

Employee of the Month

By FoxFace

A Story Tier Prompt for Jack Mackenzie

Francis Howard is a young, cocky alpha male who is heir to his father's business empire. Promoted to head of marketing, he quickly earns the ire of his team for his chauvinistic and oppressive management style. But one day Francis discovers he has Lumin's Syndrome, a rare genetic condition that means his body is turning into a woman's. Francis races to fight the changes, before his reputation within the office takes on a very different dimension.

Employee of the Month, Part 1

Francis was young, fresh out of college, and cocky as hell. He'd gone through life resting on his father's legacy as the creator and CEO of Howard Enterprises, and had just entered the business as a mid-tier executive in charge of the marketing department. This was only a temporary measure; he had no doubt in his mind whatsoever that he'd be made partner in good time, so long as he kept a firm hand on the reins of his new department. After all, it was important that the workers had at least an impression that this was a meritocracy. The truth was Francis was the golden boy, the elder brother to a brother Jared and sister Peyton, and the natural heir to his father's empire. He was tall, fit from his daily gym sessions, and always wore the most expensive suits and the finest shave and hair style. A self-described 'player', he'd skated through college on straight A's by outsourcing the work to various egg-heads in exchange for some drip-feeds of cash, all while he pursued the most beautiful babes on campus. He quickly picked up a reputation as a ladies man, one who couldn't be trusted to keep faithful to any one woman.

"I'm a shark in a world of minnows," he'd often say when others criticised him for his unearned success or attitude towards women, "you've got to be a predator in this life, or else you'll end up prey. I just hunt the things I like."

It was an approach to life that earned him many female admirers initially, but he left a string of heartbreak in his wake, his alpha male attitude unable to accept the possibility of continuous dating: he was more than happy to cheat on several women at a time, and keep a bra or set of panties as a 'trophy'.

"Sexual conquest is the most important conquest," he once told one of his servile buddies, "because we're all just primal animals in the end. Sex is everything. It's power, it's

control, it's *dominance*. And the difference between an alpha wolf and a whipped beta dog is that an alpha knows we're all animals, and that the one who leads the pack is the one that gets all the pussy. That's what it's all about. Just ask my Dad; he's had three wives, and still steps out when he wants. Because women crave that shit. It's like honey to them. It pulls pussy big time."

Those who were in his graduation class that joined Howard Enterprises as engineers and financial specialists and the like always hoped that Francis would wise up and grow up. Initially, those hopes seemed well-founded: when he was put in charge of the marketing department, Francis put on a good show of an introductory speech.

"Hello everyone, as you may know, my name is Francis Howard. Yes, son of *that* Percy Howard. So I'm sure you're thinking that I'm unapproachable, irresponsible, and just here for the perks. Nothing could be further from the truth. I'm here not as a representative for my father, but as a team leader for *you*. Marketing is the heart and soul of any business, because it's you guys who make the product sellable. The engineers and money guys may seem important, but it's marketing that could sell a tin of crackers at fifty a pop just by giving it that special flourish. Here is where the magic happens, and it's my job to lead you to bigger and better outcomes, for all our benefits."

The speech got a short applause, as was standard, but several in the office, such as Clara Richards, were genuinely hopeful. She hadn't known Francis personally, only by reputation, and she was convinced that despite what was said about him, he might be a good leader.

But Francis quickly revealed his true colours within the office environment. As a boss, he had a little vision and a lot of power, and preferred to make demands on project deadlines that were untenable unless the staff worked unpaid overtime, all while he enjoyed 'business meetings' which were usually little more than golf trips with the company board and his father. The rank and file began to detest him, but could not complain given his familial connections; they were more likely to be turfed out of the company than he was, and Francis knew it.

The women in the office hated him the most. A chauvinistic party boy, Jared often leered at "the girls", as he called them, his eyes wandering to their chests more than their eyes. He often told his fellow management buddies this.

"I love a good-looking girl in an office uniform. Those tight professional blouses and tight pencil skirts. I'm telling you, paper pusher girls always go crazy for it, and I swear the receptionist girls are always playing coy. I bet they're wild between the sheets."

His mates laughed as he said this, and the women of the department began to hear rumours that Jared and his buddies had begun rating the women of the office from 'hottest' to 'nottest', much to their incandescent fury. At the very top of the list was Clara. The

brunette woman was only in her early twenties, and was working as a temp on little pay to make ends meet. Nevertheless, she had a classic Golden-Age-of-Hollywood look, and her red lipstick only improved her looks. In her white shirt and dark grey pencil skirt, she cut an attractive image, and it was clear Francis desired her as his 'office conquest.'

"Yeah, she's single," Harvey told Francis one day after being asked. Harvey was the project head who despised Francis for the deadlines he had placed him under. "But I think she's more focused on the job, sir."

Francis smiled, observing Clara as she bent over to grab some files from her cubicle. Her fine ass pressed firmly against the pencil skirt, leaving a suggestion in his mind that salivated to see beyond the fabric.

"Oh, well, I'm just grabbing some personal information to get all my employee details known. It's important to me to get to know all my employees. Very closely."

The last was as she turned around and smiled at him. He returned a genuine smile. Harvey looked to Elijah, a pudgy man across the aisle in his early 30s who Francis often made fun of. The two shared a weary look, knowing exactly what their boss was implying.

"How are those images coming, Elijah?" Francis suddenly asked, turning to the graphic designer.

Elijah fumbled a little, trying to bring up his progress, feeling pressured under his boss's eye. "Oh, um, ah, here we are. Nearly finished. It'll be done tomorrow."

"Make it tonight. Stay late if you have to. I'll be here."

"Uh, well, Mr Howard, it's just that tonight I'm supposed to meet my mother for Chinese at Ling's. It's the best in town."

Francis laughed. "Oh come on Elijah, do you want to make Employee of the Month or not? Howard Enterprises expected you to give it your all, not go gallivanting about making dates with mommy."

Elijah's face fell. "I suppose so, Mister Howard. I've been trying to prove myself."

"That's the spirit! Stay late tonight, and I promise you that award and recognition. Your face will go right up outside my office. Besides," Francis tapped Elijah on his pudgy belly, "it's not like you need any more stuffing anyway!"

He chuckled lightheartedly as he left, leaving Elijah despondent and Harvey fuming. As soon as he reached Clara, his demeanour changed. He had been continually kind to her, respectful at all times, and laid on the flirtiness in healthy doses. He could tell she found him attractive, and it was all about spooling in the latest catch. She was just a temp, after all, and he had all the power.

"Clara, my dear, you have done such excellent work! Pretty and dedicated, I've half a mind to ask you out."

She gave a light laugh. "Oh, sir, it's nothing. I want to prove my worth to Howard Enterprises, and hopefully get permanent employment."

Her face was all brightness and naivete, and it made him joyful at how easy this might be. "That's wonderful!" he declared. "I tell you what, I've got to head to an important meeting tonight and don't have time to go home. Would you like to accompany me to a nice Chinese restaurant called Ling's? I hear it's the best in town."

Her hazel eyes went wide. "Oh, sir, I'm not sure if that's appropriate, is it?"

He waved her off. "Nonsense! It's extremely appropriate. I treat all my employees to dinner. Don't listen to the rumour mill from the jealous ladies at the front desk. I want to know all about you Clara, see what makes you tick. It may even lead to permanency."

Her face lit up.

That night, after a date that went *exceedingly* well - he'd have to tell poor Elijah how good the food had been - Francis lay on top of the squirming Clara, his rock hard penis deep inside of her. She moaned sweetly, cradling her slight breasts as he thrust into her aggressively, dominating her as an alpha male should. The meeting had been called off, at least so he'd told her - it had never existed - and he had taken great pleasure in taking her back to his place once she was sufficiently wooed by his natural charisma and handsome frame. And so it was that she yielded to him, spreading her legs wide as he went harder, and harder, and harder, until . . .

"NNgghh!"

His seed was spent into his condom, and he collapsed upon her. She came with him, much to his delight, and the two breathed together; his breath rugged and manly, hers high and feminine. Finally, he slid out of her, causing her to elicit another soft moan, and she nestled against him.

"That was . . . oh, Francis, that was amazing," she said. "I never realised that's how it would feel."

He perked up at that comment. "You - you're a virgin? How?"

She grinned a little, blushing on her pale cheeks. "I - it's embarrassing. I didn't mean things to go this far. I've been saving myself. For someone special. I had no idea it would be my boss. It's all just happened so fast!"

Francis smirked. So, she was a bit of a minnow. Well, a minnow couldn't swim with the sharks, but she didn't need to find that out yet.

"Of course dear," he said, caressing her hair, "I feel the same way. You're just so beautiful, and I want you. In fact, in fifteen minutes or so, I may just want you again."

He did. She did. Several times across the night, in fact. And the following week was the best of Clara's life, hanging on Francis' arm as they attended galas and dinners, and crying out for pleasure as he took her, his bed a site of primal, animalistic sex. He even

made her Employee of the Month, a prestigious prize in the office as the winner was awarded a nice bottle of red. Elijah looked utterly depressed for some reason, but Francis didn't really care what the fat loser wanted. Yes, it was the best week of Clara's life, followed by the worst.

"You - you've been cheating on me? How - how could you?"

Tears flooded her eyes. It had been a week, and while looking for her missing panties, Clara had stumbled upon Francis with another woman he'd met at a nightclub the previous evening.

"Please Clara, cheating is so . . . formal," he said. "I've been honest the whole time we've been together."

"You said you loved me!"

He wagged his head. "No, I said I found you beautiful. And I do. But there are many beautiful women, and one is not enough for a leader of the pack like me. Now why don't you run along back to the company and I'll see you there. We can still go on our date tonight, we're just not exclusive. You know how it is."

Clara fled the building in tears, and he resumed his pleasures with the other woman - Christine - who apparently was also a Howard Enterprises employee who worked in finance, but was more into the one-night stand scene. They made love without a care in the world for Clara, but as much as the sex was enjoyable, Francis' chest ached whenever his new partner touched it. She loved to feel his chest, but his well-defined pecs seemed a little too sensitive, and it frustrated him. He finished less excitedly than usual and sent her packing a little too quickly - what could have been a fun weekend of fucking ended with her shouting obscenities at him for hiding her bra.

But Francis was unmoved, and as he rose from the bed to take a shower, he stretched his muscles, feeling as if a bandaid had been ripped off. Only, something was definitely still off about his chest. In the bathroom mirror, he could see that his nipples were darker than usual, and slightly swollen, and what's more, his pecs appeared a little swollen. He turned sideways, and sure enough, they looked as if they had expanded somewhat. It verged on grotesque without being so, but certainly appeared a little unnatural.

"Weird," he commented to no one in particular, and stepped into the shower.

But rather than relaxing him, the shower only made him feel more out of place. The hot water made him shiver like a little girl; it was as if his skin had overnight become much more sensitive. There were shivers of pleasure in it, but also weakness, and Francis despised weaknesses. He ended the shower, and waited for the steam to clear. He parted his hair - he hadn't realised how much he needed a haircut recently - and looked over himself once more. Still, his nipples were oddly larger, and his pecs a little swollen. His arms

too, were a little different, and it took him a few minutes to see why; they were less hairy than usual.

“I can’t let anyone see me like this,” he muttered, “they’ll think I’m some sort of metrosexual freak or something.”

He quickly put on his shirt and boxers, but as he raised the latter, he was shocked when they resisted against his hips. He had to pull tightly to raise them, shimmying them up his thighs, and when they were finally on they felt stretched and quite tight upon him. Again he inspected himself. Had they shrunk in the wash? There was no way his hips had gotten wider, right?

“Fuck it,” he said, “I’m going to a doctor.”

He called work and organised a day off. Fully paid of course. And just for a little show of dominance, he shot an email to Harvey with a list of expectations that needed to be cleared by the end of the day. Perhaps the day off would be a blessing - Clara could cool off and might even be up for some rebound dicking before she fully went off him.

The GP saw him immediately, another benefit of having money; the private health system did wonders for a top dog.

“It’s weird doc,” Francis said to the balding man who nodded every few sentences he spoke, “it’s like there’s this strange puffiness. As you can see, it’s affecting my nipples and chest, and even my hips feel a little funny. On the drive over here, my junk felt numb for a little bit, and my whole stomach is starting to do somersaults. I think it might be some weird virus. Probably what laid out one of my many employees. Not me, of course; but I figure better safe than sorry, right?”

The doctor simply nodded, which wasn’t actually reassuring. “Well, this doesn’t match many conditions I know of, but certainly swelling can be caused by fluid buildup. Let me take some blood samples and I can get back to you in three days, how about that?”

Francis nodded, and put his shirt back on. He felt vulnerable in the doctor’s room, and he hated feeling vulnerable.

Over the next three days, Francis returned with a vengeance to work, making sure to wear a suit to cover his strange chest. Harvey was under more pressure than ever to get the campaign ready for their newest product, and Elijah was having to stay late nights, to the detriment of his own health. Meanwhile, Clara was teary-eyed and comforted by other women, and seemed to have entered almost a robotic state in his presence. Francis was unbothered; being an alpha meant the betas in life often resented you, but what did irritate him was the way his chest continued to itch, and he had to resist the urge to scratch his puffy nipples or the undersides of his pecs. In fact, he had taken to wearing a light wrap just to secure his chest; it prevented a slight outline against his suit. To his embarrassment, he’d secretly had to have his trousers tailored a little wider around the hips, and even in the warm

heat of a vibrant summer, he maintained his suit at all times; he didn't want anyone to see that his arm and leg hair was fading. It made him look foolish when he went golfing with his father and the board, particularly as he was sweating more than usual.

He joked that he was on call as project manager, and needed to keep up appearances, but his father had none of it.

"Don't ever embarrass me like that again, Francis," he said, jabbing his son in his sore chest. "Who golfs in a three piece suit? No one! You're meant to be the heir, son, so shape up and stop sweating like a damn maniac."

"Yes father, I'm sorry." It was humiliating to say, but if his father said it, he was right. His father was the original alpha male, and Francis was determined to follow in his footsteps.

"Good. And for God's sake, you look terrible. You're sweating your weight out."

It was true. In only three days, Francis had lost weight. It was actually starting to worry him. He'd called Doctor Greene, but the results weren't back until the following day. It was a relief when he finally got the call the next day, but then the ominous sentence that followed put a greater fear in him:

"Come in immediately. We need to discuss your condition in person."

Condition. *Condition*. He didn't like the sound of that. He took his sportscar and weaved through traffic, pissing off the regular denizens of the city as he made his way to the specialist. Doctor Greene was among the best money could buy, so it had to be serious. He didn't even wait in reception - he was called straight through to the serious man, who was with several other doctors, all looking pensive and fascinated.

"Okay, what's going on?" Francis asked.

Doctor Greene bade him sit, and he did.

