

Purple Lightning: The Deal (Boss to Bimbo Babe TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Jack Mackenzie

Stewart is on a flight to Hawaii with his direct superior, a sleazy salesman named Demitri. They're travelling to make a deal for the pharmaceutical company they both work for, but when a strange purple lightning storm hits their plan, everything changes. Slowly, Demitri begins to transform into a busty, insatiable babe who is utterly addicted to Stewart, and yet can only remember her former life when she's in his presence . . .

Purple Lightning

"Oh my God, I can't believe I did all that. Jesus, what was I thinking?"

I grinned as I took in the absolute babe who had just entered the sundeck where I was lying down, which was located on the top floor presidential suite of the Hawaiian Resort we were staying at. The woman of my dreams was looking utterly aghast and yet utterly beautiful, her tanned body barely clad by the thin blue bikini that covered her head-sized tits and gorgeous ass. She had long black hair and intriguing green eyes, and her skin had a Mediterranean light olive tone to it. Her lips were full, her cheekbones sharp, and her ears had gorgeous hoop earrings hanging from them. Her hourglass figure was perfect, looking womanly and fertile, and she couldn't help but pose in my presence, placing a hand on her hip.

"What was it this time, Daphne?"

She whimpered a little, trying to hold back what I could determine was a mix of frustration and arousal. She hated and loved when I referred to her new female name.

"I - I entered a goddamn swimsuit competition. You should have been there! If you were there I could have at least pulled out of it and just swam around elsewhere or something."

I gave a gasp of disappointment. "Damn it! I would have loved to have seen you in a swimsuit competition. What did you come?"

She sighed, which left her large, still-wet breasts jiggle slightly. She reached into her bikini top and protruded a little badge.

"First, of course," she muttered. "I swear, it was ridiculous. I was posing and letting half these stupid tits fall out. God, isn't there a way to turn me back! At least don't let me leave again - I always forget who I am when you're not around, Stewart."

She had approached me by this point, and without even thinking she had sat down on my large sundeck chair and placed a hand on my chest. I placed a hand on her back,

then lowered it to squeeze her ass. It had the intended effect, because she moaned with arousal.

“I’m always happy to have you around these days, Daphne.”

“Ohhhh, you always call me that.”

“It’s your new name, remember.”

“Mhmm,” she moaned, shaking her shoulders a little and setting her balloon-like breasts off. “I know. But - shit! - it’s t-turning me on again. This isn’t f-fair. But I need this! Oh fuck, I need you! I need you so fucking bad!”

She lowered her hands and began to rub my crotch. It didn’t take long before I was hard as hell, especially since she was already sliding out of her bikini top and pulling off her bikini bottom too. Despite her wet body she was warm and tantalising, and nothing like she had been.

“It s-sucks,” she moaned as I too did a bit of sucking, on her perfect brown nipples to be precise. “I forget wh-who I am when I’m away from you, but I need your cock so damn bad when I’m w-with you. Ohhhhhh, wh-why!?”

“I don’t know. The purple lightning just chose you, I guess,” I said, feeling her form, squeezing her tits, and lining my cock up against her moist slit as she moved to ride me. She panted heavily as I entered her, and her tight wetness greeted me hungrily, clamping down on my cock and already beginning to milk it, as she always did.

“I know, but - ohhhhhh - why make me f-forget? Why make me n-need you!?”

I kissed her, and she kissed me back with immense passion, her huge breasts rubbing against my chest and making her moan even further.

“Who knows?” I said. “But I’m okay with the results. And when you get like this, I think you are too. Now, do you want me to fuck your brains out or not?”

“Ahhhh - yesss! Please, f-fuck me! Fuck me hard, Stewart! Make me your w-woman!”

“That’s the deal, right? You be my trophy girl, and you keep your memories?”

“Y-yes! Yes, that’s the d-deal. Now please, I need you to cum inside meeee!”

I grinned, kissing her again, and soon we were at it like rabbits, as we always were these days. It was crazy to think, really. Just two weeks ago, the woman now utterly devoted to me - however much she hated it - had been my boss, a sleazy marketing exec named Demitri. But after arriving in Hawaii everything had changed, and now not only was she a woman addicted to being my submissive and sexy girlfriend at all times, but one who literally forgot that she even used to be a guy at all until she was back in my presence, leading to quite the strange new life for her.

It had taken some time to figure out, but looking back, we both concluded that it had all started with the purple lightning incident. It was the only way to explain how my former boss was now riding my cock and crying out loud in ecstasy, her body desperate to please

mine, and to be slutty as hell in all the best ways with me. Yes, it was the purple lightning alright, and that had occurred rather memorably, when we were flying to Hawaii . . .

“Check out that hottie,” Demitri whispered to me.

I blinked. I had actually been sleeping a little on the flight, but as usual, Demitri couldn't help himself. I realised he was talking about a rather pretty blonde woman who'd switched places with her boyfriend. They couldn't have been older than their early twenties, and Demitri was in his early forties, by comparison.

“Yeah, yeah, sir, she's not bad looking.”

“C'mon, kid. How many times have I got to tell you to call me Demitri? We're all friends here, so long as you help me secure this distribution deal for that new whiz drug the lab boys made up. The one for the liver or whatever.”

“Muscle pain,” I corrected.

“Yeah, that's the one. So long as you can help me secure that, we can both just enjoy the perks of having three full weeks at a paid-for resort in freaking Hawaii. A nice change from the last three months you've been slaving away on this, right?”

