

Going Dom

By FoxFace

An Anonymous Commission

Dominic is a lowly janitor stationed at a security facility responsible for storing dangerous or unknown technology. His life is one of cleaning and boredom, until the day he finds a strange remote that has been discarded. Testing it, he finds it has the power to turn him into a buxom woman with a very kinky dominating side. But will 'Dominique' take over, or will Dom have to return the controller before his newfound pleasures get him in trouble?

Going Dom

It was another boring day on the job, at least until Dominic Waters found the remote.

Dom was a worker for the DUT: the Department of Unusual Technologies. The title was fairly banal, and he didn't have clearance to know much of the really juicy stuff, but he was smart enough to piece together that the facility secretly housed unknown, experimental, and dangerous technologies that the government didn't want to get out. It was the sort of stuff that would have made the kid version of him excited, were it not for the fact that Dom was just a humble janitor, whose only interesting jobs were in cleaning up the occasional strange exploded mess or gooey liquid in his HAZMAT suit. For the most part, though, he was kept out of the loop and in the corridors, working away slowly with his mop, keeping the white and black halls spick and span. It was not a job with many mental rewards, or even financial ones. For Dom, it was simply his job by virtue of it being the one he'd landed in, after spending far too much of his youth sheltered and alone, barely rising to the level of mediocrity. He had been timid and shy all his life, but unlike what many assumed, timidity and shyness do not actually translate to later intelligence and success. For Dom, his twenties had been the time of big mistakes; a marriage that collapsed, a dating life that fizzled as his lack of job prospects became evident, and a housing purchase that left him renting once more, but still in debt.

And so, he was a janitor, and had been for nearly ten years now, as he approached the twilight years of his thirties. It was regular, boring work, and he had long accepted he would likely die doing it, still alone, and be forgotten not long afterwards.

That was, until he found the remote.

It was as he was finishing up his shift, one of the few people left in the building. The vaults were already secure, the lights dimmed. He didn't have keycard access to the interesting stuff, though his imagination often ran wild with what could be in some of those well-guarded, heavily locked rooms. It was that very imagination that kept him going on long

days; it tended to fantasise about all sorts of adventures and better lives when mopping the endless white floors. He was doing exactly that, lifting a bin to ensure the space beneath it was clean, when he saw something small and metallic black, a series of green buttons running down its surface. It was a remote, though strangely bent, and its buttons glowed almost imperceptibly.

“What the . . . must’ve bumped off the trolley when that new load came in the other day.”

Dom looked left and right, scanning the long corridor. It was empty. Cautiously, he stooped down and picked up the controller. It was heavier than he expected, and its metal was cold. The buttons glowed a little bright in his hands. There were four large green ones, followed by eight more with numbers attached.

Shift

Dampen

Blend

Revert

Those words were written on the larger numbers in small, professional font. He checked over the remote, looking for the battery shell, but it had none. The casing was seamless, and it didn’t even have a hole for charging. Somehow, he felt oddly drawn to it. In his years of working at the DUT, it was the only time he’d ever seen one of the many pieces of technology end up discarded like this. It could only have been an accident; heads would roll over this. He’d need to tell someone; the department head first of all. It was standard procedure.

But the strange, heavy, black-metal remote held a dark allure. He had no idea what it was, but it was more interesting than simply passing it on and going back to mopping. Dom shifted, slipping the remote into his coverall pocket, and returned to cleaning the floor. He whistled an awkward tune, feeling like he had stolen gold squirreled away on his person.

Dom cracked open the can of beer with a satisfying *thwik!* He downed it easily; he was no alcoholic, but like many men involved in physical work, it was well-earned ritual of rest after a long day. It was also a bolster for his courage.

There on the little apartment room table, next to some old cheese-puff fragments, was the remote. Even in the dim light of the cramped space, his features were perfectly reflected on its casing. The same short blonde-brown hair with its early pattern baldness. The same slightly sagging beer gut. His doe-eyed expression irritated him, particularly since it highlighted how his left eye had always veered a little to the right.

“Weak little man,” he mumbled to himself with a sigh. It was a common refrain. It was how he often felt; a man without skill, without ambition, and without the confidence to push him to better things. He finished the beer, crumpled it, and threw it to the floor.

“To hell with it. It needs to be returned. I don’t know what I was thinking.”

He stood, intending to grab his phone, but the remote was there, waiting, eerily oily black and softly glowing. It looked almost alien, or at the very least highly advanced. There was no denying that it was the most interesting thing he’d seen in the last couple of years of his dull life. Perhaps even longer.

“Just a little look over,” he said.

He picked it up once more, examining it over. He noticed something new about it, beneath the light, something that made him gasp a little. Indented just slightly, like an engraving along its side, was a single three letter word.

DOM

“Jesus, this is freaky. Was that there before? It must have been. Or . . . shit, I don’t know.”

He rolled the controller over until it rested in his hand. It was slightly awkwardly sized, but somehow, after placing it in his palm, it seemed to suddenly conform to its shape perfectly. The buttons softly glowed.

“Just one or two. I doubt this junk even works. Probably just a TV remote anyway.”

He pressed the button labelled *Revert*. Nothing happened. He pressed *Dampen*, and again, nothing. Dominic frowned: pressing *Blend* produced the same result. He pressed a couple of the numbers, and once more was met with disappointment.

“Well, looks like this piece of junk doesn’t work. Maybe this one then . . .”

He pressed *Shift*, hoping something at least would happen. After all, it seemed a curiously brighter button than the rest. The second he touched it, there was a flash of bright green light enveloping his entire form, and Dominic gasped.

“Agh! What the-!?”

His gut clenched, his form twisted. Dom startled, stepping back and dropping the remote as more of the green energy settled over him. His body warped, his skin turning incredibly pale, his figure slimming. He clutched his testes, overcome by the alien sensation of them quickly withdrawing into his body.

“Oh G-God! My d-dick!”

With a gasp, his penis pulled up inside of him, inverting and becoming a vaginal passage. He panted heavily, the feeling strangely erotic, as further changes proceeded; his muscles slimmed, and yet he grew taller than he had been, to a respectable 5’10. His hips cracked wider, and each ‘popping out’ of his hip bones produced a strangely enjoyable sensation. His fingernails turned black, coating over themselves in pitch dark nail polish, and

an itching on his scalp was quickly followed by equally jet black hair descending down to form a long bob hairstyle, his bald patches giving way to luscious, shiny hair that was near perfectly straight.

“A w-woman! Oh sh-shit, I’m becoming a chick!”

Already, his voice was raising in octave, and as he made the realisation a pressure built within his chest. He rubbed his nipples beneath his shirt, savouring the blissful sensitivity gathering within them as they swelled and extended, becoming hardened points. And then his breasts came in. With a grunt, they ballooned forth, growing and growing in size to become enormous F-cups, the size of cantaloupes and then some. They were heavy, they were pale, they were magnificent orbs that strained against his shirt.

“Tits! Those are tits, innit?”

