they dug deep into his flesh, hurting him, making him want to twist away.

“Keep going.” He heard Karen say in a deathless whisper.

Blake was crying now. Big, fat, salty *girl* tears trickled out his wide, doe-like eyes and ran down his soft new cheeks, pattering down onto his boobies. He grit his teeth.

“After a while I started to hate you,” he moaned in misery. “I hated you for being so *dumb*. For thinking you were better than me. For wanting to work. I *hated* that you were better at your job than I was. That you’d probably be richer than me one day. I *hated* that you wouldn’t just be my silly little housewife...”

The tears were coming faster now. His eyes closed, Blake wept like a sissy little girl

as he told his ex-wife the awful, awful truth.

“I-I wanted to *hurt* you,” he wailed. “That’s why... that’s why I did it. *That’s* why I sent you that anonymous email...”

There was a sharp pain in his chest that made Blake cry out. He miserably opened his eyes. Karen’s face swam into focus amid his tears, her skin white, her eyes wide.

“No...” he heard Karen whisper. “That email came from someone lower down. Someone who said they were fed up with seeing you bring the company into disrepute...”

“No.” Blake shook his pretty little head. “I wrote it. I made it all up. I wanted you to know. I wanted you to read it and come to my office. I wanted you to *see* me and Maria, fucking like dogs...”

He swallowed. He felt more pathetic than he ever had in his life.

“I wanted to hurt you.” He finished, quietly. “I wanted to hurt you and laugh at you and show you what a dumb bitch you’d been.”

The silence that followed was agonizing. Deafening.

Karen’s fingernails dug into the flesh of Blake’s breasts, making his new titties sing with pain. Her face was white. Her features drawn. She looked like someone had just slapped her.

“I’m sorry, mistress” Blake whispered. “I really am.”

Karen didn’t seem to hear him. She slowly shook her head.

“And the money?” She asked. “The divorce settlement?”

“I sent it offshore,” Blake confessed, mechanically. “I wanted you to be poor. I never felt any guilt. I just wanted to keep punishing you.”

For the first time since he’d stepped out the elevator, Blake saw a flicker of real human emotion in Karen’s eyes. Of hurt. Of wounded puzzlement.

“Why?” She whispered at last.

Blake shrugged his slender shoulders.

“Because you were a girl,” he said, simply. “And you acted like a man. And *not* like a wife.”

For a long time afterwards, the two women stood frozen to the spot, Karen with a death-like expression on her beautiful features, Blake with a look of misery on his.

Slowly, Karen let go of Blake's breasts. She stepped back and looked at her new secretary with a mixture of revulsion and shock.

Blake raised his innocent, doe-like eyes at her.

"Mommy..." he began, earnestly, "please. Your little girl is so, so sor-"

"Shut up." Karen said.

Immediately, Blake felt that invisible hand close round his throat again, taking his voice away. He obediently closed his mouth.

Karen was glaring at him now, her face a mask of barely-concealed wrath.

"You know something?" She growled. "I was just starting to think maybe I'd been hasty. That turning you into a girl was *cruel*. I thought I'd have a bit more fun with you, maybe keep you here for another week or so then use the last glass of potion to turn you back and send you on your way, lesson learned."

A dark thundercloud passed across her face.

"But now I think I've changed my mind."

*Karen... Blake wanted to say. I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. I had no idea how much this would hurt you. Please!*

But all he could do was stand there in silence, watching mutely as his mistress decided what to do with him.

"Hand it over."

*What...?*

Blake looked down in confused horror at the thing he still held in his hands. The thing he'd almost forgotten about in the rush of his confession.

It was long. Hard. Made of rubber. A leather strap dangled from it, below a pair of hard, firm rubber balls.

"Now, slut."

With a tiny whimper, Blake obediently handed the 12-inch dildo to his mistress, quaking in fright.

Karen took it with a look of anger.

"Now. Get on the floor. Over there."

Trembling, Blake turned and followed Karen's eye line. A large, soft white rug lay

sprawled out beneath a crystal chandelier, at the foot of a gold-plated armchair. With a little start, Blake realized the rug was made from polar bear skin.

“Do it.”

Trying to hold back his tears, Blake walked across the cold marble floor to the rug. He dropped down onto his knees, feeling the warm hairs tickle his smooth legs and miserably turned to face his mistress.

“On all fours.”

With a feeling like a woman trapped in a nightmare, Blake slowly put out his hands and dropped his body forward.

He landed with a *flump*, his ass sticking up high into the air, his spine curved, his sore nipples brushing against the surface of the rug. His breasts dangled heavily from his frame, pulling at his back. His long blond hair tumbled past his cheeks, hung in curls, tickling his bare shoulders.

The cool air of the vast, billionaire’s apartment caressed Blake’s exposed pussy, as cold as the marble all around him. In helpless submission, Blake turned and glanced at his mistress...

...and felt his blood run cold.

Karen had discarded her panties and was fastening the gigantic dildo around her waist. Its tip stuck up high into the sky, bobbing up and down as Karen *yanked* the straps tight.

“You’ve been a *very* naughty girl,” Karen snarled as she fixed the dildo on. “And there’s only *one* cure for an uppity bitch, isn’t there?”

She pulled the final strap tight and triumphantly stood there, her hands on her hips, the rubber cock before her, sneering down at Blake’s helpless form.

“You said it yourself, Maria,” Karen gave a cruel and humorless laugh, “I sometimes act like a man.”

Her smile vanished into an expression of cold fury.

“Well. Let’s see how you like it when I treat you like a *real* man would. A man like *you* used to be.”

With determined footsteps, she crossed the room. Lowered herself down into a kneeling position behind Blake.