I couldn't help but agree. Dimitri was my direct superior, and more than a bit of a sleaze, but at least he had a kind of charming camaraderie to him, when he wasn't being a grotesque lech who kept trying to rope me into rating women wherever he went. It was a wonder HR hadn't gotten to him, but then he'd told me his brother was head of HR and everything made sense again. He probably got away with it a bit because he was handsome, perhaps a little exotic to some ladies. He was proud of his Greek heritage, and you could see it on him: he had thicker lips, curly black hair, and light olive skin that suited his Mediterranean ancestors. He was also quite well-built, adding to the effect.

“I'd love to fuck her in the ass,” he whispered to me. “Admit it, you'd love to do the same.”

“She's got a cross on her neck, dude.”

“Yeah, those Catholic girls fuck like freaks. Trust me, I know.”

I tried to change the subject to our upcoming deal. “So, these Taros Distributor people, do we feel ready to negotiate with them?”

“Why are we talking work right now?”

“This new hormone pill is a big deal, sir, for both of us. I hope to advance one day to where you are, and you could make the board if this goes well.”

“It will. Trust me, kid, I know the way these deals actually go. There'll be some power points, some projections, and the local government will get some words in. But the big thing

will be taking some of these suits to a strip club and wining and dining them. Maybe get some callgirls.”

“Sir, I’ve done some background research on the men and *women* we’ll be talking to. I don’t think in this case that-”

I didn’t get to finish my sentence. Perhaps Demitri never would have listened to me anyway. Suddenly the plane began to rock, and numerous people called out in shock. The flight attendants were taken aback - there had been no warning of turbulence, but soon the alarm was issued for everyone to buckle their seatbelts and the staff to do so as well.

‘This is the captain speaking. I’m sorry to say we’re experiencing a freak storm. It wasn’t on our weather charts, but don’t worry folks, we’re well-equipped to handle this. There’ll be some light turbulence and then-’

The comm crackled out, going fuzzy. So did the screens in front of every passenger. Some people pulled off their headphones, wondering why they weren’t working. The view of the clouds outside gave their rumbling answer: they quickly turned from white to grey to *black*, angry and swirling.

“Jesus, that’s a storm,” Demitri said.

“I hate storms.”

He just smirked. “Nah, trust me, it’s a blessing. The ladies are terrified of turbulence. This just gives us an in to-”

He didn’t get to finish his statement, and I didn’t get to roll my eyes at how unbelievably lecherous my boss was. The reason for the interruption was that the storm outside the plane suddenly erupted with *lightning*. It wasn’t any kind of lightning either; the occupants of the plane, myself and Demitri included, gasped as enormous bolts and folks or bright *purple* lightning shot through the dark clouds, making the plane shudder. I gripped my seat as the entire structure wobbled, making me terrified we were going to die. People screamed, children cried out, and even I was yelling in shock. I’d always considered myself morally brave, if perhaps a little bit milquetoast as a person. I was tall though, and moderately fit and good looking, so I could project confidence even when I didn’t have any.

Confidence fled me now.

“It’s hitting the plane!” someone cried. “The lightning is hitting the plane!”

I was in business class courtesy of Demitri, but even I could see the forks of ethereal, almost *aberrant* lightning crackling as it hit the plane. It didn’t seem to cause any damage, but violet sparks flew.

“Hold on tight, kid,” Demitri said, still grinning, though perhaps some fear now showed. “It’s gonna be a bumpy ride!”

He had no idea how true that was, because less than a minute later the biggest fork of the purple lightning yet hit the plane, and actually *penetrated* into it. Everyone screamed

as the forks flew every whichaway. An old woman was hit by one. A young man travelling with his parents was also hit. A pregnant woman cried out as the lightning hit her stomach. And then, to my shock, a fork branched out and headed straight towards me. I flung myself back, hitting the button to lower my seat back. I managed it just in time . . .

. . . only for the bolt to hit Demitri instead.

And this time, he really screamed.

"I'm telling you, I'm fine!" Demitri repeated as we headed to our resort. "My skin just feels a bit funny, that's all. Kind of sensitive. They said that was normal."

We had just been discharged from the hospital, and many other passengers were doing the same with us. Many were agitated, and the pregnant woman in particular was having an argument with a nurse even as she was practically pushed out of the door.

"I'm telling you, my baby is a girl! I've had it confirmed in three ultrasounds! It can't be a boy, it just can't!"

I accepted Demitri's statement this time, and we took a cab up to our resort. It was a gorgeous location, and he was proud to have used company money to book us the finest suite right at the top, with a lovely sundeck that offered absolute privacy while also allowing one to look out over everything.

"Especially those bikini-clad ladies," he said after we unpacked, pointing down at some sunbathing women. He scratched his chest, mumbling something about a weird itch, then actually pulled out a pair of binoculars.

"You're kidding me, boss," I said.

"When in Rome, kid," he said. "Check out the pairs of fine Roman tits." He chuckled at his joke, and to my embarrassment I chuckled with him. As bad as he was, I had to suck up to him to advance in the company.

"When are we meeting this Toris people again, Stewart?"

"Taros," I corrected. "Two days from now. We could have arrived tomorrow."

"Nah, you want to lose the jet lag. Besides, this'll be a cinch. We'll spend a few days securing a mighty fine deal, then pad it out with some company-funded vacation time. Trust me, there's this place in town that serves the best whiskey."

I shrugged. I couldn't deny that I was enjoying the particular perks. I decided to go swimming not long after unpacking, and to my surprise Demitri actually joined me, having purchased some swimmer shorts from the resort store.

“Don’t look at me like that!” he said, scratching his hairy chest. His nipples looked a bit swollen, but maybe that was normal for a guy like him? “I’m adapting to the local scene. Haven’t been swimming in years, but there’s a time for everything, right?”

To both our surprise, he took back to swimming like a fish returned to water.