"Francis, I need you to listen to me very carefully. It is good that you saw me when you did. Catching this early made it so we can prepare for what comes next."

"Fuck, it's serious isn't it? A tumour? Shit, do I need to get operated on?"

The doctor waved away his concern. "Nothing like that. Nothing fatal or dangerous. But serious, yes. Very serious. Have you heard of Lumin's Syndrome?"

Something about it was familiar, but he couldn't quite place it. Something that was on the news a few years back, perhaps . . .

"Can't say I do, Doc. I'm guessing that's what I have?"

The doctor nodded gravely. "It is. Lumin's Syndrome is a particular chromosomal condition affecting both males and females, though more common in the former. Still, it is exceedingly rare; to my knowledge, there have only been sixteen recorded cases. So few, in fact, that we ran your test results that many times just to be sure you had it. Unfortunately, your blood carries every indicator, as do your changes."

“Yeah, okay, so it’s rare, but it’s not fatal? Shit, does it make me disabled or something?”

“No, your mobility will not be affected.”

“Then what? What!?”

The doctor’s silence was clearly from a hesitation on how to explain it, but seeing Francis’ questioning, he sighed and said it outright.

“Francis, Lumin’s Syndrome means your Y chromosomes are dying and being replaced by X chromosomes.”

The young manager was not stupid. “Wait, so that means . . .”

“You’re becoming a woman. In body, and potentially mind as well. The pec swelling is the early growth of breast tissue, and your nipples are developing female areola. Your widened hips are also a result of this, as is the body hair loss. Your increased hair volume on your scalp is a symptom of each previous patient with Lumin’s Syndrome also. The queasiness you feel is likely the alteration of internal organs in preparation for the growth of a womb, and the numbness in your genitals is most certainly -”

Francis stood in alarm, knocking back the seat and startling the various GPs. “Jesus, it’s not fucking getting to that! If that’s what’s happening then what do we do next? When do we treat it?”

The doctors appeared to confer for a moment.

“We don’t.”

Francis’ jaw fell.

“Explain.”

Greene sighed once more. “There is no cure for Lumin’s Syndrome, and traditional treatments have backfired. We can’t put you on testosterone supplements; this was tried in the last case and only radicalised the change. Surgery is right out; your body is in a state of formation, your DNA is literally reconstructing your body into femalenes. Any attempt to remove breast tissue would only cause you pain and the efforts would be wasted after a few days of regrowth. In fact, it might even exacerbate the growth. The only thing we can do is advice you as your body changes, monitor and learn what we can, and bring your case some attention so that funding can -”

“No way. No fucking way Doc! I am not turning into a laughing stock around the office. My Dad would disown me. Do you have any idea how many ex-girlfriends will laugh at me? Me! Francis Howard, the damn shark! You need to find a way to fix this!”

The doctor smiled wanly. “I’ll see what I can do. I’ll need more blood samples. In the meantime, please try to reconsider what I’ve said.”

Francis allowed the blood samples and other quick tests, but the news continued to stew in him, and soon he was entering into full denial mode. As soon as they were finished,

he was putting his clothes back on and moving to the door, his mind now asserting control by entering 'dominance mode'. Getting the final word in before exiting a door was a classic power move, and it was giving him control in the wake of this horrifying revelation.

"No, you reconsider what *I've* said. I'm doubling your pay, hell, I'm *tripling it*. Right now I'm your only patient, and you're going to find a way to stop this Lumin Syndrome bullshit. No way I'm getting a pussy. I'm Francis *fucking* Howard, and I'm going to work while you solve this shit."

He took off into the street, and drove his sports car back to work, revving loudly as he arrived, as if to reassert his manhood. Francis refused to let the office see him as weak. He entered confidently, issuing orders left and right, and moving to his central office. It was all about control, and so long as he had control, he could beat this.

"Come one people, remember, it's still anyone's game to be Employee of the Month!"

But as he made his way past his secretary, some of the staff couldn't help but notice that the backside of his trousers looked a little more rounded out than usual, and he had developed a slight sway to his hips.

It was only the first sign of many changes to come.

Employee of the Month, Part 2

Francis looked in the mirror, visibly sweating. It had been over a week since he had last seen Doctor Green for his Lumin's Syndrome, and still no response from him. Meanwhile, his body was changing. Subtly, sure, but changing nonetheless.

It had started with the hair growth - hair he was now obsessively making sure remained its usual length, gelled over to one side in a slick businessman's cut. But then there was the slight swelling of his nipples, and the fatty build up around his hips and buttocks. It was small, but it was happening, and it was getting *worse*. Just yesterday in the office he'd heard Derek have the sheer fucking *temerity* to make a comment about 'Francis Coward' for not showing up to brief the team in the morning. This was because, in their mind, a rumour was spreading about their leader having put on weight 'in a way his trousers weren't appreciating.' And while that was embarrassing enough, to be insulted behind his back, to be called a coward, was unforgivable. A minnow was a coward, a shark was a damned predator.

He'd cut Derek loose. He'd had to, as a demonstration to the rest. But as the man was marched by security from his office, Francis had caught the man's hopeless expression, heard his pleading for his two weeks.

"I have a family! Kids!" he'd said.

And for some reason Francis couldn't figure out, the man's words had touched him. Even made him feel a strange tugging in his heart. His breath was a little short, and he had to turn around as not to face him.

"Fine," he'd said. "You get one more chance, Derek. But it'll be *your* ass that's mine if you don't shape up."

He stepped back into his office, wiping his eyes. Dust must have flown into them or something. Harvey, his idiot project lead, looked stunned at this development, so did the pudgy figure of Elijah. Clara wasn't present. The temp had taken a small leave of absence which had been right by him. Her contract was nearly over anyway.

But still, as he stood in front of his bathroom mirror, he couldn't help replay the events over and over in his mind. The way he'd actually showed weakness and felt *sorry* for Derek, the sad little middle-aged divorcee with nebbish glasses and an off-colour brown coat.

"This Lumin's Syndrome shit has me off my game," he said, breathing steadily, "I need to get my head back in it. You can beat this thing, Francis. You're paying the docs the big money, and got researchers all over the globe sucking on the Howard family dime. Become some bitch? I don't think so."

He adjusted his figure in the mirror, and frowned. The changes were occurring slowly, and it was hard to tell what was actually different about his body versus what he was simply anxiously imagining. Still, his hairless torso just looked that little bit more petite than it should have been. His gym-toned abs were discernibly less visible, and his waist seemed to have shrunk in a little also. Even his shoulders; broad, commanding, authoritative, were noticeably slimmer than they had been a week ago. His pecs were still a big swollen; he refused to entertain the notion that they would ever become breasts. He'd groped and fondled and sucked on plenty a pair of tits as a successful alpha male, and what was on his chest was just a bit of swelling of his nipples and pecs, they were *not* nascent breasts. His light brown hair was looking a little lighter than usual, and certainly thicker, but that at least was something easier to control.

It was his hips and ass that were the issue. The changes seemed centred around them, and they were by far the most feminine aspect of his body. So far. Anyone looking at Francis now would undoubtedly view his body as unusual; he did not have the thin hips of a man but identifiably a wider, womanly shape. They had spread apart somewhat rapidly, and accompanying that had been the slow growth of fat that had clearly come from his melting muscle and shrinking figure elsewhere. And it left him with an almost hourglass-looking figure when not dressed. The skin, being perfectly smooth and a little fatty round the hips, meant that if viewed from the side or with his impressive member covered, one would easily view his lower half as female. Even his thighs had gained some more curve and flesh to them, losing their toned muscle.

"I look like a fucking freak," he muttered, clenching his increasingly slender fists. Tears welled in his eyes, and it only made him more angry, that all the estrogen being dumped into his system was making him hormonal. Making him *emotional*.

"Control yourself, Francis," he said, settling himself. "Remember, you're not just a man, you're *the* man."

It was the next day when Francis held his project meeting. He'd adjusted his wardrobe, taking care to wear a looser cut of pants and longer jacket, despite the fact that the heat of summer was just getting started. He'd had the latter padded, in order to maintain the air of authority inherent in his usually broad shoulders, and it did well to disguise his thinning waist. Still, he felt a little uncertain as he spoke before the assembled marketing division.

"Okay, everyone. Our product will hit the shelves in six months, and it's our job to pave the way for its arrival. We are the trailblazers, the ones who light the way for the product, who make it known so that the masses of consumers on the market will know to the

make the *right* purchase. Which means we have to make Howard Enterprises and our esteemed CEO and his Board proud of us. We're going to get our campaign ready ahead of deadline . . . by two weeks!"

Francis savoured the collective gasp that rippled out through the crowd of four dozen individuals. He knew they wouldn't like it; workers always hated longer hours and heavier workloads. But that's why they were *workers*. He idly scratched at his chest, trying to ignore the soreness in his nipples as several spoke up. The office was gazing at him like a dread God issuing dark commands, and he relished it . . . until he noticed Clara looking at him a little oddly. She was whispering

"But our deadline is already unrealistic!" Harvey shouted.

Francis eyed the tall, dark-haired man, sensing a challenge. And a challenge had to be put down. Elijah was at his project lead's side, and he sensed weakness there. His father had always told him to probe the weakest point in any social group.

"Is that so? What do you think, Elijah? You're our brilliant programmer who'll be putting it all together, do *you* think it's unrealistic? Or are you *capable*?"

The larger set man brushed a curly string of hair away from his glasses, and seemed to almost shuffle on the spot. Harvey was trying to say something to him, and Elijah mumble.

"Speak up, Elijah."

"I said, we're capable, boss."

Francis smiled, avoiding licking his lips. They felt a little puffy today. "See Mr Eickerman, it can be managed! And don't forget that we'll be awarding hard workers with the Employee of the Month award, with all its bonuses!"

"Are you saying there'll be crunch on this project?"

Francis resisted the urge again to scratch his chest. Damn, it was sore.

"There's crunch on every project, Harvey."

He tried to give a self-satisfied smirk, but once again noticed that Clara was chatting with another female employee and trying to not giggle. Something about it was infuriating.

"Something you wish to share, Miss Jarvis?"

The pretty brunette woman eyed him, and he could see the betrayal in her eyes. The hurt. The anger. Ordinarily, he cared little for such things, but something about her expression now seemed to wound him, somehow.

"Oh, nothing sir, it's just . . . were you wearing lifts until now?"

Francis creased his brow. "I'm sorry, what do you mean?"

She snorted a little, and several of the woman *tittered*.

"It's just . . . you look *shorter* today, Mr Howard."

Francis blanched, frozen momentarily in shock. He had no idea what to say in response, and yet the comment demanded a response; a wave of commentary was already

flooding through the department before him as the crowd murmured. He needed to regain control.

“Miss Jarvis, thank you for your concern, but I’m as tall as I’ve ever been. And we’ll all feel a lot taller when we’ve met our new deadli-”

The room went briefly silent and Francis turned red. His voice had gone up a whole octave, cracking as if he were a boy in puberty. It had sounded *humiliating*. Already he could feel a slight gurgle in his throat, and his hair was starting to irritate him again. The damned Lumin’s Syndrome wasn’t letting up.

“Meeting dismissed,” he managed, his voice still high and reedy. He made a coughing sound to indicate it was just a bug in his throat, and waved the team off as he returned to his office. He was blushing red and incapable of stopping it, and needed some privacy to recuperate. But the walk back had to be dignified and assured, like a true alpha male’s. Only, a trail of whispers followed him.

“I knew something was wrong, but you’re right, he *is* shorter!”

“Dude needs to get a looser shirt; did you see his nipples against it?”

“Did he get lip fillers? Or is the pouting some new ‘how to impress and dominate your workers’ shtick he’d been reading about in *douchebags* monthly?”

He made a mental list of everyone who had made these comments. Once his syndrom was cured and his body restored to normal, there were going to be some vacancies advertised. He flipped his mirror, and indeed his lips did look a little puff. A little *girly*. His hair was also lighter, and somehow was already longer from this morning. He rifled through his desk and took the pill bottle of testosterone the doctor had prescribed for him, downing another tablet. He was a man, and he was going to make sure that for every ounce of estrogen in his system, there was a gallon of testosterone. He couldn’t have his employees viewing him as feminine. Not again.

He eyed Clara at the desk, just visible from his office, as she talked with the other ladies. She seemed happier than she had in weeks since he’d dumped her. He couldn’t deal with her. Not just yet. After her comment that would just make him look weak. But she was skating on thin ice, and he’d be waiting for her to fall through, the moment she made her next mistake.

Like a shark.

“Progress? You’ve made progress?”

Dr Greene nodded. The little dark-skinned man indicated to a series of medical charts that were completely impossible for Francis to interpret, but right now seemed like the stone tablets from the mountain.

“Indeed, though it is an experimental treatment that will need to go through a series of trials. Essentially, through a process of live genetic treatment in a single session, involving flooding your system with specially-enhanced testosterone, we may be able to stop any further changes, and even begin reversing the changes that have already occurred to you, by allowing your XY chromosome pattern to re-stabilise, and your brain to ‘instruct’ your body to correct your XX chromosomal development.”

Francis could have kissed the man. He could barely contain his excitement. He stood, and was aware once more of the reducing gap in height between him and the shorter man.

“That’s fantastic, doc! Well, what’s the wait, let’s get this done!”

The doctor made a placating gesture. “It’s not that simple. We’ll need to assemble the equipment; some parts will need to be specially made in Oslo, for instance, and some of the special chips for the treatment bed will be shipped from Taiwan. We’ll also need to run some genetic trials on paid participants first, or else we risk not only ethical boundaries but health ones as well.”

Francis balled his fists, his increasingly slender fists.

“I don’t have time! It’s been over three weeks since I discovered I had Lumin’s Syndrome, and these changes are only getting faster.”

The doctor rubbed his chin. “The cascade effect, yes, I can see that. Your chest and hips, for instance. And the hair.”

Francis seethed. It was humiliating to be in a hospital gown where his increasingly feminine body was obvious to see. Over the course of the previous week, his body had become positively androgynous when viewed naked. His waist had increasingly cinched even as his hips had flared out further, a change he thought had been finished, but evidently Lumin’s Syndrome was intent on giving him a ridiculous hourglass figure. Moreover, his body hair was now completely gone: he couldn’t even grow a respectable five o’clock shadow, and his legs were now as smooth and bare as a lady’s. His skin had become remarkably smooth, and to his astonishment, many of the muscle gains he constantly toned and refined in the gym were melting away, replaced by curvy deposits of fat around his buttocks and thighs, and a slender upper torso. It was getting to the point where his ass actually *bounced*, just slightly but noticeably, when he walked now. His hair continued to betray him, just as Dr Greene noted; it was clearly a dark blonde now, and lightening all the time. Francis had tried to abate the change by dyeing it darker, but because his hair growth was also out of control, it just made its roots look strangely discoloured and even more ridiculous. His hair had

gained a natural wave to it, and was thicker all the time; he'd had to visit several different barbers across town to avoid odd comments. To all his staff, they just assumed he was dying his hair, which made him seem insecure about his looks. It was all thoroughly humiliating; he even had to wear eye contacts now; his normally brown eyes were becoming paler, and Greene had all but stated they were going to be blue if left unchecked.