He raised a soft hand to his lips, which were beginning to puff up. His voice was sultry and low, but his accent had changed! It sounded British. Hell, it sounded *cockney*. The kind of voice a punk girl would have, he thought. And as if driven by that thought, his changes took on a new dimension.

Dom shuddered, pressing back against the wall as his face rearranged, becoming soft, feminine, and yet - judging from his reflection in the nearby mirror - possessing a stern authoritarian gaze, steely eyes and arched eyebrows that seemed to condescend. His large breasts bounced, unrestrained by his movements, and they wobbled yet more as his legs paled over, becoming more defined, losing their hair as his chest had already done. His clothes itched on his form, but before he could remove them, they bubbled and shifted, darkening quickly to become as jet black as his hair and fingernails. To his astonishment, they were transforming into an almost illegally tight miniskirt and black corset combination. The former tightened, accentuating his ass, which had rounded out to fill the material. The latter lifted and constrained his mammoth breasts, making them appear even huger than they already were, but thankfully providing some support. A veritable chasm of cleavage was in his view now, even when looking straight ahead, and his black-painted toenails were not even in view; though he could feel a pair of tall knee-high heeled boots form around them. Fishnet stockings weaved themselves into existence as well, and a number of piercings pressed through his skin. It wasn’t painful, far from it. Every bite and sting of the piercings; on her ears - on the side of her nose, upon her left eyebrow, her belly button, her tongue - each one was exquisite, and caused her to moan.

“Ooohh . . . that’s damn bloody good,” she said, accent even stronger now.

It occurred to Dom that she had just started to think of herself as a she, even as the changes finished, and the last touches of makeup imprinted upon her face.

“Wot the ‘ell has ‘appened to me?” she said. She looked to the mirror, and was shocked to see that she had not just become a woman, but a sexy and imposing dominatrix;

her white-skinned figure contoured by her tight black leather corset and skirt. Her midriff was bare by only a thin strip of flesh, but a large silver piercing was evident in her belly button. She was tall, taller than most men, and her tits dominated her figure, ripe fruit pushed up nearly to her clavicle, their white flesh somehow all the more enticing for their paleness. Her lips were painted a ruby red, and dark purple eyeshadow had been heavily applied around her eyes. Her eyebrows were thick and arched, and with her high cheekbones she had a natural look of a dominatrix, a woman of control and authority and power. She licked her lips in the reflection, and Dom felt a surge of confidence that came with her new form; a sense of playfulness and the performative. This was a body meant to stand out. This was a body meant to be *seen*. This was a body intended to punish others in all the best ways.

“Well, I’ll be,” she drawled in her new British voice. “I gotta fig’ya out the rest of this controller. Say goodbye, Dominic. Say hello to *Dominique the Dominatrix*.”

She made a pose in the mirror, admiring the way the tight corset accentuated her thin waist. She looked like a taller, more authoritative, and certainly more amply version of Uma Thurman’s character from *Pulp Fiction*.

“Hiya, lass. I think I’ll go down the apples and show off these nice Bristol Cities.”

She rubbed her temple. She’d just tried to say ‘*I think I’ll go down the stairs and show off these nice tits.*’

“Okay. Think I’ll try to not use too much rhyming slang. At least, not before I get some pig’s ear and take this body for a whirl.”

She paused halfway down the stairs, her heavy breasts bouncing in her tight top, and smiled.

“Get some *beer*,” she said, then cackled, before continuing down, controller in her new black purse strung over her shoulder. “And maybe, if this body is steering me right, some nice *prick* too.”

“You like that, don’t you? You naughty little man? You like thrusting your big fat prick into me, yeah? Innit good, yeah? Oohhhhhh - ahahhh - that’s right, put it in there love, don’t hol’ back, get that stiffy in me.”

It hadn’t taken long for Dominique to find her first ‘customer.’ The controller had given her a surge of confidence, raw sexuality, and a thirsting need to cock. More than that, it had also given her a desire for exhibition; she proudly strutted her tall, hot body through town, letting men feast their eyes on her punk-style form. She smiled at their gazes, but she made sure to push each aside, toy with them, get her big heavy tits right in close only to pull back and taunt them. Already, she was enjoying the sensation of *dominating* them. It was like her

life had been turned completely upside down, and every second of it made her shiver with joy.

She visited three clubs that night, and at each she moved brusquely, letting her perfect breasts bounce and wobble in her corset. She shoved past bouncers, pushed past smaller girls with smaller chests, and turned aside men that thought they deserved her. She was a highly charged, sexual being, and she knew the remote had changed her that way, turned her from the pathetic male janitor she had been to a sexual vampire; a pale, busty beauty who needed the right man to lord it over. It didn't take long to find him.

"You!" she declared, marching towards him, a handsome man who was a little too old for the club, and currently alone. He was like a deer in headlights, and she recognised this body's type; men who were weak for her. Men she could boss around, and would enjoy being her submissive little toys. "You gunna just stand there or you gunna buy me a kitchen sink, love?"

The man's eyes struggled not to meet her cleavage. She responded by making it even bigger: already, she'd discovered that the *Shift* button on the controller let her change her form further, though for whatever reason 'Dominique' was its base template. The man's eyes bulged as her breasts seemed to expand with her breath, straining impossibly against the leather corset. To his eyes, it must have looked like she was simply revealing her full, ample nature.

"Kitchen . . . sink?" he said weakly.

Dominique smirked. He had a raging stiffy already. It looked like it was a nice prick.

"Yeah. Kitchen sink. A drink. I wanna get sloshed with you, mate, and then I might let you take me home so I can fuck *your* brains out. What do you say?"

The man had simply gulped, and ran to get her a drink.

"That is one hot little worm," she said, biting her lip.

Only an hour later they were fucking, her riding him expertly. Dominic, nested deep within the new women, was astonished at how well he - or rather, she - knew the intimate matters of sexual intercourse from the woman's side. She pressed her muscular thighs against him, her milk-white flesh against his tan, and she moaned with bestial pleasure as he thrust inside of her. She massaged his penis with her lubricated tunnel, teasing him, the one named Marcus. He was putty to her, a thing to be manipulated for her pleasure, and she derived great pleasure from pinching his nipples, and allowing him to caress and manipulate her breasts. Midway through sex, she decided to take it up another notch.

"Just a tick, love. I'm gunna make this worth your while. You take a big suckle from these titties, then."

She pressed *Shift*, and let loose an animal groan as her already-gigantic G-cups began to fill with sweet milk. She lowered herself, still bucking slightly, and allowed him to

drink deeply from her. It felt luxurious, and she was astonished to find there was a maternal feeling too; like Marcus was her submissive pet to be taken care of, and punished in equal measure.

“That’s good - that’s good. Drink up, love. You drink from me, and maybe later, after you’ve had time to recuva, I’ll drink from you.”

She licked her lips, and the inference was obvious. Marcus groaned.

“God, you’re so fucking hot! I won’t last long.”