*OhfuckpleaseGodno...*

Two hands reached out. They clasped Blake roughly by the hips, angling his ass and

pussy further skywards. Behind him, Blake heard Karen begin to laugh.

“You think I’m a man, do you, Blake? In that case, I guess I’d better treat you like my *personal little bitch*.”

And before Blake could close his eyes, before he could even whimper out loud, Karen shifted her hips and sent the dildo plunging deep inside Blake’s cunt.

The sensation was horrific. It was everything Blake had dreaded it would be, and worse.

The thick rubber cock *forced* its way up inside his brand new womb, *stretching* the walls of his pussy as it tunneled on in.

A hot wave of pain coursed through Blake’s abdomen. He grit his teeth and moaned.

He was a man. A man being violated by an enormous dildo. As Karen drove her rubber cock ever-further up inside his poor little body, Blake closed his eyes and wondered how the hell *any* woman could enjoy *this*.

And then a funny thing happened.

As Karen kept pushing forward with her hips, the hot pain began to dissipate. In its place came a kind of sleepy, gentle warmth that seemed to radiate out from Blake’s crotch to every corner of his body.

It was soft, almost floaty. Faintly thrumming with possibilities. It wasn’t unpleasant, whatever it was, but Blake didn’t want Karen to know that. So, as her hips gently met his ass, he opened his pretty little mouth...

...and gave a low, sensuous moan of *pleasure*.

The sound of it shocked Blake. It wasn’t the sound of a woman in pain. Of a woman humiliated and forced to let another girl fuck her.

It was the sound of a woman experiencing overwhelming feelings of pleasure.

“You like that, huh?” Karen giggled behind him. “You like having my big, rubber dick in you?”

Blake desperately wanted to shake his head, to scream, to tell her *NO!* But Karen still hadn’t given him permission to lie again.

So, with hesitant little movements, Blake nodded, the movement causing a lock of his long blond hair to tumble over his forehead.

“I thought so.” Blake could hear the smile in Karen’s voice. “You’re a little bitch, Blake Stonehouse, you know that? A little bitch who enjoys having big fat *dicks* in her

tight little pussy.”

At the word *dicks*, Karen suddenly pulled her hips back and gave one gigantic thrust forward.

The sensation hit Blake with the force of a tidal wave. His pouty mouth involuntarily dropped open, sending a soft moan rolling round the apartment. His fingers automatically *gripped* the rug, digging into the fur.

His pussy gave one almighty spasm, sending bolts of pleasure *shooting* through his female body.

With panic in his eyes, Blake looked round at his new mistress, at the beautiful female billionaire who could force him to experience such relentless pleasure.

“My, my...” from high above, Karen looked down on her secretary like some ancient, terrible goddess, “that got your attention, did it? I bet you *loved* that, didn’t you, slut?”

Helplessly, Blake felt his beautiful new body nod its head.

He was terrified. The thrumming in his pussy had died down since Karen stopped thrusting, but it was still there, as if held back by only the flimsiest of barriers. He could still feel the dildo, resting deep inside his body. Still feel its rubber thickness, stretching the inside walls of his cunt.

*How the fuck did all that fit inside me?* Blake wondered, *it should hurt like hell!*

But it didn’t hurt. Far from it. Even frozen here like this, on all fours, trembling in anticipation of Karen thrusting her hips again, Blake was feeling almost terrifyingly good.

The way his pussy was gently stretching was deliriously pleasurable, like when you’d just started tugging the skin of your cock back and forth as a man.

The tip of the dildo, resting against the walls of his womb, was like a conduit of pleasure, ready to burst and flood him with pink light at any second.

And Karen...

Blake had never seen his ex-wife from this position before. Rising above him while he crouched pathetically before her. Powerful. Commanding. Masculine.

With a start, Blake realized they’d swapped roles. They were no longer Karen and Blake, a heterosexual couple.

They were now Karen and Maria, a headstrong butch and her submissive little bitch.

“There’s still time, you know,” whispered Karen. “I could slip this thing out of you

right now and tell you to go get dressed. I could even use that last drop of potion to turn you back. I don't *have* to fuck you, understand?"

At the word *have*, Karen thrust her hips once again. Pleasure exploded deep inside Blake's new body. He felt his pretty face screw up, his mouth dangling open in a little 'o'.

It felt *so* good! It was almost terrifying. Even from two little thrusts, Blake could tell that being fucked as a girl would be thousands of times more pleasurable than fucking someone was as a guy.

*What'll happen to me?* He whimpered inside himself. *What will happen if I let Karen fuck me with that – that thing?*

"I see you've got my point," one of Karen's hands drifted carelessly down, started squeezing Blake's cute and pert little ass. "So, darling Blake, here's the deal. I'll ask you a question. And you are free to answer it *however* you like, got that? You don't *have* to say what I want you to say. You don't *have* to call me mistress..."

A cruel, amused note entered Karen's voice.

"You just have to tell me the truth."

Lying there, his ass being fondled, a dildo deep inside his pussy and his heavy breasts pressed against the floor, Blake couldn't help but whimper. This had to be a trick. It *had* to be.

"So..." Karen purred, one finger now gently circling Blake's tight asshole, "here it is. Just one, simple question that just needs one, simple answer."

She leaned forward. Crouched on the carpet, Blake could feel her body curving down against his. Feel her breasts lying against his slender back. Feel her long hair dropping down to tickle him between the shoulder blades.

"Would you like me," Karen whispered in his ear, her breath tickling the back of Blake's swan-like neck, "to fuck you?"

For a long moment, Blake hesitated.