But all these changes, as utterly shameful and repulsive to his alpha male sensibilities as they were, had nothing on the changes he was so far successful at hiding. For one, his penis was shrinking. It was roughly a little over half its proper size, now somewhere around the average or - God forbid! - *below-average* size for men. His testicals were also shrinking, as if his own masculinity was giving up on him, and it was getting harder for him to get erect: per Greene's suggestion, he had been watching a lot of porn and jacking off to it, in order to maintain the flood of testosterone in his system. But it was getting harder and harder to stay harder and harder, and sometimes the busty bimbos onscreen had no appeal to him at all. He attributed this to the stress of the change, and nothing else.

"Doc," he said, "I need this treatment ASAP, or I'm going to end up looking like some whore secretary at this rate. Have you seen my fucking chest? I'm growing tits!"

It was true, that was the other major change he'd managed to keep undercover. His chest had continued to develop, and he would often wake to find it sore and enlarged, and his nipples widened and sore. It was difficult not to massage the flesh, but Dr Greene had warned that doing so may have the side effect of potentially *stimulating* growth, making them even bigger than they would end up 'naturally.'

There was nothing natural about this. He was wearing a goddamn chest wrap, for Chrissakes! He had developed itty bitty A-cup titties, small enough that if he ever saw a woman sporting them, he'd chuckle with his buddies at her looking too much like an underdeveloped little boy than a full-bodied woman. But, as he'd realised too late, from the perspective of the owner, a set of A-cups could be *very* noticeable, especially when they gave a little jiggle. He indicated this very change as he looked to the doctor.

"Look, you can have whatever blank cheque you want. I'm fucking rich, doc, and I know my father won't miss a few extra million of company money for a good cause like this. I'm good for it. Cut whatever bureaucratic corners you have, slice through whatever red tape, tell me who needs a bribe - I'll keep your name out of it. Just get me. That. Treatment."

Dr Greene seemed to consider this.

"Very well, Miss - sorry, an unfortunate slip of the tongue. *Mr* Howard. I will make the necessary calls, but the treatment is still some weeks out, I'm afraid. But I will do the best I can to speed it along. Your transformation is still continuing; a lot of your DNA is losing its Y chromosomes and instead becoming Double-X, as you are no doubt well aware. You will

simply have to keep taking your testosterone in the meantime. May I suggest a leave of absence?”

He'd considered it, but his father had put a lot of pressure on him for this job, and he *needed* to be there for the victory lap. To show the world that he was a big dog, a player at the high stakes table. He'd just have to be crafty and conceal his changes.

“Can't doc, but I'll keep taking those pills. I can beat this. I know I can.”

But even as he left, he couldn't help but think on what Doctor Greene had almost said to him.

Miss Howard.

He refused to become Miss Howard for life. He was Francis goddamn Howard. Heir to Howard Enterprises, favoured son of *the* Percy Howard. In no future was he going to end up some blue-eyed, blonde-haired, hourglass-figured bimbo in the office. He was a thoroughbred all-male winner, and once this *temporary* condition was cured, he'd be back in the old boys club, where he belonged.

He left the building to the carpark, idly massaging his sore chest without a thought. The compression wrap seemed tighter than when he'd first entered. He hope it was nothing more than his imagination.

Employee of the Month, Part 3

“Congratulations Carter, for becoming Employee of the Month!”

A round of forced applause rose in honour of the winner, a winner that made everyone deeply frustrated. Francis just raised a glass as Clara took a bottle of red wine to Carter, along with a gift-wrapped award and gift voucher for the company cafeteria. He understood why people weren't happy - Carter was a senior manager who was only a liaison to managing, he was technically in fact an accounts man. But the truth was, he was an up-and-comer in the company, and it was good to cement early allies. The working peons could just wait until the next month.

“Well done Carter, we look forward to seeing your future at Howard Enterprises.”

The man took the much-vaunted award and voucher, and this was followed by placing Carter's photo in the celebrated 'Employee of the Month' photo frame, all smiles. The crowd clearly weren't into it, but the truth was, neither was Francis. He was struggling to keep his voice low, and it sounded a little ridiculous. What's more, he was sweating like a pig, trying to keep his changing body hidden beneath a heavy coat and wide trousers. His hair was getting unruly, and even despite the product he'd put in it this morning, it had already grown out. People were spreading gossip about the new 'blonde' look he was sporting, and it was only getting lighter.

“Okay, back to *work* everyone!” he declared, wincing as his voice jumped another octave. He clutched his throat awkwardly as silence fell. “Sorry, got a bit of a *bug* in my throat.”

They didn't look too convinced, but then who would even believe the truth? He sent them away to their tasks, but Harvey remained behind. Francis could have murdered him: he was feeling an incredibly itch in his shrinking crotch, and his nipples were similarly sore. His chest bindings were becoming uncomfortably tight, and he needed to adjust them before anyone got a sense of his developing bust. Instead, here was his project lead ready to badger him.

“Sir, I need to talk to you about the team.”

“Are they on task to meet the deadline?” he said, practically snapping. He was still clutching his Adam's apple, and to his astonishment, he realised it was almost seamless with his neck now, smooth and feminine.

“Yes sir, but only *barely*, and I'm worried they'll slip behind.”

“What's the *problem*?” Francis returned, his voice cracking again. He was trying not to look Harvey in the eye, and it frustrated him. Dominance was all about eye contact, but

he'd forgotten his own eye contacts, and he was in danger of someone noticing his eyes were becoming bright blue.

"It's morale, Francis," Harvey said, daring to call his boss by his first name. "The guys are all miserable, demotivated, and giving an outsider the Employee of the Month away has only made things worse. Elijah has worked incredibly hard on the marketing banners and graphic design, and he's feeling unappreciated."

"Elijah can feel sorry for himself, so long as the work gets done. That's the job."

"With respect sir, the job won't get done if your employees are trod into the dust like this. Sir, is there something else going on that's the cause of this?"

At that, Francis turned his head. He could feel a continual dull throb in his ass, and it irritated him that he could literally feel it slowly expanding, becoming rounder and peach-shaped by the minute.

"What do you mean by that?" he said, trying to keep his voice low.

"I mean, well," Harvey shuffled a little as he spoke, and Francis realised that he was now clearly the taller man, and not by a tiny margin. God, had he shrunk that much? "It's just, you've been changing your look a lot recently, and people have been talking. Is - is there something going on, sir? I don't need to know the details, like if it's a mid-life crisis, but the blonde hair, not wearing your lifts anymore, wearing super tight trousers, all the big jackets. Is it a medical thing?"

Francis was flabbergasted. He had literally no idea how to respond, and it made him feel small. He was small. In the end, he reached for the typical.

"That's none of your business, Harvey. You're project manager, so the only business you should concern yourself with is the work. Now get to it. You're on the clock."

Harvey sighed in a way that was exaggerated, borderline insubordinate. Usually, Francis would have ripped into an employee who dared do that, but instead he felt weirdly bad for disappointing him. He felt a tugging at his emotional heartstrings, and fumed as Harvey walked away, repulsed that his increasingly feminine hormones were betraying his alpha male sensibilities.

"That fucker," he said, ignoring how his voice sounded more like a husky woman's than a brass baritone male's. And yet, as he watched him go, a strange thought entered his mind. Francis found himself fascinated with Harvey's quite impressively broad shoulders, the way his forearms were on display in his rolled up sleeves. His ass, compact in his professional slacks, somehow gained Francis' attention, and his gaze lingered on it. He even salivated a little, licking his increasingly full lips slowly until he realised what he was doing.

"What the fuck. What the actual fuck!" he declared. He moved to head back to his office, managing to catch the glimpse of a confused Clara. She still hated him, he could see

it in her eyes, but her expression now was one of confusion. She alone had seen his outburst.

“Um, sir?”

“Nobody is to contact me. Nobody!”

He retreated to his office and slammed the door shut. To his utter shame, the image of Harvey smiling, his strong arms somehow even more bare, was still in Francis' mind.

“The fuck is happening to me?” he said, massaging his chest beneath his bindings. He knew he shouldn't, but he was practically doing it automatically now, they were so damn sore! His blinds were closed, as he'd demanded well over a week ago, and he made sure the door was locked. No one could see him. He went and stood before the mirror at the side of the room and removed his cloak.

He could have wept.

Even through the bindings, it was so obvious that he had a woman's chest, now. There was a distinct curve now, and it felt like they were being squished against his ribcage flat. With great trepidation, he removed them, along with his trousers, in order to better look at himself. He needed to.

Even by the standards of that very morning, what he saw shocked him. It was as if the changes were somehow *accelerating*. As the last of the chest wrapping came away, his boobs - yes, *boobs* - spilled free. His nipples were large and pink, standing from the skin like raspberries. But more than that, he now had cleavage. Actual cleavage. His boobs were now B-cups, at least! In fact, they might have well been heading towards C's, possibly. They were average-sized, yes, but heading towards the 'larger than average' range, and it terrified him. There was no way to keep them underwraps if they kept on growing. He lifted his hands, which were now slender and soft, more like a woman's hands than a man's, and felt at his breasts. They were sore and achey from growth, but there was an undercurrent of pleasure to his ministrations that made him groan slightly, and he felt the strange sensation of his prominent nipples stiffening.

Worse, he also felt something stir in his loins, and it was *not* an erection. He looked down over the rest of his body, quaking. So much change in just the eight hours since he woke up. His waist was now thin, his abs melted away to become a soft yet taut belly. His hips were yet again wider, and becoming more smooth. Rounder. He was afraid he would soon be the not-so-proud owner of a pair of 'child-bearing hips', as he'd always called them. He pulled down his underwear, and tears formed in his eyes. It was so much easier to fall to tears now, though he might have cried anyway if he was pumped full of all the testosterone in the world.

An opening had developed. It was small, and not fully formed, and a set of labia were just growing in. And his penis was still there, as tiny and flaccid and pathetic as it was now.

Dr Greene had suggested it was in the process of becoming a particularly sensitive clitoris. He had barely restrained himself from smacking the doc for that comment.

“It doesn’t matter how I look. I’m a man. I’m a *fucking* man,” he said to himself. But his voice was sounding rather quite feminine, and his softer facial features gave credence to this, along with his full, pouty lips. Even his goddamn feet were slender and small, requiring a refit of his shoes, and that wasn’t starting on how smooth and shapely his legs were becoming. It was all a nightmare.

Worse, the phrase ‘I’m a fucking man’ conjured up thoughts that he’d never intended to have, as ‘I’m a fucking man’ became ‘I’m fucking a man.’ Once more, Harvey arose in his brain, looking even more handsome and naked than before. Francis clutched his head, trying to will away the image, but instead it altered to fixate on the man’s cock. He tried to think of Elijah instead, the pudgy programmer who was by far the least sexy individual in the office. Instead, he realised that there was a nerdy cuteness to the employee that he’d overlooked, a clinginess that was almost desirable.

“Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck!”

Francis scrambled through his desk, taking out several tablets of testosterone and downing them in one go.

“I’m not gay. I’m not a woman. I’m Francis *fucking* Howard and I’m the damn alpha wolf of marketing, and my father’s heir. I’m gonna own this business, and I’ll have hot women throwing themselves at me. I’m going to beat this.”

He began to breathe a little steadier, trying to ignore the slight wobble of his growing breasts. “I just need time. Time for Greene to get all his ‘ingredients.’”

It was then that a call buzzed through. Much to his annoyance, it was still Clara on desk duty today, and she was ignoring his directive to prevent intrusions. He was going to bark at her, until he remembered he was practically naked, appearing very female, and, as she spoke, that she had a good reason.

“Hello, Mr Howard,” her voice came over the buzzer. *“Mr Howard - um, the CEO - has instructed me to pass on a message to you today. He says he’s expecting you at the country club tomorrow for the 18-hole game with the other board members.”*

Francis grit his teeth. Shit! In all the stress over his secret condition he’d forgotten he was due to rub shoulders with the big boys on the board and leave a good impression regarding his progress. He eyed his lady-like legs, realising how they would look in golf shorts, but also remembering his father’s comments last time he’d turned up in a suit.

“Thank you, Clara,” he managed. He needed to consciously lower his voice now, to stop it from going to its higher octave. “Tell Mr Howard that I’ll be there.”

He hung up, and put his face in his hands.

“Fuuuuuck,” he said, stretching out the word with black bitterness. “I can make this work. I’ll just have to.”

The golf meet was an absolute disaster. Francis tried his best to camouflage his changing figure, but even with the padding he’d put under his shirt and the fake phallus between his legs, and the baggier clothing he’d worn, there was only so much you could do with golf shorts and a bright red polo top. The six board members, all of them men of great power and influence, looked to him like he was a zoo exhibit, muttering complaints and insults to each other in earshot of him. Francis had tried to keep his head high, but he was utterly red-faced for all eighteen holes. With every step, he couldn’t help but sway his hips in a feminine fashion, his increasingly peachy ass straining at his shorts. His breasts stung, and he couldn’t stop touching them, as they were bound ludicrously tight to his chest. His legs were obviously more like a woman’s legs, free of hair and silky smooth, and it was obvious that his shoulders had also shrunk. Whenever he made a call for his ball, his voice seemed to crack.

All of that was humiliating enough, but he’d found yet more shame as judgemental eyes fell upon him: he was now *bad at golf*. The sport of champions, of CEOs and presidents and business giants, was now a game of fumbling and missing and wide strokes. He couldn’t stop his damn awkward giggling either, a pattern of behaviour he’d *never* shown before, and at times he actually somehow sounded like a dumb bimbo, such was the cadence of his voice. The game ended with him far behind, and any attempt to rein the conversation back to the successes of his marketing oversight was derailed by his mincing voice and flamboyant movements. It was as if it was hard to say the right words, like they were being stolen from his mind.

Finally, the ‘board meeting’ dispersed, and it was just him and Percy Howard. His father, the CEO and founder of Howard Enterprises. He was a white-haired man in his sixties, with a gruff demeanour and a face that looked like it was carved from stone. He looked down on his son, brow creasing.

“What in the damn hell are you playing at?” he demanded.

To his embarrassment, Francis felt a well of emotion, of fear, at his father’s voice.

“Wh-what do you mean, Dad?”

Percy threw the golf club on the ground. “Don’t give me that trash, boy! You know exactly what in the same hell I’m talking about! I’m talking about you looking like some metrosexual bimbo-boy! I’m talking about you looking like you’re transitioning into a damn drag queen! I’m talking about the fact that now my friends and allies on the board think my son is a fucking, a fucking -”

He trailed off as some other club members passed. Francis breathed a sigh of relief. His father was wise enough when angry not to give a bigoted slur in public. After all, he'd been in marketing once, too. Instead he stepped forward and jabbed a finger at his son's chest, causing him to wince. It was right in the aching left boob.