“Then don’t, you little toy. Be a naughty man and cum in me.”

He did, and she came with him. An hour later, she fulfilled her promise, though not before teasing his balls so gently that he was forced to beg for her to suck his cock.

It was late, very late, when Dominique stumbled home. She’d experienced a few more changes in the night; her leaking mammaries had soaked through her corset, but it had been no trouble; thanks to the remote, the material simply absorbed it, and what’s more, she could shift her clothes to something else, like the tight black spandex outfit she was wearing that perfectly confirmed to her voluptuous form.

But it was late, and even her changed form was getting tired. She retreated back up the ‘apple and pairs’ to her apartment, smirking over her various sexual conquests. When she was back in the apartment she held up the controller, sighed dramatically, and pressed *Revert*. It was a process that was slower to go back than it was to change in the first place. Over five long, strange minutes, she turned back into Dominic, and the confidence and sultriness she had felt melted away as well.

“Seeya round, then,” she said to her reflection as her new feminine side melted away, her accent switching back mid-sentence.

And suddenly she was Dominic in full, penis and all, and even his clothes back upon her. Upon *him*.

“Holy shit,” he said to himself. “I can’t believe that all happened.”

He’d had sex. Sex with a *man*. And it had been amazing! He’d felt more powerful and adventurous than he had ever felt before. It was like some version of himself he’d never known existed had been lurking deep inside him, wanting to escape, and when it did it emerged with interest. Even the Cockney punk vibe felt exotic, far removed from his tedious life. He looked over the remote, marvelling at its power.

“I’ll return it,” he said. “I have to. They’ll catch me.”

He placed it on top of the shelf.

“I’ll return it,” he repeated. “Tomorrow.”

Dominic didn't return it 'tomorrow.' He didn't even return it 'next week.' Nobody at the DUT seemed to have missed the item, or otherwise thought it was locked up. He returned to work, mopping floors and cleaning displays and tending to plants, and all the boring while fantasising about becoming Dominique again. And not just becoming her, but different versions of her, each with exaggerated features or altered body parts, all the better to 'punish' sexy men with, making them hers and letting them experience a pleasure they'd never get from any other woman. By the time he finished his shift, he was practically racing back to his apartment, ready to press *Shift*.

And so began a month-long double-life, a wish-fulfilment fantasy he'd never known he'd had come to life. Each night, after clocking off, Dominic became Dominique, and the submissive, tedious American man became the dominating, confident British cockney woman, strutting her stuff through town. She quickly became a source of rumour and interest, her outfits increasingly daring, her body reshaping at will, and yet many found themselves unable to comment on it in the moment, simply beholden to her will, and desiring nothing more than to fuck her. She liked that just fine; she selected from them as she pleased, and tailored her body as she felt, saving these 'presets' with a press of a black-nailed finger upon the numbered buttons, capable of holding eight shifts in total.

At times, she sported chains and pasties, a tight leather set of figure hugging panties and barely-legal bra holding back her tremulous breasts. She looked like she should have been arrested, but that, she discovered, was where *Dampen* and *Blend* came in.

The former made her still stick out; a hot punk-looking dominatrix with big tits that drew every eye, but her crowd of admirers and haters in the nearby vicinity simply treated her as normal when she pressed the button. It was as if they wanted to say something, but simply couldn't. The two cops that tried to charge her for public indecency when she let a hot drunk hunk fuck her against a carpark wall were suddenly reduced to tensing their faces, but moving on.

Blend, on the other hand, went even further; to all the senses of anyone else, she looked perfectly normal. She was hot, she was big-titted, she was scantily clad, but it made her practically invisible. She could stand next to a clad-up soccer mom and people would think they were essentially equivalent. It was incredibly fun, especially when she undid the *Blend* right in the middle of a club, or quiet bar, or on the streets, and let them suddenly look at her with shock. Or she could switch it to *Dampen*, and amuse herself with how onlookers - especially female ones - clearly wanted to get her obscenity out of their sights, but could only act friendly, even submissive, to her dominating nature.

Opportunistic sex became her *modus operandi*. One shake of her sweet “bottle and grass” was enough to get most men riled, and her “Bristol cities” were always large enough to entice them up front. She found that the more risqué the location and the more in control she was, the better: Dominique liked her exhibition. In fact, more than once she decided to ‘peg’ a man, shifting her form so that a large male prick descended between her legs, and her manly toy whimpered in pleasure as she penetrated him, or even *her*; Dominique didn’t just swing to men, there were more than enough “hot birds” for her to take on as well. It reached the point where it became a mark of honour to be “punished by Dom,” and it only made the janitor more daring, from pleasuring herself with long black dildos in an adult cinema, to going to strip clubs and putting on her own display, outdoing the local girls and pressing *Dampen* when someone tried to pull her off stage.

Weekends were her favourite time, because Dominic could disappear entirely. On those days, she began to feel as if her male self was the fake, the plant, the non-real. His life was tedious, hers was fun. He was short and spineless, she was tall and held men’s wills in her hands, breaking them as easily as straw. She found that the longer she spent as Dominique, the stronger her personality became. At first she revelled in this, pleased by how she was able to do ordinary activities like getting her groceries, take morning jobs, and even visit the mall during day time. She always wore something scandalous or showy, from leather-and-chain fetish clothing to tight spandex that pulled tight against her ass and tits.

But things changed when she stopped by to get fast food. She was served by a young man no older than twenty, who couldn’t stop staring at the white flesh of her H-cup breasts (she enjoyed making them bigger lately).

“Why hello, little bug,” she said, looking at him with a look that somehow oozed sexuality even as it expressed superiority and distaste. “I want a burger. A good one, *if* your wimpy little body can manage it.”

The young man gaped, trembling as he took her order, and he went from visibly aroused to actually *terrified* of the way she was treating him.

“I’m sorry, I’m so sorry,” he cried, as she called him a ‘worm’ for stumbling over her order. “It’s my third day here. I’m s-still learning.” He indicated his *In Training* badge. Tears were forming on his eyes.

Dominique blanched. She had felt so good playing the role of the haughty, controlling dominatrix that she had become swept up in the persona. A creeping sensation of wrongness trickled into her gut, and her own arousal vanished at once.

“Look, little currant bun, I’m real sorry, yeah? I got carried away. Just, look just forget the burger. Bin packin’ on too many pounds anyhow.”

She quickly stuffed a pony’s worth of pounds - dollars, in fact - in his shirt before turning and leaving, suddenly not feeling up to being Dominique.

It had been like she was in control, and the man inside was just a passenger.

Another week passed, but the experience had left Dom rattled enough that he only became his 'other half' briefly, and always stayed within the apartment when doing so. It was all too restrictive; as Dominique, she wanted to go out on the town, rock hard in punk concerts, drink booze with fascinating people, and fuck men and women to her heart's content, making sure they knew who was boss the whole time. But ever since she'd made the server cry, she was increasingly aware that her mind had a dark side; a need to dominate and deride others, and not everyone appreciated it. Even the *Dampen* effect could only go so far; it made them unable to react in a hostile manner to her, but she didn't want to bully people freely, and *Blend* just made them not notice her uniqueness at all!