I was starting to suspect there was something a little bit off about my boss. Despite all his braggadocio, his macho man confidence and chauvinistic manner, he had been oddly shy as of late. It was almost time for our first meeting with the Taros Distributors, which would also be held jointly with the state government people. Our company’s hormone pill would do wonders for postpartum women and women going through menopause, and even men who had hormone disorders. But as always, there was a lot of controversy and fear mongering when it came to such things, and so our job was to play the reassuring type. Or, in Demitri’s case, the outright bribers.

At least, that was the plan, but when Demitri wasn’t swimming and enjoying himself at the beach - far more than I’d like, given it left me to do all the work - he was hiding himself away in his room and barely speaking to me.

“Demitri!” I called to him when we were about to go. “We need to head! The cab is waiting for us. Are you ready?”

“I - shit! We need to delay!” came his muffled voice. “I can’t do this right now!”

“What? What’s going on!”

“Just delay it!”

Perhaps it was a bad choice, but I could handle a boss’s ire. There were ways to soothe Demitri. I couldn’t handle tanking a major deal for the company and losing every hope of getting a promotion. I opened the door to his room and strode on through to confront him.

“Sir, we need to figure out what the hell!?”

My sentence had shifted part way through as I beheld my boss standing, his suit pants on but his upper torso naked. His chest was entirely hairless, and his wide set shoulders almost looked like they’d slimmed down. He had been in fairly good shape apart from a slight gut before, so I was surprised to see that his pecs looked a little flabby. Between that and his swollen nipples - they *had* to be swollen from the size of them - it actually looked like he’d developed a pair of manboobs, if not outright breasts. Even the fuzz on his face was gone, leaving his facial skin surprisingly smooth. And it looked like his suit pants were too loose on him, and perhaps a bit too long.

“Um, sir?”

“What the hell are you doing in my room!?” he spat. He turned a bright red as his voice cracked midway through the sentence, almost like he was a teen again.

“Sir, you look . . . different.”

“Why do you think I need to cancel? I’m sick or something! My skin feels all weird and my balls . . . we’re not talking about that. I can’t go to the meeting. We’ll have to cancel.”

He didn’t look sick, at least to my eyes, but he definitely looked changed.

“Um, sir, I think we can cover this up, until you, uh, recover.”

“How?” he moaned. “I even feel shorter? How the hell does that happen? Is my spine compressing or what?”

I moved closer to him, checking over his wardrobe and what had been pulled from his suitcase.

“Okay, you look like you might fit one of my shirts, but then we can use the brown suit jacket over the top. It looks baggy, so it should cover everything up. We can roll up the legs of your pants just a little and no one will be the wiser, right?”

He nodded slowly. I expected a little more resistance, but whatever was going on seemed to be making him less intractable and a little more pliant.

“Yeah - yeah! Of course, great idea, Stewart. You’re a good one. Okay, we can do this.”

I helped him get ready, trying to ignore just how weird it was that his nipples were so big, his chest so hairless, and his overall frame less solidly built. But we couldn’t miss this meeting, and he was adamant that he didn’t want to waste any more time at the hospital.

“Maybe afterwards!” he exclaimed. “But yeah, I’m back into it now. We can do this. Wine and dine, ki - buddy. Wine and dine.”

The Taros Pharma people introduced themselves to us - their lead was a man named Tyler, and he gripped both of our hands and set us down for talks. The details were long and there was a great deal of back and forth, discussion over the distribution networks and so forth, and I could see that my boss’s attention was flagging. This was a core part of the job, and I thought even he could do it, but instead he just sat there, only occasionally interjecting, and otherwise scratching his hair and pulling at it. It had the impression of making it look longer than it should have been.

“Okay, that’s enough chit chat about the itty gritty details,” he finally said, standing up. “It’s time we made sure we’re all on the same level, right? Take it from a man with strong Greek heritage; the bathhouse is waiting for us, gentleman, and some ladies too. No offence, Nari.”

He indicated to one of the local government leaders, a native woman. Her eyes went wide.

“Um, if I could just have a moment to talk to my partner,” I said.

“Of course,” Tyler replied, looking a bit confused.

I got my boss out of the room.

“What are you doing? I was about to seal the deal!”

“Maybe!” I replied. “But maybe we shouldn’t say that in front of the only other woman . . . sir.”

He scoffed. “I bet she’d love it. She needs to lighten up, same as that secretary woman. If they’d just give themselves over and accept that they need to be a total bimbo babe for their man, they’d be fine.”

He paused. I paused.

“I - I don’t know why I said that,” he said. “Ignore me. Okay, I’ll clarify what I said, then secretly take the men out on the town. You stay with the girls and keep them all happy, or whatever.”

It was the best deal I was going to get. At least, that’s what I thought. Little did I know that the best deal of my life was just around the corner.

Something weird happened in the night. Demitri had taken ‘the boys’, as he called them, on a rather long binge into the night, probably heading from bar to bar. I turned in after my meeting, ordered room service (on the company, of course), and eventually headed to sleep. It was around 2am when Demitri staggered back in, mumbling and slurring a little drunkenly.

“Whazza? Why was I acting like that? Izz like . . . fog just cleared. Stupid, stupid. Shoulda kept shirt on. Ugh . . . feel weird. Everything aches. Gotta get into bed. Nice and warm . . . cuddly.”

He lifted the covers, and I realised he was getting into *my* bed. He was in *my room*.

“Sir? Sir! This is my bed! You’re in the wrong room!”

“Oh, oh. Can’t sleep here?”

“No!”

In the shadows, his outline seemed a bit strange. Was he wearing a wig or something? And his voice sounded . . . softer than it should have been. It was lacking that slightly guttural, almost growly quality it usually had.

“Okay, sleep alone then,” he muttered, moving away. “Jus’ wanted to be close or whatever.”