"Explain. NOW."

Francis trembled. He'd never felt so lacking in confidence. He felt like he couldn't breathe, and tears began to flow in full in his eyes.

"Dad," he sobbed, "I've got Lumin's Syndrome."

"You've got *what!*? Wait, is that the one that - Jesus. Are you telling me you're turning into a damned woman? My own son - my own goddamn heir - is growing a fucking *pussy!*?"

Francis could only nod sadly, looking at the ground.

"And you're growing tits, too? Is that why your shirt is all padded?"

Francis nodded again. "Yeah, Dad. They're getting bigger."

"Goddamn. Goddamn it all to hell! And you had to embarrass me in front of the board before telling me? You stupid shit!"

Francis was jolted. His father had always been brusque, but he'd never expected this little sympathy. "Dad, it's just temporary."

"It's *permanent*. I'm not an idiot, son. God knows, you must have gotten your stupid today from your departed mother."

He always called her departed; they were actually just divorced. His father's fourth trophy wife, who was now an older model in Slovenia.

"No Dad, it's not! I've got a smart doctor working on it - he's the best money can buy. And I've funded a whole team. They've got a cure lined up, and it'll fix everything. It's almost ready."

His father eyed him sceptically, and Francis shrunk beneath that gaze.

"They better damn well fix you. I'm not having another daughter. Peyton is more than enough, and at least she has the *balls* for business." He stepped closer, looming over Francis in a sure sign of dominance. It worked. Despite the fact that Francis had perfected his own father's moveset, he felt helpless beneath it now. "Because if you don't fix this and fix this *fast*, then you can say goodbye to being my heir. Jared can take that position."

"No, Dad, I -"

"And if it gets any *worse*, if it embarrasses the family name, then you can say goodbye to being a Howard, as well."

Francis' eyes widened. "What, you can't do -"

"I can do what I goddamn like, son. Or is it *sissy*, now? Don't think I haven't noticed you embezzling company funds from me. My company's money. Ordinarily, I could look past a little poking around in the kitty. I was young once, too. But now I know how you've been

paying your treatments, you best consider your next moves. Because if this blows up in your face, then I have enough to put you in jail for a long time on serious charges of fraud.”

“You wouldn’t put your own son in jail.”

His father’s face contorted into a cruel grin. “You wouldn’t be my son, not anymore. So you’ve got three options, as I see it. Succeed, and be my son and heir again. Fail, and go to jail. Or fail, and take a new name and identity and a little family stipend, and you can’t ever embarrass me like you did today again. Got it?”

Francis gulped, and his next words sounded positively feminine.

“Got it, Dad.”

“Oh, and stay on top of the rollout for our new EZ Phone. I want it to sell like fucking hotcakes.”

“I will, Pops.”

“Good, now scram. And get out of that getup, fast.”

That afternoon, Francis stormed back into his office, utterly humiliated and overwhelmed with emotions. It took every effort not to cry openly, and he hugged his form as he moved swiftly, buried in heavy clothing once more. Several members of the office tried to get his attention, and he could only hurry past them, too focused on the stretching in his hips, the increasing tenderness of his cock, and how his chest was unbearably constrained.

“Mr Francis! Sir!” Elijah called, followed by Harvey, and several others. They were all important updates, no doubt, but he shifted past them. He practically crashed into a male intern, who managed to catch him in time. Francis yelped, feeling the man’s hands grab his chest as he righted his boss, not realising he’d just accidentally copped a feel of his budding breasts.

“Get off me!” Francis screeched, feeling strangely overwhelmed. He saw that it was Sebastian, the dark-skinned hire who was native to Sudan. He was tall, with a bright smile and strong musculature, and Francis’ heart skipped a beat as he drank in the man’s handsomeness. He felt his nipples stiffen, and his new passage became slightly moist. He needed to get away. His mind was playing tricks, making him attracted to other men! He pushed his way to his office, not even listening to Clara as she stood at her receptionist desk. He slammed the door behind him, and avoided the urge to scream.

Instead, he removed his jacket and began pulling the bindings. His chest was too big, and it was a problem. He freed his breasts, which were most certainly sizable C-cups now, and stood back, massaging them, trying to soothe their soreness.

It was at that point when Clara opened the door he’d forgotten to lock.

“Sir, I’m sorry to intrude upon you, but we have a big problem with the rollout for - oh my God!”

She looked in shock at the sight of him, frozen. He was naked from his soft stomach to his blonde head, and his obviously feminine breasts were on full display. Of all the people to walk in and see him like this, it just *had* to be the woman he’d dined and dumped. Who he’d cheated on, and treated like garbage.

Clara looked at her feminised boss, jaw agape, her soft eyes shocked.

“Um, sir?” she said.

He had no idea what to say next at all.

Employee of the Month, Part 4

Francis reeled, his heart beating fast. He felt himself beginning to sweat, the wide eyes of Clara Richards boring into him. Her jaw worked, trying to figure out what to say next as much as he was, the two of them looking like a pair of goldfishes. Finally, Francis' gaze fell to the open door she'd come through, and his heart seemed to stop completely.

"Shut the door! Shut the damn door!" he cried in a high, borderline female voice.

Clara jumped, shocked into awareness. She turned and hastily shut the door a little *too fast*, causing it to slam a little. No one else had seen them, Francis realised. This could still be contained.

"Sir?" Clara said, voice slow and mechanical, "are those *breasts*? Why do you look like a woman?"

Francis grabbed his jacket as fast as he could, and cringed at the wobbling of his ample C-cup breasts. His areola were large, his nipples prominent. They were undeniably female, but he still covered his form quickly before responding. Unfortunately, it resulting in his pants falling down, too ill-fitting to remain up.

"It's just a rash," he said weakly, and he knew it was a stupid reply the moment he said it. No rash could explain how his hips had pinched in, and his hips flared. Not to mention the emptiness between his legs; he quickly began to work on his trousers.

"That's no rash," Clara said, stepping forward. "I've seen your body, remember?"

Francis closed his eyes briefly. In his panic, he'd forgotten that they'd slept together a number of times. She was better positioned than most to know what was going on.

"Okay, okay, it's not a rash."

"Sir, you've grown tits. You have a woman's figure. Even your face is looking like a girl's now. I can see the makeup you've put on to try to hide it. Oh my God, is this why your hair is changing colour? And your butt, this explains why everyone keeps commenting on your butt sticking out in your pants!"

Francis wheeled around to face her, cheeks flushed. "They *what!*? No, nevermind, that's not my priority right now. You shouldn't have opened the door."

Even his voice was betraying him; it shifted up another octave as he spoke, and he halted, realising that his voice had taken on a sultry quality as well. Clara noticed it too.

"Sir, what's going on? This is really, really weird."

"It's none of your business, and if you say anything, I'll have you run out of the business, and you'll never get a job on this side of the country again, do you hear?"

For just a moment, Clara looked daunted. Briefly, Francis basked in the joy of still possessing the art of dominance, the alpha playbook of moves. But then it dissipated, as slowly a knowing and malicious smile etched itself across Clara's face.

"Is that so, *sir*?" she said in a tone that he did not like, "because as far as I can tell, it's *you* who are in the position of weakness, not *me*."

"What - what do you mean?"

Clara seemed to transform before his eyes. The pretty petite brunette took the sheer temerity of sitting sideways on his desk, grinning as she eyed him over. He suddenly felt very vulnerable. She raised a hand to her chin and cupped it, remaining silent for an extended period. It was the sort of technique he used to establish dominance, and he should have been able to account for that. Unfortunately, those damned female hormones were making him feel emotionally vulnerable.

"I mean," she finally said, smirking all the while, "that I've just seen my boss, the self-proclaimed *alpha male* and *top shark* of the office, trying to hide the fact that he's grown a lovely pair of titties. Not to mention all that lovely chest hair of his is gone, and he appears to have developed an hourglass figure. And a cute ass, for a *woman*. I'd say, in fact, that judging by his reaction, he'd do *anything* to avoid his life falling apart. And that means whoever knew what had happened to him would have all the power."

"You - you can't do this!" Francis said. He launched to his feet, jacket opened to reveal his breasts and their natural cleavage.

Clara beamed, and quick as lightning she whipped out the phone she'd been hiding and took a rapid series of shots. Francis leapt forward to grab the phone, but misjudged the distance, by which time Clara was already holding the phone back, her thumb threateningly on the 'send' button.

"Try that again and the entire office gets those photos, plus the video I'm taking right now." She adjusted the phone to face Francis' humiliatingly feminine body. "Got it?"

"Fuck you!"

"Fine, I wanted to get out from under your weirdly dyed hair anyway."

Francis cracked. "Wait! Stop! Don't. I - I won't fire you, okay?"

Clara grinned as Francis took a seat back. He cringed as his breasts bounced with the movement, and he drew his jacket over his chest in order to cover himself.

"That's a start, but I'll need more than that. I'm sure an alpha male like yourself would understand the importance of a good negotiation. Especially when the one being managed in the negotiation is a lying, selfish, cheating son of a bitch."

"I didn't cheat on you Clara, I'm just a -"

"A shark, not a minnow, I know." Her eyes narrowed, and there was anger there. Enough anger that tears were brimming in her eyes. "Well, you don't look like a shark now,

Francis. Or should I call you *Francine*? So why don't you tell me what's happened to you. The whole truth. Perhaps the first time you've told the truth in your life. Oh, and strip back to your panties again. I'd like to see this new you while you explain it."

Slowly, cautiously, and with an emotional toil of humiliation sweeping through him, Francis removed his jacket and trousers, leaving just his underwear on. It was only now, before a woman who could see most of his form, that Francis realised just how much of a woman he had become. His penis barely existed; you could not tell he had any male equipment left despite his underwear's tightness. It was little more than a nub in the final stages of becoming a clitoris. He sighed, trying to compose himself, and hating how his breasts rose and fell with every breath.

"Not long after we broke up -"

"After you cheated on me, you mean."

"Fine, after I cheated on you. Anyway, not long after, I was diagnosed with Lumin's Syndrome. It's an extremely rare condition where . . . where a man or woman's body begins to automatically transition to the other sex."

"You're making this up."

He nearly stood in rage, before deciding better against it. "Have you looked at me? I have fucking *tits*, Clara, you said it yourself! I had a damn good dick, as I'm sure you'll recall from all the times I made you moan. Now, it's turning into a fucking clitoris! I've got a damn hourglass figure and my hair is turning freaking *blonde*! My whole damn body is getting flooded with fucking estrogen and female hormones. I'm starting to cry for no damn reason like a bloody female!"

She cocked her head. "Well, there's no denying that you're starting to look like a bit of a blonde bimbo. All offence intended. Fine, I'll assume this isn't some crazy mid-life crisis surgery gone wrong. Tell the rest of the story."

Francis did, leaving very little details to the side. He found that once he began telling the saga of shame and humiliation he'd suffered it was almost impossible to stop. It was like his brain suddenly had no filter, and once he started talking he lacked the foresight to avoid unnecessary details. He even told her about Dr Greene and his team's efforts, about his confrontation with his father, and his fears that he would be passed over as the heir to Howard Enterprises. He couldn't believe that he was spilling all of this, but the weirdest part was that it actually felt *good*. Like he was venting all his problems to a secret confidante after having kept those problems boiling inside him for too long. It was, he realised, another feminine mindset his brain was taking on; the need to tell his problems to another, so they would 'understand.' It disgusted him, and yet he couldn't deny how cathartic it was.

"And that's the story," he finished weakly. "I'm turning into a woman until I can take the treatment and be a man again. Now, what is it you want? Money? A promotion?"

Clara took in his story, and he could see that she believed him, despite how far fetched it was. She rapped a nail upon the wooden table.

“A promotion, definitely. Permanency also; I don’t want to be an intern any longer. And a nice bonus to start my career off, too.”

“Then you’ll delete those images.”

Clara laughed. “I’m not an idiot, Francis. They’re saved on the cloud now, and I won’t even delete them. They’re my insurance. But don’t worry, I’m not going to expose you, *Francine*, at least not yet. In fact, I’m going to help you. I’m going to solve your little identity crisis in the office.”

Francis looked at her, searching for the trap. “You are? H-how?”

Clara leaned forward, and smirked dangerously.

“I’m going to help give you a *makeover*.”

Francis went to protest, but as he saw Clara’s eyes, and the steely gaze behind them, he realised that he had no choice.

“This is, like, fucking ridiculous,” Francis said. He tried to ignore how the word ‘like’ was strangely slipping into his vocabulary, a consequence of his brain changing also. “Everyone will see me for a sham.”

“Nonsense,” Clara said, “you already look practically female. I’m just here to take you the rest of the way. How else are you going to become Francine, the oddly-similarly named new hire for morale that the currently sick Francis has hired on?”

Francis groaned, but stepped forward into the women’s clothing store. It had been a day since Clara had given her ultimatum, and Francis had made a hasty call to Dr Greene. There was still at least a week remaining until they could test the treatment, and his body was still becoming more feminine. His penis had become entirely part of his vulva now, and his vagina was fully formed. For all intents and purposes, Francis was now biologically female. Just the knowledge of it had made him huddle up and cry like a woman the previous night.

But the worst was yet to come. He may be biologically female, but Clara was now blackmailing him to actually present as one. She was grinning as she led him by the arm into the store, now over two inches taller than him, impossibly.

“C’mon, Francis,” she said, “this won’t be all bad. It’s not like you can be yourself in the office much longer, anyway. This way you can represent yourself as Francis, while still working towards your goal.”

“So long as you don’t make me look ridiculous,” he muttered, his voice high and feminine. He was dressed in his ill-fitting jacket, button shirt, and trousers, and looked positively lost in them by now. As he approached, a storewoman came forward.

“My word, we simply must do something for you!”

“I’m afraid my friend Francine had her place robbed,” Clara lied effortlessly. “It’s been a harrowing time. We’re looking to give her a nice new wardrobe to feel confident in, aren’t we Francine?”

Francis smiled awkwardly and nodded. “Yes, please.”

“Very well, I’m so sorry about the news, but I can assure you our wares are the best in the city. We’ll have you looking like a new woman in no time.”

“That’s what I’m afraid of,” Francis muttered within earshot of Clara.

“First up, lingerie and undergarments!” the woman declared, and Francis groaned, red-faced. It was finally happening: he was finally going to be forced into a bra and panties.