Several times she thought of going out, pressing *Shift* to get a hot black leather corset on again, the kind that pushed her big, milky tits right up to her collarbone. She put on a pleat-purple skirt that showed off her thick white thighs - or thin, she liked to shift them both ways. But that same superior haughty personality came to the fore, and she had to quash it back down. What if she lost control again, and failed to read the situation? She had been bullied so often as Dominic, that she didn't want to be the same. She only wanted to bully those who got off on that sort of thing.

But denying herself so fully was taking its own toll. It was, after all, her secret fantasy come to life, one she'd only discovered when the remote first changed her. Even the wearing of fetish clothing freed her, making her a walking exhibition, so different from tedious Dominic. It reached the point where he had to put the controller in his work bag, and take it back to the DUT. It was too great a temptation to use it again. But when he did so, he found that the department head was waiting to see him.

"Missing, sir?" Dominic asked.

His boss' face was serious. Someone had finally noticed the remote was missing, though at least they didn't know Dom had it. At that very moment it was burning a hole in his back pocket. One thing you can say for janitors; they're one of the few people who can bypass security altogether when they want.

"Yes, missing. Some accident, we think. Nothing to be too worried about just yet; it was a strange item we uncovered from an underground punk concert; a remote. It has

certain properties that we want to keep under control. It has . . . look, this is classified, but it has the power to bond to others. Perhaps even twist them, if their will is too weak.”

That was news to Dominic.

“Bind them? I’m not sure I understand sir.”

His boss shrugged. “I don’t either. Apparently it seeks out a desire for fetish wear or some disgusting shit. You’d have to interview half the seedy depths of the city to find it, if someone who wanted that ever used it. Again, this is classified. I wouldn’t be telling you if one of my agents hadn’t stuffed up. They’re lucky it’s impossible to tell who it was, or I’d be rolling heads right now.”

That was a relief for Dom, that no one was being punished. The only one whose head might go on the chopping block was his. The remote in his pocket, hidden within the large folds of the coveralls, felt heavy indeed.

“Just tell us if you see it,” the other man said. “Shiny black thing, green buttons. Don’t touch it, just inform us.”

He made to move, but Dom needed one particular answer. The most important one.

“Wait, sir. Did you say it binds the will of people? Like, mind control.”

The boss sighed, clearly not comfortable with sharing so much information.

“Not . . . quite. More that it makes their inhibitions lessened. If they’re too weak-willed - like the individual we retrieved it from - then they lose themselves in it. One of our agents . . . well, it was embarrassing for them, but they were able to restrain its power even after they tested it. But don’t be a hero, okay? Just alert us when you find it. Consider it an order.”

And with that, the other man walked away, leaving Dominic alone to his janitorial duties. Over the next few hours of dull drudgery and mop work, Dominic considered the new information he’d been given. So it was true, on some level; the remote had been influencing him. It was obvious, in retrospect. He’d taken to its freedom and pleasures very quickly, even the Cockney rhyming slang and casual sex with men. But, if what the boss had said was also true, then it was simply freeing him of his inhibitions. It had *chosen* him, in a way, and not just because he’d found it. It had recognised, impossibly, that he would love being Dominique. But more than any of that, it also meant he had the power to keep her in check, so long as he trained his mind, and drew the right line in the sand.

It was a daunting thing to even consider, especially since he’d come in that morning with every intention of planting the remote in some trash can to be ‘accidentally discovered.’ It would be the easy thing to do. Just go back to living his life, and look back on that too-brief month with nostalgia, like a holiday experienced and enjoyed but long passed in every way but photo and memories.

“It would be so simple,” he mused, as he wiped a mirror clean. It revealed his reflection: his balding patch, his tired eyes, his lines of weariness. The visage of a man who had been ground down all his life, and yearns for something more.

“But you’ve done ‘easy’ all your life, haven’t you?” he asked the man in the mirror. “Simple job, simple ambitions, simple marriage, simple job. And where has it got you?”

It was an accusation, and his reflection had no reply. And just like that, he’d made his decision. He packed away his supplies, finished the last of his jobs, and clocked out, none the wiser of the remote still in his pocket.

“Never liked being a janitor anyway,” he muttered as he walked down the hall. “I think I’ll take some time off to tame a fiery dom instead.”

A will is not an easy thing to impose on another, and almost impossible upon yourself. To change oneself is an uphill battle, because people inherently want to remain in the mould in which they were cast. But sometimes the mould changes, and the person proves they can change with it, and even pick the parts they want to keep.

It took Dom time to adapt to being an altogether more womanly, powerful Dom. The urge to be a little sadistic in her comments, a little too cruel in her jests, was strong in the beginning. When it emerged, Dom would hit *Blend*, remove herself from the situation, and go back to being male again. It was a self-punishment she maintained a strict regimen for, teaching her new authoritative brain that there were limits even it was bound to. It was necessary; Dominic didn’t just want to be Dominique on nights and weekends. He’d decided he was going to be her for good, and not look back. But that meant taking the responsibility that came with it, and learning to live normally, for certain values of normal. After all, she loved wearing ridiculously revealing black costumes and tight latex, or fetish clothing made from dark leather straps. The strategy worked, even if it was difficult; Dominique was able to hold back from her desire to ‘punish’ those around her, saving it for her sexual targets, who were frequent.

She moved to another city, working as a hot snarky bartender in a sexy goth-style black top and tight black short shorts, with heavy black makeup on her face. There was no shortage of men who wanted her, or women too, and thanks to the remote, they never found it odd that her breasts were two sizes larger one week, or her hips like a big sexy MILF’s the next, or her hair long and curly, or short and pixie-like on alternating days. She enjoyed nipple piercings, particularly when her subjects licked at them, causing currents of pleasure. She loved speaking in her heavy Cockney accent and rhyming slang, plying her ‘trade’ with an innuendo-laden stream of cheeky insults: “Are you gonna lay that plumber’s pipe or not,

love? 'Cause this twist and twirl wants you to hurry up and shoot your cobbler's contents right up inside already! Think your little prick can handle that?"

Sometimes, she even liked making herself look pregnant, and having hot milky sex with various 'regulars' she'd acquired, who enjoyed being ridden by their sexy 'master.' And while she made good money working bar and living above it, she was even starting to consider making her leisure-time life her main hustle, and become a hired dominatrix in full.

Certainly, she had all the time in the world to consider it. She already knew that the DUT had burst into her old apartment six months too late to catch her, already halfway across the country. All they would find would be a bare apartment with a single note.

Sorry loves. I like the life. I like the tits. I doubt you'll find me, but if you ever do, consider having me make a man out of you. I'll show you what a real authority can do with a pair of handcuffs.