*What are you doing?!* Screamed his brain. *Now's our chance! Just say 'no'. Tell her the truth. Please! We don't want to be fucked like this!*

"Remember," Karen hissed, "no lying to Mommy."

No lying... it was simple. All he had to do was say no. All he had to do was shake his head. And then... and then...

And then Blake realized he couldn't do it. With a sensation of horror, he realized that, magic or no magic, there was only one thing he wanted right now.

And that was for Karen to fuck him like the little bitch he was.

"Well?" Karen's quiet voice carried a note of impatience, "Mommy's waiting."

Delicately, Blake swallowed. He hesitated.

And then he nodded his head.

"Yes please," he whispered, feeling like a girl in a dream, "I want you to fuck me, mistress."

"Very good." The triumph in Karen's voice made Blake close his eyes in humiliation. "I always *knew* you were secretly a sissy, Blake. Or should I call you 'Maria' now?"

"Maria." Blake's cheeks flushed red with shame, shame at the things the magic was making him admit to. "Please don't call me Blake again, ma'am. I'm not a boy. Deep down, I never was."

"Oh?" Karen giggled. "What were you then?"

"*Maria.*" She added.

"A girl, ma'am," Blake whispered. "A silly little girl who always wanted to be fucked by someone strong. A silly little girl who only ever wanted to be somebody's bitch."

In horror, he felt himself turn and give Karen a simpering, servile look.

"A silly little girl who *always* wanted to be your secretary."

Karen's lips were inches from his, pulled back into a savage smile. Suddenly, she leaned forward and gave Blake a kiss.

It was long, lingering. Uncomfortable at this angle, but so *vital*.

Blake happily felt his ex-wife's tongue swirling round the inside of his mouth. Possessing him, making him *hers*. He gently nibbled on it, enjoying it like a foreign delicacy.

*From now on, his brain murmured, that'll be the tongue that commands you. The tongue you can't say no to. The billionaire's tongue that can make you do anything. You had your chance to say 'no' and you blew it.*

Yet, strangely, Blake found that he didn't care.

All his life, he'd secretly wondered what it'd be like to be the girl in a relationship. What it must feel like to be Maria, bowing down to his every whim.

Well, now he was going to find out.

At long last, Karen disengaged from him. She smiled again, then gave Blake one last peck on the forehead.

“I think,” she murmured, “that you’re going to make a *perfect* girlfriend, Maria.”

Then she slowly sat up straight, one hand clasping Blake’s hip, the other gently teasing at his asshole.

“You want me to fuck you, bitch?” Karen declared. “Then I guess I’d better get started.”

And with that, she grasped Blake’s hips tight and started thrusting.

Almost immediately, Blake’s new body began to writhe and moan out loud.

As the dildo pounded in and out of his cunt, he closed his eyes, opened his mouth, and let himself be washed away on a tidal wave of female behavior.

His mouth let out gasp after gasp after gasp, high-pitched and feminine.

His pretty little face screwed up in barely-concealed pleasure, his pouty lips open in a delicate ‘o’.

His nipples went hard and pointy, their tips grazing the rug and sending little sparks of pleasure arcing deep into Blake’s newly-female brain.

Moisture dripped out his cunt, ran down the inside of his smooth, shaved legs. His fingers involuntarily dug into the rug, bunching little handfuls of it up in his palms. His hips subconsciously bucked back against Karen’s, driving her deeper and deeper into his womb.

There, amid the cold white marble and gold leaf of the apartment. Below the crystal chandelier, their backs to the throbbing city just outside the window. Splayed out on the polar bear skin rug, the pretty secretary and her billionaire lesbian boss fucked like the two naughty little bitches they were, their faces sparkling with pleasure.

Trapped on all fours, Blake bucked and moaned as the heavy rubber balls of the dildo *thwacked* up against his clit, sending electric sparking through him.

He’d *never* fucked like this before, crouched down while someone else did all the work. It was so, so... disempowering.

With Karen’s arm across his back, he couldn’t have got up even if he wanted to.

It was like he’d submitted completely to her superiority. To her wealth. To her intelligence. To her (at least, in their new bodies) superior strength.

It was like this beautiful woman was completely in control of him. She could keep working him for however long she wanted to, keeping Blake trapped in a purgatory of sissified pleasure that made him feel thrilled and ashamed all at once.

*Is this what it felt like for you, Maria?* Blake found himself wondering as Karen worked his pussy like a pro, *did you enjoy this feeling, too?*

Each thrust of Karen's hips made his big boobs wobble. Each thrust of Karen's hips made his pussy's hole widen. Each thrust of her hips made him squeal and moan like a girl in the throes of ecstasy.

There was no way Blake would ever be able to deny how much he'd enjoyed this. No way he'd ever be able to tell himself or Karen that it was just the magic.

He was being fucked, as a girl, and he was *loving* it.

"Oh *fuck*," he heard Karen growl above him, "just look at you... you're so fucking *cute*."

At the word *cute*, she *spanked* Blake's poor little ass, making him yelp.

The stinging flared up for a second, then mingled with his pleasure and faded into a dully pleasant ache. Blake wildly looked round to see Karen grinning down at him.

"I've always wanted to try that," she snarled. "And I guess I've just found a *willing victim*."

Immediately, she brought her hand whipping down again, palm flat. She spanked Blake hard. She spanked him again.

And again and again and again.

And each time, all Blake could do was close his eyes, let out a squeal of pleasure, and beg his billionaire mistress for more.

"Please, ma'am!" he heard himself squeak between moans. "Please spank me! Oh fuck, spank me like your *bitch*!"

Instantly, Karen's hand *slapped* against his ass again, making him yowl.

