

Bringing The Hammer Down

By Soul-Controller

With gritted teeth and a loud huff, Emily stumbled out of the massive and extremely opulent mansion – blinking back tears as she frantically rushed down the long driveway towards her car. Despite the serene sight of the residence’s manicured lawns and meticulously trimmed hedges, the woman was the furthest from feeling tranquil. Instead, she was completely overcome with anger, frustration, and an intense sense of injustice that was absolutely inexcusable in her mind.

As she reached the driver’s side of her car, the woman’s fingers fumbled inside her purse in search of her keys. Upon grabbing them and pulling them out, Emily’s hands trembled as she struggled momentarily with unlocking the door. Once she heard the sound of her car unlocking, she slid into the driver’s seat and slammed the door shut all in one swift motion. The peaceful front yard soon became corrupted by Emily’s fury as the echo of the slammed door violently traversed the area and caused any animal in the vicinity to flee in fear.

Emily then turned the car on and waited for a moment, hoping that the cool embrace of air conditioning blasting into her face could cool her down; however, it did nothing. Instead her dainty hands formed a death grip around the steering wheel, her nails digging deep into the black foam that surrounded it.

“Fuck him,” she muttered, her tone drenched in unbridled disdain. She wiped her tear-filled eyes with the back of her hand before reaching into her purse and pulling out her phone. With still-trembling fingers, she went to her messages and opened up the group chat with her two closest friends, Lindsay and Sara. Her fingers then moved with surprising precision as she frantically typed out a message and hit send.

Emily: *The asshole said no. Can you believe that? Even after all of the extra shit I do for him, he said he couldn’t justify paying me a couple more dollars per hour...*

To her relief, it didn’t take long before her friends quickly responded and shared their sympathies.

Lindsay: *Seriously? If any of our bosses would’ve said yes, I thought it was gonna be him!*

Sara: *I’m so sorry, Em. What a jerk! 😭*

The ability to rant about her job with her friends was an instant relief to the woman, causing Emily's breathing to level out once more. In the midst of reining in her emotions to stop crying and regain a level-head, the woman's attention was stolen by another text from her friend.

Lindsay: *So... does this mean you're finally ready to go ahead with our plan? 🙄
These guys need to be taught a lesson...*

Before Emily could even formulate a response, Sara sent her own response to Lindsay's message.

Sara: *Oh hell yeah, these guys need to see what it's like to be in our shoes... or should I say heels? 😏*

In response, Emily let out a slight chuckle at her friend's joke. But as her thumb hovered over the keyboard, she wondered if she really wanted to go through with their plan. Was swapping bodies with their bosses something that she should **seriously** entertain? When thinking about it on paper, the concept sounded completely insane – not only did that seem like something out of some shitty science fiction film, but would it really teach them a lesson? She reasoned that it would certainly be a shock to have all three of the men wake up to find themselves in the bodies of their female assistants, but it certainly wouldn't be a walk in the park for the women as well. Not only were their bosses incredibly muscular men with families that they'd be forced to treat like their own, but they were also some of the biggest actors on the planet!

It was incredibly funny to Emily that the trio of women – who had been best friends since becoming roommates at UCLA – would all end up landing personal assistant positions with three famous actors as soon as they graduated from college. But this initially humorous coincidence soon felt oddly fated when they discovered that they would each be working for one of the three Chris actors that worked for Marvel Studios. The carefree Sara had ended up becoming the personal assistant to Chris Pratt, whose similar personality type made them get along together instantly during the interview stage. With Lindsay, the woman's analytical and business-savvy personality also meshed well with her boss – Captain America himself, Chris Evans. The man was desperate to make the correct business moves in order to not be pigeonholed as a certain type of leading man, which worked perfectly with the woman's suggestions about how to further build out his brand. Emily was the one who found herself having little in common with her boss – the Thor actor Chris Hemsworth. The woman was incredibly average in both appearance and personality, which always left her puzzled as

to why one of the most handsome actors in the world would pick someone like her to wake him up every morning and lead him through the events of the day.