Two years later, she burst into giggles when a former officer did manage to stumble across her, his gaze locked on her massive pale tits, and actually took her up on the offer.

He didn't turn her in, but he *did* become a regular. She couldn't blame him; she knew better than most people how good it felt to be Dom'd.

The End

Going Dom 2: The Convention

By FoxFace

An Anonymous Commission

It's been a year since Dominic became Dominique, the sexy and authoritative dominatrix with a kinky approach to life and a set of outrageous costumes to fit her astounding proportions. Now, she decides to take some time to visit a pop culture convention and play dress up. But several agents are on her tail, and she means to evade them with help from a new feature of the remote.

Dominique turned heads as she entered into the pop culture convention. Thousands were gathered to see teasers and interviews concerning the latest hot thing coming to the silver screen, or to a streaming site soon, or in comics and videogames; the convention centre had it all, including a bevy of outrageous and colourful costumes. But the hottest thing, as far as she and those in her presence were concerned, was *her*. The pale, busty dominatrix strutted through the security, enjoying the way men and women gaped at her tall, voluptuous form. She couldn't blame them. She looked *fabulous*.

Dominique was dressed in black latex, the material conforming to her curves, particularly her wide hips and impressively peach-shaped behind, with a long zipper that was halfway down, revealing a bounteous bust line to house her near-head sized breasts. Her hair was in a long ponytail that bounced and swished against her behind, swaying in time to her hips and adding to her overall seductive qualities. Her thigh-high leather boots with their impressive heels only added to the overall effect, as did the tight belt around her tiny waist that accentuated her hourglass figure. With the fake grappling hook on one hip and the binoculars on the other, she was the image of a fictionalised sexy spygirl, complete with a faux Soviet accent she'd prepared earlier.

Dominique waltzed through the crowd, sampling the figures around her. From the crowd of pasty, occasionally overweight nerds there were still those who caught her attention: a dashing handsome beanpole of a geek dressed as Q from *James Bond*, for instance. He had a real 'cute tech guy' look to him, and an excellent dress sense. There was a burly strongman, shirtless and painted to look like the Hulk; his muscles caught her eye; the man looked hot and he knew it. She could enjoy breaking him to her will; she'd learned over the past years all the best ways to dominate and control men who considered themselves alpha males. And of course, there were a couple of absolutely darling female anime cosplayers in tight outfits, their impressively prominent busts displayed in 'boob windows' and low v-cut outfits. One of them was likely to have at least *some* inclination

towards a more . . . Sapphic experience. Dominique had more than once made a gorgeous woman plead for more, plead for a 'mistress' to help her learn the true ways of womanhood.

The irony, of course, being that Dominique had not been born a woman, and had lived a man most of her life, working over a decade as a lowly manager at the Department of Unknown Technologies. But after finding a discarded remote, one that was meant to be locked away, Dominic's life was utterly changed. The black metal remote was strange and almost alien in design, with its softly glowing green buttons and unusual heaviness. It held the power to turn a man or woman into a sexually powerful female dom, with alabaster white skin, raven black hair, an outrageously busty figure, and a strong predilection for sporting tight, revealing outfits. Naturally, the agents of the DUT had been searching for her ever since, but she had remained one step ahead of them, even convincing a few to leave the agency after she gave them some sweet, tenderising loving.

But as of a recent incident, she was on the move again, relishing the cat and mouse game she and her former coworkers shared. They had nearly caught her back at her apartment, and she had a lot of fun tying up Agent Donnal with her black leather whips (and while he'd never admit it, she knew he'd had some reluctant fun too. The man liked handcuffs, that was for sure). She had fled before more agents could arrive to rescue him, but Agent Katie Norre was on her tail, and she was good. So, what better place for a dressed-up Dominique to hide in than a massive nerd con filled with cosplayers and costumes?

It certainly helped that a new button had unveiled itself upon her controller just a few months earlier, one that aided her current exploit. It had just appeared there, glowing a slightly ominous red, but the results were anything but ominous; she got the distinct impression that there was something alive, perhaps even sentient, about the controller, and that this was its signal that she was 'ready' for its next gift. She had pressed it, and suddenly she was wearing a totally different outfit, one that was far more than the simple alterations of skimpiness and goth skirts she'd had before. No, this let her style herself to a far greater extent, becoming seductive devil and angel both, able to become evil queen and naughty princess in a flash. So in many ways, she was thankful to Agent Norre; weaving through the con in her sexy latex spy fetish gear was the perfect opportunity to test this new button to its limits. It also gave her a lot of opportunity to have some fun with it. And, of course, there was one other feature of that button, though she hadn't tested it to its full just yet.

"Hey wow, nice tits!" a man yelled as she passed. She turned her head, ready to glare at the man who would *dare* to make such a comment of her, when *she* should be the one making suggestive, dehumanising comments to him! But that was when she saw, within the crowd, an obnoxious young man mocking an older overweight geek in his thirties. The

insult was clear; his 'moobs' showed through the overly-tight shirt he was wearing, and it was equally clear that the poor man was dreadfully embarrassed over this.

Dominique was incandescent with rage. She had been an ordinary put-on individual once too, and she wouldn't stand for this. Besides, she didn't mind a big guy. There was a lot more flesh to massage and play with.

"Excuse me, are you bullying this man?" she asked. She had adopted a new accent; her more comfortable cockney rhyming slang made her a bit too much of a target when agents were near. She placed her hands on her hips, thrusting her pale globes forward so that they nearly pulled her zipper right down to her navel. The young man and his friends who had made the insult were struggling to look her in the eye.

"What's it to you?" one eventually said. "You some kind of regular ass thot?"

She smirked, her ruby red lips gleaming. She stepped forward, one foot in front of the other, allowing her hips to swing and her black ponytail to rock. She moved uncannily close to the man, making him realise just how much she *loomed* over him, over six foot height without even counting her sexy black go go boots. His face was perfectly level with her large, nearly head-sized boobs. She leaned over, extending a pale finger with blood red fingernails, and pressed it against his forehead, tipping his head backwards to look up at her. Despite his misogynistic bravado, he was visibly nervous before her. She gave him a smile without mirth.

"Oh, honey, there's *nothing* regular about my ass, as you can see." She leaned further over, letting the latex audibly stretch against the rondure flesh of her behind. Her face was now right before his, and she slid her sharp fingernail beneath his chin, like it was a knife.

"Why don't you slither away like a good little worn. I and my *boyfriend* here have no patience for little bully men with tiny cocks."

The man stammered, trying to think of a comeback. "You're not his boyfriend."

"Oh, really?" She sauntered over to the geeky man, and placed her arm around his shoulder, pressing her magnificent chest against his side as she leaned over him. He was utterly confused, and his meekness turned her on all the more. "I think you'll find I am, isn't that right, my *baby*?"

The bully's victim gulped. Clearly, he'd never experience a set of tits like hers pressed up against him. She could practically sense the rising hardness in his pants. "Uh, sure. Yeah. We've been together for a while, haven't we, Haley?"