I'll admit, I was creeped out. But he was probably just totally drunk, and thought I was a chick or something.

Of course, it turned out the situation was pretty much exactly the opposite.

The next day was free. We were scheduled to meet with the Taros people two days from now after they'd taken in the information we'd given them, and probably recovered from the experience Demitri foisted upon him. My boss obviously needed to sleep in, so I went and got some breakfast, then headed down to swim in the resort pool. It was a beautiful Hawaiian summer day, and there were many others joining me. I spared an eye to some of the rather attractive ladies swimming about. A few glanced back at me and smiled.

I wasn't in a relationship. It had been a busy few years trying to climb the corporate ladder, and it left little time for romance. But perhaps a one-night stand would be okay, or just a brief fling back in the apartment. I made my moves on a cute blonde, and after a bit of a starter conversation where I perhaps overinflated my role in my pharmaceuticals company, she was coming upstairs to see the presidential suite.

At least, that was the plan. Because when I opened the door to introduce the woman - whose name was Maggie - to my quarters, a figure was already lying on my bed in feminine repose, clad in a towel and humming to herself.

"Oh, um, this isn't what it looks like!" I exclaimed. "I don't know who that is?"

The figure turned their head, and it appeared to be a mannish woman with a Mediterranean look. She was putting on makeup using a little mirror to help her.

"Stewart?" she asked, in a voice that was husky and familiar. "Stewart! What the in the goddamned hell happened to me?"

Maggie scoffed. "Yeah, sure! I don't know what this is, but I'm out of here."

She stormed off before I could stop her, but chasing her was pointless compared to addressing this.

"Demitri? What the hell has happened to you!? You look - you look like a woman!"

"I know, damn you!" the figure cried, erupting from the bed in anger and humiliation. The result was that Demitri's towel, previously covering much of his midsection and hip area, flung off of him, leaving him totally exposed.

"Shit!" he cried, rallying to grab it and cover himself. "Don't look at me, Stewart!"

But it was too late. I'd seen everything. Demitri's form had become totally unrecognisable. His chest, previously looking lumpy, now appeared to have developed actual *breasts*, topped with female nipples and everything! His shoulders were much smaller, and his overall frame too. That was to say, except for his hips and rear, which had obviously

expanded. It was almost looking like his figure was developing a noticeable hourglass. Coupled with his changed voice, as well as his softer jawline and more delicate facial features, and it was easy to see how one would mistake him for a woman. Even his dick was smaller than it should have been - the man often bragged about having a large cock. Perhaps it had been bluster, but I doubted it was *that* small!

“Jesus, Demitri, you’ve got tits! And are you wearing a wig?”

He managed to cover himself in the towel, though I noticed a hint of new cleavage now, and his legs were looking surprisingly shapely. He grasped his hair with one hand.

“Oh, no! I didn’t realise it had gotten this long!”

It was now down to his chin, which was delicate compared to his previously square jaw.

“How could this happen? And why the hell were you putting on makeup?”

“I wasn’t - I was . . . shit! I was! I don’t know, it was like I was another goddamn person, kid!”

His lips had ruby red lipstick on them, and there was faint eyeshadow enhancing his overall looks. But it was him calling me ‘kid’ that made me realise something else.

“You’re younger, too,” I remarked.

“That - that doesn’t make sense.”

“Neither does you putting on lipstick, but have a look at yourself in the mirror!”

He stormed to the bathroom, and I followed him. Demitri gasped at his appearance.

“I thought I was imagining things. Something goddamn fucking weird is happening, Stewie.”

“Stewart, sir.”

“That’s - that’s what I - nevermind! Yesterday, I was wining and dining the guys, but the longer I did, the more I started . . . forgetting things. And I started acting weird. I was getting all close to them and putting my body against them and giggling and laughing, and then suddenly I was calling myself *Daphne*, and they were acting like it was all fucking normal. One even touched my thigh and I told him that I was ‘spoken for’; what the fuck does that even mean?”

“I have no idea,” I said, looking over my boss’s feminised form. “But we should get you to a hospital.”

“Yeah,” he said, voice still quite androgynous. “Yeah, that’s a good idea.”

“The fuck did they mean saying everything was normal!” Demitri cried. “Does any of *this* look normal to you?”

He was gesturing to his breasts, which formed a noticeable impression against his shirt. I could have sworn they had gotten a little bigger in the six hours it had taken us to organise a cab to the hospital, argue Demitri's case, get the tests run, only for them to ask if 'Daphne' needed a psychiatric referral.

"Daphne. Fucking *Daphne!* That's not my name, Stewie-

"Stewart."

"That's what I said! But they said my name was Daphne! It's all bullshit. This whole situation is bullshit."

"Why didn't you tell them that?" I asked. We were back at the resort, having effectively wasted time on what felt like a wild goose chase, only I could see the goose in front of me even if no one else did.

Demitri sighed and ran his thinning hands through his longer curly hair. "I couldn't! That's what I'm telling you! As soon as it was just me alone with the docs, I acted completely different."

"Different how?"

He blushed, struggling to look in my direction. "Like I was . . . a girl. A chick. A bloody *broad*. He asking me for my full name and I said it was *Daphne Alexos*. And he asked me for my age and instead of saying forty three years old I said I was *twenty two* years old. Twenty two!"

I coughed. "You do look younger. And you, um, are starting to look like a woman."

He turned his eyes on me, scowling. "You think I don't know that! I - sorry, I should be so mean to you, Stewie. I know you're trying your hardest to support me here."

Another pause.

"Wait, why am I being so fucking nice to you?"

"Beats me," I said. "But it seems you forget who you are each time you're not around me, right?"

"That . . . that can't be right."