As the job went on though, Emily had grown to really respect the Australian actor not only due to his more bubbly personality but also due to how he was such a devoted husband and father. It was a far cry from the absent dad that the woman had growing up, which caused her to often give the man the benefit of the doubt when it came to any sort of mistreatment or inattentive behavior she received from him. It was for this reason that she had been the holdout in the group as the other two women had already gone through that rejection and came up with their audacious plan of revenge. Those leniencies were soon found to be a mistake on her part, as a discussion about a potential pay increase after spending so much of her life after work handling menial tasks like taking his dry cleaning devolved into Hemsworth sternly saying no and warning that if she brought it up again she'd need to start looking for a new job.

As Emily recalled this encounter in her head, she soon realized that the idea of swapping bodies no longer felt extreme or risky... no, now it just felt like it was a worthy punishment befitting of a disrespectful asshole. With a slight smirk on her face, the woman finally made up her mind and typed out her response.

Emily: *Eh, what the hell. Let's do it. He deserves to know what it's like to not have everything handed to him for once. Plus, his family is out of town for the next week, so I don't have to worry about jumping into dad / husband mode right away!*

Text bubbles instantly popped up as the other two women enthusiastically typed out their responses.

Lindsay: *Finally! I knew you'd eventually come around. I'll reach out to my ✨ special ✨ friend and get the ball rolling. I'll let you know as soon as I hear anything.*

Sara: *This is going to be fuckin' epic. They won't know what hit them. 😈*

Emily leaned back in her seat, her heart pounding. She couldn't believe she had finally agreed to go along with the plan. It was insane, but also oddly exhilarating. She pictured Chris Hemsworth's face when he realized he was in her body, dealing with not only all of the mundane, frustrating tasks she handled every day but also the newfound hassle of having tits and a pussy. It brought a small vindictive smile to her lips as she finally began to make the journey back home.

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For the next couple hours, Emily couldn't stop looking at her phone in hopes of an update from Lindsay. No matter what she tried to do in her small studio apartment – whether that was making dinner, playing with her cat, or watching television – nothing seemed to help her relax and stop wondering about how the swap would hypothetically work. She still wasn't entirely sold on the possibility of swapping bodies, but Lindsay swore by the mysterious man's power. If there was anything Emily knew from their several-year friendship, it was that Lindsay was incredibly hard to please – which meant that if she fully trusted this man she had to have had some experience with him in the past that showcased his power.

As the hours continued to pass and the golden Los Angeles sun disappeared beneath the horizon, the woman was getting incredibly antsy about what was going on. No matter how many times she took a deep breath, she was never able to calm her nerves. Every minute was ticking by slowly, taking so long where each successive one seemed to stretch out longer than the last.

Once the clock hit 10 PM, Emily began to give up her anticipation and instead prepare for bed. Upon turning off the TV and going to brush her teeth and change into her pajamas, the woman finally set her phone onto the bedside table as she got into bed. But just as she pulled the covers over her, her phone finally buzzed.

Lindsay: *Sorry, that took longer than expected. Just talked to my friend and everything is ready to go. The spells have been cast so all we need to do now is go to bed. Tomorrow, we'll be waking up in mansions and they'll get to discover what life is like as a working class woman!*

Sara: *Awesome! This is gonna be so damn wild. Gosh, it's gonna be so weird waking up with a dick. Hopefully I don't have to deal with morning wood lmao! 🤔*

Although Emily remained committed to her mission of revenge, Sara's text instantly caused some alarm bells to ring in her head. What would it be like to actually wake up in a male body? She'd lose her breasts and her more feminine figure and instead get one of rugged masculinity and hardened angles. Would it be uncomfortable finding a tube of meat hanging between her legs and needing to adapt as a result? How the hell did men handle their boners? Her mind was racing with questions and concerns, but these fears and anxieties were quelled with the reminder of what led her here. All of those late nights and constant demands combined with the perpetual lack of appreciation. If this was the only way to make Chris learn to respect her and her hard work, then so be it!

After calming herself down and nodding to herself to get her head back into the game, Emily finally typed out a reply.