"God, listen to you!" Karen gasped. "Those sounds you make... I don't know if I'll *ever* go back to fucking men again!"

There was something building in Blake now. Something that was rising up in waves, climbing higher, higher, threatening to break and wash over him. Something powerful and elemental. Something that made his female body moan louder than ever, and sent his male brain running in fear.

*Oh God, I'm gonna come!*

"Karen..." Blake squeaked as his ex-wife thrust into him, again and again, "Oh God, *Karen!*"

"Don't call me that!" Karen barked. "You know your place, you worthless little slut!"  
A lightbulb went on in Blake's brain. He closed his eyes and *screamed*: "Oh mistress! *MISTRESS!*"

And then suddenly he was coming, his body bucking and writhing, his mouth hanging open in a shrill scream as Karen's rubber cock *pounded* into his body, sending him tumbling over the edge.

Blake's orgasm seemed to last forever. It stretched on and on and on, sending gooseflesh unfurling across his skin. Making his brain sing and his vision go wobbly and his mind disappear inside a pink cloud.

*That's right...* Blake managed to think, dimly, *I come like a girl now.*

Somehow, the thought only made his orgasm stronger.

Then at long last, it was over. Blake came floating back down to earth on a pink cloud, his head woozy, his limbs wobbly from being fucked in such a strange position.

With amazement, he realized he was still letting out tiny, rhythmic gasps as Karen kept pounding into him.

As a man, he'd never carried on having sex after coming before. You just stopped after ejaculating and that was it.

As a woman, though, he could potentially keep on going. All the way back to orgasm if he wanted to.

*And why not?* Blake thought in dazed happiness. *Why not keep on going? Christ, being a girl is so much better than being a man...*

With a dreamy, contented smile on his face, he crouched there, cooing softly as Karen kept fucking him for another five minutes, eventually slowing down to a complete halt.

"There." She panted at last. "I hope you've learned your lesson."

Weakly, Blake nodded his pretty little head.

"Yes, mistress," he breathed.

"Good. You certainly sounded like you did."

"Yes, mistress."

“Excellent. What are you?”

“I’m a bitch,” Blake whispered, happily. “*Your* bitch, ma’am. Your silly little secretary who *loves* being fucked like a whore.”

“Good, because I’ll be fucking you like this *plenty* more in the future, missy. Got that?”

Blake nodded, long strands of blond hair flicking in the corners of his vision.

He didn’t know if it was the magic, or just how Maria naturally was, but he felt so *good* right now. So happy that he was signing his very life over to someone else. So good that he would never have to take a decision again.

So happy that he would forever more be Karen’s silly secretary, the fine piece of ass she kept around for her perfect tits and great legs. A bimbo bitch who existed only to serve her mistress.

Behind him, Karen gently shifted her weight, then the dildo slipped out of Blake’s hole, leaving him with a strange yearning between his legs. A craving to be fucked again.

Dreamily, he rolled over onto his back and lay on the rug, one arm casually tossed over his head, his blond hair lying across it, the other hand gently playing with the tiny pubic tuft above his new pussy, a faraway smile on his lips.

High above him, his rich, wonderful mistress looked down at him and shook her head.

“Christ...” she muttered. “Know something, Maria?”

Blake happily shook his pretty little head, a flirty look in his deep blue eyes.

“No mistress,” he giggled, biting his lower lip for effect.

He felt so... so *feminine* right now. Being fucked like that had washed the last of Blake Stonehouse away. Turned him into a *real* woman.

And he never, ever wanted to go back.

“You’re the cutest little secretary a billionaire could wish for.”

Blake giggled. A happy, cute little *girlish* giggle that felt so natural on his lips. So right.

“Thank you, mistress,” he breathed, his eyes shining. “And you’re the most *wonderful* mistress ever. It’s almost like...”

Suddenly, Blake’s eyes went wide as he realized what he was about to say. He tried to stop himself, but it was no good. He still couldn’t lie to Karen.

“It’s almost like you’re a *man*.”

For a long time, Karen simply looked down at him, a mysterious smile on her beautiful features.

“A man, huh?” She said at last. “And I suppose you’d *like* a man, wouldn’t you, Maria? A big, strong man who’d slap your ass and order you around and make you his slave.”

Blake couldn’t help it. He nodded.

Put like *that*, it sounded...

...well. It sounded *fantastic*.

Karen seemed to be thinking, frowning down at her new secretary with a faraway look in her eyes.

“Y’know...” She mused, “maybe that’s not such a bad idea... it’d fit right into your punishment, too...”

Lying below her, Blake let a frown cross his beautiful, Eastern European features.

“What’s that, ma’am?”

In response, Karen simply turned. She stalked back over to the rich wooden desk and started rummaging in one of the drawers.

Blake propped himself up on one elbow, wondering what on Earth his mistress could be doing.

“Remember earlier?” Karen was saying as she dug through the desk, her pert, naked boobs jiggling, “when I said I’d been planning to turn you back?”

Blake nodded, a trickle of ice suddenly worming its way up his spine.

*She’s not going to make me a man again, is she?* He thought worriedly. *No! I want to be a girl. I never want to be a man again!*

But Karen wasn’t looking at him. She carried on rummaging, oblivious to Blake’s fears.

“Well, I had one last drop of potion left. But now I think I’ve got a *better* idea. Aha.”

Triumphantly, she hauled a tiny little glass bottle from the desk, its insides filled with a liquid that looked like champagne.

“This is it,” his mistress smiled, “the last bit of potion left in the world. And I think I’ve got the *perfect* use for it.”

“What’s that, ma’am?” Blake breathed.