I suggested that we test it. He could go to the other room, and we would close the doors between our rooms, and then I would wait five to ten minutes. He looked a bit nervous, but agreed, and again I couldn't help but think he seemed far less a leader now, more pliable and likely to go with my suggestions, almost submissively. I waited ten minute just to be certain, and then opened the door to Demitri's room.

And there he was, humming in a feminine manner to himself as he got dressed into a cute blouse and *skirt*.

"Demitri?"

"Yes, sexy?" he purred, looking back at me. It was only then that he blinked and looked down at himself. He appeared to have changed a little further; his waist was clearly

smaller, so were his shoulders, and his face was looking less mannish and softer, particularly around his lips and jawline. Was his hair longer too? Certainly, it appeared shinier.

“What the fuck!?” he exclaimed.

“Where did that clothing even come from?” I asked.

The answer was revealed fairly soon: it was his wardrobe. It had changed entirely, and now consisted of female clothing - including some bikinis, much to his embarrassment - that fit his new form. His chest, to judge from the bras, were now ample C-cups. Moreover, even his wallet had changed - it was now a purse, and it had a photo ID that showed an unbelievably gorgeous Greek woman with long, curly black hair and lips that were begging to be kissed, not to mention emerald eyes that seemed sultry and beckoning.

“No, no,” Demitri mumbled. “That can’t be me. I can’t be turning into her.”

“Wow,” I said, taking the ID. “She’s beautiful.”

Demitri swallowed, placing a hand on mine. “Do you think so? Do you really think so?”

“Yeah, I mean, look at her! Obviously, this is crazy, but you can’t tell me that isn’t the hottest woman you’ve ever seen.”

He moaned. It was a very awkward moment to experience.

“Sh-shit! Stop saying that!”

“I’m just telling the tr-”

“I mean stop t-turning me on! When you say stuff about my body it makes me feel so f-fucking hot now! Just can it, Stewie, and help me sort this out!”

That was new information. I stored it away, trying to figure out just what the hell was going on. And then something came to mind.

“The purple lightning,” I said. “That has to be it. Remember that pregnant woman? She said that her baby was meant to be a girl but the hospital was saying it was a boy. It’s changing reality. Maybe it was like a tear between universes or something, and it’s rewriting things to how they ‘should be’, or something.”

He gasped. “You’re right. The bolt hit me!” He folded his arms beneath his increasingly generous chest. “After *you* dodged it.”

“You can’t blame me for that!”

“You could be turning instead of me!”

I scoffed. “Oh, you’d like that, wouldn’t you, *sir*.”

“Of course I would!”

“And I bet you’d take full advantage of it. But now you’re the one turning into a sexy, beautiful woman named Daphne.”

Another moan. “Stop it! Stop calling me sexy. Let’s just . . . we need to figure out what to do.”

“We research,” I said. “But also prepare for the meeting. The Taros people will just see you as Daphne. We can still get this right, and fix your life.”

Again, that submissive nod. He was starting to look quite cute. “Of course. Yes. Can I . . . can I stay with you, though? So I don’t keep losing these memories?”

I told him he could. It wasn’t entirely altruistic. To be honest, seeing my douchebag boss brought low like this was fascinating, and even more than that, I wanted to see how he would change further.

I wouldn’t be disappointed. Not one bit.

To Demitri’s disappointment, his body continued to change, even into the next day, and then again in the leadup to our next meeting. His breasts continued to grow, becoming large D’s and then Double-D’s. We knew that from the bra size, and when I left him alone he automatically slung the bra on, and it was quite the pushup, making them two ripe palm-fillers with quite a lot of jiggle. This matched the other changes: his body developed a deeply sexy hourglass with wide hips and an itty bitty waist, and his skin looked utterly without blemish. His face turned from cute to pretty to *beautiful*, especially overnight. He woke up two mornings in a row utterly devastated that he now had “dick sucking lips” - his words, not mine, though they were starting to turn me on since his voice was now totally feminine and getting a very sultry, teasing quality to them.

Other changes were occurring too. Beyond his lengthening hair and feminised arms and shortening frame, there was also the matter of what was between his legs. When I had to go to the toilet or run a quick errand, I would often return to him in ‘Daphne mode’, as I called it. He would change into something that showed off his form much better, his wardrobe changing with his body to accommodate this, and during those times I got a sneak peak of his shrinking package. It wasn’t going to be long until he was a full woman.

“Stop disappearing like that!” he squeaked when I returned, just before we were set to head out to negotiate the Taros deal. “Every time you do I start putting on fucking makeup! Look at me, I look like some trashy whore!”

I smirked. “Daphne, you definitely don’t look like a whore. In fact, no offence, but you are looking very beautiful right now.”

The figure - I was starting to think of him as a *her* - blushed, looking down. “Stop - stop saying those things. It’s making my goddamn nipples so stiff. You can’t keep - ugh - turning me on like this!”

"Yeah, about that," I said. I brought out my phone and showed him a bunch of new images that had appeared on it this morning. I looked at Dmitri pout, then gasp in a cute fashion as I showed him/her their contents.

"That - that can't be!"

"But it is. That's you and me. You in the pink bikini - God, you look great there, you should definitely wear that. And here's another with you in a tight black dress with a very low neckline. Nice cleavage, by the way. And here's one of us kissing, and another where you've got your arm around me. And, look, we're kissing again. Someone else took this one, because it's you and me lying on a couch together, you on top of me, and -"

"S-stop!" Dmitri squeaked. "Stop it! Put it away. I can't - oh God, I can't look at it. It's making me f-feel some things. Weird f-fucking things!"

I turned the phone off. "What things are we talking about?"

"I'm not saying shit at this point, Stewie."

I let the cute nickname slide this time. It was starting to make sense. "Demitri. *Daphne*, you should tell me."