Over the next several hours, Francis was initiated into the fashion of womanhood. He had no choice thanks to Clara’s ingenious blackmail, and even his begging and wheedling had no effect on her. First, he was brought to a large changing stall, large enough to fit Clara as well, so that Francis would always have ‘help’ trying on feminine attire. The store worker estimated Francis as a generous 34 C-cup, perhaps verging on an ample D-cup, and so a number of bras were brought to him. He had to removed his jacket and top, leaving his top half naked, and it was shocking to see that his tits had gotten even larger just overnight; the larger cups of the D-size bra fit him better, and it was with a cheshire cat grin that Clara helped fasten at his back, teaching him how to repeat the action at the same time.

“My words, Francis, I’m positively jealous. Look at those nice puppies.”

“Oh God, they’re huge,” he moaned.

They certainly seemed so, particularly from his point of view looking down. The black lacy bra he’d been given looked more fit for the bedroom than the office, and it raised his increasingly heavy bosom to become two perfect globes that jutted from his chest, an alluring line of cleavage created from being pressed together. If he still had his penis, and he’d seen that kind of chest on another woman, he would have become instantly hard with want. They were the kind of tits men dream about and women wish they had, and now they were perfectly lifted by the bra, making them appear another size larger.

“We’ll take that one, definitely,” Clara said.

“It makes my - these - boobs look huge,” Francis complained.

“Exactly! We’ll see what other cute numbers you can wear in the office as well. I’m thinking you would look absolutely darling in red, honey.”

Francis could only whine and moan in pretty protestations as he was made to try on more and more lingerie. Some were practical, but far more of them were playful and for

show, revealing his blossomed bustline readily, giving his large boobs a hefty lift to make them appear even more impressive. The only thing he was grateful for was how they actually did help keep them under control, though nothing short of steel encasement could stop the wobbling entirely. Nevertheless, it took the strain off his shoulders, and let the 'girls' that had grown on his chest be less distracting, though certainly not to male gazes.

The panties he was given were also quite comfortable, fitting snugly around his widened hips and clinging close to the gap between his thighs, even hinting at his new venus mound where the lips at his vulva had finished developing. It was embarrassing to be wearing them; they outlined just how generous his backside was becoming, and moreover showed that he had a sensual thigh gap he hadn't known he had, something Clara was eager to point out for him.

"Well, now that you're actually wearing some proper feminine undergarments, we can finally start on your outfit," Clara said.

Francis blanched. "Please, Clara, you've had your revenge, okay? You've proven you're as alpha as I am. This has gone far enough."

"Please, I don't believe in your alpha/beta shark/minnow crap. I thought you liked me, Francis, and you used that against me. You're just another cowardly cheat who uses excuses to bully people around because you like power. Well, I've got the power now, and I'm using that to make you a woman, so you can see how you like it until you get to go back. Maybe it'll give you some perspective." Her expression softened. "Besides, for this plan to work, you need to look like Francine, not Francis. So, let's get you in a cute work outfit and heels, shall we?"

This was where the several hours went; trying on all manner of outfits, each cute and tailored to Francis' new appearance. With his substantial credit card, no price was too high, and Clara took advantage of that, ensuring he purchased cute blouses, nice summer dresses, light spring skirts, nylon stockings, sexy tank tops, sports bras, tight button tops, pencil skirts, casual t's, yoga pants, and so much more. Again and again, Francis was made to parade his female body in front of her and the store worker, smiling for them and posing in order for them to determine how 'cute', 'sexy', or 'beautiful' each outfit was. The former male had little choice in what he got to wear, and it became increasingly clear that Clara was intent on him having outfits not just for the office, but for morning and night as well, including even some sexy night lingerie and pajamas.

Finally, Francis was made to wear the outfit she had picked for him to start his - *her* now - time at the office. He put it on, alone in the stall this time. By this point, he was getting better putting on his bra - a sexy laced black number - as well as adjusting his skirt. He was wearing a professional white blouse and light grey suit jacket that clung tightly to his form, and a pencil skirt ended at only mid-thigh, conforming to the rondureness of his derriere and

wide hips. Nylon stockings clung to his shapely legs, and black work heels made him adopt a posture that emphasised his most womanly features.

Francis looked into the mirror, astonished once more. The woman looking back at him still had shaggy hair, and lacked makeup and piercings, and had the facial expression of a deer in headlights, but she was undeniably beautiful. A blonde beauty of the office, the kind of gal that turns cubicle heads as she walks by to deliver some notice or message. A hot secretary. The kind of girl that Francis would have put real effort into banging.

“Holy shit,” she said, and it was impossible not to at least think of herself as temporarily a ‘she’ for now.

She patted down her form, admiring her hourglass shape in the mirror, and made a few light poses. Something in her altered brain appreciated those looks, and despite herself she was oddly proud of them, particularly the way her impressive boobs stretched the top button of her shirt. She undid the button, and the material widened, revealing a tantalising hint of cleavage, just tasteful enough for an office environment. She performed another pose, this one with her hand on her hip, and the other on her backside.

“Damn, I look, like, totally good,” she said, not even realising the useless filler words that were creeping into her speech.

“Hell yeah you do,” Clara said, opening the stall door.

Francis wheeled around, the strange feelings dispelled for now. “What the actual fuck, Clara? You couldn’t give me a moment?”

“Don’t pretend you weren’t enjoying yourself, *Francine*. Are you ready to go?”

Francis breathed a sigh of relief, but she couldn’t quite escape the calming sensation of knowing her boobs rose and fell wonderfully in this outfit.

“I’ve been ready to go since we arrived. Let’s just get done and I can clock in once I’ve sent a staff email about the ‘new manager’ the team will have.”

Clara grinned. “Oh no, missy, we still have to sort a few things before we unleash you on marketing.”

“Oh God, what the hell now?”

“Well,” Clara said, “I think a pretty girl like you would look good in some makeup, wouldn’t she?”

Francis could only fume. She needed to be a man again, stat. She was already planning revenge against this woman, some way of destroying the bitch’s career and asserting her rightful dominance as a *he*. Just as soon as he had his damned dick back. For now, she just smiled in an obviously forced manner.

“Fine, let’s get it over with.”

Francis walked behind Clara, feeling utterly exposed and humiliated. There was no stopping this, but it didn't make it any easier. Her breasts bounced slightly in his bra, its black edging thankfully hidden, though still slightly visible through her white top. She - and it was frightfully easier to think of herself as a temporary 'she' for now - was still adjusting to walking in heels. She occasionally stumbled, and Clara helped right her, but increasingly one step was going before the other, causing her already wide hips to swing from side to side. It was a view she would have appreciated as a male. She appreciated it less now that she was the subject of other males' attention.

As Francis entered the marketing department floor, various heads rose from the cubicle floor. Males of all ages, married and unmarried, turned to see the beautiful blonde woman walking down the main aisle, and several of them were gossiping over exactly who she was. Francis wanted to scream at them to get back to work, but instead she could only smile sweetly as Clara had instructed, focus on walking in her heels, and keep her posture straight. The last did not instill a feeling of dominance within her, it only made her breasts press further against her shirt, outlining their size to the audience of onlookers.

"Who's the new girl?"

"Gee, she's hot."

"Check out the tits on her."

"Is she one of Howard's floozies?"

"Wait, is *this* the new manager he emailed us about?"

Francis tried to put the whispers out of her head as she reached the end of the corridor. By now, most of the office was looking her way, and with a few announcements from Clara, the rest turned to see her. She could feel their eyes upon her, and it was difficult not to feel as if she was being undressed. It was a horrible feeling - she should be the one undressing pretty ladies with *his* eyes! She should be the one wining and dining hot girls like the one he'd become. It was his right in life, dammit!

Instead, she coughed lightly, and tried to avoid blushing as she gazed across the crowd. She clutched her clipboard to her chest, more of a protective measure than anything necessary, and readied to speak. Her new earrings sparkled and jangled slightly from her earlobes, and she pouted slightly, aware that her lipstick was ruby red and her eyes teased with some pale green eyeshadow to bring out their blue. Her hair was a set of perfectly treated blonde curls, and her fingers were manicured red.

"Um, like, hello everyone," she started. Several of the men coughed down a chuckle at her awkward, almost bimbo-ish start, including Harvey and Elijah. "My name is Francine. I'm your temporary manager until Mr Howard feels better. I'm looking forward to servicing you. I mean serving you!"

Francine went red. Clara, at the edge of her vision, was trying not to cackle. The shoe was officially on the other foot.

Employee of the Month, Part 5

The staff was silent as they looked at the deeply attractive woman. Even if she hadn't raised her voice, she certainly would have gained their attention: she looked like the hottest secretary any of them had ever seen. It didn't matter that she had actually introduced herself as their boss; something about her just screamed sexy secretary. It was most likely the wide hips that stretched her pencil skirt and the busty D-cup breasts showing cleavage from the undone top button, neither of which were generally associated with respectable management.

Francine stood there, feeling utterly humiliated by their stares. She could feel Elijah's eyes crawling over her body, but he was far from alone. How had she managed to let Clara get the better of her? This was insane!

"Like, are you guys gonna say anything?" she asked, giggling a little awkwardly. Where had *that* come from? She was meant to dominate the room, dammit!

It was Harvey who stood and stepped forward, extending a hand.

"Lovely to meet you, uh, Francine. I'm Harvey Eickerman, I'm the project head."

She shook his hand, and despite herself, she couldn't help but admire her employee's strength and posture. She'd never noticed as Francis that Harvey was actually quite good looking. She brushed a hand through her hair, a little overcome.

"I know that Harvey - I mean, I read your file. I'm told you have deadlines around the corner, is that right?"

The mood settled a little more around them.

"Yeah, that's true. But in all honesty, Francine - wow, what a coincidence on the names, huh?"

"Sure Harvey . . . a real coincidence." She could hear Clara chuckling.

"Well, anyway, the truth is we're behind schedule, but it isn't the group's fault. Frankly, Francis has been working us to the bone, and giving unrealistic dates. I'm not sure how much power you have to affect things, but we'd really appreciate if someone could cut us some slack and give us a week's extension. Just one week would make all the difference, particularly for Elijah over there who has been working his butt off."

"His butt?"

Francine's female mind seemed to flutter, imagining the pudgier man's rounded backside, and for some reason there was something oddly adorable about it. She shook her head. This fucking Lumin's syndrome was turning her gay, or something. Or straight, for a woman. Or whatever!

“Uh, yeah,” Harvey said, noticing how her gaze was shifting. “He’s been working harder than anyone. Can you take it up with Francis. Something tells me that he’ll listen more to someone of your . . . type.”

His eyes took in her figure, and it was then that Francis realised she had slowly stepped a little closer towards the man. He was taller than her, and his dark hair was rugged, in a way. And he fit his shirt well.

“I’ll grant the extension!” she spluttered, loud enough for all to hear, trying desperately to get away from these weird thoughts. “One more week! Francis will, like, totally approve I’m sure!”

There was silence, and then, after a moment, a cheer went up through the office.

“Ma’am, you’re a damn hero in my book!” someone yelled.

“Alright, you heard her,” Harvey said, “we’ve got one more week. Let’s show the new boss we’re worthy of it. Man the stations, people!”

Harvey turned, and her heart fluttered again. She felt a strange flush across her form, almost a desire to draw even closer.

“Thanks, Francine, ma’am. It’s really good to meet you.”

He extended his hand, and once more she took it, shaking it. She held just a little longer, and he smirked a little until she realised what she was doing and she tore her hand away.

“Very good, Harvey. Get the men and women to work. I still, uh, expect results, okay?”

He smiled, indicated that she would see those results, and moved back to his cubicle. But not before turning around to eye her one more time. Francine had always enjoyed checking out a tight-fitting button shirt on a sexy woman in the office back when she’d been a man, but now she felt a man’s eyes linger on her form, even subtly. She could practically feel others doing much the same, taking in her shapely figure, her peach-shaped ass imprinting against the tight pencil skirt, her long stocking-covered legs in their high heels. She was a total office hottie, and that meant she was now realising exactly what it was like to feel like a piece of meat in a pit of sharks.

No, not a piece of meat. A damned *minnow*. So why did it make her nipples stiffen, just a little bit?

Clara sidled up next to her, grinning. “Well, *Francine*, I’d say that went rather well. Very different from your normal management style. Those female hormones are doing you a world of good, I’d say.”

“Shut up,” she spat up. She straightened her back, trying to be dominant, but it only made her shortness compared to Clara even more obvious. “I just - I just didn’t want them

acting suspicious. Throw a dog a bone and he'll play with it for a time and stay loyal. Business 101."

Clara chuckled slightly. It was a cute look, but much to Francine's dismay, she felt no attraction to it anymore. Only a vague sense of . . . no, it couldn't be. Competition? She chalked it up to Clara's manipulations making her irritated. They entered her office together; Clara had *insisted* on remaining her secretary just so she could enjoy Francine's new situation, and manage her appropriately.

"Sure, sure, Francine. It's just that I saw a very long handshake with Mr Dreamboat there. He sure seemed to like the look of you."

Francine blushed deeply. Christ, she never blushed as a man, it was the fucking female hormones again!

"Whatever! It's because I look like a fucking slut in this getup."

Clara rolled her eyes. "Please, you look absolutely gorgeous. Hot as hell, yes. And I *wish* I had tits like yours. Seriously, must be nice to have a big ole set of D-cups."

Francine crossed her arms, trying to hide them. It somehow only emphasised them further, forcing her cleavage up to her collarbone.

"They're not nice. They're fucking *huge*. Why won't they stop bouncing! I'm wearing a bra, shouldn't that stop them?"

Clara almost burst out laughing. "Well, if you had little B-cups like I do, a bra with enough compression and padding can keep your 'girls' under control. But honey, I don't think there's a bra on earth that stop a set of D-cup tittes like yours from bouncing around."

Francine groaned, and fell back in her chair. This body was ridiculous. If she had to put up with Lumin's Syndrome until Dr Greene cured her, then why did she become so damn buxom? Even her ass bounced, and it was impossible to walk without swinging her hips!

"This is so damn humiliating," she grumbled, resting her head in her hands. Her honey blond hair fell over her face, and she used the opportunity to blink and wipe away some stray tears. She'd been crying more often lately, and it was scaring her how weak it was.

"Well," Clara replied, "humiliation is what Francis enjoyed dealing out, isn't it? You ran this place into the ground with such low moral and bullying, I'd say this is just desserts."

Francine looked to her, glaring through clearly leaky eyes.

"I was doing my job. I was being successful. Hell, don't say you didn't want me, because I remember you gasping and moaning while I fucked you more than once, Clara. You *liked* Francis. You thought I was a shark."

"Jesus Christ, you're full of it! I wanted you because you wined and dined men, you manipulated me into thinking you were a stubborn-headed but ultimately kind leader. What woman wouldn't want a successful man who treats her well and helps her out on her fucking

internship. I should have seen the red flag of what a major violation of office ethics *that was!* But as soon as you revealed your true colours, and cheated on me, and spouted your whole philosophy about strong versus weak and sharks versus minnows and all that bullshit, well, I was glad I wasn't with you. Bullet fucking dodged."