He was in awe of his mistress. She was so *clever*. So *brilliant*.

*Not like me*, Blake thought, happily, *I'm just a bimbo*.

Somehow, the thought made him feel all warm and fuzzy inside.

"We've been talking all day about how I'm non-binary, haven't we?" Karen mused, holding the vial up to the sunlight, so it glistened. "Well then. Maybe it's time I picked a side."

And before Blake could do anything, she dropped him a wink, whispered "cheers" and downed the contents of the glass.

For a second the two women were frozen in stunned silence, Blake sat up on the polar bear skin rug, his pretty little mouth dangling open, Karen stood by the desk, her own lips twisted in a grimace.

"Gahhh..." Karen said at last, "that stuff is *disgusting*."

She looked back up at Blake and suddenly smiled, a cruel, evil smile.

"You wanted to serve a *man*, Maria?" She asked, sweetly. "Then try serving the biggest macho prick in the entire world!"

Then, before Blake's eyes, her skin had begun to twitch. Her shoulders began to grow. Her figure gained height and muscle and hair and weight, its shape changing, its form distorting.

Five minutes later, a naked man had been stood before Blake, a savage smile on his familiar, handsome features. And Blake had been unable to help himself.

He'd screamed.

A long, loud, extremely *girly* scream.

\*

Now here he was, fastening the last button of his shirt in the mirror, his makeup on, his clothes sorted, ready to serve Karen in her new form for the rest of his life.

With a feeling of numb detachment, Blake lowered his arms and surveyed himself in the figure-length mirror.

There was no doubt about it. He looked *amazing*.

Before him, Maria stood in a pair of six inch black heels, her long, slender legs encased inside a black pencil skirt that left a *lot* of skin on display.

Her body was hidden behind a button-up white top that only did up halfway over her

breasts, so her entire cleavage was out for any man to leer at as he fancied.

Her hair was combed back so it raised up and tumbled down her shoulders in a glorious blond wave. Her eyes were ringed with liner, her eyelashes long and dark. Her lips were pink with glossy lipstick, her cheeks tinged with blusher.

She primly held a clipboard tucked behind one arm, pressing against her big breasts, ready to take down an order at a moment's notice. Ready to arrange her boss's life. Ready to make everything *perfect* for him.

She was an exotic, curvy blond. She was beautiful. She was a billionaire CEO's wet dream of an assistant.

And she was him.

He, Blake, was now trapped as Maria *forever*.

"OK," Blake murmured in his soft new voice, admiring his reflection. "Looking *perfect*. Ready for anything."

With a happy sigh, he adjusted his hair one last time, desperately trying to add a bit more volume to it.

*Jesus... all these things you don't realize women have to put up with. Hair and makeup alone is gonna take me an hour every day!*

But Blake didn't mind.

After all, he wanted to look his best for his hunky new boss.

"Right then," Blake shot himself a simpering smile in the mirror. "Hi! I'm Maria, the new assistant!"

No, that wasn't quite right.

He tried again, this time letting his legs bend slightly, giving his body a tiny kink at its waist, and biting his lower lip hungrily.

"Hello," he whispered. "I'm Maria. The new *slut*... I mean, the new *assistant*."

There, that was better.

For the last time, Blake Stonehouse checked the expensive new watch dangling from his tiny little wrist. It was a present from his new boss. From the man he'd be serving for the rest of his life.

"OK," he said to himself, "time to start our new lives."

He gave his body one final, sultry smile in the mirror, then span on his heel and stalked

out into the corridor, secretly delighted at the way he could feel his ass naturally curving with every single step.

Blake's new heels *clacked* against the marble as he stalked towards his destiny, his chest thrust forwards, a big, bimbo smile on his flawless features.

His boobs wobbled gently in his bra with every single step. His pencil skirt clung to his ass. His heels made him walk like he was on a tightrope, a sexy walk that was slightly wobbly but would get better with practice. A walk that felt overwhelmingly *female*.

"Ah," the deep voice seemed to bounce off the marble, vibrating deep inside Blake's delicate little body. "*Maria*. There you are."

"Hello sir," Blake breathed as he stepped into the penthouse's main room, a demure expression on his beautiful face, "I'm Maria. Your new *slut*."

He came to a stop, pulled a pen out from behind one of his ears and held it before his clipboard.

"Does my new master have any requests?" He pouted, pleased at how *natural* he was at being a sexy woman. "Anything he'd like me to... do?"

Across the room, the strong man that used to be Karen turned. He smiled at sexy little Blake, his square jaw decorated with stubble that was starting to show tiny flecks of gray. His dark, peppery hair expertly combed backwards.

At the sight of that face, Blake felt a little kick in his generous chest. Even now, he still couldn't quite believe what Karen had done to herself.

*We'll get used to it*, he told himself, firmly, *we have to*.

The familiar man looked Blake's body up and down with a smirk, one well-manicured hand slipped neatly inside his jacket pocket.

"There is *one* thing you can do," the man growled in that oh-so-familiar voice.

He winked at Blake.

"I've always *wondered* what it felt like to get a blowjob off some big-titted slut."

Casually, the man who used to be Karen unzipped his fly. Something flopped out. Something hard and thick and *long*.

"So. Get sucking."

His eyes twinkled.

“*Bitch.*”

With a strange feeling of happiness, Blake let out a sigh. He fluttered his eyelashes at his new boss, at the man he was fated to spend the rest of his life as the sexual plaything of.

“At *once*, Mr. Stonehouse,” he purred.

From inside Blake’s old body, he thought he could briefly make out Karen, laughing at him. Laughing at what a little bitch he’d become. Laughing at the idea that soon Blake would be sucking on his own penis, trapped inside the body of a girl, and loving every second of it.