She rolled her eyes away from the bully's sight. *Haley, really? The man couldn't pick a better name to suit her dark, gothic form?* But instead she pressed further against him, kissing his cheek, and lowering a hand to grab his butt. He stiffened, in every sense of the word, as she turned back to look at the astounded jerk who now looked very, very small.

"Scram," she said, and he did, turning away in disgust and - she knew - *jealousy*.

“Thanks for that,” the man said. “My name is John.”

“Dominique.”

“It’s - wow, it’s real nice to meet you. Thanks for pretending to be my girlfriend. I’d be real lucky to have a girl like you.” He chuckled nervously. She still hadn’t extricated herself.

“Yes, you would be lucky to have me.”

“Um, I think he’s out of sight. I think he bought it. You don’t have to stick so close anymore.”

She simply grinned, ruffling his cute hair. He had a beard that needed shaving, but he wasn’t altogether lacking in appeal, in a bear-like kind of way. “Who said anything about going? I think a poor little man like you deserves a bit more than that, after such a horrible comment, hmm?”

He looked like a deer in headlights. She grabbed his chin and lifted it up to her, kissing him deeply, letting him savour her just enough before pushing him back down. *Oh yes, I can have fun with this one.*

“We’re finding somewhere private. Right now.”

“Uh, yes ma’am.”

She grinned, licking her lips in a predatory fashion. “Oh, you’ll do nicely, John. You pick up quickly. Now come, or get left behind. You’d do well to follow an agent’s instructions.”

He traipsed quickly after her.

“Ohhhhh - oh fuck! Shit, that’s good!”

She stopped herself from smiling. After all, she was giving him the best damn blowjob of his life in a private area. Of course, ‘private’ for Dominique simply meant ‘backstage enough that I can activate *Blend* while the techies and celebs walk on for their presentations none the wiser. Somehow, for both of them, it made the act even sexier. He was seated on one of the plastic chairs reserved for the convention, and she was on her knees, getting him off, and letting him play and tease and stroke at her fat nipples. It was electrifying, and she had no doubt she was giving him perhaps the highlight of his life.

“That right honey, you’re nearly there. I want you to blow a load right down my throat. In fact, I *demand* it. I don’t have time to suck the cocks of pathetic little men who displease me.”

“I can! I will! I promise! I’m s-so damn close! Wait - is that Erin Ryan? Holy hell, she’s in the new Marv-”

She snapped her fingers in his face. "Focus, big man. You are a big man, right?" Dominique readjusted his hands, allowing him to squeeze her breasts in the most sensitive places. She moaned.

"There we are. Now, cum in my mouth already. It's your most important mission."

And with that, she dove down upon his rigid cock once more, taking it deep throat-style, her gag reflex non-existent when it came to the sexual act. He whimpered at her ministrations, weak to the way she teased at his balls. He was under her thumb, even as she serviced him, and the mere act of dominating him caused her to get off.

"Aahhhhhh!"

His cock tensed in her mouth, and she drew her lips in a tight seal over his thick member. It throbbed, and thick spurts of semen poured into her mouth and down her throat. She never could have imagined, being born a man, that she'd ever come to relish the taste of another man's semen. And yet here she was, and she did.

It was as her own climax hit her that the curtain parted, thankfully not enough to reveal them entirely. She liked public sex as an act of daring, but not when there were so many cameras. But what she did see from her viewpoint grabbed her immediate attention; the tight red hairdo of Agent Norre, moving swiftly through the crowd, and scanning its members with her agents. Norre was a thin, somewhat attractive woman with a flat figure and a preference against makeup. She wanted to be taken seriously, and so she had chased Dominique with a precision the previous hunters had failed to muster.

This was serious. She drew herself up, zipping up her costume enough to conceal her breasts just slightly, and licked the last trace of John's jizz from her lips. She placed a high-heeled boot near his crotch and leaned forward, holding the remote.

"That's all you get, John. But it was good. You've pleased your mistress. And that means I'm going to give you a bit of a gift, one I think you'll appreciate. Perhaps the other cosplay girls will learn to treat you like I have."

She pressed the red button on the remote, and aimed it at him. He glanced at it nervously, pants still undone, his face fraught with nervousness.

"Uh, what's that going to do?"

She smiled. "Change your world. Like it did mine."

The latex spy woman pressed the button.

Another costume to throw off Agent Norre, courtesy of the red button, as well as one of her numbered presets. Her hair was now a long curly black tangle, flowing down to the small of her back, and her breasts were slightly reduced in size, though her hips had expanded to

compensate. And, of course, her ass was absolutely *delightful*. What the remote did an excellent job of providing with its new button was a set of horns and a tail. Neither, she suspected, were actually real, but served as implants beneath her skin that looked authentic enough, and certainly felt so.

She was a sexy succubus, her skin even paler, her eyes tinged yellow, a number of markings drawn in red across her skin to give the suggestion of occult ritual. Her costume was black - that, her skin and hair colour never changed - and consisted of numerous leather straps over her form, overlapping and extending to reveal her flat midriff and perfect thighs. She wore ballerina heels for this one; her feet arched at near-impossible angles, causing her to take awkward steps that only exaggerated her hellish appeal. A set of dark wings as part of her cosplay extended behind her, and to complete the effect she had thick dark makeup on her lips and around her eyes.

"Horny devil!" someone shouted as she passed. She simply ran her fingers down her form in a suggestive fashion and arched her back, managing to stick out her chest and ass in one sexualised motion. It was the kind of display that would have had Dominic mesmerised, but as Dominique, the act of *giving* it was what turned her on. She received some whoops and hollas, but continued on her way, a delicious devil in the highest of high heels, one step in front of the other. Even the female cosplayers with their own impressive racks stared at her cleavage, unbelieving that it stayed in; it managed to expose a whole shelf of underboob, but thanks to its sleek design, they were held wonderfully aloft.

"Try and find me now, Agent Norre," she said to herself, as she entered a crowd waiting to see the new trailer for *Hellracer 3*. There were numerous nerds here, small men she could dominate and play the devil on the shoulder for, but she craved a little variation today. Sometimes she still felt that lingering shadow of being a male janitor masturbating in loneliness to a hot Maxim model, and it felt nice to appease that masculine part of herself by finding a cute woman to dominate and fuck.

It didn't take long to find her. She was named Paris, and had come from the United Kingdom. She had dark skin and had coloured her hair pink, and Dominique knew this because the woman had been watching her in her circle of friends, missing parts of conversation as her eyes lingered on the pale dom's form.

"S-sorry guys, I was just distracted," she said, turning back to her friends, but her eyes still flickering to Dominique. "What were you saying?"

Her accent was that of a sexy northerner, with a cute lisp on top. It gained Dominique's interest, and she decided to approach. As she did, the chatter died down a bit.

"Hello," she said, "I caught you staring."

Paris blanched, coughing a little from embarrassment. "Sorry! I didn't mean to. You just look - you look awesome."