Francine was aghast. She'd never seen Clara so angry and authoritative. It was as if she was on the receiving end of a boss' furious lecture, and it felt awful. It made her feminine body tremble, and she subconsciously drew her legs together and primly placed her hands on her thighs, like a good attentive girl.

"I - I was trying to be a good manager. My father -"

"I don't give two shits about Percy fucking Howard," Clara said, "and neither should you. The man is human trash who treats other people like money-printing machines. He's a shitty father, and frankly, you're better off without him."

"If I stay a woman I'll be disinherited! I was just trying to keep my job!"

Clara threw up her hands. "We all are! We're all trying to keep our jobs! But maybe now that you can't project fear and bully everyone, you'll see just how low morale is around here."

With that, she stepped out, leaving Francine behind. The former male couldn't help it. She'd never felt so vulnerable in her life. The tears welled up, and she cried pathetically and quietly, sobbing as she tried to contain some semblance of powerful manliness within her. She failed.

"I'm not going to be stuck like this," she whined, "I'm going to b-be a top b-boss again. She'll see. They'll all see."

Over the next four days, Francine became a lot more used to the stares and comments. The staff thought she couldn't hear them, but whispered carried loudly:

"Check out the new boss' ass, I bet you could bounce a freakin' quarter off it!"

"Is it just me, or did her tits get even bigger?"

"Maybe she got implants?"

"No way, they're all natural. Look at that bounced. I bet Hercules himself couldn't close those top two buttons."

"I like her a lot more than Francine. She's like the female version of him in name, but she actually lets us do our jobs."

"Yeah, too bad she hides in her office so much. Just seeing those hips swing is boosting my morale."

"Hear hear!"

And so on. Of course, the comments weren't just restricted to the men. At least one of the office ladies she'd discovered was clearly a lesbian, judging from the comments Francine heard as she walked past. And several of the older ladies didn't approve of her apparently 'bimbo-ish' style, from the red nails and green eyeshadow, all the way to her hint of tantalising cleavage and short pencil skirt. Some comments were even a little catty.

"Well, I'm sure we all know how she got her promotion, and it wasn't from her degree. Not unless we're counting the Double-D degrees."

It made Francine feel small, except in the two places they mentioned. The shrill competitive harpy manning the call station wasn't wrong, nor were the two men discussing her breast size; they had indeed grown again, and were pressurised inside her standard D-cup bras. Clara had noticed as well, and it made Francine's former lover quite amused to know that she was 'still growing.' Other changes were finalising as well; her hips had gotten just a little wider, and her waist a little more narrow. She swore her hair was just a little bit longer and even more luxurious in texture as well.

But there were other changes. Changes that made Francine increasingly troubled. Throughout each day, it felt as if a low heat was constantly simmering between her thighs. A constant, low-level desire that would occasionally roar - just briefly - when she had to discuss the project progress with Harvey, or check on the web boys, or talk to even Elijah. She couldn't help but linger her wide blue gaze over their forms, no matter their age or size or type. Just their close proximity and deep, manly voices - at least comparatively - made her breathe a little heavier, which in turn caused her large breasts to strain against her business shirts. It became even worse when her eyes looked down to see a growing hardness barely concealed in their trousers.

Once, to her own horror, she had even licked her lips.

"Fuck!" she cried out when was certain the women's bathroom was empty. "I'm getting fucking turned on by every damned dude in this fucking office!"

She gritted her teeth, unable to get them out of her mind. Dr Greene had mentioned that Lumin's Syndrom did shift the mindset and could even alter one's biological and hormonal needs, but Francis had thought he could keep it under control.

Francine clearly couldn't. Her nipples were hard, and she kept visualising tall, strong Harvey ripping the buttons from her top and pulling down her bra forcefully, and massaging her nipples directly with his thumbs.

"Mmhhmh . . . that's, like, so fucking hot," she moaned to herself, and she moved her hand to start playing with her left tit, groping at its wonderful softness. She opened her eyes. "Fuck, dammit! Harvey is just whiny brat who doesn't know what it takes to succeed. I am *not* thinking about letting him fuck me."

But she couldn't *not*, and in the end she traipsed to a toilet cubicle, sat down, and tried to sort herself out the only way she knew she could. Her vaginal passage was already incredibly wet, slick with female juices in preparation for a big, fat di -

She stuck her fingers in before she visualised *that* image. Instantly, she groaned. She rubbed at her outer lips, rotating her fingers against her clit as she occasionally pressed them deeper into herself.

"Oohh . . . f-f-fuuuuck . . . Mmhhmm!"

It was wonderful. It was ecstasy. The former alpha male whined in a gorgeous, sexy soprano as the feelings intensified, and she quickly undid the buttons of her top with her other hand, before beginning to squeeze and feel at her sensitive left tit. Her nipples were hard and sensitive, and each ministrations sent her further over the edge, enhanced by the building bliss within her love tunnel. Her clit sent jolts of pleasure through her body, and with each manipulation her enjoyment grew, until Francine no longer cared about remaining quiet.

"Oohohhh - OOohhh - Oh God Oh God OOOOHHHHHHH!!!"

Her body seized up, and then fell to shaking at intermittent intervals. Each orgasm was more like an *org-spasm*: her shoulders twisted, she squeezed her lovely thighs together, trapping her hand. She clutched her breast, groping it hard, and relished the sensation of even her areola adding to her multiple waves of bliss.

"F-fuck, that was good. Holy shit, that was fucking baller."

The words sounded strange coming from her very female lips in her very soprano voice. She had to take a couple of minutes just to come down from the high before she pulled up her panties and skirt, and fixed up her top, placing her boob back in the snug cup. "Okay, now I can stop thinking about all the hot fucking dudes in the office."

She stepped out of the cubicle, and nearly ran straight into one of the girls who manned the phones. Stephanie was her name. From the girl's expression, she had clearly been present for at least *some* of the moaning.

"Um, are you okay there, Ma'am?" she asked, though her expression revealed she knew exactly what 'wrong' actually entailed.

Francine flushed redder than she'd ever been. "Just, um, sorting out some details. Getting a few things in order. I'm going back to work now. Ignore anything you just heard."

She practically launched past the girl, moving quickly on her heels. But it would not be the last time she felt the need to 'release the heat', as she began to think of it. There was no denying that her body was horny as well, and was increasingly responding positively to the men of the office around her. She found herself leaning over them to examine their work, and her pendulous breasts were often right next to their face, distracting their eyes. There was a strange thrill to having them turn their eyes to examine them. They thought they were

being subtle, but now that she was a woman, Francine realised women *always* knew when they were being checked out. And for Francine, that was always. And because it was turning her ridiculous office bimbo body on, she had to keep making trips to the bathroom to pleasure herself, images of dicks thrusting into her wet pussy filling her brain. Even her rich apartment held no escape; she found herself increasingly intrigued by the attractive men on television, even the news anchors! She would lie in bed, her bathrobe now too large for her little body, and moan and grunt in pleasure as she fingered herself.

“I want - ooohh - you inside m-me!” she would cry, imagining one of the men in marketing fucking her hard.

And every time afterwards, Francine would be overcome with shame and self-hatred, and a large dose of rage at both Clara and Lumin’s Syndrome for making her into this - this whore! She was meant to be on the road to being a captain of industry, not some piece of fluff in an office cubicle hungered after by all the men, and *especially* not dominated and manipulated by a weak little woman like Clara, who had outmanoeuvred her at every turn. But what she wanted didn’t matter: her body only grew more lovely with each passing day, the final parts of the transformation completing, leaving her as a buxom blonde beauty. She couldn’t even answer her father’s calls now. Instead, she simply emailed him or had Clara pass on messages, but it was clear that she had a limited time to return to normal, or her rat siblings would become Percy’s star children. She just hoped they had no knowledge of her current form.

“Just so long as I don’t end up fucking anybody, I should be fine. Two more days until Greene is finished with his machine, and I’ll be back to normal.”

It was the next day when Francine, once more overcome with lust - directed at fucking Elijah of all people! - made a mad dash for the printer room, hoping for some privacy.

Unfortunately, the bouncing of her boobs meant she tried to adjust her shirt in mid-dash, causing her not to see Harvey about to exit the room. She ran straight into him, and two more buttons on her blouse popped wide open.

The two yelped, banging into the door and causing it to hit the wall and then rotated around to shut, leaving them to sprawl across the floor of the printer room, Francine beneath Harvey, who had managed to slow her fall somewhat.

“Oh my God!” she squeaked, staring up at his magnificent eyes. She was breathing heavily, and her large boobs were almost spilling out of her tight top. She had come to get away from temptation, but instead she had landed right in it.

“Are you okay, Francine? Ma’am?” Harvey asked.

Despite his concern, he hadn't moved. Francine could feel why; despite knowing how inappropriate it was, her employee was hard in pants, his stiff penis pressing against her belly.

"I'm - I'm fine. I just, need a moment to . . . to . . ."

That stiffness only grew harder, and she found herself entranced by it. Harvey had his arms around her, having saved her from the nasty fall, but now his strength felt protective. No, more than that. It felt *sexy*, and it was making her more turned on than she had ever been.

"Need to what?" he asked, trying and failing to look her in the eyes while her magnificent cleavage was almost in his face.

"Need to . . . need to . . ."

She wanted to say something, anything, to get away. But the truth was her body had needs that were now far more strong than her own willpower. At that moment, she felt like the office bimbo, and her body was craving to act the part.

"Need to . . . ?"

She breathed one last time, squeaking again in realisation at what she was about to do. She could rationalise it. It would just be a little makeout. Maybe a little feel of her tits. Nothing more. But she needed *something*.

"*I need you,*" she whispered, her voice low and sensual.

She pressed her lips against his, and then they were kissing.

To Be Continued . . .

Employee of the Month, Part 6

It was so wrong. It was so *right*. Harvey groped Francine's magnificent body, rubbing at her curves, taking in her perfect flowing lines. Her cleavage was open and enticing to him, and she pulled him into it, pressed his face against her large, round, double-D breasts. It felt like heaven; how could anything so wonderful be wrong? She knew she shouldn't enjoy the sensation of this tall, sexy man motorboating her big titties, but in this moment she giggled in her high, sweet voice.

"Ohhh . . . that feels so nice!"

"Goddamn, you are so good looking," Harvey said, pulling his face up. He planted his lips against hers, and she shivered at the wonderful sensations it brought her, the wet tender touch of his mouth making her wet elsewhere. She wrapped her arms around his neck in the classic submissive pose, yielding to him as he reached a hand upwards and expertly undid another button. Her bra was tight on her breasts, and it took little manoeuvring for him to pull at the the large cup and begin fondling her sensitive areola, her erogenous nipple.

"Aaaaahh . . . that's amazing, why is it so - OH! - so amazing!?"

Harvey smiled, enjoying the way this woman was putty in his hands. Francine could see from his expression that she must have been more needy, more lusty, more insatiably horny than any woman he'd ever been with to produce that beaming grin. She knew she shouldn't be making out with him, her own damn male employee! But he felt so good, and his hardness against her belly was starting to make her drench her panties.

"In me! I want you in me! Please!"

Harvey's eyebrows raised, and he stopped for a moment. The lack of stimulation of her 'big boobies', as she was starting to think of them, was equivalent to torture. She needed a strong, tough man to grope and squeeze them.

"Are - are you sure? Right here? The office staff might use this room . . ."

"Then, like, lock it!"

But again Harvey was not certain. "What if someone knocks?"

She squirmed with need. Her pussy was thirsty for his cock, for his touch. She needed to be filled. It was humiliating and shameful. Francis Howard would never allow himself to be fucked by an employee, but right now, *Francine* woldn't just let herself get fucked, she'd be on the ground begging for it. Which she was.

"That's part of the risk, baby." She decided on a lie, pulling herself up from the ground a little so that her breasts bobbed, her mussed-up bra and open shirt only enhancing her sexiness. "I've been so horny ever since I got here, Harvey. I just can't help it. I want to help with morale, you're all so wound up tight. I need to loosen you all up." She slowly slid her

fingers up his leg, until they rested on his firm cock. God, it was large. Larger than Francis' when he'd been a man. How could he have been packing this howitzer of a gun all this time? Still, her jealousy was nothing compared to her desire to be filled. To be dominated. She batted her long eyelashes suggestively, just like she'd seen hot chicks do in movies, and pursed her lips in a sexy red pout.

"I want you to be the first one in the office to fuck me, Harvey. Let me be your sexy office bimbo. I want you *first*."

"Well, how can I say no to that?"

Francine couldn't help but grin as the handsome man quickly locked the door, and moved back to the hot blonde buxom bimbo on the carpet. She was a sight, she knew, with her pencil skirt and stockinged legs, and her shirt open to reveal to half-spheres, the remainder of her globes just barely hidden by the sides of the shirt. It didn't take long for Harvey to sort that out.

"God, you've got a perfect rack."

She smirked. Comments like that, and Clara's oft-stated jealousy of them, made her feel strangely proud of her large, round breasts. They were a bother, and men didn't look her in the eyes anymore, but they had a hypnotic power in this moment, and soon Harvey was upon her, sucking at her large nipples and making her squirm anew.

"Need you - ahahh - in m-me!" she moaned.

"Not on the carpet," he grunted, nibbling at her nipples and squeezing her tit hard in a way that was both painful and pleasurable at once. "Carpet burns."

She looked up, and saw the perfect option.

"The photocopier. Do me on it. I need you to fuck me!"

With surprising strength, Harvey lifted her up. She turned and in a flash of movement tossed the piles of paper from the copier, allowing him to hoist her up on it. She splayed out her legs, her height perfectly situated for that large bulge in his pants.

"Holy shit, I like you a *lot* more than Francis. Can we keep you?"

"You have no idea how funny that is," she said, before posing by sticking her chest out, and spreading her legs wider. She scooped herself forwards as they embraced, allowing him to grope and squeeze her breasts as she unzipped his pants. She gasped as his dick was freed; it was huge! How would it ever fit inside her? The thought disgusted her, but it also enticed her far more. The stupid female side of her brain was making her take bad decisions, and Francis knew it; his voice was deep in her conscience, screaming at her to stop. But Francis had needs, strong sexual urges that required fulfilment.

"Oh my," she said, licking her lips, "will that even fit?"

"We can find out."

She giggled like a silly girl, and laid back, pulling her panties to one side to expose her dripping wet vagina. And with that opening, Harvey grabbed her sweet tush, and pressed his hardness against her. His penishead wetted itself on her pussy juicy, sending her moaning as little pulses of pleasure coursed through her being.

“Stop fucking around and fuck me already! That’s your boss giving you an order!”