She swallowed, submitting to my act of dominance. God, it was so hard to think of her as anything but a she, especially given that she would be growing a pussy any day now, most likely. "It's making me want - it's making me want to do things to you. To please you."

I nodded, trying not to get too turned on myself. "It makes sense. Don't you see, Daphne? Reality has been rewritten. In this new reality, you're not just a woman, you're my *girlfriend*. And judging from these images, I'd say we're serious. We've been together since you were twenty. That's two years now."

"How - how old are you?"

I chuckled. Of course Dmitri had never bothered to ask. "I'm twenty six, Daphne."

"Stop calling me . . . never mind. Shit! I'm not going to fuck you, okay? I don't care how much this stupid busty body wants it, I'm not going to let you suck my tits and pound my wet pussy and - ugh!"

I put my hands on her shoulders, and she looked up at me with something like awe.

"I'm going to leave the room. You take care of yourself. And then we'll head to Taros."

Before she could protest I headed out to the hallway. Inside, her manner changed, at least from what I could hear:

"Mhmmm," she moaned. "I just really, really want to fuck my hot boyfriend right now. When is he going to marry me? I want to be his trophy wife. I bet when we get back from this Hawaii deal. Ohhh, but I bet I can convince him with a hot bikini. No, pay attention, Daphne! Stop being, like, so horny! Just satisfy yourself and get to the meeting and then your man can make you cry out in, like, totally big orgasms when you get back."

It turns out I had to go take care of myself too, after hearing that.

Daphne looked very uncomfortable and yet utterly entrancing during the meeting. I took the lead, and this time she didn't try to pitch in unless I asked. Tyler continued to glance at her, clearly distracted, and the same was true of the men around her. The few women present seemed to accommodate her, though one younger woman certainly appeared jealous. This was despite my feminising former boss squirming, rubbing her thighs together and occasionally having to suppress a moan.

"Hurry the fuck up," she pleaded with me in a quiet whisper. The sound of her sultry voice against my ear made me a little hard. *"I can f-feel I'm losing it, down there. Goddamn it, I'm getting a pussy. Get me out of here before it finishes. Please!"*

"We have to take our time," I reminded her. I took the daring step of kissing her lightly on the cheek, an act that simultaneously shocked her, and seemed to comfort her. "Trust me, Daphne. I'll need to chat to Tyler personally for a bit, so you stay behind and just be . . . you."

"You - you dick! You know I can't be!"

"I know, but maybe we need some bubbly, sexy energy to 'tide' these guys over. Do some light flirting, and if you don't remember being Demitri, that will be easier. Make sure to show off a bit more cleavage too. Oh, and use that sexy voice."

She huffed as I left her, but as before, she had certainly become more submissive to me. The fact that reality had changed to give me her position - a promotion already! - and her mine only made it all the sweeter. Tyler and I talked, liasoning with the local government official, in a separate room. Occasionally I looked out the glass window and saw Daphne - *my* Daphne as I was starting to think of her - laughing and flirting with the men, placing her hand on their arm with a light touch, and adjusting her button to show off her cleavage. Her breasts had definitely grown, becoming the kind a man might describe as a set of 'melons.'

"She sure is something," Tyler told me. "You're a lucky man."

"I am," I said, grinning. "Very lucky."

"A guy like that could get used to a woman like that on his arm."

"I don't plan to ever get used to it," I said, knowing the truth. "And perhaps neither will she. We keep it fresh, as if we only just became a couple yesterday."

"Ha! That's a romantic notion if I ever heard one. Well, you've sure impressed us here, and helped smooth over things. There's still some meetings to sort out the fine details, but I'd say we're on our way and can finish up for the day. What say we hit the bar and celebrate this first big step?"

I couldn't disagree. "I'll just make a quick stop back at the resort to get into something less formal. And for my girl to wear something enticing."

He chuckled. "Well, if you don't mind me saying, no one will complain about that."

I doubted they would. Daphne had stopped squirming, and when I re-entered the room, she could barely keep her jaw from hanging, or her hand from experimentally lowering before catching herself. We both knew what had happened while she had been 'away.'

She was a full woman now, in every way that counted.

"I can't believe you made me wear that! It had fucking sequins! Ugh, they were looking at me like I was a fuckable piece of meat all night. And now I'm all drunk again. And my boobs are wobbling. Look at all the fuckin' wobble! And my pussy is so f-fucking wet. I told you we had to go back here soon or I'd start goddamn humping your leg, Stewie!"

I couldn't help but place a hand around my lovely new woman's waist and pull her closer to me, planting a kiss on her lips. Her eyes went wide, but then she relaxed and kissed me back.

"Don't tell me you didn't enjoy it," I replied. "Being on my arm. Showing off all that cleavage. Sitting on my lap and feeling me hard against you?"

She squirmed. "Please, d-don't say that kind of stuff!"

But it was true. Despite no doubt being humiliated over becoming a gorgeously sexy, busty woman, there was no doubt that when I was present to keep her male memories, her libido and loyalty to me were still incredibly strong. She had chafed against being a sexy thing on my arm while we wined and dined the Taros people, but when I had phrased it as this making her even more attractive to me, she had folded completely, almost *eagerly*, despite any inner reluctance she had. As it was, I couldn't keep my eyes off of her. She was literally my perfect woman right now, and when I had to go to the bathroom, I returned to hear her 'Daphne mode' talking me up to perfection, speaking of me as the man she wanted above all others.

And now, I wanted her as much as she wanted me, deep down.

"Are you sure you don't want this, Daphne?" I asked, lowering my hands to cup her breasts and squeeze them. "Are you sure you don't want me to feel your big tits and put my big dick *inside you*?"