*She sure knows how to punish a guy...* Blake thought, still overawed at Karen’s transformation into his old male self.

But he let none of these feelings come to the surface. He had a job to do now. A job as a slutty little secretary.

And it would be *unprofessional* to worry his billionaire boss with comments like that.

With slow, sexy movements, Blake crossed the room. He looked up, up into the eyes of his old body and noted approvingly how *handsome* he’d been.

*Man or woman*, he thought, vaguely, *I’m always a catch...*

“What are you waiting for?” His new boss growled down at him. “Get sucking. *Now.*”

With an obedient nod of his pretty little head, Blake lowered himself down onto his knees. He took his master’s thick cock in one hand and held it to his face. He sniffed the end, luxuriating in the smell. In the smell of dick.

Smiling, he looked up at his old, male body and giggled.

“Thank you, Mr. Stonehouse,” he whispered. “Thank you *so* much.”

And then he gently planted a kiss on the tip of Karen’s new dick, opened his pretty little mouth up, and took her whole cock inside it.

Five minutes later, as he swallowed his own sperm with an servile smile, Blake reflected that he deserved *everything* that was happening to him.





# Epilogue

The city unrolled outside the window, a moving diorama of light and shade. It was afternoon, and the polished windows of the skyscrapers reflected the weak orange light of a setting sun.

Sat inside the back of his chauffeured car, the new Blake Stonehouse gazed out the window and saw precisely none of it.

He was too busy smiling at the thought of everything that had happened to him that day. Of how he'd ditched Karen's body and become what he'd always secretly wanted to be.

A powerful, *male* billionaire, with his own private secretary to use and abuse.

"Daddy..."

The words were soft in the new Blake's ears, seeming to caress him. He turned lazily and gazed at the beautiful woman sat beside him, a forced smile on her perfect features.

"What's up, sugar tits?"

The woman who used to be Blake swallowed. She shot the new Blake an apologetic look, one filled with hope and fear.

Hope that new Blake would be kind to her. Fear that he would taunt her. Use her. Hurt her.

Unbeknownst to the dumb little cunt, that was *exactly* what Blake Stonehouse intended to do.

"I was just wondering..." the girl cleared her throat. Started again.

"Your little girl was just thinking," she murmured, running one long-nailed finger down the new Blake's cheek, down his neck, to his clavicle, "it's an *awful* long ride to the airport."

"Then use it." New Blake said, coldly. "Start booking hotels."

They were heading off together for a long jaunt round the Caribbean. Staying on private islands. Crashing cocktail parties.

Blake could already see it in his mind's eye. How he'd use his new, masculine body to seduce hot, rich chicks. How he'd bring them back to his villa.

How he'd fuck them, under the stars, while his new secretary was forced to watch and

play with herself, her heart breaking as he screwed girl after girl after girl.

*She deserves it*, new Blake thought with a distasteful look at the slut sat next to him, *just look at the little whore. Christ, she's a dumb slut...*

The girl's smile froze. She hesitated, then started leaning in again.

"I will, Daddy, of *course* I will," she murmured, her heavy breasts lying against new Blake's powerful arm. "But first, I thought..."

"What?" Snapped Blake. "Come on, bitch. Hurry up."

*I'm a billionaire CEO*, he thought, angrily, *I don't have time for this shit.*

"I thought you could fuck my pussy," his secretary mumbled, as if ashamed of herself.

"I-I haven't tried it out yet. Oh *please*, master, I *need* your dick in me..."

"Alright, alright," Blake snapped with an irritable wave, "if it'll shut you up."

With an internal smile, he saw the hurt flicker across his secretary's face. Hurt that was quickly masked by hunger. Hunger for her master's dick.

*Good*, thought Blake, savagely, *she'll be getting a lot more of that in the future.*

Two minutes later, Blake Stonehouse watched the world go by, barely paying attention to the beautiful blond writhing on his dick, her loud moans filling the car.

"Stupid slut," he murmured, *just* loud enough for her to hear. "Just wait till I'm through with you. You'll regret ever being born."

Abruptly, he grabbed hold of her perfect little ass and started *squeezing* it, kneading the flesh in a way he hoped was painful.

There was something about the idea of humiliating this bitch, of making her cry, that was suddenly attractive in his new body. Maybe it was all the testosterone.

Whatever it was, Blake was gonna make sure this *slut* spent the rest of her life worshipping the ground he walked on.

Perched on his big, fat cock, the new Maria felt Blake's hands grabbing at her ass and felt a thrill run through her slutty little body.

She was a strong man's plaything now. And she would love whatever he did to her. No matter how cruel. No matter how painful.

The magic would see to that.

Outside the window, New York unfurled. Ten million people, unaware of the stretch limo moving through their midst. Unaware to the billionaire and his female slave,

fucking away in the back like dogs.

Unaware that the two of them were happier than they'd ever been before in their lives.

*The End.*

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\*

*Enjoy tales of gender-transformation and servitude? Then keep reading for a kinky free extract from Lisa Change's novel-length tale of gender-swap revenge and workplace domination...*

**Becoming Christine (the complete trilogy)** "There." Linda said, triumphantly. "Much better."

In the mirror, Christine blinked back at Christian, her feminine new clothes emphasising her curved body. She looked unreal, like a busty secretary in a porno. One the boss would spend the next scene fucking on his desk. He peered over his new glasses and was surprised to see the world disappear into a blur.

"Now, then..." Christian jumped. With a click of her fingers, Linda had silently transported herself to the seat behind his desk. She clicked them again and the mirror vanished.