“Yes, I rather think I do, don’t I? It was quite an effort to earn this costume. A deal with the devil, you might say.”

Technically, I’m not lying. It has taken a lot to abandon a life of manhood and embrace this form. And it had been so worth it.

“I imagine so. It’s so authentic.”

“Of course, you look quite wonderful too. Hellishly so, in fact.”

She blushed a little. “Thanks! I made it myself.” She indicated her own devil-girl costume, which was more of a costume-light, a little set of headband horns and cute waistcoat to match one of the film’s characters. Dominique leaned in close, standing over her group of friends, admiring the girl’s bust.

“I wasn’t talking about the costume, dearie. I’m Dominique.”

“Um, Paris.”

One of her friends piped up. “Um, sorry, do we know you?”

Dominique glared her into submission. “I’m talking to Paris, thank you.” She switched her attention back to the woman. “Say, do you want to talk . . . privately? I’ve seen the way you look at me.”

She activated *Dampen* behind her back, focused on the group of friends - she’d learned a few months ago she could do that. Suddenly, their ability to interrupt her union with Paris was disrupted, and they could only act as if this was normal, just how Dominique wanted it.

“That’d be so cool!” Paris said enthusiastically, cute as a lamb. “Where shall we go?”

Dominique chuckled, her voice sultry as she drew nearer to Paris. “Just trust me. You’ll like the places I take you.”

“Ooohhh! That feels good! That feels so good! Don’t stop!”

“I had no intention of doing so, my little pet.”

They had found an unused room, one booked for a later showing several hours from now. The two women groped and pressed against one another, Dominique forceful in her control of their passion, always keeping the passionate Paris pliant to her whims. She licked and stroked at the woman, enjoying her supple form, just as Dominic the man would have liked. This was, in some ways, her way of appealing that still-present instinct, including the desire to penetrate; she had withdrawn a large dark dildo from her purse, and was presently shoving its immense girth and length into the woman. They were sitting on a couch intending for a celebrity group interview, Paris upon Dominique’s lap, both of them facing towards an imaginary audience as they were pleased. The girl writhed on her lap, crying out for more;

it was clear this was her first time with a woman, and it was an experience she craved. Dominique decided to make her pleasure worthwhile and long lasting.

“That’s good, my pet,” she said, sultry voice low as she thrust the sex toy deep into the dark-skinned woman’s passage. “Are you pleased with this? Do you want me?”

The woman whimpered, struggling to answer. “Y-yes. M-more. It’s s-so big!”

“Then beg me. Beg your mistress.”

“P-please! F-fuck me! I w-want it deep inside me!”

“Good. We shall come together. You have earned your mistress’ pleasure.”

It wasn’t a lie. As she thrust the dildo deep into Paris’ vagina once more, causing her to moan and shudder, Dominique pressed a button nestled between her own thighs, activating a particular feature of her own costume. The red button had not been a let down; instantly a long rubber-coated toy extended into her own depths, a built-in vibrator that began to pulse in her passage. The dominatrix joined her plaything’s moaning as her tunnel was massaged by the rising vibrations of the toy. It tensed her pleasure centres, rubbing against her G-spot and causing her vaginal muscles to clamp down upon the buzzing member, as if clinging on for dear life.

“Mmhhmmmmhmm ooohhhh that’s g-gooooood!” she moaned. She raised her hand back up to massage Paris’ wonderfully dark nipples and widened areola. The young woman squealed, her passionate enthusiasm driving her to greater heights. She began to actually bounce on Dominique’s lap, and the former male was amused at the sight and feeling; just over a year ago, the woman would have been riding Dom’s hardened penis. Now, the former ‘he’ was a ‘she’, and the sex toys did all the work for her, and her newest sexual conquest.

“You’re going to cum, darling, aren’t you? Like a good girl.”

She shuddered in Dom’s arms. “I - I think I am!”

Dominique grasped her by the waist, stroking her wide hips. “Not *think*. You *are*. This is your first time with a woman, isn’t it?”

She nodded, lost in pleasure. Dominique nearly was too, but she was a practised dominatrix now. She rode the pulsed of the vibrator, savouring its effect on her as it slowly but surely built her up to orgasm. She breathed, breasts rising and falling like great mountains as she gathered herself.

“Then I promise you, when you come you will never want to go back. Let’s sin together, shall we?”

With that, she thrust the dildo in even further, pulling it back and thrusting again deeply, sliding against the woman’s most sensitive areas. Paris seized up, her entire body tensing and then relaxing, tensing then relaxing, practically quivering. She turned to the side to say something, but her eyes simply widened, almost bug-like, as she was caught in the throes of orgasm. It was perfectly timed; with another press of a button, the vibrator hummed

even faster, tipping Dom over the edge as well. The two shivered, silent for a moment, before they let a wail out together. Paris' voice was high and soft, Dominique's low and sultry.

"Yes, that sounds like enjoyment, Paris."

The poor woman could barely respond, and so they stayed there together for several minutes, lying on the couch. Dominique stroked her lover's hair tenderly, the perfect care treatment after such an experience.

Her time was cut short when she heard the barked order of DUT officers coming from the outside hall.

"Time to go. But maybe, Paris, if you make no mention that you saw me, I'll treat you nicely again. Or badly, in a 'nice' way. I can do both sides of sexy. Fitting, for a succubi, don't you think?"

She had nearly been outfoxed. There were over two dozen agents belonging to the Department of Unknown Technologies in the building, far more than she had experienced previously, and they were acting with surgical precision, courtesy of Agent Norre's leadership. The cunning fox-like mind of the redhead was on Dominique's tail, and it was only thanks to the remote's various features that she was able to escape; they had figured out that the *Dampen* and *Blend* features had a range limit, clearly. Thankfully, they didn't know about the instantaneous transformative powers of the red button, which combined with a preset hairstyle and more classically curvy body type she'd saved, managed to hide her.

The DUT swarmed into the great chamber for the next major animated production, and were aghast to realise that just about every woman was dressed up as princesses and queens. The numerous costumes ranged from light pink to deep blue to dark blacks, and the last was a result of the immense popularity of a recent villainess whose tight dark dress in her animated feature had captured the attention of the cosplay crowd. There must have been over forty of them in the room alone, if not more, constantly moving within the crowd, and it was this that Dominique took advantage of.

The former janitor knew how to blend in; it's what she had done all her life as a tedious little man. But she also had a new desire to constantly stick out, courtesy of the remote. These instincts warred against each other, and so she had taken on the visage of an evil queen in high heels and a dark-clad dress. It fell to the floor in a low gown, but had two great slits up each side to reveal her gorgeous pale legs. A black corset pulled tightly over her bust, lifting it to form two impressive globes. Her figure was more thickset overall than her previous forms, and the more meat on her bones the better for this role; it gave her a

queenly bearing and authority that was wonderful to flounce. Numerous single fathers escorting their daughters were fixated on her appearance, and several female cosplayers too. She kept her head high, her dark crystal crown sparkling, further empowering her authoritative nature.