She moaned. "N-no! Yes! No! Yessssss. Shit! I need it. I need it so f-fucking bad. This is a nightmare."

"Then let me make it a dream. This is our new reality, Daphne. You may not be a babe-chaser anymore, but you can *be* a babe. My babe. And I promise, I'll be very good to you. It's what the purple lightning made you, and who are we to argue with the fate it gave us?"

“It’s not - it’s not real.”

“Does this feel real?”

I groped her rear, kissing her and pulling her towards the bedroom. She moaned into my mouth, clutching me, kissing back with more passion.

“It - fuck! I hate how much I want this. I hate how *real* it is. I’m meant to be the skirt-chaser, not be a skirt. This isn’t - ahhhh . . .”

But despite her words, she was already taking her clothes off. She peeled off her dress, then her sexy lingerie, until she stood naked before me, the most devastatingly attractive woman I had ever seen.

“This is all wrong,” she said, voice sultry as all hell. She grabbed my collar and pulled me back onto the bed. “But I need you to fuck me so bad! I’ll turn back later, I swear I will. I’ll be your fucking boss and never worry about Daphne again. But for now - mmhph!!”

I sucked on her nipple, even as she unbuckled my belt. She was rampant and ravenous, and I didn’t even get my clothes off - she just needed my cock out and in her, and that’s exactly what I gave her. I slid deep into her warm, tight, and *wet* recess, and she moaned as I imagine she never had.

“It f-feels so weird! Don’t s-stop! Keep going! Fuck that lightning! Fuck this! And fuuuuuck meeeeeee!!!”

I did. I did a lot. By the end she was begging for me to cum inside her, her body thrashing about, yearning for multiple orgasms.

And don’t worry, I gave those to her too. Many times, in fact. We went to sleep in each other’s arms, and while I felt a little guilty, I could also recognise that some karma was in play.

“Thank you purple lightning,” I whispered as I spooned her, playing with her breast as she fell asleep. Already an idea was forming in my head over how to make this work, and if I played my cards right, it would be a doozy.

“Okay,” I said, looking at the devastatingly beautiful Greek girl before me. The fact that she was adorned in sexy pink bikini, one that hugged her magnificent breasts perfectly and showed off her curvaceous young body. We’d gone swimming earlier together, and despite her annoyance that I needed to be present for her not to go into ‘Daphne mode,’ I greatly enjoyed the way she kept teasing her body against mine in the pool. In the end, we’d retreated back here, and the sight of her body still in that bikini only made my following decision all the more clear. “Let’s make a deal, then.”

“A deal?” she said, in that sultry tone she was forced to now speak in. “What do you mean, a deal?”

“Well, it’s obvious that the purple lightning has rewritten your entire reality, and I’m the only one that remembers you. And it’s clear from the images on my phone - and yours - that we’re a couple in this new reality. And, let’s be honest, it’s also *very clear* that, however much you may dislike and deny it, the changes from the purple lightning storm have left you incredibly attractive to me.”

“That’s not - that’s not true!”

“Sir - *Daphne* - you have been *throwing* yourself at me. You bite your lip when I take off my shirt, and I hear you murmuring my name while you masturbate at night, when you think I’m asleep. You’re obsessed with me, even if it’s not your fault. Admit it, even if your mind is resistant, your *Daphne* body wants me. It wants me bad.”

Her answer came in the form of a reluctant moan. “Ohhhhh, f-fine! Yes, goddamn it! I don’t want to but - this stupid body wants to please you. It’s so fucking sick, but I can’t stop thinking about your cock in me. In my pussy, in my ass, in my . . . in my mouth.”

She blushed red, struggling to look me in the eyes as she said the words. She had gone from a handsome forties alpha male chauvinist to the very kind of woman he vigorously pursued for sex wherever he went. That had to be a blow to the ego.

“Well, I’m glad you’ve admitted that. I don’t feel the same pull, *Daphne*, but I am the only one who knows your full story, and as we have seen, you literally forget you were ever a man and slip into what I’ll call ‘full *Daphne* mode every time you leave my presence. I don’t think you want to live like that.”

“Of course not! I won’t be some ignorant bimbo showing off her body! What happened with the *Taros* people was embarrassing enough!”

“Exactly!” I said, seizing on this opportunity. “And your *Daphne* self still wants me, as we’ve seen. She always comes back to me, and talks about me as a loving and - you might recall - sexy boyfriend that she can’t wait to get back to.”

She bit her lip, moaning a little. Clearly, I was making her more aroused by the second.

“So what the hell do I do?” she asked. She crawled a little closer to me. I was sat on the edge of the bed, and there was a deeply submissive quality to the way she shifted towards me. Her large breasts - God, they had to be bigger than Double-D’s - jiggled and wobbled delightfully as she moved, and I had a great view of her peachy ass. I couldn’t help it; I placed a hand on the small of her back, rubbing it gently as she pressed herself against me like an act of supplication. She briefly closed her eyes and cooed, before biting her lip and catching herself.

“Well, here’s the deal,” I said, admiring the beauty of her face, the plumpness of her lips. “We can’t fight or undo this reality change. It was a freak tearing of reality, and we have to live with it. And you don’t want to lose your memories - yourself, really - as Demtri. So here’s what I propose: you actually live as my trophy girlfriend for real, and I’ll stick around so you can be you.”

“What!?” she cried, though she only pulled away a little. “I won’t - I can’t do that! I don’t want to keep having sex with you.”

“Daphne, your hand is literally on my crotch right now. You’ve been rubbing it for almost a minute.”

She gasped, though she didn’t pull her hand away.

“You *do* want to have sex with me again,” I said. “And we *will* have sex again, if you agree with the deal. It’s the only way this can work. You can’t be around me without desperately needing to act the part of my sexy, slutty girlfriend. And you can’t be away from me without losing everything that makes you, you. So this is the only way it can work.”