*Is there anything she can't do in this world?* He wondered in fright.

"Nothing." Linda smiled at his shocked expression. "I told you, I'm like a God here. That includes reading minds. So I advise you to only think *nice* things about me in the future."

Her smile was like that of a hungry shark encountering a tasty minnow.

"Let's see," she mused. "I'm the new boss of a Fortune 500 company, with my pretty, obedient new secretary just *desperate* for me to give her an order. Tell me."

She leaned back, eyeing Christian hungrily.

"What would *you* do in my situation?"

Before he could stop himself, he heard Christine answer, her humble, servile voice spilling out his throat.

"I'd fuck her, ma'am," he said, horrified at his own frankness.

"I bet you would." Linda let her eyes drift hungrily up and down his new body. With a shock, Christian realized his ex-wife was feeling hot.

"Of course I am." Linda said, "Why else would I make you so... *fuckable*?"

Then she smiled at his confused expression and tapped her forehead.

“Everything you think,” she said, “*Everything.*”

Christian swallowed. He needed to be careful from now on.

“Remember the first time you cheated on me?” Linda asked, dreamily. “With that dumb secretary of yours. What was her name?”

“Rachel, ma’am,” Christian heard his body say. His voice, his thoughts, nothing was in control any longer. He was programmed solely to please Linda.

“That’s the one.” Linda nodded. “You were in here, remember? In your office in the real world. And I came in for a surprise visit because we’d been drifting apart the past few months. I remember you sat behind this desk, looking at me with a look of utter shock. At first I couldn’t see what the problem was, and then the stupid little bitch poked her head out and I *knew.*”

“Oral sex.” She smiled, faintly. “A quick blowjob to break in the new girl. Too bad I walked in on you like that. Luckily, no-one’s going to interrupt us here.”

Christian shivered, silently. He didn’t like where this was going.

Linda raised one hand, finger and thumb poised together.

“What do you think?” She asked, sweetly. “Time to break in the new girl?”

Then there was a *click* and Christian was suddenly on all fours, underneath the desk, his hands digging into the rough weave of the carpet. He looked up in horror at Linda sat before him, watching him with low-lidded eyes, a sensual smile on her face.

“You always hated doing this, didn’t you?” She murmured, lifting up the edges of her dress. From between her legs, something dark and wet peered out, making nausea rise in Christian’s throat.

*No!* He wanted to shout. *You’re sick, Linda! I won’t. You can’t make me!*

Instead, his body simply crouched in silence, awaiting orders. With a kick Christian realized Linda had turned him into the perfect secretary, willing to do *anything* to please her boss.

“I always thought it was a power thing, wasn’t it?” Linda was studying him with a faint smile. “You couldn’t bear to give up power to me, not when you could just make *me* get on all fours and suck your cock. Well, time we evened things up a bit.”

“Christine,” she commanded, “Eat your boss’s pussy.”

With a low moan, Christian found himself crawling forwards obediently, leaning in to

the space between Linda's legs. He wanted to scream, wanted to cry, wanted to vomit.

*You can't do this to me!* He howled inside his skull, aware she could hear him. *Not that! It's wrong. I'm a man!*

But it made no difference. Christian obediently brushed the long blonde hair back from his forehead, then he plunged his face between his boss's legs, pressing his lips against her marshy dampness, breathing her in. There was a pause as he inhaled deeply, faintly aware of a tingle in his new pussy. Then he was lapping away, his face buried deep in the darkness, deep in Linda's crotch.

"Good girl," Linda murmured, stroking his hair "*Very* good girl."

Christian didn't answer, couldn't answer. Instead his stupid, hateful body jabbed its tongue right into her hole, swirling round and round as he tried not to gag. Tried to ignore the warm, soft feeling spreading through his own crotch.

"I think," he heard Linda whisper, "That you're going to make a *wonderful* secretary."

As he knelt there, lapping away at Linda's pussy like a dog, Christian realized to his utmost horror that her words had made him feel almost deliriously proud.

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**Turned Into Her Sexy Asian Secretary** *This is wrong...*

Jake delicately reached down and pulled his lacy panties up over his smooth new legs. Behind him, he could feel Frank's eyes crawling over his shapely ass, admiring his new body.

*This is so wrong.*

A drop of cum still lingered on his plump new lips. Without thinking, Jake licked it up and swallowed, trying to ignore the musty taste.

It burned in his throat. Burned with the fire of his terrible humiliation.

"God, you're good at sucking dick." Frank's low voice vibrated in Jake's body, making his pussy tremble with desire. "That's the best blowjob I ever had."

The words made Jake flinch.

It was impossible. The idea that he, Jake Stone, would get down on his knees and put a man's dick in his mouth.

Worse than that. That he would suck on his cock and swallow his cum. And worst of all, that he would *enjoy* it.

But he couldn't help himself. He'd loved sucking Frank's big, black dick. Every second of it.

Hannah's wish had seen to that.

Behind him he heard the sofa creak, then suddenly Frank's strong arms wrapped around Jake's skinny new frame. Two big black hands reached up and massaged his chest, squeezing his pert boobies. Jake instantly felt his nipples go as hard as bullets.

"You're such a perfect little secretary," Frank growled in his ear. Jake felt his heart flutter.

"I bet you'd do anything for your boss, wouldn't you? *Anything* at all."

Shamefully, Jake nodded his pretty little head. It was no use, he could no longer lie.

Jake the brilliant, ambitious and very *male* advertising executive was gone. In his place was this trembling young girl with firm boobies and blowjob lips and a perfect

little ass.