“I need to blend in,” she whispered to herself, but again there was the instinct of Dominique, given to her by the remote, pushing her to be blatant. She was beginning to suspect this was how many of the remote’s previous companions were caught. But none had lasted longer than her; she had proven she had the will to maintain her personality and join it to that of her new dominating femininity. She would not give it up now, nor lose it to Agent Norre and her DUT.

The agents prowled through the crowd, several of them quite hunky looking. In less tense circumstances, she would enjoy making them her pawns, seducing them with her sexual wiles. More than once she had ended up pegging a man sent to chase her, or otherwise taking him to dark and pleasurable places he’d never fathomed. But so far Agent Norre had been robust. The woman lived for the job, and didn’t care that Dominique just wanted to be free and spread her particular kind of joy.

It made a thought occur to her, one connected to that wonderful new button on the controller.

“Hhmm, maybe it’s time to go on the offensive, little one.”

She licked her lips as the remote thrummed briefly in her hand. She wasn’t sure if it was actually sentient, but it sure felt so at times. And if it did, it wanted to help her, even if it was clearly a bit too keen on her bringing ecstasy to others.

“Yes, I think it is. Let’s give Agent Norre a little taste of what it’s like to be me, shall we?”

Again, there was that thrumming.

“Mhmm, I’ll take that as a yes.”

She stepped through the crowd. It was beginning to buzz; in just ten minutes, the cast and crew would arrive to tease the coming sequel, and droves of them would go wild with cheers. Dominique needed to time this right, and take advantage of that fact. She snaked through the crowd, pressing them aside with her mere presence. Twice she passed an officer of the DUT, but with her head held high and her lack of nervousness, they initially passed her. Still, one was bound to stare at her prominent chest, pushed up to her collar bone and wobbling extensively, and then the deck of cards would start to fall.

She strode forth on high heels to the one person who didn’t expect a direct approach; Agent Norre. Dominique found her issuing orders through a radio at the side of the room, alone. Clearly, she didn’t think she needed backup. She was, after all, seemingly immune to the dominatrix’s charm.

Or so she thought.

“Hello, subject,” Dom said from behind her.

The woman wheeled about, brandishing a taser. Her hair was pulled back in a tight professional ponytail, her features pretty but a little too plain for Dom’s taste.

“You! I didn’t expect you to give yourself up. Put your hands where I can see them. You are under arrest by the order of the DUT.”

Dominique smiled. In truth, she was trembling, but her empowered confidence courtesy of the remote helped buoy her, not to mention the height difference.

“Oh, my darling Agent Norre, I’m not here to surrender. I’m here to accept yours.”

“Is this some kind of joke? With one radio call, I can have a dozen agents right on you.”

She guffawed. “Oooh, a dozen! That sounds a lot, even for me. But where there’s a will, there’s a way. And I do have a will, *Katie*. It’s a monarch thing. I’ve tamed the remote.”

“That may be, but the remote belongs to us. It’s harmful.”

“My ‘victims’ beg to differ, unless the brief catanonia of pleasure is counted. And I very much doubt that.”

Katie creased her brow, irritated. “Why do this, Dominic? Why live this life? Is it an addiction, does the remote keep you hostage? Why live as a fugitive?”

She can’t possibly understand unless I make her.

“My dear Agent Norre, I simply like it. No, scratch that, I *love* it. I was living life as a boring, pathetic little man with too many regrets. Now, I have a whole new lease on life. Even this game of cat and mouse is fun, though who is the cat and who is the mouse?”

Katie shook the taser, indicating its power.

“I would say that’s obvious,” she said, grinning. “And frankly, I don’t care about your slutty ambitions.”

Dominique smirked darkly. “Is that so?”

“That’s right. As far as I’m concerned, you’re just a weirdo janitor who got addicted to whoring himself out in ridiculous costumes.”

“And you’re not going to let me go? No matter what? Last chance.”

Agent Katie Norre raised the taser. “Sure, make me laugh.”

Just before the agent could press the trigger to fire the taser, Dominique hit the red button. Nothing happened.

“What the - how?”

Norre looked in astonishment at her taser, which was now a vibrator buzzing openly in her hand, drawing the confusion and ire of several crowd goers. She dropped it, disgusted. The dominatrix flourished the controller, revealing the red button on its underside.

“New function,” she said, and pressed it again, this time aimed directly at Norre. The agent groaned as a strange pressure began in her chest, and similar pressures and tuggings across her body. She moaned, whimpering as her body altered, and Dominique quickly pressed *Dampen* so that everyone could remember this sight, but not interfere.

“N-no! Wh-what are you d-doing? Oohhhhhh!”

“Just making you a little more like me. Maybe then, you’ll understand, Katie.”

“You c-can’t! I - I’ll stop you! I’ll find y-you!”

“Oh, I know, but with the changes I’m making to your body, as well as your libido, I’m sure you’ll have plenty of stops along the way. Maybe then you’ll learn to appreciate the wilder side of life.”

Norre grunted as her hair grew out, becoming even more fiery, and taking on a wild quality. Her buttoned shirt popped as her breasts grew into big, round triple-D cups, pushing out to widen her suit jacket, stretching its seams. Her ass similarly expanded, and her lips became a puffy, pouty pair, perfect for sucking dicks. Her face became more appealing also, features softening to look more demure. And as a last little treat, Dominique quintupled her libido, to make up for its lack. Straight away, she could see that the agent was rubbing at her crotch, overwhelmed with need.

“F-fuck you!”

“That’s what you get for chasing an innocent woman who just wants to live her life.”

She leaned over, and grabbed one of Norre’s large breasts. The woman squeaked in unwanted pleasure, now a busty redhead beauty that would draw every other agent’s eye.

“Maybe you’ll learn to enjoy it, darling. Goodness knows, I have. But if not, then perhaps it will just slow you down a little. When it does, try a little self-evaluation, and think about how the only time I’ll change anyone is to make their lives better, *or* if they try to hurt me. And if you really need a good fuck right now, try finding a man named John in a tight red shirt. He’s much fitter since this morning, and sporting quite the big cock too. I’m sure he’d be happy to go a second round with you. For now, tata!”

And with that, Dominique left the agent squirming, calling for backup, though what that backup would do for her was anyone’s guess at the moment. Dominique strolled out, the dark queen feeling mighty indeed as she left the building and out onto the street. She pressed the red button again, and shifted to her classic dominatrix look with its tight black skirt and leather crop top. With a whip in one hand, and a powerful remote in the other, she took off in search of more pleasure. Following such a busy day of fucking, she’d decided she wanted some more. And then maybe some Chinese and a movie to settle in at night. And some pig’s ear - beer - it’d be nice to be back in her comfy Cockney. After all, when she wasn’t being chased by her former coworkers and pleasuring strangers, she still had a life to live!

And what a life it is, she thought, as she disappeared into the city. She left the con and its bevy of confused agents behind her.