She pouted. It was a very cute look.

“You get everything you want,” she grumbled.

“Yeah, I guess I do. But hey, sometimes someone wins more out of a deal than the other guy. You taught me that once. So what do you say, Daphne? Will you be my girl? I promise I’ll leave you alone as little as I can. It’ll have to happen sometimes, but I’ll always come back. And you can always have *me*.”

I lowered my hand and gripped her ass. She squeezed her eyes shut, letting out a very sexual grunt.

“Oh God. I can’t believe - holy fuck I can’t believe I’m saying this, but yes. Fine, it’s a d-deal! Just stick by me and then f-fuck me when I want it!”

“Do you want it right now?”

“Yes?”

“Shall we shake on it?”

I extended a hand, but she batted it right away. Instead, she grabbed my face and pressed her lips against mine, snaking her tongue right into my mouth.

“How’s that for sealing the deal?” she asked as she parted, her voice sensual and sultry as *fuck*.

“That - holy shit, that works for me. And now to hold up my part.”

“I held her against me, feeling her tits and making her moan as I helped extract her from her pink bikini. She gasped and groaned, exclaiming how much she needed this, but also how much she hated me, but also how much she fucking loved me, and again that she was going to find a way to be a man again but God, oh God she needed to feel like a woman right at the moment. The warring back and forth in her mind only turned me on harder, and

soon she was on her back with her legs spread wide, and me plunging every inch of my cock deep inside of her.

“Yessss!” she wailed as I began thrusting, squeezing her breasts and pinching her perfect nipples. “Fuck m-me! Make me y-yours! Close the d-deal!”

Just a few minutes later and I did. I came inside her, grunting from the sheer satisfaction, and what followed was a greater orgasm than I’d ever had. The same was true of her, no doubt, because she cried out again and again, even biting into my shoulder to control herself. She wrapped her gorgeous Greek thighs around me, squeezing every last drop from me. When she finally stopped cumming, I collapsed upon her, resting my head on her pillowy breasts.

“Deal closed,” I muttered as she played with my hair.

“Mhmmm . . . where’s the d-dotted line?” she murmured. “Shit, what am I even saying? I - I shouldn’t want this.”

That’s what she said. But of course, just half an hour later, we were going at it hard again already, this time her riding on my lap while I licked and sucked her nipples, pressing my face into her breasts.

Yeah, I’d say it was a successful deal, alright. Did that make the purple lightning my business partner?

And that’s how it all happened. My former boss was now my girlfriend, submissive and devoted, or at least compelled to be. It all worked out in the end, at least as far as I was concerned (and she too, when she gave over to her compulsions and embraced being my personal Greek goddess). We sealed the deal with Taros, and she was a huge part of it. Not only was Tyler and the other Taros guys utterly taken with her, and thus very willing to overlook any small details in our agreement, but when I deliberately left her alone to spend time with the women, the Daphne personality took over completely and utterly won them over! Apparently, despite her giggly, bimbo-ish nature, her positivity and general loveliness prevailed. At least, that’s how she explained to me, freshly frustrated thanks to the return of her Demitri memories.

“I can’t believe that,” she muttered to herself when she came back to me at the resort suite. “We were talking about *kids*, and I actually said ‘I’d love to make babies with my Stewart someday.’ Ugh! So gross . . . mhmmmm, and hot. Fuck. Why is that so hot?”

I just chuckled, laying back on my bed as she stripped out of her tight professional work clothes, the kind that still managed to emphasise her bust in the blouse and her ass in the pencil skirt.

“Well, don’t get ahead of yourself, Daphne,” I said, gazing at her voluptuous form as she stood there in her dark lingerie, moving towards me with reluctant lust in her eyes. “I think we can go a few years before we think about kids. And, of course, we’d have to get married before that.”

Her eyes went wide. “M-married?”

“Of course! It only makes sense. We’re going to be together for good, right? You by my side, us sleeping together, warming one another’s bed.”

She shivered as I reached out and began unclasping her bra, releasing her bountiful breasts.

“Besides, to get ahead in the company, a man needs a wife. A nice trophy wife to be on his arm during important dinners, to please the other men in the room, and to help establish my dominance. A sexy Greek beauty like yourself will do nicely, don’t you think?”

“F-fuck. I would, wouldn’t I? I’d be even sexier than all the girls I used to chase.”

“You’d be *better* in every way, Daphne.”

She kissed my neck, even as I massaged her ass and roamed across her delightful form. Her little coos of pleasure were making me hard as iron, and her dainty hand fell down to begin stroking my manhood.

“It’s completely unfair. You could have b-been me,” she breathed in my ear, nibbling on it a little. “The lightning bolt nearly struck you. Now I’m s-stuck being your sexy, submissive girlfriend. I’m stuck being *your future corporate trophy wife*.”

I put her face in my hands, admiring the way she was still ardently stroking my cock. I had no doubt she was wetter than a river by now, her body begging me to take her.

“Tell me you don’t want it,” I taunted her. “Tell me you don’t want to be the kind of sexy chick you always used to land. Tell me, and I’ll do everything in my power to undo this, even head back into the clouds and try to find that lightning storm. Just tell me..:”

She bit her lip, quivering. I could tell she was trying to say so, but simply couldn’t bring herself to. Finally, she gave in, defeated.

“Fuck! Damn it!” she exclaimed, before pushing me back onto the bed and lining up my tip against her moist entrance. “I need this too bad! Just make it worthwhile, Stewart!”

I did. Multiple times, in fact. And by the end, perhaps even Daphne had accepted her new life and ultimate future.

God knows I had.

The End