Emily: *Gotcha. It's gonna be weird, but I'm sure we'll get used to it... Right?*

The woman found herself nervously tapping her long nails against her phone case as she watched the text bubble return. One last motivation of confidence from her friends was all that she needed and then she'd finally try to sleep. Eventually, Lindsay answered with a motivational reply.

Lindsay: *Don't worry, we've got this, girls. It's gonna be an adjustment period for all of us, but it's going to be worth it! They're going to learn what it's like to be us and we'll get to experience life as handsome millionaires.*

Sara: *This is gonna be so crazy. Whoever wakes up first needs to send a message to the others!*

Upon taking in Lindsay's motivational message and reacting to Sara's text message with a confirming thumbs up, Emily placed her phone on the bedside table before finally trying to fall asleep. As she tossed and turned, her mind envisioned what life would truly be like if she was a man...

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With morning light filtering through sheer curtains, a gentle glow radiated onto Emily's back in bed. In the midst of dreaming, she stirred while her limbs became tangled in soft, white sheets. For the first time in her life, she felt no desire to get out of bed – the gigantic memory foam mattress and satin sheets left her feeling like she was weightlessly resting on a cloud. But upon hearing the loud ring of an alarm echo through the room, the woman was left with no other choice but to sit up and handle the disturbance.

As she shifted and moved into an upright position, the woman didn't even need to open up her drowsy eyes to know that something was wrong. Instantly, it was clear that there was an unfamiliar weight not only on her chest but across her entire body. She felt heavy – as if she had found herself wrapped up in a weighted blanket.

Disoriented and curious, Emily rubbed her eyes before slowly peeling them open and tilting her head downwards. In an instant, the woman's heart skipped a beat at what she saw. Instead of the familiar, supple curves of her breasts, there were two broad, muscular pecs that proudly jutted out from her chest. The shock left her breath caught in her throat as she reached out to touch them. With her fingers grazing along the firm muscle and each pair of nipples, the woman was shocked by what she felt. Everything felt incredibly solid and undeniably masculine without the hyper-sensitivity that her bosom was once cursed with.

Panic surged through her mind as she instantly ripped back the covers and found herself staring at the sight of a nearly nude man dressed in nothing besides a pair of boxers. Too stunned to speak, Emily could only continue to look down and stare at the toned stomach that was adorned with a highly sculpted pair of abs and the thick muscular legs that traversed the length of the bed.



Eventually though, she found herself finally turning those manly legs to the side and scrambling out of bed – her movements feeling incredibly clumsy and uncoordinated. With her head essentially on a swivel the way it rapidly darted around the bedroom she now found herself in, a sudden realization hit her. This wasn't just some random bedroom but rather the one that she had visited every day at work.

“Holy fucking shit,” she muttered, eyes widening upon hearing the low and resonant voice she now spoke with – the voice of Chris Hemsworth. As she heard her boss’ deep Australian accent echo through the spacious bedroom, an intense shiver traveled down her broader spine. “It, it really worked...”

With this realization hitting her, curiosity couldn't help but form as she wondered what was going on with her friends. Had their swaps also gone successfully? In the midst of wondering how they were doing, a sudden ding from the actor's cell phone caused Emily to reach down and grab it. Upon unlocking it with her handsome new visage, the woman opened up the messages app and found a new text appearing from another Chris – Chris Pratt.

Upon opening up, she was greeted by a photo of the handsome middle-aged actor shirtless and flexing in front of the mirror along with a text that said “did you get a good night's sleep, bro? I feel like a whole new man!” In an instant, it was clear that Sara's swap with the actor had been



successful and she was already well underway with exploring the perks of masculinity and muscle.

For a moment, the two friends felt like their normal selves as they quickly fired back responses to each other as they each joked about the success of the swaps and Sara joked about already jerking off a few times to get used to her new equipment. It was only when her friend encouraged her to go into the bathroom and take a selfie to send that caused Emily to lock back in to the situation at hand. Given that this situation was still quite odd to her, Sara's suggestion of a mirror selfie didn't seem like a bad idea. It would certainly be nice to get an actual look at her new reflection and get a chance to explore her new body...