Where he'd once had ambition – ambition to beat Hannah and rise to the top – he now only had a desire to serve her every whim.

Gently, Frank turned Jake's new body around. Jake looked up at the tall, strong black man towering over him with shy eyes.

“So here's the deal.” Frank's dark eyes twinkled with amusement. “You can tell your boss we've got a deal... on *one* condition.”

Jake looked at him suspiciously.

“What condition?” He finally asked. His new voice still sounded so *strange* to his ears. So soft, so feminine... and so *foreign*.

Hannah's wish hadn't *just* turned him into a girl, after all.

“That you come round my hotel tonight.” Frank held up a key, a powerful grin on his handsome face. “I'm in town for two more days and I'm gonna be *bored*.”

“Besides,” his eyes drifted down to Jake's tits. “I've always wanted to fuck an Asian girl.”

A hot wave of shame washed over Jake. He felt his face flush red. But he couldn't help himself. He nodded.

“Yes, sir.” He whispered, “I'll be there.”

“Good.” Frank reached out and gave his nipple one last tweak. It sent sparks of desire rushing out to every corner of Jake's new body. Without realizing it he moaned softly.

“Make sure you dress slutty.”

Then Frank was gone, leaving Jake alone in the reception room with the taste of cum in his mouth and a feeling of hot embarrassment.

Only that morning, he'd been a big, strong man. A big, strong *white* man in charge of a whole department.

Now he was trapped as Hannah's sexy Asian secretary, compelled to obey her every command. To do *anything* to help her seal a deal, even if it involved letting strong men abuse his delicate new body.

But that wasn't even the worst part.

The worst part was that he *deserved* it.

Deep down, Jake knew that everything that had happened to him was entirely his

fault...

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*Looking for a quicker, cheaper read? Check out Lisa Change's breathtakingly erotic new 3-part gender-transformation series...*

**A Mile in Her Panties** Without a word, Dwight gently closed his fingers round the bottom of his t-shirt. Then he pulled the whole thing off over his shaved head, and Zach heard himself gasp out loud.

Dwight's body was *magnificent*. His torso was like that of a God, an Adonis, sculpted from black marble and meant to be worshipped.

He had a visible six pack, muscular pecs, and shoulders that were so broad and powerful they made Zach in his little girl-body feel like fainting. His biceps were enormous, the veins in his arms standing out like dark cords wrapped around his muscles.

It was the body of a *real* man. A man who could make women do whatever he wanted them to. The sort of man Zach could never have been.

And the sight of it made him feel *extremely* glad he'd been turned into a girl.

Without being aware he was doing it, Zach gently raised one long-nailed hand. He placed it, palm flat, against Dwight's powerful chest, feeling the black man's raw *power*. Let his fingers drift down over his torso, his mouth suddenly dry.

Between Zach's legs, a tiny bead of moisture trickled out his wet cunt. In his bra, his nipples were hard as bullets.

*Dear God, he's so fucking hot...*

"Like what you see?" Dwight's deep voice seemed to vibrate in the pit of Zach's stomach, making him shiver. "White girls usually do."

"What about..." Zach swallowed. His mouth was dry. He was dizzy. He couldn't think straight.

It was like the sight of male flesh was sending his girl-body crazy.

"What about the rest of it?" He whispered at last. He slipped his hand hopefully inside the elastic of Dwight's sweatpants.

*Oh fuck... I could touch his dick right now if I wanted to. I could take it out and put it in my mouth and he wouldn't even try to stop me...*

Dwight grinned down at helpless little Zach. He slowly shook his smooth, shaved head.

“Not yet,” he whispered.

Zach had to stop himself from moaning out loud in despair. He’d *never* felt this horny in his life before. Never felt this much trepidation.

The smell of Dwight’s sweat was in his nostrils, confusing him, making his body come alive with female, animal passions. If the black man were to suddenly turn him away now, he thought he might go mad.

Instead, Dwight reached out. His two large, thick hands settled over Zach’s curvy hips. With remarkable ease, he gently pulled Zach towards him. Pulled him closer until their bodies were touching. Until Zach’s face rested against his powerful chest, and he could feel Dwight’s erect penis pressing into his soft belly.

With woozy eyes, Zach looked up at the strong, powerful man holding him. Felt his rough, thick fingers, gently kneading the flesh of Zach’s pert little ass. His heart hammered in his chest.

“Dwight...” he managed to squeak.

“Shh.” The black man responded.

Then he gently leaned forwards, and suddenly they were kissing.

It was the first time Zach had ever been kissed by another man before. Dwight’s tongue swirled around the inside of his mouth, rudely pushing his pouty lips apart, possessing him, making him *his*.

Zach gently nibbled on it, devouring it like a foreign delicacy, shocked at how *good* it felt. How incredible it felt to be roughly kissed by a strong and dominant male.

*Why did no-one ever tell me this?* He thought, wildly, *why did no-one ever tell me how amazing men are? I would’ve gone gay years ago!*

At last, the two men pulled apart, their breathing ragged. Zach looked up at Dwight through eyes fogged with pleasure, taking in his handsome face, his muscular chest, the vast erection straining at the fabric of his pants.

Between Zach’s legs, his pussy had opened its hole nice and wide. His panties were soaked through, and his cunt was *desperate* for dick.

“Now.” Dwight growled, his eyes alive with fiery passion. “Take it off.”

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## About the Author

Lisa Change specializes in stories of gender transformation. Her favorite books feature strong men losing their masculinity and becoming weak and submissive women. Among other kinky interests, she's obsessed by forced male pregnancy, feminization, gender swap servitude, men turned into maids, sexual orientation reversal, bimbofication and magical age regression.

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