“I like these deadlines a lot better,” Harvey said, and before Francine could groan at the pun she was sent groaning in agony. He thrust deep, and she arced her back, unbelieving how much his penis filled her. It pushed aside the walls of her vagina, ramming up into her depths, making her slick with passion. She pressed her hands against the wall for purchase as his length reached its zenith, thankfully just shy of her cervix, but far enough that she felt as if she were being speared. It was slightly painful. It was *immensely* pleasurable.

But not as much as when he began to slide out.

And back in.

And back out.

And in.

And out.

Again and again

Francine held on tight for dear life as she was fucked. She had *fucked* before; she had been the *fucker*. The alpha male. The dominant one. The penetrator. But had never *been fucked*. Never at the mercy of a man to whom she yielded her body to completely.

It was goddamn amazing. Her tits bounced with each aggressive thrust, and she began playing with them, squeezing one as he squeezed the other. Several times he leaned forward while thrust, driving his dick somehow even deeper, as they kissed passionately, their tongues dancing in each other’s mouths. She was submissive to him, her own employee, and not even the voice of Francis could reach her now, as each pounding of his dick inside her brought her ecstasy ever higher.

“Fuck! This feels so g-good! Nnhhhn! Aaahh! Oohhhoohhh!”

Harvey, for his part, barely said anything. “I’m gonna come! I think I’m gonna come!”

“Do it! Fuck me like I’m your naughty bitch!”

Her beautiful blue eyes widened. She couldn’t believe what she’d just said. But even as she said it, her body tensed, and so did his. Words became impossible, and she stuttered, her first ever set of female orgasms rocking her core. She squeezed him with her perfect thighs as he came inside of her, his warm cum shooting deep into her depths.

“Fffffuuuuuuuuuuu-”

And then she was cut off, her voice trailing into silence as she held on once more for dear life, clutching him with all her weak, womanly strength. He grunted as he pulsed, throbbed inside of her. And then he was spent, and so was she too.

“That . . . was the best sex I’ve ever had,” Harvey said.

She gave him a cute smile. She knew it was cute, and there was an odd power in delivering it. As if she were twisting this cute hunk of a man around her finger. So different from being a regular office manager, and yet it seemed to hold its own sway.

“Me too, Harvey. Me too. Let’s do this again, sometime.”

They did. Several times, in fact. But it wasn’t just Harvey she showed off for; it was everyone. Francine soon realised that the floodgates of her new bimbo nature had opened, and there was no way to close them again. Her nymphomania was rampant; she needed sex at least three times a day, and her nightly masturbation sessions were not enough. After her first bout with Harvey she took a trip to the chemist and immediately stocked up on birth control pills and contraception; female and male, to make sure no ‘accidents’ happened.

She spent much of that first day trying to deny this nature. The sex with Harvey had been mindblowing, but she tried to leave the room in dignity, her hair put back in its place, her breasts comfortably snug back in their cups, her shirt fixed up. But even as she walked sexily back to her office, something had changed in the nature of the office, and the staff could tell. Perhaps it was the way she smiled at Harvey just a little too knowingly, or how she leaned even closer over the computer wing staff, even letting her breasts touch their shoulders as she leaned over them. Or perhaps it was how her skirts became just that little bit shorter, her tops that little bit tighter, her hips swayed just that little bit more. More than once, Francine dropped a clipboard and papers she was carrying, just so she could bend over, and allow the men behind her to observe and take in her amazing ass. She would wiggle it a little, just for them, pretending to have to do so in order to grab her material. And then she would straighten her back, turn her head, tousling her perfect blonde hair, and giggle sweetly.

“Oh, hi boys!”

It was fun, it was empowering, and she found herself able to give in to it because it was temporary. Dr Greene assured her that things were coming together; the various parts they had ordered had arrived, and the gene-sequencer was being assembled as they spoke. It lifted her spirits; soon she would be out from under Clara’s grip, and she could be a man again. Having sex with Harvey those couple of times, showing off her perfect bimbo body in front of the office, all to that woman’s amusement? It would be over. Just a memory. A fun

memory, sure, but he'd be an alpha again. And then he could rise to the top and have all the bimbos he wanted, because *he'd* be the one drowning in pussy, instead of offering it freely to others.

And then the delay happened.

"What the fuck do you mean it's not happening tomorrow? You said I'd be a man again Greene!"

'I know that,' the voice tittered over the phone, *'but we have to make sure we do everything right. Just one more week, Francis. You just have to hang in there.'*

She twirled a length of her blonde hair, overcome with rage. "Are you sure? Can't I, like, do something for you to make it go faster? To keep you focused?"

'I don't quite follow, sir.'

"You know, something to keep you all focused and the like. Something real nice."

What the fuck was he saying? The man was in his sixties!

'No, no more money is necessary, Mr Howard. Just time. We are so close. It's just a small delay.'

Francine hung up, and threw her phone on the ground. She was devastated, she was angry. She was horny. It irritated her that she was horny most of all; if she had to deal with Lumin's Syndrome why did it have to make her such a stupid nympho? Her father would be ashamed, and she was just lucky she'd been careful up to now. It was in the morning, before work, but she was angry and depressed enough about staying as a flirty bimbo employer, that she cracked open the fridge, and grabbed a couple of beers.

"Fuck it," she said. "Might as well find some way to cope. One week. One damn week."

Four days later, and another three days seemed like an eternity. Francine's transformation may have finished, but her lusts were seemingly endless, always renewing each day. She had sex a couple more times with Harvey, always in locations where Clara could never see, but his tormentor was obviously suspicious. She saw the increasing flirtiness of Francine's behaviour, the way she found excuses to undo a button of her bra, or how she gingerly adjusted her chest in full view of a suite of guys.

"What is up with you?" she asked. "Are you actually enjoying this? Is this Lumin's Syndrome making you into some kind of wannabe slut? Because if so, that is absolutely *rich*."

“No, nothing like that. It’s this stupid body and these ridiculous female hormones,” Francine protested, feeling strangely powerless before her ex. “I can’t help but act like a stupid little slut.”

Clara grinned, and it was an expression that made Francine a little worried.

“Well, if you say so. No one has taken your fancy yet? I could introduce you to a few of your lesser known workers, there’s some real studs there.”

Just the thought of it made Francine breathe deeply, causing her large boobs to rise and fall like large globes upon her chest. There were indeed. She’d had a close uniform inspection just that very day.

“No, no, I don’t need that Clara. I’m going to be a man again soon, and you’ll have your promotion and your salary. All the money you want when I’m in the big leagues.”

“Good, I’m happy about that. But I won’t lie, Francine, I’ll miss this new you. She’s a lot more fun. If you ever feel up for it, we can head out for a drink sometime. I hate Francis’ guts and all those Howard types, but I don’t think we need to hate each other.”

“I’m going to be a Howard again,” Francine replied curtly, though both could tell she didn’t look confident about that. And worse, a small part of her didn’t want to be. She’d been so damn free as Francine, free to express herself, free to be silly and flirty and even shallow, and people actually liked her!

“Well, that’s a shame,” Clara said. “I think Francine has done some real wonders for morale around here, even if it’s a little 1950’s.”

She smiled, and it struck Francine that it was an earnest smile.

It was after the office had closed, and Francine had to stay back to make some reports. It was a difficult thing; her increasingly sex-kitten mind got distracted by typing ‘Hot Beach Boys’ on the internet, or fantasising about the men in the office. But it still needed doing, and she wasn’t intellectually impaired; it was just a pain. So, slower than usual, she input the files, shot them off to management, and got her things together and left. She definitely felt like watching another stupid medial soap opera. They were strangely addicting; how had she never realised how entertaining and gripping they were when she was Francis?

She was just on her way, looking forward to getting in her sexy lingerie beneath a bathrobe and pleasuring herself to the sight of the show’s leading man, when she noticed a light was on in the graphic design room. Curious, she stepped around the corner. It was Elijah.

The nerdy man was slumped over his computer, a coffee steaming in front of him, and looking dead tired. Her heart ached; she'd never felt sorry for him before, but something about her feminine nature seemed to make him sympathetic in her eyes.

And oddly cute. Like a big sexy teddy bear, with enough meat on his bones to make him comfy and protective. She tapped a pen against her lips, and stepped closer.

"Hey Elijah," she said.

He turned in surprise. "Oh, hey boss. I didn't, uh, realise you were still here."

"Watcha doing?"

He gestured to the computer, but his eyes were drawn to her prominent cleavage.

"Um, I was working to meet deadlines. I had to - um, I had to stay late."

"Aww, I'm really sorry about that." She sauntered closer, feasting her eyes on the hard bulge in his pants.

"Yeah, don't worry, I'm almost done."

She kneeled down, facing him. God, she was hot for him. It was fucked up, but she needed it. The leading man was forgotten, *this* man was who she wanted.

"You look stressed? Would you like me to calm you down? Make you feel good?"

"Um . . . what do you mean by that?"

His dick was straining against his pants, and he was nervously looking around, unsure what was happening. Her breasts were even with his line of view, and she knew it. She wiggled her shoulders, allowing them to wobble heavily, almost bulging out of their cups.

"I think you know what I mean, Elijah. Why don't you let me suck your big, fat cock, and that'll make you feel nice and relaxed?"

His eyes bulged, briefly.

"Is this a joke?"

But she was already moving down, unbuckling his pants.

"Holy shit, holy shit, holy shit I can't believe this is happening."

She freed his dick, minding his round belly, and began to tease it even firmer with her hands. It was a nice cock, not as big as Harvey's, but perfectly sized to fit in her mouth. She gave it a light peck on the head, and he stiffened.

"Trust me Elijah, I can't believe this is happening either."

And with that, she took his girth inside her, and began to suck away. Elijah moaned as she filled her mouth, pressing his penis head almost to her throat. It tasted wonderful, and she bobbed her head up and down, stroking the thick shaft with her dainty hand, causing him to groan. It was a wonderful groan, and it felt wonderful to be the one to make him do it. Empowering. Again, that feeling of power through submissiveness, like being a slutty bimbo had its own dominance factor. She was a shark hunting other sharks, looking for a good fucking lay. She grabbed his hands, pulling them down to fondle at her breasts. He did so

readily, gasping in disbelief as his boss gave him the best blowjob of his life. She moaned on his cock as he played with her sensitive nipples, and the pleasure built up and up until she was crying out for relief. But she needed him to come first.

It didn't take long. He squeezed her tits hard, and his jizz erupted from his hard member and flooded her mouth, pouring down her throat. It was delicious, and she suckled at his cock, drinking deep of his fluid and then lapping up the rest. Just eating his cum made her cum, and she shivered in enjoyment.

"Mmhhmhm . . . that was nice, Elijah."

"Oh God, Francine, that was . . . that was amazing!"

"Mmhm, wasn't it?"

It was then that they both looked up, the jangle of keys from a third individual approaching. Francine's eyes widened in horror as Clara rounded the corner, holding a purse.

"Sorry Elijah, it's just me. I left my keys and had to come back for - Elijah? *Francine?*"

Francine's world came crashing down, and she turned beet-red at Clara's expression of shock, which was mixed with an astonished kind of amusement. Elijah's cock was still on full display, and a small glob of semen was still at the corner of Francine's mouth. Clara couldn't have walked in on a more incriminating moment if she tried. Clearly, she didn't realise how far Francine had fallen. *Francine* didn't realise how far Francine had fallen. All her shame and humiliation returned, a post-coital realisation of 'what the actual fuck is wrong with me?'

She got up, buttoning up her top. Clara was saying something, asking questions, and Elijah was hurriedly buckling up his pants and streaming apologies. But Francine was already speeding past, practically running in her red high heels and heading down the stairs. She'd just fucked Elijah. *Elijah!* She needed out of this body, she needed to be a man again. She had become a damned nymphomaniac, and if she didn't turn back now, she'd be lost!

Francine ran out into the street, got in her car, and took off. She headed to Dr Greene's clinic, towards his experiment.

"I'm turning back tonight, or not at all," she declared, tears streaming down her cheeks.

Employee of the Month: Finale

Francine practically burst through the door, pushing past protesting nurses and assistants alike. She made her way straight to Dr Greene's laboratory, large breasts bouncing in her top, high heels making her ass shift from side to side in a sexy manner, despite her fury. She had enjoyed sucking Elijah's cock so damn much; it had tasted so good! She could still feel his sweet cum in her mouth, and part of her was already craving more. But now Clara had seen her, and just the realisation of how far she had fallen had been enough to send Francine chasing down the endlessly delaying doctor. She was paying him good money, dammit, she demanded to see results!

"Um, Ma'am, you have no right to be here!"

"I'm, like, the one paying you, you moron!" she declared, pushing through the door to the lab. Dr Greene stood there, looking over some chamber that was evidently meant to house a human being, attached to various wires, cords, and drip-feeds. It looked like a science fiction setting, and briefly made Francine pause. Dr Green looked up in confusion.

"Mr Howard, are you alright? I told you over the phone that we've hit some delays on the programming. Everything is probably in order, but just in case -"

"I don't have time!" she declared, her voice high and bimbo-ish in quality. She strutted forward in heels and gestured to her voluptuous body. "Look at me, doc! I'm turning into, like, a stupid bimbo or something. My brain keeps thinking about sucking cock, or taking it, and I get wet just standing around men too long - even old men like you!"

Dr Greene's eyes widened, and she paused, blushing heavily. She hadn't meant to give all that away. It was just one more sign of how much Lumin's Syndrome had changed her into some submissive office bitch. Francine curled her painted nails into her palms.

"Do you see? This is what I have to put up with! It's changing my fucking mind doc. I don't have any more time. If I have to wait any longer I'll be the damn joke of the office. Me! Francis fucking Howard!"

The world was turning red, it was like a blood vessel was about to burst. Dr Greene backed up a step. "I understand your concern Francine - I mean Francis! You've been through a lot, and I can't imagine what's it's been like to -"

"No! You, like, can't imagine it dude! I've lost my cock, I've grown Double-D tits that everyone stares at! I can't stop walking like I'm trying to show off this cute bubblebut ass. And its turning me fucking gay - or straight, or whatever. Or bi, maybe. Some of the girls in the office . . . see? See the thoughts that get me all fucking distracted! We're running this machine now!"

Dr Greene's eyes widened behind his glasses. "What, tonight?"

“Damn right it has to be tonight, or else I’m gonna end up even more embarrassed than I was tonight. I’m getting fucking blackmailed, doc, and my own father wants nothing to do with me while I’ve got the body of a buxom blonde office bimbo.”

Dr Greene looked from Francine, to the machine, and back to Francine again. “Miss - Mr Howard, the machine in theory will work, and should cure your Lumin’s Syndrome. But we haven’t run a full diagnostic. I must caution patience -”

She leapt forward and grabbed him by his collars, pulling him close. Francine had been significantly shortened as her body became female, but she was at least taller than this man. She gritted her teeth, trying to resist the urge to kiss this cute older nerdy scientist, and instead focused her rage and indignation on him.

“I’m out of patience. We. Use. The. Machine. Now.”

Greene gulped, and it was clear in his eyes that he knew he wasn’t going to win this fight. “Very well, Mr Howard. But I want you to sign a medical statement that you chose to proceed with this medical risk by your own free will, against the protestations of your doctor. Then I will run it.”

She narrowed her eyes.

“Like, just give me a pen already.”

Francine stepped into the chamber. Various IV tubes were plugged into her wrists, and she winced a little at the pain, more sensitive to it than she would have been as a man.

“Ouch! Watch it!” she complained to one technician.

“Oh, sorry.”

She rolled her eyes. She was so close. So damn close to being a man again. Would she miss being a woman? Maybe some parts of it. She couldn’t deny that the sex actually was better, or that she didn’t love accessorising, or having that male gaze upon her. There was something powerful about being submissive, about putting others’ needs above your own; people became putty in your hands in an altogether different way than if you were a total alpha male, but it was power nonetheless. And there was a freedom to it, a lack of need to control everything, to use everyone. Some part of her, she knew, would miss being the hot office gal simply because people actually *liked* her. Sex or no sex, morale and performance had actually improved while she had been there, and it was something Francine could deny. She’d *felt* the way the boys all perked up at her presence, and even some of the women too; something about having a girl compliment their looks and give them support instead of tongue-lashings made them more amenable to reaching deadlines.

“I’ll get over it,” she whispered to herself.

“What was that, Mr Howard?” Dr Greene asked, as he fitted the final component.

“Um, like, nothing. When can this thing get started? I want to be a man again. I can’t be an alpha male if I’m not *male*.”

“Any moment now, just need to run one final check. All systems are good, Mr Howard. Are you sure though, that you want to do this? We can have all diagnostics run in just a few days, and it might be safer?”

Francine considered this. It would be safer. But then what kind of trouble would she be getting up to by then? Clara had seen her sucking Elijah’s cock. There was no coming back from that unless she asserted male dominance again. Then Clara would have nothing.

“Just hurry up and fucking do it,” she snapped, trembling enough that her boobs wobbled in her DD-cup bra. “It’s what I’m paying you for, isn’t it?”

Dr Greene nodded, his brow creased. He moved back to a computer panel.

“Initialising sequence. The system will flood your body with testosterone in concentrated amounts, using your own DNA patterns. This should trigger a response from your body’s immune system to recognise that it has developed incorrectly, and the massive amounts of Y chromosomes can be adapted back into your system.”

“I don’t know what that means, but so long as it, like, works, I’m good. Hit the red button.”

The doctor hit the ENTER button on his keyboard, and suddenly the system powered up. The chamber that Francine was strapped into began to glow, numerous lights turning on. She felt quite warm, and there was a nervousness building in her system.

“This is just to get your body prepared,” the doctor explained. “The hormones will be coming any moment now.”

Francine looked down and saw that chemicals were flooding in from the IV tubes and into her system. She grit her teeth as she felt it enter her bloodstream, and a strange euphoria overtook her. A surge of adrenaline seemed to slow down time, ever blink seeming to take longer than it should have. She breathed heavily, her large chest heaving, as more and more testosterone and male genetic material was poured into her body.

“Oohh . . . G-God! I c-can feel my b-body fighting it! It’s, like, really weird doc!”

Dr Green adjusted a dial. “I’m upping the dosage. It must be triggering a more powerful autoimmune response than expected.

More hormones poured into her body, spiralling into her bloodstream and pumped through her veins. Despite herself, Francine couldn’t help but gasp and moan, her voice sounding unintentionally erotic. Her nipples hardened, her pussy became wet, as the arousal continued. It was like she was being penetrated by a man on the deepest level; testosterone mingling with her estrogen and causing sparks of electric energy to hum through her body.

She bit her lip, trying to avoid further sounds, but more and more of it coursed into her system, and she let out a wail.

“AAHHHHH! OH - NGGGGHH!”

She began to shift her hips, feeling overcome by it all, and she closed her eyes, imagining that she was being banged by a hot office worker. By Harvey. He had her pinned against a desk, and was pumping into her like there was no tomorrow, between her widespread stockinged thighs.

“Wait! Something’s wrong!” yelled Dr Greene, over the increasing groaning and shuddering of the machine. “Your immune response is strengthening! It’s like your resistance to changing back is growing.”

“What!?” Francine snapped her eyes open, her heart beating in terror. “How could that happen?”

“It’s your physical arousal!” Greene called across the room. “It’s upping your estrogen flow, and causing a push back against the hormones. It’s . . . my God, it’s actually solidifying your change!”

“Fuck! What - what do I - mmhmm! - what do I do?”

“You need to stop the arousal. Try to avoid being - well, turned on, Mr Howard!”

More and more male chemicals were entering her, causing her sex to throw between her legs, wanting to be filled. She couldn’t keep the image of Harvey out of her head. Or Elijah. Or the other boys. Or hell, even *Clara* and some of the beautiful office gals. She grabbed her head with her hands, trying to avoid ripping out the IV tubes, and tried to focus on being a man again.

But even the word *man* was enough to send her thoughts flying back to the subject of being pounded. She imagined having another go on Elijah, riding him comfortably, or being banged against the printer, taken from behind like the good little slut that she was. She groaned, taking in these images, and she began to drip pussy juices down her thighs, wanting them to be real.

“Mmmhmm . . . yes - ah ahhh ahhhh! I want that!”

“Mr Howard! You need to stop! Think of something else!”

She began rubbing her round tits, and to her astonishment, she felt them rise like dough, growing up another cup size as her body not only fought back against her maleness, but increased its femininity as a defence mechanism. They swelled out of their cups, becoming magnificent E-cups, the size of cantaloupes, and her hips followed, widening to become real baby-makers and causing her ass to round out even further. Her waist cinched in a little more, and her hair bloomed down her shoulders, reaching the small of her back after several moments. She moaned, lips becoming fuller, and despite her fear of what was

happening, her want to be a man again, she couldn't help but imagine how wonderfully erotic it was to have a perfect set of DSL's: Dick Sucking Lips.

Doctor Greene's voice cut through her imaginings. "Please, Mr Howard, there is still a chance to revert! But if we fail here, you'll be stuck female for life, even more so than you were! Please, calm yourself!"

But Francine was lost in bliss. She didn't want to be an alpha wolf in this moment. She didn't want to be a shark. She wanted to be a bad bitch. She wanted to be a buxom bimbo. She wanted to be a hot piece of ass that not only raised morale, but all the little flagpoles in all the pants of all the men in the office. It was like feeding an addiction; she knew it was wrong, but turned on as she was, she just couldn't help herself. She wanted to be Francine.

"I - I can't! I just. Want. To. Get. Fucked. So. Muuuuuuch! AAiiiiihhh!"

She wailed in pleasure, even as something in the machine broke, and Dr Greene yelled. When the orgasm came, it was stronger than any that came before, and lasted what felt like several minutes. She came close to blacking out.

It was only after it finished, that she opened her eyes, realising her breasts had popped open yet another shirt. She felt weird, and even a little sillier. A little girlier. Certainly a lot curvier. She clutched her head, stepping forward awkwardly, her womanly hips swaying from side to side as she exited the chamber. Dr Greene stood there, a look of sadness and despair upon his face.

"Like, what happened?" she said.

"I think . . . I think you just signed your fate, *Miss Howard*."

It came to her in a rush, the full revelation of what she'd just done.

"Oh . . . oh fuck."

The office had gathered for their monthly meeting. Harvey was there, so was Elijah. Both looked far less stressed now that the deadlines had been met, the product marketed, and the next major project was further down the line, with a more manageable timeframe. In just three months, the marketing department had gone from being the most depressed and demoralised department in Howard Enterprises, to being their most trusted, reliable, and efficient division. And part of that was thanks to their new manager, who entered at that very moment, dressed in a professional pencil skirt and light jacket.

"Well, everyone, I'm very impressed with the work so far, so I won't make this meeting too long. Harvey, where are we at with the ad development?"

"Nearly finished; we should be right to go by Tuesday," he answered.

“Excellent work. And Elijah, how is the website coming along?”

“Already finished ahead of schedule, I’m just waiting on permission to connect it to our broader network and it’ll be up.”

“Angling for a nice bonus, I see. Rachel, what are the polls telling us?”

The new girl who was interning, serving in the spot Clara once filled, immediately perked up. She had been given more responsibility than she’d assumed she would get, and it thrilled her to know she was trusted so much. It was a good feature of her manager.

“Everyone is excited, Clara. We’re seeing numbers in the low eightieth percentile, far above normal market reactions.”

Clara grinned, ticking the last point off of her clipboard. She smiled, enjoying the energy of the room and the satisfaction that came with running a well-oiled show. Ever since her promotion nearly three months ago, partly due to her own manoeuvring, she had tried her best to develop a managerial style that was kind, compassionate, but ruthlessly efficient. She certainly wasn’t out to be another Francis fucking Howard, nor was she intent on being seen as the bimbo. After all, the office already had one of those. Which, speaking of . . .

“Well, everyone, that’s the meeting over, except for an important announcement. A little over three months ago, we were joined by a new gal in the office. Of course, what only a few of us knew at the time was that this new gal had just recently been a familiar *guy* to all of us. Francis Howard’s reputation has been . . . mixed, to say the least, but we all latched onto Francine Robbins pretty quickly; some more literally than others.”

There was a titter of laughter across the room.

“But despite her flaunting of the dress code, and her sometimes ‘overenthusiastic’ approach to lifting our spirits - among other things - Francine has proven herself to be capable of turning over a new leaf and becoming a new woman. And so, due to her endless work serving and, yes, *servicing* the various members of staff in her role as Morale Officer, I hereby award Francine Robbins the much-vaunted Employee of the Month Award!”

A cheer went up from the assembled personnel, particularly from the male group, as an incredibly attractive blonde shuffled forward. One hand reached out and groped her tush, causing her to giggle and blush even harder than she already was. Francine’s work uniform could barely contain her; she now regularly wore tight button tops with at least the top three buttons undone, and her dark bras were almost always visible, though even they struggled to contain her magnificent breasts. She waltzed forward on high red heels, her ass swaying hypnotically from side to side, her hourglass figure fully on display thanks to her tight clothing. She was a sight to every eye, even for a few of the women, and despite her still ongoing embarrassment, Francine couldn’t help but revel in the way they stared at her various curves and mounds. She was, after all, one of the hottest women to walk the earth,

and there was no going back from it now. She was trapped in this form until the end of her days.

She moved up beside Clara, still a little shorter than her, and placed her hands behind her back, subconsciously posing so that her impressive rack strained at her top, causing her mammaries to heave up with every breath. Her long blonde hair swished with her movement, and she adjusted her glasses: they weren't necessary, but they did make her look even sexier in an office environment.

"Congratulations, Francine! How do you feel?"

Francine stood before the crowd. Each of them knew her past, though officially she was Francine Robbins, new girl from out of state. After all, Percy Howard couldn't tolerate having such ridiculous bimbo as his son; to the rest of the world, Francis had died unexpectedly from a mysterious disease, and anyone who said otherwise was paid off. Which left Francine without a fortune, without an empire, and without much job prospects. Thankfully, Clara had seen her humiliation as enough, and after a carefully crafted email allowed Clara to take over, Francine was then given the role of Morale Officer, with particular attention paid to the single men who worked so hard.

It had been a gruelling initial first month. She had been overwhelmed with desperation to be a man again, even as her ludicrous libido came back stronger than ever. Her intelligence was not reduced, thankfully, but she often found herself adding 'like' or 'totes' to a sentence, or getting giggly over silly things. But most of all, she hungered for cock; for its to be in her hands, in her mouth, in her pussy. And as the days turned to months, she found that despite her occasional moment of embarrassment, the little side-eyes from the men who knew her past life, and the hints of amusement from Clara, her life really was more enjoyable. The sex was better and more constant. People actually liked her. And, of course, she was free of a toxic family and allowed to live her own life, even if said life was entirely themed around looking and acting sexy, and being the bimbo plaything of the office.

"Francine, hello? Earth to Francine? Can you hear us?"

The hot blonde blinked back to reality, and giggled in her high, feminine voice.

"Oh, sorry everyone! I like, totes zoned out there!"

There was a gentle laughter from the crowd. They were used to this from her. And judging from how she'd just been sucking on the end of a pen, they each had a good idea what she was thinking about.

"So, how do you feel, Francine?"

"I feel really great. So great! Thanks everyone for this award. I'm gonna do my best to try and win it every month!"

A cheer went up again, and Francine couldn't help but smile, thrusting out her chest a little more as she placed her hands on her wider hips. She *did* feel amazing, and what's more, she was starting to feel a little horny, again. Well, she was always horny. More horny than a moment ago, would be a better way of putting it. She raised her pen back to her mouth and perused the line of men clapping for her, until she singled out a new guy - Geoff - who hadn't had the pleasure of meeting her yet.

"Okay everyone, time to get back to work!" Clara announced.

The crowd dispersed, heading back to work, but Francine began walking sensually over to the new guy. Clara gave her a little wink that put some blush to her cheeks, but when she felt the heat between her legs, Francine didn't feel as embarrassed by her new boss's teasing. She approached the short newbie, putting an extra swing to her step, and leaning over a little at his cubicle so that her full, ripe melons were nearly on full display. Slowly, she lowered her glasses, making sure to pout her full lips to appear extra hot to him.

"So, like, you're the new guy, right?"

The man's eyes were glued to her canyon of cleavage. "Um, yeah. Hi. I'm Geoff."

"Francine," she purred, full of need. She could see from the man's face that she had a power of him already, and she pushed it further, by drawing closer, her large boobs almost in his face. "I'm to conduct a moral review for you. Privately. Trust me, I think you're going to like it."

She grinned, lidding her eyes in just such a way that made her look needy, which, really, she was.

"Uh, right now?" the man said, trying to avoid the obvious tenting in his pants. She licked her lips at the sight of it.

"Mmhm, right now. Come with me."

She turned, letting him take in the sight of her perfect ass shifting in her tight skirt. She didn't have to turn to know his gaze was hovering on it; she had a sort of 'hot woman's second sight' for that, and it always made her feel good. Geoff walked behind her as she led the way to a private booth. It was decently sound-proofed, and though occasionally a passerby might see a very obvious silhouette of a curvaceous woman copulating with one of the male staff, it was simply a regular part of the office day by now, as Geoff would soon learn.

Francine grinned as she directed him in and closed the door. She didn't know what position they would take - cowgirl? Missionary? Doggy? - or how many times they would do it. All she knew was that her pussy was both wet *and* on fire, and she couldn't wait for this man to sate her sexual appetite. There was a power to being the submissive office bimbo, after all, and it was a power that was oddly familiar to her.

It was, in its own way, like being a shark among minnows.

And she'd caught her next meal.

The End